

Occupants of the Old Graveyard

and other Poems



By JOHN L. WATSON



# Occupants of the Old Graveyard

—AND—

## Miscellaneous Poems and Songs

by

JOHN L. WATSON  
BRAMPTON

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Be mine to read the visions old,  
Which thy awakening bards have told,  
And while they meet my tranced view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

—Collins.



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To his numerous subscribers the author most respectfully and sincerely dedicates this little volume, in token of his gratitude for their congenial support and zeal in the promotion of its success, and also as an expression of his sincere and heartfelt joy and unlooked for resuscitation of friendship which has far exceeded his expectation.

Brampton, 29th Jan., 1918.

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## THE OLD GRAVEYARD

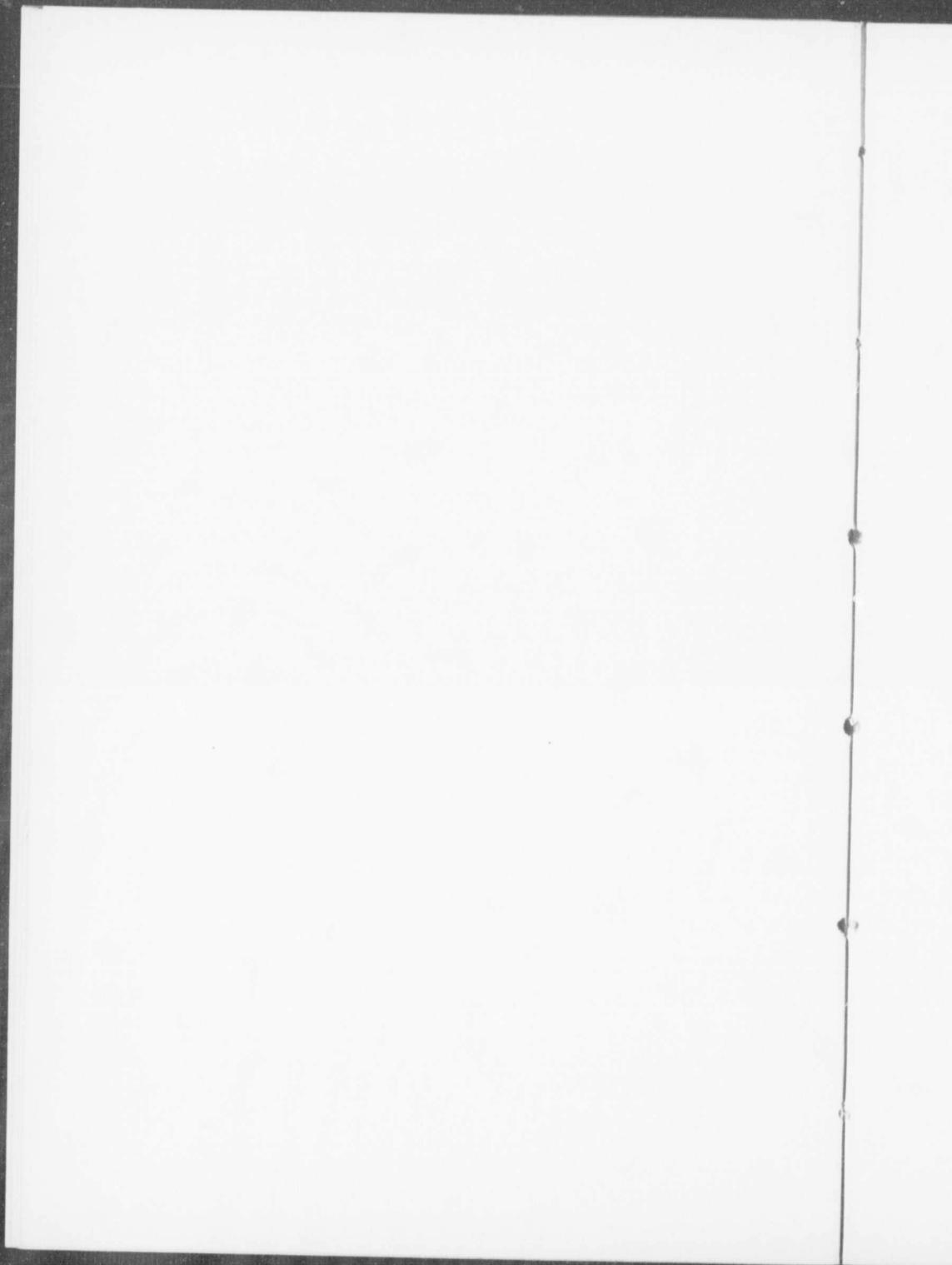
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## PREFACE

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It has been the author's aim and design since eighteen years of age to publish a volume of poems. Beginning at the age of fourteen to write incidents that happened in the locality and occasionally occupying the poet's corner in a local newspaper, an acquaintance was formed with the editor of the Kelso Chronicle, who gave him every encouragement to persevere in his effusions.

When the Auld Stable End made its appearance before the public, the favor with which it was received by the villagers, both old and younger, encouraged the author to persevere in his enterprise.

Occupants of the Old Grave Yard are all real, the verses being written after their decease.

James Scott of West Gorden, a bosom friend of the author's, who was attending the University at Edinburgh with an aim for the ministry, unfortunately caught a severe cold, which in three weeks proved fatal. At the quiet gloaming grey in the lovely month of June, 1865, on a green hillside near the banks of the river Eden, where the author could see in the dim distance the home where the dear departed was born, reared and died, were the few verses written to his memory. He was a promising young man, but was called away from earth at the early age of twenty-one.

A few words may be said as an apology for the insertion of the poem Protestantism. The Rev. Robert Lang, minister of the Free Church, Neuthorn, Berwickshire, Scotland, and the Rev. Dr. Begg of Edinburgh compiled a catechism with proofs from the Bible, enabling the students to defend themselves as Protestants against the arguments of antagonists. The catechism was distributed among the young men and women of the parish, six months being given to prepare for the examination. Fifty-nine youths of the congregation began the task, but only sixteen came forward to compete. At the

### PREFACE—Continued

first exam. fourteen failed with mistakes from one to twenty. The two remaining contestants stood a searching test. Ten times they stood before the examiner, who failed to decide the winner of the prize, so the first and second prize was divided between Jessie Jack and the author, each received eighteen shillings and ninepence. A week later the author got a volume of Fox's book of Martyrs with the request to write a poem on Protestantism.

Moreover the author acknowledges the poems have no pretensions whatever to be ranked among the mysterious effusions of the ethereal or spasmodic school of poetry, as they only aim at expressing the joys and griefs, hopes and fears, the love and imaginings of ordinary men and women in a language that all may understand. Consequently they run the risk of being thought tame and commonplace. Yet the author's hope for them is that they may be found to be permeated with a few grains of mother wit combined with a sprinkling of sound common sense, and haply lit up here and there with a spark of nature's fire, as their composition has served to make pleasant many a homely hour and relieve the tedium of a monotonous existence, and should they be the means of kindling a smile of happiness and enjoyment in the ingle neuck of the humble sons of toil, the author will consider his labors amply rewarded, and leaves them entirely to the verdict of a discerning and impartial public, quoting the words of the old Satyrist Nash:

"His style was truthful, tho he had some gall,  
Something he might have mended, so may all."

## Occupants of the Old Graveyard

### THE LATE JOHN SMITH

Lines Written on the Death of a Much  
Esteemed Friend

Now folded are those willing hands  
That toiled for many a day;  
And placid lies that manly form—  
Grim death has called away.

The wintry storms will soon be o'er,  
And zephyr's breeze will bring  
The warbling songsters to our door  
At the approach of spring.

Wild flowers will deck the meadows fair  
In various forms and hue,  
'Mid fragrance from the damask rose  
Wet with the morning dew.

Though nature smiles on all around,  
Unfolds her mantle green.  
Alas! it has no charm for me,  
Like former springs I've seen.

I see him in his morning walk  
Along the crowded street,  
I see his kind familiar smiles  
When friends around him meet.

With charity his outstretched hand  
Oft needy ones had blest,  
More generous heart could never beat  
Within a human breast.

Three score and ten years do sum up  
The pilgrimage of man;  
If strength permit he reach four-score,  
What then, " 'Tis but a span."

Then dry that fount of crystal tears  
That trickle down thy cheek,  
Lull the emotion of my breast  
That chokes me when I speak.

Grim death has called our friend away  
Beyond our reach and sight,  
Aloft on angel wings I trow  
To dwell in realms of light.

### IN MEMORIAM

Lines written on the late James Golding, Mayor of  
Brampton.

October winds blow chill and bleak,  
Sweet summer rains are o'er,  
While music from the leafy bowers  
Now charm our ears no more.  
The quivering leaf falls from the tree,  
The meadows tinted brown,  
While from our midst death's called away  
The Mayor of our town.

When rein of power's laid down,  
That heart that burned with friendship's  
glee,  
Those eyes which glowed sublime,  
Honor and truth his guiding star  
Along the march of time.  
For him we shed a silent tear,  
When rein of power's laid down,  
Far-seeing with perception clean,  
The Mayor of our town.

The old graveyard is wrapt in gloom,  
Where our departed lies,  
Our souls are led to solemn thought  
And soar beyond the skies.  
We saw beneath that mound of clay,  
Him gently lowered down,  
But not the soul, 'tis gone to God—  
The Mayor of our town.

A few short years, through faith we hope  
To join that mighty train  
That's pressing to the seat of bliss,  
The immortal crown to gain.  
So let us dry the crystal tears,  
Our cheeks now trickled down,  
Until we meet in realms of bliss,  
Late Mayor of our town.

### IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Cundell's lament for the tragic death of her brother, John Harcourt, in Toronto.

Awake, my narp, why silent be,  
Tune up thy sacred lays;  
Bring soothing strains from every chord,  
As wont in bygone days.  
'Twill cheer that home o'erwhelmed in grief,  
Once happy and benign;  
Where now lies in the arms of death  
That brother dear of mine.

His tragic death has made me that  
My faltering tongue can't speak,  
The fountain of my tears have dried,  
None trickle down my cheek.  
So sudden came the mournful news  
No wonder I repine,  
His form I see at every turn,  
That brother dear of mine.

Had he been laid on a sick bed,  
Where comforts he could share;  
Nursed by a loving wife and son,  
With every tender care.  
But no, retiring to his room,  
Robust and feeling fine,  
Ne'er dreamt there was escaping gas,  
That brother dear of mine.

The skilful pilot at the helm,  
Though tossed 'mid heavy gales  
When steering among shoals and rocks,  
His ship is safety sails;  
An unskilled hand at place of trust  
Drifts from the safety line,  
E'er long the barge will stranded be,  
Like brother John of mine.

Ah! danger hovers all around,  
Mishaps one can't foresee;  
Man's destined hour is sure to come,  
What fate has fixed, will be;  
Come as it will that fatal hour  
Frail mortals must resign,  
Life's joys and cares and family ties  
Like brother John of mine.

**IN MEMORIAM—Continued**

But there's a balm for wounded ones,  
A cure for aches and pain;  
Tho' the joy of meeting here once more  
Cannot return again.  
I'll go to him that's called home,  
Where love and joy entwine,  
Round the Redeemed before the Throne  
And brother John of mine.

---

**RICHARD MARCHMONT**

Lines written on the sad and unexpected death of Richard Marchmont.

Like rays of light from the heavenly throne  
Ah! Who can tell the thoughts that sleep  
So soft, so calm, so still and deep,  
Within the soul of those who mourn  
For friend that's from the bosom torn.  
Those piercing eyes that brightly shone  
Like rays of light from the heavenly throne;  
Now closed in death, laid 'neath the sward  
In Churchville's lonely cold graveyard.

I little deemed when last we met  
His sun on earth so soon would set;  
That e'er on zephyr's airy wing,  
That flutters o'er the flower of spring.  
Be snapt the harp-strings of the soul  
With magic power beyond control,  
And laid to rest with due regard  
In Churchville lonely cold graveyard.

Suns will arise and stars will set,  
E'er I his kindly smile forget;  
With saddened heart and fevered brain  
His image still with me remains.  
I see him where the shadows fall  
With playmates round the old school wall,  
Or racing o'er the grassy sward,  
To-day lies in the cold graveyard.

### RICHARD MARCHMENT—Continued

'Mid Lapland's frost and Greenland's snow,  
In sunny lands where palm trees grow,  
Along the shores where billows roll,  
And ice heaved plains surround the pole,  
Are myriads called in every clime,  
Since man leapt on the stage of time,  
The sleep of death being sin's reward  
In ocean deep or cold graveyard.

Away those tears and cease to mourn,  
To realms of light I throw he's borne  
The Master has with filial care  
Ages ago a home prepared.  
We have His promise kind and true.  
Beyond the grave truth bursts to view;  
Effulgent rays earth cannot vie,  
Surround the blest beyond the sky.

---

### CALLED IN EARLY BLOOM

Lines written on Martha Elizabeth Scott, youngest daughter of William and Margaret Scott, who died at lot 8, 4th line west, Chinguacousy, on March 24th, 1887, at the early age of 18 years. Her affliction was borne with Christian fortitude and patient resignation to the will of God, who only takes but what He gave. As her life had been calm and tranquil, her death was serene and peaceful. Wishing her sorrowing friends a last farewell, she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

The wintery winds blew chill and bleak,  
The summer rains were past,  
The latest flowers had bowed their heads  
Before the withering blast.

Winter, with unrelenting sway,  
O'er earth her mantle throws,  
Fair nature feels her dreary reign,  
Lies hidden in repose.

'Tis not for nature's faded face  
That makes me sadly mourn;  
In beauty she'll be clothed anew  
When sweet spring shall return.

**CALLED IN EARLY BLOOM—Continued**

I mourn for her, 'twas prized so dear,  
Light of an humble cot—  
A mother's joy, a father's pride,  
Was Martha Elizabeth Scott.

Beloved by young, admired by old,  
Whoe'er on her did call,  
A cheering word and kindly smile,  
Yes, Martha had for all.

But tyrant Death, 'mid youth's gay morn,  
When all looks fresh and fair,  
Unclouded by the ills of life,  
Or pressed with grief and care.

That lovely floweret by thy hand  
Was nipp'd in early bloom,  
And, borne away by mourning friends,  
Laid in the silent tomb.

O may the grave to Martha be  
A bed of peaceful rest;  
Her soul ascend on angel wings,  
And mingle with the blest!

Bereaved friends prove faithful still,  
Until the word is given  
To leave behind your robe of clay,  
And join the blest in Heaven.

### IN MEMORIAM

In memory of Lily Nichol, Hornby, who died November 26th, 1911.

See Lily in her loveliness  
With eyes of bonnie blue,  
And cheeks like pink roses  
Just opening into view,  
A smile played on her ruby lips,  
That smile of harmless glee,  
And happy as a lark that sings  
Her morning melody.

See Lily in her mirthful mood,  
Her eye shone with delight,  
Like stars of the firmament  
In a calm unclouded night.  
With ringlets waving all around  
Her marble neck and brow—  
Joy of a humble happy cot  
How changed that visage now.

Behold her now at early morn,  
Her beauty fades away,  
The bloom of health has left the cheek,  
And ruby lips decay.  
We little thought that flower would be  
Cut down ere it did bloom,  
And faded, be in a few hours  
A victim of the tomb.

Sweet spring will soon restore to life  
The leafless boughs again,  
And fragrant zephyr breeze waft  
Athwart the grassy plain.  
But nature can't restore again  
That dear one unto me,  
To hear again her voice so sweet  
That spoke so kind and free.

Just tenants here, and life a span,  
Some days, some hours will stay  
Until that Voice calls us home,  
Which mankind must obey.  
Though Death has nipt a sweet rosebud  
And cast a home in gloom,  
'Tis transplanted to more genial clime  
To ripen, burst and bloom.

### UNCERTAIN IS LIFE

Lines written on the unexpected and violent death of John Allan Campbell, Cheltenham, when on his way to Winnipeg on a freight train in charge of stock, who was instantly killed in a rear-end collision on the C.P.R. on March 12th, 1912.

When March winds blew both chill and  
black

Athwart the snow-clad plain,  
Young Campbell left his parents' cot  
Ne'er to return again.

Beloved by sisters dear as life,  
To part awhile was tender;  
The parting came when railway trains  
Soon place dear friends asunder.

The troubles that afflict the just,  
Although they numerous be,  
All work to a judicious end  
Destined in God's decree.  
Yet bring a grief too deep for tears,  
A pensive, dreary morrow,  
Sealed in the bosom will abide  
In silent, hidden sorrow.

'Tis heartless news that smiteth down  
Like bolts of heaven's thunder,  
When hope is to the four winds strewn,  
And feelings rent asunder.  
A glance into the great beyond  
Might lull the bosom's sighs,  
But no, that veil's securely drawn,  
All's hid from mortal eyes.

Although some meet a violent fate,  
We can solace each other,  
A kindly, sympathetic word  
Cheers sister, father, mother.  
Mistakes will be while ages run,  
On someone rests the blame,  
Some errors made thus yield through life,  
Regret, remorse and shame.

Wild flowers have decked the grassy lea,  
And fragrance filled the air,  
The murmuring streamlet rippled on,  
And Nature's face looked fair.  
Since Allan left this changeful sphere  
For a more congenial clime,  
Just as his numbered days ran out  
Slid off the stage of time.

### UNCERTAIN IS LIFE—Continued

When pilgrims and sojourners here  
We suffer grief and pain,  
There's promised balm for wounded souls,  
Why murmur and complain?  
Then why not dry that crystal tear,  
Thy cheeks now trickling o'er,  
John Campbell's gone to realms of bliss,  
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

---

### IN MEMORIAM

Lines written on Sarah Macdonald Heron, who departed this life April 25th, 1915.

#### Gone to Her Reward

Art thou gone, dearest mother, and left us in sorrow?  
Thy sons and thy daughters bend over thy bier.  
From on high Divine consolation we borrow,  
While our eyes are bedimmed with a sorrowing tear.

Gone from our midst is kind-hearted mother,  
Who smoothed down our pillow at evening's repose,  
In our morning of youth her charge kept together,  
Would smile at our mirth, feel sad at our woes.

Gone to the Master, bereaved, cease bewailing  
The doom of mankind is the cold, silent grave,  
Our sighs and our tears are alike unavailing,  
The Lord has but taken the mother He gave.

Her bright watchful eyes shone like stars in the even,  
Her smile like sweet roses just after the rain,  
The beauties of nature recall to our vision,  
Engraved on our bosom will her image remain.

As streams in the desert life-giving to nature  
Glides inching along, breathing life in its train,  
Life's pilgrimage ended, man enters the future,  
Our loss, dearest mother, we trow is thy gain.

Through the storms of life beyond is the haven,  
Where the storm-tossed mariner receives the reward;  
By the Master's own hand is the crown of life given,  
Saying, enter thou blest one, the joys of thy Lord.

### CULLED IN EARLY BLOOM

Lines suggested by the unexpected and lamented death of Mrs. N. Alteman, who as a young lady was beloved by all who formed her acquaintance. She was a native of Brampton and was familiarly known by her maiden name, May Guest. She departed this life April 8th, 1912.

A May flower grew up on Etobicoke's side,  
Was the joy of a home, a delight and a pride;  
As fair as a lily, when bathed in dew,  
With a smile on her lips, eyes of dark blue.  
When twilight approaches, and o'er the earth creeps  
In kind loving arms, was cradled to sleep,  
'Neath a motherly smile and tenderest care —  
Life's comforts bestowed with a bounteous share.

When woodlands appear in the distance so dim,  
The murmuring brook sings its old vesper hymn;  
Ceased have the warblers to carol their lays,  
With heads in their bosoms 'neath the leafy sprays;  
And hushed is the hum of the frugal bee,  
While silence doth reign o'er the emerald lea;  
This flower of the valley grew day by day  
More attractive and lovely became little May.

This flower was transplanted in a garden fair,  
No lack of attention but nurtured with care,  
Lest the wild driven snow and keen biting frost,  
Might blast its fair blossoms, and virtues be lost.  
Sad, sad to relate, amid all this care,  
That attractive sweet floweret, promising and fair,  
Drooped its fair head and faded away,  
As the dewdrop does vanish by the solar ray.

At school and at church, both old and young,  
Their esteem and respect her virtues had won;  
Beloved for her worth, ever willing to aid  
Request but a favor, 'twas granted, obeyed.  
Then why is the tear in the eye of the old,  
Whose heart and affections grow withered and cold —  
When the sun in the morning looked down from his throne  
To smile on the earth, our mayflower was gone.

It is thus, ever thus, in Nature's fair plan  
Death thwarts all the efforts of frail mortal man;  
God gave and He takes, but His motive is love,  
When He calls a dear friend to the mansions above.  
It is thus, ever thus, while pilgrims on earth,  
Though our home may be broken, desolate our hearth —  
Let us cease to murmur, and cease to implore,  
We will meet our dear May on Canaan's bright shore.

### DEPARTED WORTH

In loving memory of Fanny D. Rutherford, beloved wife  
of John L. Watson.

Wake lyric muse to life anew,  
Though doleful be thy lays,  
Fond memory, come unfold sweet scenes,  
That speak of bygone days.  
Through life's rough and uneven path  
'Twas made both straight and fine  
By one now in the cold graveyard,  
That loving wife of mine.

Can I forget the happy days  
We often spent together  
On moorlands wild in auld Scotland,  
Among the blooming heather,  
Or on sweet Eden's flowery banks,  
There I pledged her to be mine,  
And placed a garland on her brow,  
That loving wife o' mine.

I hear her sweet melodious voice  
In every bird that sings  
Their song of praise from leafy bower,  
And high on sportive wings.  
I see her in my garden walks,  
In gloaming or sunshine,  
I see her face at every turn,  
That loving wife of mine.

It seems to me but yesterday,  
In looking back to see  
The children at their evening prayers  
Around their mother's knee,  
Who never tired to teach them truths  
Out of that Book divine,  
Unflinching in a righteous cause,  
That loving wife o' mine.

O tyrant Death, thy ruthless hand  
Why treat me so severely,  
To take my dear one from my side,  
Who loved me most sincerely.  
If God be pleased to call her home,  
Humbly I will resign  
My right to Him who takes His own,  
And loving wife o' mine.

### DEPARTED WORTH—Continued

Away those tears, beloved ones,  
Though thy mother's call away,  
Me thinks she owned too pure a heart  
To wear a robe of clay.  
In realms of bliss, in spotless robe  
She evermore will shine,  
Serving the Saviour she adored,  
That loving wife o' mine.

---

### IN MEMORIAM

Written on the death of Robert Hewie, a youthful  
companion and close friend.

