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Past and Present;

OR, THE OLD SCOTCH LAIRD'S COMPLAINT.

PART I.

THE PAST.

AH, things are changed ! ay, changed indeed !
A blight's come owre us a' ;
Oor manners and oor very creed
Are passing swift awa' .
Ance Scotlan' was the nurse o' men,—
O' big and buirdly chieils ;
And there were strappin' hizzies then,
Wi' smeddum in their heels.

For there were nae pianos then,
To deave us wi' their din ;
Nor novels then when men were men
That dashed through thick and thin.
And in this new progressive day
We're deluged owre wi' print ;
And I'm but lauch'd at when I say—
I see nae guid that's in't.

Your very weans gang a' to brains,
It puzzles me to ken
Gin they be weans, or the remains
O' some auld ancient men ;
And ev'ry sentimental hash
Each hanless stipit creature,
Lord ! hoo he'll spout sic silly trash,
About the joys o' nature.

E'en in their ballads noo-a-days
They tear a' sense to tatters,
A' aboot bowers, and bonny flowers,
And waving wuds and waters.
And for oor manly auld Scotch joys
Ye think ye rise abune them ;
While ye resort to silly ploys
That hae nae gumption in them.

Hoo blithely many a merry morn
Ere yet the sun awoke,
We started at the tout o' horn
To draw the sturdy brock,
And a' was then wi' dugs and men
A helter-skelter hurry,
And in the glen frae en' to en',
Lord ! what a gurry-worry—

And nocht was seen but bleezin e'en,
Sharp teeth and hairy lugs,
'Mid ae lang growl frae morn to e'en,
Frae angry brocks and dugs ;
And oh amid the wild hurrah !
Wi' pluck and smeddum rife,
Warena sic moments weel worth a'
Your silly humdrum life ?

I've seen ere yet the run was up,
Aboon Benlmond's brou,
Full twenty Lairds wi' spur and whup
Come riding into view.
But noo-a-days, in oor changed ways,
I've even met wi' folk,
Wha'd even plead, ah, yes indeed !
For mercy to a brock : *

The day wound up wi' drink galore,
The like ye never saw ;
We mony a time kept up the splore
Until the day did daw ;
That would be deeviltry wi' you
Hoo nicely things ye minch !
And if an honest man gets fu'
He must be cut at ance :

Ye haena whisky ! noo-a-days
Your drink micht staw a brock ;
But oors was brewed among the braes !
And fit for honest folk :—
The real peat reek—and nae man's foe !
And I would wad a groat
There wasna a sair heid I trow
In fifty gallons o't—

Oh man it did a fallow guid !
And made him fit for ocht,
Inspired his sowle, and fired his bluid,
And through sheer love we foucht !
And at sic merry drinking bouts,
If an insult was gi'en,
We ne'er ava ran seeking law,
But foucht it on the green.

At mony a pitch fecht too I've been,
I've even held the stakes,
And mony a swankie chiel I've seen
Baith gie, and get, his paiks.
Is't ony wonder I complain
That folk hae changed their ways ;
Guid fallowship is deed and gane,
In their degenerate days ;

The glory o' the Kirk and State
Is noddin' to its fa' ;
The very things that made them great
Are passing swift awa'.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE "guard," as they all persisted in calling the conductor, of the train they had left, on being asked for his advice, had recommended them to try the Parliament Hotel, and, entering a bus, to that house they were driven accordingly, and were much pleased with its clean, well-managed appearance, which augured well, Mr. Bramley remarked, for their comfort and well being. "You are anxious, my dear Crinkle, to see the River Ottawa and hear the boatmen's songs ; if I remember right, Moore mentions the evening as being the time when *he* heard them—"

"Yes, yes," said Crinkle, eagerly,

"Softly as falls the evening's chime,"

you are right, Bramley, and

"The daylight is past, you know."

"Well, then," continued the other, "what I want to say is that we will all go down to the banks after dinner or tea or whatever meal they have here in the evening, and I sincerely trust we shall be gratified by hearing a genuine Canadian boat song. Till then we will take a stroll round town and have a look at the Parliament buildings which I believe are the principal objects of interest here."

"I expect they will look pretty cheap after Westminster," said Yubbits.

"Hush ! hush ! remember *Punch*, Yubbits," remonstrated Bramley.

"Oh ! *Punch* be hanged ; I'm sick of hearing about it," said Yubbits, angrily.

"Oh ! Yubbits, surely you can't mean what you say," exclaimed Coddleby, horrified. "If *we* express ourselves in such language about such matters, how can we be surprised when foreigners do the same. For shame, Yubbits," and he seemed very much hurt.

* "Weel, that's queer enough !—But since ye take his part deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day. We'll e'en mark him and ca' him the captain's brock. But Lord save us a' ; to care about a brock !"