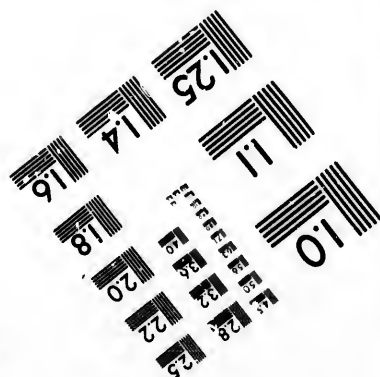
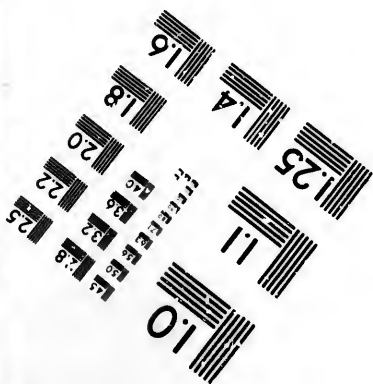
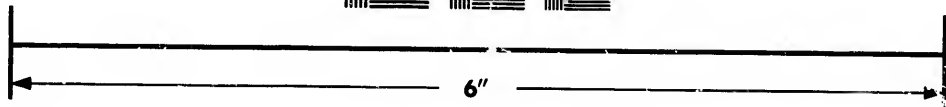
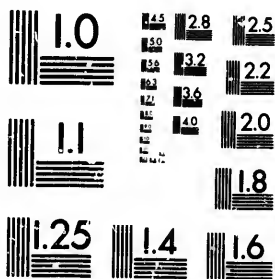


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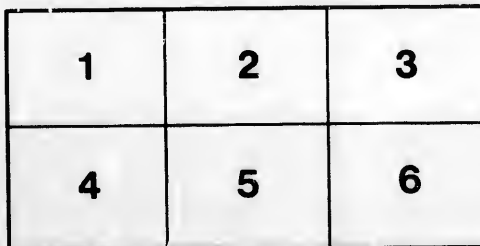
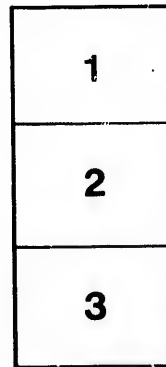
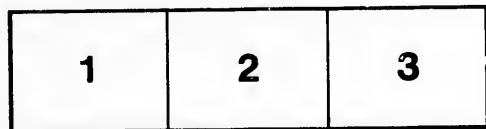
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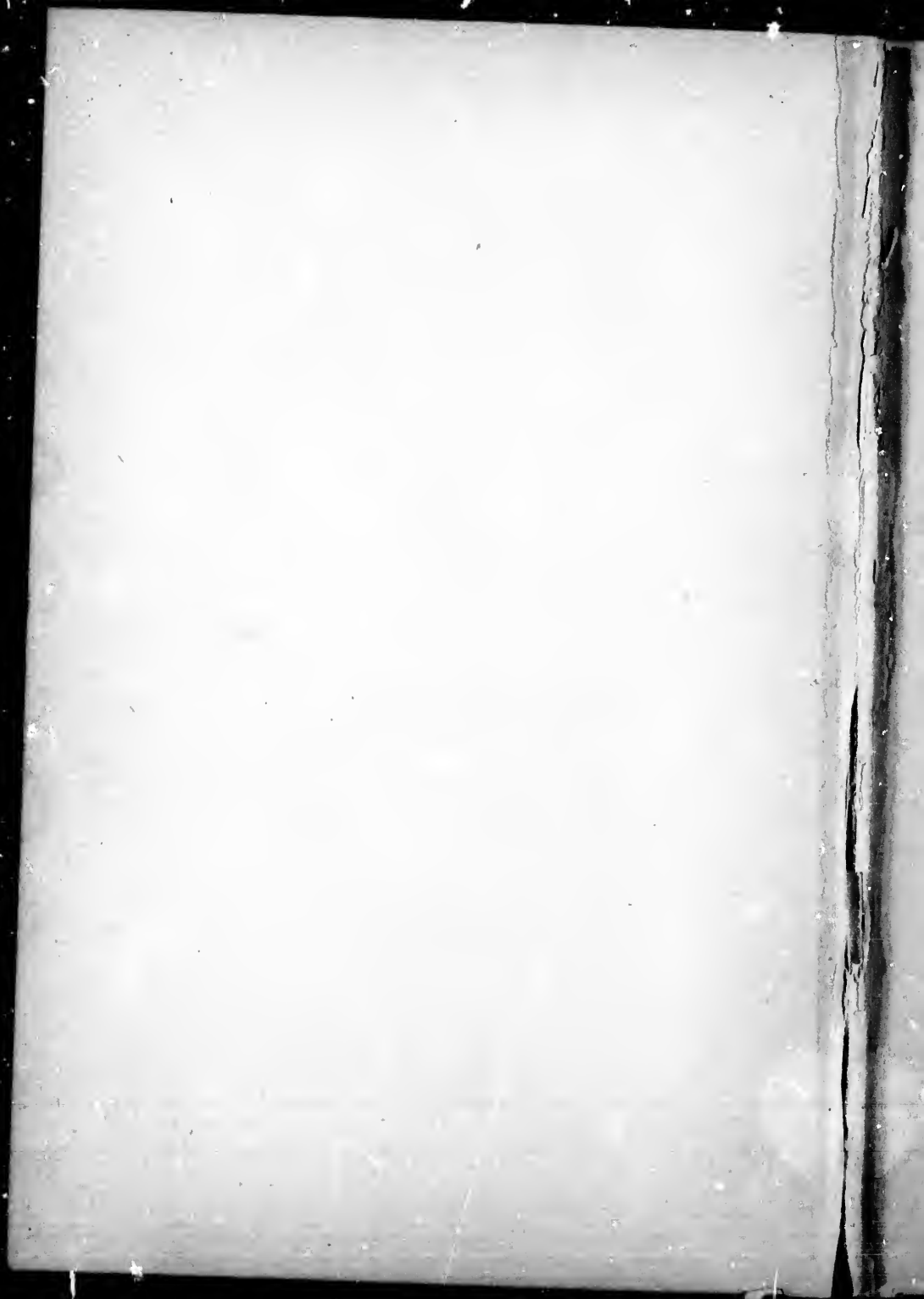
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POEMS AND SONGS

BY

ANDREW WANLESS.



While the daisy decks the lea,
Scotia's songs will never dee—
Floating down time's silent river,
Time and them will die together.



DETROIT, MICH.

PUBLISHED BY A. WANLESS, 133 JEFFERSON AVENUE

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PREFACE.



THE primary design in the composition of these "Poems and Songs" was an endeavor to link the present with the past—to recall the scenes of our early years—to bring up, in imagination, the braw lads and the bonnie lasses that we forgathered with in the days of the lang syne, and attempt to describe, on this side of the Atlantic, the wimpling burns, the gowany braes, the bonnie glens, the broomy dells, and the heather-clad mountains of our native land: the land where Wallace and Bruce wielded the patriotic sword, and where Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Tannahill, and many more sang the songs of love and liberty.

The secondary object was to lay before my countrymen and the American people some specimens of the Scottish vernacular. At the present time I am sorry to say that a number of poets are in the habit of losing themselves in the clouds, and instead of writing to be understood, one would naturally imagine that they try their best to mys-

tify and befog the reader. In contradistinction I have attempted to keep as near the earth as possible, and endeavored to clothe my sentences in plain and home-spun attire. Some other poetasters, from their lack of wit, no doubt, have attempted to wring out bastard and weak puerility by mangling, distorting and misspelling the English language. These authors who thus pamper and pander to the vulgar taste, in my poor opinion are more to be pitied than despised.

No one that is conversant with the Scottish language can deny its rich beauty and its adaptation for lyric and descriptive composition. If I have failed to make this volume readable, the fault can not be attributed to the language, but on the other hand the demerit must be laid at the door of the author.

A few of the "Poems and Songs" first appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, *Hamilton Times*, *Sarnia Observer*, and the *Detroit Daily Newspapers*, to the respective editors of which I return thanks for courtesies extended. The majority of the pieces, I may however state, appear in this collection for the first time.

TO THE MEMBERS
OF THE
St. Andrew's Societies and Caledonian Clubs
OF THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADIAN DOMINION
THIS VOLUME
Is MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

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— ❁ ❁ P O E M S. ❁ ❁ —

OUR MITHER TONGUE.

Read before the St. Andrew's Society, Detroit, Nov. 20, 1870.

'Tis monie a day since first we left
Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the by-gane time,
When life and hope were young,
We lo'e her still, wi' right guid will,
And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
Whan we got leave frae schule,
How we gade birrin' down the braes
To daidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa
Where hazel clusters hung,
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the lonesome kirk
Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirk yard
Where our forefather's sleep?

We'll ne'er forget that glorious land,
 Where Scott and Burns sung—
 Their songs are printed on our hearts
 In our auld mither tongue.

Auld Scotland! land o' mickle fame!
 The land where Wallace trod,
 The land where heartfelt praise ascends
 Up to the throne of God!
 Land where the Martyrs sleep in peace,
 Where infant freedom sprung,
 Where Knox in tones of thunder spoke
 In our auld mither tongue!

Now Scotland dinna ye be blate
 'Mang nations crouselly craw,
 Your callants are nae donnert sumphs,
 Your lasses bang them a'.
 The glisks o' heaven will never fade,
 That hope around us flung—
 When first we breath'd the tale o' love
 In our auld mither tongue!

O! let us ne'er forget our hame,
 Auld Scotland's hills and cairns,
 And let us a' where'er we be,
 Aye strive "to be guid bairns"!
 And when we meet wi' want or age
 A-hirpling owre a rung,
 We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
 Wi' our auld mither tongue.

HOME RECOLLECTIONS,

Inscribed to D. Bethune Duffield, Esq.

My Muse! Come flit with me an hour,
To gow'ny braes and sylvan dells;
Come fancy, dwell in Lammermoor—
Among the bonnie heather-bells.

Let me forget the weary years,
The hardships and the ills that grieve me,
Let me forget the bygone tears,
Since I, in sorrow, laith did leave thee!

Your hills in lovely grandeur vie,
Your crystal streamlets rin sae clear,
Still let me trace the winding Dye,
And muse on hame and Scotia dear.

With eager step climb Redpath hill,
With rapture scan the rural shade,
And see the cot beside the rill,
Where first my infant footsteps stray'd.

I see our house, our auld, auld hame,
My brothers, sisters and the lave,
I see a form I scarce can name,
Who now lies mould'ring in the grave.

The falt'ring tongue of woe is weak,
To tell the soul's despairing gloom,
The silent tears alone can speak—
The grief that's cradled in the tomb.

My Mother! thou wert kind to me,
Although the grave did early get thee,
The tear still rises in mine e'e,
My Mother! I will ne'er forget thee!

And there my other parent lies,
Set free from care and carking strife—
An honest man, sedate and wise,
As ever drew the breath of life.

There stands the school—the pathway gate,
Where aft my truant feet did climb—
Lur'd by the wand of luckless fate,
To weave unseen the rustic rhyme.

To wander by the murm'ring stream,
To pull the roses fresh and fair,
And learn to dream life's idle dream,
And build the castle in the air.

Ah me! upon yon grassy glade,
Where high the clust'ring rowans hung,
How aft I've sat beneath the shade,
To list the notes the blackbird sung!

The golden cloud—the sunny beam—
Have melted into gloamin' grey,
My playmates—lost upon life's stream—
E'en like a wave have passed away!

Down in the glen the churchyard lies,
 The hazel bank the streamlet laves,
 Yon aged willow soughs and sighs,
 And weeps upon the lowly graves.

In fancy still I fondly stray,
 And tread the path my fathers trod,
 Where thorns and briars half hide the way—
 That leads up to the house of God.

My mem'ry conjures up the look—
 The rev'rend Pastor's locks so grey,
 I still can see him ope the book—
 And hear the words: "Come, let us pray!"

A stillness reigns in every aisle,
 A gloomy and a holy calm—
 Devotion hovers round the while,
 And wafts to heaven the sacred Psalm.

With quiv'ring lip and tearful cheek,
 The Pastor speaks of God and love,
 Through Christ, the lowly and the meek—
 He points the way to heaven above.

He tells of earth and earthly woe,
 Of heaven and heaven's eternal day,
 Where we shall God, our Father, know—
 And all our tears be washed away!

The young and old attentive sit,
 With watchful eye and list'ning ear,
 While o'er their face alternate sit—
 A heavenly hope,—an earthly fear,

The vile he warns to think, to stop—
 The path to heaven is still the best ;
 To drooping hearts he counsels hope,
 To weary souls he speaks of rest.