No more I'll hear that familiar voice,  
Nor grasp that withered hand.  
Ah, never more will I rejoice  
At his wants to attend!  
Grim tyrant Death, great is thy power  
To break true friendship's cord,  
And at an unexpected hour  
To usher man before his Lord.  
Oh, 'tis a sad heart-rending thing  
To think on him to-day;  
Two friends sincere Death came between,  
And marked one for his prey.  
Perplexing thoughts now haunt my mind,  
I feel as left alone,  
Since he, my much esteemed friend,  
Alas, is dead and gone!  
I trow he's gone to realms of bliss,  
Rejoice, bereaved, why mourn?  
Be calm, dear friends, he is at rest,  
Wish not for his return.  
To realms of light his soul hath fled,  
He'll live in endless day,  
No more this sinful earth he'll tread,  
Nor wear a robe of clay.  
To man's long home the body's borne,  
Laid in its narrow bed;  
There rest until the judgment morn,  
There slumber with the dead.  
But on that morn thou'lt surely rise,  
Thy soul will meet again  
And join the Saviour in the skies,  
In heaven with Him to reign.

### CULLED IN EARLY BLOOM

Lines written on James Watson, my baby boy, who was called away at the early age of twenty-one.

'Tis sad to part with one we love,  
See borne away to the cold grave.  
Yes, 'tis the will of Him above,  
Who only takes but what He gave.  
Why need I murmur and complain  
If grief's supplanted love and joy  
Through life, affections will entwine  
Round over beloved baby boy.

His pet name was the Baby Boy,  
Well cared for by a loving mother,  
Was father's pride, delight and joy,  
Loved by one sister and three brothers.  
Methought the genial breeze of spring  
And native air, a few short weeks,  
Would strength renew and soon would bring  
The glow of health into his cheeks.

A year ago left for the West,  
A keen, athletic sport was he,  
He played lacrosse, he kept the goal,  
Performed his task with agile glee.  
I little dreamt in a year's time  
His robust frame a wreck would be,  
Had he but left that trying clime,  
As it with him did not agree.

Why is my soul in anguish wrung,  
My bleeding bosom in despair?  
Because he's called away so young,  
So young, so promising and fair.  
Some flowers grow up, mature and die,  
Some rosebuds never reach the bloom;  
Some bloom awhile, then prostrate lie—  
All, all must fade, 'tis mortal's doom.

High Heaven, have I offended thee?  
Perhaps too much I prized my boy.  
If so, forgive the wrong I've done,  
In human weakness placing joy.  
The seasons come, the seasons go,  
The life of man soon past does glide.  
'Tis only but four years ago  
Stood by his dying mother's side.

**CULLED IN EARLY BLOOM—Continued**

Though man is doomed to cares and toil,  
Sojourning through this vale of tears,  
There's healing balm for wounded souls  
That calms their doubts, allays their fears.  
Hush, doubting soul, dry up those tears!  
Why longer mourn his early doom?  
That rosebud early nipt from earth  
In Paradise will burst and bloom.

---

**IN MEMORIAM**

Of James Scott Gorden, a bosom friend, who died 11th of  
July, 1867, who was studying for the ministry.

'Tis midnight and the full-orbed moon,  
Like a pale spectre walks the sky,  
The balmy breath of summer's eve  
Scarce stirs the brook that murmurs by.

Along my path rich petalled flowers  
With fragrance fill the midnight air,  
While in the woods a stillness reigns,  
They seem fast wrapt in mute despair.

But 'tis not nature's sombre gloom  
Which makes one thus in anguish mourn,  
Though placid she appears to view,  
Sweet balmy breezes will return.

I mourn that Death's cold cruel hand  
Has snatched my dearest friend away.  
O tyrant Death, why break love's chain  
And crush it 'neath thy ruthless sway.

That hand I fondly grasped now cold,  
On earth again will never meet,  
That familiar voice, alas, is hushed,  
Which was so soft, so kind and sweet.

But Death thy power will have an end;  
The day draws nigh each eye shall see,  
Thy power o'erthrown then we'll ascend  
Triumphant o'er the grasp of thee.

So dry those tears from off thy cheek,  
And cease bereaved to mourn his doom,  
That flower that Death has culled on earth  
In Paradise will richly bloom.

### OCCUPANTS OF THE OLD GRAVEYARD

Lines written at the graves of the dear departed at  
the quiet, gloaming grey.

When evening shades are gathering round  
The consecrated burial ground,  
    'Tis sweet to be alone  
To read memorials of our race  
Engraved by their last resting place  
    On monuments of stone.

For them we love lie sleeping here  
Rolls down the cheek a silent tear  
    To ease the aching heart,  
Yet beams of hope spring up so bright  
That fills the soul with radiant light,  
    Sweet heavenly dort.

Though man can't penetrate the gloom  
That shroud the tenants of the tomb,  
    Can mount on wings of faith,  
To regions far beyond the sky,  
These happy climes on high,  
    Where reigns no sin or death.

## Miscellaneous Poems and Songs

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### THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN

Poets are often termed a little fantastic by the community. Be that as it may, they show a strong attachment to the land of their nativity. Lord Byron, on his departure for Greece wrote "My Native Land, Good-Night", Thomas Pringle wrote "My Native Teviotdale," Sir Walter Scott, "Love of Country," besides many others, as did Leaden of Denholm, who wrote his "Scenes of Infancy" when in India.

There is generally one locality that either man or woman is much attached to, that is the district where their youthful days were spent. Being reared not far from the base of the Cheviot hills, the boundary line between England and Scotland on the banks of the rivers Kale, Jed Bowmont, and lovely Teviotdale. The highest range of the Cheviots has an altitude of nearly three thousand feet above sea level. The lower hills are mostly steep and broken in their acclivities and covered with abundance of fern. That plant indicates the porosity and fertility of the subsoil. Beautiful sheets of green sward cover the tops of the hills with nutritive and indigenous grasses, fit pasture for sheep, and the locality has attained a name second to none for the rearing of the hardy breed of Cheviots. All this district was for centuries the chief scene of the border raids. It now affords a striking contrast between Chevy Chase of the past and the peacefulness of the present day.

There is a land with heath clad hills  
And yellow broom and whins;  
And foaming, rushing crystal rills,  
That lap o'er rocky lynns.  
Wild flowerets sparkling here and there  
Like gems the straths adorn;  
There shepherds tend their fleecy care,  
In the land where I was born.

Oh! but wild traditioned Scotland  
Thy blood-stained rugged braes,  
And strongholds round thy borderland  
Speak deeds of gory days;  
When furious onslaught enemies made,  
Midnight or early morn;  
Thy stalwart sons fought undismayed  
In the land where I was born.

**THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN—Continued**

Brave Wallace, prominent in fame,  
Freed Scotland when oppressed;  
Unto this day his honored name  
Plants courage in the breast;  
A haughty king, cruel and unjust,  
In wrath had vowed and sworn  
To tread thine honor in the dust,  
Thou land where I was born.

Many's the slip 'tween cup and lip,  
Oft schemes reversely turn;  
As Scotia from his grasp did slip  
At Bloody Bannockburn.  
The Bruce with stratagem and skill  
From that usurper's torn—  
The boaster's power to rule at will  
The land where I was born.

There stands an aged, far-seeing seer,  
In calm, unruffled mood;  
For statements made he must appear  
In Palace of Holyrood.  
From pulpit his outspoken truths  
No longer can be borne.  
By prelate, priest, nor queen forsooth  
In the land where I was born.

Perhaps the leaders in this scene  
Bereft of power to reason,  
When Knox the lieges did convene  
Did term it high treason.  
This cleft in twain their secret league,  
Their case soon looks forlorn,  
With the plotting centre of intrigue  
In the land where I was born.

Yon pillars on the green hillside  
Where purple heather blooms;  
Are monuments where martyrs died,  
Shot by the rude dragoons;  
Caught reading in that book divine  
An act that can't be borne,  
In that dark age a heinous crime  
In the land where I was born.

Now when the Sabbath morn comes round  
Men rest in freedom's chair;  
Within the pews also are found  
The earnest listener there;

### THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN—Continued

And many a humble shepherd's cot  
On moorlands seem forlorn,  
Is birthplace of a brilliant Scot  
In the land where I was born.

A beacon placed on towering hills  
The heavens seemed all aglow;  
Did test the spirit and the will  
To check a foreign foe.  
The tocsin toils its loud alarm,  
Sounding all night till morn;  
Then the bubble burst, 'twas a false alarm,  
On the land where I was born.

Let warblers flit in rainbow hue  
In chorus sweetly sing;  
'Mid sylvan groves all bathed in dew,  
Bloom everlasting spring.  
Soft zephyrs blow o'er Cheviot peaks,  
Adown the wimpling burns,  
Put rosebud tints on maiden's cheeks,  
In the land where I was born.

'Twas there I spent sweet days of yore,  
Unsullied, free from care;  
'Mid heather waving round the door,  
And my auld mother there.  
That land where grows the sweet bluebells  
Scotch thistle and hawthorn,  
I prize it more than tongue can tell,  
The land where I was born.

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### ODE ON MY BIRTHDAY

January 29, 1842

As my days, so shall my strength be.  
Deuteronomy 33:25.

Threescore and ten times genial spring,  
Thy jocund, smiling face I've seen;  
And heard the warblers sweetly sing  
Among the woodlands budding green.

The summer roses hailed to see  
Their petals bathed in morning dews,  
And wild flowers deck the grassy lea  
Like sheets displayed in various hues.

**ODE ON MY BIRTHDAY—Continued**

With pride have viewed the golden grain,  
Prolific Autumn yearly brings;  
Luxuriant wave over hill and plain,  
Perfection of the seeds of spring.

Winter, though chilly breezes sheds,  
Gives maidens' cheeks a healthful glow;  
A mantle white complete does spread  
While exhausted nature sleeps below.

Many a season glided by,  
While I, a heedless stripling, ran  
Thoughtless and aimless, until I  
Emerged into the years of man.

Through many ups and downs in life,  
'Mid joys and griefs and anxious cares,  
Man struggles through this world of strife,  
Amid alluring, artful snares.

The worn-out pilgrim bent with years,  
Amid hard toil has thoughts sublime,  
As inch by inch the goal he nears,  
When reached drops off the stage of  
time.

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**SCOTTISH SCENES ON THE EVE OF SABBATH**

Hail, Sabbath morn, sweet sacred day of rest,  
Relieves o'er-laden pilgrims when oppressed,  
When powers supreme authoritively spake,  
Commanding earth its varied form to take;  
Six days were taken to complete the plan,  
But could effectually finished it in one.  
Then viewed the new formed fabric as it stood,  
Pronounced the workmanship was very good.  
The seventh day was sanctified and set apart  
For rest, for worship, and solace the heart.  
So rest relieves the careworn, weary ones,  
Toiling six days beneath a scorching sun.  
The brawny blacksmith's spirits cheers.  
The anvil's din is hushed as Sabbath nears.  
The edge, the plane, the saw, and useful wrench  
Are laid at rest upon the workshop bench.  
Blest day in thee men breathe more purer air,

### SCOTTISH SCENES ON THE EVE OF SABBATH

Continued.

By thee relieved from toil and anxious care;  
When cares of life oppress, ye bring solace  
To careworn pilgrims sweet sacred day of grace.  
The toiling peasant in the furrowed field,  
From solar heat, no shade, from cold no shield,  
Hedgerow or tree has often been his screen,  
Upon the grassy sward his seat has been,  
At noon, the table that he dined thereon,  
A grassy hillock or a moss-grown stone.  
Six days of hardy toil come to an end,  
As hard earned fee received now homeward wend  
Through moorlands wild, o'er steep and rugged braes,  
Through pastures green he finds the nearest way,  
Tired and leg-weary, strength almost gone,  
With eager perseverance inching on,  
With tardy step, zeal burning in his eyes,  
With wistful looks and heavy long drawn sighs,  
Afar sees playful children on the lea  
At harmless sports around a spreading tree,  
Boys high up among the leafy boughs  
Sit patiently awaiting there for hours.  
From a lofty bough a glimpse is caught by one,  
Who calls aloud, "Father!", descends and runs.  
The signal given all quit the jovial spot,  
The games are ended and the play forgot.  
The race begun, a most hilarious scene,  
Sweet children proudly scampering o'er the green,  
Sisters 'gainst brothers striving in the race,  
Eager to gain the father's first embrace,  
To breathe into his ears in words so fain,  
Father, all glad to have you home again.  
Homefelt joys the tongue cannot express.  
Methinks a sweet foretaste of heavenly bliss.  
Around his legs with fondest joy some cling,  
The baby round his neck her wee arms fling.  
The father home nothing now them annoy,  
High heaves each bosom with exultant joy.  
The mother hears the noise, hastes to the scene—  
A thrifty, sedate matron, trig and clean,  
Gets to the garden gate and wooden stile.  
There views the greeting with a humorous smile.  
The father sees her pleasant smiling face,  
Hastens to clasp her in his fond embrace,  
For day by day these scenes are ever rife.  
Among the ups and downs of human life  
That family meeting near the garden gate  
Imparts new vigor, makes the mind elate.

## SCOTTISH SCENES ON THE EVE OF SABBATH

Continued.

The humble cot is reached, the father's pride,  
His old arm chair and cosy warm fireside,  
The table neatly spread with wholesome fare,  
All seated round the toothsome meal to share;  
A blessing asked from Him, the wise and good,  
Who satisfies man's wants with daily food.  
Where'er the godly man does cast his eyes,  
Perfection there in vivid force arise.  
A master hand is seen displayed for good,  
In every clime man finds his needful food,  
Provided thus by heaven's unceasing care.  
Not man alone, all living creatures share,  
And skulking reptile on the earth that creeps  
He careth for, Who slumbers not nor sleeps,  
Fed day by day from nature's liberal hand,  
Food for all living springeth from the ground.  
The streamlets gliding down the green hillsides,  
Gathering in volume as they onward glide,  
By a Master Hand placed there when time began,  
Assuage the craving thirst of beasts and man.  
The wholesome supper o'er, naught to annoy,  
Smooth glides the current of domestic joy.  
Seated upon his chair of ease now finds  
Comfort, forerunner of a tranquil mind.  
As the old clock chimes nine with one accord,  
A family circle forms to praise the Lord,  
The Bible brought, that precious Book divine,  
Used by old grandpas in his day langsyne.  
"O God of Bethel," the hymn read and sung,  
How sweet the voices blend of old and young;  
A chapter from the Holy Scriptures read—  
All listen attentively to what is said.  
On bended knees with helpmate by his side,  
And children near, who swell the circle wide,  
Gives thanks to him who cares for great and small,  
Whose ear is open to the needy call,  
The world shut out when at a throne of grace,  
List to his pleading voice, observe his heaven turned face;  
Now see the cares of life have passed away,  
A week's toil ended creeps in the sacred day,  
A bracing walk on peaceful Sabbath morn,  
O'er meadows fair where flowerets do adorn,  
To hear the warbling songsters sweetly sing  
From leafy boughs and upon sportive wing,  
Though on this sphere form but a tiny part,  
Their soothing strains spring from love beating heart,  
Fully four thousand years man can attest

**SCOTTISH SCENES ON THE EVE OF SABBATH**  
Continued.

Was the seventh day kept as the day of rest,  
The Jew still clings to that appropriate day,  
Blessed by the Lord and set apart for aye,  
Why this change made may I in accents speak,  
From the seventh to the first day of the week,  
That advent the greatest that the world had seen,  
Everlasting blessing to mankind has been.  
To you is born in Bethlehem town this day  
The Saviour of mankind did holy angels say.  
O'er His birth mankind laud and extol,  
While his death expiates sin-laden souls,  
Create a world from naught was almighty skill,  
Redeem a world from sin was greater still.  
On Calvary's cross the agonizing Saviour cries,  
" 'Tis finished," bows his head and dies.  
On Sabbath morn, that day of days the best,  
Arose triumphant of His own behest.  
Lord of the Sabbath day, Master divine,  
Christians venerate thee throughout all time.

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**PROTESTANTISM**

The birth of Protestantism unfolds that ray  
Of purest light pointing the heavenward way  
To plodding pilgrims through this vale of strife,  
Breathing a foretaste of celestial life,  
The teachings of our Lord the precious seed  
When in His passion did from his lips proceed,  
Behold a stately tree has sprung from them.  
Engrafted disciples grow a fruitful stem.  
Thus from our gracious Lord receiving birth,  
Destined one day to cover the whole earth.  
Its history is a drama of all time,  
The greatest, grandest, none other more sublime.  
'Tis not policy mankind can treat,  
Nor yet an empire with armies and a fleet,  
Neither a church with synods nor edicts made,  
But a creative power within the soul obeyed.  
'Tis simply a principle evil erasing,  
Whose powerful influence is all embracing;  
It penetrates the soul, renews the heart,  
Satanic cobwebs from the mind depart  
With vivifying energy and noiseless tread,  
Regenerates society, exalts its head,  
Creator and founder on that rock secure  
Of free kingdoms and of churches pure.

### PROTESTANTISM—Continued

This orb I trow is not too large a stage  
For its enacted scenes from age to age.  
I ask whence came this principle, where sprung from?  
Was its birth place the seven hilled city Rome?  
If history's pages I rightly scan,  
It cannot breathe within the Vatican.  
At the protest it opened its infant eyes  
By Lutheran princes at the diet of spires—  
That ray of purest light began to shine  
A.D. Fifteen hundred and twenty-nine.  
A new world sprung up from the protest,  
A proof of purity by kind Providence blest.  
Such blest achievements beneficent sublime,  
Peeled their loud notes through centuries of time.  
The dismal darkness from the world dispelled  
The errors of the church of Rome unveiled.  
Liberty and knowledge, twin stars, shine bright,  
The darkened mind aroused awakes to light,  
New life, new energy the intellect expands,  
Then heavenly wisdom waves her olive wand,  
Away the scales of superstition flies,  
The human thought exalts aloft will rise.  
Is that graft inwoven in the soul sublime,  
Ah, yes, and yielding fruit in every clime,  
This precious ray of light preserved alive,  
'Tis simply Christianity revived.  
O quickening spark clothed with ethereal ray,  
A balm and foretaste of eternal day!  
For centuries the Christian world did mourn,  
While the lamp of truth did flickering burn,  
Beneath Italian skies would make advance,  
At times illumine the flowery plains of France,  
Along the Danube's course would shine awhile,  
Enlightening rays, with hopeful smile,  
On England's shores would rays of glory shed,  
On Scottish Hebrides her banner spread.  
The lofty Alps too saw the golden ray,  
While Piedmont valleys hailed the gladsome day.  
Checked by that bitter foe, the pagan world,  
At such prosperity their superstitions hurled,  
Dalmatian rose in his despotic might,  
With stakes and massacres began the fight.  
The more he smote with his relentless blow,  
Sprung up new stars with brighter glow.  
Why Christianity become a mongrel creed,  
Mixed up with pagan rites that barren seed,  
Why inward power of truth and virtue lost,  
On the rough surge of heathenism tossed?

### PROTESTANTISM—Continued

Why rites and forms, so striking false withal?  
Why paintings and images disgrace the wall?  
Why multitudinous offices when named,  
Such contrast to the order Christ ordained!  
The church her golden chalices did prepare  
When saintly priests were artificial ware.  
Ah, thoughtless teachers brimful of care,  
Can't feed your flock on pastures bare!  
Why rest a moment carnally secure?  
First make your calling and election sure,  
Life's early morn the opportunity embrace,  
And grasp that precious gift of God's free grace.  
That priceless gem from heaven to earth was sent  
To heal, to satisfy, create content.  
On Bethlthem's fertile plains at midnight still,  
When silence reigns o'er valley and o'er hill,  
Amid their flocks the faithful shepherds lay,  
Tending their fleecy care till break of day.  
Suddenly a heavenly lustre dazzling bright,  
Which lurid radiance fills the plain with light.  
An angel spake as fear had seized their mind:  
Fear not, he said, I bring glad tidings to mankind.  
A meteor star, high heaven their guide,  
Would guide them to the babe of Bethlehem's side.  
Enrapt with holy joy they quit the plain  
To hail the Prince of Salem come to reign.  
Thou promised gift, while ages onward roll,  
Thy death shall be the ransom of men's soul.  
Now Christianity, begin thy grand career,  
Expand thy growth through each succeeding year;  
Thy hope build on that chiefest cornerstone  
The Master layed, see build Mercon,  
With apostles, prophets knit together,  
That all the wiles of Satan cannot sever.  
Let deeds of charity be daily thine,  
Thy conscience be thy plummet and thy line.  
In accents soft thy precious truths unfold;  
The same grand Gospel, ever young and old,  
Profusely breathe alike on age and youth,  
The sweetness of thy everlasting truth.  
Lull the loud clamor both of war and strife,  
Destructive weapons of the Christian life,  
Reviled by foes, crushed almost out of sight,  
Blessings for curses still be thy delight,  
Spill no blood nor yet the sword unsheathe,  
But heavenly promises ye softly breathe.  
Dragged to the stake the martyr's spirit cheers,  
Fills them with faith and love, becalms their fears.

### PROTESTANTISM—Continued

Undaunted he stands, both fearless and brave;  
A martyr's courage to the Christian gave;  
Voice mild but firm, in calm unruffled mien,  
Nigh to death's door beheld a heavenly scene.  
Vision enlarged the heavenly arch he scanned,  
Beheld his Saviour at the Lord's right hand.  
As his dire foes this vision could not see,  
Dared to term it utter blasphemy,  
Ran on him, wreathing in Satanic rage—  
That act of violence stains the sacred page—  
Stone after stone was cast in demon ire,  
To crush the infant church, their heart's desire.  
Aloud he cries with weak and faltering breath—  
Lord, charge them not, I pray Thee, with my death."  
Neither regret, remorse, nor shame took hold  
Upon that motley throng, Satanic bold.  
Does not the Lord on all rich blessings share,  
Protect His servants with a father's care?  
Ah! yes, that soul to realms of bliss is fled,  
Seed of the Church, the martyr's blood now shed.  
For conscience' sake, grim death in view,  
Surrounded by a wicked, motley crew,  
In self-defence firm and unflinching stands,  
Their righteous cause with Scripture proofs defend,  
Rather than from their firm belief depart  
Embrace a bleeding bosom and a broken heart.  
At Orleans flourished once a noble band,  
Whose lore and charity spread o'er the land,  
Taught by the spirit and the Word of God,  
Cherished in secret faith their risen Lord.  
Betrayed by one who feigned himself a friend,  
Listening with heart and ear he did attend  
To their discourses fraught with gospel truth,  
These canons fed a sleek, deceitful youth,  
With living water from the everlasting spring,  
Bread of Life to his empty soul they bring.  
Pure wisdom and knowledge to him imparts—  
But Arfaste heard them with a callous heart.

So like the worldling in this present day,  
Evil for good the earth worm does repay;  
To bishop's counsel brought, but could not find  
An error in their doctrine when defined.  
All arguments and threats so powerless fell,  
Satanic gins escaped though planned so well,  
An understanding clear, God's Word their guide,  
A resolution firm come what betide.  
Cringe not, neither would alter their belief.

