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OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.



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THE OLD DOMINION.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

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NOVEMBER, 1, 1872.

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WOODBURN.

BY T. B. BALCH, D. D.

Happened many years since in Middleburgh, Va., a town about equidistant from Aldie and Upper-ville. Said to a gentleman:

"It's easy to find among us descendants of the English, but the Scotch have made themselves scarce in the Old Dominion. Some of them used to live about Dumfries, on Quantico, some at New Glasgow, near the Tyre in Amherst, and others at Kilmarnock in Lancaster, but they have disappeared."

"Do you know," said he, "that you are within the fourth of a mile from Woodburn, the residence of a Scotch septuagenarian? He has heard of you and wants a colloquy about his native land. Don't launch out about the superb scenery of Middleburgh; but meet the McGregor on his own heather."

"In which direction does it lie?" I enquired.

"Why, turn the head of your pony down this declivity, rise yonder acclivity, pass some fine old rocks near the road, then turn to the right, open the gate, announce your name, and hint to him that you need a talk on this summer evening about grand old Scotia. In the morning your napkin will be white at breakfast as any snow that ever fell on the Houghshaw hills."

Found the old gent on the porch. The house of brick, the soil of the farm very rich, oaks in the back ground, a system of rough mountains in front, and in our rear the blue caps of that Ridge of all ridges.

"Why," said my host, "do you like to chat with a foreigner?"

"Because the chat is apt to kindle a glow in his feelings, and the heat of that glow escapes to his interlocutor."

"True," he rejoined, "for I read

your Discourse to the St. Andrew's Society of Bellhaven, and your long letter to Irving about the works of Sir Walter Scott, and positively could have hugged you to death for the eulogium pronounced on my country."

"Nothing more," I replied, "than your country deserved. Its merits transcend all my feeble utterances. My maternal ancestors were from the Shire of Fife. They had no doubt seen the palace of Falkland, the Castle of Lockleven, and the Abbey of Dunfermline. Perhaps they may have angled in the Eden river, played in the Vale of Kilmany, attended the Pitlessie Fairs, climbed Largo Law, or ventured out to Bellrock."

"And did they remain true to Fife?"

"Yes, indeed, true as Rippon steel. There are three hills in New Holland which mariners call the three Glass Houses, and it seemed to me that they, like mariners, conceited their homes in Maryland to be nothing more nor less than mirrors to reflect old Fife."

"Don't belong," he replied, "to that ilk, but crept all the way to Virginia out of a chest of wool."

"That means, I suppose, that you were born in Lanarkshire, as Lanark bears such a meaning. Would you give me a general sketch of the Shire that it may become tangible to your guest, for at present my view of it is rather indefinite? Tolerably posted up in the localities of Virginia, but all my knowledge of

foreign objects has resulted from answers to propounded questions."

"After a cup of green tea," he replied, "for the black is not fit either for ladies or gentlemen."

"No," I rejoined, "nor yet for Gentoos, Fakers or Chinese conjurers and jugglers."

Returned to the verandah. Where can that man be found who does not love the moon, especially in a midsummer night. Strange that a golden sun should be the ambrotypist of that silver orb. There was no time to muse.

"You promised me," I said, "an outline of Lanark. 'Tis yours to unseal the fountain of personal observation. Keep it flowing so long as may suit your convenience. 'Tis mine to hold a gourd and catch from the Geyser Spring what may be formed into a crust from which poverty stricken minds like my own may be enriched."

"The Shire of Lanark," he began, "is a sheep growing and wool growing district. Many chests have been filled with wool at shearing time. A walk will make you acquainted with shepherds and their dogs, and nothing can be more genial to persons of pastoral taste than the sight of flocks, whether on range or at rest. It has large deposits of coal and other minerals. The people may be divided into agriculturists, manufacturers, merchants, and professional men. The Duke of Hamilton, of course, lives on his money, whose palace stands where the Avon joins the Clyde. The north of Lanark is level, but

some diversity is introduced into the south by the Pinto, Lead, and Lowther Hills, and the Shire must include considerably more than two millions of roods. The Clyde, which was anciently called the Glotta, rises in the south of Lanark, and after passing Glasgow and Greenock terminates in a frith."

