

You gie'd me far ower muckle praise,
 Ye might hae made me end ma days,
 Some Scots are stubborn as a cuddy,
 Some through ambition swang and wuddy :
 But I am neither dour nor proud,
 Though praise resounds its plaudits loud,
 They raise me not aboon the dust,
 By toil I earn my daily crust.

To therty nine ye point me back,
 The Auld Countryman ye then did ta'k.
 When that sheet closed its short career
 The Scottish American did appear.
 On readers list your name they trace,
 Since first it showed its sonsie face,
 Some fo'k, perhaps may lue it stronger,
 Nae live'in Scot has read it longer.

In fancy, I your thoughts survey,
 How you lang for your paper day ;
 At nicht ye throw aside your care,
 An' draps doon in your easy chair.
 That ever'a word may be plain seen,
 You rub your spec's, an' ma'ks them *clean*,
 Then quick as onna flash o' fire.
 You search the news fra' Wigtonshire ;
 The list of deaths ye quickla' read,
 To see if onna freends were deed.
 Or onna changed their state in life
 By taken ta theresel a wife,
 Or see if onna thing was penned
 On Cronies—in your youth ye ken'ed,
 Or if some fule rale sick o' toil
 Had shuffled of this earthla' coil.

If the auld Kirks an' a' their flocks
 Was hauden still pure orthodox ;
 If toon an' streets ye ance did pace,
 Was stan'in noo in the auld place,
 When you hae culled the Wigton news,
 You turn the leaves to scan the muse ;
 If there be onathing that's guid
 It electrifies your Auld Scotch bluid.
 Next comes the tales on craig or cairn
 You saw an' speeled when but a bairn,
 The hills, the glens, the youthfu' scene
 Whiles bring the tear mist o'er yer een.
 Forgive me, sir, if I be wrang,
 That Journal you hae taen sae lang,
 I dinna doot, but ye are lible
 To prize it second to your Bible.
 I dootna but ma best endeavors
 May seem to you but fuleish havers ;
 Tho' to my lines you showed regard,
 Expressed upon your postal card.

Next time I'll spur the muse's flank,
 Wi whup, the lazy jade I'll spank,
 Till something fra the strain proceed.
 That wad be worth your while to read.

I still have that address of thine,
 If ever I should cross the line,
 Or your fair city come to view,
 I'll call an' hae a chat wi' you.

My brither Scot, my rhyme maun drap,
 My strain of thanks asunder snap,
 I feel obliged—though undoeservent,
 I still remain your humble servent.

THE PIONEER'S RETROSPECT.

A short sketch of the difficulties endured by the early settlers of the County of Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, and applicable to new settlements in many portions of the United States, written for Robert H. Thomson, Chicago, Ill.

Many years have fled, great changes wrought,
 since your forefathers came
 Into this once wild, rugged land, fair Canada by
 name ;
 They left the joys of home and friends, and
 crossed the raging main,
 In hopes to make themselves a home on highland,
 swamp or plain.
 Methinks I see those pioneers stand gazing, the
 first day,
 Upon the vast expanse of woods, their hearts filled
 with dismay ;
 Some grieved for leaving their old home, their
 hearts to grief did yield :
 How could they make those forests wild into a
 fertile field ?
 Their wives and children wept, for dear old homes
 they left,
 The husbands, fathers, felt for those of house and
 home bereft.
 Hope lent its aid, doubts disappeared, a firm
 resolve was made—
 The brave undaunted settler's axe, into the tree
 was laid ;
 Unskilled, but quickly dashed the axe, stroke after
 stroke resound,
 Tree after tree, from towering height, fell crashing
 to the ground.
 Grief changed to joy, as work proceeds—wives,
 children stood amazed,
 To see those laid trees lifted up and a snug shanty
 raised.