

## "NOT LOOSE YET."

(See last page.)

Some fifteen years since Europe watched  
A bloody bout of "Bait the Bear,"  
Baiters and baited were well matched.  
And hard the knocks both had to share.  
At last the baiters won the fight,  
And left the bear in evil plight.

With fangs knocked out, claws rent away,  
And tattered ears and muzzle torn,  
Licking his bleeding wounds he lay,  
Spent, scared, and sore, faint and forlorn:  
Too weak to struggle, as they past  
A rope about his shoulders vast,

And hugged him, a reluctant heap,  
In spite of idle snarl and growl.  
Up to a stake that, planted deep,  
Defied sharp claws and armed jawl.  
To tear up, pull down, or saw through,  
And bound him with a chain thereto.

Since that time Bruin's wounds have healed,  
His fangs and claws have grown again:  
The fur, once from red gashes peeled,  
Has grown o'er scars that still remain.  
Till Bruin feels, with strength renewed,  
Old hankers for the Turkey brood.

But each move on his would-be prey  
Reveals the cheek of post and chain:  
In vain he tugs, to wrench away  
The post, his tether gnaws in vain.  
The stake is strong, the chain is sound,  
And Master Bruin firmly bound.

But lo, at last, a chance appears!  
The Gallic cock o'er-mastered lies,  
On broader wings through wider spheres  
His friend the German eagle flies.  
Who stays his efforts to be free?  
The British Lion! What is he?

A poor, old, toothless, fangless brute,  
Big-boned still, but no longer strong,  
Crippled by sleeping at the root  
Of Evil, lazily and long.  
Prying its golden fruitage far  
Beyond the dusty palms of war.

"He will not lift his helpless head,  
He will not ope his sleepy eye,  
To slanders though the post I shred,  
And make the chain in flinders fly.  
Turkey's his friend: but there it ends:  
He doesn't fight to save his friends."

So Bruin gave his post a tug,  
And Bruin gave his chain a shake,  
And roared—from Dnieper unto Bug—  
"Take heed, all! The great Bear's awake!  
He doth hereby ignore his chain,  
And doffs it, ne'er to don again!"

The British Lion heard him roar,  
And raised from 'twixt his paws his crest,  
And checking a suspended snore,  
His sleepy bulk to speech addressed—  
"Ignore your chain! I wish you joy!  
But you've to get it off, my boy."

"And ere you do that, brother Bear,  
You'll have to square accounts with me.  
As well as with our old friends there,  
Eagles of Austria, Italy,  
And last, not least, Dame Turkey here.  
For whom your love is so sincere,

"That, with your will, you'll never rest  
Till she is fast between your paws.  
Safe 'neath their shield as in a nest,  
If she don't run upon your claws.  
If Turkey this don't seem to see,  
No wonder it's not clear to me."

"We tied you up to keep her safe,  
When your affection waxed too warm:  
Against the chain bore'er you chafe.  
That chain is still 'twixt her and harm.  
Remember, pray, how'er sharp set,  
My worthy Bear, you're not loose yet!"—Punch.

THE POETRY AND HUMOUR OF THE SCOTTISH  
LANGUAGE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Continued.

*Couthie*, well-known, familiar, handsome, and agreeable—in  
contradiction to the English word *uncouth*—

"My ain *couthie* dame,  
O my ain *couthie* dame:  
Wi' my bonnie bits o' bairns,  
And my ain *couthie* dame."  
—Archibald McKay: *Ingliside Lilt*.

*Crone*, an old woman, a witch—Worcester, in his Dictionary,  
derives this word from the Scottish "croon"—"the hollow  
muttering sound with which old witches uttered their incan-  
tations." A possible derivation is from the old word *crine*, to  
shrink; of which the preterite was *crone*, shrunken. If this  
derivation were correct, *crone* would mean a shrunken,  
withered old woman.

*Croodle*, to coo like a dove: "a wee *croodlin'* doo," a term  
of endearment to an infant—

"Far ben thy dark green plantin shade,  
The cushet (wood-pigeon) *croodles* amorously."  
—Tannahill.

"A wee thing, mine ain thing,  
A pledge o' love most true.  
A bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
Wee *croodlin'* doo."  
—Mackay's Songs.

*Croon*, to hum over a tune, to prelude on an instrument—

"The sisters grey, before the day,  
Did *croon* within their cloister."  
—Allan Ramsay.

"Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whiles *crooning* o'er some auld Scots sonnet."  
—Burns: *Tom o' Shunter*.

"Plaintive tunes,  
Such as corpse-watching beldam *croons*."  
—Studies from the Antique.

*Darg* or *daurk*, a day's work—

"You will spoil the *darg* if you stop the plow to kill a mouse."—Nor-  
thumbrian Proverbs.

"He never did a good *darg* that gaed grumbling about it."—Allan  
Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Monie a sair *daurk* we ha'e wrought."  
—Burns: *To his auld Mare Maggie*.

"The good man fallen asleep after the day's *darg*."—*Times' Notice*  
of the Royal Academy Exhibition, March 18, 1870.

