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WHOLE NO. 767.

THE BERRY HEART.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,

However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart
Whatever the world may say,
Philosophy may lift its head
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's handy with a screw.

If life but brings us happiness—
 It brings us, we are told,
 What's hard to buy, though rich
 With all their heaps of gold!
 Then laugh away, let others grieve,
 Whatever they will of airth;
 Who laughs the most may truly
 He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh
A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest home
That's paid each man his due
And lent a share of what's to spend
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And makes the cheek less sorrow
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in clo
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark
It's sun-light is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly

rt Burns the Elder, Son of
correspondent has favored u
unication relative to the eld

that, "Robert Burns is now in
and on a recent visit I paid
to be in full and active pos-
sessor of a vigorous mind, and of a nu-

urably sensitive. He was ele
e when his father died. Of
orks and character, he speaks
est reverence, never naming
as "The Bard or the Poet."

of infirmity under which he is afflicted, with which he is afflicted as to be unable to read, look almost touching his face. Leisure is devoted to study, re-

average eight to ten hours a day. He is an excellent linguist and a gifted musician." Accompanying him is the eldest son and namesake, who has three of his autographs on the wall.

him to be, in some measure a bardic sire. Two of them are entitled "The Daughter of Banks of the Nith, to the lair" which is set to the

...sing Terence Mac Donough." ...
...of Carolan, the Irish bard,
...harper. The other was we
...ing the same lady sing at a po
...Donough." ...

of Shalleglah." Though both have merit, they lack the charm of originality which breathes the following Scotch song.

PRETTY MEG, MY DEAR!
 As I gazed up the side o' Nith,
 The summer morning early,
 Wi' gowden locks on dewy leas,

The broom was waving fairly;
 Not unseen in cloudless sky,
 The lark was singing clearly,
 When wadin' though the broom I
 My brother Mac, was dead.

O' pretty Meg my dearie
like drawin' light frae stormy nig
To sailor sad and weary,
as sweet to me the glint to see,
O' pretty Meg my dearie

her lips were like a half-seen rose
When day is breaking pale;
her een, beneath her snowy brow

Like raindrops frae a lily—
Like two young bluebells fill'd wi
They glanc'd baith bright and
Abou them shone, o' bonnie brow

The locks o' Meg, my dearie,
 If a' the flowers in sunny bowers,
 That bloom'd that morn we chie
 The fairest flower that happy hour

took her by the sma' white haw
My heart sprang in my bosom—
non her face sat maiden sweet

Like sunshine on a blossom,
How lovely seem'd the morning breeze;
Of lika birdie near me;
But sweeter far the angel voice.

O' pretty Meg, my dearie,
Thine summer light shall bless my
Or bonnie broom shall cheer me
I'll ne'er forget the morn I met

My pretty Meg, my dear old
 friends, July 22, 1850.

The meeting described in the
 n. neither in the heroine's fiction

—her name is Margaret. Her song has no other merit than her portrait with faithful eyes, besides of a shape which is symmetry personified. She is

ing been, the wife of Mr. Ross
Mount Anson, and has
ful children. Many years
er Sunday, allowing myself
See First Page.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO