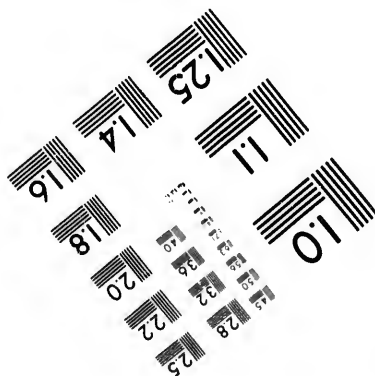
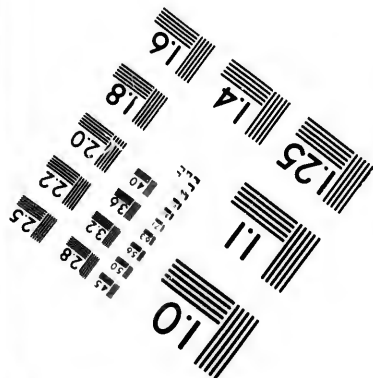
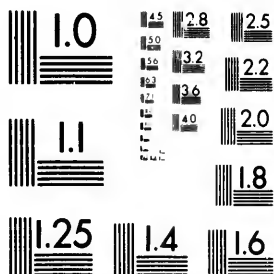


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

1980

28
25
22
20

10

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

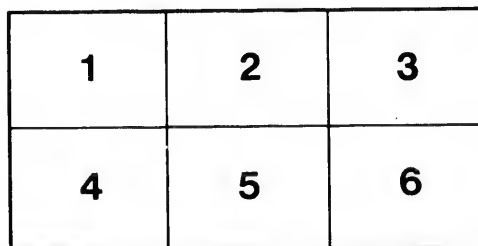
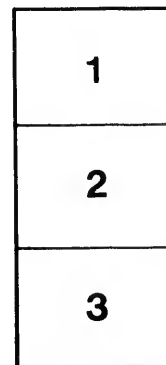
Izaak Walton Killam Memorial Library
Dalhousie University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Izaak Walton Killam Memorial Library
Dalhousie University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

ata

elure,
à

332X



CAN
PR
5379
S21J6

JOHN WALKER'S COURTSHIP.

A

LEGEND OF LAUDERDALE.

— scenes long past of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged train.

— *Walter, Scott.*

BY "ALBYN."

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS, HALIFAX.

1877.

CAN
PR
5379
S2136



Dalhousie College Library

The

JOHN JAMES STEWART
COLLECTION

For library use only.

JOHN WALKER'S COURTSHIP.



A

LEGEND OF LAUDERDALE.

— scenes long past of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged brain.

—*Walter Scott.*

BY "ALBYN." pseud.
Andrew Shiels.
'''

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS, HALIFAX.

1877.

8305 - May 2/23

JOHN WALKER'S COURTSHIP.

A LEGEND OF LAUDERDALE.

BY ALBYN.

LANGUID and loit'ring in the shade,
By leafy pines and maples made,
We pause, to ponder o'er
What visible can yet be seen
Left looming up, of all between
Us and the heretofore.

Associate of the Poets pen—
Erato, come and aid us, when
We lift oblivions veil,
And in imagination gaze
Upon the scenes of youthful days.
In lovely Lauderdale.

Familiar once,—familiar now,
Down "Leader" vale the waters flow,
Oft curbed in their speed,
In infancy, 'tho' rather rude;
Yet by and bye more like a prude
Commingle with the Tweed.

Much that was pleasing in the past
Is now from mem'ry fading fast,
Or only dimly seen.
But still there live some anecdotes
That lead, like memorandum notes,
To what has erewhile been.

CAN
PRESSTG
SERVING

We look around, and feel it strange
 That nothing there appears to change :
 None need to question how !
 More strange that " Boox " which once possess'd
 A charm more potent than the rest,
 Has no attraction now.

Ladies—this vagary in verse
 For your amusement we rehearse—
 'Twas pencil'd for our own.
 And tho' Creations' Lords pool, pool,
 At least some countenance by you
 To poetry is shown.

Something exciting, gentlemen
 Do crave for relaxation, when
 From business they unbend.
 Thence is it that the Theatre they
 Prefer, unto the sweetest lay
 That ever Poet penn'd.

Their appetites and their ideas,
 Seem of a coarser caste than these
 In figures feminine ;
 And in the structure of the mind,
 Are constituted of a kind
 More Doric in design.

The rustic couplets we create,
 Tho' never in a faultless state ;
 Yet as they limp along
 From pride and affectation free,
 The softer sex can in them see
 The symmetry of song.

When merchant princes' tongues are mute,
 And millionaires now in repute
 Do no remembrance share,
 What they have deem'd as valueless.
 In eyes like Sedgwick's may possess
 The charm of relics rare.

They err who deem we're callous grown,
 Whether a favour or a frown,
 Our pencillings repay.
 Admitting we're to censure prone,
 There's not a friendly look or tone
 On us been flung away.

O sweet the words of praise approves,
 What "Albyn" sings, from lips he loves!—
 From Isabella, yours.
 Sweeter than odours that distil
 From the Mayflowers on Manorhill,
 In summers sunny hours.

That ostracism is the fate
 Our idyl's advent may await—
 Already we surmise.
 But with the bijouterie will share
 A place in the Boudoir, and there
 Be scanned with eager eyes.

Lord (not Ben) Russell said one time
 That things (no doubt including rhyme)
 Tho' made a little rough,
 That is,—not in the finest style,
 Yet for the Colonists a while,
 They might do well enough.

Not so, thinks BLEEXOSE; ev'ry man
 Of them will have the best he can,
 The nicest of the nice;
 Even should it be the merest whim,
 Is of no consequence to him,
 Nor what may be the price!

Away from such we look around,
 Where other foibles are found
 Can lend a pleasing thrill;
 Where, rid of grandeur and of gloom
 The Muses protegee has room
 To revel at his will.

Lord Russell's *dictum* as a whole
 May not this pen of ours control,
 Nor curb our crude designs.
 We smile o'er some deformity
 The critics in our couplets spy:
 Nor blush at limping lines.

Perhaps some idle afternoon,
 For recreation we may prune
 Exuberant odds and ends;
 And syllables that's harsh, replace
 With those of a becoming grace,
 No connoisseur offends.

Now, gentle dames—not gentlemen—
 Indulge the Amateur till when
 In some auspicious hour,
 A Poem perfectly unique,
 He may from the Pierian peak
 Of mount Parnassus pour.

Whate'er of earthly bliss has been
 Apportion'd to our lot, between
 The cradle and the grave,
 Not ought beside the genial glow,
 That only numbers can bestow,
 It has been ours to crave.

The melancholy mounds that tell
 Where erst the warriors fought and fell
 In border feud and fray,
 Stirr'd up emotions of a kind,
 Shook the foundations of our mind,
 And haunt us night and day.

To hide the horrors of the past
 There Nature has a cov'ring cast
 In drapery of green ;
 Tho' frowning on the precipice,
 The feudal tower, and fortalice
 As souvenirs are seen.

Of such traditionary lore,
 Our lexicon in heretofore
 By Scotia's classic streams,
 In all the rustic raciness
 And fascinations they possess,
 Are Albyn's airy dreams.

Among the comforts and the cares
 That come uncall'd, oft unawares,
 With or without an aim,
 Much of the " days of other years "
 To us familiarly appears
 And our attention claim.

They are not all illusions these
 At musing hours that Albyn sees,
 Into his presence come.
 Nor are the visitations rare
 Of such as Time consents to spare,
 Nor are they always dumb.

How fondly still on fancy borne
 The milkmaids song at early morn,
 By lovers deem'd divine,
 We seem to hear, even the refrain
 Repeated o'er and o'er again,
 So dear in LANG, LANGSYNE!

Nor time, nor distance have destroyed
 Remembrance of what we enjoy'd
 At the sunsetting hour ;
 As list'ning to the music, when
 The chorister in Cleughside glen
 Their ev'ning anthem pour.

Unchanged, unchangable to me,
 As erst my native vale I see,
 And feel my bosom thrill.
 A schoolboy at the school, and yet
 Where Mary Crozier used to sit,
 She is there sitting still.

Aye, it is her, the glossy hair,
 Brown eyes and rosey cheeks are there
 In all their girlish glow ;
 How strange it is that she alone,
 When all our other chums are gone,
 In mem'ry lingers now.

She seems to have such startled look,
 Sideways from off her copy book
 That is before her laid ;
 As when one day she with a twitch
 Snatched from the teachers hand a switch,
 For punishment display'd.

Ah ! days of youth ! can we forget
 That witching hour when first we met
 Her, in the primrose glen.
 Nor is it all a boyish dream,
 For beautiful in the extreme
 Was Mary Crozier then.

But now her grave is only there,
 The sole memorial that we share
 Of what she erst has been ;
 Of every female grace possess'd,
 Ere death, life's current did arrest,
 Whilst in her earliest teen.

A pardonable weakness known
 As the home fever, we must own,
 Comes in some quiet hour ;
 And episodes once fondly nursed,
 Like floods oblivion currents burst
 O'er mem'ry's whelming pour.

Such frenzy as the farmers eye,
 Shows when the rain-cloud's coming nigh
 In summer drought are seen.
 Even so on fragments of the past,
 Altho' with shadows overcast,
 We prodigal have been.

There is no foray known among,
 The Border fells inviting song,
 Where battlebrands were cross'd ;
 And who the vict'ry did achieve,
 But what we could from time retrieve
 Were the traditions lost.

Besides some features in the life
 Of such as led on to the strife,
 And did some valiant deed ;
 NOBLE'S the word we almost wrote,
 And tho' befitting for a Scot,
 Wrong with a Kerr to read.

Beshrew my heart if they forget
 What ruthlessness our father's met,
 When right was lost in might.
 Tho' seven decades have pass'd since then,
 We could, with three strokes of our pen,
 The compliment requite.

Just retribution is our creed,
 But "will not," ever in its stead,
 Revengefulness pursue.
 And tho' unto the "manor born,"
 All traits of vassalage we scorn,
 MARQUISES deem their due.

Avails it aught ! the feudal hand
 Press'd heavily ; we love the land,
 Albeit, the Baron's will,
 Tho' limited by church and state
 In fixing a Retainers fate,
 Is dominant there still.

From haughty airs and with'ring words
That with a title ill accords,

We turn away to gaze
With mingled feelings on the spot
That never can be all forgot,
The HOME of youthful days.

What tho' unerring in their aim,
The shafts of death do there proclaim
The desolation made ;

Yet far beyond the artists' skill,
The dear familiar faces still,
On memory, are portray'd.

Part of the household sleeping sound,
Within the family burial ground
Are gather'd side by side ;

Part went to Canada to die,
Part in Vandiemens Land to lie,
But none there now abide.

Oxnam, the least of border streams,
But was the nurse of Albyn's dreams
And gave his temper tone,

Is beautiful, tho' not less wild,
Than a fond mother's fretful child,
To pouting always prone.

Uncursed by engineering skill,
It shows some waywardness, until
The bridge annoys it ; then

Without a moment of repose,
Torn by the splinter'd rocks, it flows
Indignant down the glen.

O, deem not strange a son of song
 Finds joy in lingering so long,
 O'er the soul-stirring scene,
 That in "*Lang Syne*" and far away
 Thro' ev'ry hour of ev'ry day,
 The world to him has been.

O! lovely landscape, what delight
 Associates with the Henwood height,
 The Cragtower and Cleughside,
 And Doveshaugh copse,—'tis there, 'tis there,
 If ever on this earth it were,
 Now happiness must hide.

Some incidents, more than the rest,
 That nameless sanctities invest
 To gladden or to grieve ;
 We from oblivions giant pow'r,
 For, pastime, in a playful hour
 Are tempted to retrieve,

Stories from lips that long ago
 In death are sealed, did tell of woe
 Or peals of laughter 'wake ;
 Just as they were, the where, the when,
 To us, in broad *naivele*, then
 Are told without mistake.

Some *morceaux* of a modest kind
 The Antiquarians hence will find,
 Inwoven with our rhymes ;
 Of such a courtship that we know,
 To misses in their teens will show
 Transition in the times.

Aid me, O muse! the muse that breathes
 In whispers,—words that Albyn wreathes
 In fascinating lays,
 And with such coinage what he owes
 (Distinguishing his friends from foes)
 His obligations pays.

Perhaps “a dream” becomes the boon,
 Or in the shape of a lampoon
 The cheque in verse is made
 In liquidation of our debt;
 One “trio” will not soon forget
 The “Retribution” paid.

When in the mood a pasquinade
 At once can addle-pates persuades
 To silence for a while;
 Or if the knaves should perverse be,
 Both “Honeyman” and “Ben” know,—we
 Can polish off in style.

Nay, more, in an ill omen'd hour,
 The fierce Grouila felt what pow'r
 Is in our pencilling,
 Nor could his legal verbiage save
 Him from the blistering we gave
 The rabid, reckless thing.

Tho' justice is our standard, still
 We are not wanting in good will—
 For no ignoble end,
 But as a looking-glass for those
 In Nova Scotia, *Belles* and *Beaux*,
 This miniature have penn'd.

A Brochure for the Boudoir meet,
 Or lovers in a tete a tete,
 To trifling talk inclined ;
 As on the photograph they glance.
 Of course will in the circumstance
 A pleasing prompter find.

Indelicacy is no part
 Legitimately of the art,
 To poetry pertains ;
 It is to please, instruct, amuse,
 And purity of mind infuse,
 For this the Poet reigns.

One type of courtship we pourtray,
 Deem'd fashionable in our day,
 Now obsolete become :
 But by the muses, mystic aid,
 May in the present age be made
 Amusing unto some.

Not as a classic mode, the few
 Will question of it being true,—
 The border plan we deem,
 But when compared with what is now
 Found requisite, we must allow
 It merits our esteem.

What time our "boys" and "girls" do find,
 A tickling from the boy that's blind,
 Infatuated they ;
 So anxious that the world should know
 Their "*Laisson*" like a public show,—
 Are careful to display.

Extravagant in the extreme,
 The traits of gallantry do seem,
 Some beardless youth employs;
 Whilst the devotion that he means,
 A budding beauty in her teens
 Unblushingly enjoys.

The frenzy, whether felt or feign'd,
 Minutely has to be maintained
 Lest LENA take the pouts,
 And if by any chance, the Miss
 On night, be wanting of her kiss—
 None the denouement doubts.

For what of love our legend tells,
 We crave indulgence from the Belles,
 The Beaux will not condemn;
 So may, in honour of the sex,
 The memorandums we annex
 Prove amulets to them.

Such is the Proem, our design
 Is visible in every line
 If com'd with common care,—
 And what is in the sequel seen
 For ages has in Scotland been,
 Nor yet unfrequent there.

One Summer ev'ning Celia stood
 Beside me in a musing mood,
 About the setting sun;
 Tell me, she said, you are aware,
 In Scotland, how a love affair
 With young folks is begun.

From childhood I have always had
 A strong propensity to add,
 Strange stories of the past,
 Unto the Album in my mind,
 Especially what I can find
 Of an outlandish caste.

Nothing can lend me more delight,
 Than list'ning unto, or recite
 Bon mots of antique mould,—
 Or any sayings that are shrewd ;
 It matters not how quaint or crude,
 Provided they are old,

With vast experience Israel's King
 Confess'd love making was a thing
 He could not comprehend ;
 There may be still some subtile art
 To captivate a maiden's heart
 No Poet yet has penn'd ;

What tho' I may be counted green
 Among the spectres that are seen
 Frequenting Cupid's court,
 My choice is rather to be spared
 The obliquy of being snared
 Or hurt by him for sport ;

Tho' but a novice, I have laughed
 To see an ill-directed shaft
 That from his quiver came.
 But should he try another shot,
 It may be just as like as not
 He'll take a better aim.

It is not all an idle jest,
 That is comprised in my request;
 For tho' the Boy be blind,
 'Tis not impossible some day
 The tantalizing tyrant may
 In me a victim find,

Amidst those interesting years,
 So redolent of hopes and fears,
 With girlhood intervenes.
 Ah! who would grudge in their behalf
 A page of life or paragraph
 Whilst trav'ling thro' their teens.