### PROTESTANTISM—Continued

The stake was threatened—this they termed relief.  
Burning, says one, a puny, fragile story,  
It only opens the gateway into glory.  
Of clerical vestments straightway stript,  
Like their Master smitten with rods and whipt;  
The self-wise queen herself standing thereby  
Struck one a violent blow, put out his eye.  
This little band of fourteen unflinching stood,  
In 'midst of flames, firm front, undaunted mood.  
Those forked tongues their frames ere long destroy,  
Their souls released soar into everlasting joy.  
An intrepid hero worthy of renown  
From the school of Aberlard is handed down.  
His history shows a bright but boisterous career;  
Was stern, on church pollution most severe;  
Frightful confusion in the church's reign,  
Offices of state the clergy filled for gain;  
Presided in princely cabinets, armies led,  
Had lordly domains, luxuriant tables spread;  
Source of much evil, perversion all around,  
With such enormous wealth the church is drowned.  
O'erwhelming church and state intrigues oft brewing,  
Hastening on the Christian world to ruin;  
Fearless he steps within the gates of Rome,  
Throws the gage of battle to the Vatican.  
Once with religious freedom Italy shone bright,  
Single-handed 'gainst menaces did fight,  
Laughed at interdicts, smiled at such blunders,  
When Europe cringed beneath its rousing thunder.  
How annoying to live 'mid fears and hopes,  
Seeing chased from Rome the infallible popes.  
At once bestir thyself, ye citizens arise,  
And shake the blinding scales from off thine eyes.  
Liberty of conscience, as Garibaldi spake,  
And Rome the capital of Italy make;  
Let the Pope retain ecclesiastical sway,  
And Rome will shine in a more brilliant way.  
Short-lived the men who filled the Papal chair,  
They reigned in testing times, oppressed with care.  
For centuries Rome was a sepulchre of strife,  
Could not wake up to spiritual life.  
Time rolled past, the opportunity gone,  
When Nichole's Breakspear filled the Papal throne.  
At his interdicts the Romans cringed in terror,  
Could not see through this snare laid error.  
As Vicar of Christ was by his Master sent,  
To open heaven's gate to the penitent;  
To exile leaders of heretics must go,

### PROTESTANTISM—Continued

With all their followers, mark the final blow,  
'Twill give the over-zealous Pope relief,  
Appease his vicious rage, allay his grief.

Outspoken Arnold, immortal live his name;  
Though fiends can give thy body to the flames,  
Though burned to ashes, on the Tiber cast,  
Thy righteous cause condemned, thy truths still last;  
Thy teachings have throughout all Europe gone;  
With growing ardour has thy doctrine shone.  
Wycliffe thy demand four centuries later made;  
Savonorold a century later his part played.  
An Italian hero does at last arise,  
And raised his country's fame in Europe's eyes;  
A heroic band, with Leader at their head,  
Enters Rome, soon to crowning victory led.  
September twentieth, 1870, memorable day,  
Temporal sovereignty gone, Popedom gave way.  
The sceptre disjoined, from the mitre riven—  
The movement witnessed both in earth and heaven.

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### ADDRESS TO BRAMPTON

There is no spot, either east or west,  
If one inclines to roam—  
Where a weary, careworn pilgrim rests,  
As contented as at home.  
When a smiling face at e'en you greet  
No sign of scowl or frown,  
For a woman's touch makes home look  
sweet  
In country and in town.

The winding rill, Etobicoke,  
Half round she glides along,  
Though serpentine, does rippling go,  
Murmuring its vesper song;  
The handsome maples shade thy streets  
From Sol's hot, scorching rays,  
On crowded corners friends will meet  
Upon thy market days.

When propitious Dick tolls twelve aloud  
From his lofty turret tower,  
Forth comes a merry hearted crowd  
At noonday's festive hour.

**ADDRESS TO BRAMPTON—Continued**

We thank the donor's useful gift  
That welcome hours proclaim,  
For sons and daughters yet unborn,  
Will venerate his name.

In thee that sacred day of rest  
Retains its honored place,  
When weary laden and opprest,  
Find comfort and solace.  
Behold that eager, passing throng,  
Some walking up, some down,  
Each to respective creeds belong  
In peaceful Brampton town.

On Brampton smile, ye powers above,  
Niche in the roll of fame;  
May every home be seat of love  
Of pure and holy flame.  
As streams of water downward flow,  
The days are speeding on,  
When folks to Brampton city go  
Instead of Brampton town.

## GRATITUDE

Diphtheria, in a most devastating malignant form, laid six of my children prostrate. Night and day I waited upon them to administer to their various wants. I was, therefore, unable for a while to attend to my duties outside. My kind neighbors around Churchville (where I formerly resided) brought me a supply of provisions—so unexpectedly, I could only stand in mute amazement, so taken by surprise I could scarcely articulate a sentence to thank them for their consideration and generous liberality in bestowing such a benificent gift upon me who did nothing beyond duty to merit such kindness.

I, therefore, Mr. Editor, beg a small space in your widely circulated newspaper, to express my gratitude in rhyme:

God prosper long my generous friends,  
Be Thou their star, their sun,  
To guide them through this weary world  
Until their race is run.

Surrounded by Death's cold embrace,  
My sweet home bleak and bare,  
And weary want and hardships  
Did at me wildy stare.

My Churchville friends came to the front,  
True kindness did me show;  
Words cannot tell, nor tongue express,  
The debt of gratitude I owe.

I'll sing their praise both far and near,  
Their goodness I'll proclaim—  
That generations yet unborn  
May venerate their name.

They have the will—they had the power—  
Their bounty came through love—  
Kind Providence on them bestow  
Thy blessings from above.

The scholar may forget his lore,  
The sailor may the sea—  
But Churchville, I can ne'er forget  
My kindly friends around thee.

Huttonville, February, 1884.

## HUMAN LIFE

While standing on the bridge that spans the Etobicoke, opposite R. H. Pringle's residence, and seeing the volume of water rushing along with large quantities of debris on its bosom, the day little Archie McKechnie was drowned, and thinking it a fit emblem of human life, the following lines were penned :

### The Etobicoke

Once a streamlet and did glide  
Murmuring down the green hillside,  
Sometimes running, sometimes creeping,  
Sometimes rocky ledges leaping,  
Sometimes with the forest flowers,  
In the glade delayed for hours—  
Idly wandering in the wildwood,  
Sporting in thy baby childhood.

Tiny brooklet, stripling still,  
Gliding onward with a will;  
Singing 'mong the forest trees,  
Sighing to the zephyr breeze,  
Courting many a crystal rill,  
That thy craving bosom fill—  
Tells the world the honest truth,  
Only budding in my youth.

Mighty river, broad and deep,  
Rushing onward with a sweep,  
Onward in thy wild commotion,  
Restless till ye reach the ocean,  
Marching on in giant sway,  
Naught thy wild career can stay—  
Check is but a futile strife,  
Heedless of a human life.

Such the stream is human life,  
Calm in peace, but strong in strife;  
Like youth with ardour, bosom beating,  
Knows no stopping nor retreating.  
Inwoven in our frame are cares,  
To curb the wiles, elude the snares,  
Dangerous foes are ever rife,  
The mingled gall of human life.

### THE ETOBICOKE—Continued

Struggling thus 'mid cares and toil,  
Pressing onward to the goal,  
Live mankind 'mong joys and sorrow,  
Here to-day, away to-morrow.  
The aged seer, and silvered hairs  
Oppressed with grief, bowed down with  
cares,  
Awaits the call from earthly strife,  
To enter a more perfect life.

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### IN THE GARDEN ALONE

Genesis 2: 15—And the Lord God took the man, and  
put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.  
While some feathered tribes and beasts of prey

When man was placed in Eden's bowers  
To keep and dress, arrange the flowers,  
While stainless was the gardener's soul,  
The garden was at his control.  
In pleasure paths could roam all day  
While warbling songsters on the spray  
Delights him with their vocal song  
That echoed sweet the bowers among.

With no companion by his side  
Did scan the landscape far and wide,  
In the distance various tribes did see  
Feeding by twos in harmony.  
He knew no guile, he had no fear,  
At the Master's call hastes to revere.  
The powers above viewed from their throne  
Man isolated and alone.

As the sun is sinking in the west  
Adam betakes himself to rest,  
While some feathered tribes and beasts of prey  
Begin their work at gloaming day.  
The dawn returns at God's behest  
With Sol's bright rays the world is blest.  
Still Adam from his shelter's gone  
In single blessedness alone.

In heavenly wisdom's boundless plan  
A river through the garden ran,  
Then four heads were formed historians say,  
Each took their course a separate way.

### IN THE GARDEN ALONE—Continued

Onward these streams majestic glide  
Makes deserts bloom on either side,  
In Armenia was that garden fair,  
The powers above had planted there.

Supremely blest the man who finds  
Blest with a partner by his side,  
A meet companion to his mind,  
Unflinching stand whate'er betide.  
Man's tried in vain to find that ground  
Where short-lived innocence was found,  
That spot none can exactly say  
Nor state thereon their lengthened stay.

A wicked power aye bent on evil  
That sleeky mischief-making devil,  
When a few paces from the partner gone  
Enticed the fair one when alone,  
Believing what the fiend did say  
God's strict command did disobey,  
And brought hard toil on all mankind,  
Were from the garden driven, gate closed behind.

---

### THE POOR OUTCAST

All you who sleep on downy beds  
And pillows white as snow;  
Think on the homeless poor outcast,  
That wanders to and fro.  
No father's love, nor mother's care  
Out on the bleak world cast;  
A skulker here, a loiterer there,  
The homeless poor outcast.

For you will, father, till the soil  
From early morn till e'en;  
For you will, mother, anxious toil  
To keep you neat and clean.  
No tender hand to smooth his bed,  
Kind arms to clasp him fast,  
No cheering word or prayer said  
O'er the homeless poor outcast.

Behold him on the crowded street  
Bespeaks his humble lot,  
With soleless shoes upon his feet,  
A threadbare, tattered coat;

### THE POOR OUTCAST—Continued

Unheeded 'mong the throng he strays,  
Gives many a wistful glance  
At laughing boys enjoying play  
Who spurn the poor outcast.

There many a smiling face you meet  
Who sharp-edged hunger feel;  
Are tempted, having naught to eat,  
To pilfer and to steal.  
Many a home upon this sphere  
Feels famine's withering blast,  
But helping hands with bounteous cheer  
Solace the poor oppressed.

Errors create both grief and woe,  
Bring misery and pain;  
Make the innocent to often go  
Unshod midst sleet and rain;  
Yes, parents err when earnings spend  
On the intoxicating cup;  
Like a taper burning at each end  
Is soon consumed up.

The patriarch Noah planted vines,  
The Book Divine says so;  
And drank his own fermented wine  
In his day, long ago.  
In thoughtless folly, many such  
No credit to their name,  
Like Noah, take a drop too much,  
Which yields remorse and shame.

The selfwise youth to manhood grows  
Misguided through his teens;  
Many a good advice ignores,  
Disdains, rejects in spleen;  
Seated upon the scorner's chair  
Frowns on the world doth cast,  
Fast hurrying down the sliding scale  
Becomes a poor outcast.

Yet unforeseen events arise  
Adversity may come—  
And rend in twain the tender ties  
Within the happy home.  
O'ertaken by cold, cheerless fate,  
Bright prospects waning fast  
Prosperity makes some elate,  
Who spurn the poor outcast.

### THE POOR OUTCAST—Continued

Let all who have a loving heart,  
A mothers' tender care,  
Give to the homeless ones a part  
Of something you can spare;  
'Twill bring to you a lasting joy  
To comfort the oppressed,  
For angels tune afresh their lyre  
To welcome the outcast.

---

### A FRIEND IN NEED

'Tis as long as I remember,  
Sixty-two long years ago,  
In the chilly bleak December,  
Seeing a widow in her woe.

Sad and grievous was her wailing,  
As she moved to and fro;  
All words of comfort unavailing,  
That alone can Heaven bestow.

Three sweet flowerets slender,  
Drooping on their feeble stem;  
Where's the kindly hand to lend her,  
No father to provide for them.

Oppressed with care o'erwhelmed in grief,  
Her soul downcast and weary;  
No seeming aid to yield relief,  
The future prospects dreary.

Dark though the lowering clouds appear,  
Behind one soars with silver lining;  
A sincere friend is drawing near,  
With fortune earned by gold mining.

His circling arm entwines his sister,  
Her eyes bedim with falling tears.  
While closer to his bosom pressed her,  
Whispers, "I'll provide for your sweet  
dears."

The news flew round with lightning speed,  
One neighbor told another;  
Jim Armour's home, so long thought dead,  
Maria's long lost brother.

### A FRIEND IN NEED—Continued

Now plenty smiles on all around,  
But one vacant place is there;  
In the ingle neuk alas—is found  
Dear father's empty chair.

That chair always so clean and neat,  
Held hallowed by the mother;  
None occupies that sacred seat,  
Not her kind hearted brother.

Ye powers above, who rule supreme,  
Made man supremely blest,  
Implanting love so strong within  
A loving helpmate's breast.

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### ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE

Sweet primrose, early flower of spring,  
So lovely, fresh and fair,  
Thy golden petals with perfume  
Infuse the vernal air.

Shoot forth thy petals, modest flower,  
Ye never practise guile,  
Although the chilling north wind blows,  
Ye cheer us with thy smile.

'Tis joy to see thy smiling face  
Bedeck the hill and plain.  
Forerunner of the lovely flowers  
That follow in thy train.

Ye sparkle forth on banks and braes,  
In forest, glade and glen,  
Glistening like gems in rainbow hues,  
Thou lovely diadem.

The world rolls round by nature's law,  
Each season takes its place,  
There too stands many a vacant chair  
Since last we saw thy face.

O'er young and old, o'er rich and poor,  
Death casts his gloomy pall;  
Entering the peasant's humble cot,  
The monarch's stately hall.

#### ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE—Continued

And folded too those willing hands  
That nursed thy infant days.  
Sprayed thee with cool, refreshing draughts  
When parched with solar rays.  
'Mid kindred dust that dear one lies  
In calm reposing rest;  
Then, why not honor thee, sweet flower,  
To plant thee on her breast.  
Because you were a bosom friend,  
For thee had always room,  
Thy presence whispers winters o'er,  
When thou art in full bloom.

---

#### LANG SYNE MEMORIES

A village stands in Teviotdale,  
Its name acts like a spell;  
Awakening scenes of bygone days  
That simple words can tell;  
'Twas there I spent my early days,  
'Mong bosom friends of mine.  
How fondly my affections cling  
Round Eckford and langsyne.  
The teacher of the parish school  
Taught there a lengthened time,  
You'll find his scholars here and there  
In every foreign clime.  
The minister of the parish church,  
An eminent divine,  
From pulpit taught the Gospel truths  
In sweet days o' langsyne.  
The village blacksmith day by day  
Performed his work with skill;  
Obliging, kind, considerate,  
Had old and young's goodwill.  
Another worthy, brave and true  
In history's pages shine,  
Lit up on lofty Ruberslaw  
The beacon in langsyne.  
Upon a gently rising slope,  
Tradition tells us so—  
A house and workshop stood thereon  
Two hundred years ago.

**LANG SYNE MEMORIES—Continued**

To church folk passing by at noon,  
It showed no tottering sign,  
On their return it was entombed;  
Strange doings in langsyne.

Yon hawthorn tree down in the glen,  
Where starggling youths repair,  
Beneath its bowers at gloaming hours  
Found whispering lovers there.  
That trysting tree beneath its shade,  
A hand fast clasped in mine,  
Are tender in ties time can't efface,  
They breathe about langsyne.

The old kirk bell that swung so long  
Within the belfry high;  
The English soldiers carried off  
One day as they marched by.  
They hung it up on Garham Kirk  
Near by the border line—  
A trophy of their border raids  
And plunderings in langsyne.

My tardy feet may ne'er again  
Pace up the banks of Kale,  
Or wander o'er the green hillsides  
Of lovely Teviotdale.  
Or stroll among the heather bells  
When days were warm and fine,  
Or hear the milkmaid's cheerful song  
In sweet days of langsyne.

Where have those fifty years all gone,  
Since I fished the Teviot streams!  
"All numbered 'mong the things that were,  
All vanished like a dream."  
Farewell, ye sacred haunts of youth  
That tottering age decline,  
To ponder o'er in fancy's flight  
The wanderings of langsyne.

## SCENES OF BYGONE DAYS

Moralizing over the scenes of youth and looking back sixty years, few of my companions who sat at the same desk in school with me, or met to have their morning game at the auld stable end are left in the district. The auld stable was the property of the Duke of Buccleugh and the tenant was Andrew Potts, one of the yeomanry who hastened to Ruberslaw to light up the beacon at the false alarm, a gentleman much respected in the locality. The parish of Eckford was situated within a few miles of the English border and was laid waste in former times by many feuds and forays, and to this day many of the ruins of its strongholds are to be seen, Ormiston, Woodenhill, The Moss and Cessford Castle. After the Earl of Surray had vainly attempted to take Cessford Castle by storm, he obtained possession only by capitulation. He also acknowledged it to be the strongest fortress in Scotland except Dunbar and Fast Castle, near St. Abb's Head on the German Ocean, in the Parish of Coldingham, Berwickshire. Harry Hall Haughshhead and other Covenanters were incarcerated within its walls in 1606.

### The Auld Stable End

Sixty years ago I was a laughing boy,  
Running to the school my heart high-heaved with joy:  
Barefoot and barelegged, along the road I ran,  
Musing o'er some old play, devising some new plan.  
A game the old folks prized in happy days of yore,  
Yester e'en they told a neighbor and I had kept in store  
To play of in the morning I fully did intend  
When we assembled first round the auld stable end.

The auld stable end with its big crack up the wall  
Was supported by three props from a disgraceful fall;  
The tenant was a canty carle, smiled to see us meet,  
As he keeked round the corner with kindly words to  
greet:

"Com awa, canty laddies," blithely he would say,  
Rubbing his bald pate, whose few left locks were grey—  
"Welcome here to play, boys, the scholars lang I've kenned  
Tak aye their morning game at the auld stable end."

The auld stable end, bairns, I'm proud you there to see  
Nothing cheers my heart, nor can delight my e'e  
Like the keen contested race when play is first begun,  
And bizzing sound of voices all blending in the fun,

### THE AULD STABLE END—Continued

I animate your sports, enjoy your noisy din,  
These echo back youth's joys when like you I could rin,  
But now I'm frail and old, to rin I ne'er pretend,  
I only stand and keek by the auld stable end.

The auld stable end so neatly kept with care,  
Stood at one corner of the little village square,  
A garment white as snow at various times did don,  
Enhanced the time-worn fabric reared up with mud and  
stone:

Around it the wee bairnies grew up to manhood's might,  
Went out into the world, leal, honest, frugal wights;  
To fight life's hard battles in many a foreign land,  
Full many hundred miles from the auld stable end.

The auld stable end is to me a hallowed spot.  
How warmly my affections around its gable float,  
Or down the quiet loanin' where joy endeared the scene,  
Tumbling harmless summersets upon the sward so green.  
But ah, 'tis only fancy that's soaring o'er the plain,  
That gives a sly, sweet glance at the days past and gane:  
The past will be past, so 'tis hopeless to contend  
To reap youth's joys again at the auld stable end.

The auld stable end, if it could only speak,  
Or whisper tales once told there, performed strange like  
freaks,  
Shepherds from the border hills would meet in harmless  
glee  
To test their wrestling skill when from labor they were  
free.  
There bashful lovers met, that spot was hallowed, dear,  
How sly they move along till they know the way is clear,  
A shrill but meaning whistle as messenger would send,  
Bespoke the coming joys at the auld stable end.

The auld stable end looks proudly to the east,  
'Mong stables in our borderland its fame is not the least;  
It oft did shield the beggar from the fury driven snaw,  
And from the bitter blast got shelter from its wa';  
When huntsmen in the district met the meeting place was  
there,  
At the many scarlet coats how the curious would stare,  
See both auld and young folks along the highway wend  
With eager, hasty footsteps to the auld stable end.



## ON HARRY THAW

Lines Written on Harry Thaw's escape from Matteawan jail.

Awhile ago what did we hear,  
Sounding aloud both far and near,  
But hounds of justice and the law  
Upon the track of Harry Thaw.  
Speeding to Canada with cautious care,  
Seeking freedom in his rash despair,  
His visage looks careworn and wan,  
With his midnight race from Matteawan.

There is no man or maiden fair,  
But loves to sit in freedom's chair;  
Nestle in the downy lap of ease,  
Or roam at large as fancy please.  
Mark that man, that craven one,  
When danger's near won't protect his own,  
Lives an ardent lover who can endure  
Marked attention given his paramour.

Forbearing men claim they do well,  
Their honor branded to rebel,  
And scorns to brook a rival foe,  
Dragging their footsteps where they go.  
Capricious men in envy may  
Unthinking shoot, no intent to slay,  
And wreck for age a happy home,  
Then comfort and peace of mind is gone.

In ancient record one story reads  
A judge did some most marvellous deeds,  
But wily foes tried day by day  
To find out where his great powers lay.  
His bosom friend proved false withall,  
And brought about his great downfall,  
Dishonored and deprived of sight,  
Slew thousands on a festive night.

Why lengthen out unequal strife;  
Deprived of freedom, blank is life;  
For her son a mother's bosom bleeds,  
A sister yearns till he is freed.  
May friend and foe e'er long agree,  
Shake hands and set the prisoner free.  
For true as ages onward roll  
Thaw's name resounds from pole to pole.

### TRUTH MUST AND WILL PREVAIL

Among the ups and downs of life  
Some have a liberal share  
When struggling through this world of  
strife,

Beset with artful snares:  
This axiom ever standeth true,  
And never yet did fail,  
Though fibs are robed in rainbow's hue,  
Truth must and will prevail.

The scheming men who forge a lie  
Awhile conspicuous shine,  
In men's esteem exalted high,  
But false fame soon decline;  
Oblivion in the end is sure,  
In time thy faults bewail,  
For when one thinks he's most secure,  
Truth's sharp edge will prevail.

A falsehood balanced 'gainst the truth  
Soon rises light as air,  
An empty, tinkling sound forsooth,  
A bubble of despair.  
Was right e'er wrong, wrong ever right,  
Does truth e'er cringe or quail?  
Nay, firm as rocks and great in might,  
Truth must and will prevail.

Deceitful heart, how prone to sin,  
Humanity how weak;  
Apology can't palliate them  
Who daring falsehoods speak.  
Self-praise may stimulate and feed  
Those who truth's rights assail,  
While self-esteem, a worthless weed,  
Tests truth, but can't prevail.

High heaven, preserve the truth supreme,  
Untainted by man's art;  
Vile men for truth have no esteem,  
From virtue's path depart;  
Enthroned secure, though foes in force,  
Clothed in a coat of mail,  
Environ thee with chill remorse,  
Thou'lt break through and prevail.

