

capital songs. Among these were two or three originals, by a young man of the name of Crichton, who comes from the Carse of Gowrie. He has two lots of land in Nichol, and is chopping just now for Mr. Valentine here. Mr. Fergusson took copies afterwards of two of his songs, and as one of them appeared in the Dundas Weekly Post of the 9th Dec., I suppose that Mr. F. had inserted the paragraph, which was as follows :

"Village of Fergus. The national festival of St. Andrew was celebrated upon the 30th ult., at Fergus, in Nichol, in the happiest style. A party of Forty Settlers met at Dinner in the St. Andrew's Tavern where Mr. Black regaled them with every dish peculiar to the taste of Scotland, followed by due libations of the favorite Barley Bree." Mr. Fergusson as perpetual President, filled the Chair, and George Wilson Esq., of Harvey Cottage, V. P., acted as Croupier, Messrs. Webster and Buist ably assisting as Stewards. Native humor was displayed in many a sally, while some ventured even to put forth an attempt at song. Take as a sample the graphic, though sufficiently homely picture of the village, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

FERGUS MILL

I.

If you my friends would but look back
Out owre the twa past year ;
'Bout Fergus folks began to crack,
But fient an inch was clear.

II.

We've now a Tavern, Kirk and School,
A store and nine Trades too,
Auld Walker has begun to bake,
And Hornby soon will brew.

III.

Reek rises frae a score o' lums,
We boast a rifle corps,
Of a' dimensions, mettles, shapes,
In number nigh twa score.

IV.

A Tailor and a Blacksmith's shop,
Saw, Grist, and Parritch Mill,
Ay, that's your sort, my country lads,
We'll a' get Brose, our fill !