How fruitful then a friendly hint
 Too trivial to be placed in print,
 To index on the mind.
 There innocence in peril may
 With common sense to lead the way,
 A ready reck'ner find,

The anecdote, and repartee,
 Seem more familiar unto me,
 And are remembered more
 Than lectures or orations made,
 Altho' the audience do persuade
 To a repeating o'er.

When syllables are smoothly knit,
 And the enigma blends with wit,
 They long on mem'ry float;
 And odds and ends, at leisure hours,
 That trickle from that tongue of yours,
 Can never be forgot.

Here Celia paused, and Albyn's hand
 Was waved, as if it did demand
 Attention from his guest ;
 Or from oblivion gather in
 Reminiscences, to begin
 Some long forgotten jest.

Deem it not strange, that quietness
 The Hermitage has in excess,
 Was banished for a time.
 And in his own peculiar mode
 That always is a little odd,
 The Poet pour'd out rhyme.

Well, Celia, listen, I'll relate
 One instance of an oldish date,
 There how some youngsters woo ;
 And to amuse you with the fun,
 Tell how the courting is begun
 And how 'tis finished too.

Less of the flourish, more of fact,
 Than Nova Scotia Belles exact
 From their obedient *Beaux*.
 Few indications *there* are seen
 Of how the inclinations lean,
 Ere the proceedings close ;

None of the glitter and the glare,
 Seen *here* to be the special care,
 Alike with low and high.
 So, prodigal, it leaves no room
 Between the Bride and the Bridegroom,
 For love to take a shy ;

Wide is the difference between
Those in my native land, I ween,
 And *these* Bluenoses boast.
 Here, to exhibit gives delight,—
 A flash, then vanish out of sight,
 When the equator's cross'd.

It will admit of no dispute,
 That *Mammas* sometimes in a suit,
 Do kindly interpos';
 And, mesh'd in their manoeuvres, soon
 With bridal tour—and honeymoon,
 The climax has a close.

None of that rocket kind of way,
 So fashionable in our day,
 And prized by *Beaux* and *Belles*,
 Is ever to be seen among
 The simple rusties, that belong
 To Scotland's glens and fells.

The flowers and figures that are wove
 Into the mysteries of Love,
 A Poet's stock in trade,
 Admiring them as beautiful,
 We leave *Idolators* to cull
 Their "omens and their aid."

Another pathway ours to tread
 In far off lands, by mem'ry led
 We reach a ruin, where
 The hero and the heroine
 Gave birth to this *Brochure* of mine,
 Became a happy pair.

There are exceptions ; everywhere
 Love can be secret, it is rare
 A fondness to confess,
 Modes are exhaustless, only now
 One specimen narrate to you
 In native nakedness

John,—I think Walker,—was his name,
 That in some kind of Border game,
 A local fame had won—
 'Tis long ago, but still I can
 Remember him,—a fine young man,—
 A widow's only son.

John had a modest, quiet way,
 In ev'rything he had to say,
 And ev'rything he did.
 E'en when a favor he conferr'd,
 (Perhaps in that he rather err'd.)
 He tried to keep it hid.

Too young to be identified
 With what is in "Gudeman" implied,
 His maxims sometimes crude ;
 Yet did the neighbors look on John
 As a domestic paragon
 In moral rectitude.

Consistent in his daily walk,
 He had no time for idle talk,
 In rural labour skill'd,—
 And if creation had a charm
 More than his mother, from his farm,
 The philter was distill'd.

Tho' always held in high esteem,
 Yet Celia—you are not to deem,
 He did all men excel ;
 But 'tis not necessary all
 He was, or was not, to recall,
 Like those who stories tell.

John was, so will the sequel show,
 What Nova Scotians call a Beau,
 To courting felt inclined ;
 And coming from the Kirk one day
 By chance, fell in with Jenny Gray,
 The daughter of a Hind.

It was the same next Sabbath day,
 What time the service ended, they
 Met, as before they met,
 And wending homeward very slow—
 Some people said who ought to know,
 They parted with regret.

Jenny, albeit a rustie maid,
 To her admirers seemed a shade
 Above a peasant's place ;
 Her faultless figure and her mien
 Might have been copied by a Queen,
 Although of Braunswick's race.