A little leaven in the dough  
Lies hid awhile from sight,  
In time its giant power will show  
By rising into might.

**TRUTH MUST AND WILL PREVAIL—Continued**

If truth be crushed to mother earth,  
Rolloed down the sliding scale,  
'Tis still old truth of virgin birth,  
And will through life prevail.

The Bible tells us, book divine,  
Truth can't with fibs agree,  
How Annanias for his sin  
Was punished instantly.  
A lesson learn from Bible lore,  
Truth's bulwarks ne'er assail,  
Her sting is sharp, pierces the core,  
And must and will prevail.

### THE GLORIOUS FIFTH IN THE YEAR 1860

St. James' Fair is held yearly on the 5th of August and is looked forward to by both old and young in the surrounding district as a day of liberty and pleasure. It is both a business and pleasure fair and has many attractions. It is held in a meadow on the banks of the River Tweed, opposite Fleurs Castle, that stately mansion of the Duke of Roxburgh, and also at the base of the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, so famed in history for its stubborn resistance when occupied by the English, who held it for a lengthy period, but it was at last wrenched from them by the Scotch, which cost them the loss of their king. The evening before the fair six country youths met at the four roads to make arrangements to come home in one company and to meet at Hanna's tent with their partners. This Hanna was a respectable lady who kept hotel in Jedburgh and came yearly to the fair with a tent and was well patronized by both rich and poor. After supper the company, whose ages were about merry eighteen, started their homeward march in high spirits, laughing and chatting to each other until they reached the little village of Heiton and the hotel named Red Lion, when one proposed to have a parting glass. All being agreeable temperance drinks were called for the ladies, while the young men chose that far famed Highland beverage, Glenlivet. When the reckoning came to be paid one fumbled in his pocket a few seconds, then drew out a long, empty bag, and holding it up, exclaimed: "It's lang in the neck the nicht". This is a much prized purse in our family and is kept as an heirloom. It was picked up by my grandfather on the battlefield of Salamanca full of English sovereigns. He went through the Spanish war under the Duke of Wellington and finished with Waterloo receiving but one wound in his thigh. Grandfather lived to a good old age and was beloved by young and old. Needless to say, the reckoning was paid and each with their partner went to their respective homes well pleased with the day's enjoyment.

#### The Lang-Necked Empty Purse

Some purses are long—some purses are short,  
Some have a peculiar make;  
This one that caused so much laughter and sport,  
Is exactly the shape of a snake.

Among the ills that environ mankind  
Can one tell me is anything worse  
When your honor's at stake, in your pocket you find  
Your lang-neck empty purse.

### THE LANG-NECKED EMPTY PURSE—Continued

Perchance an old crony at gloaming you meet  
'Tis a drawback nigh kin to a curse;  
For old friendship's sake, when you can't give a treat  
For a lang-necked empty purse.

'Mid pleasure surroundings naught can you enjoy,  
No indulgence, though small, can ye nurse  
Among all the ills that vex and annoy  
In a lang-necked empty purse.

When the Lord of creation sojourned on this sphere,  
No one felt its sting any worse,  
Borrowed coin from a fish, paid two tax arrears  
Because of his lang-necked purse.

Some can recline on the soft bed of ease,  
All whims and desires they can nurse,  
Make servants go here and there as they please,  
And ne'er have a lang-necked purse.

The industrious peasant who does the hard toil,  
Is his country's uphold and nurse,  
Giving food to the millions by tilling the soil  
He oft has a lang-necked purse.

While ages roll on in our midst will be poor,  
Be thankful we have nothing worse;  
Willing hands and forethought keep the dun from the  
door,  
And good times fill the lang-necked purse.

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### DESPONDENCY

Oppressed with grief, bowed down with care,  
Driven nigh the margin of despair.  
No smiling face at noon appears,  
Nor kindly word of welcome hears;  
The chattering songsters have of late  
Forsaken, too, the garden gate,  
Depressed they seemed and hied away  
From the chilling fiend, despondency.

Silence now reigns on all around,  
Where mirth and glee once did abound;  
At break of day by breezes hied  
Are mists dispelled from mountain's side.

**DESPONDENCY—Continued**

So death's cold hand has laid at rest  
Sweet flowerets once fondly caressed,  
Bereft, forsaken, night and day,  
Held in the grasp of despondency.

In freedom's paths no longer roam,  
Ambitious youth and longings gone;  
Should e'er a smile light up the face,  
A sombre gloom retakes its place.  
Oh, haste ye, gloom, and disappear  
And brighter prospects hover near;  
The chain be snapped that night and day  
Holds one in chill despondency.

Yes, He who rules in heaven high,  
Will hear the downcast mourner sigh;  
Asunder tear the gloomy shroud,  
Scatter the chilling icy cloud.  
Calming those dire tempestuous woes,  
Soothing the bleeding bosom's throes;  
No more again either night or day,  
Held in the snell grasp of despondency.

### THE THREE MAIDEN MARTYRS

The sweet and gentle Marion Cameron, sister of Richard Cameron, that saintly minister who fell in the conflict with the dragoons at Ayr Moss, who like a lovely flower in the bloom of youth, was despoiled of life by a rough and merciless band of soldiers. She, with her two companions, who suffered in a righteous cause, have an honored name among the daughters who have done virtuously. It is now over one hundred years ago, as a herd of cattle were grazing in the moss exactly where these three worthies were buried, part of the clothing of Marion Cameron was turned up by the trampling of the animals and was in a tolerably good state of preservation; also a large yellow pin she used to wear in her dress. This precious relic came into the possession of Mrs. Gammell of Catrine, and is at the present day in her daughter's possession. The daughter resides at Stranraer, in Wigtonshire, Scotland.

Pause, traveller, pause and drop a tear,  
Three martyred maids lie buried here;  
Morton, with his relentless crew,  
To death these maidens did pursue,  
Who fled the furrowed fields across,  
And safety sought in Daljig moss,  
The troopers following found them there  
Upon their knees in earnest prayer—  
The Three Maidens.

With sonorous voice and stern command  
Upon your feet, ye heretics stand.  
Retreat cut off, escape no way,  
The order given they must obey.  
Your Bibles burn before our eyes,  
That's but a puny sacrifice.  
The king's authority is law,  
Comply at once, and we withdraw—  
From Three Maidens.

To your request we can't comply,  
Was Marion Cameron's firm reply,  
To-day you're not with skeptics dealing,  
To burn's revolting to our feeling.  
That precious book with truth's word divine  
More dear than life to me and mine.  
Your king can make unrighteous laws,  
Slay loyal subjects without cause—  
And Three Maidens.

### THE THREE MAIDEN MARTYRS—Continued

This sharp reproof had no effect  
To spare the harmless, tender sex.  
Prepare immediately for death,  
Were orders given in fiendish wrath;  
When reason's gone, no tender feelings  
Expected when with demons dealing.  
But true as ages onward roll,  
This deed resounds from pole to pole.  
—The Three Maidens.

Despoiled of life in youth's gay morn,  
Three loved ones from home's circle torn;  
By violent hands with hardened hearts,  
Who could have played more gracious part.  
A self-willed king, a darkened age,  
Who did Satanic fiends engage,  
Who slew the peasants at their door,  
As game is quartered on the moor—  
The Three Maidens.

When despots rule with a high hand,  
Have life and death at their command;  
And subjects can't for conscience sake  
Yield to the test the rulers make—  
Armed troops scour both vale and hill,  
Empowered by law to heretics kill—  
When caught the tender sex don't matter;  
Then lifeblood stains the dark moss water.  
The Three Maidens.

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### AN ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

Alas, alas, 'mid gnawing pain,  
I tune my lyric muse again.  
To wing her flight o'er hill and plain  
And meadows fair—  
While here I sit and grin and groan,  
And wring my hair.

For six long weeks in tears I tell  
That cruel my cheeks did swell,  
Coming just as it suits himself  
Me to torment.  
But by my faith, for his tricks snell  
He shall repent.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE—Continued

The lovely day brings me no cheer,  
While night seems lengthened to a year,  
And fertile vales appear so drear  
    That once looked bonnie.  
Thy gnawing sting I dread and fear  
    May kill poor Johnnie.

Before the fire, some neighbors say  
Upon a chair your head just lay.  
They firmly believe the heat will stay  
    The villain's sting.  
But ah! when toothache claims his prey  
    Naught's worth a pin.

In postures north, south, east and west  
I placed my head as I thought best,  
But not a spot could yield me rest,  
    Relief is gane.  
I prance awhile, beating my breast  
    In agonizing pain.

Oh monstrous chield, thy magic wand  
Sways torturing power in every land,  
Proud of your lordly high command,  
    Master of pain,  
Oh while ye rule from strand to strand,  
    Let me alane.

Should you be raving mad or no,  
I vow by all that's good I'll go  
Unto the doctor, yes, I'll show  
    Where ye're about;  
This well I know, he'll not be slow  
    To wrench ye out.

Then while my neighbors laugh and sing,  
Especially those who have felt thy sting;  
With music shall the woodlands ring  
    Both night and day,  
And warblers high on sportive wing,  
    Will join the lay.

### A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE IN THE LAST CENTURY

A wealthy Jew peddler, who went his rounds once every year, had certain halting places for the night. In one country village he stayed with the miller, who bestowed on him every comfort within his power. This miller had one son that the Jew could trust with his pack. One occasion after getting the price of the various articles for sale, he started for Squire Greenaways to sell his wares (incog.) The young peddler had two strings to his bow, the chief one being to get a word with the squire's youngest daughter. Gretna Green in Dumfriesshire and Coldstream in Berwickshire, Scotland, have been long famed for runaway marriages between parties from both England and Scotland, who took advantage of the facility with which the Scottish law allows a valid marriage to be contracted. The celebration of these marriages was carried on as a trade, which brought the party who performed the ceremony a handsome fee, and which has been known to amount to one thousand pounds sterling per annum, but on the whole was always looked upon as disreputable and scandalous and has, I understand, of late been driven from its old prominence by the stern gaze of public scorn.

#### The Wily Young Peddler

A young peddler called at Squire Greenway's one day,  
With a pack on his back, some goods to display;  
"Come awa ben," quoth the servant, with a modest smile,  
So he threw down his wallet, sat talking awhile.  
There were five lovely damsels busy working away,  
Like industrious bees on a sunshiny day.  
O'er a problem of Euclid pored blithe Mary Ann,  
And stole at the peddler a glance now and then.

The peddler did joke with intelligent talk,  
When unfurling the wrappers that covered his pack,  
Both ribbons and lace he soon did unfold,  
And bracelets and rings of genuine gold.  
Such phrasing began, with laughter and din,  
The old folks grew curious, on tiptoe peeped in,  
Were amazed at the splendor and no seeming lack  
As he drew costly wares from his well furnished pack.

They bought and he sold them both ribbons and lace,  
Made the squire look aghast with a wry looking face;  
"Stop, stop, will ye not," as he drew Nellie back,  
Exclaiming, indignant, "Ye'll buy all his pack."  
The benevolent old lady, always kind and discreet,  
Orders wine on the table for a special treat.  
The squire acquiesced, loves the juice of the vine,  
Drank success to the peddler, quaffed a bumper of wine.

### THE WILEY YOUNG PEDLAR—Continued

The peddler replied, "I care not who deride  
Between right and wrong will define and decide;  
I've been an abstainer nigh twenty-five years,  
Neither touched, nor have tasted, either whiskeys or beers,  
My aversion to strong drink remaineth the same,  
'Tis the source of much sorrow, remorse and shame.  
'Tis a fiend, alcohol, its desire will entwine  
Like a coy subtle serpent if ye tamper with wine."

Where there's a will the way opens wide,  
Ere twelve months roll round fair Annie's a bride.  
There was something vibrating that naught could remove  
Within her fair bosom, 'twas the throbbing of love.  
The hours speedy pass and night coming on,  
His business transacted, 'tis time to be gone;  
To his shoulders he instantly lifted his pack,  
And whispers to Annie, "Ere long I'll be back."

Twelve months have rolled round, just lacking a day,  
At the squire's called again, more goods to display;  
The old folks on business to the city had gone,  
And left the young ladies and servants alone.  
He took from his pack that he had stowed away,  
An old German flute he could skilfully play,  
The cattle stood listening, refraining to eat,  
With ears full erect at the music so sweet.

The young ladies danced both strathspeys and reels,  
The effect of the music put life in the heels;  
At the height of excitement the carriage drew near,  
"What stir," says the squire, "and commotion is here."  
Judicious young Annie displayed wit and skill,  
Appeased the squire's wrath, saying, "We could not sit  
still."

The gardener and groom skipped like birds on the wing,  
Till the stiff sturdy coachman began Highland fling.

The squire was delighted, all gained his good will  
When dancing was done with neatness and skill—  
He sat and applauded (as he was maimed for life  
In a carriage collision in the East Neuck of Fife)  
On the swift wings of flight away time has sped,  
" 'Tis late," says the squire, "All retire to your bed."  
"The peddler's fatigued, looks careworn and wan;  
Prepare a soft couch for the jolly young man."

**THE WILEY YOUNG PEDLAR—Continued**

When silence did reign, no detection to fear,  
A carriage and pair to the mansion drew near!  
The driver approached on the velvety sward,  
Arrived at the hall door, unheeded, unheard.  
Betimes Annie knew of the daring night plot—  
Had received on the quiet a forewarning note—  
When the small hour of one was duly rung,  
His prize in his arms, into the carriage he sprung.

Away dashed the steeds in a frenzy and hurry,  
No more o'er hard problems fair Annie need worry,  
Borne off with two racers of speedy renown,  
Unmolested, they enter the old border town.  
They were lawfully married by a licensed J.P.  
All the neighbors around in the newspapers see;  
When the Laird learned the news he cried, "Oh, alack!  
Has the rogue stole my daughter and left me his pack?"

The news spread like magic, caused laughter and fun,  
Such a gallant young hero, our old miller's son—  
For his daring exploit was applauded and cheered,  
Beloved and respected, and honored, revered.  
The squire learned his value when on business he went,  
Was his trusted adviser, collected his rents,  
May plenty surround them, the stream never fail,  
That turns his mill wheels on the banks of the Ale.

### WOING IN THE BORDERLAND

This incident happened in the year 1863, and caused much talk in the locality. The plot was complicated and so skilfully executed that Willie was completely taken by surprise when he learned that Jean Lyal had eloped with the young shepherd. Had Willie only remained silent and let his neighbor tormentors talk away it would soon have died out, but he could not do so, and gave vent to his feelings by expressing in words his bitter disappointment, which only added fuel to the flame. For many a day the lads and lassies teased him by singing:

"Willie lost his bonnie lassie  
Because his courting was too slow."

#### A Favorite Haunt

Beneath a birch tree in the glade  
Where lovers shyly meet,  
Oft Willie sat with his fair maid,  
So handsome, trim and neat.

There soft the zephyr breezes blow  
Athwart the fertile vale,  
Wafting sweet fragrance to and fro  
Down the valley of the Ale.

No dearer spot Sol ere shone on  
Than that spot by the stream,  
Though joys are past and plans o'erthrown  
Like shadows or a dream.

Oft fancy leads him to the seat  
Beneath the old birch tree.  
But where is she he used to meet,  
Who spoke so kind and true.

A shepherd from the hills of Yair  
The meeting place had seen;  
Enamoured with a maid so fair,  
Did woo and win fair Jean.

Ye powers supreme who rule above,  
This seems unjust, unfair,  
Is there no maiden he could love  
In the village of Traquair?

Where Ettrick and the Yarrow meet,  
Near historic Selkirk town,  
Could he not there a fair one greet,  
Would consent to be his own?

**WOONG IN THE BORDERLAND—Continued**

But leaves his fleecy care to graze  
Upon the bleak hillside,  
And bid adieu to Yarrow braes  
To find a winsome bride.

Many are the ups and downs in life,  
Laid many an artful snare;  
Unequal contests, bitter strife,  
'Mong lovers here and there.

Although no tears bedim his eyes,  
Nor harbors any spleen;  
The slight-made Willie, stern and wise,  
Thro' losing handsome Jean.

One August morn they drove away  
From her paternal cot,  
Reached Coldstream town by break of day  
To tie the nuptial knot.

## LOVE IN SCOTLAND

In the year 1865 were penned these undernoted verses, which are no fable. A young lover used to meet with his affianced girl beneath a spreading tree which stood on the banks of the river Eden, in the County of Berwickshire, Scotland. This tree stood on the outskirts of the gentleman's enclosure, whose servant she was for the time being. There did they unmolested often meet at the quiet "gloamin' gray." On one occasion the young man could not command an opportunity to change his working attire, owing to so many youths prying about. He thereupon resolved to outwit the curious and go and meet his charmer in the garb he was working in during the day. Having toiled all day pruning an over-grown hawthorn hedge and tearing his coat to shreds in several places, nevertheless he started for the appointed place and arrived at the exact minute of meeting, but was followed unknown by one of the curious, who heard the evening's conversation and turned the talk into rhyme.

### The Tattered Coat

Wild flowers did bloom in rich array  
Upon the grassy plains;  
Primroses sparkling on the braes  
Showed genial spring did reign.

One evening in my wonted walks,  
Dame Nature's face to see,  
I overheard two lovers talk  
Beneath a spreading tree.

They sat upon a gentle slope,  
Amid wild flowers in bloom,  
While zephyrs swayed the lilacs  
Then laden with perfume.

In youth's gay morn 'tis joy to hear  
Two lovers when alone;  
Food for the eager listening ear  
And marrow for the home.

Like thief that does in secret steal,  
(A Privet Hedge my screen,  
Did me so thoroughly conceal  
From Joseph and his Jean.)

I saw them clasp each other's hand,  
Their hearts alike were fain,  
Soon I was led to understand  
She prized her rural swain.

**THE TATTERED COAT—Continued**

Jean's cheek assumed a crimson hue,  
A minute later when  
Something unpleasant caught her view  
As she his robes did scan.

Say, Joseph, I feel sore perplexed  
To see your tattered coat;  
Thou heartless loon, why make me vexed,  
Surely more clothes you've got.

Attired in rags, a living cheat,  
Come in that guise to me?  
No beggar dare walk Kelso streets  
Attired in rags like thee.

To-morrow all my neighbors will  
My ruffled feeling grieve,  
At my expense will laugh their fill,  
Sneer at your tattered sleeve.

Now, Jeannie, dear, why be cast down  
At my old tattered coat,  
You know I am a country loon,  
A frugal, canny Scot.

Away with pride, that haughty weed,  
Against it I contend,  
It first in heaven set up its head—  
Tell me its final end.

Although I'm dressed in rags to-night,  
Bear always this in mind,  
'Though artificial gold shines bright,  
It's not the genuine kind.

Joe, far and near the news will go,  
My friends will all believe  
Your coffers are exceeding low,  
You don a tattered sleeve.

Upon his feet Joe quickly stood,  
No one he thought was near,  
And in a slight offended mood,  
Said, Jeannie, lend an ear.

May every joy surround you still  
When I am far from thee,  
Let friends and neighbors laugh their fill  
And sneer in mockrive glee.

THE TATTERED COAT—Continued

I'm off, you'll ne'er see me again,  
Sure as you full-orbed moon  
Shines on us both, I cross the main  
The latter end of June.

So, Jeannie, get another beau,  
Who won't your feelings grieve,  
Who will on you his love bestow,  
Without a tattered sleeve.

O Joseph, why thus act so fast?  
My heart indeed you've won,  
Should you this night to me prove false,  
My misery is begun.

When a young man wins a maiden's love,  
Her affections round him cleave,  
Naught in this world can it remove,  
Nor can a tattered sleeve.

What I have said was but a joke,  
Spoken in harmless glee;  
Really if I did you provoke,  
No harm was meant by me.

Should poverty surround your cot,  
All ills of life begin;  
I care not for a tattered coat,  
But love the man within.

One word from me if you design  
This night with me to part,  
Without me cross the foaming brine,  
What then, you break my heart.

A heavy sigh then shook her frame,  
Her hands now hid her face.  
O cruel Joe, you are to blame,  
At once her grief solace.

I won't forsake you, Jeannie dear,  
No, my love round you will cleave  
Until my latest breath, but here,  
You mend my tattered sleeve.

Then clasped her in his fond embrace,  
For his rashness did atone.  
I crept out of my hiding place,  
And left them there alone.

### THE SOURCE OF THE CREDIT

Lines written on visiting the fountain head of the River Credit, accompanied by two gentlemen from Toronto in the fall of the year 1894.

Art thou the never failing fountain head  
Whereby the River Credit's fed?  
Blessed be the power that gives you birth,  
Sweet offspring of Dame Mother Earth,  
It may be true ye slyly take  
A hidden run from Island Lake;  
But I'll vouchsafe when you I found,  
In circles budding from the ground.  
Amid a tangled cedar swamp,  
Unprized, neglected, marshy and damp,  
Whose waving arms extending wide  
Among wild weeds on every side;  
These cedars, altho' dwarfed in form,  
Have long withstood the wintry storm;  
This spot shows neither taste nor care,  
A lack of will power's portrayed there.  
I pause to say, there cannot be  
More forlorn spot 'tween sea and sea,  
Still visitors as thy margin nears,  
Are hailed with a few gentle tears.  
Thy birthplace soon ye leave behind,  
Bestowing blessings on mankind!  
Amid thy waters dawn and day  
The finny tribes so harmless play.  
Shame take the man a net would spread  
Disturber of the spawning bed,  
To satisfy an avaricious greed;  
Go mark the hawk with utmost speed,  
He thinks not of the wrong he's done,  
Slaying a thousand lives in one.  
Soon grows thy channel deep and wide,  
Gathering strength from every side,  
When winding round thy serpent turns,  
You're hailed by numerous tiny burns,  
Meandering through a fertile plain  
That richly waves with golden grain.  
'Mong shelving rocks dashed in and out  
In whirling eddies circling about,  
Leaping over many rocky lynns  
With foaming visage, noisy din.  
Past Cataract ye swiftly glide  
'Tween towering hills on every side.  
As Forks ye pass, familiar name,  
Renowned afar of quarry fame,  
Two sisters end their single race,  
Leap in each other's fond embrace.

### ODE ON SLEEP

How calm and trustful lies that child,  
Asleep upon his mother's arm;  
Unconscious breathing soft and mild,  
Secure from harm.

Yon group of merry boys have quit their  
play,  
In pleasure's path delight to roam;  
Tired with the frolics of the day  
Are marching home.

Why have they quit their playmates all,  
As evening shades around them creep?  
Surely 'tis answering to the call  
Of gentle sleep.

Refreshing sleep, enchanting chief,  
Whose servants o'er the eyelids cast  
Thy veil, with slyness like a thief,  
Holding them fast.

Thou friend in need, thy soothing mood  
Makes consciousness awhile depart;  
Good in thy place, even as food  
Comforts the heart.

Men greet thee for thy usefulness,  
Nature's soft nurse, our life's good cheer,  
Lulling myriads in forgetfulness  
To all flesh dear.

