

Poetry.

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

I.

Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awa'iy?
Propu'ty, propu'ty, propu'ty—that's what I 'ears 'em sa'iy.
Propu'ty, propu'ty, propu'ty—Sam's thou's an ass for thy
pa'ains:
Their's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy bra'ins.

II.

Wou—there's a crow to pluck wi' tha, Sam: you's parson's
'ouse—
Doesn't thou know that a man mun be e'ither a man or a mouse?
Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to we'äk.*
Propu'ty, propu'ty—wou then wou—let my 'ear mysén spe'ik.

III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as be'än a-talking o' thee;
Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she be'än a-tellin' it me.
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's
lass—
Noü—thou'll marry fur luvv—au' we both on us thinks tha
an ass.

IV.

Secü'd her to-dä'iy goü by—Sä'aint's-dä'iy—they was ringin'
the bells.
She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soü is scoors o' gells,
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as
blaws.
But propu'ty, propu'ty sticks, an' propu'ty, propu'ty graws.

V.

Do'ant be stunt: † ta'ike time: I knaws what ma'ikes tha sa
mad.
Warn't I crüzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?
But I knaw'd a Quäker feller 'as often tow'd ma this:
"Do'ant thou marry for munny, but goü wheer munny is!"

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy mother come to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny la'üd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.
Ma'äbe she warn't a beauty:—I never giv it a thows—
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant
nowt?

VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she we'änt a nowt when 'e's de'üd,
Mun be a gurness, lad, or summut, and addle ‡ her bre'äd:
Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' we'änt nivr get naw
'igher:
An' 'e ma'ä be the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shire.

VIII.

And thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' 'Varsity debt,
Stook to his ta'ail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a shove,
Woorse nor a far-wel'ter'd § yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e married
fur luvv.

IX.

Luvv? What's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny
too,
Mankin' 'em goü together as they've good right to do.
Could n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny la'üd by?
Nä'iy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast s'ight moor for it: reason why.

* This week.

† Obstinate.

‡ Earn.

§ Or low-wel'ter'd—said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.

X.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we wo'äth on us thinks tha
an ass.
Wou then, propu'ty, wiltha?—an ass as near as mays nowt*—
Wou then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as owt. †

XI.

Bre'ük me a bit o' the csh for his 'e'äd, lad, out o' the fence!
Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an'
pence?
Propu'ty, propu'ty 'is ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the sä'ime oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

XII.

Tis'nt them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' ste'äls.
Them as 'as coüts to their backs an' ta'ikes their regular
meals.
Noü, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a me'äl's to be 'ad.
Ta'ike my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII.

Them or their feythers, tha sees, mun 'a be'än a la'üzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whinivir munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; le'ästwaays 'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' me'äl'd 'issén de'äd, an' 'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV.

Look thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck comes out by the
'ill!
Feyther ran up to the farm, an' I runs up to the mill;
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I'll leave the land to thee.

XV.

Thim's my no'ations, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leave the land to Dick.—
Coom oop, propu'ty, propu'ty—that's what I 'ears 'im saay—
Propu'ty, propu'ty, propu'ty—cant'er an' cant'er awa'iy.

* Makes nothing.

† The flies are as fierce as anything.

THE SNOW.

[FOR "THE ONTARIO FARMER.]

The beautiful snow! the beautiful snow!
How softly it falls in the valleys below;
How lightly it rests on the crest of the hills,
Or daintily floats on the murmuring rills.

It drops on the stubble fields, rugged and bare,
And weaves it a mantle, so soft and so fair;
And it hides the young roots of the grass and the grain,
And lulls them to sleep till the Spring comes again.

It flies o'er the forest, and leaves in its way
A tiny bright wreath o'er each delicate spray,
And spreads its white robes, like a shelt'ring wing,
O'er each hillock and nook where the wild blossoms spring.

Then it comes to our roadside, so dusty and brown,
And it lays a clean carpet so silently down;
Hangs fustoons of fairy-like beauty around,
And sprinkles its diamonds all over the ground.

Then hurrah for the sleighing! how gaily we ride!
While the merry bells ring, and the smooth runners glide;
And we raise our glad voices in joy as we go—
Three cheers for the snow! the bright beautiful snow!

OWEN SOUND, Jan'y, 1870.

MARIE.