

POETRY.

(Selected.)

JEAN-ANDERSON MY JO.
(FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.)

AIR—"John Anderson my jo."

Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
When thou wert in thy teens,
And I was young and spruce, Jean,
And dauted thee at e'en,—
Thy een were like twa slae, Jean,
O' dark an' glossy hue,
In morning's earliest rays, Jean,
A' glittering wet wi' dew.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
Thy neck was white as the swan,
Like hawthorn flowers thy brow, Jean,
Thy waist I maist could span;
Thy hair, that eild has bleached, Jean,
Was black as the very crow,
The rose bloom'd on thy cheek, Jean,
And O, I thought thee braw.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
But true love ne'er grows cauld,
Tho' time count three-score years, Jean,
And folks say ye're grown auld;
For, e'en though eild's cauld blast, Jean,
Thy youthfu' bloom may wither,
The present's ay the past, Jean,
When we grow auld together.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
And time that dims thine e'e,
Wi' kind, impartial hand, Jean,
Makes me less glee to see:
Thus, bloom may flee thy cheek, Jean,
Thy genty back may bow;
But what we downa see, Jean,
We downa easily trow.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
I needna tell the tale
O' a' our ups and downs, Jean,
On life's rough, dreary vale;
But, when Fate lower'd his brow, Jean,
And we to shifts were driv'n,
In poorth weary, how, Jean,
Thy smile could mak' it heav'n.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
The hardest toils seem'd light,
When I came hame at e'en, Jean,
The ingle bleezing bright;
Our bonny bairnes a', Jean,
Blythe, hale, neat, and clean,
Our biggin' snug and trig, Jean,
And in my arms my Jean.
Jean Anderson, my jo, Jean,
But now life's sun's far west,
And tells baith you an' me, Jean,
Death's night approacheth fast;
But just as nature's sun, Jean,
Gangs down, at morn to rise,
Sae we'll gang down to earth, Jean,
To rise aboon the skies.

VARIETIES.

PROFESSOR WILSON.—Our literary readers may be aware that those spirited Publishers the Galgnanis of Paris, have for some years been engaged on a splendid series of the works of our English Living Poets, an undertaking which we believe, has from its commencement to its termination, been chiefly under the superintendence of R. Bremner, Esq. A. M., Fochabers. This edition of the Poets is a cheap and highly beautiful one, and does credit to the French Press. The concluding portion of the series contains the poems of our celebrated countryman, Professor Wilson; and as the work has not yet, we believe, reached Britain, we subjoin part of the introductory memoir of the Professor, from a proof sheet which we have been favored by a friend.

John Wilson, the distinguished poet and scholar, was born in the month of May, 1789, in Paisley, North Britain. He was chiefly educated at the residence of a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, within a few miles of his native town. Having inherited a good fortune, he at an early age entered the University of Oxford as a gentleman commoner, after going through a preparatory course of tuition, under Dr. Jardine, of Glasgow University. At both places he exhibited specimens of his talents, far outshining his contemporaries; at Oxford gaining Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for English poetry. Magdalen was the college at which he entered himself, and to which he belonged for nearly four years, or until he left the university in 1807. At this college he pursued a life of study and boisterous relaxation intermingled. He had his intimacies among all classes, from the Doctor in Divinity to the stable-boy. He was fond of exhibiting his skill in pugilism, and ever ready to exercise his talents in that "refined art" with any who would engage with him, noble or ignoble, gentle or simple. Strong and active in frame, and fond of gymnastic exercises, he gave his inclination for such sports the fullest range.

Of the sum left him by his father, amounting to £40,000, a great part was lost, through the failure of a mercantile concern in which it was embarked. Being warned of the danger, he hastened to withdraw his funds, but arrived in Glasgow three hours too late. Soon after quitting the university, he purchased a beautiful estate, called Ellery, a few miles from Ambleside, on the noble Lake of Winandermere, in Cumberland, one of the finest and most picturesque sites in England. The house, which stands on a sort of mountain terrace, high over one side of the lake, is a most commodious one in every respect, and was planned by himself and erected under his own superintendence. It is backed by deep woods, shielding it from the storms to which its lofty situation exposes it, while the view from the front is very rarely surpassed for magnificence and beauty. In front below the lake expands its noble waters, and beyond them rise the soft and romantic and rugged mountains. No poet in Europe has so noble and agreeable a residence. Lord of his domain, with every comfort and convenience of life, a spacious habitation and literary leisure, few writers have

ever had finer opportunities for courting the muses, or have lived so little unweary by the inquietudes of ordinary existence.

