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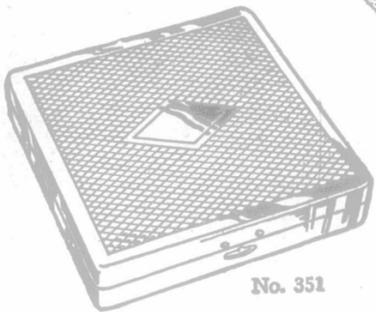
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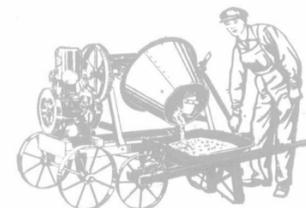
No. 351—Flat metal case, velvet lined, handsomely embossed top with plain diamond space in the centre of cover for \$5.50 monogram. Same contents as No. 1

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mony a guid man saw the night when he had ower muckle o' it than he could carry hame.

However, that's no the point I was workin' towards. I was juist startin' oot tae show ye where the material for the best o' Bobby's poems came from. The verses, "To a Mountain Daisy," were composed while he was plowing; we are tauld, and it's likely enough from the way he starts oot:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem."

One thing about Burns, he had an unco' guid heart. When it came tae dealin' wi' ony o' the lower animals he was as kind an' gentle as ony man could be. A lot o' what he has written tells us this. The poem "To a Field-Mouse, on overturning its Nest with the Plow", is a guid example:

"Wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!"

We are tauld that it was while actually holding the plow that the poet could dae his best composing. I can believe that, provided there wasna ower many solid stanes in the field. Of course there's quite a bit o' inspiration in gettin' a clout on the side o' the heid wi' yer plow-handles, but the sentiments ye generally gie expression to wouldna look weel in a book o' poetry. I'm thinkin' ye'd have to call it "blank verse." Onyway an' nevertheless, Burns has been able tae draw some pretty natural pictures in spite o' ony accidents o' that kind that may hae happened to him.

Another subject that he certainly owes tae the farm is, "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie." This "poor Mailie" was a sheep that belonged tae Burns, but her "words" dinna lend themselves vera weel to quotation, unless ye repeat them all, and I canna spare the time for that. But ye'll see that Burns was some farmer, gin ye care tae read them for yerself.

"The Auld Farmer's New-Year morning Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie, on giving her her accustomed rip of corn," sounds as though it might hae come frae the farm, as weel. But Burns mak's no allowance in it for those people that are not vera weel up in the Lowland dialect. It comes in the original tongue and anyone that can understand it all must be a genuine son o' Scotland, and no mistak'. I'll juist gie ye a couple o' verses as a sample.

"A guid New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie;
Though thou's howe-backit now and knaggie,

I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Though now thou's dowie, stiff and crazy,
And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek and glazie,
A bonny gray;
He should be tight that daur't to raise
thee,

Ance in a day."

And noo we come tae the best-known and maist-popular o' all Burns' poems. Everybody has heard o' it that has heard o' Burns himsel', and I shouldna wonder if there are folks that never heard o' the poet but still are pretty weel acquainted wi' "Tam o' Shanter."

And it's no vera surprising tae find that the hero o' the yarn was a farmer. He was no' juist the kind o' a man ye'd be takin' for a model, however. He was unco' fond o' spending his evenings in the toon, where "drouthy neighbors neighbors meet" and thereby "hangs the tale."

It seems that the chap's real name was Douglas Grahame of Shanter, a farmer frae the Carrick shore, and he was juist the drunken, careless sort o' a fellow that Burns mak's him out tae be. One night he stayed langer than usual wi' his cronies and, by the time he reached Alloway kirkyard, on his way hame, it was nigher one o'clock than twelve. When "ghosts and houlets nightly cry."

But our farmer was drunk enough not tae be bothered by wee things like that and he was coaxin' his auld mare along wi' no other thought but hame and bed.