*Ding*, to beat, or beat out. A remnant of this word survives  
in the English "din"—a noise produced by beating; and in  
the phrase "ding, dong, bell!"—

"If ye've the doil in ye, *ding* him out wi' his brither. A doil *dings*  
anither."—*Scots Proverbs*.

"It's a sair *dung* (beaten) bairn that manna greet."—Allan Ramsay.

*Dinsome*, noisy, full of din—

"Till block or studdie (stithy or anvil) ring and reel  
Wi' *dinsome* clamour."  
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Dirl*, a quivering blow on a hard substance—

"I threw a noble throw at ano  
It just played *dirl* upon the bane,  
But did nae mair."  
—Burns: *Death and Dr. Hornbook*.

*Dool*, pain, grief, dolefulness—

"Of a' the numerous human *dools*  
Thou bear'st the gree."  
—Burns: *Address to the Toothache*.

"Though dark and swift the waters pour,  
Yet here I wait in *dool* and sorrow,  
For bitter fate must I endure  
Unless I pass the stream ere morrow."  
—*Legends of the Isles*.

*Douce*, of a gentle or courteous disposition; from the French  
*Jour*, sweet—

"Ye daintie deacons and ye *douce* convenors."  
—Burns: *The Brigs of Ayr*.

*Dour*, hard, bitter, disagreeable, close-fisted, severe, stern—

"When biting Boreas, fell and *dour*,  
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower."  
—Burns: *A Winter Night*.

*Dowie*, gloomy, melancholy, forlorn, low-spirited—

"It's no the loss o' warl's gear  
That could sae bitter draw the tear,  
Or mak our hardie, *dowie*, wear  
The mourning weed."  
—Burns: *Poor Mollie's Elegy*.

"Come listen, cronies, ane and a',  
While on my *dowie* reed I blaw,  
And mourn the sad untimely fa'  
O' our auld town."  
—James Ballantyne.

*Dree*, to endure, to suffer—

"Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,  
And *dree* the country clatter (talk)."  
—Burns: *Here's his Health in Water*.

"He *drees* the doom he ettled for me."  
—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

*Drumly*, turbid or muddy (applied to water), confused, not  
clear.—This beautiful word would be a great acquisition to  
the English language. All its English synonyms are greatly  
inferior, both in logical and poetical expression. The word  
appears at one time to have been good English, though not to  
be found in the poets, as appears from the following passage  
in a French and English grammar of the year 1623—

"Draw me some water out of this spring.  
Madam, it is all foul, *drumly*, black, muddy!"

"Oh, bosman, haste! put off your boat.  
Put off your boat for golden monie:  
I'll cross the *drumly* stream to-night,  
Or never wair I'll see my Annie."  
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

"When blue diseases fill the *drumly* air."  
—Allan Ramsay.

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three.  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And *drumly* grew his e'e."  
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover*.

"I heard once a lady in Edinburgh objecting to a preacher that she  
did not understand him. Another lady, his great admirer, insinuated  
that probably he was too deep for her to follow. But her ready answer  
was, 'Na, na!—he's no just deep, but he's *drumly*.'"—Dean Ramsay.

*Eerie*, gloomy, wearisome, full of fear—

"In mirkest glen at midnight hour  
I'd rove and ne'er be *erie*, O;  
If through that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O."  
—Burns.

"It was an *erie* walk through the still chestnut woods at that still  
hour of the night."—*The Dream Numbers*, by T. A. Trollope.

*Eyrie*, an eagle's nest,—from the Gaelic *airigh*, to rise—

"The eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their *eyries* build."  
—Milton.

"Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven  
From his *eyrie* that beacons the darkness of heaven."  
—Campbell: *Lockhart's Warning*.

*Ferlie*, a wonder; to wonder; wonderful—

"Who hearkened ever alike a *ferly* thing."  
—Chaucer: *The Reeve's Tale*.

"On Malvern hills  
Me befel a *ferly*."  
—*Piers Ploughman*.

"The longer we live the more *ferlies* we see."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots*  
*Proverbs*.

*Fey*, fated, bewitched, unlucky, doomed—

"Let the fate fall upon the *feyst*."

"Take care of the man that God has marked, for he's no *fey*."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"We'll turn again, said good Lord John;  
But no, said Rothiemay;  
My steed's trepanned, my bridle's broke,  
I fear this day I'm *fey*."  
—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

*Forgalther*, to meet—

"Forgathered once upon a time."  
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

*Gale*, to sing; whence the English "nightingale," the bird  
that sings in the night—

"In May begins the gowk to *gale*."  
—Allan Ramsay: *The Evergreen*.

*Glamour*, enchantment, witchcraft, fascination—

"And one short spell therein he read,  
It had much of *glamour* might,  
Could make a lady soon a knight,  
The cobweb on a dungeon wall,  
Soon laushty in a lordly hall."  
—Scott: *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

"Soon as they saw her wool-fair'd face,  
They cast their *glamour* o'er her."  
—*Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie*.

"Ye gipsy-gang that deal in *glamour*,  
And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,  
Warlocks and witches."  
—Burns: *On Captain Grose*.