"Has the Clyde," I asked, "any natural aquatic curiosity?"

"It has, and that very near to my native town of Lanark, which stands on the side of a hill. The river winds along on its gentle course till it approaches Corra Linn, when gathering all its waters it pitches over three distinct ledges of rock, the sheets of which charm every beholder. It would take you a week to count all the staves and scrips of the pilgrims that come to that sight in a single summer. The good David Dale planted factories at the great waterpower for the benefit of laborers, but even those utilitarian works have not impaired the picturesqueness of the place, nor lessened the number of sight seers from Edina, Aberdeen and London."

"Did you get the name of this farm out of Lanark?"

"Exactly so, for near my Scottish home there is a Woodburn. There is a shaw or thicket of wood permeated by a burn or stream of lively water, but the hamlet built in it is very inconsiderable of course. It derives some consequence from the fact that Mrs. Grant, after leaving the vicinity of Albany, in the Knickerbocker State, was married

to the Pastor of Loggan in the Shire of Inverness. She then wrote her 'Letters from the Mountains,' and after his decease she chose Woodburn for her permanent residence. Two places near Warrenton belong to me, one of which is called Glenfern. The name alludes to the parasitical ivy which in Scotland is so apt to hug the trees and climb the walls. Fern is the Scotchman's delight whether it appear like an undulating gown or in a tight coat on the soil. My other place is Glenochre, and there are little dales in Lanark where the clay is of sundry colors like Joseph's coat, or the one designed for Sisera by his mother, and perhaps Sir David Wilkie used ochre pigments in the early efforts of his pencil, near the town of Cupar. These names serve to keep the land of *Buns* in remembrance, not liking the designation of cakes. Glens are very numerous in old Caledonia. There is Glencoe, Glenluce, Glenorchy, but their name is legion. And so are the knolls or little risings on the surface of the ground, and bens or small mountains standing apart, and as to the Locks, they are innumerable, and there are holms occasionally, or low rich lands about islets, and waters like Gala, and braes like Yarrow."

"But is there no glen in Lanark?"

"Oh, yes, there is Rutherglen, far superior to Glenbeg in Argyle, or Glenelg of Inverness. Rutherglen is a burgh, or privileged town, like Lanark and Glasgow. The vale runs to the Clyde, crowded

with flocks. If the woolsack in the English House of Lords should wear out, Parliament had better engage a new one of the Lanark sheep raisers, and they might get a red covering for the sack at some Spanish bull-fight."

There was a temporary lull in our colloquy. We had been warned that the night was passing off, but the old gent in his Scotch brogue and rather a brusque tone said:

"Begone. We have not advanced more than an octant or forty-five degrees round the circle which we aim to encompass. Other things might pass into that circle such as straths, moors, mulls, largs, nasses, friths, forths, gowans, hawthorns, kirks and manses. A hawthorn planted in the centre of the circle would perfume all these objects were it but to blossom."

"Suppose we resume after the interruption. Were your juvenile days spent exclusively in the Shire of Lanark?"

"They were for the most part; but Scotch boys are good at pedestrian excursions. We could go to Moffit Springs in the north of Dumfries, or to Peebles on the Tweed, or to the Rock of Dumbarton, or to Bannockburn, in Stirling, where in 1314 the glorious battle was fought between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, just two hundred years before that of Flodden Field. We could return by Falkirk and Linlithgow, the latter a celebrated town. Sir David Lindsay thus opens his great poem:

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling."

"But you must have seen more of Scotland when you went to the University."