The sunbeams glimmer through the trees,
 And dance above the solemn throng,
 While borne upon the gentle breeze
 To heaven ascends the heartfelt song.

O, Scotland ! may the God of life
 Forever shower his blessings on thee !
 O ! may the seeds of hate and strife,
 Be never sown or reaped upon thee !

And may thy sons be ever found,
 An honor to the human race,
 May God in his eternal round
 From thee and thine, ne'er hide his face !

The bard nursed in the lap of care,
 Oppressed with grief and tangled fate —
 His fleeting moments cry "prepare !" —
 Time never shuts the church yard gate.

O ! may we never, ne'er forget
 The lessons of our early years ;
 Examples that our parents set,
 Their admonitions and their tears.

And when death's curtain o'er us falls,
 May heaven dispel the clouds of night,
 O ! may we hear the voice that calls :
 "Come, welcome to the realms of light."

THE FREELIN'.

[It was a custom, in certain districts of Scotland, from time immemorial, to "creel" the bridegroom, *i. e.*, to tie a creel upon his back, and to fill it as full of stones as the "heapit measure" would allow, and then to march the young guidman, amidst roars of laughter, before the doors of the clachan. When the bridegroom was beginning to totter beneath the burden, and as the saying is, upon his last legs, the bride would rush out of the house, and with a gullie knife cut the strings, and make basket and stones play birr upon the ground. This part of the business was usually followed with cheers as loud as the lungs of the on-lookers would permit. I may also add, that no marriage was considered complete till the custom above described had taken place.]

Our Andrew was a canty lad,
 As dink a lad as e'er ye saw,
 But now he is baith dowff and sad,
 Since Lucy's stown his heart awa'.

On summer nights when dargs were done,
 Upon the green he'd dance wi' glee,
 But a' the lasses he wad shun,
 Though hard they tried to catch his e'e.

But Lucy, she cam' ower the hill,
 And Andrew's heart gaed kempin' sair,
 For she had cheeks sae rosy red,
 And oh! sae gowden was her hair.

Her e'en did glint sae bonnie blue,
Her neck was like the driven snow,
She had a heart baith kind and true,
As pure as earth can ever know.

He met her in her father's ha',
He watched the glances o' her e'e,
And aye the mair o' her he saw,
The mair o' her he wished to see.

And now he gangs just like a ghaist,
'Mang aowie glens he aften strays ;
He derns on the moorland waste,
And cries on death to end his days.

His coggie clean he canna scart,
He scunners at his very kail ;
At mirkest hour he'll eerie start,
And wake the echoes wi' his wail.

His hair he never kames ava,
It's kink'd and matted round his croon,
Belyve, he'll tak' his pipe and blaw,
And gape and glower up at the moon.

He wears nae ribbon at his knee,
And when he gangs to kirk or mill,
He looks as sad as sad can be,
And a' for love o' Lucy Hill.

But Lucy ken'd, in spite o' fate,
That Andrew lo'ed her unco weel,
Now they are wed, though unco blate—
She frae his back did cut the creel.

She cut the strings! She whang'd them through!
 And on the ground the creel play'd birr,
 Then auld and young cried "Hip-harroo!"
 While some wi' gigglin' couldna stir.

Auld Aunty Kirsty beck'd and laugh'd,
 Ye might hae tied her wi' a strae,
 Jean Tait, poor woman, lap like daft,
 Syne coup'd, and tumbled down the brae!

A bonnie lass was Jessie Dunn,
 She cuist at Jock a 'tatie peelin',
 Her very curls danced wi' fun—
 As she cried: "Jock, when is your creelin'?"

Then Jockie cried: "When ye consent!"
 To kiss his Jessie off he ran,
 But like a deer awa she went,
 Sayin': "Jockie, catch me, if ye can."

Now, Lucy led her Andrew in,
 She sneck'd the door wi' tentie care,
 She kissed the spat aboon his chin,
 Guidsakes! they were a couthie pair.

And thus he spoke: "O! Lucy dear,
 I'm glad that creel is aff my back;"
 Then Lucy shed a thankfu' tear,
 Syne Andrew gave her smack for smack.

Harken, ye wives, 'tween you and me,
 In weel waled words I speak ye fair,
 Wi' your guidman ne'er disagree,
 But strive to ease his load o' care!

Ne'er thraw the mouth, and jeer and jaw,
And stamp your feet an' rair an' shore him,
That is the daftest plan o' a',
Your smiles wad soon come Paddy o'er him.

