

Mr William Campbell

Carstairs

Dear Sir

N. Stewart 22. May 1830.

Yours of the 26th ult. I duly received and am obliged
by your attention - I was induced to write to you about the Song
the Mr Gordon Mearns here & some others, who thought the copy
published by Mr Crossin was not correct - Before I received
yours I had made out a copy from my own recollection which
is nearly the same as yours, only you have mixed a verse, which
I cannot supply, the two first lines are -
eat while the blood runs in my veins
My heart was filled with thoughts of thee -

The third line I do not remember - while we were in Ireland
there were a number of letters read in the former Club in C. Douglas
date 1828, & signed Spandaster - (The author is a Mr Murray a
native of Githen, a Quaker) The purport of the letters was to show
that the Murray had produced as many sons of Genius as any
other district in Scotland in proportion to the number of inhabitants
(and in these letters Lord bore a conspicuous part - Some who oppose
Spandaster claimed the Song as the property of Mr N. M'Pike minister
Crossin - The dispute was at last decided by application to the
Heroin & the Justice Mary M'Pike then Mrs M'Clellan, living in
Manchester, who determined it fully in favour of Lord - He died soon
after at the age of 70. - As all the dispute was published in the
Dumfries & Galloway Courier, which we get in Bangor, I read it all
there, I never was a singer, but am fond of any thing that reflects on
or any native country -

I am happy to learn you send income
will be so good, it is an ample respect to the number of inhabitants -
My wife & family are all in health, & busy - Am glad to hear that Mary
pays so much attention to her mother, I have heard nothing of my
sister I can be sure more than I wrote her twice since I can
vice thank you for a line, need I thus when opportunity offers to
let me know how the old woman is doing - Should be very happy to

be at Carrspairn, a day or two, in the course of the summer, but the
road is long & I feel myself not so able to travel as I have been
you & I are coming fast down the side, and will soon quit this
busy bustling scene, and in some respects it cannot be too soon, tho.
in another respect it is almost serious consideration - with best wishes
for your own & your family's welfare here & hereafter I am

Dear Sir

Yours sincerely

J. A. Dunn

Fair Cynthia rose and reached the hills
And ranged over the ~~hills~~ souths of Dee
Clear on yon eastern Mount the shone
High over the tops of every tree
Mary laid her down to sleep
But scarcely had she closed her eye
With the thought she heard a whispering voice
Saying Mary adieu no more for me
She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to see what this might be
She saw her sandy shivering hand
With visage pale and languid eye
My dearest maid cold as the clay
Lying beyond the raging sea
Far from Britania's friendly shore
So Mary weep no more for me
Three tedious days and stormy nights
We tosed along the raging main
Long did we strive our lives to save
But all our efforts were in vain