"Never went to either of the four Universities. My means at that time were limited and didn't care about being sent as a bursar. There was a classical school at Hamilton equal to either one of the four in England. It was taught by a gentleman who had married the sister of Jemmy Thompson, author of the Seasons, who died about 1747 at Richmond Hill on the Tams, as called by the English. That teacher grounded me in the Latin and Greek languages, and the Mathematics were acquired by my own unaided efforts. An earnest man can educate himself, though the drum of my ear would have been better off for the elegant diction of Dugald Stuart, my taste improved by the lectures of Dr. Hugh Blair, and my historical knowledge might have been enlarged by Dr. Robertson. With this amount of education, in 1765 I embarked for Lancaster county in Virginia, and have never regretted the step, for this is an admirable Government so long as the rights of the States shall be inviolably maintained, but the moment they are impinged upon disintegration will be the sad result. In that event war will be the consequence, and when a country falls under military rule no man's life is safe. The annals of all countries

prove the truth of my positions, for unless Arabia be an exception all countries have been conquered."

"Our views are perfectly in unison; but allow me to ask whether any battle fields can be found in the Shire of Lanark? The din of battle would have been out of place in a district covered over with peaceful sheep."

"None," he replied, "on the scale of Bannockburn, Falkirk or Culloden, but there is a small place called Drumclog where a serious brush was enacted between Claverhouse and the Covenanters, in which the latter were victorious, but subsequently Grahame gained the advantage in a fight at Bothwell bridge. And after Mary Stuart escaped from Loch Leven to Kinross and had fought the battle of Langside she made the best of her way through Lanark to Solway Firth, and from thence to England. By putting her to death, Queen Elizabeth forever blighted her own reputation and proved herself to be a lineal descendant of that tiger, Henry VIII., but had Scotland sent her back to France all would have been right. Mary has excited unusual interest among historians and poets. Even Schiller has devoted a tragedy to her memory. She was very beautiful, but we have had a Miss Stuart among us who would have been a match for the Scottish Queen in personal attractions.—Alas! she went on a tour to the Northwest, took a lake fever and died."

"Saw her in Washington," I

replied, "where she excited universal admiration. Give me your opinion of Claverhouse."

"Macaulay," he answered, "has denounced him in unmeasured terms, but Sir Walter Scott has glossed him over by attributing to him a fine address and polished manners. But of what account are soft manners to a cold hearted, cruel monster, who in the days of Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, shot down husbands, wives and children indiscriminately among our glens and dyed every burn in blood so far as the South of Scotland is concerned. He was the tool of the English despots and the Privy Council, but a foe to the Revolution and an agent for James II.; he was slain in battle at the pass of Killiekrankie in the North-east of Perth, just beyond the river Tummel. There the Græme met his just fate, and perhaps a more accomplished villain was never seen in Scotland. History is the fearful tribunal before which all such culprits must be tried."

"But turning," said I, "to a subject more pleasing and of course less distressing, permit me to ask whether your native Shire has ever produced any distinguished men or women."

"Other Shires have done better in this respect than mine, but Lanark is not totally destitute of such personages. Ellerslie, one of the seats of Sir William Wallace, was in Lanark, and he was the hero of his times. With his deeds you are probably well acquainted. Many

apocryphal incidents have been told of him, gotten up for the amusement of children, but notwithstanding, Sir William was a wonderful man. His name can never die out in Scotland. It is still remembered and must ever be from Pentland Firth to the dales of the Clyde and the Teviot. The Duke of Hamilton, whoever he may be, must be a distinguished man. He ranks with the Dukes of Gordon, Buccleugh, or Argyle. His title necessarily gives him consideration. The nobility of Scotland are persons sufficiently plain and courteous, except on gala days, when they affect rather more pomp than usual. They talk precisely like other people. So long as Dr. Chalmers remained in the Established Church there was not a nobleman in the whole of Scotland who would not have regarded himself as honored by the company of that divine. They are on a level with the peasants before the law wherever rights to things may be in dispute. In 1746 Lords Balmerino and [Kilmarnock lost their heads, but Flora McDonald was put into a chariot at London and sent home in triumph. Some of them in times of agitation have been oppressors as was Claverhouse; but not in ordinary circumstances. We hear much of their stately castles, but many of them occupy nothing but cottages. They are often prompt to notice those who in humble life have developed any peculiar talent. You have read the dirgè of Burns on the demise of the Earl of Glencairn. The Duke of

