RECREATIONS 1839

FOR

SOLITARY HOURS.

CONSISTING OF

POEMS, SONGS, AND TALES,

WITH NOTES.

BY WILLIAM GOLDER, INFANT TEACHER.

"Him who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.

BEATTIE.

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TO

JOHN WAUCHOPE, ESQ., EDMONSTON,

AND TO HIS AMIABLE SISTERS,

THE MISSSES WAUCHOPE,

AS A

TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

This Little Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.
PREFACE.

In forming a Preface, I beg leave to say that I had no intention of ever appearing before the Public as an Author, had I otherwise been allowed to remain in my own obscurity, instead of thus being urged into the arena of literary competition. Since I am thus so placed—seeing I had no other way of escape—I beg to say, that it is not without a careful examination of my humble productions, in regard to their merits, compared with those of many authors who have appeared before me on grounds more advantageous, that thus I venture on the platform of public opinion. As the whole have at several times been written since the early age of thirteen, without the least view of deriving any other benefit from them, farther than at the time to receive a little recreation for many a solitary hour; so, I trust, a discerning reader will not fail to reap the same benefit from a perusal.

Many, in their Prefaces, speak of the disadvantages they have laboured under, in order to add a little more strength to the blast of Fame's loud sounding horn, should she deign to take up the subject of their praise. To speak of such I forbear, however
easily I could bear the palm; but glorying over vanquished difficulties, assisted by those gifts which Nature may, in some measure, have bestowed, like St. Paul, I may say, I thank a kind Providence that I am what I am.

The first and third Pieces are merely extracts from a larger Poem, written when about the age of sixteen, and the rest were only composed at the spur of the moment to employ a vacant hour, without the least view of being published; and, I may say, when first I lifted my pen, I made a vow to write and publish nothing that would tend to hurt a neighbour's name. The subjects of the Tales are actually true; although, however, in the second, the names given are fictitious.

As it is merely with the design of being assisted in going abroad that I have thus stepped forth as an Author, without any views of being settled at home, as I would wish, in an ordinary way; I beg leave to return my grateful acknowledgments for the kind support of my numerous and respectable subscribers, and to the kindness of those who (though to whom I am a stranger) have kindly volunteered to increase the number; and, more especially, to those distinguished individuals who have honoured me with the acceptance of the dedication of my humble book, thus lending a hand of help to assist me in the accomplishment of my designs.

THE AUTHOR.
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RECREATIONS

FOR

SOLITARY HOURS.

A MORNING'S VISIT TO KYPE'S CASCADE.

Now here arrived in morning's earliest smiles
A happy visitant, who wandered forth
'T en joy the pleasures of a morning's walk;
When nature blooms in beauty, and inspires
The-soul of meditation with delight.
Here led by fancy's pleasures, and the love
Of rural scenery, apart, I lean
Contemplating the scenes of this Cascade,
Whose picturesque and wild appearance shed,
A pleasing influence o'er reflecting minds.
Thus seated high upon a mossy rock
Which overhangs the cavern, I can trace
Each feature of the scene. See how the rill
Glides fair, and ripples o'er its rocky bed,
As quite unconscious that this deep descent
Belays its prone career, till from the verge
The water dashes headlong down the rocks;
Into the dell below. What deaf'ning noise!
'Tis as 'twere groaning sensible of pain,
From its decursion steep. ¹
Hear from yon chasm,
The echoes are awake with grumbling sound,
As if they mocked the water's fall, and groans,—
So long disturbed from their desired repose.

Still rush the waters with incessant pour,
From rock to rock, and whitening to foam
While und'rating the basin as they fall.
There in the basin how they heave and hiss,
As if a chaldron boiled and overflowed:—
Or headlong plunged into a gulph of wo,
They struggle in distress. But from th' abyss
Escaping, they forget their former woes,
And on their ways resume the purling song,
Meand'ring down the vale for Avon's course.
From the surrounding shades, what solemn glooms
O'erhang the deep Cascade, and overawe
The meditative soul! But inward joys
Pervade my bosom 'mid such charming scenes,
And rural solitudes. When thus reclined
With downward gaze, and list'ning to the sound
Of foaming waters dashing down the rocks,—
I'm lost, as 'twere, amid the happy throng
Of joyful nymphs, who lift their voices loud,
And join in concert-harmony the song.

Hail Solitude! who in retirement dwells
Apart from strife, with whom delights to rove,
A musing Nature's meditative son;
Though yet the springs of business fast are held
By slumber's shekels, and the industrious sons
Of Labour rest on pillows of repose,
Partaking what tired nature ask'd as alms,
To pacify the cravings of her soul:
Whilst Pleasure's wanton sons, who loll at ease,
Are dozing yet on downy beds of sloth,
And tasting bliss whose sweets they never knew.
But Nature's son, more elevated far,
Has risen contented from his short repose,
And forth has wander'd, 'lured b' Aurora's smiles,
To kiss the lips of Hygeia, and converse
With Nature's progeny: Bright Flora joyed
To see him, as he paced the dewy lawn,
Encompass'd by our neigh'ring Nymphs, displaying
The beauties of their treasures. Thus they gave
Him all respect, and honours on him pour'd;
While us deriding, as we were denied
His honoured company. An ardent wish
Inspired us, then, with hatred at the sight,
To see them thus exulting in their joys,
And in derision laughing us to scorn."

"But independent mild Minerva came,
And o'er our circle inspiration breathed,
And, counseling us with wisdom, thus exclaimed,"

"Be cool, be patient, quench the fire of wrath,
And from your breasts death working envy drive!
Dispel from every aspect such a gloom!
And let your souls with independence rise
'Bove their derision, and let ev'ry voice
In unison delightfully be raised
In songs of salutation!—Persevere
With fond entreatings! kindly on him call
Till his attention's gain'd. Then come he will
To visit these your haunts, and lend an ear
To ev'ry song ye're duly wont to sing,—
And at each homage paid he will rejoice.'

"On him we call'd, and at our voice he came.—³
Forthwith we met him, and with shouts of joy
From Flora's rich parade, we hied him on;
How we rejoiced! our hearts were big with love,
As we convey'd him thence to view our scenes."

"Now on that lofty rock reclines the muse,
While guardian Genii hover round his seat;⁴
He eyes our social pleasures with delight,
Contemplating the works of Nature; yet
Is much impressed with these our fav'rite wilds."

"Long have we dwelt 'mid these romantic scenes,
And sung of Solitude's endearing charms;
And oft have courted vagrant visitors
To lend attention to the songs we sung;
But unimpress'd with our festivities,
They’d gaze around, but with a thoughtless gaze—
Nor seemed they to have pleasure in our wilds.”

“Now let us sing: for what we’ve long desired
Is to our wishes given:—we’ll rejoice
While entertaining Nature’s musing son,
And Dryade with thy silvan train, O come!
Unite with us in love and mutual joy,
To chant his praises with harmonious skill.
Be roused, Apollo, to the sacred lute,
With flying fingers swell your happiest strains,
To elevate his warm susceptible soul
Above the alluring pleasures of this world.
Come Inspiration, all your powers employ,
Imparting ardour,—kindling in his breast
Your sacred fires!—Oh, fan them to a flame!
Ye sacred Nine, all aid him with your loves,
As he emerges from the deep abyss
Of dark obscurity. Oh! heavenly pow’rs
Exalt his soul, when he on fancy’s wing,
Traverses far through trackless realms of thought,
And soars to topless pinnacles of fame,
There high to sparkle like the glist’ning gem,
In the meridian beams of fortune's sun,
To dazzle the eyesight of a wondering world:

Still sung the Nymphs, with voices ever strong,
Yet sweeten'd by the concert of the grove,
Infusing joy-excitements to my soul.
Oh! how I love to listen their delights,
Though much impress'd with these congenial glooms
Which o'er the scenery brood. While thus reclined,
With downward gaze contemplating the fall,
And list'ning to the strains of happy Nymphs,
Attention's called to the surrounding scenes.

Lo! in the flowing basin 'neath the steep,
The trem'rous crisping of the water's surf,
Clearly each feature of the scene portrays;
There rugged rocks and perpendicular steeps,
And verdure-clad declivities with trees,
And shrub'ry interspersed are pictured deep,
As if a window op'd on other spheres,
Displaying scenes delightful to enjoy,
Of groves and rocks, and other azure skies;
Yet corresponding all to those around.
There, Nature on the opposite aslant
Sits smiling, dress'd in all her vernal robes;
Around her family blooms in roseat health,
Imparting beauty to this rural wild.

So, up the steep declivity, o'erpeer
The hazle copses and the hawthorn hedge
In gay green clad; while high the lofty pines
Do raise their tufted crests, as 'twere to view
The orient sun. And there the hoary ash
Athwart its naked arms spreads to'ard the sky,
Imploring much the verdant cloak of spring
To clothe its nakedness. And o'er the dell
The willow bends, as grieving o'er the fate
Of falling waters, and to lend an ear,
Most sympathetic, to the echo's groans.

Lo! here, what wild, projecting, rugged rocks
Display themselves, 'neath this my lofty seat,
Erected by no human architect:
Where Nature's buildings lofty are and strong,
And on their basis steadfast still remain,
As proof against the thund'ring shock of floods;
Whose size o'erspreads with gloom the sunken dell.
Behind me on the craggy winding steep,
The stately palms and elms rock-rooted grow,
Expanding their green foilaged branches wide,
All off'ring umbrage from a noon-day sun.

There neath the steep of this declivity—
Both clad with stately trees and blossom'd broom—
A mansion stands, half buried from distant view,
Beneath the upland steep,—thus lonely like,
't has more th'appearance of some hermitage,
Than of a common dwelling-place for man.

Down on a rocky rampart of the scene,
There stands the mill, and eyes the passing brook,⁷
As 'twere with gratitude, whose waters served
Once to extinguish the devouring flames,
Which threaten'd had its total overthrow.—
There lovely maidens, 'mid the rumbling noise
Of its machinery, chant their lively songs,
To cheer the hours, while they their jennies tend.
But yet the pond'rous water-driven wheel,
Rests from its rotary labours; while secure
The family slumbers in that cave-live cot.
Adown the rill a spreading palm tree bends,
(Like Milton’s Eve,) and in the water’s surf,
As in a mirror, views its likeness fair
Array’d in verdant robes;—and gazing still,
’Tis as with pride and wonder fully fraught,
At its own grandeur, and reflection view’d
Of sky’s ethereal azure far below.

There, Dryades round encamp with all their train
Of joyful songsters, which united choir;
I’m truly charmed!—I listen with delight,
As through the groves I hear song answering song,
While echoes loud reverb’rating reply.
Swift round my head the insects of the air,
In joyful circles warp the airy dance,
Whilst others sportive buzz about mine ears,
All in perfection’s height of joyfulness.

Thus gazing round, pleased with the gothic scenes,
Of craggy cliffs, and perpendicular steeps,
And pouring waters, song resounding choirs,
To which the insects dance;—All charm my soul
To swelling raptures, when I thus exclaim,—
“Lo, I’m delighted! here I sit as king
On this my lofty throne of rugged rocks,
Amid the high festivities of Nymphs."
Hark! at my voice the slumb'ring echoes start
Half roused, and mutter low the passing sound;—
But sink again to lethargy's repose.

How soon my joy was changed to wonder wild,
When great Naiade in majesty appeared, 10
Arrayed in awful garments of a storm;
Her bosom heaving with emotions high,
Her countenance presaging something strange
As introductive of some dreadful tale,
She harboured in her mind, as yet untold,
When she her theme in different strains began:—

"Hail, Nature's son! to whom our sisterhood,
Is pleased to show respect. So, thus I come
Our warmest thanks in gratitude to pay;
For how delighted were we, when we heard
With ravished ears, the burstings of thy soul;
Ye truly were delighted;—so may all
Who visit these our haunts;—and much impressed
With our festivities, and when around
Ye view'd the pleasing scenery of the wild."
"But hast thus witness'd these our fav'rite scenes,
When Winter reign'd and Summer was dethron'd,
Of power divested, and involved in war—
A dreadful contrast, from what now appears,
O'er all prevailed—and what is more than strange,
Then Nature seemed a terror to herself;
Dismantled of her beauty and her robes,
She wore an aspect of a dismal gloom;—
Then howling tempests rolled along the skies,
And dusky clouds which darkened wide the heavens;
While driving rain in copious torrents poured,
And spread a dread contagion all around.
Streams swelled to rivers—rivers rose to floods,
And gathering waters deluged wide the plains.
Great Æolus rode high in his stormy car,
And drove his furious squadrons from their dens,
All roaring,—waging round resistless war,
And strove to shake the everlasting hills,
And drive the forests from their ancient seats;
While Nature mourned and sat in widow's weeds."

"Ah! Dryade then could no defence maintain,
While sorely laboured by th' afflicting scourge.\textsuperscript{11}
Stripp'd of her livery, she dejected sat
Sore, sore perplex'd, nor could she dare complain;
So dull and cheerless;—all her choirs had ceased,
No music then resounded through the groves,
Save when the howling spirits of the wind,
Their doleful accents piped loud and long.
Then rude Boreas blustered forth his rage,
As threatening a total overthrow.
Ah! how he seem'd to rend the very rocks,
And tear them from their bases. And the trees,
As in resistance, to the scowling heavens,
Expanded wide their arms,—nor many could
Keep fast their rocky holds,—now waving high,
Then yeilding sorely to each boist'rous blast,
When bending low, and lashed by swelling winds.'

"The midnight owl forsook her wonted haunts,
Nor dared the screaming raven longer stay,
They, frightened, fled afar in quest of some
Lone wilderness, from terror more secure."

"But, favoured Muse, discription in th' attempt,
Fails to pourtray th' appearance of the storm,
As thou art but a stranger to the scene."
"Though now the gentle current of the rill,
Glides smoothly on, and purling as it flows,
Till heedlessly it dashes down the rocks
Into the dell below, where long I've dwelt
With sister Nymphs, with whom ye seemed so pleas'd.
But what a striking contrast intervened,
The present calm appearance of the stream,
When murmur'ring soft, and when 'twas swelled with storm."

"Ah! then its gentle murmurs were forgot,
Its glassy rippling surf was then no more.
Nought but the swellings of a Neptune's rage
Distinguish'd were, upon its mazy course;
As heavily and dark with furious push
Roll'd wave o'er wave, tipped o'er with dashing foam,
As if Time, Death, and Hell were close behind
In hard pursuits—nor could escape their grasp.
So terror struck, they, bursting o'er their bounds,
Expanded deluging, while seeking vent;—
But no escape—repulsed—infuriate they
Before them bore all opposition down,—
For lo! yon ash, root-anchored mid the rill,
Still stands a remembrancer of their rage,
When pillaging their bounds,—and rolled amain
Their turpid floods, till leaping o'er these rocks,
They headlong dash'd into the foaming gulf,
Whose thund'ring shock, mingled with tempests strong,
Aloud, and louder, rose with deaf'ning noise,
As if the whole artillery of war,
A cannonading, made a full discharge
In one perpetual roar. The echoes groaned
Beneath the torrents weight, whose heavy dash
Shook to the bases these stupendous rocks.
High foamed the gulf; and hissing, boiled with rage,
It threw aloft a dusky cloud of foam,
Which fell around, athwart by tempest driven;
While o'er th' obstructing rocks the troubled floods,
Sprung high t' escape the horrors of th' abyss;¹²
Then down the vale the billows roaring, roll'd,
And rushed with fury into Avon's core.
Where the eddy whirling deep, them swept anon
To mingle on his coarse in foam and roar."

Thus, Naiâde closed her theme, and disappear'd
As chanticleer proclaimed the parting hour.
While much o'erwhelmed in thought, with downward
gaze,
I list'ning lean'd as if I heard the sound
Of storms and tempests rolling round mine ears:
Till o'er the scene by chance, a flight of crows
Aloft, and crowding, flew on lab'ring wing,
And hoarsely caw'd aloud;—a magpie near
In chatterings join'd, which me from musings roused,
Around I gazed as started from a dream,
And to my lonely seat I bade adieu.

AN EPIGRAM ON AMBITION.

'Tis strange how high Ambition takes its flight!
But's stranger far how low it meanly stoops!
In quest of honour.—Envy stops at nought.
Now like an eagle soaring to the sun,
As fain to roost upon its flaming disk.
Then like a sow when grov'ling in the mire,
With craving appetite to catch a worm.
REFLECTIONS OVER A LARK'S NEST.

As o'er a field I strolling paced my way
With careless step, and dash'd from ev'ry spray
The glist'ning dew, which thick like diamond's hung,—
Then from her nest a lark affrighten'd sprung
At my approach,—and chirping, seemed to say;—
"Refrain thy footsteps vagrant stranger—stay
Thy hand from mischief on my tender young,
Poor innocents! oh! do not thou them wrong,
Oh spare them! they are all my only care,
And let them in thy love and favour share,
That I from helpless infancy may rear
Them to maturity. Yet they may cheer
Thee in thy walks, when chanting choicest lays,—
Or teach mankind to sing his Maker's praise!"

My pace I check'd at this the lark's request,
Which fraught with softest sympathy by breast,
And look'd around with careful scanning eye,
Where rose the lark. Now there do I descry
Her humble habitation, low, beside
A tuft of grass. Four mouths now open wide,
As asking for an alms, as I draw near
To see the nest and tender hatch so dear
And precious to their dam. They feel mista’en;
Their mouths they shut and huddle down again,—
So young—their eyes yet seal’d—they’ve not discern’d
Me from their mother: yet they have not learn’d
A stranger’s voice. Then why should I extort
Myself from all humanity to hurt
Such poor, defenceless creatures? Or purloin
Them from a parent’s care? Or e’er destine
Them to an unjust death?—To treat them ill
I never can,—as I’ve detested still
Such cruel deeds. But to the mother’s pray’r,
I’ll lend a willing ear, for see! what care
She has bestow’d upon her little brood
To make them happy. Lo! how well is made
Her small, neat, grounded nest. Were we to scan
Its structure with minuteness, and the plan,
In which it is so carefully contrived,
Then would we ask, from whom has she derived,
Such art and knowledge? Was it e’er from man?
Or was she taught by any artizan
To build her nest? No! Nature is her guide,
From whom she wisdom learns, how to provide
For this her progeny. And what's designed,
Is neatly done! How softly it is lined,
For comfort to her young, her greatest care,
That are, as yet, of Natures clothing bare.
And lo! the outward bulwarks of its form,
How well 'tis built 'gainst the usurping worm,
To save her eggs, and tender brood from harm.
What wisdom's this? What mother can do more!
To shield her infant charge, sing ye that soar
Aloft! with loudest carols make the air
Resound to cheer your mates in their domestic care.

How interesting! How agreeable
Is their behaviour! Discord ne'er can dwell
Within this habitation. There, they lie
Together hugged in social harmony.
Lo! what a grand example these afford
To families where wild mut'ny, much deplored,
Oft sows its dire, death-working seeds of strife,
Corroding still the sweets of social life,
With discontent and jealousy. Expel!
Such fiendish feelings which torment the soul.
Here innocence, and sociality
Are in this brood pourtrayed, as there they lie
In meek contentment. Truely they excite,
To sympathetic feelings of delight!

AN ACROSTIC.

Grace and beauty here combine,
Richer than the rose new blown;
Am'rous by her charms divine,
Can I generous love disown,
Ever wishing she was mine.

Careful Heaven, her preserve,
Unknown to love, or careful duty:
Let not youth to folly swerve,
Let not pride corrode her beauty,
Ever shall this heart incline,
Ne'er but to wish that she was mine.
STANZAS

EXTEMPORANEously WRITTEN ON A STORMY NIGHT,

NOVEMBER, 4TH. 1833.

LouD roars the wind; while round the chimney top,
The midnight spirits breathe with dol’rous groan;
And furies round the rattling windows yell,
As me to startle musing here alone.

Thus, in my cabin by the fireside set,
Whose glimm’ring embers lend their little light,
I listen to the sound of tempests strong,
Loud raging—vexing sore the ear of night.

This is December’s desolating train!
Which strips the forest of its summer bloom,
While scenes, which once gave pleasure, waste are laid,
And all a cheerless aspect now assume.
The orchard grounds are thickly strew'd with leaves,
    Which once with vernant foliage clad each bough;—
They teach a truth, important as 'tis true,
    That man must from this stage of being go.

Now short, and lurid's the withdrawing day,
    As if the sun was wearied of it's toil,
While cheerless night lengthens its sable shroud,
    And winter storms roll in with rude turmoil.

Six hours have pass'd, since 'neath the western wave,
    The sun has sunk as never more to rise;
Night reigns triumphant!—oft the wat'ry clouds,
    Have thickly overspread the scowling skies;

Then furiously, as heavens flood-gates wide
    Were opened, prone in torrents poured the rain:
So, hear! amid the bawlings of the wind,
    It rattles on each weather beaten pane.

How furious every blast! as all their force
    Collected strong were in each swelling gust;
Thus striving to o'erturn the peasant's cot,
    And level stately buildings with the dust.
Low bend the lofty trees 'neath weighty winds,
In dread collision lash'd, and wave on high
Their naked arms, as with redoubled rage
The stormy tempest bellows through the sky!

Hark! Clyde's loud roar, commingles with the storm's,
As down its course the heavy billows roll.
While other brimful rills augment its weight,
As forth it rushes to'ard its destined goal.

The family's all abed;—thus late, I'm like
The moping owl when blinking to the moon,
As o'er the fire-light list'ning to the storm,
I musing pore now near nocturnal noon.

Has ev'ry homeless wanderer shelter found,
'Neath hospitable roof, or humble shed?
Or has there any from th' unfriendly door
Been spurn'd, who has not where to lay his head?

Oh Heaven! who has nature in control,
Spare! spare! oh spare! and quell the angry storm,
Oh! pity now the poor belated wretch,
The haughty niggard scorns to house from harm.
In nights as this, still retrospection calls
   To mind, the unhappy nights of storm endured,
In war campaign's, and on the raging main,
   Which seem'd t' engulf the tossing bark unmoor'd.

I feel for those, whose fates are to endure
   The midnight hazards of the stormy waves:
Oh Heaven! shield them with thy gurdian pow'r,
   Them ward from wrecks, and from untimely graves.

Let Heav'n be praised! who me from such preserved,
   And in his providence has kindly bless'd
Me with a home,—thus cabin'd from the storm,
   Provided with a couch on which to rest.

AN EPIGRAM ON NIGGARDLINESS.

The man who'd live to starve himself,
   His riches to increase,
Can ne'er enjoy a happy life,
   Nor die a death of peace!
A TRANSLATION
OF AN EPISODE IN OSSIAN.

Upon the rocks of winds, which loudly roar,
Oh weep! thou lovely maid of Inistore.
And bend thy fair head o'er the stormy waves,
Thou lovelier than the mountain ghost that moves
O'er Morven' silence, in the glowing rays
Of yonder sun, in its meridian blaze.
For now thy youth's laid low!—Ah! he is fallen,
Pale, pale beneath the sword of brave Cuthullen!
No more shall valour raise, nor aught that brings
Thy love again to match the blood of Kings.
For Trenor, graceful Trenor, is no more!
Thy youth has died, oh maid of Inistore!—
His gray dogs howling all at home do lie,
They see his haunting spirit passing by;
His bow unstrung now in the hall is found,
And in his hall of hinds, no more is heard his sound.
STANZAS

EXTEMPORANEously WRIteN DURING THE EGRESS OF 1832,

AND THE EGRESS OF 1833.

See! how in uniform th' approaching year
Advances boldly; nought its course prevents:
With its long line of infantry, while Fear
Forbodes sad changes, Hope its blest events.

See! like a courser with a flowing mane,
Which on the breezes floats, it comes apace:
While Time is urgent as with slacken'd rein,
He pushes forward as to gain a race.

We hail thee with triumphal shouts of joy,
Though expectation trembles in alarms;
While emulously all with either vie
Who first will do obeisance to thy charms.
How blind is man! futurity to know,
Though all with fondness hail the risen year;
For who can tell how fortune's tide may flow,
Or what perplexing cares may rise severe.

Where are some now who once saluted fond
Last year's approach? alas! they're in the tomb:
Oh, Armstrong! chiefly thou, who could respond
To friendship's pleasures, now hast met thy doom.

From childhood, nought could break that genial tie,
By which our hearts in fellowship were join'd;
But death has made a breach, which makes me sigh,
As still thy memory's cherish'd in my mind.

AN EPIGRAM ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is friendship to the friendless wretch!
'Tis like a draught that cools a parched tongue:
A faithful friend's indeed a heavenly gift,
But few can suffer for a neighbour's wrong;
For friendship fails to feel when self becomes so strong.
THE DYING INFANT.

Who knows the yearnings of a mother's soul,
While bending o'er the babe she fondly loves,
When dying on her knee;—Lo! ev'ry sigh's a prayer,
As ardently she gazes on its face,
And lightly wipes its sweat-bedewed brow.

Poor helpless babe! in thee is clearly seen
The frailty of our natures, and the pains
To which we're all subjected, and must bear
From infancy to manhood and old age.
Sweet innocent! no cares perplex thy mind,
As patiently ye bear the afflicting rod:
But well may'st thou endure thy little ills,
They're only for a moment—then they're o'er,
While angels wait to tend thy soul to bliss.
Thy race shall soon be run; and soon shall end
The time appointed for thy sojourn here,
When ye'll be free'd from sorrow and from sin.
As yet, thy heart was void of worldly wiles:
No charms of earth have thy affection bound,
To make thee grieve, when thou art call'd away.
No wish hast thou to be of older date,
- c 2
When thus in view of heaven's immortal land,
Who would not wish t' enjoy thy happy state,—
So near thy exit from this vale of tears,—
Rather than drag a life of fourscore years
In toils and misery. 'Tis true, indeed,
That life is sweet to all afraid to die;
No fear of death appears to haunt thy mind;
Resigned to Heaven, ye seem t' await the call,
"Depart ye hence for this is not your rest."

How hard it is to part with what we love:
Self makes the loss too hard to be endured,
When what we love is from our bosoms torn.
Oh, Heaven! grant sweet comfort to the minds
Of grieving parents, when thou see'st fit
Them of their little darling to deprive.
'Tis thou, alone, who lifts our comforts high,
And when thou wilt thou sink'st them in the grave.
Then, pour thy spirit's consoling balm
Into their wounded hearts, that they may praise
Thy name in love, for all thou dost bestow;
And when thou dost deprive them of thy gift,
Enable them to say, "Thy will be done!"

October 24, 1835.—10 o'clock, p.m.
A PARAPHRASE OF THE 148th PSALM.

Give praise all nature to the Eternal Lord,
In Hallelujahs loudly raise the song;
Him glorify, and in his praise accord,
Ye depths with heights which to the heavens belong,
Ye seraphs tune the lyre, your notes prolong
T’exalt the honours of th’ Almighty’s name.
Let heaven, earth, and sea in concert strong,
Be all alive with love’s inspiring flame,
To sing his praise in rapt devotion’s high acclaim.

Ye hosts of angels, high your anthems raise,
While minist’ring ye prostrate round the throne;
His boundless mercies sing in endless praise,
And tell of love whose greatness is unknown;
Ye countless spheres, in adoration own
Th’ Almighty’s power,—and all the starry train,—
Sun, moon, and planets, as ye journey on,
Proclaim his majesty,—protract each strain,
Nor cease till boundless space with echoes ring amain.
Thou heaven of heavens, the Godhead’s vast abode,
Still catch the sound, renew’t in loftier praise;
Ye clouds, remember your creating God,
And dedicate to him your loudest lays—
Extol him, as he you at first did raise
By his command, from nothing, thus to be,
And also hath established your days
For ever to endure,—nor yet shall he
E’er make to pass away this sure and firm decree.

Whate’er the world contains in earth or air,
In concert wake, on him your praise bestow.
Ye dragons, his almighty power declare
In your creation. And ye floods below,
Whose stormy billows tossing to and fro
Oft lash the skies, in acclamation roar.
All fish which through the pathless deep do go,
His power make known, as ye your caves explore,
And joyfully his praise resound from shore to shore.

Ye awful thunders, as on high ye roll
A cannonading to obey his will,
With hail, and snows, and vapours him extol;
Ye winds of storm, or breezes, which fulfill
His high behest, pipe forth with all your skill
His glory as ye blow. And heaving, rear
Your heads ye mountains, also every hill
Exult in praise:—and every tree draw near,
From shrubs to cedars tall to join the general cheer.

And all the creatures of the beastial tribes,
Both wild and tame, and insects of the air,
Proclaim his greatness, while your joy ascribes
Praise for his bountifulness; and declare
Ye reptiles all, his excellence;—be not spare
Ye birds, in praise, whether such as ascend,
Or perch, or walk,—and whether of plumage fair,
Harmonious be your anthems without end,
To him who tuned your voices,—Nature's greatest friend.

Should man be silent 'mid such general joy?—
Ye kings with all your people lowly bend,
And render homage due to the most High:
All princes praise him;—Judges who pretend
To have a power o'er fellows, condescend
With them ye rule t' exalt him God alone,
Whose seat no one usurping dare ascend.
Adore him at the footstool of his throne,
Whose blessing makes your power an image of his own.

Let youth to him in service spend its prime,
         Him praise in soul's each sympathetic move;
Let infancy and hoary age their time
         Combined employ t' adore the God of love,
For excellent's his name and far above
Both earth and heaven. Aloud his praises sing
Saints whom he loves: so, well it does behave
His own Israel, a tribute thus to bring,
Proclaiming Hallelujah to the eternal King.

AN EPIGRAM ON THE LAZY MAN.

The lazy man is but an ass
Who will not at his labour ply,
Till driven with the staff of want,
         By 's master, John Necessity.
Then wags his tail, and shakes his head,
Scorning to move against his will,
Yet two 'r three steps he trots along
         To let folk see he's living still.
STANZAS TO A YOUNG POET.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame’s proud temple shines afar.

HAIL friendly youth! fair orient genius!
In answer I employ my pen of steel;
Nor can my muse be so ungenerous
As not in thee a growing pleasure feel!
Nor can my soul its innate joy conceal,
To hear, in symphony, ye tune the lyre:
Then rouse ye sacred Nine! your powers reveal
And kindle in his breast each quick’ning fire,
As he with inward music loves to join the choir.

Ah! tender youth, ye little know what care,
May dare in ambush, yet belay thy steps;
May Heaven kindly you in favour spare,
And guide thy feet from such engulphing traps,
Which oft arrest the progress of adepts,
Who, often met by barriers of scorn,
And adverse fortunes,—disappointed hopes,
Mid which their labours painfully were borne,—
Are left to meet their fates forgotten and forlorn.
Oh! fly fair flattery, whose delusive tongue
Beguiles with vain enticing words of wind—
Whose company, the root of every wrong,
If once indulged, you no escape will find
While in its close embrace thou art confin’d—
Which siren-like, most charmingly will lull
With praise melodious the unwary mind,
Till pride inflates thee, thus t’ ensure thy fall;—
Then keen remorse will vex and harrow up thy soul.

Be noble minded! circumspect, reserve;
Of building fancy’s airy towers beware,
Lest heedlessly through self-conceit you swerve,
And from thy giddy height—so press’d with care—
Ye headlong tumble, grasping at the air
To break thy fall, to dreadful fate consigned—
A dire arousalment! waking in despair,
When all thy hopes and prospects with the wind
Are fled, and not a wreck of fame is left behind.

Is ’t future praise—a vain anticipation
Of phantom fame—ye harbour in your breast?
Or is it sport? a sordid degradation
Of genius’ gift, of which thou art possess’d:
The tongue of Time will have it loud express'd,
When round th' eventful wheel of fortune's whirl'd,
To point thy lot high seated with the blest,—
Or high exalted, be to ruin hurl'd,
Then hiss'd and scoff'd at by a scandalizing world!
But what ennobles more the human mind
Than meditation on the works of God,
Exciting magnanimity refined
'Bove all which wealth or honour e'er bestow'd:
But ah! what secular'ties make inroad,
To vex sweet peace, or raise the tattling sneer;
A neighbour's name with infamy to load,
Exposing virtue to opprobrious jeer:—
From such base degradations of thy muse forbear!

Go on! and may you prosper in your sphere,
But mark attentive, ere you've gone afar,
Lest envy should in unawares appear
Against thy hopes and prospects waging war,
Employing all, thy progress to debar:—
Why should I on such themes of grievance dwell?
Be stirr'd!—let no despondence e'er thee mar,
Aim to improve, as ye aspire t' excel;—
Be virtue's friend! and Heaven will bless thy muse—
farewell.
A LIKENESS.

I'm like, 'mid great society's fry,
An old book in a library,
That's handed down from yore;
Whose boards are sadly tatter'd and torn,
Which lies their uncall'd for, neglected and lorn.
On which the damp mould gathers hoar.

Per'dventure some novice may stray,
And just pick it up by the way,
To see what's in't contain'd!
Aside, though unjudged, he'll throw't by,
With mein as disgusted condemning he'll cry,
"It's subject is tasteless and strain'd!"

Anew were it handsomely bound,
And gilt with elegance round,
The vagrant eye t' impede,
Then hastily he'd snatch, and expose it to view,
To all recommend it as recently new,
And better was never indeed.
The book as it is must remain,
Till judges more candid will deign,
To scan with candour sound
It's many contents,—there the seemingly wise,
Instruction and wisdom may find to surprise,
Though yet unexplain'd and profound.

TO A POETESS:

Come gentle muse, with social kindness come,
And lend thy heavenly guidance to my song,
While thus I tune the lyre; do thou become
My kind assistant, generously strong;—
So thus I thee invoke amid my throng,
For what I’ve fondly heard, love’s genial fire
Within my breast has kindled;—as I long
Requested—but now’s granted my desire—
To hear a fair one’s harp soft joins the minstrel’s choir.
Hail Poetess! though thou'rt to me unknown,
   Need that arrest the pleasures I enjoy,
When first of thee I heard, I truely own
   My soul was roused with inward ecstacy;
       Oh had it angels' wings, then could it fly—
But ah! this sad impediment of clay
   Me anchored from my flight of rapt'rous joy—
In quest of thee, nor could it long delay,
Till I'd delighted lean, and listen every lay.

Who taught thy gentle hand to tune the lyre?
    If scoffers ask; I answer in defence;
'Twas Heav'n who did her graceful soul inspire,
    With higher motives than mere carnal sense,
      Such virtues, beauty, grace, without pretence,
Outvieing those which deck external forms,
Whose soul aspires to other objects hence,
And nobler pleasures,—such intrinsic charms,
    Disparage all aspiring scarce 'bove scale of worms.

For who can feel the exquisite delight,
    Of those who hold sweet converse with the muse.
While still progressive to perfections height,
    The soul aspires, whose pleasures are profuse;
Though envy oft envet'rately doth use
Her powers infernal, 'deavouring to mar
It's gentle progress,—anxious to confuse
With deep dismay, so fond t' involve in war
The lyrest, and the pleasures of the lyre debar.

Oh! Heav'n stoop,—my invocation hear,
Preserve her soul from ev'ry painful care,
And from intrusive flattery insincere,
Her guard against, and vanity so spare;\textsuperscript{14}
That nothing may that dignity impair,
Or qualities disgrace, with which she's bless'd:
Such rich internal talents, 'bove compare,
Exalt her 'mongst her fellows, much caress'd,
Of such endearments due, long may she be possess'd.

Blest nymph of song!—I hail thee with delight,
My soul its ecstacies doth still retain:—
Could it forbear? Thee let not such incite
To treat my forwardness with cold disdain;
For few such nobleness of soul attain,
While low their minds to weakness are subdued,
So often tatt'ling to their neighbour's pain,
Degenerous converse!—happy thou! endued
With nobler feelings, bliss thus to thy mind accrued.
Lo! how delightful to the soul refined,
To sing the symmetry of Nature's plan;
This gives delight to the reflective mind,
When tired of worldly cares. And state of man;
How heaven's almighty King once led the van,
And Satan with his armies put to flight;
Who to our Father sore provoked began,
To reconcile and save us;—such excite
To pleasures, subjects highly worthy our delight.

Aye, these are themes most worthy our regard;
Which when attended to ne'er fail t' inspire
The soul with heav'nly thoughts;—nor will retard
The honour, or the pleasures of the lyre.

But with efficiency fan the sacred fire
Of warm devotion in the soul divine
Whose fervour and infusive grace conspire
To calm our cares, while cheerfulness doth join
The soul's sweet harmonies:—Such blessings long be thine.

Think not in flattery guilefully I feign;
My honours pledge I cheerfully bestow
Thee with respect.—Accept without disdain,
These heart devotions sweet, of Mistress Rowe,
In imitation may thy bosom-glow
With genial christian love:—her ways pursue
With all composure:—but please let not go
Remembrance of me, but of lines a few
Oh write! while your well wisher I remain—adieu.

____________

A PATRIOTIC BREATHTING.

Let joy pervade our isle;
Britannia seems to smile;
For long her bosom heaved with pain,
And long her tears have flow'd in vain,
As still she scorn'd with proud disdain,
A despot's sordid knavery.

No wonder she's undone,
Since each unfilial son,
For corrupt interest did convoke,
Enrobed in hypocritic cloak,
On Freedom's neck to bind the yoke,
Of galling, wretched slavery.
Let honour rouse each soul,
'Bove tyranny's control;—
Let every heart his freedom shield,
And never to despondence yield,
But on new constitution's field,
Display true manlike bravery.

Hark! from th' oppressor's thralls.
On us Britannia calls
To shield her liberties and laws—
To give promotion to her cause—
To raze corruptions without pause—
And freedom free from slavery.

Remember days of old,
And ancestors so bold,
Who for their rights have fought and bled,
And ever scorn'd tyrannic dread,
And rather choosed the gory bed,
Than yield to abject slavery.

May Scotia ne'er complain,
Or vex her sovereign's reign,—
Let freedom's banners be unfurl'd,
And waved o'er the surrounding world,
And from their seats have tyrants hurl'd,
To reap the fruits of knavery!

AN EPITAPH.

To the memory of W. Paterson and John Barrie, who fell Martyrs for the cause of Christ in separate places but are now lying in one grave in Strathaven church yard.—Was written on the spot 9th July 1832.

Here Paterson and Barrie take their rest,
Two fellow warriors in one glorious cause;
Contending for our liberties they fell,
And for the world of God,—though sep'rately
By cruel Chrichton,—and the bloody Bell.
Like infant twins in fellowship they lie,
Partaking sweet repose.—No startling dreams,
Of trumpet’s twang and persecutor’s cry,
Their slumbers now infest. Free’d from this world’s woes
Their souls on high now mingle in acclaim,
With seraphs to th’ adorable Supreme,
And wait with other saints, the appointed time,
Their bodies shall be raised immortal and sublime.
LADY WELL'S NARRATION.

HAIL! generous friend, permit me to return
My grateful thanks to thee, for kindness due,
Since first we met, ye've made my bosom burn.
With gratitude, I fail t' express, yet true,
As a stranger was—but such I view
As I Heav'n's propitious favours on me pour'd,
Which much did to my happiness accrue—
When I thy welcomes and wellwishes 'dured,
Fidelity thus whisper'd on them rest assured.

How oft have Poets mourned their ill success,
In friendship's growth, but which success I sing;' Kind Heaven stoop, and with thy blessings bless
The gen'rous hospitality of King;
For surely he has tasted of that spring,
Whose nect'rous draught excites the muse's spell,
As such our varied converse signs did bring,
Which gave me joy: on which I long could dwell;
But prudence bids me haste to sing of Lady Well.¹⁵
Now let me sing the Nymphs pathetic tale,
   Most wildly fraught with scenes of grief and joy,
While pity, o'er th' attention to prevail,
   Confirms her sorrow with the bursting sigh;
Though whiles a vivid gleam enlightens her eye
With pleasures, yet how transient is it stay;
   The thoughts of former wrongs endured annoy
Her lovely aspect, with their pensive sway,
But when her cares are soothed, how cheerful she's
   and gay.

To visit, scarce had I approached her ground,
   Than how was I surprised the fair to meet,
Her beauty charmed me—struck with awe profound,
   Was I, as she bent lowly at my feet
To do obeisance, and m' arrival greet:
Thus welcomed, I delighted stooped to kiss,
   And raise the Nymph in comeliness complete.
Excited, she her joy could scarce express,
Till strength recruiting, thus she me began t' address.

Hail social Muse! in thee is my desire
   Accomplished,—oft my longings I've express'd,
For thy arrival, tune the wonted lyre
   I thee beseech,—for oh! my painful breast
Is like t' explode with sorrows, so oppress'd—
And how ye've sung I long have been aware;
Be not impatient;—listen my request
I thee intreat.—While venting many a care
Oh sing my plaint.—Yea Nymph, I'll listen to thy prayer.

Here long I've dwelt where truly I've been wont
With peace and happiness from ancient yore,
Enjoyments sweet!—and as a resident
I've useful been; but spoilers 'gainst me bore
A causeless spite, which they inflicted sore,
By rendering this my habitation lorn,—
Oh base ingratitude!—stunn'd to the core
Was I, at services repaid with scorn—
'Twas thus my sorrows rose, nor could I cease to mourn.