At one period of his life, full of buoyant spirits, and high excitement, the poet established a sailing club on the lake of Winandermere. He lavished large sums of money upon the scheme, and would not be outdone in the splendour of his vessels by men of larger fortunes. He sent for shipwrights from the nearest sea-ports to construct his little vessels, of which he had a number on the lake at one time. One of these, his largest, cost him five hundred pounds. He also kept a number of seamen to man them, and lavished his money profusely on his dependants. At one place he had an establishment for his boatmen; at another one for his servants, and a third for himself. These expenses, continued for a considerable time, together with the pecuniary loss above alluded to, impaired his fortune, and are supposed to have led him ultimately to be a successful candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which he obtained in 1820.

In early life he was active in mind as in body. About eighteen years of age, he had an idea of penetrating to Timbuctoo, without any just notions of the danger and hazard of such an enterprise, but simply from the excitement the adventure created in his mind, and the desire to attempt something striking and important. The certain death that awaited one of his temperaments, which is irritable and febrile, never entered into his head. Naturally careless of his health, he would from the first have exposed himself needlessly, and had added one of the speediest victims to the horrible African climate that its melancholy list can show. This scheme he ultimately dropped. We have heard that when young he left his friends, and from mere love to adventure, for he was without fixed aim in most of his eccentricities, served at sea as a ship-boy. However trying for his family, this youthful frolic may have contributed one of the brightest gems in the poet's crown, since to it we must be indebted for many of the beauties in his splendid description of a shipwreck beginning,

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and
aye;

Many ports will exult at the gleam of her
mast,
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour
is her last.

Isle of Palms, Canto I.

He also formed the idea of visiting the Spanish provinces, the islands of the Mediterranean, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt; but the occupation of Spain by Napoleon put an end to this project. He subsequently confined himself to his estate of Ellery, occupying himself with the various pleasures a country life affords, until 1810, when he married Miss Penny (whose sister is married to his brother), a Westmoreland lady of beauty and considerable accomplishments, having moreover a dowry of ten thousand pounds. His marriage has been a most fortunate one, and has produced two sons and three daughters. Peace and comfort have shed happiness over his domestic retirement, and thus (the fate of few literary men) even love has blessed him.

On the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, the successor of Dugald Stewart, in the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Wilson became a candidate to fill the vacant office. His election was violently opposed. The rival candidate too was unfortunately his early friend, but a man of honour, a scholar and a gentleman. The partisans of the two candidates were alone intemperate, for the latter were, speedily after the election, as warm friends as ever. It suffices to say that Wilson succeeded in obtaining the chair after a warm contest; and the manner in which he fills it fully justifies the partiality of his friends. His bearing towards his pupils is most engaging; his lectures, always talented, are often splendid, and not unfrequently adorned by bursts of the most impassioned eloquence.

There are a great many anecdotes of our Poet in his moments of hilarity, which savour too much of scandal to be recorded here. His fondness for the social circle, and his love of the whimsical, are notorious; and the tales of his follies and juvenile extravagances among his friends, are numerous in their collection. At the lake, he is adored. Besides being esteemed the first angler of the district, his innumerable feats of prowess are there narrated with enthusiasm. He is said to have soundly drubbed six gipseys one after the other, probably by way of rendering them less rude when they should next meet any journeying alone at night. To prove that his lessons in politeness were not to be limited to the mere vulgar, he once "thrashed" an English Lord, who had insulted his wife and some ladies whilst drinking tea at an inn on the Lake. In the course of one of his rambles through the Highlands of Scotland, his personal strength again stood him in good stead. Having incautiously got into a quarrel with a gentleman drover at a fair held near Rothiemurchus, he thereby incurred the vengeance of the whole brotherhood of which his muscular antagonist was a member. Noted as these men are for strength and recklessness, it is not surprising if our hero, after displaying courage which awed even the mountaineers, was indebted for safety to the advice of a gentleman, who, without knowing the celebrity of the stranger, prevailing on him to withdraw from a contest where he stood singly opposed to the unsparring resentment, not only of all the cattle-dealers of the district, but of all the Grants, to whose numerous clan his first opponent belonged. The gentleman who had thus exerted himself was not a little surprised to learn from the card presented by the stranger, that his interference in a vulgar brawl had procured him an introduction to a poet whom he had long admired. Having thus entered on the "hair-breadth-scapes" of our author, we may mention that, when a student at Oxford, he and about fifteen others, having gone to bathe in the river, within sight of a number of professors, seated in a barge, made an attack, stark naked, upon seventy people (men and women) hoeing in an adjoining field, who had

pelted them with turf. The onset was successful, and promised an easy triumph. But the enemy rallying, cut off their passage to the river. Here the struggle became dire, and threatened to end too heroically. Our shieldless warriors, however, performed deeds of unequalled valour, reached the steep bank, leapt into the affrighted waves, and gained the opposite shore without loss of limb.