Buccleugh gave the Ettrick shepherd a farm at the rent of a pepper corn. The Sir is not a title of nobility, but it is a mark of distinction, and Sir W. Forbes was the bosom friend of Beattie, a poor Laurencekirk boy. Other instances might be given."

"Has Lanark produced any distinguished man in the branch of medicine?"

"Yes, Cullen went from Kilbride, a small village on the Western edge of Lanark, and Allan Ramsay, author of the Gentle Shepherd, from the lead mines near the Douglas Water, and Joanna Bailey from Bothwell on the Clyde. That river often washed her girlish feet, as she has mentioned in one of her minor poems. Then the University of Glasgow, founded 1450, has produced scholars from time to time in clusters. They are too numerous to be noticed in a single colloquy. At one time Adam Smith was the Professor of Moral Philosophy. He was not, however, indigenous to Lanark, for he was a native of Kirkaldy, a royal burgh on the Frith of Forth. His 'Theory of Moral Sentiments' has been warmly contested by philosophers, but his 'Wealth of Nations' has become a work of standard authority among the politicians. To most of readers 'tis dry as was Gideon's fleece, but Statesmen have contrived to wring out of it moisture enough to help the fertility of their schemes. He bestowed intense thought upon the work. So much so that the simple people of

Kirkaldy would show you a stone on which his head was reclined when engaged in its composition. It is indented by the operation of thought on granite, but perhaps the stone after all was porous, and his ruminations may have cracked off a grain of limestone from some one of the interstices. From his intimacy with Hume, it is presumed that Adam was a Deist, and he took hold of a prism and flushed over the dying moments of the historian. He represents the philosopher as being very jocose when suspended over the gulf of his expected annihilation. The Scotch are a very religious people, but when they won't believe they are terrible unbelievers. Such were Hume, Smith, and Russell, but the people of Scotland will ever be found on the side of Christianity."

"You have given me," I remarked, "a clearer perception of Lanark than any person heretofore with whom we may have conversed. You have picked wool which may be spun out to some useful purpose. It is my wish to go beyond Lanark and propound a few questions of a more general kind than those already answered."

"If you could stay," he replied, "thirty-one additional nights we could take a bird's eye view of the remaining shires. Thirty-one are not equal to the thousand and one nights in which the Arabian tales were told."

"Could'nt," I rejoined. "'Tis my wish to call at Kinloch, the seat of Major Turner, from which a

graceful curve of the Ridge is distinctly visible, and the name of the place is Scotch. Give me your views of the Union formed between your country and England in the reign of Queen Anne."

"A union," he replied, "had taken place to a certain extent, one hundred years before Anne ascended the throne, when James the Sixth, of Scotland, became James the First, of England. Had James and his successors been wise in their measures, the two countries might have been united long before 1702. But the Stuarts were never born to rule with discretion. Scotland had an undoubted right to choose her own ecclesiastical system, because she was an independent power. But this position, so perfectly obvious to the narrowest understanding, was denied by the pedant King, and except for his natural timidity, he would have become a still greater despot. He was not an Egbert to shape a disjointed Heptarchy into one compact Kingdom. The aspen Monarch was ruffled by the slightest breeze of opposition; but to their perpetual dishonor there were men both in Scotland and England, who lent the semblance of firmness to his tottering resolutions. He entailed woes on his posterity which lasted from 1627 to 1688, the era of the glorious Revolution. What Caledonia wanted was freedom from the Bay of Luce, where fishes swim to the Shetland Isles, where ponies range, and from the Butt of Lewis to the dale of Annan. And when

this result was accomplished, my country entered the Union as a high contracting Power, just as Virginia entered into this Confederacy of independent States."

