

A SCOTSMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS FREEN.

That Shakspeare the idol o' civilization,
Was a drunkard at times, an' a shame to the nation *
An' that Milton was daft, an' his laurels hae faded
An' we swallow a' this, as our lawgivers said it.

Sae tak' comfort, freen Tammy, and dinna be sad,
Here our muckle larnin' will no mak' us mad ;
So try to grow rich, an' you mix wi' the best,
Without even manners, or learnin', or taste.
Sell rags by the remnant, or cheese by the ton,
But dinna sell butter or tea by the pun' ;
An gin ye mak' oot weel on they sorts o' wares,
Pass yer father in silence, an' gi' yersel airs.

Ape the great folk at hame, tho' ye canna do't weel,
There are few to detec' ye—they're maist like yersel' ;
Teach yer bairns 'gainst labour, as vulgar, to rave,
An' thus spit wi' contemp' on yer grandfather's grave ;
Hae yer swarrys an' parties, ye canna dae less ;
Never min' gin ye dinna ken weel fu to dress.
An' vote buke-lore an' larnin' insipid an' flat,
An' ye'll be a Colonial aristocrat.

* Said in a speech delivered by a "member" at the Tercentenary of Shakspeare, at the Crystal Palace, Montreal.