Ah me! for such malevolence display'd,
And such ungratefulness for favours giv'n,
Have wreck'd my peace, made pleasures retrograde,
And happiness to deep despair have driven—
But why discons'late? since the bless of heav'n,
Around me still exuberantly flows—
Yet with despondent pain my heart's oft riven,
To think my spoilers though they cause me woes,
To beg my bounties still do thanklessly impose.

But was this foul reproach to be revenged
By all my fellows near, and far away,
How would dependants dig, when quite estranged
By all our genial blessings,—and decay
In painful languishment;—thus fall a prey
To deep distress,—desiring,—still undone;
No comfort near, and no relief;—how they
All swoon'tring, would their exigence bemoan,
When nothing seems to smile or flourish 'neath the sun.

And how would Nature feel, was then suppress'd
The sustenance of her incumbent train;—
Then Flora would decease, by want oppress'd;
Dryade no more with Æolus could maintain
The contest, yielding vanquished in pain;
And vain Lubentia's glory would be foil'd;
Her vineyards cease to flourish;—how she'd 'plain
With staff of life and Cornucopia spoil'd,—
While seeking for my haunts would lowing herds run wild.
Ah! then, farewell to beauty and delight
And comfort: Who'd still Nature's requiem sing?
Then Death would reign with arbitrary might,
All labour fruitless!—how the harp would hing
Untuned upon the willow, ne'er to ring,
Save to the wind, Nature's catastrophe:
Unto the mouth's roof, how the tongue would cling
In speechless silence, then the staring eye
Would indicate unspeakable sad misery.

But ah! can I such fell antipathy
'Gainst Nature harbour in this painful breast,
Oh! no dear Muse, though oft I'm made to sigh
By inconsistent Man.—Though he'd divest
Me of my humble comforts, still he's blest
With benefits, which aye unceasing flow
From me their source. But thanklessly impress'd
He seems, while rend'ring despicably low
My bounties duly giv'n; such aggravates my woe.

Was I translated to th' Arabian wild,
Where barren seas of sand extending lie,
What blessings oft would be on me compiled
By panting trav'lers, when they'd me descry;
When pray'rs are answer'd, how th' expressive eye
In heartfelt thanks they'd raise to bounteous Heaven;¹⁷
To see such gratefulness would give me joy;—
But those I serve thank not for favours given,
Nor will, till they t' experienced want of them be driven.

Though long I thus have mourn'd my hapless fate,
Yet now I'm somewhat comforted to joy,
With transient smiles, to think my ruin'd state,
Regardfully one pitied, so 's t' employ
His influence o'er some, (thus to comply
With wishes long I've cherished,) to renew
My wasted courts. Their liberality
In thus repairing former wrongs undue,
Has much impress'd my heart with thankfulness most true.

A scanty subsidy, the niggard proud,
Then granted for my cause,—some gave a curse!
The lab'ring poor were liberal! be it loud
Proclaimed unto their honour. Not the worse
Was my cause pleaded;—for as 'twere hy force
Some did contribute, who ne'er think it wrong
    To claim more than to what they have recourse,
Those granting nought, but scorn'd my claims, ere long
Did pilfer from my stores, to cool the parched tongue.

Though I was held in estimation low,
    Yet none without my service could dispense.
But now I'm loved, I hope, without a foe,
    Just for my qualities, my sole defence;
At least for such they make a fair pretence,
By visiting from far: such fills with joy
    This heart which long has grieved: But they per-
chance
May treacherous prove—and Envy may decoy
Friendship's pretence, again my pleasures to destroy.

Though thus depressed with sad solicitude
    Each day for safety from destroyers' spite,
All cares, as swallow'd in oblivion's flood,
    Do leave me cheerful at th' approach of night;
How can I but exult with high delight,
When round assemble yonder village maids,
    Whose tales of love while list'ning, me excite
To cheering thoughts,—I welcome their parades
Each night, so fond to hear their joyful serenades.
Such scenes delight me; while the plaintive owl—
Which long as my companion mourn’d my fate,
And gave to ev’ry tear drop-shed, a howl,
As scorning them who on me pour’d their hate—
Is now dismiss’d:—and I’m in better state,
Those courts are paved, which were involved in mire;
Thus much at peace:—nor can I feel ingratitude,
But happy be. All visiting admire;
While nightly I’m delighted with the lover’s choir.

Thus have I told the burden of my plaint;
And thus my mind disburden’d of its grief,
Whilst thou, oh! generous Muse, without restraint
Hast tuned the lyre affording much relief;
Thou’rt truly of my comforters the chief—
How thy attention did my cares subdue;
For such a solace thanks indeed are brief;—
But surely thou’rt impatient to pursue
Thy homeward course.—Yea Nymph, time bids us part.—Adieu.
A SONNET.

Written on a blank leaf of Dermody’s Harp of Erin, when returning it to her Ladyship, Mrs. Col. R. . . . . . who favoured me with the loan of it.

Most gracious Ma’am, in humble strains I sing
My thanks most grateful, for thy kindess free,
’Tis all that I can render in return,
With Dermody’s sweet harp of Erin, strung
To every melody. But oh! I mourn
I cannot keep it longer, for too long
I have detain’d it, sweetly has he sung
The passions which impress’d his bosom strong,—
Aye! what I ever feel—when ev’ry string
In happy numbers rung in reverie.
How nicely genius he personifies!
When press’d with cares,—or when he tunes the lyre,
A pleasure none save Poets, e’er comprize—
May still such heav’nly joys my ardent soul inspire.
ON PASSING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

Why thus I start? impress’d with inward awe,
Why in a sudden palpitates my heart?
Why thus I muse?—Can I believe mine eyes?
Or can it be a vision I behold,
Thus purposely presented, to divert
My mind from brooding o’er distracting cares?
A moment since, I grieved o’er adverse fate,
But now my grief to wonder is transformed!
I stand—I gaze—I wonder if ’tis true,
An angel has assumed an earthly garb—
If not—this lady certainly must be
“The fairest of the fair,”—and Nature has
Her beauties lavished on her lovely form,
The semblance of angelic gracefulness.

But why in doubt ecstatic am I held?
Ye Angels! will ye answer what I ask,—
Is this your sister,—from your circles sent
Her sex with all your graces to adorn?
Her person, see, how handsome—shoulders round—
With gracile waist—and bosom’s gentle swell—
While shapely ankles—well-proportion’d feet,
Shown as with graceful pace erect she walks—
Concord most happily, which declares the Nymph
In Nature’s loveliest workmanship complete.

And how inspiring are her rosy charms!
Surpassing art’s deceit. Away! ye painters vain;—
Can ye with all your arts and finest pinks
Your aspects gild with such simplicity,
As faintly ye’d renew youth’s parted bloom?
No!—no comparison can e’er be borne
With Nature’s tinctures,—for sweet elegance
Adorns th’ angelic features of her face,—
A fair complexion lit with heav’nly smiles,
With roseate cheeks, fresh as the new blown rose
In dewy morn,—and with a dimple graced.
Her soft blue eyes, sweet modesty bespeak,
Yet pierce the soul like darts from Cupid’s bow.
Smooth is her lip, clear, red as cherries ripe,
Whose thinness ornaments her beauteous bloom.
Her neck, how clean, and white as mountain snow,
Or like the whitest marble’s polished sheen,
Reflecting bright the glory of the sun.
While from her temples fair brown ringlets flow,
Reflecting soft the rose bloom of her cheek.

What harmony exists in every charm,
Concording all to captivate the soul!
Could Hero boast of such, who much inspired
Leander's fortitude, each night to swim
Across the Hellespont t' enjoy her loves?
Or could Helena, the sad bane of Troy,
Outvie this Nymph, whose name I cannot tell?
No! 'beauty here with chastity most pure,
Thus blended dignifies her graceful airs.

Oh, Venus! hast thou now resigned thy charms
To this fair Queen?—Or is it thou thyself
Whom I behold?—I'm sunk in deep suspense.
Oh! had I strength, herself t' interrogate,
Of lineage, nature, and her native clime,
'Twould from my mind much pest'ring doubt erase;—
Or with her company were I ever blest,
How 'twould substantialize all fancied bliss!

Ah! cruel Clotho, dost thou pleasure take
In thy deep disregard for helpless me?
Dost thou desire to tempt my am'rous soul,
With what thou'st sworn I never should enjoy?
Was I a lord possest of great estates,
And she an humble cottager obscure,
With nought to recommend her, but her charms
And native innocence, then would she be
My sole delight,—exalted bosom friend,—
Partaker of my happiness and joys.
But ah! this blissful contrast is not mine,
A benefaction Fortune deems too high
To grant to such a swain. Though Fortune frown,
And scorn to bless my bosom with herself;
One priv'lege yet remains she can't distort;—
Though rolling seas and continents divide,
My soul her image deep impress'd shall wear.

Ye guardian Angels, o'er your tender charge
Be circumspect, her carefully attend;
And let no evil e'er belay her steps;
Be ye the porters of her temple-gate,
With boldness all intruders to repel
As robbers of its splendour. Oh! be proof
'Gainst Flattery's wiles, so various and abstruse;
As 'neath the mask of Friendship, still she bears
Her implements to work her deep designs,—
The Queen of all her glory to divest.
Be ever round her throne; to her insure
The happiness and true tranquillity
Of her dominions. Her palace so enriched
With decorations of the highest taste,
Preserve with care from premature decay:
Though time advance with all his train of ills,
O'er her domains to wage resistless war,—
Oh! Powers supernal, give your aid divine
To help to bear up 'gainst the invading foe!—
But should her citadel be overthrown,
Ye angels come, and on your posting wings
With all your might bear high your sister Queen,
To heavenly realms of immortality,
To wear the crown of glory, and be clothed
With robes of righteousness;—and tune the lyre
To sing triumphant victory o'er Time,
Proclaiming Hallelujahs to the Lamb!
AN ENIGMA.

That I'm in existence, I verily vow,
Though still I'm unknown to the wide world around,
From Heaven's supernal, expanding concave,
To Hell's dark, infernal, and soundless profound.

Though I am to all that's angelic unknown,
With Christ, the great King, whom the Jews did despise,
A pilgrim where'er he sojourn'd, I have trode
In poverty's humblest, contemptuous guise.

Though once I was poor, now in riches I loll,
Yet me no depending admirers caress;
Through all tribulations I carry my cross,
Still greatly rejoicing 'mid ev'ry distress.

Mark! when from the wing of the lightning, you hear
The great resurrection proclaim'd;—then in state,
Spreading dread in a chariot of thunder I'll ride,
Attending on Christ to the doom-giving seat:
Then woe to the mighty who hear not my fame!
The wicked are pardoned who give me a name!
A THOUGHTFUL VIEW.

Why yonder turns my wistful eye?
Why heaves my bosom with a sigh?
As from this window I espy
   Yon cottage.

For now what beauty can be found,
On Nature's cheerless aspect round,
While winter's barren fields surround
   Yon cottage?

Then what is't that attracts mine eye?
Is't yon bleak hill or cloudy sky?
Or is't the garden freezing by
   Yon cottage?

These no attractions can impart,
Like those which influence my heart,
While ardent feelings make thus smart
   My bosom.
Ah, partial Fortune must I 'gin
To woo thee now, or strive to win
The lovely maid that dwells within
Yon cottage?

No:—Proud disdain has shut the door,
To bend, to flatter, I abhor,—
Nor can I ever visit more
Yon cottage.

Farewell!—But ah! it gives me pain,
That word I could retract again,
While to forget is only vain
Yon cottage.

It must be so—though feeling's sway,
To farewell's voice would answer nay:
Why should my spirit thus give way
To sorrow?

But hold!—Is't true what now I've heard?
Or has malicious Slander dared,
To wound with falsehood's disregard
My feelings?
Here must I pause:—Heav'n hear my prayer!
May she in every blessing share,—
Oh, ward from all usurping care
Yon cottage.

A SONNET.

Written on the blank leaf of "Henry Kirke White's Remains," of which I had
the loan, when returning it to its owner.

My warmest thanks I render in return
To thee the owner of "Kirke White's Remains,"
I've feelingly perused it o'er and o'er,—
As well 'tis worthy:—Though I've thus retain'd
It from your use, I cannot take the pains,
Of making feign'd excuses,—but I mourn
At this our parting. Patiently he bore
The frowns of Fortune. He has felt the same
O'erruling passion native to my breast;
Though much with painful cares he was o'erborne,
His soul its self-supremacy maintain'd
'Bove prying critics' scrutinizing test,
Till premature—grief-worn—life's glimmering flame
Extinguished.—Sore lamented was his exit 'lorn.
STANZAS—TO MRS. COL. R******N.

Again my Muse thy wonted task resume,
While I endeavour thus to wake the lyre;
How can my soul its cheerfulness assume?—
Then shine thou inward with celestial fire.
Oh! aid me with one dulcet strain, t' inspire
The pensive feelings of my breast, to' tell
Upon my cheerless gloom,—so sad and dire.—
Then come, oh come! engage thou every spell
To cheer my grieving soul, as now I sing—farewell.

Not only mine, which makes me thus to grieve,
But their's to whom her bounties did extend,
For she was every ready to relieve
Distress:—In her the friendless found a friend;
Still pity with her kindness free did blend
In all the warmth of sensibility;
How high becoming! thus to condescend,
As o'er the miseries of the poor to sigh,
And from her stores to grant their wants a kind supply.
The pride of greatness ne'er her mind possess'd,
As still her heart was generous and free,
A treasure rich! with which, how few are bless'd,
Though rich in worldly goods.—How prone was she
To seek the wretched out!—Where need might be
Of consolation, thither her heart would tend,
To soothe the afflicted with her sympathy!—
Or on the deathbed feelingly attend,
And prove herself a nurse, a mother, and a friend.

Here, all ye rich, is an example meet
For you to copy;—and your souls display:—
For meek disinterestedness complete,
O'er her benevolent actions bore the sway—
Good will attended all she gave away,
And still she wished that more she could have done.
In gratitude, what should ye now repay
For kind attentions, each affliction's son,
But let your prayers ascend for her to Heaven's throne?

Such is the lady, highly I regard,
Oh! Muse with whom I sadly bid farewell;
Our parting time how near!—nought can retard
The fleeting moments, as they hasten all
To send her hence. Mourn ye 'mong whom I dwell,

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Who have the bounties of her goodness shared;
Though such a loss approaching grieve you shall,
Let not oblivion e’er o’ercome regard,
But on your memories may her deeds and name be spared.

Hail! gracious Ma’am, permit me thus to thee,
In gratitude to strike one thankful strain,
A poor requital for thy kindness free,
On rising youth bestowed. It gives me pain
To think that thou no longer canst remain;—
No more the school thy visits will receive:—
A sad farewell!—perhaps ne’er meet again—
How virtue weeps!—her yearning soul doth grieve
To part with such a friend, whose stay could joy retrieve.

Farewell; but ah! it rends me to the core,
To think of wonted friendship at an end,
Is’t possible remembrance is no more—?
Above all other joys, this shall transcend,
To think of when thou first didst condescend
My humble school to visit oft,—forsooth
Thou then, and since, an unexpected friend
Didst prove, to aid th’ accomplishing of youth,
As lib’rally ye dealt to them the word of truth.
Farewell;—the thought yet gives another pang,
Extracting from my breast the bursting sigh;—
From cares, my joys in unawares up sprang;
Now summer smiles around, while sad am I,—
But Fate decrees it, and I must comply,
Though sore against the yearnings of my soul.—
Oh, Heaven! her and hers with blessings high
And pleasures crown, where'er they choose to dwell;
As now this hasty strain I cease, and sigh—Farewell!

AN ODE TO MARY.

Thy bosom's my home.—Where else can I roam
To seek one more dear to my breast,
My mind's now at ease:—All disquietudes cease;
On thee shall my confidence rest.
Love ever is free,—for mine is to thee
Most freely and faithfully given,
What's all the bright gold that e'er could be told,
To thee my sweet blessing of heaven.
What tongue can express,—or other minds guess
   My joys in remembering thee?
And what can impart more bliss to my heart,
   Than th' assurance of thy love to me?
Our loves thus made sure, through life shall endure,
   Till Death's summons to us be given
From earth to depart;—still hoping in heart
   To meet 'mid the enjoyments of heaven.

A SONNET.

Written by the wayside with a pencil, when waiting on an acquaintance, who met with another, with whom he stopped to speak.

Time flies as quick as words fly from your tongue,
You don't consider how I tire your stay,
Your words how many!—and your themes how long
I think the whole vocabulary you'll drain
Before you end.—I wish you'd come away;—
But both alike, you've both so much to say
'Bout this and that, as grieves you to the heart
To make a pause,—as if to part is vain:—
I think they've stuck like Lot's wife in the way,
Sure Job's great patience too, they'd tire to pain,
But if their legs get tired with such a stand,
I hope they won't sit down ere they disband.—
I wonder if a cry would make them start?—
But hold—"good night" I hear—I'm happy now—
they part!

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A LOVE SONNET.

Written for a young Lady to her Lover, to whom she soon after got married.

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Oh! Heaven, mark me from above,
Thus pledging undivided love
To him, my heart can most adore,
And whose affections I implore.
Believe me, Damon, I am true,
And still my heart is bent on you!
Time flies away as flies the wind—
Oh haste the hour when we'll be join'd,
When nothing shall us part but death,
Still loving to the latest breath.
Then oh be kind! my suit regard,
Love in return is love's reward;
So do accept, as I resign
My heart to thee my Valentine.
NOTES.

NOTE I.—PAGE 2.

"What deaf'ning noise,
'Tis as 'twere groaning, sensible of pain,
From its decursion steep."

I know not whether any have observed it or not, when beside a fall of water, or cascade, but I have heard, when listening attentively to the sound of the pouring waters, now and then a sound something like the last groan of a dying man, but of short duration, and heard through the noise produced by the dashing of the falling waters. The word decursion simply means the act of running down, and it can be well applied here, as the cascade is not altogether a sheer perpendicular steep, but is, as it were, one large rock tumbled on the top of another, and lying in a slanting position, so that in an ordinary state of the rivulet, the water runs down, dashing from one rock to another, until it falls hissing into the basin below.

NOTE II.—PAGE 4.

"And forth has wandered, 'lured by Aurora's smiles,
To kiss the lips of Hygeia, and converse
With Nature's progeny. Bright Flora joy'd
To see him as he paced the dewy lawn,
Encompassed by our neighbouring Nymphs, displaying
The beauties of their treasure."

Aurora, according to heathen mythology, is called the goddess of the morning.—How pleasant indeed it is to leave the bed of sloth, and in the early dawn, allured by the smiling morn, and beauty of the rising sun, to go forth to the enjoyment of a morning walk, and kiss the lips of Hygeia, &c., to breathe health in all its balmy sweetness from the freshness of the morning air. Nature's progeny then looks charmingly, and shows itself in all its parts to be most worthy of our meditations. Flora is the goddess of flowers, and the Nymphs are the goddesses of the woods or small plantations, surrounding parks and level lawns. Have woodland scenes and flowery fields no beauties to display? Yes, these are treasures from which fancy delights to draw her sweetest cup of pleasure, to entertain contemplative minds. How pleasant it is to be enjoying one's self amid flowery fields early in a sunny morning, when all nature bathed in dew looks gay, and to hear at a short distance the rushing sound of a waterfall, when everything else is still, and nought disturbs the mind contemplating the beauties of distant and surrounding scenery.

Note III.—Page 5.

"On him we called, and at our voice he came."

This simply refers to the sound of the waterfall attracting my attention, when during my morning walk I admired the beauties of nature,—being led to view the appearance of the place by a love of romantic scenery, and when drawing nearer, the sound of the water dashing down the rocks became more distinct. This is personified by the Nymphs shouting for joy when coming forth to greet my approach.
NOTE IV.—Page 5.

"Now on that lofty rock reclines the Muse, 
While guardian Genii hover round his seat."

The “lofty rock” here referred to, is a high peak overlooking the deep dell, and is, I think, upwards of seventy feet from the bottom. "Genii" simply signifies guardian angels, which attendants, it was believed, every one had to shield him from the ills of life, or any other danger to which he might be exposed.

NOTE V.—Page 6.

"They'd gaze around, but with a thoughtless gaze—
Nor seemed they to have pleasure in our wilds."

They who have little taste for romantic scenery, can see nothing in the most picturesque scenes of nature fit to attract their attention, and when placed in such situations, and looking around, it may well be said of them—

They gaze around, but with a thoughtless gaze.

