

man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his "seven acres of nursery-ground," nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to "thole a factor's smash," and read attorney letters, in his poor poor but, "which threw us all into tears;" a man of no money capital at all; yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a hoy named Robert, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and his voice, fashioned here by his poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, like a stern prophecy to the ends of the world? "Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!" What chancellor, king,

sonator, begirt with never such sumptuousity, dyed velvet, blaring, and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burns? Courage!—*Thomas Carlyle's Essays.*

STIRRING THE FIRE IN TIME.—A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing during the performance of a long concert piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

SHELLEY calls music—

The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

SACRED SEMI-CHORUS.

Dr. Arnold.

Lively. *mf*

TERCE. *mf* From all

ALTO. *mf* From all

TREBLE. *mf*

BASS. *mf* From all

f

- - From all that dwell - - - - be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's

f

- - - that dwell that dwell be - low the skies,

mf *f*

From all - - that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's

f

- - From all that dwell - - - - be . low the skies,

praise, Cre - a - tors praise a - rise. Let his Almigh - ty name be sung, Let

praise, Cre - a - tors praise a - rise. Let his Almigh - ty name be sung, Let

mf *f*

his Almighty name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev'ry tongue; E - ter - nal are thy

his Almighty name be sung, Thro' ev' - ry land, by ev'ry tongue: E - ter - nal are thy

mercies Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

mercies Lord! E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, E - ter - nal are thy

p *p*

mercies Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

mercies Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from

f *pp*

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no

more, more, more

more

more

more,

more

Cres. - -

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Till suns shall rise and set no more." The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line, and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the piano accompaniment.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.

It is with great pleasure we direct the attention of our readers to "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," a monthly work now publishing in Edinburgh. The author, Jot, has undertaken to give scenes from the almost forgotten and romantic life of the Gaberlunzie—that privileged sinner of old times, who was the news-monger, and frequently the peace-maker of a whole country-side. There are many good jokes, and stories, told of his visitings to the farm-houses and home-steads of Auld Scotland.

When letters were almost, and the liberal arts altogether confined to cities and large towns, and when neither stage-coaches nor railroads had dared to open up the hidden corners of the country, the Gaberlunzie was welcome, whether his wallet was stuffed with legends, ballads, or the news of political changes, or whether he brought word that the last distaff had to give way before the better spinning-wheel, or that the spinning-wheel had to give place to the wonderfully productive power of thousand-handed spinning-jenny—it mattered not—still he was welcome to the cosie beild and the lown side of the farmer's or cottar's ingle, with besides a wisp o' "Clean pease strae," to serve instead of down or hair-matras for sleeping couch—and his entertainers thought themselves well paid, when they listened to some of his queer sangs or quaintly told stories.

And though no one knew the lineage of the Gaberlunzie, and he could neither claim kith nor kin, yet many lament that he now never comes to shed a cheerful influence on the dreary nights of winter. We, though not yet past our climacteric, have heard the complaint spoken (in prose almost as eloquent as that of Jot himself), by our venerated grandmother, for the passing away of those times in which his jokes and songs used to enliven the hearth of her first home, and with a long-drawn sigh, she would close her tale with the often-repeated burden—"aye, aye, young folks were happier then, aye and better too, than they are now"—she has gone to her last home, and the Gaber-

lunzie has laid aside wallet and staff and followed her, and instead of his oral knowledge, there are Libraries of Useful Knowledge, and Information for the People, together with British and other Minstrels, which we fear are but cold substitutes for his living music and poetry—aye, and his awmous is gathered by herds of shrunken paupers without spirit to make a jest, and wanting wit to tell, much less *make*, a story that would cheer the night—of whom the rural population are suspicious, and even the dogs do bark at them.

We may here relate an anecdote of a Gaberlunzie, who was, we believe, almost the last of his race. He was a tall raw-boned hard-visaged old man, lame in both feet from an accident he had met with in a quarry, with a shrewd wit, and knowing expression of physiognomy. In the course of his wanderings from place to place, he was frequently the bearer of letters and verbal communications between friends at a distance, and though of the slowest, still old James was a trusty courier. He had come to the village of K—, where he called at his usual roosting place, and found that the family had left the village; he then went to the Manse, though he knew that the then incumbent was a man whose charity was in the inverse proportion to his greed. Arrived there, he asked if he might be allowed to sleep in the kitchen? "No"—or in the hay-loft? "No." He made no further attempts on the benevolence of the Rev. Vitulus; but sought his awmous where he was sure of a kindly reception; and when told that he might stay over night, his answer invariably was—"No, no, kind folks, I thank ye a' the same; but I mean to gie your minister a practical lesson." At nightfall, he hirkled slowly to the sloping and wooded bank of the small river G—, which runs through the village, where he had resolved to bivouac soldier fashion. In the morning it happened, as the auld carle knew it would, that the minister made that bunk-head his morning walk, and James waited until he saw, not the good Samaritan, coming slowly along, when he struck up one of his auld world sangs, which stayed the rev gentleman in his walk, who said, "Poor old man