### ADDRESS TO ORANGEVILLE

Awake, my lyric muse, and sing,  
Pour forth my song on zephyr wing,  
In sweet and easy flowing lays,  
As thou wert wont in bygone days;  
To Orangeville fresh tidings bring,  
As rosebuds breathe the approach of spring,  
As strings of violin touched with skill—  
Unveil the chorus of Orangeville.

Though rocky heights around thee lie,  
In rural grandeur charm the eye;  
Thy lovely valleys, clothed in green,  
Add lustre to the varied scene.  
Though rolling stones deface thy braes,  
Thy peasant sons soon shall them raise;  
With willing hands and earnest will  
They'll deck thy borders, Orangeville.

Gaze all around, your eye will meet  
A landscape rare, nature complete;  
Majestic, grand, though bold and wild—  
Rare treat for a poetic child.  
Behold yon groves in varied hue,  
With petals clothed in morning dew,  
And yonder tiny gurgling rill,  
Enhance the scene round Orangeville.

Thy towering spires, compact in form,  
All bid defiance to the storm;  
Winds can't prevail though fierce the shock,  
Firm planted on the solid rock.  
Thy streets are broad and centre raised,  
Bespeak a skill commending praise;  
Thy engineers show wit and skill  
In choosing the site of Orangeville.

Thy lovely maidens, fresh and fair,  
With rosy cheeks and flowing hair;  
Their modest mien, attire complete,  
With agile step skip o'er the street.  
These daughters sure will mothers be  
Of men renowned by land and sea,  
In history's page will brightly shine—  
Statesmen, mechanics and divine.

May He who rules in Heaven high,  
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
Bless thy basket and thy store  
And keep grim Purthith from thy door.

### ADDRESS TO ORANGEVILLE—Continued

With this reward, a life well spent  
Brings happiness and sweet content.  
I wish, dear friends, with heart and will,  
Prosperity to Orangeville.

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### IN THE DAWNING DAYS OF YOUTH

In the summer of 1854 a company of youthful girls and boys met at a selected spot to have a few hours' enjoyment in the long summer evenings. The girls had their knitting needles and worked most diligently. Songs were sung and recitations given. The songs were all Scotch, "Corn Rigs," "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," "Annie Laurie," "The Banks of Doon," and, at parting, "Auld Lang Syne." Knitting stockings by hand was all the vogue at that time. After the outbreak of the Crimean War, Lady John Scott supplied the yarn, distributing it among the householders in the parish of Eckford, to knit one thousand pairs of long stockings for a company of grenadiers. When they were completed they were gathered into Kirkbank, a summer seat of the Duke of Buccleugh, and sent from there to the seat of war, but they only got as far as Balaclava. By some oversight the stockings were never distributed to the needy soldiers and when peace was proclaimed they were returned to the donor, who distributed them among the poor of the parish.

In reference to Roxburgh Castle, it was a much coveted stronghold by Edward I., the hammer of the Scotch. Situated but a few miles from the English border, it was a bone of contention for centuries, being taken and retaken repeatedly. At length the Scotch thought it wisdom to destroy it themselves, and put an end to the grasping greed of the English kings. It is still a resort for the prying curious and pleasure seekers and is much frequented in summer evenings by the youths of Kelso and vicinity.

#### The Happy Days of Yore

When Katie sang the old Scotch songs  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
Where youngsters met at gloaming hours  
For harmless mirth and glee;  
The sweet, enchanting strains they sung  
Oft quivers through my brain.  
Would Langsyne memories waken up  
To hear them sung again.

**THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE—Continued**

Would bring to mind the green hillside,  
Where fleecy Cheviots feed;  
And scenes round bonnie Kelso town  
Where Teviot meets the Tweed.  
And Roxburgh Castle's battered walls  
Marked desolation tells,  
That many a valiant Scotchman there  
For love of country fell.

To scale the high and massive walls  
The Douglas he would dare;  
And soon the mangled combatants  
In heaps lay slaughtered there.  
The outer walls four feet in breadth  
Built with whinstone and lime,  
Now grassgrown piles lying here and there,  
Since James the Second's time.

And many a stranger from afar  
Viewed that contested spot,  
That blood-stained border stronghold  
By right belonged the Scot.  
In glancing back to border feuds  
Tears will bedim the cheek,  
Bespeak the inward workings  
Too deep for lips to speak.

Time's shuttle, Katie, moves along  
Through the web of life doth glide;  
It seems to me but yesterday  
Since ye sailed down the Clyde.  
Soon miles of ocean intervened  
Of surging, stormy sea,  
Yet many happy thoughts have I  
Of bygone days and thee.

A lovely home, kept trim and neat,  
Afar from Teviot's side,  
As happy as in days of yore,  
Finds Katie a young bride  
In far-famed, lovely Canada,  
Land of the brave and free;  
May prosperity surround her cot,  
My wish shall ever be.

### THE LONESOME VACANT HOUSE

Yestreen, at the gloamin', as I chanced to pass  
A house standing vacant, I murmured "Alas!"  
No sound met my ear from kitchen or hall,  
But creaking of snow where my footsteps did fall.  
Yet in that vacant house has often been told  
Round the cosy heartstone when the evenings were cold  
The daring exploits done by Wallace and Bruce,  
By the Scotchman, then owner of this vacant house.

It stands high and dry, so majestic does seem,  
O'er looking Etobicoke's serpentine stream;  
A crescent with trees of exquisite form  
Is shade from the sun and shelter from storm;  
As I linger and muse at this lonely place,  
Scenes rise to my memory which naught can erase;  
In fancy I still see that kind-hearted sage,  
In ardor of youth and honored old age.

Man daily struggles amid doubts and fear,  
Survey but a moment his checkered career;  
From the palace of king's to the poor's humble cot,  
No mortal can say has no crook in his lot,  
The flowers in the garden, a joy and delight,  
Will bloom in the morning, may fade in a night—  
Man's genius at times high genius may reach,  
To a master mechanic but pebble on beach.

As wee ones quit play when evening draws nigh,  
Ask questions from mother, with tears in their eye,  
Will children play here when the warblers sing  
Their sweet flowing ditty to welcome the spring;  
Yes, youngsters, yes, ere long will be seen  
The racing of playmates on garden and green;  
And blithe, smiling faces will meet at the door  
And joy will return as in sweet days of yore.

### A LAMMERMOOR SHEPHERDESS

This incident narrated took place in the year 1865, the summer after the shooting of President Lincoln by the notorious John Wilkes Booth. Maggie Morrow was a shepherd's daughter reared in the vicinity of Lammerlaw, which attains an altitude of 1500 feet above sea level and gives name to the whole range of the Lammermoor hills. From childhood Maggie delighted in sheep, and at an early age became an expert in the rearing of the far famed Cheviot Stock. At the age of eighteen she got tired of living in her moorland exclusion and longed to see more active life than she saw as a hill shepherdess. Unfolding her intentions to her parents and four younger sisters, who consented with reluctance because there was no occasion to leave home as the father was in easy circumstances on a rented stock farm. It so happened Maggie hired for six months on the farm the writer superintended. A soldier who had been in the Crimean war, a grocer by trade, who was placed in the store department at Balaclava and never had been in any engagements with the enemy, worked on the farm, also Maggie, and he never could agree. She maintained he overstretched his warlike deeds and was untruthful. Bitter animosity was the result, which never abated while they were together on the farm. One day at noon hour the undernoted verses were sung by two girls in their teens, which so took him by surprise that he rose from his seat in silence and coolly walked away with a wistful look, muttering vengeance on the heroine.

#### MAGGIE O'BLAWERIE

'Twas on a calm September night  
That woosers prize so dearly,  
The full-robed moon shed her pale light  
And stars peeped down so clearly;  
Wrapped in his plaid a shepherd boy,  
Reared on the moorlands dreary,  
Away he hies himself for joy  
To Maggie O'Blawerie.

#### Chorus—

That Shepherdess, so fresh and fair,  
So lightsome, blithe and cheery,  
That tends her father's fleecy care,  
Sweet Maggie o'Blawerie.

With agile steps leaped marshy spots,  
A heart light as a feather,  
He onward paced and reached the cot  
Among the purple heather.

**MAGGIE O' BLAWERIE—Continued**

That lively maid with dark blue eyes  
Makes home both blithe and cheery,  
So frank, judicious, kind and wise,  
Is Maggie o'Blawerie.

He clasped her in his fond embrace,  
And vowed he loved her dearly;  
Sure as yon moon shows her pale face  
My affection is sincerely.  
Her handsome form, so trim and neat,  
**Her smiling face** doth cheer ye;  
Perfection whispers how complete  
Is Maggie o'Blawerie.

Sure as yon moon lights up the night,  
The sun by day her dwelling,  
Away goes many a love-sick wight,  
Rejected and bewailing,  
Search Etrickdale from head to foot  
And dowie dens of Yarrow,  
Give classic Tweed into the boot,  
None rivals Maggie Morrow.

—Scotty

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**A NAME OF TERROR TO THE COVENANTERS**

At the name of Claverhouse the peasantry in the south west of Scotland trembled like an aspen leaf, for a more blood-thirsty cavalier never scoured the moorlands in search of unoffending covenanters than did this favorite of the king. It cannot be denied that he had a classical education, statesmanlike as well as a soldierlike capacity, but it is more to his disgrace that he prostituted to such base purposes these superior powers. Although over two centuries have passed, it still remains that he became the slave of a lie, the lie that kings can do what they may having a divine right to govern, and moreover their subjects are under a divine obligation to obey; thus making himself without doubt the basest drudge of the vilest despotism that ever disgraced the British throne.

Can one respect a man who led his troopers against an unarmed peasantry who had committed no crime, whose only faults were meeting for prayer in the solitary glens and wild moors. On tender women and helpless children he waged war. The cottages of a praying people were the

#### CLAVERHOUSE OR VISCOUNT DUNDEE—Continued.

castles he stormed, from whose hearths ascended morning and evening sacrifice. Behind him were left ruined homesteads, wives gathering up the remains of their husbands, helpless children weeping around the body of their murdered father. Call that chivalry who will, and it cannot be wondered that the execrations of an outraged people spurn to this day the name of Claverhouse, who was a curse to his country and a disgrace to his kind. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that even while hunting his defenceless countrymen he was brave and courageous, making light of personal danger, which would have shone more brilliantly in a less ignoble warfare. In Galloway, Annandale and Nitheadale, in Dumfriesshire, that wide field over which he roamed, committing all kinds of wickedness, acts of injustice, rapine and cruelty; within this kingdom of his he could do as he pleased and have no fear of ever being called to account for his actions. In one of his raids he came upon James McMichael and his party, who were in hiding near the Water of Dee. Being taken by surprise they were compelled to stand on the defensive. Both parties were brave and fought with courage. Claverhouse advanced on McMichael with his drawn sword, confident of gaining an easy victory, but in his mistake had he fought to a finish. Claverhouse, dreading the consequences, called out lustily for assistance. "You dare not abide the issue of a single combat," cried McMichael, "had your helmet been like mine, a soft bonnet, your carcass ere this would have been stretched lifeless on the bent." Approaching cautiously from behind a powerful dragoon, with one stroke of his broad sword he clave McMichael's head in twain. Thus fell McMichael, a leal-hearted patriot and Christian, whose prowess the most illustrious cavalier of his day feared to encounter. Auld Scotland has been so unanimous in her estimate of the character of Claverhouse that the peasantry in the west and southwest entertain the idea that he was a fiend in human shape. Tall and muscular, most hideous in aspect, mounted on a jet black charger, the special gift of Beelzebub, and constantly surrounded by a band of desperadoes who were vulgarly named "The Devil's Jock" or "Hell's Tam," and that he was constantly night and day hunting covenanters on the hills. Admit that the popular expression is exaggerated, it may still be presumed that it has a foundation in fact for the fathers who were hunted like hares over hill and dale transmitted the events to their sons and daughters. Full well they knew what the fiend was and one cannot but believe that the popular estimate of Viscount Dundee is substantially correct.

CLAVERHOUSE OR VISCOUNT DUNDEE—Continued.

Claverhouse

In every age heroes have done  
Heroic actions, trophies won;  
Crowned with success by the Most High  
With Hebrew soldiers few could vie.  
In every region 'neath the sun,  
Are Jewish war odes sweetly sung.  
Search history's page you also find  
Men hardened, headstrong and unkind.

Claverhouse.

In Netherlands he danger braved,  
No mercy showed, nor quarter craved.  
For daring feats in the melee  
King Charles made him Viscount Dundee.  
High though in rank, with titled name,  
His acts baptized him "Bloody Graham,"  
With inhuman troopers at command,  
He terrified the Borderland.

Claverhouse.

In midst of his infernal crew  
Searching for heretick to pursue,  
With sword and gun, on jet black steed,  
Satanic gift for its great speed;  
Mounted thereon by night or day,  
His firm resolve was maim or slay.  
Oft gathering mists her mantle spread,  
Bewildering, thwarted and misled.

Claverhouse.

Serving the king, and please the devil,  
Brave though he was in battle field,  
His good broadsword so skilful wield,  
Ready with every kind of evil,  
In single combat lacked the skill  
Fighting McMichael on the hill,  
Fearing he would be lifeless laid,  
Upon the sward, called trooper's aid.

Claverhouse.

Clad cap-a-pie is a craven trick,  
To encounter a half armed heretic,  
Or sneakingly to try and foil  
A workman at his daily toil.

**CLAVERHOUSE OR VISCOUNT DUNDEE—Continued.**

When captured lead him o'er the moor,  
Then shoot him at his cottage door  
Before his wife and helpless dears,  
While his troopers' eyes are dimmed with  
tears.

Claverhouse.

Despotic rule has lived its day—  
Carnage, confusion, marked its sway,  
In that rude age death was the doom  
Who disobeyed the rules of Rome.  
To roam in freedom's path all crave,  
Man's not designed to be a slave.  
Who can the laity in ignorance keep,  
Or an awakened conscience lull asleep.

Claverhouse.

Bards will indite and minstrels sing,  
Flowers burst forth in early spring.  
From superstition too, men will arise  
And brush the cobwebs from their eyes.  
The wisest man astray oft ran,  
Because he's simply mortal man.  
A perfect man there is not any,  
Though a few clear minds rule the many.

Claverhouse.

Would man but practise tender feelings.  
When with a brother man has dealings.  
Love begets love, a balm to find,  
A warm heart and a trusty friend.  
Inhuman man with reins of power  
In thoughtless folly's evil hour,  
For selfish gain has slain his brother,  
To win the favor of another.

Claverhouse.

## THE KAISER

Who is the cause of all this strife,  
These monster cannons booming rife,  
And butchery of human life?  
The finger points to Kaiser.

Who orders troops through surging blood,  
"No quarter give, but spill life's blood,  
And settle this nefarious feud,"  
But wily, artful Kaiser.

Who aimed at Belgium's overthrow,  
Her stalwart sons as one say, "No!  
Our steadfast front will check our foe,"  
That artful, grasping Kaiser.

Who took the helpless children's bread,  
Who knew no want, aye, sumptuous fed,  
Their homes in flames and scanty clad,  
But cruel, artful Kaiser?

Who has no pity for the mother,  
Deprived of husband, son and brother,  
Even orphans' wailing cry does smother,—  
The unrelenting Kaiser.

Who proclaimed war both left and right,  
And nations challenged to the fight,  
Says burnished swords are Germans might,  
But boasting, artful Kaiser?

When a monarch's heart is swollen with  
pride,  
Within his limits won't abide,  
Check his career what'er betide,  
Arrest the grasping Kaiser.

War's deadly blast re-echoes evil,  
Nursed by the mischief-making devil,  
Who from the first of days loved revel,—  
Goads on ambitious Kaiser.

As haughty Haman years gone by  
Reared a gallows fifty cubits high  
To hang thereon one Mordecai.  
Learn the result of Kaiser.

That Book Divine it tells us so,  
Mad folly a certain length can go,  
Then the powers above will overthrow  
Air castles of the Kaiser.

## THE SEASONS

Fast wrapt in adamantine chains  
And mother earth's embrace,  
Lies Spring, and when recalled to reign,  
Peeps forth with smiling face.  
So genial spring, with virgin smile,  
Unfolds her mantle green,  
Breathes life anew on towering hills,  
And vales that lie between.

In summer months with joy and pride,  
Beneath the summer shade,  
Viewing the landscape far and wide,  
See Nature's work displayed.  
We see such flowers in early bloom,  
The damask rose in blossom,  
White posies laden with perfume  
Adorn the lover's bosom.

While autumn with her bounteous hand  
Bedecks the cultured soil,  
Waving rich treasures o'er the land,  
Rewards industrious toil.  
The forests clothed in garb of green  
Are now in russet dress.  
A bleak and faded forlorn scene,  
Swept by the withering blast.

Now winter comes in maniac rage,  
In clouds of driven snow,  
Wild sweeping through the leafless trees,  
And hurrying to and fro.  
Why should fair Canada be termed  
The Lady of the Snows,  
Because, too long, her smiling face  
Lies hidden in repose.

'Tis heavenly Wisdom's spacious plan,  
Seasons in every clime,  
When numbered days are fully run,  
Slid off the stage of time.  
But man called from this world of strife,  
When life's sandglass runs down,  
Ascends to new and happier life,  
And an immortal crown.

To W. J. Heron, Galt.

### A WELCOME TO SPRING

Written on the banks of the Avon River, Warwickshire, England.

Hail, Spring! Thou art a queen so fair,  
With rosy cheeks and silvery hair.  
Like glistening gems o'er hill and plain  
Sweet flowerets smile beneath thy reign.  
Thou bringest buds for every tree,  
And modest daisies for the lea;  
Most pleasing charmer, sly ye fling  
Your mantle o'er the earth, sweet spring.

Thy brilliant robe's a gaudy sight,  
Thrilling each heart with pure delight.  
Yea every eye enjoys the scene  
When ye unfold your mantle green.  
Yes, nature's face looks glad and gay  
While birds sing love from every spray.  
The warblers too, on sportive wing,  
Hail thy approach, O jocund spring.

The frugal bee employs each hour  
Extracting sweets from flower to flower.  
The cuckoo 'mid the sylvan grove  
Coos forth her soothing strains of love.  
Hail, fairest daughter of the year,  
Ye banish grief and dry the tear.  
To every heart doth rapture bring  
Warmest receptions greet thee, spring.

The linnnet cheers thee with his song,  
Which echoes sweet the woods among;  
And from yon milkwhite hawthorne bush,  
So mildly sings the warbling thrush.  
There Philomel at gloaming hours  
Pour forth his love in balmy showers.  
His well turned notes proclaim him king,  
Among thy songsters, genial spring.

See, ruthless winter stands aghast  
Shorn of his power, resigns at last;  
Shrinks at thy glancing, soothing smile,  
And hies away to northern isle.  
Now joy and hope throughout the land  
Exulting wave the olive wand;  
While zephyr's balmy breezes bring  
At thy approach, sweet smiling spring.

### WELCOME TO SPRING—Continued

Long and successful be thy reign  
As mistress over hill and plain.  
When ended is thy queenly race,  
Propitious summer takes thy place,  
O fairest daughter of the year,  
Ye banish grief, ye dry the tear.  
To every heart doth rapture bring  
Warmest receptions greet thee, spring.

---

### ADDRESS TO SUMMER

Sweet, genial spring, propitious queen,  
Attires our sphere in mantle green,  
Then gently glides with smiling face  
Into her sister's fond embrace.

Now summer winds, do ye gently blow  
Sweet zephyr breezes to and fro,  
Make meadows spring attired in green,  
Appear a gaudy summer scene.

The briar rose, the yellow broom,  
Waft on the breeze a rich perfume,  
While wild flowers upon banks and braes  
Add lustre to thy summer days.

Spreading their petals out in pride  
On moorlands wild and river's side,  
The feathered tribes too hail thy birth,  
On sportive wing carol their mirth.

Short-lived ye be yet when we view  
Thy robes arrayed in glistening hue,  
Blithe summer with thy smiling face,  
Earth woos thee to her fond embrace.

Thou queen of seasons, always hailed,  
At thy demise art much bewailed,  
Young children lisping at their play  
Long for thy golden summer days.

### AN ODE TO WINTER

O winter, snell winter, come tell me, I pray,  
The reason why you are still holding your sway,  
Keeping nature asleep in gardens and bowers  
And dare not unfold her fair bosom of flowers.

Your cold chilling breath in the mornings reveal  
That your bridges are built without iron or steel;  
Loud crisping of feet if your pride and delight  
Treading over your mantle so fleecy and white.

You're hailed with delight, applauded with cheers,  
By both young and old in the fall of the year;  
But changes are relished, this adage don't fail,  
Too much of one thing grows lukewarm and state.

See perched on the maples awaiting the hour  
The songsters are sitting,—relinquish thy power,  
Let their sweet flowing ditty resound east and west,  
That comes with good will from a love-heavy breast.

Though long as thy reign is and sharp is thy sting,  
Acknowledge thy weak points when confronted by spring  
E'er you're caught in her meshes to the north lands retreat,  
Thou most pinching rascal and freezer of feet.

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## ON THE BANKS OF THE LIVET

Glenlivet is a district in the parish of Inveraven, Banffshire, Scotland. From the source of the stream Livet to the confluence of that stream is some nine miles in length and six in breadth. In 1594 a battle was fought at the northwest extremity of Glenlivet. The loyal Protestant army under Argyle was defeated by the insurgent Roman Catholic, the Earl of Huntley. In 1866 the population of Glenlivet was about 900. Whiskey of particularly fine flavor has long been made in Glenlivet and is of world wide reputation. In former years it was made in smuggling houses on almost every tiny rill in the locality. But at present it is made in three legal distilleries.

### Glenlivet

When you rise tired at early morn,  
Take a wee drap o' John Barleycorn;  
And for a tonic when careworn,  
One glass o' guid Glenlivet.

Mid heathy hills in purple dress  
Glenlivet's stream does mankind bless,  
The natives there fondly caress  
One glass o' guid Glenlivet.

The glass that cheers, widely extolled,  
A warmth imparts, drives off the cold;  
Forget your woes, when frail and old,  
One glass of guid Glenlivet.

About Glenlivet's rocky braes,  
The skylarks soaring, chant sweet lays;  
While men enraptured sing and praise  
One glass o' guid Glenlivet.

Perhaps the steadfast temperance men  
A drink that's guid they dinna ken;  
Gang up to that far-famed Highland glen  
For one glass o' guid Glenlivet.

While green grass grows beneath our feet,  
Fresh water with salt water meet;  
The tides advance, again retreat,  
Distilled may be Glenlivet.

The testing day will come, I wot,  
When we have power and will to vote  
Whether Brampton town will have or not  
One glass o' guid Glenlivet.

## A FLAGON OF WINE

II. Samuel 6, 19. And David dealt among the people, even among the whole multitude of Israel, as well to the women as men to every one a cake of bread and a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine.