Yet many there are, who, placed in the same situation, are so enraptured with what they see that they even can scarce contain themselves, as the pleasure they feel then rises high beyond expression. This I confess was the case with me when first I visited the place.

NOTE VI.—Page 6.

"Be roused Apollo to the sacred lute."

Apollo, according to mythology, is the god of poetry and music, and–is so called on to unite in the general joy of the happy Nymphs, to delight their visitor with his powers of music, for being the first who has taken notice of their habitation in the strains of poetry.
NOTE VII.—PAGE 9.

"Down on a rocky rampart of the scene
There stands the mill, and eyes the passing brook."

The mill here mentioned stands upon a rock close to the water edge, round the corner, as it were, from the basin of the waterfall. It only consists of two flats, and is used for spinning a coarse kind of cotton yarn. Its chief window looks into the water, and so may be said to eye the passing brook, &c. It bears the name of the spectacle-eye-mill, from the following circumstance,—Two men, at one time not far back, stood candidates for becoming its tenant. The unsuccessful one, to be revenged on the good fortunes of his more successful neighbour, one sabbath day in the middle of summer, took the advantage of the family being at church, and with a magnifying spectacle-eye, held to the rays of the sun over the dry thatch of the house, set the roof on fire, which nearly consumed the mill before it was discovered by the proprietor; since that time it has borne the name of the spectacle-eye-mill.

NOTE VIII.—PAGE 10.

"There Dryades round encamp, with all their train
Of joyful songsters, which united choir."

Dryades are the nympha of the woods; the songsters here referred to are the singing birds which warble sweetest in the morning. The Robin red-breast, the thrush, and blackbird, along with many others, give a pleasing effect to the wildness of the surrounding scenery, when they strain their musical powers.

NOTE IX.—PAGE 10.

"Whilst others sportive buzz about mine ears,
All in perfection’s height of joyfulness."

Where can such joy be found as is displayed among the smaller
insect tribes in a warm and sunny morning. Then all is life and
motion—restless to the extreme, whose flightiness can be com-
pared to nothing else on earth. However much some may be
plagued by them, when on a warm day in summer they take their
walk at morning or at noon, while the sun shines brightly, still
there is a pleasure to be felt, even though often annoyed by their
buzzing round our ears, when we contemplate their joy in common
with the rest of creation, and consider that these too are the works
of Him that made us.

NOTE X.—PAGE 11.

"How soon my joy was changed to wonder wild,
When great Naiade in majesty appeared."

Naiade here mentioned is one of the river nymphs, who is thus
personified as the chief, and come on embassage as representative
of the whole. I introduce this personage to change the scene,
who relates the appearance of the cascade, and its scenery, during
the time of a storm.

NOTE XI.—PAGE 12.

"Ah, Dryade then could no defence maintain,
While sorely laboured by th' afflicting scourge."

Dryade, a nymph of the woods, here represents the trees in gene-
ral round the scenery, which, during the prevailing storm of wind
represented by "great Æolus," the god of winds, are like to be
overthrown in the tempest.

NOTE XII.—PAGE 15.

"While o'er th' obstructing rocks the troubled floods
Sprung high t' escape the horrors of th' abyss."

When the river is full, and during a storm, the cascade presents
a scene of the wildest grandeur. Instead of the water running
down and dashing from one rock to another, the floods roll on
with such force as to leap over, clearing the slanting descent
altogether, and dash into the foaming gulf. At the under end of
this, some huge loose-like rocks lie in the water course, obstructing
as it were, the escape of the mass of waters from the over-full
basin, over which the water, from the force of the heavy fall,
spurges with fury, forming as it were a minor cascade, thus giv-
ing to the whole a full and grand appearance.

**Note XIII.—Page 40.**

"Such virtues, beauty grace, &c."

This signifies that the virtues she possessed adorn her beauty
the more.

**Note XIV.—Page 41.**

"And vanity so spare"

Spare here signifies superfluous—see Walker’s and Johnson’s
Dictionaries.

**Note XV.—Page 46.**

"But prudence bids me haste to sing of Lady Well."

Lady Well thus personified, is only the name given to a well
of excellent spring water in the neighbourhood of a village called
Motherwell. Being at one time introduced to one of the name of
King, there, and taking a walk with him, he took me away to see
his favourite well—and telling me how some ill designed persons
had at one time destroyed it, making it a puddle for watering
cattle, only, to the great inconvenience of the villagers—and how
he stirred up the people to assert their right to it, and so got
it repaired by subscription. After giving this detail of Lady Well, he asked me if I would make it the subject of a verse or two. I replied I would try; so in the course of a week, I sent him the Narration of Lady Well.

NOTE XVI.—PAGE 49.

"And how would Nature feel, was then suppressed,
The sustenance of her incumbent train," &c.

Thus Lady Well, as personified, mourns the sad distress all nature would be under, and especially man, were all the pleasant streams of water stopped, for the great ingratitude so often displayed to the giver of all good.—There was a certain shepherd who was a very pious man,—one day on eating a piece of dry bread, felt himself thirsty, and looking for a drink of clear water, he thought to himself on finding what he sought, that surely he was indebted to God as much for the water he drank as for the bread he ate—and why, said he, should I not bless the giver of all good for the one benefit as well as for the other, seeing they both come from the same bountiful hand for my good. After this he was never seen taking a drink of cold water without giving thanks to God in the same manner as when he sat down to his meals.

NOTE XVII.—PAGE 50 AND 51.

"Was I translated to the Arabian wild,
Where barren seas of sand, extending lie;
What blessings oft would be on me compiled
By panting travellers, when they’d me descry,—
When prayers are answered, how th’ expressive eye
In heartfelt thanks, they’d raise to bounteous heaven;—"

Any who are acquainted with the geography of the Arabian wild, need not be told here how seldom water is there to be found,
and how much it is valued by all who then feel their want of it. I have heard some old soldiers, who had at times to march over such places, declare that they were glad to content themselves with their own water, after marching for days under a scorching sun. I trust it will not be out of place here to relate an anecdote of my father during the time he was in the Cape of Good Hope. He and other two of his comrades were sent on despatch with orders to another regiment lying at a distance. They accordingly set out next morning on their march, intending to reach their destination by night fall. About mid-day, travelling under a vertical sun, they came to a trackless desert, across which lay their nearest route. The supply of water which they had in their canteens failed them by the time they reached the desert, without knowing when or where they would find more. After travelling five or six miles over fervid sand, under a cloudless sky and scorching sun, my father, the weakest of the three, began much to fail through weariness and thirst. He bore up as much as he could, and exerted himself to the utmost to endure the fatigue, while every eye was in search of a water spring; the other two supported him as far as they could, but still he grew weaker and weaker, till at last all strength failed him, and he could proceed no farther. His assistants also felt themselves failing through thirst and fatigue, so there they had to leave him to the mercy of Heaven, lying on a sandy waste beneath a burning sun. What else could they do; so they took farewell of him and proceeded on their journey, not knowing when they would next drop down as dead, and far from any help. After travelling the space of four miles they discovered a small muddy spring of fresh water, which created no little joy to the panting travellers. After scraping away the sand a little, and the water becoming clearer, they refreshed themselves a little, and filling their canteens, they hasted back in search of my father, and found him writhing in the greatest distress, and seemingly at the point of death. They made
no delay in administering relief, first by washing the sand and froth from his mouth, bathing his face, and giving him of the water to drink, thus by degrees they revived him, and in a short time got him again to his feet. After a little rest, they again proceeded on their way, till they reached the water spring, where they sat down and renewed their strength, and thanked a bountiful providence for such an immeasurable blessing, and the escape they had from a painful death. I may just say in conclusion, that they reached their destination about three hours after the time appointed.
SONGS.

SWEET HOME.

SWEET home! how I hail thee, though humble and low,
For rich are thy pleasures ’bove splendour or show;
Thy charms all allure me, wherever I roam,
With fondness to seek thy enjoyments, sweet home!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There is no place on earth like my dear native home.

As landscapes of mountains, and woodlands all green,
More pleasant appear when at distance they’re seen,
Than when on their summits we carelessly roam,
So felt by the soul are the pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet, &c.

Yes, home, thou art prized with a hallow’d delight,
Where friendship and peace as twin sisters unite,
In kindest embraces, still blest from above,
Whose social delights give endearments to love.

Home! home! sweet, &c.
All hail! Caledonia, dear to my breast,
Sweet land of my fathers, in thee how I'm blest!
Though storms on the wing of the dark rolling year,
Ride round thy bleak mountains, as barren, so drear.

Home! home! sweet, &c.

Still dear are thy scenes of each homely delight,
Where wildness and picturesque grandeur unite,
With wide spreading plains and high hazy hills hoar,
While down the deep glens foaming cataracts roar.

Home! home! sweet, &c.

Lo! such are thy glories where Freedom doth rove,
As free as the mountain breeze, meek as the dove;
While brave are thy sons, independent, and free,—
Thy valiant protectors by land or by sea.

Home! home! sweet, &c.

Though groves of rich spices were never thy boast,
The slave is made free when he reaches thy coast,
Where thistles grow wild, and nod proudly each plume,
To breezes full fraught with the heather's perfume.

Home! home! sweet, &c.
Sweet land of my sires! where their ashes now rest,
Though me from thy bosom stern Fortune should thrust,
Heav'n grant me the pleasure, where'er I may roam,
Of spending in peace my last moments at home.

Home! home! sweet; &c.

LANGSYNE ANTICIPATED.

ADDRESS TO MR. A. S.

TUNE,—"Auld Langsyne."

May friendship ever be revered,
When hearts to each incline,
'Twill pleasure give to future days,
To think on langsyne.

This heart will beat to friendship's tune,
Though cease to beat should thine;
Remembrance still shall cheer my soul,
To think on langsyne.
When worn with toil, and bent with age,
We weary must recline,
May we with pleasure then review
The days of langsyne.
     A hapless wretch he is indeed
     Who friendless must repine,
     And ne'er can cast a pleasing thought
     On days of langsyne.

When seas, wide rolling, 'tween us roar—
Though fortune cease to shine,
I'll happy be to think of joys,
And friends of langsyne.
     But should we ever meet again,
     Then hand in hand we'll join,
     And welcome to each throbbing breast,
     The friend of langsyne.
A SONG.

Ah, Fate! ye'll ne'er disheart' me,
Though fortune should desert me,
My muse shall still alert be,
Till Heaven calls me home.
Though friends and all should scorn me,
Yet never I'll forlorn be;
My heart by Hope shall borne be,
Till better days shall come.

Oh hope! thou giv'st me pleasure—
Industry, thou'rt my treasure,
Contentment, thou'rt my measure,
Of happiness and love:
For though misfortunes fear me,
Those friends with joy to cheer me,
To comfort they'll draw near me,
Their faithfulness to prove.
THE LOVER'S REQUEST.

TUNE,—"Flora and Charlie."

Ah! who can feel that tender passion,
Glowing in a lover's breast,
Inspired with joys at love's persuasion
Felt but cannot be express'd?
Though often slighted most severely,
Her's my heart doth still remain,
Fondly enquiring most sincerely,
Shall we never love again.

How Cupids round my slumbers hover,
Pointing me her likeness fair!
But fancy's freaks, I soon discover,
Fly, to change my joys to care.
While glows my breast, to love her dearly,
Fate why should'st thou me refrain;—
Let me but ask this once sincerely,
Shall we never love again.
Oh! cease to tease me, perturbation,
   Retrospection loves to scan
My joys and cares in close rotation,
   Since that hour our loves began.
Hopeful fancy—blissful vision—
   Fondly I your joys retain;—
Hasten, O Time! that blest decision
   When we'll dearly love again.

FAIR HELEN'S DIRGE.

Tune,—"Ye Banks and Braes, &c."

Oh, what is life?—A shadow fleet,
   That flies at ev'ry beaming ray,
So lovers' joys are oft like dreams
   That vanish, quite ere break of day.
I've truly felt this hapless truth,
   Since death, thou didst our love arrest;
How soon ye've blasted in her bloom,
   The sweet companion of my breast.
Now dim's the eye, that beam'd so bright,
    In which I love did first disclose,
Pale, pale's the lip I often kiss'd,
    Her cheek's are like the faded rose.
Now still and motionless she lies,
    How changed the aspect once she bore!
Her sands have run—her spirit's fled—
    So now her bosom throbs no more.

Ah! hapless wretch, where can I fly,
    My soul corroding cares to shun;
Oh! would oblivion lend its aid,
    'Twould soothe my soul with grief undone.
For when I think upon our vows,
    It swells my heart with grief and care,
Till like to split my throbbing breast,
    Though wand'ring with my bosom bare.

Oh! mourn with me ye soaring larks
    That mat aloft on airy wing,
Bewail my sorrows songsters all,
    That make the woodlands gladly ring,
For now my Helen lives no more,
    Ah she lies mould'ring in her urn;
With her my hopes and joys have gone
    Ah me! they're fled ne'er to return.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

TUNE,—"Green Grows the Rashes O."

WHEN wint'ry win's are blawin' cauld,
    Wi'-lang nichts sae dreary O,
Ilk blast does chill my very saul,
    An' mak's me wae and eerie O.
    Och hey! my laddie O,
    Och hey! my laddie O,
Should ony come, how fair I
    Wad row him in my plaide O.

The win' roars owre the hie lum tap,—
    The nicht is cauld and dreary O——
The cat lies purrin' in my lap,
    But oh! it canna cheer me O.
    Och hey! &c.
There's no a lad comes 'bout the house
At een tae mak' me cheery O,
Sae here I sit alane fu' douse,
Aye gauntin' lang an' weary O.
Och hey! &c.

'Twas ance wi' lads I was amused,
When offers I had mony O,—
But sers them a' I aye refused,
An waited for my Johnny O.
Och hey! &c.

My fields were then baith braid and lang,
My corn-riggs were bonny O,
When happily I've sung ilk sang,
About my lovely Johnny O.
Och hey! &c.

But now my Johnny's dead an gane,
So are my Mam an' Daddy O;
An' here, puir thing! I'm left alane,—
But still I hae my plaidie O.
Come! then some laddie O,
Come! then some laddie O,
I canna be as I hae been,
Ye're welcome to my plaidie O.

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A SONG.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.)

TUNE—"Auld Langsyne."

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Oh! now ye're far awa my love,
Ye're far awa frae me;
O'er woodland glens, and rocky dens,
And o'er the raging sea.
I stand upon the sandy shore,
The lofty hills behind,
I spy the distant ship afar,
That's driven with the wind.

I see the waves around her rise;
Ten thousand billows roar;
The foaming surges lash the skies,
Behind her and before.
Unto the winds I give a sigh,
Unto the waves a tear;
Up to the skies I send my cry,
For her my dearest dear.

Kind Providence, oh! hear my voice,
Oh! wilt thou her life save,
Oh! keep her from the sunken rocks,
And from a wat'ry grave.
For though she's borne awa frae me,
Across the raging main,
Our hapless loves may yet revive,
Were we to meet again.

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THE FLOWER OF CLYDE.

TUNE,—"Clean Pea Strae."

Was I the lord of great estates,
And wealthy to extreme,
I'd let all wond'ring people see,
Who I do most esteem.
But would I e'er my love confess,
    She'd never deign to me,
For I'm an humble shepherd swain,
    And she's of high degree.

The rose that blows on Sharon's vale
    I never can compare,
With the sweet flower of winding Clyde,
    That blooms so fresh and fair,
She in her garden to the sun
    Of fortune smiles so fair,
And nodding loads the passing breeze
    With sweet perfumes so rare.

O could I reach her lofty stalk,
    She would not long be there;
For I would plant her in my breast,
    And bless her beauty fair.
Though I at distance may admire,
    And never can enjoy;—
Oh! Heaven shield her from each storm,
    That would her charms destroy.
THE HAPLESS LOVER’S SOLILOQUY.

TUNE,—“Burns’ Soldier’s Return.”

Now woe’s my heart! since such must be,
O’ercome with love and beauty;
But would she deign to such as me
’Twould scorn all filial duty.
Had I been blind, and could not see,
Thus painful I’d been never;
But I’m undone—now woe is me!
My heart is gone for ever.

Were I a lord of titles great,
’Mid wealth’s unbounded treasure;
And she a maid of low estate,
She’d be my only pleasure.
But ah! this contrast is not mine,
Which pains my throbbing bosom;
Must I in hapless love repine,
And waste life’s tender blossom?
Oh! could I clasp her to my breast,
    My joy would know no measure,
In her alone would I be blest
    My greatest earthly treasure.
But ah! the time is drawing nigh,
    When she'll be call'd another's;
Ah, hapless me! I can't but sigh,
    With care unknown to others.

But judgment rise, and draw thy sword,
    And quell my hopeless passion,
And reason strong, do thou accord,
    To cool me with thy caution.
But happy, happy may she be,
    Though I forlorn should wander;
And though she ne'er should deign to me,
    Still on her charms I'll ponder.
DONALD'S RETURN.

TUNE,—"The Flowers of the Forest."

Far over yon mountain, and down by a fountain,
Whose dark winding waters roll down to the sea,
There sat a young lady row'd up in her plaidie,—
'Twas bonny young Mary the flower of the lea.
She lean'd 'neath a willow, the soft fog her pillow,
With heart fill'd with sorrow, the tear in her e'e,
While watching the motion of the restless ocean,
For Donald her true love was far on the sea.

The skies widely darken'd as Mary still hearken'd
To hear what she could through the roar of the main,—
But still sorely weeping, as watch she was keeping,
Oft sighing "I'll ne'er see my Donald again."
The waves high were lashing, 'gainst rocks loudly dashing,
While thus his returning despairing the more,
"Oh, is he returning"—she cried sadly mourning—
"Or will he be lost 'mid the storm's angry roar."
“Ah, surely he's wrecked;”—but soon she was checked,
By spying a boatie much tossed on the sea,
“But oh! 'tis his spirit,” she cried “and does merit
My love in return for his true love to me.”—
The time soon elapsed, young Mary was clasped,
Fast unto the bosom of Donald again.—
“Oh, is this my Mary! oh, speak, why so eerie!
For I am thy Donald come safe from the main.”

“When waves big were swelling, 'twas sadly repelling,
As hope sunk in sorrow, and tempests did roar,
To mind when we parted ye seemed broken hearted,
I grieved lest I'd meet thee my Mary no more.”—
“My Donald ye cheer me,—thank Heav'n now ye're near me,
I long thought ye'd been by some danger o'ercome.”
“Be hush'd now my dearie, and dry ev'ry tearie,
I'm safe in thy arms and nae mair will I roam.”
A SCENE AT GLASGOW COLLEGE.

" 'Twere logic misapplied,
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth,
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth;
That taught of God, they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wandering miss the skies."
Cowper's *Tirocinium*.

HAPPENING to be in Glasgow one Friday evening in the month of January, 1836, I called upon my friend Mr. Andrew, who at that time was attending the classes; and according to a former agreement spent the night with him. To say the least of it, we had a very happy meeting, such as every one no doubt would wish to enjoy. After the discussion of a cup of coffee, we were reclining back in our chairs looking into the fire in a somewhat picktooth way—for my part, thinking on nothing but the present enjoyment, without speaking a word.

Sir?—Said I, looking round, as my friend had just said something that I had not taken up. Have you ever heard the debating society in the college, said he, smiling, as he snuffed the candle.—Oh yes I replied, I was in, I think, about three years since; I remember
they were discussing something about the reform bill;—I think whether it should be radical or partial.

Ay! he cried, they have been taking a share of politics with the rest of the world,—pray what kind of politicians did they make of themselves? No doubt some of them would be fancying themselves in parliament; or canvassing as candidate for the representation of some county, or burgh town, while lecturing weavers and old wives on the benefits of free trade, and cheap tea and sugar.

As to all that, I cannot say, said I, laughing at the ideas he had formed of some of the speakers,—but I remember there were some flowery speeches on the subject, and I heard others as bad. But, indeed, I thought there were as great need of a reform among themselves as in parliament; for instead of conducting themselves as gentlemen, as they pretended to be, they seemed to me more like madmen in the manners they displayed;—for such uproars of ruffling, and hissing, and exploding of crackers, I never heard the like—Indeed, many of the speeches, were they not spoken almost at the top of the voice, would not have been heard, as indeed some were not. At times one would rise up and exclaim against the conduct so displayed, which was followed only by another explosion of laughter, ruffling, and crackers. If I remember well, the porter was called in, and one was taken out by the cuff of the neck.
Very like, he cried; grinning merrily at the description of the debate;—there are curious fellows about the college, you see;—will you not go and hear them to-night?—I don't care much, said I:—is there one to-night?—Oh yes, he replied, there is one every Friday night;—and I believe the subject to-night is to consider the utility of Lord Brougham's system of education.—A very good subject, said I, if it is rightly handled?—The clock in the lobby struck eight, —Well, said my friend, there's eight o'clock; if you please we shall go.—With all my heart, said I, starting to my feet, when we both prepared to make for the scene of debate.