And you, ye lasses, loud I pray,
That goodness still may ever guide ye,
Frae good advisement never stray,
And then nae ill can e'er betide ye.

Auld maids! ye're aiblins blest 'bune a',
Your man will never catch a creelin',
The men, ye ken, are just a staw,
They're sae devoid o' sense and feelin'.

And last to a' the human race
(I'm strivin' sair to end this letter),
I fondly trust, wi' help o' grace,
Instead o' worse, we'll aye grow better.

How happy Andrew's wi' his wife,
She lo'es him extraordinar' weel,
She still preserves the gully knife,
But Andrew burnt the muckle creel!

TURNING THE KEY.

The Shearers had got through the shearin',
 The Autumn to an end was wearin';
 The kye that browsed 'mang moors and mosses,
 Gade hame to sleep in byres and houses.

The sun had set, the stars were blinking,
 At his fire-side Tam Swan sat winking,
 He ga'e a gaunt, and then quo' he,
 "Jenny! Guidwife, gae turn the key,
 Right off to bed I e'en maun creep,
 For I am fairly daisied wi' sleep."
 Sae cross the floor auld Tammie shankit,
 And soon he crawled aneath the blankit;
 The Guidwife scoured baith pat and pan,
 Syne cuddled in wi' her Guidman!

A daughter heaven had sent this pair—
 A strapping queen, baith fresh and fair,
 This bonnie lassie's name was Nell—
 Her sweetheart's name was Willy Bell;
 The parents left Nell in the nook,
 A-glowerin' o'er an auld sang book;
 She heard her minnie lock the door—
 She heard her father gi'e a snore;
 Then frae her seat the lassie loupit,
 By some mischance the candle coupit,
 She banged it up to blaw it in,
 And near-hand burnt her bonnie chin!

She heard the garden-gate play jee,
 She made the candle-doup play flee,
 Syne slippit aff and tuined the key—
 Then out she sprang as light's a filly,
 To hae a courting bout wi' Willy.

How heedlessly the moments fly,
 When lovers heave the heartfelt sigh—
 They see nae bogles creeping by!

Sleep on the aged couple center'd,
 When in the door a Kylee ventur'd,
 It snuffed awhile about the entry,
 And syne it edged up to the pantry,
 But, finding neither corn nor clover,
 The stupid beast began to dover,
 Then down it crap upon the floorin'
 Near hand where Tammie led the snorin',
 'Gainst the bed-post it gave a ristle,
 Which soon gar'd Jenny fyke and fistle—
 And listen wi' a tentie ear,
 In case auld Satan should appear.
 As thus she lay as still's a lammie,
 Fast by the side o' sleeping Tammie;
 She heard a kind o' unken breathin' —
 Soon terror to her heart was cleavin';
 She dunches Tam—she says, “Oh waukin'
 Wi' dread my very heart is quakin',
 As sure's I live, I hear a snivel
 As if it cam' fresh frae the deevil!”
 Yet Tammie lay devoid o' thought,
 Though fear nailed Jenny to the spot,
 At length he muttered “tuts, lie still,
 It's naething but our daughter Nell,

Wha's dished wi' sleep and breathing sair,
 Or aiblins fashed wi' the night-mare."
 He gave a grunt syne round 'id creep,
 Auld Tammie soon was fast asleep.

When winds blaw fair upon life's ocean,
 Pride in our hearts aft drowns devotion,
 When storms arise we cry to heaven,
 And pant and pray to be forgiven!
 Now Jenny is my illustration —
 Losh! how she groaned on this occasion!
 Her flaff'ring pulse at times stood still,
 At times it yerkit like a mill,
 Fear fastened on her very eye —
 Her every pore weep'd agony!
 There is a limit to endurance,
 Her inward prayers brought no assurance,
 She drew a breath! She gave a bellow,
 That woke the very sleeping Kyloe;
 Whiff! Tammie out the bed played whack
 And got a-stride the Kyloe's back,
 He sat and groaned as if on thorns,
 Syne grappled hard a pair o' horns!
 The Kyloe sprang—dashed to the door,
 The brute re-echoed Tammie's roar,
 Fear at ilk hair did rive and rug,
 Despair did whistle in his lug,
 Sic dismal dread was never ken'd —
 His very night-cap stood on end,
 As 'Tammie held by horn and pow
 He yelled—"the deevil's got me now!"
 While Jenny in her bed did lie
 Preparing for eternity!