While studying through that book Divine  
The student learns to know  
That men enjoyed the good old wine  
Four thousand years ago.  
Now party-men dispute through spite,  
Their opponents to outshine,  
One maintains it's wrong, another right,  
To drink fermented wine.

As the Ark of God was put in place  
King David danced through joy,  
While pleasure beamed on every face  
One there it did annoy.  
Or dusk closed in, all work complete,  
The masses formed in line,  
There men and women got food to eat  
And a flagon of good wine.

That beverage the heart makes glad  
If pressed with anxious care.  
Wine cheers the weary, worn and sad,  
Uplifts men in despair.  
'Tis wholesome cheer when dear friends  
meet  
'Neath the leafy shade to dine,  
The table spread with food to eat  
And a flagon of good wine.

This orb so full of bribes and strife  
Man's heart seems bent on evil,  
What say men of a prophet once  
Declared he had a devil.  
The son of man who ate; and drank  
The life-blood of the wine,  
In derision termed a gluttonous man  
And a bibber of the wine.

A wise old King lived on this sphere  
In days that's long gone by,  
Said eat and drink man's portion here,  
To-morrow we may die.  
Resound this toast o'er hill and dale  
A patriarch's wish lang syne,  
That the stores of food may never fall  
Nor abundance of good wine.

## LOCAL OPTION DEFEATED

Brampton has had a taste of Local Option, which did not work satisfactorily. When put to the test it was defeated by a considerable majority. The supporters of Local Option thought shutting off the licensed bars would put a stop to the consumption in town. That was too short-sighted, doing so only opened up many byways to obtain the forbidden fruit. Local Option cries, do away with the bars, put a stop to the treating system. Since the licenses were cut off there are more people drinking around corners and in byways than many imagine, and moreover youths in their teens can obtain a drink on the sly that they could not get when the bars were open.

### Local Option's Defeat

I've gazed on many a rural scene,  
Along the range of Cheviot hills,  
And wandered vales that lie between,  
Where leaps the sparkling mountain rills.  
Fond memory of departed years,  
Enwraps my soul in magic spell,  
Leaving no room for pitying tears,  
At Local Option's dying knell.

What has Local Option done for you?  
At desk, or plowing stubborn soil,  
Plodding the varying seasons through,  
Earning your bread by daily toil.  
The contest o'er, a gentle voice,  
Proclaims the news o'er hill and dell,  
Weaklings don weeds, the brave rejoice,  
At Local Option's dying knell.

Ye bells ring out your merry peals,  
Let penetrate the deafest ear;  
Young men and maids dance jigs and reel,  
Round Local Option's dire some bier.  
The powers above made mankind free  
To think and act, if wrong rebel;  
Fight to the death courageously;  
Hence Local Option's dying knell.

A church once strove to be supreme,  
'Twas certain death to disobey.  
Men found it wrong on many a theme,  
Shook off its yoke without delay.  
So Local Option's great mistake,  
In self-made laws tried to excel,  
Wrought its own ruin so complete,  
Hence sounds afar the dying knell.

### THE DRUNKARD'S HOME

Within a cold and cheerless hame,  
Sits a mother and two bairns;  
The oldest standing by her side,  
The baby in her arms.  
The oldest cries for a piece of bread,  
No bread, alas, has she.  
While warm from out her breaking heart  
The big tears fill her e'e.

To see that mother in her teens,  
Perfection stood in view;  
When maiden blush spread o'er her cheeks,  
Like rosebuds bathed in dew.  
'Mid cares of life behold her still  
The modest, thrifty dame;  
But never dreamt she would adorn  
A drunkard's dreary hame.

Why has the man my plighted troth,  
Lost faculty to think,  
Spending his hard earned honest fees  
On alcoholic drink ?  
Who at the altar stood  
His hand firm clasped in mine,  
With proffered love and ardor true  
'Mid smiles like bright sunshine.

One glance around the humble cot  
Sees desolation there,  
The bar-room with its open door,  
Is his besetting snare.  
Forbid that our fair Canada,  
Her youths, like brilliant stars,  
Should lag behind, nor put a stop  
To treating at the bar.

Would mortals think before they spend  
Their earnings upon beer,  
That, spent on bread, the staff of life,  
Some hungry ones might cheer;  
Consider, too, before they put  
Their earnings on the bar  
Is the bev'rage in exchange received  
Equivalent in par?

**THE DRUNKARD'S DREARY HOME—Continued**

Value for value is Bible lore  
That truth holds out so strong,  
If man to man don't justice give  
Why that business must be wrong,  
Ye lovers of your country's weal,  
Make this your foremost aim:  
Uproot the treating at the bar  
That brings remorse and shame.

---

### ABOLISH THE BAR!

Abolish the bar is the hue and the cry,  
The conflict is on 'tween the wets and the drys.  
The war cry resounds "Retreat from the brink,  
E'er engulfed in the chasm by alcohol drink."  
Abolish the bar is a gigantic feat,  
Stick to conviction and scorn a retreat;  
'Tis worthy of laurels, his fame spread afar,  
A hero of heroes to abolish the bar.

Abolish the bar, will treating then cease?  
Will drinking in private not fourfold increase,  
Man has a will and in shy ways will get  
To appease his desire have a wee drappie wet.  
Abolish the bar when the victory's won,  
Keep the father at home, safeguard the son;  
Yet that health-giving beverage sold above par  
Is drunk with a relish outside of the bar.

Erase every license and when this is done,  
Will that be the finish and victory won?  
In the silence of midnight ye dries may regret  
Finds prime of young manhood for carousal are met.  
In old records we read 'tis wisdom to know,  
Distillers and brewers lived ages ago,  
Brewed and distilled drinks in peace and in war  
That tickled the palate when there was no bar.

The king on his throne did ponder and think,  
Resolved during war time to abstain from strong drink,  
For the mind is the man, so keep the brain clear  
By abstaining 'mid danger from alcohol cheer.  
Yet Maitland's brigade e'er from covert had come,  
Partook tasty luncheon of biscuits and rum,  
Was strengthened and nerved when sabres they drew,  
Decided the contest at famed Waterloo.

While battles are raging in far foreign lands  
For conquest and rights, must honor defend,  
Be conscience thy guide and pray to be blest  
And guided to lay this vexed problem at rest.  
The banners may wave, there is right and wrong,  
The battle at times don't favor the strong,  
Fight in good earnest through mishaps and jars,  
As its mistaken wisdom to close all the bars.

### BEHEADING THE WINE BOTTLES

Makarston House, the seat of the late Gen. Sir Thomas McDougal Brisbane, bart., and principal landowner in the parish, is a most elegant residence situated on the banks of the Tweed, surrounded with fine old woods and commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect up the Teviot. Lady McDougal, a maiden lady during the period of the rightful heir's minority, stepped into the living and showed much kindness to the indigent in the vicinity and was highly respected by all, but held peculiar ideas. No servant on the estate was allowed to indulge in alcoholic liquors, touch, taste or handle; if found out instant dismissal followed, although the majority of the male servants took a quiet puff on the sly when opportunity afforded. The cellar was well stocked with liquors of every kind, which by right was not hers to destroy. Several of her intimate lady friends tried to persuade her to leave the cellar alone and its contents, lock the apartment up and the key in her own possession, thus shutting off ingress and egress to the stimulants. However, no persuasion could thwart her design, the inevitable destruction by beheading every bottle and spilling their life blood in the River Tweed.

Makarston House on the banks of Tweed,  
In the distance looks sublime;  
O'erlooking lovely Teviotdale  
For centuries of time.  
The lady in capricious moods  
Took once an odious whim;  
No alcoholic drinks are good,  
And must get rid of them.

The butler, groom and servant maids  
Conveyed them to the river;  
The lad'ys whim must be obeyed,  
Kind Providence forgive her.  
An agent of the Temperance League  
From Edinburgh town,  
Plead for a gift to hospitals  
Met with a silent frown.

The worldly wise in talk will vaunt,  
Good counsel will not hear;  
Knows wilful waste brings woeful want,  
And stings at times severe.  
Servants at my command arise,  
This work methinks divine;  
That mote, a beam now in my eyes,  
My cellar full of wine.

**BEHEADING THE WINE BOTTLES—Continued**

The mallets fell and soon, alas,  
A new scene burst to view;  
The river's calm, transparent face  
Assumes a purple hue.  
'Twas talked about on heights of Yair,  
At Berwick upon Tweed;  
Condemned by parties here and there  
This whimsically deed.

Onlooker gazed in mute surprise  
At this peculiar shine;  
Whispers went round before she dies,  
May wish a glass of wine,  
One editor of temperance fame  
Was there to see the fray,  
Wrote regret, remorse and shame  
May haunt her night and day.

The foreign traveller, quick to hear,  
Enquires if it was so;  
A lady once with wines and beer  
Fed fishes years ago.  
Too true the news with winged speed  
Was soon spread far and wide;  
Can common sense applaud that deed,  
The reader can decide.

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**LINES WRITTEN ON ROBERT BURNS  
SCOTTISH BARD**

Rear high your heads, ye lofty hills;  
Murmur your song, meandering rills;  
Ye greenhouse flowers, in early bloom,  
Send forth thy fragrant, rich, perfume;  
Warblers high upon sportive wing,  
Tune up thy lays, make woodlands ring;  
With soothing, sweet, melodious turns,  
Hail with thy song the birth of Burns!

Chill blew the wind across the moor;  
In wreaths the snow surrounds the door;  
Flow'rets lie sleeping 'neath the storm,  
The while Dame Nature's bard was born.  
In early youth the Ayrshire bard  
Unto the muse paid due regard;  
In manhood's might his bosom burns  
For Nature's bard is Robert Burns!

### ODE ON ROBERT BURNS—Continued

Dear to Auld Scotland is that name  
Exalted on the roll of fame.  
His stirring songs are ever dear —  
Charm with delight the listening ear;  
The gloom dispels, the eyelids dry,  
A balm for those who weep and sigh—  
A soothing effect on him who mourns,  
Has the sweet strains of Robert Burns.

"Scots Wha Hae" cannot be beat,  
And "Highland Mary" is complete;  
"Sweet Afton" stands without a flaw,  
And "A' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw";  
The "Banks o' Doon" in grandeur shine—  
Say, what can rival "Auld Lang Syne"?  
Auld Scotland's glens and wimpling burns  
Are famed in song by Robert Burns.

'Mong Caledonia's far-famed bards  
Who caught Dame Fame as due reward,  
The Ayrshire ploughman stands alane  
For breathing soft the soothing strain.  
From the humble plough pealed forth the  
                  strains  
That oft resound o'er hill and plains;  
While the earth makes her diurnal turns,  
Songs will be sung composed by Burns.

Ye rich and great, and all who toil  
For daily bread the stubborn soil,  
Search far and near, you'll fail to find  
More generous soul, more noble mind.  
Rear high your heads, ye lofty hills,  
Murmur his praise, ye crystal rills,  
Always a Scotchman's bosom burns  
With glowing ardor, praising Burns.

## ROBERT TANNAHILL

Robert Tannahill was born at Paisley, Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 3rd of June, 1774. The poet's education was limited to reading, writing and arithmetic, and at an early age he was sent to the loom. At that time silk weaving was a profitable calling, and the town of Paisley still retains a world-wide reputation for the manufacture of the famous Paisley plaids. By reading and study he was able to surmount his defective education and as he grew to manhood became known among his townsmen for the sentimental songs he composed. As his fame spread he was induced to become a contributor to the Glasgow newspapers. He possessed a correct musical ear and could play the German flute to perfection. It was his favorite pursuit to recover old and neglected tunes and unite them with appropriate words, humming over the tune while plying the shuttle.

The useful days of Tannahill passed away until his twenty-sixth year without change in his circumstances, he having no desire whatever to raise himself in the world, but was quite content to remain at the loom, although on several occasions he had it in his power to become overseer in a manufacturing establishment.

The fame of this obscure verse-making mechanic (as he termed himself) soon reached London. In the year 1807 he published his first volume of poems, 900 copies in all, which were disposed of in three weeks. In a modest advertisement prefixed to that edition he expresses himself thus: "These poems are the effusion of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes as a poet extend no farther than to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of his country."

I may remark that his hopes were amply realized, for his songs obtained among all classes a degree of popularity which had been reached by none since the days of Burns. Wherever a company met for amusement you were sure to hear some of Tannahill's songs, not only in these gatherings, but in adjoining fields of country girls liting at their work some of his sweetest melodies.

The character and manner of Tannahill may be read in his works. Blameless in life, modest and unassuming in his demeanor, warmly attached to his home and kindred, a mind transparent and unsophisticated. That disease of mind which caused his lamentable end, if any should judge harshly of the humble bard, let me remind them that the gigantic mind of Johnson was at times overborne by the same morbid feelings, and on more than one occasion the highly gifted Cowper (termed the Chris-

ROBERT TANNAHILL—Continued

tian poet) would by his own confession have fallen under its influence, only for the interposition of a kind Providence.

Among auld Scotland's far-famed bards,  
Whose hamely pictured lays  
Are sung with reverence and regard,  
Bespeaks an author's praise.  
One bard arose in Paisley town  
Born with poetic skill,  
Whose works to us are handed down,  
The songs of Tannahill.

His willing hands the shuttle plied,  
To earn his daily bread;  
In fancy flights thoughts would arise  
in his ideal head.  
Would jot them down on piece of board  
Fast as his mind did fill,  
Thus at his toil were musings stored  
By Robert Tannahill.

Many a lovely maid has sung  
Gleneffer's braes and Stanley Shaw,  
And many a forest glade has rung  
With "Gloomy Winter's Now Awa,"  
"Sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane",  
Upon the Allan rill—  
Who cast a spell on many a swain,  
Enamoured 'Tannahill.

You hear his songs on heathy moors,  
In shepherds' lowly cots;  
While gypsies sang from door to door  
Songs of the peasant Scot.  
Where flowers in rich profusion grow  
By fountain, shaw and rill;  
Where nature in effulgence glows,  
Finds Robert Tannahill.

Oft would he rise at early morn  
To Gleneffer's heights repair;  
Where balmy breezes newly borne  
And fragrance fill the air.  
His filial vow kept so complete  
Reflects him honor still,  
No kinder man walked Paisley streets  
Than Robert Tannahill.

### A MARCH OF GOOD TEMPLARS THROUGH HAWICK

Lines written in the Tower Hotel, Hawick, Scotland,  
on seeing a march of three thousand Good Templars par-  
ading the principal streets of the ancient town on a mar-  
ket day in the year 1872.

What's this, gentlefolk, a sound's caught my ear,  
Like trampling of feet in the distance I hear.  
'Tis the march of Good Templars, in a whisper, one said,  
To put in good earnest strong drink in the shade.  
Majestic they march, their bearing speaks ease,  
With banners uplifted that floats on the breeze.  
Onward march, youths, in this work play thy part.  
On, stately maidens, with flexible heart.  
On, ardent mothers, cheeks withered and pale.  
Onward, ye fathers, thy cause will prevail!  
Advance step by step, thine errand proclaim,  
Emblazon thy name in the annals of fame.  
The victory's thine, a cause just and right!  
Onward, Good Templar, prove valiant in fight.  
Why so long let this demon your will-power benumb,  
Lead you to destruction a waif to become?  
Fallen brother, why stand in the crowd looking on?  
Fair sister, our order invites you to come.  
We'll give you our password, our hand and our sign,  
Be you a Good Templar, our order come join.

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### DAVID, THE SHEPHERD BOY

See yonder never-tiring swain  
Tending his father's sheep  
Along fair Bethlehem's verdant plains,  
In safety doth them keep.  
To pastures green does gently lead  
His flock with cautious care,  
There they may unmolested feed,  
And breathe the purest air.  
A prowling lion lurks around,  
Eager to catch a prey,  
The shepherd at his post is found,  
Soon brings the thief to bay.  
In closing with the monster foe,  
A match the lion found,  
For by a well directed blow  
Lay sprawling on the ground.

DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY—Continued

The father knows his valiant son  
From danger will not flee.  
Said, "To the camp now hastily run,  
Learn how reports agree;  
And take this present in your hand,  
Ask how your brethren fare,  
And give their captain in command  
A wise and liberal share."

Goliath of Gath, of giant race,  
A man of stature high,  
Stood forth on a conspicuous place,  
Did Israel's God defy.  
This giant foe with haughty air  
Boasts of his skill and might,  
Demands a man— if any dare—  
Encounter him in fight.

"I'll lay this braggart on the sod!"  
Aloud the stripling cried.  
"I cannot brook the Hebrew's God,  
Cursed by the uncircumcized."  
One tiny pebble from a sling,  
Aimed by a skillful hand,  
Laid prostrate on the ground and brings  
His boastings to an end.

Swift as an arrow from a bow  
This agile youth does run,—  
The head is severed by a blow  
From Jesse's youngest son.  
The battle's won; a single blow  
By Israel's future king,  
Has laid the giant boaster low  
With a tiny stone and sling.

Chorus

How sweet the Hebrew maidens sing,  
Praising their valiant men.  
Saul has slain his thousands—  
David his thousands ten.

### ODE TO THE OLD YEAR

Thou art numbered, old year, with the things of the past,  
With thy late faded sister reposing at last  
As the sun's radiant heat in the morning of day  
Melts mists of the mountain and hies them away.  
The varying seasons also act their part,  
Bring bountiful harvests to gladden the heart;  
They come and they go, leave behind their good cheer,  
For man and all creatures, thou bountiful old year.

How many o'erjoyed with delight at thy birth  
Have, as thyself, bid adieu to this earth;  
Both young and old, submissive and gay,  
Alas! Like a vision have vanished away.

Blithe Sol in the morning springs up in the east,  
By the earth's circling motion sinks in the west;  
Thou day-ruling orb to our planet so dear,  
The mainspring of vigor, best nurse of the year.

Resources of treasure in nature's fain plan  
Are streams from the fountain such blessings to man.  
Ever onward are gliding to goal, lake or sea,  
Like man toiling through life to eternity.  
O man in God's image, why thoughtlessly spend  
Thy few paltry years here of three-score and ten;  
As life's chain winds up, the last links disappear,  
Thy visit is come, as the faded old year.

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### FADED AND GONE

Wherever ye wander, turn your steps anywhere,  
Ye scarce find a home but a mourner is there;  
In the halls of the rich and the cots of the poor,  
Are weeping and wailing behind closed doors.  
There are weepings and wailings both night and day,  
The home circle broken, beloved ones away,  
And chairs standing vacant they rested thereon,  
Sweet rosebuds of promise all faded and gone.

When big tears of sorrow roll down the wan cheek,  
The tongue remains silent, unable to speak,  
No consolation the world can bestow.  
To a soul wrung with anguish, oppression and woe,

### FADED AND GONE—Continued

Kind friends may surround you to soothe down thy grief,  
A heart nigh to breaking finds no balm of relief;  
For the stars of the household that once brightly shone,  
Sweet rosebuds of promise all faded and gone.

From the king on his throne to the peasant you meet,  
From the angel of Death all fain would retreat.  
The king cannot thwart nor the subject gainsay,  
Uncertain is life and a brief, troubled day.  
Sweet roses will bloom, shed fragrance in spring,  
And birds tune their ditty upon sportive wing,  
But the joy of a home forever has flown  
When the rosebuds of promise are faded and gone.

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### A HARVEST STRIFE IN OLDEN TIMES

In the year 1861, in lovely month of September, harvesters assembled in a thirty acre field on the farm of Sweethope in the parish of Stithell, Berwickshire, Scotland, to cut down the golden grain that was waving in the gentle breeze. In those days binders were unknown, scythes and sickles were the only implements in use. Although the work was tiresome, harvest time was looked forward to as the most cheerful season in the year. The number of hands that met that memorable morning were forty shearers, of whom one-third were rosy cheeked maidens, ten bandsters, three rakers, two raking binders, and the steward or overseer. The writer of these lines was one of the shearers that day and had for a mate a young Irishman named Barney McCann, who had come from Ireland to share in the profits of the Scottish harvest. He happened to be just merry eighteen, like myself, and a piece of as good metal as ever handled a sickle. The overseer is understood to control the motions of his shearers and keep them in line. The ridges were laid off fifteen feet so that each two shearers had their own respective parts to play. About three o'clock in the afternoon a commotion went through among the shearers as if an evil spirit had seized them. Then came a loud cry from the overseer, "At it, boys, first to the head of the field."

See marshalled in yon field of grain,  
That richly clothes our fruitful plain,  
A band of reapers, old and young,  
From various kindreds they have sprung;  
Their blooming maidens, Scotland's pride,



### A HARVEST STRIFE LANG SYNE—Continued

The harvest field's no place of dreams  
When sweat runs down your face in streams,  
When blood gets hot to tame the proud.  
"Now at it," cries the grieve aloud.  
No sooner said all minds are one,  
Mother 'gainst daughter, father 'gainst  
son,

Each tries their best to win Dame fame  
And add fresh laurels to their name.  
Auld Peggy Grey being in the core  
Whose age had almost reached three-score,  
But tough and wiry, real true blue,  
Give honor to whom honor's due.  
She threw her raiment on the ground,  
Leapt to her work in agile bound.  
She crossed and then recrossed the rigg,  
But did her work so wondrous trigg—  
Like lions bounding on their prey,  
Each keenly strove to win the day.  
Each one with might the sickle plies  
To win Dame fame, the wish for prize.  
The bandster, Robin, none can tame,  
Gets slippet bands, Oh, what a shame!  
Big blustering Tam's behind the brae,  
He's capillowed in the great fray,  
(When left behind und can't see shear-  
ers).

O what a scene to stand and scan,  
See man 'gainst maid, maid 'gainst man—  
Each at their best, with sweat nigh blind,  
Try hard to leave the rest behind,  
No whisper's heard within the field,  
No merry laugh, nor circles wheeled.  
No music wakes in soothing strains,  
For every tongue in silence reigns.  
Now Peggy's got five yards of start,  
The one to catch her will be smart.  
Peg and her neighbor, Ted Macree,  
Upon their backs, lads, cast your e'e,  
They all along did keep the lead  
And were the first to reach the head.  
The oldest in the field, what shame  
To let her carry off Dame Fame.  
Yes, Peggy, you are proven best  
By five whole yards you've beat the rest.  
"You are the queen", the grieve did say,  
"And well deserve a hip hurray."  
This raised auld Peggy's spirits high.

### A HARVEST STRIFE LANG SYNE—Continued

With a shrill voice she loud did cry,  
"Come on again," in waggish glee,  
"The best I'll shear for a week's fee.  
Many a harvest heat I've shorn,  
When bloom of youth did me adorn;  
But furrows mark my cheeks and brow,  
Speak not what was, but what is now.  
Still I am ready for the strife  
'Gainst man or maid, husband or wife.  
I'll try them, yes, and beat them too,  
I aye was kenned to be true blue."  
The grievèd knew well Peg's pile before  
Laughed at the boast of old threescore,  
He praised her too the highest degree,  
Said she was the match for any three.  
She was the one 'mong thirty-four,  
Who won the heat on Cessford Moor,  
This saying pleased both young and old,  
Roused Peggy like a hero bold.  
When all with one accord again  
Hip, hip, hurrah, rang on the plain.  
"But cease this strife, the steward said,  
On stalwart youths great shame is laid,  
So from all brows dry off the sweat  
And end this year the harvest heat."