We entered the meeting as one was giving his harangue against Lord Brougham's system. I could scarce keep from smiling,—and, indeed, I observed many trying to suppress a laugh, at the stiff manner in which he delivered himself. He endeavoured to lay a powerful emphasis on every word he spoke, by pressing and straining his voice, as if he was speaking with the greatest difficulty. However, many a just and plausible argument he had to prove the absurdity of the new national system, when compared with the old,—It is formed, he cried, only to serve the few, and not the many. The system is meant only to meet the necessities of a few Infidels, Jews, and Papists, and not the great body of Christians, by throwing out the Bible, the word of God, from our seminaries; and
putting into the hands of our youth, books only of mere human philosophy. What is it that makes our island of the sea so conspicuous among the nations of the world but the Bible, and a steady adherence to its truths. Only trace out the French revolution to its rise, and say whence did it originate? but in the rejection of the Bible! Who is the disposer of all events but God, and how do we know the true God, and the way to heaven, but by the Bible. What are all the sayings of philosophy, either ancient or modern, compared with those of God's inspired servants, as contained in the Bible. And has not the Bible been the study and guide of our best Philosophers, Statesmen, and Patriots?—And yet will we have that book of books expelled from our schools, which our forefathers have defended with their lives, to hand it down in its native purity to future generations?—and will we deprive our youth of such an invaluable legacy, that which may be not only the guide of their pilgrimage through life, but the best companion of old age, and death-bed comforter?—will we deprive-rising posterity of such, and the benefits of being early instructed therefrom in the principles of our holy religion, by expelling the use of the Bible from our schools?—No! Heaven forbids that such should ever take place, or woe to the peace and prosperity of our land.

Such was the subject of his harangue, though many a long-winded digression he made from "the subject
at issue,“ which made his speech about twice as long as it otherwise would have been. Have done now, sir, if you please, said the chairman, rising from his seat and giving a bow as he spoke. I’ll just have done immediately, the speaker replied, in the middle of one of his long digressions, but continued speaking for about ten minutes longer, during which he got a second invitation to sit down and rest himself, as the chairman alleged he had over-run his time by fifteen minutes, and other speakers were, of course, to follow.

After him rose another with a gorgeous head of hair. He began to make a dreadful noise, by which he appeared as determined to convince all, that he was right in the opinions he held in favour of Lord Brougham’s system. But what he said concerning it I cannot tell, though he spoke loud enough to make a deaf man hear, as he mouthed and stammered so terribly. Yet, lo! how he laboured to give his words effect; sometimes his head sunk as low as the bookboard—then all of a sudden he would spout up like a spring puppet from a box, and towering on his tiptoes, he tossed his arms on high, which made the long narrow shoulder pieces of his toga, which would otherwise have hung down by his side, fly round his head like the red streamers of war in the wind. Well might Burns exclaim,—

What ser’s the learning o’ their schules,
Wi’ Latin names tae horns and stules,
If Nature meant to mak them fools,

What ser’s their grammars,
They’d better tain up spades an’ shules,
An’ knapping hammers.
I think, says my friend with a sarcastic smile, that one appears to have been more obliged to Mr. Frizzle, the hair-dresser, for the refinement of his wig, than to the professors for the improvement of his intellect. After this dunce sat down, another rose, who but echoed the sentiments of the first speaker, though he did not continue long, to my infinite satisfaction.

It was a short time before another speaker rose, though various names were called over; but all who were called were either absent—or, if present, they candidly acknowledged they were not prepared,—viz., to speak in favour of the new system; but, perhaps, seeing they thought it wrong to speak in favour of it, they did not prepare for such a task. This I thought was something honest in them, which showed that they possessed some of the true essence of natural genius, commonly called native modesty.

At length up spouted one arrayed in scarlet, who loudly and boldly declared,—I am the only Irishman connected with this society. Well, Mr. O'Connell, said my friend, as a mighty ruffling of hands and feet died away, let us hear now what you are going to advance on the subject. The Irish, he cried, at the top of his voice, are called a wild race;—Not far wrong! bawled out one; as another burst of ruffling and laughter took place;—then why not introduce a national system of education to have them civilized? You say they are an ignorant and lazy vermin,—here, again another
thundering burst of mingled noises of hands and feet took place, with hisses, and shouts of hear, hear, while one or two were bawling out order! order! which at length were hushed, when the speaker resumed,—then let schools be reared, and teachers provided, to give them knowledge of themselves as men and reasonable beings, and inspire them with the love of industry, that they may live thereby. They are called rapacious, and treacherous, and not fit to be trusted;—it is because they are ignorant of the duties they owe to their fellow-men. Since the disease is found out, why not administer the cure? Or would you rather see them hunted down by fire and sword for being ignorant, instead of lighting the lamp of knowledge amongst them, to show them their errors, and to teach them what is right? Why then are missionaries sent abroad, while the ignorant are neglected at home? That the Irish, therefore, may be brought from their uncultivated condition, and that they may know the worth of honest and industrious habits, and that they may be faithful, and understand the duties they owe to each other as members of society, and that they may learn to practise them with faithfulness to mankind in general—I say, he exclaimed, let the national system be introduced, whereby they might be taught, and you will not find more talented and better men in the United Kingdom of Great Britain! Again a thundering burst of ruffling, of both hands and feet, with laughter, and cries of hear! hear!
and well done, Pat! took place at his last bold declar-
ation, when he sat down, no doubt pleased with the
manner in which he had delivered himself. Indeed, it
was the best speech I heard on his side of the question.

After about four or five minutes' pause, when all was
again restored to order, another rose to deliver his opi-
nions. No doubt, he cried, after making a few prefatory remarks, the preceding speaker may think that his countrypmen are very much wronged; perhaps so they are, in various respects, and that they ought to be prefered before the heathen abroad in the spreading of
knowledge among them. True it is, charity ought
first to begin at home, yet it is as true that there are
missionaries sent among the poor of that ill-fated isle
of the sea; and schools there are in abundance, would
the people enjoy the privileges that our friend contends
for. And yet it is a lamentable fact, that they are in
general averse to learning and improvement of every
kind, which not only increases their moral depravity,
but is the root and cause of all their miseries. In proof
of which, the speaker here began to refer to the causes
and consequences of the many riots and disturbances
which often took place in Ireland, but as a general
uproar of ruffing and laughter took place, I could not
hear what he said. Again, he continued, as peace was
restored, with the usual impetuosity of his countrymen,
he cries for the introduction of this new system of edu-
cation projected by Lord Brougham, without once en-
quiring into its nature. I myself would be as proud and forward as any to advocate the cause of improvement in the system of education, were that improvement based on the principles of Christianity. But how to promote the spiritual welfare of the people is never once referred to in the whole projected system. In it Christianity is laid aside, and the Word of God is to be expunged from the school, as the first speaker truly affirms, to favour a few Infidels, Jews, and Roman Catholics. Again, he cried, after another round of ruffling had subsided,—why are there so many incendiaries taking place in England? Is it because those who commit them are ignorant of the philosophy of heat, and the consumable nature of fire, and the ignitable qualities of the substances contained in the barnyard? It is, I apprehend, because they are ignorant of the sin they commit against the Giver of all good, and the injury they do, not only to the proprietor, but also to themselves, by destroying the victual which was meant to be food for man and beast, and Nature's competent return for the labour of the husbandman, on which he depends for the subsistence of his family, the payment of his rents, and other subsidiary taxes. Therefore, he cried, would it be reasonable, instead of teaching the people the duties they owe to God and their neighbour, only to give them a knowledge of constructing machinery?—and instead of teaching them wisdom from the Word of God, to give them only the
doubtful hypothesis of philosophy?—and instead of insti-
structing them in the way to eternal life and happiness, 
and how to escape the portion of the wicked, to teach 
them only in the mysteries astronomy, and the divi-
sions and dimensions of the earth?—and instead of ex-
pounding to them the revealed will of God, as con-
tained in his Word, to throw the Bible aside, and give 
them the laws of pneumatics, hydraulics, galvinism, and 
electricity?—and instead of showing them the worth 
and immortality of the soul, to instruct them in the 
rules of mathematics?—In short, thus making man a 
mere mercantile machine, instead of that reasonable 
being who must give an account of his deeds to that 
God, whom, by such a system, he would be made en-
tirely to neglect!—Here the clapping of hands again 
began, with other signs of great approbation, when the 
speaker took his seat, after he had tightly rubbed the 
shoulders of the opposite party with his quaint remarks 
and humourous touches, which no doubt caused some 
curious sensations.

Without much farther delay than the time of restor-
ing order, another rose and commenced his harangue, 
by frankly acknowledging that he was going to speak 
directly contrary to the dictates of his conscience—and 
right reason, too, he ought to have said. He gave us, 
what he no doubt thought, a flowery speech. But his 
ideas were either too deep for any, such as I, to fathom, 
who have never studied the profound of learned so-
phistry; or too wavering for a numskull to follow, so
that I could not pick up a single idea that fell from his
learned lips. No doubt he wished to impress the mind
of his audience—at least he seemed so from the man-
ner of his outset—with the idea, that certainly he was
a very clever fellow. Perhaps he was so, and a bold
man too, or else a very great coward. Now, to say
whether he was the one or the other, would re-
quire a good deal of solid argument to determine: for
instance, he must have been a bold man who dared
gainsay or oppose that inward monitor, styled the
Vicegerent of heaven; and on the other hand, he must
have been a great coward who feared to meet the pub-
lic with the opinions his conscience dictated to be
right; but, most certainly, he must have been a mean
fellow to disregard the voice of that inward monitor,
in the hopes of being deafened with applause! If such
he sought, how sadly must he have been disappointed,
when he sat down amid all the stillness of silence, for
all seemed thunder-struck with amazement at the wreck
he made of his conscience, for had his audience had the
power, they seemed more inclined to hiss than to cheer.

After a minute or two of silence, when the president
had recovered from the shock he no doubt sustained,
from the conduct, or rather misconduct, of the last
speaker, he rose, and giving a bow, moved that if any
other present was prepared, that they should make
haste now, as their time was drawing to a close.
During the whole time of the debate, many were the runnings out and in of some, for they seemed to be no sooner in and seated, than they were up and off again at full speed, out at the door—often leaving the door wide often, to the great annoyance of the president and those who sat near it, for as it was a cold frosty night, the wind with chilling breath came blowing in.—Be so good as shut the door after you, if you please, sir," said the president to one hastening out; but he either did not hear, or was not willing to hear, for he went out and left it wide open. Barbarous conduct, indeed, to come from the hands of the "college-bred!" A country clown would have shown better manners. Perhaps he was no more than one himself, but improved in his manners very much the wrong way since he put on the toga.—Will you be so kind, sir, said he to one sitting near him, as to shut the door: the one asked went,—John! he cried, looking out and opening the door a little wider, come here and shut the door! then going back to his seat, left the door unshut, which was done at last by the porter at the outside. What pride! said my friend, he might have closed the door when he was at it himself.

As I said before, the president wished intending speakers now to make haste, as the time had now nearly run. After he had sat down a little, and no one seeming to stand forth, almost a hundred voices rose at once, with Hally! Hally! Hally! along with
ruffing on the floor with their feet, and beating with their hands on the bookboards, still bawling out Hally! Hally! &c., and another party for the sake of contention, raised the halloo of King! King! amid the mingling confusion of hissing and ruffling, while some more sedatious person was roaring out at the top of his voice, order! order! order! At length the president rose, and with a long pedantic bow with head and shoulders, and with outstretched hands and fingers spread, prayed for silence and order, and let business, he exclaimed, go on without farther delay.

At length the uproar by slow gradation ceased, the storm of tongues abated, with now and then a solitary exception, during the lapse of two or three minutes, of one quickly calling out Hally, and another King. This minded me of Nature’s calm, when a hurricane had just blown past, when not a tree in the forest is seen to move, save now and then some of the most slender topmost twigs, though scarce observable to the eye, yield a little to the still passing current of the air; or, like a tempestuous ocean, settled down to a glassy smoothness, save when a gentle rippling may appear on the surface, caused by the yet unsettled state of the water far below; or more like a pot of boiling pottage, which I often observed when a boy, when beginning to cool, while venting only now and then a solitary belch. Such was the appearance of the meeting at this time, till one at last spouted up from his seat to offer his remarks.
What champion of faith is this? I enquired, tapping my friend on the shoulder. It is Mr. King, he replied, looking round with a smile on his phiz. Well, said I, rising to my feet to have a better view of him, let me hear what you are going to advance in favour of the subject,—when lo! he produced a large volume from beneath his toga, which, after a few remarks, he began to read. It was written, I understood from the several passages he quoted, in favour of Lord Brougham's system of national education. One passage he read to prove that his system was not yet perfected, though it had cost him many years' deliberation;—Therefore, he cried, why condemn a half-finished work? Though I do not remember all the particulars and arguments he read, I shall leave them to the perusal of those who read the book. Yet, from what I heard, I understood the leading features of the projected system were,—that the children from their infancy should be taught in those schools of merchandize and machinery during the course of the week, and leave the most important part of learning,—viz., the principles of Christianity and religion, to the labour of the Sabbath-day, and instruction of the fire-side. Whence he endeavoured to show the advantages rising generations would have, by having instilled into their minds from infancy the principles of commerce and scientific knowledge; while he argued that the fire-side was the only and fittest place for religion to be taught, and that parents
were the best monitors of their children, as they could better know the tendencies of their minds and affections than public instructors, in order to impress their minds with the duties of religion, whose walk and conversation with the world can best be the example of their lives.

Such were the leading doctrines of what he read, to which in my own mind I could not be reconciled.* However, let us hear the next speaker, who immediately rose amid much applause, after Mr. King had sat down.

*I shall here give the reasons why I could not feel my mind at all reconciled to the doctrines contained in the book to which Mr. King so largely referred. First,—Though I can have no objections whatever to the arts and sciences being taught in our public schools, for that would show the height to which the present age had attained in literature, over those that are gone;—yet I would firmly oppose the exclusion of the Bible, for that ought to be the leading textbook of all others, as soon as the earliest part of reading is accomplished; and even before that, to have a portion of it read, and simply explained, and infused into their minds by questioning and illustrating;† so that they may be practically taught therefrom. For was it not to teach the Bible that our excellent system of parochial schools were at first planted, established, and supported, by our venerable ancestors? The arts and sciences, it is true, are useful in the occupations of this world, and, therefore, ought to be taught. It is that the supporters of Lord Brougham's system, I believe, have chiefly in view, while they forget that man was not made only for this world—and that his

† See Stow's Training System, as practised in the Normal Seminary of Glasgow.
From the manner in which the one who now rose, was received, whom I learned from my friend was Mr. Hally, and that he was accounted clever, I began to expect something from him in the shape of pithy arguments, clothed in flowery eloquence, as he stood arranging some papers before him, till once he could get existence is but of short and uncertain duration here—and that he has an existence that is to last throughout all eternity—and that his life in this world is only a probation for the next, for which he should ever be preparing himself, providing he would wish to be happy. For which, how can he prepare himself without the sure instructions of the Bible? And considering the many disadvantages men are subjected to during old age, when they reach that time of life when they neither can command the prejudiced bias of their minds, nor feel themselves inclined, although they see the errors they are under, to seek the path that leads to heaven. Considering these, how much the more ought we to be diligent and earnest in instilling the knowledge of God the Father as the Creator, and Christ, who is both God and man, as their saviour and mediator, and the Holy Ghost as the sanctifier, into the minds of youth, that it may be much to their benefit in coming years of trials and experiences, when the mind is stored with the inspiring truths of Christianity. Considering, too, the tendencies of human nature, well has Shakspeare expressed this relative sentiment,—“Custom is a second nature;” and how justly has Solomon considered it when he exhorts, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Thus we see the necessity of having rising youth instructed in the doctrines of the Word of God, as thereby they may be guided through the labyrinths of life, and be ever disposed to sincerity and truth,
leave to speak, so as to be heard. At length he began, but not as I expected, to pass only a few remarks, by way of criticism on all the speakers that spoke before him; and in reply to Mr. King’s remark on the yet incomplete state of Lord Brougham’s system, he declared that it had been more complete twenty years

for as Pope observes, “As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined,”—while all the cares of life with which they may be assailed, will thus never make them but feel to a certainty, that “Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Again, considering the numbers of our youth that are called to their last account, often long before they have reached the age of being capable of judging for themselves, or of reflecting on the nature and use of the scriptures as a directory to the Way of Life, that so they may embrace the advantages contained in such guide. Oh! what aggravations of grief would it not be to a parent, when mourning the death of a child, instead of being comforted with the assurance that he had performed his duty regarding its future welfare, and the all-inspiring hope that his child is now happy,—to think he had broken his baptismal vows in neglecting the one thing needful, by not having it first taught, as far as God in his good providence had permitted during its life, the truths of the scriptures, and the way of salvation through Christ, instead of only the commercial science of this world,—and not training it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ay, how will an accusing conscience be ever in an uproar, upbraiding such conduct when perhaps it was capable of being taught to understand the Word of God, and of knowing the way of salvation; and thus dying without ever knowing of an all-sufficient saviour in Jesus, and ignorant of the last destinies of man in the happiness of hea-
since than it was at present, for it seemed to have taken
a retrograde progression from good to bad, and from
bad to worse, instead of growing better!

After Mr. Hally took his seat, putting his papers in
his pocket, and the ruffing amid which he sat down
had subsided, the President rose, and gave his usual

ven, or in the miseries of hell, so as to feel the necessity of striv-
ing for the one, and escaping the other.

Second,—Lord Brougham’s system argues, that children ought
to be taught the doctrines of religion only by their parents,—This
I conceive is so far right, as it ought to be done: but teachers are
generally more capable for the task; besides many parents are very
negligent in the instruction of their children, even although they
have all the natural fondness of parents for them; and owing to
many worldly affairs which ever occupy their minds, many can find
no time to attend the instruction of their children, and not a few
there are—a shame that it is so—who, so much engrossed in their
own selfish and sensual indulgences, care for none of these things.
Does not the consideration of these things the more loudly argue,
that the Bible should still be retained in our schools. Since
many, by caring for the world and its transitory enjoyments, en-
tirely forget the culture and welfare of the soul. Again, many
parents, it is true, are ever anxious to have their children instructed
in the things which belong to their eternal peace, who are yet,
indeed, but very insufficient for the task, as they themselves have
been much neglected when young; perhaps by the very same
means for which Lord Brougham argues. Can we call it philan-
throphy to deprive the wretch, when starving with hunger, of
that morsel of bread which he holds in his hand, and is about to
put into his mouth; or can we call it humanity to see one strug-
bow to the assembly, alleging that as the time had now run, it would be necessary to vote with a show of hands, either for, or against Lord B.'s motion. A show of hands was given for it, but only six appeared. Another was given against it, but I could not count them, which showed that the old system was considered the

gling for life when drowning in a whirlpool, and grasping at something that would have helped him to escape, and yet to deprive him of such a mean, and tantalize him with the assistance of a straw. So, can we call it Christianity to withdraw the sacred instructions of the Bible from our seminaries, by which already so much good has been done.

Third,—Lord Brougham's system argues, that the teaching of the doctrines of the Bible in school, should be the labour of the Sabbath day.—No doubt, Sabbath school instructions have done much good to many a poor child, who had not the means of receiving such instructions during the week; but why confine them to the Sabbath, and not to the week-day too? It is true that the arts and sciences are somewhat necessary to be taught in our schools—but why, for them, exclude the Bible, to make it the textbook only for the Sabbath days? Indeed, the week-day studies would so engross the mind with scientific matter, as to render the instructions of the Sabbath day almost fruitless and null. For how could one day's instruction in religion keep its ground in the mind, against that of six days in scientific knowledge? it is hardly possible!—besides, it would be the means of leading directly to scepticism, and paving the way to downright infidelity. Such already has been the case with a neighbouring nation, which proved the first step to its downfall; and shall Britons show themselves such fools as make the same disastrous experiment in theirs?
best by the greatest majority. The debate being closed, we began to dismiss, but not with any kind of regularity, for all seemed to strive who would be out first. When coming out at the door, from a clear gas-lit hall into a dark square, I found myself jostled into a crowd of learned lumber collected about the door, like Heaven forbid! but let the sciences go hand in hand with religion; but let religion take the lead in the march of improvement. Then would man not only be more fit for the enjoyments and duties of this life, but when it does draw to a close, the early impressions of religion received in youth, would, by the blessing of Heaven, be a mean to guide him through the hopes of the gospel, to the joyful realities of life everlasting.