Devoted at an early age
 A mother's sufferings to assauge,
 Did not her life eclipse,
 Nor did a father's open ear
 A fretful whisper ever hear
 Escaping from her lips.

No recreation she could share
 Alike a frolic and a "fair"
 Were unto her denied;
 Nor might her female friends beguife
 To leave her charge with them a while,
 Though frequently they tried.

With convalescence came a change,
 When it was thought no longer strange
 To see a smiling face;
 A half decade of deep distress,
 Of watching and of weariness,
 Then had not left a trace.

A cottage near the public road
 In Leader-Vale, was John's abode—
 A beautiful retreat;
 There first the muse her protege
 (A blooming girl she seemed to me)
 Did in the *gloriam* greet.

In situation and good taste
 Its whole description is embraced,
 And its surroundings showed
 How much the culture and the care,
 The foliage and the flow'rets there
 Unto the owner owed.

Tourists, and trav'lers, too, have been
 Enchanted with the lovely scene,
 And, freed from toil and care,
 By the delightful domicile
 Have stay'd their steps a little while,
 And tasted pleasure there.

Among the hordes that always swarm
 In harvest time about a farm,
 Some lithe, and laggard some.
 Distinguish'd from the motley squad,
 A very likely looking lad
 To Carolside did come.

With more than ev'n a reaper's pride,
 And mine was great, oft Carolside
 To me still present seems.
 Much there has been that now is not,
 But O, that dear, delightful spot
 Commingles with my dreams.

Just as the moon began to rise
 One ev'ning, John, to his surprise,
 Saw in the twilight dim
 The stranger's hand a moment rest
 On Jenny Gray; the bitterest
 Of bitterness to him.

Half stupified, and startled too,
 Lost in conjectures what to do,
 Or what to leave alone;
 What if inaginary; still
 It was an element of ill
 He had not counted on.

There must have been impressions made
 In the attentions that were paid,
 Design'd or undesign'd;
 And it was cruel to suspect
 That Jenny, always so correct,
 To flirting was inclined.

That night John did not sleep a wink
 For thinking, tho' he could not think
 Of aught but Jenny Gray ;
 And tho' more than is common shy,
 Resolved at last his luck to try,
 And hear what she would say.

A stranger to deceptive ways,
 Yet knew the danger of delays,
 And at the twilight hour
 Dressed up in go-to-meeting trim,
 A thing unusual with him,
 Set off to Whitslade Tower.

That ruin'd tower, to me endear'd
 By legendary tales, and weird
 With shadows o'er them cast ;
 And cottages that cluster round
 Are still in mem'ry to be found
 When picturing the past.

Nor had the gallant long to wait,
 For as he reached the open gate
 There, milking-pail in hand,
 Stood Jenny ; but she stood amazed,
 And they at one another gazed,
 No words at their command.

“O, darling, is it you that's here,”
 John stammered out at last. “O, dear !
 O, me ! I am so pleased ;
 I just came o'er the night to see
 How it would be—how it will be,”
 And then her hand he seized.

Jenny was silent for a while.
 And then, between a frown and smile.
 Said : "John, what do you mean?
 You act so very strange to-night.
 That I am really in a fright,
 Bless me, where have you been?"

"O, Jenny, do not be afraid,
 Not in the least, of me," John said ;
 "I would not hurt a hair
 Belongs to you,—but speak at once
 And say if I have any chance
 A thought of yours to share.

"You are indeed so very good,
 You will not, cannot think me rude.
 Tho' we are here alone ;
 And if you do my boldness blame,
 I must, I shall put in a claim
 To have you for my own."

Jenny was startled—who would not
 At such a time, in such a spot,
 If not quite dark, yet dim ;
 And tho' she might his errand guess,
 Yet her surprise was none the less
 At meeting there with him.

If it had been the neighbor lad,
 Or even the miller's man, that had
 Then coming thro' the yard,
 But very little, tho' alone,
 Friendly, not free with every one,
 The lassie would have cared.

Ah, Celia! deem not strange that when
 John Walker stood before her then,
 If mingled with her smile
 A nameless hope, a nameless fear,
 And ever unconsciously a tear,
 Consoled her for a while.