Professor Wilson is remarkable for good nature. His countenance is full of intelligence, his eyes are very light blue, his hair is yellow, his complexion fair. When young he was pronounced handsome; but this could hardly be said in sober seriousness, or was the partial opinion of some very partial friends. His stature is nearly six feet, robust, strongly made, but not in good proportion, his body being too short for his legs; and hence probably arose his talent as a leaper, in which, when young, he was wont to excel all his companions. The first time he distinguished himself in this capacity, was at a competition amongst the picked men of the country, when, leaping to show them the spirit of "Old Scotland," he came off decidedly superior. On another occasion, however, he was less successful. Having privately leaped over a canal of considerable breadth, he engaged to perform the same feat in public, but, awed probably by the unerring gaze of an immense multitude, he failed in his bold attempt, and alighted, not on the further bank, but in the very middle of its sluggish waters. His complexion is florid, and thus at variance with the colour of his hair. His eyes are not good, but the lower part of his face is excellent. The expression of his countenance is lofty and sagacious, but without handsomeness of feature as a whole. He is not the man to impress a stranger at first sight with a sense of the intellectual power he possesses; but he would still attract attention from his appearance even in a numerous company, without the observer being able to explain the particular reason why he did so.

The poet is irregular and diffuse in his declamation and language, and even inaccurate. His thoughts, however, are rich and full to an overflow, from the suggestions of a vivid imagination. He flings his whole soul into the theme of his conversation, and scatters in too great profusion the fruits of his fancy. Wilson is no friend to thin potatoes, and has the reputation of being a staunch adherent to the pleasures of the after-dinner glass. The stimulus of the wine sets his eloquence in full career, and the poet is never heard to more advantage than in the convivial hour.

The conduct of "Blackwood's Magazine" is generally understood to be in the hands of Wilson. This publication owes its success (barring party principles) to the playful cutting and acute articles of Wilson. In other literary publications there is too much of the lamp, the toil of the student, and cold correct caution observed. In "Blackwood" the articles come out warmly and fluently as they would be spoken, with irregularity, whim, sportiveness, satire, and what not, *currente calamo*; all perfectly after nature. This is the secret of its success, and originates in the style and manner of Wilson himself. It is in this respect his very counterpart. The gall and wormwood, the ferocious Tory zeal, the severe castigations, and the good-nature, the strong truth, and the lenient or biting criticism, flow in the same breath, and from the same source. They have all the variety of Wilson's conversation, and the force and vigour of his thoughts impressed upon them; and many of his own articles furnish an extraordinary contrast to those which preceded them, as if they could never in the nature of things have proceeded from the same pen, running one so counter to another. If Campbell, in the conduct of the "New Monthly Magazine," is too timidly correct, so as to paralyze the pens of his contributors, no such fault can be attached to Wilson. He suffers them to run wild, and seems to enjoy the exuberance of fancy which is thus constantly developing itself. Wilson's known animosity to those opposed to him in the field of politics, is more editorial than personal. There was even a time when his political principles leaned the other way, and the last man to champion the high church and ultra Toryism that could be named, would have been Professor Wilson. Time works marvellous changes, and the levity of his physiognomy, such as it frequently assumes, and the versatility of his talents, seem to have extended themselves to principles. Wilson is a highly gifted man, and had he devoted himself steadily to one pursuit, such as law or divinity, he would have risen to the highest summit of professional honour. He appears to have, from time to time turned his attention to the Scottish bar, but abandoned that career at the time of his marriage.

The residence of Professor Wilson is now principally in Edinburgh, where he mingles much in a society which his talents are well calculated to adorn. Neither he nor his family, however, appear to join with much zest in the gaieties of the fashionable circles of the Scottish metropolis. Led by circumstances to give up the freedom of a country life for the drudgery of a professorship, he makes the best of the evil, and finds a substitute in the free interchange of thought with friends for the rural liberty of which he was ever so fond, and from which it could never have been supposed, at one time of his life, that any thing short of absolute force could have disunited him.—*Inverness Courier*.

INFIDELITY EXEMPLIFIED.