Such are my opinions in opposition to Lord Brougham's projected national system of education; but every one, free to exercise his own judgment, may have a different opinion. Yet I think a more improved national system than what has been, according to the advancement of the age in which we live, is, indeed, highly essential, provided it is based on the principles of Christianity; and that system, too, should be supported by government instead of many incumbents, who but prey upon the good of the people in general, so that a liberal education, in an ordinary degree,* may be open to all, free as air, and common as the light of heaven. This, truly, would have a happy effect, in having all our empty churches well filled, and more built, and well attended, and cause much dissension to cease. So both combined would not only tend more to the instruction of the ignorant, but be the

* What I mean by this, is a thorough English education, based upon the Training System, as practised in Glasgow Model Schools.—See the Treatise, Stow's Training System.
sticks and straws in a stagnant pool.—Tom, cried one, tapping me on the shoulder, what did ye think of Jock Robinson's lang speech?—but seeing his mistake, he turned about to seek Tom some where else. Having elbowed my way through the crowd, and discovering my friend, we again joined arm in arm, and made for the street.

first means of having crime of every hue banished from society, and having harmony and happiness introduced; nay, it would give a brighter polish to the glory and lustre of the British nation, far surpassing that which arms could ever achieve.
THE HAPLESS LOVER.

A TALE.

It was a cold winter night when John Thomson, the singing master, went into Mrs. Stobo's, where he often spent the time after the labours of the day, as he was very familiar with the family, and always made welcome when he paid his visits. No sooner had he entered the door, than a chair was handed in by one of the young ladies, while the rest of the company, consisting of various young ladies and gentlemen, sat round, and made room for the newly entered and welcomed guest. The more his presence was hailed among them, on account of being their former much-respected singing master, and having contributed largely toward a handsome present lately given him.

A gas pipe blazing above the mantel-piece, shed a cheerful light throughout the apartment, so that, instead of being seated round a table lighted by a comparatively glimmering taper, they formed a large semi-circle before a bright blazing fire, which not only added greatly to the light of the room, but made every
one for the present forget the least idea of cold. Every one bore the look of gaiety; even Mrs. Stobo herself, although she lately had put on the weeds of widowhood, showed that she felt happy in the company and conversation of her guests. Mr. Thomson himself looked a little more cheerful than usual, owing, as he said when he came in, that he was happy to see so many of his old friends together, and the more so on account of having, before he entered, been treated to a dram by a friend, which no doubt had loosened his tongue a little, so as to speak more freely than ever he did.

The most of those present being acquainted with a very interesting part of his life, and taking advantage of his little unusual loquacity, began to solicit his favour to entertain them with the recital of so interesting an affair. He heard the request in silence—his spirits fell—and his cheerfulness quickly changed to thoughtfulness. Seeing this, the young gentlemen, not altogether too gentle, began to urge him the more; and some of the young ladies, full of impatience, while smiling their approbation to the urgency of their partners, sometimes ejaculated,—O do! Mr. Thomson, if you please, let us hear it;—though Mrs. Stobo slightly opposed their teasing him so much; yet she too, although she knew all before, seemed somewhat desirous of being again treated, along with the rest of her company, with the recital of his never-tiring and interesting story. The slight oppositions of Mrs. Stobo having no effect
in the behalf of Mr. Thomson, their solicitations he could not altogether withstand, so granting their requests, he begged a few moments before he began, to take a smoke of his tobacco pipe, and bethink himself a little.

As Mr. Thomson was taking his smoke, the young ladies began a hemming and hawing, as if they were to be the reciters of the forthcoming tale,—not, I believe, that they intended to be so, but that they, being anxious to hear the whole from beginning to end, judged it best to have their coughing past, lest unluckily any of them, by beginning to cough, should by that means lose something that was entertaining. The young gentlemen, in their turn, began to blow their noses, in high expectation of what was to follow; and though they had, at least some of them, heard all before, yet they could not but make due preparation beforehand to hear all again, and so prevent any kind of noise that might take place on their account, to the annoyance of the company.

That the reader may have some little idea of Mr. Thomson, I shall give two or three of his particular marks. He is a man about five feet eight, to all appearance—straight, shapely, and well-built; his face is a little marked with the small pox, but so slight that the marks could not be seen without narrowly looking into his face; his brow is high, and his hair is of a dark brown colour; his eyes are dark, his nose a
little aqueline; his cheeks, being somewhat high, are in full proportion with the rest of his face, and his lips are thin, and his mouth of a medium size; his chin is somewhat round, and gracefully marked with a dimple. Such was his appearance when about the age of fifty, which spoke of itself that he bore a somewhat handsome and genteel appearance in his younger years, at the time of the following story; and in his manners he was always kind and condescending.

During the preparations of the young ladies and gentlemen to hear the tale, Mr. Thomson leaned back on his chair, with his arms folded across his breast, and the one leg over the other, looking up in thoughtful silence at the flame of the gas-pipe, and now and then puffing upwards a cloud of tobacco smoke. Every eye was fixed upon him in silent expectation. A tear was seen to glisten in his eye, which spoke in plain enough terms the anguish he felt in recollecting former times, and very much heightened the interest they felt in what he was about to relate.

Having finished his smoke, Mr. Thomson, rising, laid his pipe on the mantel-piece, and with a deep sigh, drew his hand across his forehead, and resumed his seat without speaking a word. Gentlemen—said he, after a moment's pause—it pains me much to call up the recollections of the past, nevertheless, according to your particular requests, I shall endeavour to relate the circumstances as they were, trusting you will kindly
sympathize with whatever weakness I may manifest from the wounded state of my feelings. Youth, I know well, are very apt to make a jest of the trials and distresses of others, just because they have no idea of the pains and sorrows which those who are tried must inwardly endure, when perhaps without a faithful friend to whom one can at times disburden the mind of its griefs. However, I never had to complain of this among my sorrows, for I, indeed, found an excellent friend in the late Mr. Stobo, who indeed proved more faithful to me in the time of need, than even did my brother. Besides, when one gives an account of his experiences and so on, many of the incidents are often looked upon as fabulous, and which only took place in a diseased imagination, and are believed by the self-deluded narrator to be true, however much they may partake of the nature of improbability, and which are easily detected in themselves by those who hear. But, gentlemen, you know quite well what I am, and what I have been among you, and to Mrs. Stobo, who, I doubt not, knows all the particulars of my history, as I am sure she has already repeatedly heard all from her husband, I can with safety appeal for the truth of the narrative you request me to give.

Oh! yes, by all means, Mr. Thomson, Mrs. Stobo replied, bowing forward a little in her seat, and stretching forth her right hand as she spoke—and I am sure there is none of us can in the least misdoubt any thing you
have to tell us.—By no means, Mr. Thomson, there is none of us here, I know, can misdoubt any thing you can say, in the least, cried one of the young gentlemen, when Mrs. Stobo ceased. I have heard Mrs. Stobo speak of the circumstance before, which only increased my desire, being acquainted with you as my former teacher, of having the pleasure of hearing it again from your own lips, if you would be so kind as favour us with it.

Well then—said Mr. Thomson—since it is on that account that you wish to hear it, I shall do what I can to oblige you, however much I may be overcome at times with excited feelings, yet with me in that, I trust you will kindly sympathize. Oh yes, they all at once responded; and seating themselves aright in their seats, in the attitude of attention, awaited the promised tale.—Well then, said he, heaving a deep sigh, and drawing his hand across his brow, When I was about eighteen years of age, and living with my parents, who resided not far from the Molindinar Burn, opposite the Fir Park, I little knew of this world’s cares, nor of the sorrows that then awaited me in my progress through life. I was then just like any of you here, blythe and cheery, with nothing to vex me. I wrought at the weaving trade along with my father, which was then in great prosperity, at which we were able to make good wages, so that I had plenty to do with. Although I say it myself, I wrought hard and: took good care
not to spend my money foolishly; but having a taste for learning, at night I spent my time at evening classes, so that I soon became something of a scholar. Being fond of music, I applied myself to it for some time, under the care of Mr. Thornton, then a first-rate teacher of that science, and became, under his care, as he said himself, one of his own rivals; but he then was becoming an old man, and beginning to fail in his musical powers. He was a precentor in St. —— church, and as I was something of a favourite with him, I was allowed at times to take his place on Sabbath. Considering the novelty of being allowed to precent, I took it as a favour, and, no doubt, he was as often glad of my assistance; so ye see, in this we both felt obliged to each other. However, the time came round when Mr. Thornton died, and I, as a matter of course, was duly elected in his stead. I, indeed, felt somewhat uplifted at such a preferment, and accepted the offer with the greatest joy. For a considerable time in going to and from church, nothing attracted my attention farther, than the decency and decorum which I always loved to see in the passing and repassing throng. As I had always a taste for being neatly dressed, I sometimes could not but admire the colour and cut of a gentleman’s coat, and wish myself one of the same fashion, as I then thought that it would make me look somewhat handsome when standing up at my desk. However, in a short time my attention was attracted to something else which interested me more than ever.
In going to church, I began to observe that I always met with a young lady at nearly the same place, coming in a contrary direction, apparently going to church, and on coming home, I again, at the same place where we passed before, met her in the teeth, as she too seemed to be proceeding homewards. For some time I paid no notice to this incident, farther than I thought it strange that we should always, both on going to and coming from church, meet at the same place. One day I took the opposite side of the street, and, strange to say, I also met her there. At another time, I went a little earlier to church than usual, with the hopes of being past that magical spot where we always met, before she would come up, but at that very place I met her again, attended by an old woman, whom I took to be her mother, who not being able to go so quickly as her lovely daughter, had started; it appeared from her manner, a little earlier, to be forward in time.

From their appearance, I judged they were a little above the common rank, but what or who they were I could not tell. Before thus meeting with her and her mother, my mind had become somewhat possessed of her image, and the more I thought of the circumstance of always meeting at nearly the same place, a deeper impression of her was made upon my memory. Her rosy dimpled cheeks, her dark brown hair, falling down in spiral ringlets from her temples, and the pure whiteness of her skin, her dark sparkling eyes, and her
thin cherry lips, with the handsome appearance of her person, her modest airs, and graceful manner of walking, all combined to kindle and keep alive the flame of love in my breast. Often I fain would have spoken to her as I passed, but I could not for want of confidence, being conscious that she, however well I might be, was in better circumstances than myself, and who knows, I would often mutter to myself, but that she perhaps would call it impertinence in me to make any confession of my affections, or even to speak to her, seeing we are quite unacquainted. I thus became unhappy in my own mind, without the hopes of ever becoming better acquainted with her, and on that account I even tried to forget her, but that I never could do, as night and day she was ever uppermost in my mind.

People began to observe a great alteration in my appearance. Instead of being lively and cheerful, I was thoughtful and sad; and instead of having pleasure in the company of my acquaintances, I became somewhat retired, and even shunned their meetings, and passed them on the street without speaking; just because I did not observe them, being so much absorbed in my own thoughts, and all this they attributed to pride, as they would often tauntingly say among themselves,—O yes! he's a precentor now, and he has got acquainted with the minister, and ither big folk, so ye see we're no worth a speakin' to now—but there he passes by as if he never saw us,—he'll be gaun to drink tea with the
minister, I se war'nt; wha wadna be proud at that, &c. I felt much, but still I could not help it.—Preserve us a' the day, John, ye're won'ersfu' altered noo, can there be anything wrang wi' ye, that ye leuk sae ill; I hope the singin's no hurtin' ye, John, for ye're just as if ye had fa'en into a wastin'.—Thus the old folks would sometimes salute me, nor would they believe me when I endeavoured to assure them that I felt nothing wrong. And one day, as some of the neighbours came into my mother's on a Monday morning, I happened just to be sitting by the fire, taking a little tea, as I then complained a little of headache, to which I seldom or never before was subject, but which I believe was occasioned by my own restlessness, and want of sleep during the night.—I think, Johnny, said she, looking on my thoughtful countenance for a moment, ye leuk as if ye were in love with somebody, and had gotten the begunk.—The first part of her observation I felt to be true, which went to my heart like a dagger. My face instantly reddened; I endeavoured to smile and hide my inward emotions, but the tears started to my eyes, as I then thought it was perhaps a hopeless love never to be returned.

Deeply agitated, indeed, was my mind, and painful was my breast with the inward agonies of love, as I never could banish her from my mind, and ever thought it improbable that I could be a match for such a lovely queen, seeing that she too might think herself better
than me, as well as I thought her worthy of a better lover. However, this could make my love nothing the less, but rather stronger, as still I felt I could not live without her. The old saying, that a faint heart never gained a fair lady, sometimes during my solitary reveries, suggested itself to my mind. This I felt was too true, for how could I expect that she would speak to me, if I would not take courage and speak with her. This, at all events, I at last resolved to do, whatever might be the consequence; so, next Sabbath I put on a new coat, and although the day, I remember, was not altogether very promising, I was in such haste to fulfil my resolution, that I went off without an umbrella, but before I reached the place where we often met, a shower of rain began to fall, so that I got myself somewhat drenched. Every one had an umbrella but me, and all seemed to be in a greater hurry than another to escape from the rain, and even some of my former companions, who passed me at the time, I heard say, that I was now well paid for my pride, while they laughed at the idea of me having my new coat spoiled. Thinking the shower would soon blow past, I stepped into a door for a little to shun it, and wipe off the rain with my handkerchief. While I was thus employed, who passes but the one with whom I wished to speak. I instantly stepped out to speak to her, but she had gone by, and the wind, blowing in the same direction her stretched umbrella served as a sail, and hurried
her on. To cry after her, or even to run after her, would have exposed me too much to public gaze, while I for such impertinence would be treated by her with contempt. I stood, as rooted to the spot, with my eyes fixed upon her, heedless of the rain which battered on my back, till once she turned a corner and disappeared. I then involuntarily smote my hands together, pressing them to my breast, and deeply sighed,—Oh! Heavens, am I thus to be tormented. I cared not for the spoiling of my coat and hat, for sore sore I was at heart, at thus being disappointed in my present hopes.

As soon as I recovered from the shock I received, I turned round, and made haste for the church, conscious that I was rather behind the time, but I arrived just soon enough to go to my place. When I entered the session-house, the minister was tying on his bands, and, turning round with his usual smile, he came and shook hands with me, saying he hoped there was nothing wrong which kept me longer than usual, as I seemed to be somewhat sad. I replied that I felt nothing wrong with me, but was sorry that I was behind my time. Although, indeed, I felt this, still there was something more that troubled my mind. When I entered my place in church, I felt as I had done something wrong, and that every eye was fixed on me. As if ashamed of myself, I could not lift my head. And when the psalm was given out, my mind was so confused that I knew not what tune to begin;
and when I rose to sing, I stood still without opening my mouth for a few moments. At last I made an effort, started a tune, but what it was I could not tell. However, the people seemed to have known it, as they carried it on, while I stood as a stock, without being able further to open my mouth. I wished I had been a hundred miles away, or that I had been below the ground, rather than standing as a gazing stock, where I then stood. Happy you may be assured I felt, when I saw, or rather heard, the people rising to prayer. I closed my book—laid it down—and bent over my desk, ashamed of myself, grieving at the situation in which I was placed. When prayer was ended, I thought I felt myself somewhat more composed, although my mind was still harbouring on the one which gave me such uneasiness.

When the service of the day was past, and having performed my own part with all the ease I could muster, although it was not great, I returned slowly homewards, as the day had become fair—although home was not in all my thoughts. As I walked slowly, as if waiting on some one coming up behind, all passed by, as it were driven with the wind, which still blew a brisk gale, except a few stragglers, which were more inclined to take their time than to pass along with the multitude. At last, the one I wished to meet, I saw at a short distance approaching. You well may perceive how I felt—my heart palpitated—my knees
shook—nay, I may say, I trembled all over, without knowing what I could say. Yet I felt myself con-
strained to speak, let the consequence be what it may; but courage I knew I must have, or else it never would do. Considering this, I went forward, and stepped in her way. Well, said I, taking her hand in mine as she came up, and giving it a gentle press, I hope you are quite well.

Quite well, she replied, as a soft blush stole over her countenance, when she looked me in the face; but, said she, I am not aware with whom I speak, if you please.

No, I replied, perhaps not; but I hope we will yet become better acquainted; but the reason why I hope so, I cannot explain just now; but may I have the pleasure of seeing you at your mother’s house at any time you think convenient for me to call.

Oh, yes, she replied, at any time you please, we shall be happy to see you; but will you be so kind as give me your name that I might know when you call.

My name, I replied, is John Thomson. I shall take the liberty, if you please, of calling on Tuesday—I think about four o’clock in the afternoon, if it is convenient for you then; and that I may know where to call, may I have your address.

After giving me her address, and assuring me that the time appointed would be quite convenient, we shook hands and parted.
Was there ever a happier man on earth than myself, thought I; indeed, although I had possessed the power and wealth of every nation in the world, I do not think I could have felt half the happiness in my own mind; and when we parted, so delighted was I at such an interview, I could not but turn round and look after her for a little, and I blessed her in my heart. I went home quite another man; and had it not been the Sabbath night, I actually would have danced with joy. My mother observed my altered appearance, and asked me if I was well enough.—Well enough! I exclaimed, I never was better in my life—I am this night the happiest man in the world.—I wish, Johnny, my man, ye ha’ e nae gane by yourself, for I never saw sic a change on ane in a’ my life. This morning ye gaed aff tae the kirk without yer umbrella, and ye was that dull ye could hardly speak; and when ye were in the kirk ye leucked like some ill-doer, and couldna haud up yer head the hale day—forbye, some o’ yer tunes ye didna sing as ye should ha’e din. Johnny, my man, I wish ye may be richt eneugh in yer ‘min’—gae ben the room, my man, an’ compose yersel’, like a man, for waes my heart, Johnny, if ye’ve really gaen wil’.

Thus, my mother, poor woman, grieved, when she beheld my manner and altered appearance; lest I had gone wrong in my mind, as she thought, while I could not but in truth rejoice at the disburdened state of my mind. However, to please her, and show that I was
right enough, and understood all she said, I went into the room there to enjoy my happiness alone, I took up a book to read, but I could not, as my mind now anticipated the pleasures of the appointed meeting. I need scarcely tell how I passed the tardy hours till the time appointed came. To me every hour was like a day; nor could I rest a moment in one place. At night I tossed about in my bed, without closing my eyes in sleep, except for a little, I believe, on Tuesday morning, through mere fatigue, I fell into a kind of dreaming drowsiness. Well, I thought that day would never go past. However, time slowly whiled away, and the hour arrived when I should prepare for the appointed meeting. On my way to her house, I thought I could not go quick enough, and I even sometimes ran, lest I should make myself behind the time; yet I arrived at the place nearly half an hour too soon. Shall I make my presence known yet, said I to myself, looking my watch, while my heart palpitated very much as I mused on the impropriety of calling too soon. To pass the time, I walked a little further, lounging about, and pulling out my watch, I may-say almost every minute, sometimes putting it to my ear to hear if it was really going. The proper time at last arrived, though not so soon as I would have wished; and with a beating heart I went and pulled the bell. Who do you think answered the call but the very one I wished to see.
Come in, said she, smiling, and with a gentle courtesy offered me a welcoming shake of the hand, which I could not but accept, when she shut the door, and led me to the room where her mother was sitting.

It is needless to say how well I was received, for their kindnesses exceeded my utmost expectations. To vary the conversation of the evening, Miss Jeanie opened up the piano, and played over two or three tunes with the greatest ease and gracefulness, during which time the servant brought in tea. When this matter was over, the mother collected the tea articles herself into the tray, and carried them off, shutting the door behind her, left us alone. I was indeed pleased with the way in which I was received and kindly treated, but doubly more so at being left alone with her I dearly loved. Could heaven be more propitious in earthly blessings to mortals, thought I, when I saw myself so peculiarly favoured. My heart bounded with joy; nor could I contain myself longer, when I saw myself so happily placed, then I explained to her the reasons I stopped her on the Sabbath-day. She smiled sweetly, yet blushed, as I told her all, and hoped she took it in no offence. I think I see her just now in the same manner in which she was then, when she replied that she could not but thank me for my kindness.—Were ever words so gracious! In the way she replied, I could not but interpret them thus,—That she felt the same affection for me.—Then I could not
but clasp her to my bosom, and repay her with a kiss. Such was the nature of our first interview; and when we parted for the time, I was kindly invited by the mother, who then came to see me out, to be sure and not be a stranger, but come back again when I found it convenient. In regard to this, however, I did not altogether need her invitation, as I now had been introduced and made welcome by the daughter. Well, as I had been invited, so I performed; and never did I call again but I found myself always more welcome than before.