*Gloaming*, the twilight—

"When ance life's day draws near its *glowering*."  
—Burns: *To James Smith*.

"Twixt the *glowering* and the mirk, when the kye cam hame."  
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

*Gowan*, a daisy—

"Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue bell and *gowan* lurk lowly unseen."  
—Burns.

"The night was fair, the moon was up,  
The wind blew low among the *gowans*."  
—Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

*Growth*, appurtenance—

"And ploughmen gather wi' their *growth*."  
—Burns: *Scotch Drink*.

*Gramarge*, magic—

"Whate'er he did of *gramarge*,  
Was always done maliciously."  
—Scott: *Lays of the Last Minstrel*.

"The wild yell and visage strange,  
And the dark woods of *gramarge*."  
—Idem.

*Grew*, or *grue*, to fear greatly—

"I never see them but they gar me *grew*: it's no for fear—no for fear  
—but just for grief."—Scott: *Rob Roy*.

*Gruezone*, highly ill-favoured, disagreeable, horrible, cruel—

"As day, as Death, that *gruezone* earl,  
Was driving to theither warl (world)."  
—Burns: *Verees to J. Rankine*.

*Gurly*, to growl; *gurly*, boisterous, stormy, savage, growly—

"The lift grew dark and the wind blew sair,  
And *gurly* grew the sea."  
—Sir Patrick Spens.

"Wassome wailed the snow-white sprites,  
Upon the *gurly* sea."  
—Laidlaw: *The Demon Lover*.

"There's a strong *gurly* blast blawing swell frae the south."  
—James Ballantyne: *The Spook-Spitters*.

*Hodden grey*.—In the glossary to the first edition of Allan  
Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, "*hodden*" is described  
as a coarse cloth. *Hodden grey* is, therefore, coarse grey cloth.  
It was usually home-made by the Scottish peasantry of the  
Lowlands, and formed the material of their working-day  
clothes—

"What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear *hodden grey*, and a' that;  
Gie's foals their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that."  
—Burns.

"If a man did his best to murder me, I should not rest comfortably  
until I knew that he was safe in a well-ventilated cell, with the *hodden*  
*grey* garments of the gaol upon him."—*Trials of Prince Pierre Bonaparte*,  
*Daily Telegraph*, March 28, 1870.

*Hoody*, softly, honestly—

"*Hoody* and fair gangs far in a day."  
—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"Oh that my wife would drink *hoody* and fairly."—Burns.

*Ik*, each, as "ik ane," each one; or *ik*, that same; used  
for the designation of a person whose patronymic is the same  
as the name of his estate—such as Forbes of Forbes—*ic*,  
Forbes of that *ik*. This Scottish word has crept into English,  
though with a strange perversion of its meaning, as in the fol-  
lowing—

"We know, however, that many baronies of their *ik*, and even of  
later times, knowingly destroyed many a gold and silver vessel that fell  
into their hands."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, January 24, 1870.

"Matilda lived in St. John's Villas, Twickenham: Mr. Pasmore in  
King Street, of the same *ik*."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 8, 1870.

*Ingle*, the fire-side; *ingle-nook*, the chimney-corner—

"His wee bit nose blinkin' bonnie."  
—Burns.

*Joe*, the clang or boom of a large bell—

"Now Chinkurabells  
Began to *joe*."  
—Burns: *The Holy Fair*.

"And every *joe* the kirk bell ried."  
—Baeham.

*Kain*, from the Gaelic *cain*, tribute, tax, tithe, payment in  
kind—

"Our laird gets in his racked rents,  
His coat, his *kain*."  
—Burns: *The Two Dogs*.

"Kain to the king!"  
—*Jacobite Song* (1715).

*Keek*, to peep, to pry, to look cautiously about—

"The robin came to the wren's nest  
And *keekit* in."  
—*English Nursery Rhyme*.

"Stars dianna *keek* in,  
And see me wi' Mary."  
—Burns.

"When the ted (fox) is in the wood, he cares na how many folk *keek*  
at his tail."—Allan Ramsay's *Scots Proverbs*.

"A clergyman in the west of Scotland once concluded a prayer as fol-  
lows:—O Lord! Thou art like a mouse in a drystone dyke, *aye keekin'*  
out at us frae holes and cranies, but we canna see Thee."—*Rodgers's*  
*Illustrations of Scottish Life*.

*Kelpie*—

"He shall stable his steed in the *kelpie's* flow,  
And his name shall be lost for ever."  
—Scott: *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

"What is it ails my good hay mare?  
What is it makes her start and shiver?  
She sees a *kelpie* in the stream,  
Or fears the rushing of the river."  
—Mackay: *Legends of the Isles*.

*Kep*, to catch, to receive—

"Ik cowlip cup shall *kep* a tear."  
—Burns.

"Ik blade o' grass *kep*s its ain drop o' dew."—James Ballantyne.

*Keuil*, a lot; to cast *keuils*, to draw lots; from the Gaelic  
*gabhail*, pronounced *gabail*, a portion of land done by cattle in  
ploughing—

"Let every man be content with his ain *keuil*."—Allan Ramsay's  
*Scots Proverbs*.