Out through the yard the beastie loupit,
 It funked and plunged and Tammie coupit;
 As Nell and Will saw something comin',
 Out ower the dyke they baith gade bummin',
 Then headlong scoured across the bent,
 Their furious shrieks the welkin rent,
 For, past the twa the brute gade drivin'—
 As if its very hide was rivin',
 Poor Willy sair his croon did claw,
 While Nelly fairly swooned awa!
 When time had brought them to their senses,
 Hameward they gade wi' few pretenses;
 They keekit ower the garden wa',
 Hech me! an unco sight they saw,
 There Tammie lay besmeared wi' glaur,
 And glow'rin' at the evening star!
 Nellie instinctive raised his head,
 At first, she thought that he was dead,
 Yet though his bones were cloured and bloody,
 The breath had not gone out his body;
 They oxtered him into the hallan,
 Then Jenny frae her bed cam' squallin',
 Tam eyed her hard, then gave a groan,
 Syne whispering speered "if Nick was gone?"

Next morn they to the Priest did trot —
 They told him what a gliff they'd got;
 The Priest in meditation sicker,
 Speered "if the brute did gie a nicker?"
 "Na, na," quo' Tam, "it gae a rout;"
 The Priest then cried, "I've found it out—
 Your diel was nothing but a nowte."
 "A nowte?" quo' Tam "say that again,"

For light cam' into Tammie's brain ;
 "Ye're right!" he cried, "'tween me and you,
 It must hae been our Kylœ-coo."
 When Willy spoke a word to Nell :
 "I'll take the blame," she cried "mysel'
 For, whan my jo' cam' courtin' me,
 I e'en forgot to turn the key."
 Quo' Will, "my dear, to end the matter,
 The sooner that we're wed the better."
 Sweet Nellie blushed and syne consented,
 Then hame they a' gade weel contented ;
 And aye at night, 'tween you and me,
 Nell ne'er forgot to turn the key.

A SABBATH MORNING IN SCOTLAND.

Inscribed to the Rev. John Jennings, D. D., Toronto.

The morning sun glints up ayont the hill ;
 The misty clouds of morn have fled away,
 Calm is the pool, the sky serene and still,
 The lark, exultant, chants his early lay,
 The joyful birds sing blythe upon the spreid,
 The wings of peace are spread o'er hill and lea,
 This is the sacred, holy Sabbath day,
 From toil, this morn, the Husbandman is free,
 From blissful rest he wakes, to bow to God the
 knee.

His little bairnies start up one by one,
 They early learn to know the day of rest,
 Wee Maggie asks if frock or bonnet's done?
 They clamor to put on their Sunday's best;
 The Guidwife clasps her infant to her breast,
 Warns and commands the noisy to behave;
 Wee Will tries on his new-made breeks and vest,
 He struts about the wonder o' the lave:
 'Gainst pride, the Guidman speaks, wi' looks de-
 mure and grave.

He fondly takes his Willy by the hand,
 And aff they gang to dander round aboot,
 To see, perhaps, if dyke or pailing stand,
 Or if the wheat or oats begin to shoot;
 The kye frae foggage field ha'e broken out,
 His collie dog soon answers to his ca';
 He pulls a turnip and cuts off the root,
 Wee Willy kens the way to wring the shaw,
 He sits and glow'rs and eats while "daddie"
 mends the flaw.

Adown the bank they ca' the sheep and kye
 To where the burnie laves out owre the rocks;
 Syne hameward 'cross the bonnie brig o' Dye,
 Where weeping willows wave their silv'ry locks,
 High on the tree the raven hoarsely croaks,
 The lintie sings among the heath'ry braes;
 The herds ha'e turned and gathered in their
 flocks—

Baith hind and herd respect the day o' days—
 From lowly shiel and cot ascends the song of
 praise.

At hame, our Guidwife lights the kitchen fire,
 And soon the kettle's hissing on the grate,
 The cow's been milked and turned frae the byre,
 Now milk and porridge fill baith bowl and plate,
 The chairs are set—the bairns wi' look sedate,
 Afore the porridge cool wad fain begin;
 The grace is said—they now nae langer wait;
 The Guidwife cries, "it is a perfect sin—
 To see the milk and porridge down Will's apron
 rin!"