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### YOU CANNOT HAVE MY DAUGHTER

These verses describe an incident that took place in an old farm house in the vicinity of the village of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, Scotland, in the year 1848. In those days a young man thought it good fun to rig up a pack and call at the home of his girl, selling small wares in the long winter evenings. On this occasion the young man had in his pack a new dress for his intended bride. In presenting it, he asked the mother, who was a widow, for her daughter in marriage. Being a little near-sighted, she mistook the young man for a real peddler, but caught on in the end that it was Jimmie Hall, who had always been a true friend and an earnest wooer.

To-night I have come hither to wee,  
Goodwife, go call your daughter;  
I'll unfold my pack and display to view  
A braw new gown I've brought her.  
Nellie for years has been my delight,  
While many a wooer has sought her,

**CAN'T HAVE MY DAUGHTER—Continued**

The answer you gave these ardent knights,  
You cannot have my daughter.

My daughter's too young, just seventeen she be,  
And must get more training at school,  
To tramp with a peddler the upshot I dree,  
Wellwishers would term me a fool,  
For that paltry reason, goodwife, ye gainsay  
And spurn my request with laughter;  
A smile on your lip, ye muttering say,  
Ye canna have my daughter.

The old lady replied, I'm no thoughtless fool,  
Of sound judgment how much would I lack,  
To give Nellie away, a girl at school,  
To trudge the highway with a pack.  
Well, well, quoth the peddler, and squinting ajar,  
I'll forget the times I have sought her,  
There are girls in the country more lovely by far,  
Some goodwife will give me her daughter.

I'm nearest heir to houses and lands,  
Likewise a large shop in the town,  
A note from a lawyer yestreen came to hand,  
I heir the estate of old Uncle Brown.  
Up spoke the old lady, Nellie, speak for yourself,  
As I canna decide this matter.  
Such startling news just acts like a spell.  
Have I really to part with my daughter?

Just steady me, Jimmie, my head, oh, my head,  
Strange feelings creep over my brain.  
The world's whirling round, Nellie hastes to her aid,  
To alleviate sensation and pain.  
Soon by her side stood old Doctor Rule,  
Unexpected surprise, he said, caught her.  
In her ear Nellie whispers, when finished with school,  
Mother's home will be with her daughter.

Ere long they were spliced by the Rev. A. B.,  
Her maidens attending her call;  
Surrounded by friends of a high degree,  
Respected and honored by all.  
The old lady comes, the old lady goes,  
And blesses the day Jimmie sought her;  
But forgets the laughter, the sneers and noes,  
Ye canna have my daughter.

### DISMISSED WITHOUT COMPLIANCE

The hero of the following verses was a young Scotch shepherd reared at the base of one of the ranges of the Cheviot Hills, until he was twenty-one years of age. Being of a roving disposition and wishing to see a little of the outside world, he started one morning for the metropolis and finally landed at the pier of Leith. A ship was about to sail for Archangel on the White Sea in Russia. He volunteered his services and was engaged for the round trip. Remaining five years at sea, he grew tired of a mariner's life and returned to his native hills. Engaging as a shepherd on a farm in Berwickshire he soon gained the esteem of his master by his thorough knowledge of stock. A handsome young girl was servant in an adjoining farmhouse. In time they became acquainted, and to all appearance the friendship thus formed might consummate in marriage. On the farm where he was employed as shepherd the overseer had four daughters as handsome, if not more so, than the one to whom he paid his addresses. On several occasions he spent the winter evenings there, generally reading McKay's tales of the Scottish Borders or Sir Walter Scott's novels. A report was in circulation that he was paying his address to the steward's second daughter, Jane Younger, who, I do not hesitate to say, gave him every encouragement. One evening at the appointed hour of meeting his charmer, as he was wont to do, he tapped at the kitchen window and was immediately answered by the fair one, who opened the door, and, on seeing who was there, instantly shut it in his face with a look of silent contempt. Stung at this unlooked for insult, he retraced his steps, pondering over the matter. In a few days' time the fair one cooled and abandoned her haughty mien and made an apology to him on the first opportunity which presented itself. But he would not relent, and in a few days he gave up his situation, packed up his belongings and sailed for Australia. He soon obtained another situation with a master who had been reared on the English side of the banks of the Tweed. In the year following he entered into partnership, purchased a large tract of land, reared first-class stock and was soon on the highroad to prosperity. Twenty years glided by in this manner. He suffered some slight reverses, but had few drawbacks. His partner caught cold, and in three months breathed his last, leaving the younger man his money and share of the flocks. With the assistance of a hired man he kept the run two years longer, then resolved to sell out and return to his native hills with the large fortune of 48,000 pounds sterling. He built a house in a border town, but resolved to spend the remainder of his days in single blessedness.

THE REJECTED LOVER—Continued

The Rejected Lover's Farewell

Farewell to yonder greenhouse and the happy hours spent  
there,

Amid its fragrant rich perfume, and handsome Helen Yair;  
Adieu, ye old thatched farm house, in thee no more I'll be,  
For cruel was that servant girl to shut the door on me.

Perhaps she deems herself a queen, sprung from a high de-  
gree,

I also think myself a king who knew no poverty;  
The reason why my heart's aflame and teardrops fill my  
e'e,

Is thinking how my once loved girl did shut the door on  
me.

I've travelled east, I've travelled west, a rambler far and  
wide;

Escorted girls on Glasgow green, upon the banks of Clyde,  
I've fearless veered the Grecian isles, braved many a  
stormy sea,

But never dreamt a false young girl would shut the door  
on me.

Should I live to a good old age, until my locks grow grey,  
I'll vow no other haughty girl has power to say me nay;  
Adieu, fair maid, thy artful tricks ye ply in mockrive glee,  
I vow another of your sex won't shut the door on me.

But, thoughtless maid, keep this in mind when in thy  
youthful prime,

The fairest of our garden flowers bloom only a short time.  
Life is short and beauty vain, while death all living dree,  
Thine hour, fair maid, will also come, who shut the door  
on me.

Ye gallant swain, where'er you roam, should misfortune  
you betide

In choosing a life partner, let virtue be thy guide,  
I'll forgive that thoughtless maiden, the omen could not  
see,

And live down the mockrive smile as she shut the door  
on me.

—Scotty

## THE AULD KIRK GLEBE

That the reader who has never been in the Old Country may understand are penned these lines. The minister's man is an official almost extinct in the parishes of Scotland. Attached to the old kirk is a glebe of a few acres extent which is worked in the fourth shift rotation. This land enables the minister to keep a horse so that he can visit the members of his church who are scattered over the parish. Having this arable land it was necessary to keep a man servant to attend to the chores and work, both the land and the garden. For instance the parish of Southdean in Roxboroughshire has a glebe of about forty acres, a house and small steading on the land, and is rented to a tenant at a yearly rental. This kirk stands at the base of the Cheviot hills and was built in the year 1690. The parish runs up to the summit range of the Cheviots and has within its boundary line many prominent and lofty heights. Parish peel houses and fortalices exist in such numbers to show how stirring and blood-stained an arena the parish must have been of early wars and border marauding. There are also traces of a Roman camp. Thompson the poet was the son of a minister of Southdean, and he received most of the impressions which formed his characteristic style in this parish and neighborhood. On the outskirts of the parish, on the plain of Hindlee, situated in a wild, dreary district, on the edge of the Teviotdale mountains bordering on Liddesdale, lived a farmer named James Davidson, more familiarly known by the name of Dandy Dinmont, who was famed for his excellent breed of fox terriers named Mustard and Pepper. This is supposed to be the locality that furnished material for Sir Walter Scott's Dandy Dinmont in his famous tale, Guy Mannering. Last and not least, the Reverends Vcich and Bryson found a safe retreat from the persecuting party among the Southdean hills.

### The Minister's Man

The minister's man lives near the backburn,  
Where its wild, rushing stream takes a serpentine turn;  
He has struggled with hardships, vexation and care,  
Of misfortunes through life had a liberal share.  
He had only one daughter, his sweet little Jean,  
Death called her away at the age of sixteen.  
Behind his misfortunes bright prospects began  
To shine in the home of the minister's man.

### THE MINISTER'S MAN—Continued

The minister's man, with his grey, curly pow  
And deep furrowed cheeks show hardships gone through;  
But he walks so majestic to ring the kirk bell,  
He has oft been mistaken for the minister's sel'.  
The ladies in groups around the church door,  
Who knew his ill luck in the dark days of yore,  
In soft whispers speak, while his vesture they scan,  
"My, how greatly improved is the minister's man."

The minister's man, you find him at work  
When occasion requires, from sunrise till dark,  
As the seasons roll round, the first peep of spring  
Is up in the morning like a lark of the wing.  
The glebe he will plough, and the sheep he will wash,  
The barley and oats with the flail he does thresh,  
All works he would finish, whate'er he began,  
So faithful to serve was the minister's man.

The minister's man at the gloamin comes hame  
To a clean ingle neuk and a kind, loving dame,  
Cross-legged will sit, while his wifie draws near  
For news of the parish and what is asteer.  
Oft youths would assemble to have an hour's chat  
Who tell him the news about this one and that,  
When transgressors came 'neath the kirk session's ban,  
Was not a surprise to the minister's man.

The minister's man at times takes a horn  
Of the king of all beverage, John Barleycorn,  
'Tis then he unravels some skein orthodox  
In a way that would baffle a Calvin or Knox.  
Laughs how his reverence gave the pulpit a rap,  
His thirdly flew off into dumb Jennie's cap.  
For smart witty jokes search Beersheba to Dan,  
No match could you find for the minister's man.

The minister's man was a kind hearted soul  
O'er a glass of Glenlivet its worth would extol,  
A dram he enjoyed till the day of his death  
That called him away from his warm, cosy hearth.  
The kirk stands on the hill, the bell is still rung,  
Vibrating a sound from its rusty old tongue,  
But the sexton who rang, now lifeless and wan,  
In the cold, silent grave lies the minister's man.

ROBT. CAIRN'S LAMENT FOR THE  
MURDER OF HIS FAVORITE CAT,  
PATE

Come forth, my muse, and loudly sing,  
Thy doleful strains make woodlands ring,  
Since nothing can me comfort bring,  
    Or raise my head,  
Since he who was 'mong cats the king,  
    Alas, is dead.

I never thought to see this day  
My favorite Pate a keeper slay.  
His worth to me gold can't repay  
    That cruel deed,  
And leave him on the heathery brae,  
    Stiff, cauld and dead.

Can I forget the days gone by,  
How on my knee would trustful lie,  
And to my shoulder mount on high  
    In gleesome speed,  
Caress me with his whiskers sly,  
    The chield that's dead.

When homeward bound, a weary wight,  
Tired with hard toil from morn till night,  
My faithful friend appeared in sight,  
    In sportive glee,  
To tell all things were snug and right  
    At home for me.

Lament with me when this I tell  
The saddest fate to him befell,  
As off to Mellerstain pell mell  
    He bent his way,  
But ne'er returned to show himself,  
    Or say guid day.

The heathery brae he strolled along,  
Driving the rabbits frae their home,  
Sparing neither old nor young  
    That he came near.  
When, lo, the traps he got among  
    Stopped his career.

Oh faithful cat, you're off your track,  
I fear again you'll ne'er come back.  
With a sharp clank off went a trap,

ROBERT CAIRN'S LAMENT FOR HIS CAT PATE

Continued.

'Twas wondrous gleg,  
Clasping poor Peter in a crack  
By the foreleg.

Scarce in the gin two hours has been,  
When 'mong the trees the keeper's seen,  
With torch in hand and haughty mien,—  
Now Pate looks wae,  
Struggling for freedom, O how keen  
To get away!

No kindly word, no pitying eye,  
But sound of footsteps drawing nigh,  
Though transgressors weep, wail and sigh,  
An example makes,  
'Mid rueful looks and mewling cry,  
The mallet takes.

This cat I value not one grot,  
Who pry within preserved lots,  
Laws my own make, and why not  
Death be his fate.  
To-night no time to spare have got,  
It's getting late.

Up to the trap in haste does go  
To give poor Pate his fatal blow,  
When unexpectedly, and lo,  
Pate opes his eyes:  
Courage takes, though faint and low,  
He thus replies:

Oh, spare my life, for life is dear;  
Your brawny arm I greatly fear.  
Have mercy, my petition hear,  
Millroy, Millroy.  
I'll vow I'll ne'er again come here  
Thee to annoy.

You know the nature of my race  
Is prying through each secret place,  
The vermin there I kill and chase,  
When them I see.  
In pity scan my mournful face,  
And hear,— me free.

ROBERT CAIRN'S LAMENT FOR HIS CAT PATE

Continued.

Hush, sleeky lad, how wondrous sly,  
Again these oily words don't try.  
A few more seconds and you lie  
    Upon this sward;  
Unto your mournful, mewling cry  
    Pay no regard.

The blow does fall, the keeper cries  
To stay at home would been more wise,  
For of this spot will never rise,  
    By night or day.  
With two, three sprawis Pate closed his  
    eyes,  
    And mutely lay.

All you who may this sad tale read,  
Have you a cat, I pray take heed,  
And mark this cruel-hearted deed,  
    Aye with disdain,  
That makes poor Robin wear the weed  
    For him that's gone.

As ne'er again with monk will play,  
Nor meet me on the king's highway.  
Shame on that arm that did him slay,  
    And made him bleed.  
The blood-stained heather on the brae  
    Marks the foul deed.

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## THE KIDNAPPING

This incident as narrated happened in the year 1812. The father was slain at Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, while serving under the Duke of Wellington. At the death of the mother the children were left almost unprotected. They had wandered away on a former occasion, which caused the neighbors no small uneasiness. The tale as related was told me by an old lady who was reared in a village two miles distant from Hazelwood, and was twelve years of age when the kidnapping took place, which turned out in the end a blessing in disguise, so as Bill Shakespeare says: "It is all well that ends well."

Milestones are placed on the highways leading to the principal towns. Some roadmen keep them standing erect and clean. Others neglect them and in course of time they are covered with moss. St. Boswell's figures in history in the time of William the Lion, and was burned by the English under Sir Ralph Sadder in 1544. The most notable thing connected with it is the great annual fair of St. Boswell's held on the village green on the 18th of July, and is counted one of the greatest in the south of Scotland, when large flocks of sheep and lambs, chiefly of the Leicester breed, are brought hither from all parts of the adjacent country and generally find so ready a market as to be disposed early in the morning.

### The Two Orphans

Two orphans sought shelter in Hazelton wood,  
In appearance forlorn and pensive in mood;  
Their home desolate, the future looks bleak,  
While big tears of sorrow roll down their wan cheeks.  
At the front father's slain, now mother is dead,  
Nought left to buy them a morsel of bread,  
The mirth of their playmates them sadly annoy,  
A heart almost breaking has that girl and boy.  
One day as they rambled they came to a glade,  
Jean footsore and weary, in simplicity said:  
"Of wandering this day we've done more than our share;  
Now night is at hand we a shelter prepare."  
By the axe of the woodman lay trees in the bush.  
Around in profusion was abundance of brush.  
They started in earnest with precision and care,  
Erected a hut and spent the night there.

While stars in the heavens, the lamps of the night,  
And moon overhead shed down their pale light,  
Jean ne'er closed her eyes, her mind soared away  
To the mansions above and in earnest did pray:

### THE TWO ORPHANS—Continued

"O God of Bethel, to Thee we draw nigh,  
Look down, we beseech Thee, from Thy throne on high,  
Thine arms throw around us two lambs of Thy fold,  
Send us manna from heaven as Thou did'st of old."

"This hut is a Bethel to me," Jean did say.  
"I could linger around the long summer day."  
The keen edge edge of hunger urged Jean quickly on,  
Jim looked so fatigued, his strength almost gone.  
"You rest here awhile, Jim, on this stone make your seat,  
I'll run to our auntie's for something to eat."  
She was lost to his vision where the road takes a turn  
At the steep rugged banks of the wild rushing burn.

A coach with position by chance passing by,  
A lady of birth with a keen, watchful eye,  
Observing a child on the moss covered stone,  
Dejected in look, forsaken, alone.  
The footman alighted, his order was haste,  
By the side of the lady the orphan was placed,  
Friendless you be, the lady's maid said,  
You will yet be a chieftain, be not dismayed.

Away went the steeds to the borderland make,  
Caught on this side the Cheviots, our honor's at stake.  
The boy was delighted at the swiftness they went,  
Sat rocking and smiling so seeming content,  
Forgot in excitement his dear sister Jean,  
On the urgent errand she lately had been,  
At the milestone Jean called loudly, all her callings were  
vain,  
The woodlands re-echoed her sentence again.

Kidnapped, kidnapped! rose the hue and the cry,  
Can the hounds of the law restore back this boy?  
There was racing and chasing in a circuit around,  
O'er hills and through valleys no trace could be found.  
Left alone in the world and tender in years,  
But a kind-hearted youth unexpected appears;  
That gallant young farmer who rode in the fray,  
Caught Jean in his arms and hastens away.

Now dry up your tears, Jean, they can never atone  
For that daring exploit at the moss-covered stone!  
At the foot of the Cheviots is still to be seen,  
A lone shepherd's cot where the heather grows green.

### THE TWO ORPHANS—Continued

Here the carriage stops, "My boy have no fear,"  
The lady now whispers these words in his ear,  
Then calls aloud, "Sarah, say to mother to be  
Kind to this foundling, for he interests me."

Jim soon feels at home with the old mother kind,  
Bygones are forgot, erased from his mind,  
Strange faces he sees and miles intervene  
To the moss-covered stone where he parted with Jean.  
To the school in the village in due time he was sent,  
When Sarah and he o'er the bleak moorlands went,  
While Collie ran circles, so joyous would bark,  
And mounting aloft sang so sweetly the lark.

The old mansion stands by a clear winding rill,  
O'er looking the slopes of the famed border hills,  
From the high peaks of Cheviot the zephyr does blow,  
Giving to the wan cheeks a rose colored glow.  
'Twas there Jim was reared a shepherd by trade,  
The prizes he took told the skill he displayed,  
There grew up to manhood, was handsome and tall,  
Kind-hearted, obliging, beloved by all.

Twelve years have elapsed, Jim comes to the fair  
With a fine flock of Cheviots for disposal there.  
After business transactions, from all care relieved,  
The lambs counted over and money received,  
Felt cheerful and happy, freed from all care,  
Walked leisurely down the much-crowded fair.  
His eyes fixed on a lady dressed neatly and trim,  
She looks like my sister! in whispers said Jim.

That quick-witted youth did follow apace,  
A position did take in a prominent place.  
Saluting the lady as a gentleman would,  
In an undertone said "Old Hazelton Wood."  
Jean spurns this gallant with a look of disdain.  
Old Hazelton Wood is repeated again.  
This thought crossed her mind: "Twas there I lost mother.  
With a stern, piercing look, says: Jim Arnour, my brother!

In a home of her own kept neatly and clean,  
Ne'er tires to relate her lost brother has seen.  
That gallant young farmer who rode in the fray,  
Now the husband of Jean, young Donald McRay;  
And Sarah, Jim's wife, by the lady's consent,  
Built a house for her shepherd on the wild grassy bent.  
Ask Jim why he smiles and talks when alone,  
Says his mind hies away to the moss-covered stone.

### FATHER TIME'S CREEPING IN UPON ME

That thief Father Time my youth stole away  
To the things that were, but I could not gainsay,  
In the dawning of youth how pleasant to view  
Wild flowers on the meadows all bathed in dew,  
And leaves of the forest that cluster the spray  
Fall a victim to time on a snell autumn day,  
Like youth ardour waning, distant objects can't see,  
Mark then Father Time creeping in upon me.

Creeping in upon me, lulled is youth's social song,  
Where the wild mountain torrent leaps careening along,  
Oft has yon shepherd leaped that rushing rill,  
His dog by his side to his flocks on the hill.  
Go view him to-day 'mid his fleecy care,  
His brow deeply furrowed and hoary his hair,  
Life draws nigh a close, beyond soon will be  
That same Father Time's creeping in upon me.

Creeping in upon me, where is that blushing bride,  
Once so rosy and radiant by her lover's side,  
Alas, Time has closed those bright, sparkling eyes  
That shone like twin stars in the azure skies.  
Still the sun brightly shines upon \*Gateshaw braes,  
Where saints of the covenant met for worship and praise,  
The creek still glides on by the clump of pine trees,  
Where old Father Time's creeping in upon me.

Creeping in upon me as shades o'er the plain,  
When Sol's sinking down in the western main,  
And tapers of heaven shine like luminous balls,  
Proclaim Day, thou art numbered! night curtain falls,  
Frail man, all thy thoughts and wishes are vain,  
Youth's joys and sunshine will ne'er come again,  
Man's life's but a span, I submit, bow the knee,  
To old Father Time creeping in upon me.

\*Gateshaw, famed in border history, is a farm in the parish of Morebattle, running up to the border of England. In the village is a Presbyterian Church. The original congregation connected with this was the earliest Secession congregation in the south of Scotland. Mr. Hunter was their first minister and was ordained in 1739, and was the earliest Secession licentiate, and his successor officiated for seven years after ordination in a tent on Gateshaw brae. In 1839 a great religious meeting conducted by a body of Secession ministers from a distance assembled there to celebrate the centenary of Mr. Hunter.

### ODE ON A PET PONY

Good neighbors all, when you draw near,  
Please doff your hat and drop a tear  
For him that's lying mouldering here  
    Beneath this pile.  
His like again cannot appear  
    For a long while.

To see him trotting up the street,  
'Twas worth a quarter for the treat.  
How neat he lifted up his feet,  
    With agile glee,  
His handsome form erect and neat,  
    A charm to see.

Up Guest Street he had many a race,  
Sweet liberty he did embrace.  
Near him his heels flashed by your face,  
    Then away he ran,  
Neighing a challenge for a chase,—  
    Catch me who can!

Now hangs his harness 'gainst the wall,  
And vacant stands his wonted stall,  
No whinnies come now when I call,  
    Naught greets my ear,  
But weeping youngsters' wailing bawl,  
    No Gordie's here.

When dewy morn wakes up the lea,  
Then flowerets woo the early bee,  
Hang crystal dewdrops from the tree  
    Like strings of beads,  
Tears shed from Nature's pitying e'e,  
    Since Gordie's dead.

May flowers in great profusion bloom  
With nectar sweet and rich perfume,  
Wafting their fragrance morn and noon,  
    I humbly crave,  
Till there is left no vacant room  
    Round Gordie's grave.