Most of our readers may have heard of the horrible crime of John Stratford, of Norwich, and his execution for murder after the last assize of that city. He destroyed a poor man in prison, we believe for debt, with whose wife he had a criminal connexion, by introducing a bag of poisoned flour, from which others as well as the unhappy victim suffered, though in a less degree. The following, says *The Times*, is the account which he himself has given in a little tract, of which 17,000 have been sold, of the manner in which his mind was prepared for the dreadful crime which he committed.

"It was by conveying into his mind the poi-

son of infidelity. On this subject poor Stratford was most explicit. Again and again he assured me that his falling into vicious and criminal practices was the consequence of his having imbibed this mental poison; and the same assertion he repeated to several other persons. An infidel publication, long since notorious for its fatal influence over the human mind, became the companion of his private hours. He read it, and adopted its principles. He rejected the Holy Scriptures; looked upon their contents as a cunningly-devised fable; and to use his own expression, gave up his "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus was he left without compass or rudder whereby to steer his course aright through the ocean of life. The revealed law of God was no longer of any avail for the direction of his conduct. No longer was he encouraged in the path of virtue by the prospect of perfect happiness in a future world, or deterred from the indulgence of his vicious inclinations by any abiding apprehensions of the "bitter pains of eternal death." By the rejection of that Gospel which he had formerly received, he crucified unto himself afresh "the Son of God, and put him to an open shame." He trod "under foot" the Redeemer of men, "counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and did 'despite unto the Spirit of Grace,' and in renouncing his Saviour he renounced his Father and his God. Although he might probably never venture to deny the existence of a Supreme Being, yet in him was verified the saying of the apostle, 'Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.' The fear of Almighty God vanished from his soul before the blast of infidelity; and he soon learned, to live as if there was no God in the world.

"Behold! the sober, the industrious, ingenious Stratford, under the fatal guidance of false principles—under the pernicious tuition of a Paine and a Carlie—renounces public worship—breaks the Sabbath—connects himself with gamblers—becomes the companion of sinners, faithless to an exemplary wife, an adulterer, and, in the end a murderer."

The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the Second, who dining upon a loin of beef and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, 'for its merit then I will Knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir Loin.' In a ballad of 'the new Sir John Barleycorn' this circumstance is thus mentioned.—

Our Second Charles, of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou fam'd Sir Loin.
In another ballad, 'The Gates of Calais,' it is thus noticed:
Renowned Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad,
On thee our Kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchmen's palate!
Then how much doth thy tooth exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs, and salad!

A FASHIONABLE FAMILY'S SUNDAY.—A gentleman's coachman not long since, as he washed his master's carriage during divine service on Sunday morning, was heard to say that "he hoped his master and mistress prayed for him, as he had no time to pray for himself." He brought his lady from the Opera at one in the morning; then went to fetch his master from the "Hell" in St. James's street; and by the time he had littered and rubbed down his horses, and got to his own bed, it was four o'clock; he thought after that he could not do less than sleep till nine; by half-past ten he had got his breakfast, and at twelve his carriage was ready; at one he took his dinner; at two he was ordered to be at the door to take his lady and the young ladies to the Park; at five he returned, and was ordered out at six to carry the family to dinner; after setting them down, he was directed to come at half-past eleven; and by two o'clock on Monday morning the poor man was once more in bed. Now, permit me to ask you, whether this man, or his master, or any of the family, can, or dare, "profess and call themselves Christians?"—*The London Record*.

REFORMING A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.—The *Western Intelligencer* relates the story of a lady in the state of New York, who took the following summary means to avenge the frequent insults and injuries she had received from her drunken partner. She had married him with a fair prospect of enjoying competency and happiness; but in the course of a year he joined himself to a club of merry fellows, and became a toper. She bore his abuse, and even his blows, for a long time with no other complaint than tears; but at length her situation became so intolerable that she could endure it no longer. She resolved on a desperate expedient; and on his return from his usual haunt of dissipation, just drunk enough to leave him strength to beat her, she put her plan in execution. As soon as he was fast asleep, she sewed him up in a sheet with strong twine, leaving him only a little space to breathe. She then packed up her clothing, dressed her child, saddled a horse, and waited calmly for her husband to wake from his slumbers. At daylight he began to move, and finding the predicament he was in, poured forth a volley of curses upon his wife, ordering her to release him instantly. She arose, took down a raw hide which he had often exercised upon her own person, and approaching the bed, with perfect composure, recounted the injuries she had received—the ruin he had brought upon himself and family, the patience with which she had endured her sufferings, and even declared that she then loved him as she did her own life, but she could endure his tyranny no longer—she was going to her father's house, taking nothing but her child and a few articles of clothing; before she went, however, she had a painful account to settle with him. Suspecting her intention, he promised amendment; but she commenced the work of flagellation with all the strength she could exert; he cried for mercy, and attempted to extricate himself, but she had got the "whip hand" of him; he rolled from the bed to the floor, but his wife kept the whip moving until she thought she had pretty well re-