The horn spoons, at length, aside are laid,
 Now to the door the bairns fain wad steal,
 To gang thereout the boldest is afraid—
 Their questions they maun learn and answer
 weal:

The auld kirk bell sets up a solemn peal,
 The cry is heard, "Auld John is at the tow!"
 Around the house wi' bairns at her heel—
 The Guidwife's wits and hands are eident now,
 She washes rosy face, and kames the curly pow.

Their bonnie Jessie, unco shy and blate,
 Comes ben the house dress'd wi' a braw new goon
 The Guidman says "'twad e'en tak' an estate,
 To keep ye a' in meat and claes and shoon."
 The Guidwife cries "come hurry ye'll be late!
 Sic moping bairns I'm sure I never saw,
 See! there's your pennies for the poor folk's
 plate"—

The Book o' Books she hands to grit and sma';
 Fain is her heart to see them look sae weal and
 braw.

Now down the garden walk sweet Jessie goes—
She trips sae lightly o'er the grassy knoll,
The scented spearmint pulls and budding rose,
She twines them baith in Willie's button-hole.
The clinking bell at last has ceased to toll,
They hurry aff and gain the kirk-yard road :
See ! up the brae yon poor auld bodies toil—
Oppressed wi' age and care—a weary load—
And now, baith auld and young have reached the
house of God.

Land of my fathers—of the brave and free !
Land where the God of heaven is ador'd,
Land where the patriots humbly bow'd the
knee—
Then rose to wave the Standard of the Lord !
My heart, O Scotland ! from its inmost chord,
With kindly wishes beats for thee and thine ;
O ! may thy barns with plenty aye be stor'd,
And freedom's sun forever on thee shine—
Still may your "shield" be Christ, your "buck-
ler" God divine !

TO JAMES MCKAY, ESQ., DETROIT.

Sarnia, Ont., August 18, 1871.

Sir—

This evening at the gloamin' grey,
I gat your letter — James McKay,
And glad was I to hear ye say—
 And proud to know it,
That ye're a' in the ordinar' way
 About Detroit.

Whan next that ye take up the pen,
There's ae thing I would like to ken,
If ye ha'e won that bonnie hen—
 That lassie braw,
To guide the *but* and grace the *ben*
 In your bit ha'.

I mind it weel — 'fore I was wed,
An unco weary life I led,
Groaning and girning on my bed,
 Wi' lonesome moan;
Sae soon's I to the Altar sped,
 Whiff! Care was gone!

Afore, I'd wander 'bout the braes,
A' nature then seemed sour as slaes,
Then down I'd sit as in a maze,
 Aside the burn,
And on the winding waters gaze,
 And sigh and mourn!

I'd watch a' nature filled wi' glee—
 The lammies sporting on the lea,
 The birdies whistling on the tree,
 Their tender strain ;
 I didna ken, 'tween you and me,
 What gar'd me grane !

Ae night I warstled 'mang the ferns,
 And tossed amang the whins and birns,
 And tald my woes e'en to the sterns,
 Wi' gruesome croaks,
 That scared to death the lang leg'd herons
 Amang the rocks !

I growied against my low estate,
 I envied sair the rich and great,
 Till Nature cried : " Man, get a mate,
 And a bit housie."
 Sae faith ! ae night I up the gate,
 And spak' for Lucy !

Hope's tender bud began to grow,
 The light o' love began to lowe,
 Losh, Jemmy ! if ye saw me now
 Midst bliss supreme !
 Stand clear ! five bairns I ha'e in tow—
 Upon life's stream.

I'm getting unco auld and stiff,
 And glow'ring ower life's dreary cliff ;
 'Twill no be lang or I play whiff,
 And close my e'en,
 And sail awa in death's dark skiff
 To the unseen.

Yet still I needna grunt and grane,
 I'm no just in the warld alane,
 I've wife and bairns to ca' my ain —
 And when I dee
 Nae stranger cauld wi' heart o' stane
 Will close my e'e!

Now, Jemmy! tak' ye tent, my man,
 And try the matrimonial plan;
 Remember! life is but a span;
 I speak ye fair—
 Just buckle hard and fast to Nan
 For evermair!

Wi a' your might tak' my example,
 Upon your 'whys' and 'wherefores' trample,
 Just get a wife and raise a sample
 O' young McKay's;
 They'll be, nae doubt, a comfort ample
 In your auld days.