### THE BANKS OF KALE

There is a spot aye dear to me,  
Where wild flowers deck the grassy lea,  
Skylarks at early morning sing  
Their love song upon sportive wing.  
Primroses sparkle on thy braes,  
With milk-white blossoms hang the slaes,  
Wafting sweet fragrance o'er the vale;  
That spot is on the banks of Kale.

At the foot of Cheviot hills so blue  
Kale first appears to human view,  
With murmuring voice does onward glide,  
Leaps rocky lynns, rounds bleak hillsides,  
Passes many a gently rising slope,  
With giant arms extends an oak,  
There cushats coo their evening tale  
Upon the bonnie banks of Kale.

The playful lambs upon the lea,  
Racing away in harmless glee,  
This Cheviot breed of border fame  
Kale water has the foremost claim,  
For miles around appears to view  
The hardy, well-shaped Cheviot ewe,  
Grazing in peace on hill and dale,  
Along the bonnie banks of Kale.

Many a year has glided past,  
Blown many a piercing, bitter blast,  
Had pangs of grief, had times of joy,  
Since I roamed these banks a cowherd boy;  
Blest be the hand and heart so kind,  
That ever-thoughtful lady friend,  
Her books she lent, I ne'er did fail  
To study on the banks of Kale.

On a scaur side a cedar grew,  
From there I had my charge in view,  
From driving rainstorms shelter made,  
From sultry heat an ample shade.  
'Long Teviot banks I loved to stray,  
To woo the muse at gloaming gray,  
And breathe the fragrant scented gale  
At the still confluence of the Kale.

So days and years fast glide away,  
It seems to me but yesterday  
Since I roamed these banks brimful of joy,  
A merry-hearted, barefoot boy.

### THE BANKS OF KALE—Continued

Sweet rivulet, glide on thy way,  
Ye linger neither night nor day,  
Thy murmuring sound bespeaks the tale,  
That perseverance reach the goal.

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### SCOTTY'S POEM

Behold the portrait of John Hand's Lovely Dorothy:

Ye need not beck, ye need not bow,  
Nor praise your Barrie girl, Johnnie,  
Lest the sages make a stirring row  
In painting Dorothy so bonnie;  
When her manners cauld, head nearly bald,  
Short sighted, lank and thin,  
Can't walk erect, her knees are bent,  
Her nose near meets her chin.

Says Dorothy has nut brown hair,  
When her locks are thin and gray,  
And furrow courses mark her cheeks,  
Speak symptoms of decay.  
With eyes so blind his bosom heaves,  
His heart alike is fain,  
Will says black's white, maintain its right  
Her youth days to retain.

I dearly love the thistle land,  
And handsome girls that's there;  
When I landed on a foreign strand  
Met fairer madens here.  
The Brampton rose is so complete  
Takes everybody's e'e,  
Just for a treat its worth the feat  
Coming fifty miles to see.

Young Irishmen love pretty girls,  
But this is no less true  
They often act the weakling's part  
By taking squint-eyed views.  
Another rub to clear your een,  
Then you may see aright,  
To' dance a jig on Barrie's green  
Having got your second sight.

### EPISTLE TO JOHN HAND, BARRIE—Continued

Oblivion dooms the Barrie girls  
And Dorothy with awe,  
Tongue can't express, themselves confess  
Their failings, faults and flaws.  
Round the winding stream Etobicoke,  
Grows many a lovely flower,  
But the Brampton rose can't be surpassed,  
Looks lovelier every hour.

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### EPISTLE TO SCOTTY

My dear old bard, what happened ye  
Ye got so testy lately?  
My Dorothy says "You are gone mad  
Or by love affected greatly."  
She says "You were in Barrie town  
A week just from last Sunday,  
And for to view her winsome smiles,  
Like a turkey you went round her."

Now, dear old bard, I'd like to know,  
Do you really count that fair  
To come and woo my little dove  
When you got me off elsewhere?  
You went down on your bended knees  
Like the Pagan kings of yore,  
And a victim at her feet your crawled,  
Her presence to adore.

That is not strange, my dear old bard,  
It happens every day;  
To see that lovely maiden  
They come from Africa.  
Last week they came from Asia-Minor,  
From Kamchatka and from Spain,  
And in thousands gathered round her,  
At least, her smiles to gain.

Now the next time that you come to town,  
I fear you'll get a blow,  
For in last week's Conservator  
She found your imbröglio.  
Now, dear old bard, take my advice,  
Though it may make you frown,  
And never try to win her smiles  
While an Irishman knocks around.

### EPISTLE TO SCOTTY—Continued

Just one word more, my dear old bard,  
And heed it if you can;  
Get wed unto the Brampton Rose,  
You'll be a lucky man.  
Tell her that you love her,  
And to her will be true,  
And some day you'll come by thousands  
To place her in the Zoo.

—Jno. Hand, Barrie.

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### TO JOHN HAND, BARRIE

An address to John Hand, who in his correspondence describes Barrie to have the finest scenery in the universe. That the young men are loyal and brave, and moreover her maidens cannot be excelled for comeliness and beauty.

You say you roamed in Erin's Isle  
When young and free of care,  
From fertile vales of royal Meath  
To the winding hills of Clare;  
That island where the shamrock grows,  
And flowerets deck the lea,  
Cannot compare in many ways  
With scenes around Barrie.

Ascend the heights above the school  
And southward cast a glance  
Along the shores of Georgian Bay,  
Where golden sunbeams dance;  
Or stroll along the eastern beach,  
No grander sights can be,  
Romantic scenes in auld Scotland  
Are tame compared with thee.

Just take yon waiting motor boat  
And have a pleasure sail  
Into the far-famed Simcoe Lake,  
Or round by Allandale;  
Around you turn and go northwest,  
Where taste and skill are seen,  
The trim kept homes of working men  
With lawns so fresh and green.

### TO JOHN HAND—Continued

You say that Barrie's sons are brave,  
And daughters flowers of May,  
That everyhome speaks comfort  
Along the Georgian Bay.  
That strangers from a foreign land  
Are taken by surprise,  
Go whispering in an undertone,  
This seems a paradise.

You never saw the classic Tweed,  
Nor Cheviot mountains blue,  
Nor the heather on the moorlands wild  
Attired in pearly dew.  
I'll bring a shepherdess from Teviotside,  
You Barrie's fairest maid,  
We'll place the twasome side by side,  
What then, you'll look dismayed.

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### THIS IS THE ANSWER TO SCOTTY'S CHALLENGE

As the sun shed its rays o'er the montain,  
My heart it felt happuy and free,  
As I strolled through Simcoe's fair bourse,  
And all through the town of Barrie.  
I have viewed all its maids, they are charming—  
No fairer could man wish to see,  
But the fairest of all them fair creatures  
Is lovely and fair Dorothy.

Her eyes they are shining like diamonds,  
No fairer on earth could you find,  
For her face wears the smile of an angel,  
While her heart it is loving and kind;  
Her step's like the fawn's on the mountain,  
So light, so happy, and free,  
The star of the Western world  
Is lovely and fair Dorothy.

When the bright sun is shedding its lustre  
O'er valley, o'er mountain and town,  
Its rays cannot equal her beauty  
When smiling she marches down town.  
Her cheeks far excel the sweet blossoms,  
That in gardens in summer you'd see,  
No doubt she is the goddess of beauty,  
Is lovely and fair Dorothy.

ANSWER TO SCOTTY—Continued

Now we will take this virgin,  
With Scotty's famos pride,  
And to compare their beauty,  
We'll place them side by side,  
And all that comes to see them  
With me they must agree —  
And say a Hindoo looks poor Scotty's maid,  
Beside lovely Dorothy.

—John Hand, Barrie, Ont.

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EPISTLE TO JOHN HAND, BARRIE, ON HIS  
LOVELY DOROTHY

Sing on, young bard, in Barrie town,  
With voice both sweet and clear;  
Thy soothing strains make bosoms heave  
And charm the listening ear.  
Laud Dorothy to towering heights,  
Aloft her merits raise,  
May niche her in the roll of fame  
Thy fascinating praise.

Take Dorothy to any clime,  
Place on her head a crown,  
Confront her by that graceful form,  
The rose of Brampton town.  
Before perfection see her quail,  
One glance creates a spell;  
Her cheeks are like a new blown rose,  
Her eyes are the gazelle's.

Say, bard, of bonnie Barrie town,  
Brush cobwebs from your e'e,  
Then view in a transparent light  
Your homely Dorothy.  
You dye her lips and her wan cheeks  
With juice of cranberries,  
Bedeck her breast and fallow brow  
With pearls from the rowan tree.

Then her eyes may shine like diamonds  
bright,  
More amiable be,  
And only bloomer on this sphere  
That's all the world to thee.

### TO JOHN HAND—Continued

You walk along our crowded streets,  
View the fair sex passing by,  
Attired so neat from head to foot,  
Your challenge they defy.

Come, view the rose of Brampton town,  
You'll see perfection there,  
And think that angel forms above  
Could ne'er be half so fair.  
So place the model Dorothy,  
Your choice of Barrie's maids,  
Beside the rose of Brampton town,  
She's threefold in the shade.

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### TO SCOTTY

Barrie, March 29, 1915.

Address to Scotty, who a few months ago proposed to bring a maid from Teviot side in Scotland to smother the beauty of my lovely Dorothy. Not only has he failed to do so, but compares a thing called the "Brampton Rose" with my lovely Dorothy.

Sagacious bard of Brampton town,  
I received your fine epistle,  
And by the same I plainly see  
You forsook Auld Scotland's pride and thistle.  
Now, noble bard, your native land  
I ask you still to prize,  
For on its hills and heathery plains,  
Some noble warriors died.

Take old King Bruce and William Wallace,  
They were warriors brave and true;  
Perchance they're worthy of the ranks  
With far-famed Brian Boru.  
And Scotland's maids are good enough  
For any man to see—  
But, remember, bard, they can't compare  
With lovely Dorothy.

Your Brampton Rose, she may look well,  
When dressed up to perfection;  
My dear old bard, I was like you,  
Till I made some inspection.

**ANSWER TO SCOTTY—Continued**

Her lovely cheeks of which you boast  
And say the roses vie,  
Is but the work of a painter's brush,  
To deceive the passer-by.

Look at her boots, pegged, number twelves,  
When your muddy streets she trudges through,  
While my virgin bright trips on so light,  
In well sewed number twos.  
No, dear bard, don't you desert  
Your lovely Teviot's pride,  
But go at once and fetch her o'er;  
Throw Brampton's Rose aside.

Or, if you wish, just take the two,  
By my darling place them, side by side,  
And brighter still she will appear,  
Her beauty you can't hide.  
When I look into her brilliant eyes,  
And on her nut-brown hair,  
I sing aloud "In Eyllium,  
Her equal is not there."

Now, if you come to Barrie,  
It will give you information,  
And returning to your Brampton maids,  
"Twill be your elation—  
That Barrie's maids are beautiful,  
That Dorothy is more than grand,  
And that they are the fairest maids,  
Outside ould Ireland.

—John Hand, Barrie, Ont.

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**LAMENT FOR THE MURDER OF A  
FAVORITE CAT**

There's no more mewing at the door,  
No merry gambols on the floor,  
Wee Fairy Queen is now in gore,  
As cauld as lead.  
Her mirth and glee, alas, are o'er,  
Pair Fairy's dead.

LAMENT FOR A FAVORITE CAT—Continued

Some cruel foe, methinks, through spite,  
With felon craft, the other night,  
Gave her a blow when out of sight,  
    With brutal ire.  
The coward then took speedy flight,  
    And ran like fire.

Inhuman wretch, such barbarous act  
Was ill-becoming on thy part,  
To strike a beast that never hurt  
    Your friend or foe.  
Alas, you gave my throbbing heart  
    A heavy blow.

Can I forget her humorous squeal,  
When she would merry circles wheel,  
And up trees like a monkey speel,  
    Wi' life and glee,  
Which made my very noddle reel  
    To stand and see.

How cautiously she walked the lea  
Whene'er she took a stroll with me;  
The shepherd's dog she hailed to see,  
    Ne'er feeling dread,  
She never would from danger flee,  
    The Queen that's dead.

The timid mice with joy are squeaking—  
So fearless grown are boldly peeping,  
Right in the barrels are digging deep in  
    Among the meal.  
I trow they know wee Fairy's sleeping,  
    Secure they feel.

Oft on my knee would Fairy lie,  
Creeping therein so wondrous sly,  
At times would sternly me defy  
    To put her down,  
And on my face would keenly eye  
    A smile or frown.

In yonder gorgeous flowery glade,  
Where Bessie with her often strayed,  
'Mong flowers when she so lightsome played  
    In harmless glee.  
Her gansy form is lowly laid  
    'Neath a birch tree.

### ANNIE LYALL

Are you the girl I've never seen  
Since our happy youthful days,  
When we rambled down the deep ravine,  
And climbed the hazly braes.  
The sly blinks of thy dark blue eyes,  
And sweet, bewitching smile  
Still lingers in my fancy flights  
Thine image, Annie Lyall.

I'll ne'er forget that summer day  
Among the Cheviots blue,  
We stood upon a shelving rock,  
Had an extensive view.  
We scanned the glens on either side,  
Where flocks of Cheviots graze,  
There a shepherdess by a burnside  
Was busy bleaching claes.

We shook hands with the shepherdess,  
These words to her did say,  
"Twa strangers strolling here and there,  
Sight-seeing for the day."  
"Welcome to share my humble cot,  
My shelter from a child,  
This shieling is a hallowed spot  
Upon the moorlands wild."

Her willing hands the table spread,  
Rare viands thereon did lay.  
This toothsome meal our hearts made glad,  
Prolonged our lengthened stay,  
When the young shepherdess came at e'en,  
Was enamoured with thy smile,  
Maintained more handsome maiden ne'er  
had seen.  
Than lovely Annie Lyall.

A wise old sage was not astray,  
Said wooing ne'er would fail,  
Nor lovers meet at gloaming grey  
Upon the banks of Kale.  
'Twas there they pledged in earnest troth  
Among the purple heather,  
In wedlock bands united were,  
That death alone can sever.

**ANNIE LYALL—Continued**

No more I'll see these border hills,  
Nor climb the heights of Yair,  
The shepherdess leap crystal rills  
To view her fleecy care.  
For that tidy little heath thatched cot  
Stands lonely and forlorn,  
Since Martha married Champion Scott,  
And leased another farm.

---

**SWEET BESS OF WHITRIGHILL**

Blow soft ye zephyr breeze of spring,  
Make warbling songsters sweetly sing,  
And clothe the fields in mantle green  
With varied flowers enhance the scene.  
In pleasure path 'tis joy to rove  
In Wellwood's sylvan shady grove;  
Hear the music of the tuneful rill,  
With lovely Bess of Whitrighill.

At quiet hours at gloamin' grey  
Two ardent lovers hie away,  
With cautious steps tries to regain  
The trysting tree down in the lane.  
Her wavy locks of auburn hue,  
Two sparkling eyes of bonnie blue;  
Tall and genteel Dame Nature's skill  
Has formed sweet Bess of Whitrighill.

Oft have we roamed along Eden side,  
Where that rippling streamlet onward glides,  
Light-hearted climbed the gowany braes,  
Resounding with the lintwhite's lays,  
High perched upon a maple tree,  
Poured forth his lays in agile glee;  
Beneath its shade with right good will  
Oft rested Bess of Whitrighill.

That sacred spot forever dear,  
The noisy lynns fall on the ear,  
There fragrant flowers perfume the air,  
The modest daisy waving there,  
Forget-me-not in beauty reigns,  
And sweet bluebells wave on the plains,  
Sweet flowers in rich profusion still  
Wave round sweet Bess of Whitrighill.

**SWEET BESS OF WHITRIGHILL—Continued**

Her voice melodious and sweet,  
Warm hearted, modest and discreet,  
Leal kindness sparkles in her eye,  
Real sterling virtue, love and joy,  
No wealth has she nor an estate,  
No lady maids upon her wait,  
His fortune's earned who has the skill  
To catch sweet Bess of Whitrighill.

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**ADDRESS TO A PENNY**

**On plowing it up at a plowing bee on the farm of Dunca-  
haugh Mill on the borders of England in  
the year 1865.**

What clinking noise is this I hear,  
Resonant sounds attract my ear,  
As my plowshare through the sod does tear,  
With risping noise.  
Some precious jewel may turn up here,  
Make me rejoice.

October winds were piercing cold,  
My hands the tools spread out the mould,  
Good luck perchance may turn up gold  
Among this clay.  
Rewarded I would be ten fold  
For toil this day.

I scratched awhile then stood and scanned,  
Pictured an English noble (8/6 sterling) in  
my hand,  
Showing my comrades what I found  
Upon this brae.  
Perchance may tell the tale in foreign lands  
Some future day.

With wistful look and eager stare,  
Stirring away with cautious care,  
A minute here, five seconds there,  
Hooted by many.  
Reward for toil at length laid bare  
A rusty penny.

**ADDRESS TO A PENNY—Continued**

Could I but know how long you've lain,  
Obscurely near this spot when stane  
The summer heats, cauld sleet and rain  
    That dyed thy face,  
And times thy owner sought in vain  
    Thy hiding place.

In durance lay beneath this sward  
A damp and dreary, cheerless bed,  
Oft huntsmen's horn the peasants heard  
    Blow o'er thy head.  
At length a youthful peasant bard  
    Unearthed thy bed.

When ye first from the mint was borne  
With shiny face and circular form,  
Perhaps a belle's bust did adorn,  
    Made curious wonder.  
Lone left forsaken and forlorn  
    Since fifteen hunder.

What would your last owner say  
On learning you had gone astray.  
Perhaps he sought both glen and brae  
    With anxious care,  
But lost to him, alack, aday!  
    And can't tell where.

Perhaps a gentleman of fame,  
Marquis or duke of titled name,  
Has dropped you when out shooting game  
    Mid tangling bush  
Or hunting Reynard on this plain  
    To have his brush.

Perhaps King James of Scotland when  
Surrounded by his fighting men,  
Marching along o'er hill and glen,  
    Claymore and shield,  
To fight undaunted Englishmen  
    On Flodden field.

It may have been an honest wight  
Was his last coin like the widow's mite,  
Who toils from dawn until twilight  
    Day after day.  
Finding you had gone outright  
    Made him look woe.

**ADDRESS TO A PENNY—Continued**

Whoever lost you, dear old penny,  
I care not for the scorn of any,  
Be they a Jockie or a Jennie,  
Let them repine.  
I prize thee above rubies many,  
Memorial of Langsyne.

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**THE DITCHER**

Toiling away, 'mong miry clay,  
Amid the drizzling rain;  
Plying his mattock with a will  
An honest fee to gain.  
Fifty years of honest labor,  
Fifty years of hardy toil,  
Loved by wife, admired by neighbor,  
Dug the hard and stubborn soil,—  
The Ditcher.

Struggling against the ills of life,  
With firm resolve, I trow;  
To earn his needed daily bread  
By the sweat of his brow.  
Behold him in his youthful prime.  
Arrived at manhood's might,  
Toil was a recreation then,  
In works took great delight,—  
The Ditcher.

On Bowmanthaugh's you'll find him there  
Upon the crowded green,  
When football match, that yearly game  
Was played at Fastern's e'en.  
From Cumberland came border sports  
To test their wrestling skill;  
Were foiled by one, so could not take  
The prize o'er Cheviot Hill,—  
The Ditcher.

Now see him on the eve of life,  
His once jet locks now gray;  
While furrow courses mark his cheeks  
That deepen day by day.

### THE DITCHER—Continued

Still toiling with a willing hand,  
His step now short and slow,  
A shadow of that wiry youth  
Just fifty years ago—  
The Ditcher.

So pilgrims in this world of care  
While travelling to and fro,  
Find there's a crook in every lot  
For mortals here below.  
As spring brings forth her buds and flowers  
So youths to manhood rise,  
Like autumn frosts 'mong leafy bowers  
The aged droops and dies—  
The Ditcher.

Though toil's the doom of mortal man  
His lifetime here below;  
Oft rays of light light up the soul  
And brighten to a glow;  
That there's a recompense for him,  
A never-fading crown,  
When his worn-out frame is forced to lay  
His spade and mattock down—  
The Ditcher.

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### A LOVELY LAKE

Lines written on visiting Paston Lake with two lady  
friends from Edinburgh in the summer of 1859

On the English border is a lake,  
Surrounded by high towering hills,  
Where antiquarians oft did make  
Their camping spot 'mong daffodils;  
When gusts of wind with howling sound  
Would break the stillness all around.

Amid the stillness so profound  
Thick gathering mists roll down the hill,  
The breath you draw has earie sound  
Amid the groups of daffodils;  
The antique searcher finds solace  
Frequenting this secluded place.

### A LOVELY LAKE—Continued

Around the lake grow scattered trees,  
Spaces between wild brambles fill;  
'Tis bracing to inhale the breeze,  
That quivering sets the daffodils,  
While wild flowers from their mountain  
bed,  
Copiously sweet fragrance shed.

When reposing on my couch I lie,  
In fancy hear the tiny rill  
Of affluent water murmuring by,  
That laved these groups of daffodils  
Here nature's grandeur is unfurled  
Furlongs above the busy world.

Below from the south ye zephyrs blow  
Adown the outlet's tiny rill,  
'Mong lilies swaying to and fro,  
These quivering, dancing daffodils;  
I viewed thee oft in bright sunshine,  
With bosom friends in days lang syne.

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### ODE TO SKYLARK

Sing on, thou warbling birdie, sing  
Thy song of praise;  
From silver clouds on airy wing  
Transmit thy lays;  
With love-heaving bosom, thrilling voice,  
'Mong feathered tribes my early choice,  
Above the nimbus ye rejoice,  
Tiny, warbling skylark.

E'er Sol peeps o'er the eastern hills  
To warm and cheer,  
Sweet lively strains at thy free will,  
Fall on the ear;  
O'er woodlands, moor and marsh I wot,  
From a mere speck above my cot,  
Thy melody in mid-air float,  
Tiny warbling skylark.

Philomena's notes, full and complete,  
Attract the ear;  
Thy thrilling tones are soft and sweet,  
Wafts in mid-air,

ODE TO SKYLARK—Continued

The warbling thrush among the bowers,  
The martin's twitter, from age-worn towers,  
Fall in the shade at gloaming hours,  
    Tiny warbling skylark.

Thou singing mite that soars on high,  
    O'er moor and fell,  
By edge of cloud, speck to the eye,  
    Creating spell;  
in dewy morn in the twilight,  
High up in air and veiled from sight,  
To kiss the heavens seems thy delight,  
    Tiny warbling skylark.

With flapping wings you upward dart,  
    Then woodlands ring.  
Soaring aloft with joyous heart,  
    On sportive wing;  
Light-hearted, tiny warbling bird,  
Oft hid from sight thy lays are heard,  
That cheered a humble peasant bard,  
    Tiny warbling skylark.