She was a woman, Celia! nay,
 But lips that curl as yours do, may
 O'er prudence yet prevail;
 And you! yes, you, we can suppose,
 Might be accounted odd by those
 That live in Lauderdale.

Mind, she was young, and primitive
 In manners, more than them that live
 In towns and cities are,
 And quite excusable the way
 She did such awkwardness display,
 When met with unaware.

In modern days, perhaps, she might
 Be held by Halifax elite
 As vulgar in her way;
 But not a lad in Leader side
 That would a richly dower'd bride
 Prefer to Jenny Gray.

There came suspense—a painful thrill—
 Pulsation in the heart stood still
 To hear the response come;
 And all above, around, beneath,
 Were as the denizens of death,
 Without exception, dumb.

It was deep silence ; nothing stirred ;
 Mute, all was mute, and not a word
 Allowed to break the spell,
 Until a bowing of the head,
 Auspiciously interpreted,
 Told what there was to tell.

The chosen one was first her fate
 To own, and to reciprocate.
 Consideration won ;
 Nor kept aloof to ken how far
 It might be hers to make or mar
 The blessedness begun.

“ Well, John,” she said, “ I am so glad
 That such a sober, decent lad
 As you are known to be,
 Nor deem it meet to question why
 You pass so many beauties by.
 And come here courting me.

“ What will the shepherd of *Clackmac*.
 Ah, yes, and Boyd of Blainslie say,
 Or him of Coomslyhill ?
 Tho’ not sweethearts of mine, yet they
 Do speak to me in such a way
 As lads to lassies will.

“ All, all the gossips that we ken.
 Not less the women than the men
 At me will have a shy ;
 My cousin Kate, among the rest.
 Is always ready with a jest
 To slip in very sly.

.. A fav'rite ev'rywhere is Kate,
 And even since an early date
 Like sisters we have been ;
 But what I could not now repeat
 Without a blush, yet when we meet
 Will certainly be seen.

.. A wierd-like hag came here last week.
 Pretending that she could not speak.
 But, with a piece of chalk,
 Taking a curious squint at me,
 As plain as anything can be,
 Wrote on the table 'W A L K—'

.. None of us then could comprehend
 What these four letters did intend ;
 But I've a notion now
 That if I read the riddle right,
 Whatever brought you here to-night,
 The key has come with you.

.. The master said this afternoon
 We are to have our *Kirn* as soon
 As e'er the reaping's o'er ;
 But if you come, you're not to be
 One bit more *couthie* ways with me
 Than what you was before.

.. If there be kissing ; Och ! it is
 No use in putting 'if' to this ;
 No doubt but there will be
 A rudeness that creates disgust ;
 I only mention, so you must
 Not practice *then* on me.

.. And if, in getting thro' a dance,
We meet together, like by chance.

 We may a smile exchange ;
But when the lads and lasses pair
To go away, if I'm not there
 You need not think it strange.

.. Tho' not as once it may have been.

Still there are little inklings seen
 Of things mauraunders did ;
Nor ill to find here some have not
The Border maxims yet forgot,
 And do what they're forbid.

.. So, when you do come here to spark,
If it should happen to be dark,

 Or at a lateish hour,
Go round the Cairn on Whitslade brow
There is a gang of Gipsies now
 Encamping in the Tower.

.. Yestreen one of them tried to kill
The miller's man, of Thirlstane mill,

 But Stephen is so strong,
He down the thorny cleugh this side
Of where the Boondrieel waters glide.
 The ruffian hurled headlong.

.. You know that is not for me
To say what their designs may be ;

 But, whether right or wrong,
One rule with them is absolute,
That anything they see will suit
 Must unto them belong."

“ But, are you sure, for merey’s sake,
 In case there should be a mistake,
 From what you see and hear?
 Perhaps it may be quite as well
 At the begining, just to tell
 I’ve neither gold nor gear.”

“ Hush, Jenny, hush! take care, take care!”
 Responded John; “ it is not fair
 To prattle about pelf;
 Of covetousness I am free,
 Save what excusable may be—
 The coveting yourself.