paid his kindness, when she bade him good morning, took up her child, mounted her horse, and rode away. She called at a neighbour's house, made known the situation of her husband, and requested that at a certain hour he might be released, which was accordingly done. Shame, and mortification, overpowered his love of drink: he lived soberly for a year, when his wife consented to return to his house, and they have since lived happily and affectionately together, rearing up a numerous and well-ordered family.

[N. B. We copy the above extraordinary story, not by any means (our readers may well believe) to intimate our approbation of the *Lady's* mode of reclaiming her *Gentleman*; but merely as one of the best specimens of the miserable stuff of which the American papers are generally composed.]

HOAX.—A short time since, a man in a state of semi-intoxication went into a public house at Minchinhampton, (Gloucestershire) and announced that the Rev. —, who had a fine field of turnips in the neighborhood, had kindly given the whole of the crop to the poor of the Parish. The tidings were received with joy, and the health of the charitable minister was drunk amidst the loudest acclamations; and on the following Monday, the field was crowded at the break of day by men, women and children, who worked with wondrous perseverance in digging up and conveying home the turnips. About ten o'clock the worthy clergyman was observed to approach the field in great haste, followed by his servant, both of them on horseback, armed with large whips. The poor peasantry wished to receive the minister of charity with a cheer expressive of their gratitude, but no sooner had he arrived than he began storming at his industrious neighbours in no measured terms, and before they could recover from their surprise, both he and his servant commenced driving them out of the field. The confusion which reigned for some time was indescribable, the poor deluded people scrambling over walls and gates to escape. At last the equestrians were left sole possessors of the field of battle, which was literally strewn with hats, knives and implements of husbandry, used by the flying foe to abstract the turnips from their mother earth. But although victorious and possession of the field, they were alas! in possession of very few of the turnips, nearly the whole of which remained in the hand of the enemy. As many of the offenders as could be recognized were summoned before the Magistrate of the district, when the matter being explained as a *hoax*, they were dismissed with a fine of one shilling each for the damage done, and the worthy clergyman, much to his credit, joined in the laugh, which had thus been created at the expense of his turnips.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

A respectable gentleman, now living in Liverpool was born in Salthouse-lane. His father was a boatswain on board a frigate, and his mother, to make out a living kept a public house. When the hero of this tale was three years old, his mother took him on board the frigate, then by chance in the river Mersey, and returned to fetch papa some little luxuries, (tobacco, &c.) Before she returned, the captain came on board, and ordered the vessel under weigh, and the distracted boatswain was compelled to take the little fellow on a cruise. It was soon known that the sailing orders were for Plymouth; and, without loss of time, the agonised mother set off thither, which was seventy years since, a journey of no trifling undertaking. Before she could reach this place, the frigate had been ordered to a foreign station, and on her voyage thither, captured some merchant vessels. They boy had become well known to all the crew who nursed him well, and was also noticed by the officers. The commander one day called the father aboard, and considerably proposed to put the boy on the books. After a moderate hesitation on the part of papa, he was entered as captain's clerk. By this time they had reached their destination, and had soon, under Admiral Rodney, a rencontre with the enemy, when the boy, coming on deck to see the action, was wounded in the leg by a musket shot, and returned amongst the wounded. In a little time, we believe before the boy was six years old, the prize money was divided, and the father received, in the boy's hat, seventy pounds as his proportion.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BADGE.—The Romans had a law, that every one should, wherever he went, wear a badge of his trade in his hat; or outward vestment, that he might be known. Thus the Christian is never to lay aside the badge of his holy profession; but to let his light shine, and adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things.

THE CONTENTED FEMALE.—A nobleman soliciting a young country girl to abandon her rustic state, and reside in a populous city, she replied, "Ah my lord, the farther we remove from ourselves, the greater is our distance from happiness!" They who leave their homes, uncalled by Providence, in search of happiness, generally find they are only farther from it.

THE THREE QUESTIONS.—Bernard's three questions are worth the asking yourselves in any enterprise:—1. Is it lawful? May I do it and not sin?—2. Is it becoming me as a Christian? May I do it, and not wrong my profession?—3. Is it expedient? May I do it and not offend my weak brother?

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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