"Then you approve the Union?"

"Yes; in my opinion it was a great blessing and will so continue, if the articles of confederation be fairly interpreted and strictly observed. The Scottish Thistle has blended well with the English Rose and the mountain flowers of Wales, and if Ireland knew her best interests she would fasten the Shamrock more tightly into the splendid bouquet. We need not speak about the growth of commerce, agriculture and manufactures for that growth cannot be denied. No one can resist statistics. Border wars have ceased which once led to contests equal in mischief to Spanish forays or Indian raids. Men, like Greek and Italian brigands, used to cross the Cheviot Hills and assail the ploughman in his field, the shepherd on the Tweed, the fisherman in his boat, the monk at his meals or the Abbot at his prayers. Nor were the Scots at all averse to paying them back in their own coin, and that with *compound* interest. But now the timid Nun could count her beads in peace, and bend her ear to the matin or vesper bells except for Knox, whose name is in the same niche with those of Wallace and Bruce, and to whom the Scotch have reared a monument two hundred feet in height. Dr. Johnson whined all his life about the destruction of a

few Abbeys, but the freedom of a people is worth vastly more than roses wrought in stone, when such fragrant commodities can be gathered in ten thousand gardens. And then clanship has been modified by the Union. Feuds and fights were once common among the Highlanders, in which terrible passions were displayed, which are now softened to harmless antipathies, subject to the restraints of law.—Rob Roy's Cave, which once inspired alarm, has dwindled to a simple curiosity, frequented by summer tourists, and near it warm breezes only play with the braes of Balquhidder, or ruffle the surface of Loch Lomond, the loveliest sheet of water that ever covered any bed among mountain hollows, whilst in distant view Bens Lodi, More and Voirlech rear their lofty crests.

"Does Virginia," I enquired, "ever remind you of your native land?"

"That question," he rejoined, "can be dispatched in few words. You have lowlands and uplands in the State. The lowlanders seem to take their cue more from England than from Scotia. The wealthy of the lowlands are fond of pleasure—love to ride in coaches over their level roads—and to leap bars and gullies in pursuit of a fox. And yet they are in other respects a refined, hospitable and elegant people. Some of them were possessed of handsome libraries. The aristocratic feeling is much stronger among them than with the uplanders, and yet the Chief of the

Revolutionary Army was from Westmoreland contending against English nobles. There were none more true to the love of freedom and the cause of independence than the Tide Water gentry. But our uplanders are a brave, industrious, intelligent and patriotic people. Many of them are of Scotch-Irish extraction, and some of their ancestors were at the memorable siege of Derry. They are moral, upright and religious—more used to plentiful than luxurious living, and more given to the reading of Pollock's Course of Time than the Fables of Gay or the Chase of Somerville. Perhaps West Virginia might remind me more of the Scottish highlands from the rugged objects which constitute its scenery than East Virginia, where the mountains are comparatively soft. In the North of Scotland, Nature, acting under the mandate of the Great Supreme, has heaped up the Lyon and Monagh mountains, and drawn a chain of lakes from Loch Linhe to Moray Firth, whilst the face of the country is bristled by detached elevations. But further South we have the green Ochils, the Pastoral Grampians, the picturesque Pentlands and the Lammermuir Hills which Scott has forever rendered sorrowful. But the time may come when West Virginia may dissolve its connection with the East and coalesce with those who received their soil, rivers and homes from the munificence of the State, when its charter extended its boundaries to a vast

area. But this subject need not be discussed at present. Time will either prove or disprove my assertion."

"But," I asked, "are not Virginians as much attached to their State as the Scotch to their domain?"