“ No sight or sound on earth can be
 So laden with delight to me,
 As when I hear you speak :
 The very air so sweet and pure,
 And still I scarcely can endure
 It playing on my cheek.

“ Then, O, be careful what you say,
 My thoughts are scatter’d ev’ry way,
 Nor breathe of gear and gold ;
 Such floods of joy are tembling thro’
 My heart in lovingness to you,
 As never may be told.

“ Nor less my soul impatience shows,
 As, startled out of calm repose,
 It flutters up and down—
 Now in my brain, now in my breast,—
 Nor leaves to me a moment’s rest,
 My happiness to own.

" And, Jenny, it seems early yet
 To mingle pleasure with regret,
 Or conjure up, to-night,
 What may or may not be our share
 Of ills,—felicities impair,
 And aspirations blight.

" Has it not been unfortunate
 That many in the married state
 For lucre barter'd love ;
 As in the sequel of their lives,
 Whether as husbands or as wives,
 It does disastrous prove.

" Had it been in my mind to seek
 For ' siller,' there is Annie Meek,
 Known to be rich, but still
 Would willingly be made my bride,
 And all the *Laird* left her beside
 To sugar-coat the pill."

He ceased, and in a list'ning state
 Stood mute, as if he did await
 An answer to be made ;
 So Jenny, re-assured, began
 To say, as females only can,
 What she had left unsaid.

" I'm either pleased or proud, or it
 May be some other feeling, yet
 I have no name for now,
 Or partly both ; I do confess
 It seems to me like happiness,
 But know not why or how.

~ Far more than pleased, for I rejoice
John Walker has made me his choice.

And passed by Leila Strong :
I often thought that Leila shared
Considerably in your regard.

Although I may be wrong.

~ And there is Bessie Bloomfield, too.
Some folk imagine you did woo.

Perhaps it is not true ;
But if you ever promised her,
Be careful of her character,
Since you have ta'en the rue.

~ Another thing before we part,—
My mother! If it break my heart.

In case that we should err,
Keep this in mind, whate'er the woer
It brings to me, if she says 'No.'
We must be as we were.

~ This may seem looking far ahead.
But then I do not see the need

That you should dangle on :
And tho' we don't exactly see
What may in the hereafter be,
I think I'll take you, John.

~ 'Tis not the first time in my life
I've had the chance to be a wife,—

This may be piper's news ;*
But tho' with you so very free,
Mind, that is not to hinder me
Of all my courting dues."

*"Piper's news" briefly expresses what is then told us as something that is generally known at the time.

Ah! little either of them knew
 'The Cow-herd boy, tho' out of view,
 Heard ev'ry word was said;
 Nor was it long before the elf,
 As entertainment to himself,
 The revelation made.

Does Celia smile? ah! well she may,
 At such an expeditious way,—
 There's no love-making now
 Like what was then in Scotland done;
 Eigh, Cele! that is their daughter's son
 Comes here a courting you.

A blush that found no hiding place
 Seem'd glowing upon Celia's face,
 As she gazed into mine;
 Then, turning where the organ stood,
 Sung in a soul-entrancing mood,
 And played to us "*Lang Syne*."

CELIA'S SONG.

I long once more the vale to see,
 The vale where "Leader" flows:
 The broom is there so dear to me,
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes
 CHORUS—O, days that came on rainbow wing,
 And as a rain bow shone,
 How fondly they to mem'ry cling,
 Now when they all are gone.

How oft in youth I've wander'd where
 The broom and heather grows,
 But saw not aught that might compare
 With broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
 O, days that come, &c.

On Blainslie braes the sun at eve
 A bonny blink bestows,
 But fondly kisses ere it leave
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
 O, days that come, &c.

Say "Scotland," and my bosom still
 With fev'rish pleasure glows,
 But more a word can make it thrill
 That sounds like "Cowdenknowes."
 O, days that come, &c.

Tho' beautiful the Mayflowers bloom
 Amid the winter snows,
 They have no charm to me like broom—
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
 O, days that come, &c.

Away far hence, by fancy led,
 Where lovers breathe their vows,
 E'en now among the broom we tread.—
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.
 O, days that come, &c.

For Library Use Only.

