

volume. We fix, however, on the following, as suited to remind the reader of that passage in one of the larger poems of Langhorne which, according to Sir Walter Scott, powerfully elicited the sympathy of Burns, though we are pretty certain Mr Maclagan had not the passage in his eye when he wrote. Indeed, the latter part of his poem could have been written in only the present age :—

THE OUTCAST.

- “ And did you pity me, kind Sir?
 Say, did you pity me?
 Then, O how kind, and O how warm,
 Your generous heart must be!
 For I have fasted all the day,
 Aye, nearly fasted three,
 And slept upon the cold hard earth,
 And none to pity me;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.
- “ My mother told me I was born
 On a battle-field in Spain,
 Where mighty men like lions fought,—
 Where blood ran down like rain!
 And how she wept, with bursting heart,
 My father’s corse to see,
 When I lay cradled ’mong the dead,
 And none to pity me;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.
- “ At length there came a dreadful day,—
 My mother too lay dead,
 And I was sent to England’s shore
 To beg my daily bread;
 To beg my bread,—but cruel men
 Said, boy, this may not be,
 So they lock’d me in a cold, cold cell,
 And none to pity me;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.