"Certainly. In that they surpass all the Northerners. Their amor patriæ leads them to appreciate the rich heritage they have received from the Giver of every perfect gift. But in one thing they fall below the Scotch. The Caledonian is never satisfied unless constant attempts be going on to render his country classical and surround every object with a romantic interest inspiring a species of enthusiasm. Among them every stalactite cave is an object of curiosity—an island like Iona, sacred to learning, must be visited—every shaw must be sketched—and every glen must be sung. Moral philosophers must write with the strong sense of Scotchmen—historians must record our victories—geologists must love the specimens they educe from our strata, and poets must roll themselves over in the braes of Yarrow ere they touch their harps in the way of celebration. The inner life of Virginia has never yet been elicited by Pen-craft, but a great change may be wrought out as your writers multiply. You go to Niagara in search of sounding waters when you have cascades of your own—to the sources of the Susquehannah for entertainment when you have mag-

nificent rivers—and to the vale of Wyoming when your own calls for the lute of the minstrel. You get a deluge of railway literature from the North, but should the inundation ever subside, no spires will be visible as from the decrease of the Nile, and no dove bearing the Olive leaf of peace as from the flood in which the earth was buried.”

“One question more and that will suffice for the present interview. Has the union of the two countries produced any change on the literature of Scotland?”

“None,” he replied. “’Tis admitted that a few of our lettered men absconded into England for the sake of employment, but their hearts were left in Scotland. It took Smollett from Dumbarton; Thompson from Roxburgh; Meikle from Langholm; Armstrong from the Liddel; Grahame from Renfrew; Campbell from Glasgow; and Carlisle from Annandale; but all this might have happened without any union. Carlisle was no great loss, for his style is the queerest of all curiosities in the vast shop of literature. He defines a man of genius to be ‘one who makes his own fire.’ The Norman conqueror must have extinguished a good deal of genius. Another definition. A respectable man is one who owns a gig. He might as well have said who can dance a jig. Some of Smollett’s and Campbell’s, and all of Grahame’s poetry is purely Scottish. The hymn with which Thompson closes his Seasons

was the simple product of the education he had received in the three Manses occupied by his father.—Meikle translated Camoens in the Shire of Oxford; but he could have done it just as well on the Esk. In teaching the art of health Armstrong was thinking of the air of North Britain. The muse of Campbell pioneered him into a beautiful deviation, both from England and Scotland. His imagination crossed the Atlantic and pounced down on the secluded hamlet of Wyoming, where it found material for one of the most pathetic poems in the English language. But the most mediocre poems ever written by the Pennsylvania bard were his *Theodoric* and the *Massacre of Glencoe*. Johnson became the *magnus Apollo* of Boswell, and he loved the meals of Mrs. Thrale—Beattie flattered Mrs. Montague, for she obtained his pension; Hume, Robertson, Tytler and Ferguson acknowledged very graciously the historical merit of Gibbon; and in his elements of criticism, Lord Kames quotes Shakespeare all the time. My countrymen, we regret to say, have offered an insult to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, inserting on his monument that he was ‘*second* only to the bard of Avon.’ Such comparisons are always invidious. Old Mortality ought to be still alive to rechisel that monument. It reminds me of an incident when the Scotch tragedy of Douglas was acted at Covent Garden, a Caledonian, to the manner born, cried out, ‘What’s now be-

come of your Willy Shakespeare.”

“What reading,” I asked, “would you substitute on the monument?”