Thus all went on smoothly for some time, and I may say a happier man could not be found on the face of the earth. Every time we met, we felt each other to predominate over self, at least for my part I loved her the more; and I believe we both felt ripe enough for marriage, and were thinking when it would be most expedient. I looked forward with the highest anticipations of delight to that most happy time when I would be able to fold her in my arms and call her my own, and look round on the world, and say, Where is there one more happy than I.

As Mr. Thomson pronounced these words, he tossed his right arm upwards with an air of triumph, while the fire of his eye bespoke the ardent feelings of his soul. His hearers, smitten with the sympathy of his tale, had every eye and all attention fixed upon him, while scarce a breath was heard to be drawn. But, alas!
said he, after a short pause, and smiting his hands together, how vain are all our highest hopes—how little confidence need we place in our surest anticipations—for little did I then think that I was to be so sadly disappointed in my near prospect of happiness.—But she was not to blame, and I will tell you how.

You will understand she had two brothers, tobacconists, in the Trongate, who were doing well in their business, and were themselves very fond of being rich, and having rich connections. They were acquainted with an old man, of the name of Thomas Robson, who was an old bachelor, yet a very respectable old man, grown white-headed, who had plenty to do with, and stood in need of a wife to keep him comfortable in his old age. As he, through course of conversation, hinted as much to them one day as he was in their shop getting snuff, they took the opportunity of kindly proposing their sister as a suitable match. The old man no sooner heard of the proposal than he thought her the best one he could fix upon, with whom he could spend the remainder of his days. Accordingly he was shortly afterwards introduced, when she, through force and persuasion, urged by her brothers, and counselled by her mother, yielded consent to his proposals. However, I knew not of all this till afterwards.

Well, I called one night in the beginning of the week, as usual, in the full hopes of being again that night happy with my Jeanie. When the door was
opened I felt somewhat strange, when I saw it was not
her that opened it as usual. I wonder if I am at the
right door, thought I to myself, when I asked if Miss
Jeanie was within. Oh! yes, sir, come in, was the re-
ply, when I entered, and was led to an empty room.
When passing up the lobby, I observed in a room off at
the right hand, as the door was a little piece open, an
old white-headed man, as one of a company, and heard
them loud in conversation. I thought at the moment
I saw him that this was an uncle, with some other
friends, paying a visit, and surely she could not be
wanted from the company. I went into the room with
that thought, wishing in my own mind that I had not
called, and while waiting her appearance I formed an
excuse to get away, not to detain her from her friends.
When she entered the room, I saw she looked some-
what sad. We shook hands, and enquired for each
other's welfare, when I hastily told her that I merely
called to let her know that I could not find it conve-
nient to stay that night, and begged she would excuse
my absence till Friday night. She merely assented,
yet looked grave, and said she hoped I would not dis-
appoint her then, when we again shook hands and
parted. This was on Tuesday evening, but I had no
reason whatever of my own to be absent then, nor on
any other night after, had I known at that time that I
was to have a rival.

I accordingly called again on Friday, as I promised,
but I did not see her—and sadly disappointed you may be assured I felt, when the servant told me at the door that she was sorry to say that Miss Jeanie, owing to some indisposition, could not be seen that night. I heard some noise within, which I thought did not correspond altogether with the conversation of friends. The door was shut before I turned myself to depart, when I went home heavy at heart. I blamed myself for the hurried visit, and groundless excuse, of Tuesday evening, at being so disappointed; and at times I consoled myself with the consideration that it was not fit that she should expose herself to cold by my company, if she really felt unwell; and again I thought that the noise I heard did not, nor could very well suit the indispositions of any; so what could be the matter was beyond me to divine. When I compared one thing with another, and recalled to mind all our correspondence, and having, I may say, that night the door shut in my face, this completely overwhelmed my mind with mystery, and my countenance with thoughtful glooms. My outward appearance was soon observed by my mother, for which she expressed some concern, and the more so, when she saw I took no supper, but sat and looked wistfully into the fire. Sometimes, when she spoke to me, I did not hear—I was so much engrossed in my own thoughts, so much so, that I felt my head get sore. I knew not what to think, nor could I tell my thoughts to any; and when
my mother asked the matter, all I could say was, that I could not tell. According to her advice, I went to bed; there to seek some repose, with the hopes that yet all would be well. I did every thing in my power to compose my mind, but that I could not, for my pillow seemed to be full of thorns and thistles, as restlessly in my bed I tossed about like a wave of the sea.

Shortly after I went to bed, some neighbour girls came into the kitchen, and began to tell my mother a long story of some ghosts that old Peter Rodger’s wife said she saw in the grave-yard, as she looked out at the back window, before she went to bed late on the preceding night. This led to a number of other stories about fairies in the fir-park, and witches dancing about the burn, on moonlight nights. However, the ghost story I knew was nothing less than only two new white head-stones, which the old wife took to be the ghosts she believed she saw by the light of the full moon. Restless though I was before the gossiping girls came into the house, I felt the more so while their senseless chat grated harshly in my ears, and glad you may be assured I was, when I heard them bid good night and go away.

When all was quiet I thought I felt myself more at rest, though in my mind I still grieved over that night’s disappointment, till, at length, I think about midnight, I fell asleep. But such a night of dreaming I never had the like. I thought I was into some old
house, like some haunted ruin, and was taken down into some dark cellar, and looking round I thought I saw the moon shining clearly through an old shattered window, and seeing a door I opened it, and went into a splendid hall, richly furnished, and lighted by four large chrystal chandeliers, with wax tapers, which burned night and day, as the hall had no window to admit daylight. I thought I went to a place where I saw some white curtains, fringed with silver, drawn closely together; and, being prompted by curiosity, I began to draw them aside, to see what was behind; there I thought I saw something like a person lying stretched at full length, and covered over with a large white sheet, and beside it, on the other side, lay a black coffin, mounted with gold; and as I looked I saw upon the lid, in letters of gold, the words—“Poor Jeanie died with a broken heart.” I thought I wept when I read the sentence, and clasping my hands, I sighed deeply. Can this be her lying here, said I to myself; so to be sure, I began to remove the covering from the head of the person that lay stretched before me; but, in doing so, I thought I heard some one breathing hard behind. Before I could observe who was below the sheet, I looked round, and there I with joy beheld my Jeanie. We shook hands, but I thought she looked sad; her dress I observed was a black deep mourning gown, and on her head I saw a beautiful white turban, richly mounted with newly blown
roses, which I thought ill contrasted with the other parts of her dress. I thought I felt quite happy in her company, so much so, that I knew not what to say. We sat down as it were on a sofa; but, on looking round, I saw the scene was changed, and myself, with my Jeanie, in the midst of a lonely grave-yard, sitting on the top of a newly-made grave. I thought I gave her a kiss, when she laid her head upon my breast; but her lips were cold. And, looking up, I saw a crowd coming in by the gate-way, which appeared to be some funeral, for which the bell began to toll, and quickly awoke me from my sleep, as day began to break, when I found myself only in my bed, and all pouring of sweat. After which I could not sleep again, for thinking on my wonderful dream, and wishing I was still in her company.

During the day I still continued thoughtful and sad, thinking myself the most unfortunate wretch in the world. I went to take a walk, and instinctively bent my steps to where my Jeanie lived. I, of course, called up to see how she was, and was answered at the door by the servant, when I asked if she was within, with the simple negative, No! then the door was shut before I had time to say another word. This, I thought, was dreadful, and I went home almost distracted, not knowing what to do with myself; and when I thought of my former happiness in her company, and her former seeming faithfulness to me, con-
trasted with the present change, it was more than my feelings could well endure. I then shut myself in my room, and threw myself on my bed, and cried even out with perfect pain of heart. Indeed, what I felt I will leave it to yourselves to judge, as I am sure from what you have heard, you will be more able to conceive my state than I am to describe it; for then I even prayed that death would come and relieve me from this world. This was, indeed, a sore trial, but sorer trials yet awaited me.

Next day was the Sabbath, and I hoped I would have then my mind more at ease, not knowing what was to befall me. As soon as I was a little composed, I went out and took a walk in the grave-yard—the only place that agreed with the sadness of my mind—there to endeavour to forget my sorrows. I thought the dead were happy, who were at rest from the pains and troubles of a weary world. I sat down on one of the slabbs, leaning my head on my hands, sighing, as if I mourned for the dead, when a fleeting thought passed through my mind, as if some one had whispered in mine ear, that it was not by brooding over my sorrows that I could bring peace to my mind.

I took the hint and returned homewards, where I sometimes amused myself on the fiddle, by playing a few plaintive airs agreeable to the state of my mind, such as the "Maid of Islay," and the "Flowers of the Forest," and, at other times, by looking over some
tunes to prepare myself a little for the duties of next day, hoping to find no more cause of vexation on her account, as I intended on Monday to send her an expostulating card. But sadly was I mistaken in my hopes.

Next day I went to church with about as much composure as if nothing had ailed me, and, as formerly, went up to my desk, thinking on nothing but my duty, and shut the door behind me. Seeing a "proclamation of marriage" laid on the book-board, as usual, in order to be proclaimed, I took it in my hand and glanced it over. Good Heavens! is it possible, I cried, bursting open the door and running down into the vestry with the paper in my hand,—Look, Sir, O look at this, I cried,—was ever mortal man tried like me. The minister took the paper in his hand and read it over. I knew no more—I fell senseless at his feet.

I trust, said Mr. Thompson, after a short pause, giving a deep sigh as he drew his hand across his brow, and the tear glistened in his eye—I trust you will understand whose marriage banns they were that I was to proclaim, which affected me so much. A sympathizing sigh from his audience answered in the affirmative.

Well, he resumed, when I recovered from my absent state, I think about four o'clock in the afternoon, I found myself in my own bed, with my mother and an attending surgeon, along with a few friends, weep-
ing over me, for all except the surgeon had given me up for dead. In a short time after, the minister, with two elders, came in; and, after a short conversation, counselling me to keep my mind easy, he offered up a fervent prayer to the throne of grace for consolation in the hour of trial, and a balm for a wounded spirit. I could not but say Amen to all his supplications, and I thought when he ended, I felt myself much at ease. However, I was upwards of three weeks confined to bed, as I had been threatened with a fever, during which time several presents of wine and other cordials were sent me as from an unknown hand. By the blessing of heaven attending the skill of the physician, I got by degrees above my trouble, so as to take some exercise in open air to complete my recovery. When I again resumed my office at church, in order to divert my mind from brooding over former grievances, I was advised to commence the study of the Latin. I accordingly began to it, and by close application for some time, became sufficient to attend the classes on the first ensuing season after my illness, which was, I think, in the beginning of spring.

This, I felt, was much to my benefit, and I pursued my studies farther till I entered the mathematical class, when I became acquainted with my late worthy friend Mr. Stobo. About this time I lost my poor mother, who much sympathized with me in all my troubles, and rejoiced to see me prospering in what I was fol-
lowing after; for I had some time before this opened a school, and was succeeding well, and so was enabled to repay her indulgent kindness with comfort, in her downward journey of life.

Having now more to do with since I began to be a teacher, I could not but show it in my dress, as I always had a taste for a decent appearance. Sometimes when I happened to be out, and walking along the streets, I would pass her with her old husband tottering by her side, leaning much on his stick; and out of a kind of spite for what was past, to show her the difference betwixt a young match and an old one, I would go smartly past, stretched at my full length, and holding up my head as full of independence, though, indeed, I as often felt sore at heart. Many a time I did this, and as often have I wondered how she thought, if ever she compared the smart appearance of her former lover with the frailty and slippery step of her old husband—at least I thought that twenty-four could but very ill agree with sixty-eight.

Three years passed over the heads of the ill, or rather unevenly matched pair; and I believe, from all appearances, and from what I often heard, that she faithfully performed her duties toward him, and did every thing to make him comfortable in his old age; but before the fourth year of their nuptials closed—I say it with reverence—old Thomas Robson lay low in the dust, and she was left a widow with a handsome dowry as long as she lived.
Some time passed on, and she remained in her widowhood, even though she was often presented with other respectable offers from suitors, which more agreed to her age than her former husband. But all she declined, without assigning any reasons whatever, farther than by saying that she had now no desire of being otherwise than she at present was.

However, in about a year and a half after Mr. Robson's death, I was called upon by several friends to open a class for music, to which I accordingly complied, and had a goodly number of scholars. At the end of two months, with my class, I proposed giving a concert. A day or two before it took place, when I was sitting in my room looking over some musical pieces intended to be sung on the forthcoming occasion, a small card was handed me to be presently answered. This was, to my astonishment, from Mrs. Robson, politely ordering a pair of tickets, and that I was to call up after the occasion at any time I found it convenient for the money. In what manner to answer, I felt myself somewhat at a loss, whether to write her only a note, or send her the tickets alone. I lifted my pen, but I felt my mind too confused to write, so I thought it best just to hand her the tickets by the hand of her servant, who waited my reply. My heart palpitated, and I felt a blush glowing on my face when I gave her the tickets, wrapped in a piece of paper, saying—Give this along with my kind compliments to Mrs. Robson, and say I thank her for her kindness.
On the second day after the concert, as I was calling on several to receive payment for tickets they ordered, I likewise went and called on her, as she wished me to do. I rung the bell. The door was opened by a servant. I asked her if Mrs. Robson was within.—She is, Sir, was the reply, come in if you please; when she put me into a large and richly-furnished room. Take a seat, Sir, if you please, said the girl, as she went away and shut the door.—I sat down on the corner of a sofa, admiring two small gold fishes sporting about in a large chrystal vase, standing before me on a large dining table, covered with a richly embroidered table cloth, while my heart in high pulsation beeted. The door opened, and she entered with a courtsey which reminded me of my former days; but I was determined to keep myself as distant as I could. I rose and coolly gave a bow, and we shook hands, when I told her—Meming her politely as I spoke—that I merely called as she wished me, to receive payment for the tickets she sent for. She stood and stared at me with her hands clasped on her breast; at length, heaving a deep sigh, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and raising her hands, she cried—Johnny, Oh! Johnny, do ye no ken me? and falling upon my neck she wept aloud, crying—Oh! Johnny, my dear Johnny! do ye no ken me?—This melted every feeling outright, my hat fell from my hand when I threw my arms round her waist. Oh! Jeanie, said I, I once knew you, but you know
you first forgot me.—Oh! Johnny, she cried, sobbing aloud—Oh! Johnny, dinna break my heart—I never did forget you—Oh! no—if I seemed so, it was not my fault, Johnny—no, no, Johnny!—but, Oh, forgive your broken-hearted Jeanie.—Oh! my Jeanie—my dear Jeanie! with all my heart I do,—said I, pressing her to my beating breast; nor could I keep from mingling my tears with her's, when I remembered the former joys I felt, as I so pressed her to my bosom. Thus we stood locked in each other's arms for a little, till the excited emotions of our hearts had become somewhat pacified. We then sat down on the sofa; still she kept her arms round my neck, and hid her face on my bosom.—Oh! Jeanie, my love, be composed, said I, kissing her cheek, as still she deeply sighed.—Oh, Johnny, she replied, could you but see my heart, you would know better than I could tell you, that I never did forget you. Oh, no! for had I seen you on that day I was married, I would have leaped the window and gone off with you. Oh! yes, I would, for before the minister came, I went to the window that looked into —- street, and prayed to heaven, in my heart, that I might see you there; but, alas! you were not, and I was forced to take Mr. Robson by the hand; but my heart was yours, for I knew you dearly loved me. Oh! Johnny, could you love me yet?—Oh! Jeanie, I replied, I never could do otherwise—I loved you from the first, and I cannot but love you still—lift
your head, my dear, and be comforted, and be assured that I love you.—Oh! Johnny, that is more than world's to me—and sighing again, she said—but can you really love me, after you have suffered so much by me.—Oh! Jeanie, said I, what is past is nothing compared to the joys I now feel again with thee. My life has been spared thus to press thee again to my breast—that pays for all I have endured—so now what else can I do but still love thee with all my heart, and that sincerely. With that I kissed her again, and gently raised her head, saying, dry your tears, my dear Jeanie, and be comfortably assured that I really love you.—Oh! Johnny, my heart is overjoyed. It is more than I deserve—but can you really love me?—she cried, and again buried her face on my breast, and wet my bosom with tears. I knew not what to say—my heart grew big, and I again bursted into tears, which rolled down my cheeks, and dropped upon her neck, as her head lay upon my bosom. At length, said I, sighing deeply, what more can I say to assure you, my dear Jeanie, that I do dearly love you; and I kissed her neck, whereon my tears were falling, and again raised her head, which she rested, sighing, upon my shoulder, when I took my handkerchief and wiped her lovely face, and kissed her rubby lips, and then she sat up and loosed her arms from about my neck, after repaying me with a kiss, in the joy and fulness of her heart.

After sitting a few minutes, pacifying the emotions
of our hearts, and wiping our faces, she still sobbing and sighing, asked me what had become of me that Friday evening, on which I promised to call.—When I told her how I called, and the answer I got from the servant, both on that night and the day following.—Good Heavens! is it possible, she cried, clasping her hands together—Oh! the wretches—how dared they tell you such falsehoods. On that Friday there was nothing wrong with me, farther than I was terribly roasted by my mother and brother James, and Mr. Robson, urging me strongly to give my consent; till, at length, for my own personal safety, I had to yield, while my conscience upbraided me for what I had done. All that night I slept none, and I determined to write you a card, to inform you what had taken place, and forming a scheme of elopement. So, as soon as daylight would afford me, I rose, and without putting on my clothes, I sat down, only in my bed-gown, with a mat round my shoulders, and wrote accordingly,—and had it finished by the time the rest got up. I tried to get out, but I could not; for, had I got out, I would have come straight to you myself. I then bribed the servant, when she was going out a message, to put my card in the post-office, which she assured me she would do.—Well, said I, interrupting her, no letter came to me; but I intended to have wrote to you on the following Monday, had circumstances not prevented me.—Sad circumstances, indeed, she sighed. What circum-

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stances now, if you please, shall prevent our union. For these five long years now past, though my hand was claimed by another, my heart was undivided thine, and thine it shall be, my dear John, till death.—So saying, she flung her arms round my neck, and hid her face on my bosom. I kissed her, and pressed her to my breast, and declared myself her's.

Thus, in mutual joy, in all the height of rapture, we held each other as if afraid to part. As soon as we felt ourselves composed, she asked when I thought would be the most convenient time for the marriage to take place.—Well, said I, this is Thursday, we cannot get married before next week.—Well, say Monday first, in the morning, she eagerly replied. Thus our marriage day was fixed, in the full hopes of being joined in one. And happier mortals than we, in the enjoyment of each other, were not upon the face of the earth. After tea, which we partook with each other, she took me through the house, and showed me all—all are yours, she cried, in me.—But what is all this grandeur, said I, but nothing, when compared with you. Again in each other's arms we fell, and to my breast I pressed her fondly; nor could we express our happiness in a better manner. As soon as this expression of our happiness, in the near prospect of our union, was past, she went and brought a bottle of wine, when we drank a cup to our future happiness; and when we parted, I promised to call again next evening by six o'clock.
I went home the happiest man in the world, and when going up stairs I met Mr. Stobo coming down, as he had been up at my lodging calling upon me. We shook hands, when I invited him up, and told him of the happy meeting I had with the jewel of my heart. He knew of all my former history, and he could not but congratulate me on my happy prospect—nay, he seemed as happy at my joyful state as if my happiness was his. I presented him with the honour of being bridesman, as he was the only one with whom I was acquainted, I thought worthy of the honour. This he accepted with the greatest pleasure, adding much to my joy. I need not tell you how I passed the time, for you can well conceive what state of mind I was in, when I tell you that my joy was so great, that it nearly bordered on distraction. So when we parted, I wished him to accompany me on my visit, which he kindly promised to do. Every hour till the appointed time, by night and by day, seemed to me a lengthened week, till, at length, it did arrive. Mr. Stobo and I went off, almost running, for, in my joy and haste, I thought an ordinary quick pace of walking too slow a motion to bring me to the arms of my Jeanie. When we came to the place, I rung the bell with a light and beating heart. The door was opened by the servant; but her look was sad. I asked if Mrs. Robson was within. Yes, Sir, she replied; but she died about an hour ago.

