

A SCOTSMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS WIFE.

Hoot awa Tammy ! though scant is yer geer,
Wi' health and wi' strength, man, there's naething to fear,
There's a Providence watches the sparrows that flee,
An' there's gow'd for the gatherin' on this side the sea.

We hae nae lords or dukes, wi' their pedigrees teuch,
Though some o' our gude folk are lordly eneuch ;
Yet once on a time, though they noo strut and stare,
Their fathers, or them, had nae muckle to spare.

We hae few tithes or taxes, or poor rates, ye ken,
An' our statesmen are no vera scholarly men ;
They say (while ignoring their Goldsmith's of course),
That the Pope gae Bluff Harry, frae Kate a divorce. *

* This was said by a member of the old Legislative Assembly.