“Why, that Sir Walter could never have written the *Tempest*, but Shakespeare might have eaten the moon like a green cheese so soon as he could have written the series of the Scotch novels. There is more learning in England, but greater original talent on the North of the Tweed. The literature of Scotland, for the most part, is local and so ought it to be in Virginia. Great results might be achieved by such writers as Galt, McKenzie, Jeffrey, Wilson, and Burns. A serious objection might be made to the style of Wilson, for it is forced and unnatural, and Burns has left some things quite open to criticism. Gregory’s animadversions on some of his pieces are too severe. He had a dash of humor and a keen sense of the ridiculous, and felt all he wrote before its committal to paper, but his sense of moral beauty was awfully defective, and this defect has been the ruin of many poets like Prior, Goethe and Byron, though the first named was more versifier than poet. Ideal and moral pulchritude should always be coupled and never divorced. The absence of the last disfigures the first and renders it worthless. The prose of Burns is good for nothing, inflated with a tendency to sustain and rant. In some things his taste was coarse, though, like Byron, he was not daring enough to commit his profanity to distant generations through the Press. It

would be well for all imaginative men to mingle in thought, at least, with the crowds that frequented the tablet set up in the temple of Thebes, which Cebes has interpreted in a very striking poem. They would there learn that wealth, talents and fame are of no account in the picture of human life, if their possessor be destitute of virtue. We speak not of piety, for that belongs to theology.”

The old gentleman took out his watch and held it to the light of the moon.

“’Tis midnight.”

“Thought well of Scotland,” I replied, “but this colloquy has convinced me that it is a great country.”

In the morning I prepared to leave after handing the following lines, written with a pencil, to my venerable host:

Land of the Minch, the Firth, and Loch,

Where Bens look down on braes below,

And heather glens where rippling burns

Wind on like wreaths of purest snow—

And harebells in the month of June,

Nod to the inland Loch of Doon.

Land of your birth, where Corra Linn,

That marvel of the noble Clyde—

In whose clear waves the trout doth swim,

And where the gold-like perch may glide,

More lovely than the fall of Fyers

That wakes from slumber Scottish lyres.

Land of brave men, when duty called

The Coldstream Guards; they bade adieu

To Ben, and shaw, and glen, and Linn,

For the stern game of Waterloo,

Who stood erect in that grim fight

That veil’d Napoleon’s star in night.

Land of the Kirk and lowly Manse,

That stand in glens, or on the knolls,

And sweet ton’d bells the people call

To cross the rills where water rolls—

And seek the Kirks all built of stone

And lift their hearts to God alone.

The pony was led to the gate of Woodburn, for its owner could not think of riding, when my aged host was afoot.

"This pony," said he, "reminds me of the one used by 'Old Mortality,' except in its color."

"Do you know," I replied, "that a descendant of Old Mortality, about 1803, married a Bonaparte?"

"It was a come down," he rejoined, "on the part of the lady, for it was a perpetual honor to her ancestor to have re-embellished the mounds of Scottish martyrs, who fell beneath the hoofs of Claverhouse, and were trodden to death under the heels of the Grierson."

Then we wished each other good health and long life.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Continued.)

Wilhelmine raised her great brown eyes timidly to the mirror and blushed with pleasure. Her light, floating costume brought out admirably her delicate beauty.— There was about her slender waist, imprisoned in a broad blue belt, an incomparable grace of outline. She was compelled to confess it to herself, that she was as elegant looking as Bertha, and a hundred times prettier.

There were twelve or fifteen persons in the great saloon when the two young girls entered, and all eyes were fastened upon Wilhelmine. But entirely satisfied with herself, she bore their scrutiny with modest dignity. She crossed the room after Bertha, just like her, saluting every one as she did, and

endeavoring in every thing to imitate her, and so with quick, light steps they crossed the room, and seated themselves beside old Madame Gerold.

"What! is this our little forest girl!" cried the old lady. "Did ever any one see such a change? I should never have recognized you, little one, but the old saw says truly, 'that fine feathers make fine birds.'"

Every one smiled at the old lady, but in the kindest manner. It was impossible to look with scorn or ridicule into Wilhelmine's sweet, charming face, and she was so satisfied with herself that she was entirely at her ease, and her modest grace, her simple, elegant manners seemed to impress every one. She