

Youth's Department.

SCOTCH WORDS.

BY ROBERT LEIGHTON.

They speak in riddles, north beyond the Tweed
The plain, pure English, they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,

Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.

Their jaws are CHAFTS! their hands, when closed are NEIVES;

Their bread's not cut in slice, but in SHEIVES;
Their armpits are their OXTERS; palms their LUIFS;

Their men are CHIELDS; their timid fools are CUIFS;

Their lads are CALLANTS, and their women LIMMERS,

Good lasses dainty QUEANS, and bad ones LIMMERS.

They THOLE when they endure, SCART when they scratch;

And when they give a sample it's a swatch.
Scolding is flytin' and a long palaver

Is nothing but a BLETHFR or a HAYBR.

This room they call the BUTT, and that the BEN,

And what they do not know, they DINNA KEN.
On keen cold days they say the wind BLAWS

SNELL,

And when they wipe their nose they DICHT their BIKE;

And they have words that Johnson could not spell,

As UMPH'M which means—just anything you like:

While some, though purely English and well known,

Have yet a Scottish meaning of their own.—
To PRIG's to plead, beat down a thing in cost;

To CROFT's to purchase and a cough's a host;
To CRACK is to converse; the LIFT's the sky;

And BAIKNS are said to GREET when children cry.

When lost, folk never ask the way they want—
They SPIER the gate, and when they yawn they GAUNT.

A flame's a LOWE; a bridge is named a BRIG,
A piece of crockery ware they call a RIG.

Speaking of pigs, when Lady Delacour
Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,

One night she made her quarters at the "Crown."

The head inn of a well known county town.
The chambermaid, in lighting her to bed,

Before withdrawing, curtsied low and said—
"This night is cauld, my lady, wad ye please

To hae a pig i' the bed to warm yer taes?"

"A pig in the bed to tease! What's that you say,

You are impertinent—away, away."

"Me impident! na mem—I ment no harm,
But just the graybeard pig to keep ye warm."

"Insolent hussy, to afront me so!
This very instant shall your mistress know.
The bell—there's none, of course—go send her here."

"My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear;
In sooth it was hersel' that bade me spier,
Nae insult, ment; we thought ye wad be glad
On this cold night, to hae a pig i' the bed."

"Stay, girl—your words are strangely out of place,

And yet I see no insult in your face,
Is it a custom in your country, then,
For ladies to have pigs in bed with them?"

"Oh, quite a custom wi' the gentles mem—
Wi' gentle ladies, ay, and gentlemen—
And, troth, if single, they would sairly miss
Their hot pig on a cauldri'f nicht like this."

"I've seen strange countries—but this surely beats

Their rudest makeshifts for a warming pan.
Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You wou'd not put the pig between the sheets."

"Surely, my lady, and nae itherwhere,
Please, mem, ye'll find it do the maist gude there."

"Fie, fie, 'twould dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that I know I could not sleep,"

"Ye'll sleep far better mem. Take my advice;

The nicht blaws Snell—the sheets are cauld as ice;

I'll fetch ye up a fine, warm, cosy pig:
I'll mak' ye so comfortable and trig

Wi' curtains, blankets, ilka kin o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as sound's a tap.

As for the fylin o' the sheets—dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pig can be.

A weel-closed mouth eneuch for ither folk,
But if you like, I'll put in a poke."

"But Effie—that's your name, I think you said—

Do you yourself, now take a pig to bed?"

"Eh!—na mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather beds and sit up late.
Feathers and pigs are no far paur riff raff—
Me and my neiber lassie lie on cauff."

"What's that—a calf! If I your sense can gather,

You and the other lassie sleep together,
Two in a bed with a calf between—
That, I suppose, my girl, is what you mean?"

"Na, na my lady—'od ye're jokin' noo—
We sleep thegither, that is very true—
But nocht between us; we lie upon the vauff."

"Well, well, my girl! I am surprised to hear
Such barbarous customs—Effie, you may go;

As for the pig, I thank you, but—no—no—
Ha, ha! good night—excuse me if I laugh—

I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of lady Delacour,
She wrote a book about her northern tour,
Wherein the facts are graphically told,
That Scottish gentlefolks, when nights are cold,

Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm—
While common folks who share their bed in halves—

Denied the richer comforts of the farm—
Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

[Liverpool Mercury.]

When is a cat like a teapot? When you're teasin' it.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Boys, let us be men. Let us be honest, earnest, working men, and we shall be noble men. Nobleness and greatness are not one, and rarely do we find them living in peace with each other. We may never be what the world calls great,—but we can be noble men, and our nobleness can commence this very hour and just where we are. A young man's first and truest act of nobility is to love, honor and protect his parents. When he becomes too proud to be seen walking as the staff of a tottering, helpless father, or to stand by the bedside of her who is waiting a moment this side the river to catch one more gaze, through the fading shadow of the past, of her little boy lost in manhood, he is surely fast going down the eminence of manliness.

When we launch our ships on the morning waves of the great Sea of life, let us guide them by the light of home, with the helm of the cradle-words of our mother. Not until we have left home and are wanderers in the curious strangeness of a strange land, unnoticed, unheeded, lonely and weary, will we know, of a truth, what a mother is. Then we feel that she is good, and we bless her. Never can I repay my mother's kindness. Her wearied form and her silverying braids shall be defended till that day cometh when He shall make up His jewels,—and then, I ween, Heaven will know no kinder, no purer, no brighter angel than she. When the ever-shining stars shall wane in the fading of my vision, and the noisy world grow still in my sleep of death, will I forget her; not till then.

Our next duty we owe to our country. In prosperity she looks with a mother's hope and a mother's care upon us, and in the night time of adversity she leans upon us as her staff. Her glory is our glory, and her shame is ours also. What we do for our country we do for God and generations to come. But, boys, would you live a peaceful, an honest, and a happy life, be not mere politicians. Stand by your principles, if you believe them to be just. When you barter them for place you sell all you are and all you hope to be. It is treason to self,—reason that all eternity cannot wipe out. Let your deeds do the talking; they are the *ne plus ultra* of eloquence. WELLINGTON'S speech of arms won Waterloo. He knew BLUCHER was coming, and, riding amid the ranks, commanded, "Soldiers, listen!" Snatching his sword from its scabbard he cut his