Good gracious! I cried, and fell senseless with a
groan—I knew no more. Next morning when I came to myself, I found I was lying on the sofa on which I sat formerly with her I dearly loved. The surgeon in attendance had been drawing blood from me.—Thank heaven, he cried, when I opened mine eyes—praise God for such a miracle, I heard Mr. Stobo cry, clapping his hands together in ecstasy, and running up to me he knelt down, and giving me a kiss, he welcomed me to life.—Where is my dear Jeanie, were the first words I spoke.—But no answer was given me, farther than they hoped I would keep myself composed in mind for my own good, seeing what had taken place could not now be helped. I may say everything was done that could be devised for my comfort and recovery; but still I felt sorely pained at heart, and as if I had been sadly beaten all over with a stick. After getting a glass of wine, and having slept a short time, I became somewhat more composed, so that I was the better able to hear the cause of my Jeanie's departure, which was told me, after many solicitations, by the servant.

Yesterday morning, said she, Mrs. Robson rose sooner than usual, as she said she had slept none all night for thinking on the happy meeting she had with you on the night before. During the day she was so restless that she could not sit five minutes composed, as she said she was so completely overjoyed. Often she looked out at the window, saying, I wonder if my
Johnny is coming yet, and then would run to see what o'clock it was, and giving a laugh, cry, Oh, nonsense! it is not the time—I need not expect him yet. Thus she continued for nearly the whole day, and would taste no meat, as she said she could not, as her heart was so full in the expectations that you would quickly come. About an hour before you called, I heard her give a great cry. I then ran to see what was the matter, and I found her lying half upon the sofa, with her hand upon her heart, crying—Oh! my heart—my heart is broken!—I ran to fetch her a glass of wine, but before I could return, she was gone. Seeing this, I gave a great cry, but none were in the house to help; and, in despair, I ran across to Dr. Nimmo, and all I could say, was—Come, Oh, come, Doctor! when I ran off again to my mistress, speedily followed by him, who, when he examined her, said that nothing could be done, as she had died with an overjoyed heart. Such was the servant's account—I heard all, and wept bitterly. She was interred in the High Churchyard on the following Monday. I was, indeed, very weak, from the shock I received, yet managed to attend the funeral; and when I saw her lowered into the tomb, I could not contain my sorrows, and I felt I could have lain by her side.
AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MY FATHER;

or,

THE MURDERER DETECTED.

A TALE.

Nothing gave me more pleasure in my younger years than when a few veterans met round my father's hearth, to pass an evening, and recount the dangers they have escaped, the hazards they have endured, and scenes they have witnessed, during the time of their servitude. Then would I sit on my stool, gazing into the fire as it blazed and shed a cheerful light around, while listening with intense delight to all they rehearsed, oft fancying myself among the scenes they described, and partaking a part of all they underwent. The following is one which often much engaged my attention, and the more so as it was related by my father, who was a witness of the affair, of which the circumstances are deeply impressed on my mind:—

It was a clear moonlight night, about the harvest season, a short time after the taking of the Cape of
Good Hope from the Dutch, I think in the year 1795, when that detachment of the army, in which my father was, lay encamped at a considerable distance from Cape Town, when he was on guard walking his rounds, and employing himself at the same time with reading the history of the Roman empire,* and sometimes musing on the wildness of the surrounding country, stretching far on every side, and listening to the night breeze breathing through the wild jeramin bushes which grew near in abundance, and wafting abroad their fragrance on its wings.—It was thus he was employed, while backwards and forwards he paced his stated rounds, wrapped up in his great coat, with his gun resting along the one arm, while in his other hand he held the book with which, by moonlight, he amused himself, when his attention was suddenly roused by wild yells of distress, which seemed to be at no great distance. He knew it to be the voice of some suffering wretch, and immediately, without the fear of being discovered from his post, he hastened to the place whence the cry arose, where he discovered two poor slaves stretched on the ground, with the blood streaming from their wounded foreheads, seemingly choking with gore as the blood ran into their mouths. Thus they lay writhing in agony, without the power of assisting themselves. Spying two soldiers at a short

* In countries lying near the line at full moon, when no clouds intervene, any one with great ease may see either to read or write.
distance, whom he was convinced were the perpetrators of such a foul deed, as no others he observed were near; and laying down his gun, he began to turn the suffering wretches on their faces, and so emptied their mouths of the choking gore, at the same time crying to the men he espied, "that surely they were cruel monsters to go and leave the poor creatures in such a condition."

"If you say another word on the matter," exclaimed one of them, an Irishman, brandishing a large horn of a bullock, "I'll come and with this make you share the same fate with them niggers!"

At this he snatched up his gun, and dared them to do their worst; but they went away without returning an answer. Seeing this, he again resumed his work of mercy; and observing two large waterpots, which the slaves had been carrying on their heads with water, when they were knocked down, lying at a very short distance, he found one of them to contain a little water, which had not altogether been spilt when it fell. This he took and washed their wounds, but one of them more weak than the other died among his hands; and no wonder, for he appeared to have been a short time before sorely treated by a hard-hearted master. Taking a large handkerchief from his pocket, he bound it round the head of the survivor, who seemed not so sorely hurt as his neighbour, which, in a short time, greatly staunched the purple stream. Having thus succeeded in rendering all the assistance he could, he left his surviving patient
in a fair way of recovery, and returned to his post about ten minutes before the time of changing guard; but during that time his mind was ill at ease, lest some evil should come over the poor survivor, left yet defenceless.

When we went into the guard-house, which was a large field-tent fitted up for the purpose, he found that he had left his book at the place where he had lately been employed. While pacing two or three times round the tent, musing sadly over what had happened, instead of sitting down at the fire with his comrades, he was observed by some of them to be somewhat unusually sad in his appearance. Some more jocular than others, taking advantage of this, began to raise some sport to themselves, by asking such questions, as—"have you seen some evil spirits to-night, my boy, that you look so gravely?"

"I think, cried another, squirting a tobacco spittle into the fire, seemingly much delighted with what he was about to advance, he has been seeing some white devils that he looks so strangely; for, in this country, you know, we can have no black ones like them in our mother country. What say you to that my boy—eh?"

Their taunts he never answered; but paced about and laughed with them at their jokes as well as he could, till their conversation changed to some other thing, though he could not but think within himself that those he saw were evil spirited enough. One may think, that to get quit of the jeers of his comrades, he might have
told what he had seen; but then to be known off duty was a crime, therefore he was in danger of coming under martial displeasure. However, there was one old soldier among them who was always somewhat friendly to him; he said nothing farther than remarked his sad appearance. Seeing a seat beside his old friend, he sat down a little to try and hide his sadness with tobacco smoke; then in a short time rising, he gave the old man a sign, went to the door, and was followed by his friend, where he told him the circumstances which occasioned his sadness.

"Take courage to yourself," said the old soldier, in a somewhat brisk whisper, "and relate the whole affair as it stands to the captain by himself, and I'll be bound to answer for you if he should say any thing against it." So saying, he went into the tent, and paying his honours to the captain, told him he was wanted at the door.—The captain, without speaking, rose, went to the door, looked out, and asked, somewhat sharply, as was his manner, "what's wanted here?" while my father, encouraged by his old friend's advice, giving him his honours, said he wished a private word of him. This was granted. The old soldier, trying to hear how the captain relished the interview, contrived to be near the door without being noticed by the rest, who were loud in their own merriment, minding nothing but the pipe and tobacco, and a laugh at the end of their jokes. So taking up his canteen, he went out pretending to go for water.

"Well, Gordon," said the captain, as he was passing,
“did you hear anything of this?”—“Yes, Sir,” said he, turning round with his hand at the peak of his bonnet, “I believe I did, and I advised him to speak to you privately, and promised to answer for him, Sir, if you should think he had done anything unbecoming a soldier.” “Well,” said the captain, smiling and clapping their shoulders at the same time, “you have both done well; I recommend you both highly, and especially you, said he, turning to my father, for the part you have acted; but do not speak of it to any other till called for; but you may go round to the place and see if all is well.”

Accordingly, he took his gun in his arms, and in haste repaired to the scene of blood to see if his patient was still alive. By this time the sky had become somewhat cloudy, which darken much the face of the country from the light of a meridian moon. After a little wandering in search of the scene he sought, while his mind was racked with anxiety for the welfare of the poor wretch he left in a state of recovery, lest some wild beast of the desert had found him as a prey. The night breeze gaining more strength, rustled through the thickets, as if some tiger was preparing to make a spring. Sometimes he faced round to where the noise proceeded, in the expectation of meeting some antagonist, but was as often happily disappointed. On reaching at length the scene he sought, he found his patient was gone, and the one who died lying in the same state he left him. Seeing this he stood still, resting his elbow on the muzzle of his
gun, with his hands clasped, gazing on the dead, and wondering what could have become of him.—"It cannot be," he muttered to himself, with a deep sigh, "that he can be torn by any of the prowling brutes of the desert, and this one still lying there." Thinking he may have crept into some concealment for safety, or into some more comfortable shelter from the cold air, he began to make search round the place, often asking if any one was there. In doing so, his foot kicked against something he knew not what, till, stooping down, he found it to be the book he left, and had again entirely forgot it, in his anxiety after what had become of the man. Remembering the waterpots, and seeing they were gone, he wondered if he could have so much recovered as to be able to go home himself, and carry them too. Thus again he stood amid the loneness of night, considering whether or not again to return to the camp. Sometimes he thought he heard a deep sigh, yet could not learn whence it proceeded; and, at other times, at a distance, he heard the wild growls of a beast of prey, but that he never regarded, provided he was certain the survivor was safe. At last, far before him, just as he thought of returning to the camp, he observed the glare of various lights, like flambeaux and lanterns, which seemed to be advancing. As they drew nearer, he could distinguish a number of people, who appeared to be on the search for something, as he saw the bearers of the lights often going off at aside, a short way from the rest. When they had come nearer, he
found them to be the master and a retinue of slaves come in search of the one that was lost. Amongst the foremost of the crowd, he discovered his late patient, with his handkerchief round his head, as their guide, and bearing a large torch.

On coming up to the place where my father stood, a lone sentinel over the dead, and leaning on his gun, the slave who lately lay on the same spot, writhing in all the agony of distress, came forward, crying—"Oh! massa; massa, here de man, here de man—vat will us do?"

On hearing this, the master came forward, and with a stern voice—and seeing the dead man stretched by his side—demanded if he knew any thing of this murderous deed.—"I believe I do," my father replied, in as firm a tone, and so explained to him how he came to know, and the regiment to which those belonged, who did it, though he could not tell their names, and saying he thought, however, he could point them out.

During this explanation he was surrounded by the sable attendants, about twelve in number, who gazed on him for a time with a sort of indignation, thinking him to be the one who did the deed, until they were otherwise convinced. Then the poor African whom he had assisted, though naturally the first to accuse, with all the emotions of joy and gratitude, threw his torch aside, and without being able to speak, flung his arms round his neck, and eagerly kissed his cheeks; then falling down on his knees, begged pardon, crying—"O massa, massa,
me no did know you de good man dat save me, when me first tink you de bad man dat knock me down. Oh! no, no, massa, me now sorry me tink you de bad man, when you de good man, and tie mine head wid de clot!"—and kissing him again, begged pardon, and thanked him with all the language he was master of, or gratitude could suggest, till he was fully assured that he was indeed really forgiven, and no offence taken in the least, and that he was made welcome to all the assistance given. The rest stood round with wondering curiosity, holding their torches over their heads, while giving some expressions of their satisfaction in what they heard, and revenge on the one, if they had him, who did the deed.

"Well," said the master, "you will not refuse, I trust, to become my prisoner as a witness and surety, till the villains you speak of be convicted to-morrow."—By no means, was the reply; but we must go to the camp, and there remain in the guard-house till then, so as to have the matter rightly gone about.

The slaves were then immediately dismissed, who returned homewards, taking along with them their dead fellow-servant, to have him laid in a proper grave, and there weep over him, while the master and my father went to the camp to wait the proceedings of next morning.

As soon as it was proper for the transacting of such kind of business, after the morning drum was beat, the master sent in a libel of damages, for 100 dollars, to the
colonel of the regiment to which the villains belonged. This was no sooner received than the men were ordered out on parade, and the libel produced and read; but none would own with the charge till the witness was brought before the ranks, and ordered to point out the man. The order was little sooner given than it was accomplished, when the conscience-striken wretches, seeing they were detected, cried out for pardon, when the libel was put into their hands, with orders either to have it, within four days, paid up, or then undergo a court-martial. So, under rank and file, they were conveyed to the guard-house, there to be kept in security.

Had you seen how a number of their comrades looked at the time, one would have thought that every one had a share in the crime. However, as soon as parade was over, matters were soon arranged and set about among the men, to raise the sum required. For this purpose, numbers of them went through the several regiments in the camp, and collected largely, till they got what would set the murderers at liberty. Thus they were cleared from the charge, whereas they should have been made to suffer for the crime, according to the laws of the country they served; but the murdered man was only considered the property of his master, and so a charge of damages was all that was required to repair the loss sustained. A reward was offered to my father for the services he had given; but this he rejected with contempt, telling the master at the same time, that all he did was
nothing more than what was due to suffering humanity, and that the price of human blood should be nothing more nor less than the death of the murderer.

After this affair, for some time he had to keep a strict look-out for his own safety, as many of the murderer's comrades vowed revenge on his head, if ever they met him conveniently. One day, when taking a private walk, being much disconcerted in his own mind, on account of the dangers he was under, from his surrounding enemies; and musing on the injustice of letting one guilty of the murder of a man, even although he was a slave, escape the vengeance which the laws of nature required; and having thus gone farther than he was aware, and that, too, without any kind of defence, saving his side-arms, viz. his bayonet; and passing a kind of thicket at a short distance to the right, he was suddenly startled from his painful musings by an angry-like growl. On looking round, he beheld a large bear in a small opening in the thicket, looking out as if ready to dart upon him, were it near enough. Recollecting himself, from the momentary agitation he felt, he immediately faced round, and laying his right hand on his bayonet, ready to draw it for combat, stood in that position, staring the animal in the face. Although; at the same time, he felt much agitated, yet he saw, to relinquish the appearance of firmness, and being far from any assistance, would be at the peril of his life. The sun shining full on his breast-plate, and the glitter of the buttons on his read coat,
both reflecting fire, as it were, on the animal's face, rather scared the brute, so that it retired; but soon she appeared again with a cub in her mouth, and with it ran into another part of the thicket. Speedily returning, and before entering her old den, she stood and took another view of him, as he still remained watching its motions, wishing he had his gun to shoot her; but again she ran growling into her old den, and brought out another cub, carrying it to where she took her last. This she did other twice, when she altogether disappeared. Seein
this he returned to the camp, resolved not to venture so unwittingly so far in future, without being better armed.

On his return, meeting with Gordon, his old friend, and being questioned where he had been, and why he went so far, and being answered accordingly, and hearing his adventure, he began, in a friendly manner, to give him what advice and encouragement he could, by telling him still to keep up his spirits, and fear the threats of none. "You are but a young man," said the old soldier, clapping him most familiarly on the shoulder, "and have neither seen nor experienced a great deal yet, and I put little doubt, but that since it was put into your hand by the will of Providence to detect the murder, He surely would not suffer a hair of your head to fall to the ground on that account. So, my boy, look brave, and keep a spirit above the dread of all who would wish to do you harm, and bid defiance to the one that would dare oppose you, conscious that you have done your duty; and I am
sure, as I have heard many now speak much in your favour, there is not one in all our regiment but will take your part, should any harm you for what you have done. Thus the good old soldier endeavoured to cheer the gloomy forebodings of his mind, nor did his counsels loose the desired effect, and from that day forth they became mutual friends.

But miserable indeed was the state of the murderers, especially of him who took the active part in the deed. Although it was but a slave that they killed, still human blood cried aloud for vengeance, and an accusing conscience was ever in ceaseless uproar in their bosoms; nor could it be appeased with the intoxicating draught, though now more and more they deeply indulged in it. Often were the two wretches heard quarrelling, and accusing each other in loud vociferations, and threatening to take each other's life, for being called the murderer. Often for the disturbances they raised, were they confined; and one for a flagrant offence done, during one of his drunken brawls, to one of his superiors, received the compliment of 500 lashes. Those who at first took their part so much, now began to despise and abhor their company. Still, by their wild and disturbed appearances, they seemed to be hunted by the spirit of the dead; and often have they been heard in their more sober moments muttering and cursing their own existence.

One day the wretch who formerly threatened to take my father's life, when he was upbraided for his cruelty
to the poor slaves, happened to meet him when on a private walk, which much surprised them both at the time. Then much indeed he showed the disquietude of his mind, when down before him on his knees he dropped, and with tears streaming from his eyes, begged, for heaven's sake, that he would forgive him, what he had said and done. My father stood thunderstruck for a moment, without being able to speak, and the more so, when he saw his wild and distracted-like appearance. As soon as he recovered from his surprise, he took him by the hand, raising and telling him that he forgave him all on his part, and that it was from God alone with whom he had to deal, he was to ask and look for forgiveness, seeing it was him he had chiefly offended.—But what was it, my father enquired, in a familiar manner, tempted you to do what you have done; it was not surely that they were harming you at the time.—"Oh! Sir," he returned, "do not vex me by asking such a question, and I will tell you all. Smith and I, you understand, went over that day after evening parade, to Gardener's plantation, to have some sport to ourselves among the slaves, and get some dates. Well, you know, we had an excellent go in drinking rum, when some of them got half jack, and so began to quarrel and fight among themselves, and set up a great noise. We thought it fine sport, and carried on the spree you know, till at last it came to the ears of the overseer. Of course, he came to see what the great noise was about, when he saw
some singing, some yelling, and others dancing, in high spirits, without ever a fiddler amongst them. It was getting late, and the mirth was going on without ever one of them thinking of going to bed, and rising next morning early to a hard day's work. This, no doubt, displeased the old bull, and he began to scold us with warm words, and swearing that we would soon repent of it, if we would not immediately disband. Why, you know, we did not very much relish his conversation, and we thought to have ourselves revenged on him some other way. Well, when we were coming away, I got hold of a large bullock's horn, somewhere about, and brought it along with me, without ever thinking, I assure you, of using it by the way. Well, we had not gone above two miles, when we saw before us the two slaves coming home with their water on their heads, for which you know they were sent to be ready against next morning's use.—What do you think, says Cameron to me, of knocking them fellows down, and so deprive the old dog from having his cold drink to-night, when he goes to bed. A d—d good plan, by G—d, said I, clenching the horn by the small end, and coming up without speaking a word, so I first knocked down the one, and then the other, by striking them with all my force on the forehead. Cameron was not content with what they already got, poor fellows, but he kicked them both with his foot. Well, said he, I think they will not live now to tell who did it, so away we went, chuckling over the trick we played
old Gardener, little thinking of the nature of the crime we had committed, till you came to their assistance. Oh! Sir, believe me, my mind has since been terribly plagued, both by night and by day, when I think that they were not only slaves, but that they were men whom I have murdered without any reason whatever. Yes, I confess, I am guilty of the foulest crime that ever was committed; but, Oh! how am I to get quit of my guilt, for I feel that vengeance will yet have hold of me—hell is gaping to receive me—I am not worthy to live—but, Oh! how—how am I to escape?"

Thus the much self-convicted man went on confessing his crime, and condemning himself, while my father, full of painful emotions, knew not either what to say or do. "Sir," said he at last, when the man spoke of taking his own life—Sir," said he, that will make your fault no less, but make your crime the greater. It is true enough the laws of God and man require life for life, but that is no argument that you should take your own; for, remember, your life was given you to preserve, but never to cast so dishonourably away as that of which you speak. But, since it is the case that you have escaped the punishment you own you deserve, I would have you at least improve the privileges you enjoy, through the mercy of God, and amend your way of living, from bad to good, and from good to better, instead of going on from bad to worse. This is all the advice that I can give, and I hope you will be kind enough to yourself as take it. And, remem-
ber, that it is God alone who is able to pardon you; therefore, I recommend you to ask his pardon, and his grace to help you on in the way that leads to happiness."

The poor penitent wept, and without speaking a word, pressed the hand of his adviser, as if to say, I gratefully thank you for your advice.—"Oh! Sir," at last he sobbed out, you are, indeed, a happy man—I would give a world to have my mind disburdened from this load of guilt. I feel myself hateful in my own eyes, and despised by all with abhorrence, and my life too grievous to be borne; yet I must say I am greatly obliged to you—but do you really forgive me for my wild threatening on that dreadful night."—With all my heart I do, was the reply, when the sound of the drum for evening parade made them part for the time.

By degrees this penitent man grew better and better in his way of living afterwards—taking amends of himself in a proper way, though often he confessed the death of the slave was a heavy burden to his mind. I need hardly mention how the other, in a fit of despair and drunkenness, shortly after the punishment he received, put an end to his own existence.