Remember me, then, to your Nan,
 And kind regards to Bannerman,
 And tell the Major 'bout the plan
 That he maun mak'.
 Should death no flash in my bread-pan
 I'll soon be back.

THAT'S BUT NAT'RAL.

Inscribed to Duncan Campbell, Esq., a natural born Poet.

“Weel, Jenny,” said the Rev. Walter Dunlap to the bride, “do ye like Jock?” “Yes, Sir!” replied Jenny, “I like Jock rale weel.” The reverend gentleman smiled in a quiet way, and then said, “that’s but nat’ral Jenny, ma woman.”

The spring had brought out the green leaf on
the trees,
And the flow’rs were unfolding their sweets to the
bees,
When Jock says to Jenny, “come, Jenny, agree,
And just say the bit word that ye’ll marry me”
She held down her head like a lilly sae meek,
And the blush o’ the rose fled away frae her cheek,
And she said “gang awa! Man! your head’s in a
creel.”
She didna let on that she liked him rale weel.
Aye! she liked him rale weel,
O! she liked him rale weel,
But she didna let on that she liked him rale
weel.

Now Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth
 and mair,
 Ye hae kept me just hanging 'tween hope and
 despair,
 But, Oh! Jenny, last night something whisper'd
 to me—
 That I'd better lie down at the dyke side and dee."
 To keep Jock in life, she gave in to be ried,
 And soon they were book'd, and three times they
 were cried ;
 Love danced in Jock's heart, and hope joined the
 reel ;
 He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.
 Aye! she liked him rale weel,
 O! she liked him rale weel,
 But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

When the wedding day cam,' to the manse they
 did stap,
 At the door they gat welcome frae Mr. Dunlap ;
 Wha chained them to love's matrimonial stake.
 Syne they a' took a dram and a mouthfu' o' cake ;
 Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind to your
 Jenny,
 Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her Minnie ;
 Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie and leal?"
 "Yes Sir," simper'd she, "for I like him rale weel."
 Aye! she liked him rale weel,
 O! she liked him rale weel ;
 "That's nat'ral," said he, "to like him rale weel."

WAR AND PEACE.

When the Lion of England rushed north from his
 lair,
 The welkin re-echoed, "touch me if ye dare!"
 Then shoulder to shoulder Scots sprang to the fray
 Shouting "Scotland and freedom for ever and aye."

The tyrant may tremble! the claymores will clash,
 And the eye of the clansmen with vengeance will
 flash—

And the axe of Lochaber its thousands will slay:
 Hark! harken, the war-cry "St. Andrew for aye!"

O'er mountain and valley the wild slogans ring,
 Up! Rise! draw the sword for our Country and
 King;

Though blood dye the heather from Tweed to
 the Spey,
 The thistle shall flourish—shall flourish for aye!

Rouse, Scotland! Up Scotsmen! come ruin, come
 wreck,

No tyrant shall ever put foot on our neck;
 Blow trumpet! Sound pibroch the undying lay—
 That freedom shall reign in our country for
 aye!

The beacons are blazing on each mountain crest,
 Unquench'd is the fire in each patriot breast ;
 They fight and they conquer—God is their stay—
 Caledonia, their country, for ever and aye !

Be it ever remember'd, the glory and fame
 Of Wallace and Bruce, gallant Douglas and
 Grām,
 Of our fathers who fell, but who never gave way—
 Their glory was Scotland and freedom for aye !

Now, the sword's in the scabbard—unbuckled's
 the shield,
 The pen is the victor ! the Union is sealed—
 Ye winds waft the peace-song till time pass away,
 And God guard the Thistle of Scotland for aye !

A KITTLIN FLATTER.

Inscribed to Wm. Barclay, Esq.

Ye wee auld fashion'd glow'rin' kittlin,
 As sure's I live at mice you're ettlin';
 Tuts ! in the neuk ye now are ettlin'
 To tak a nap,
 Ye ha'e win through wi' your bit brattlin'—
 Ye're sound's a tap.

Your twa bit e'en are steekit fast,
 Unmindfu' o' the wintry blast—
 Ye care na' how folk fend or fast—
 Midst weal or woe—
 A sheep's e'e at your tail ye cast
 And round ye go!

Guid guide us a'! you're nae-ways lazy,
 I ferlie sair ye no grow dizzy;
 "Get out my road ye donnert hussy,"
 That's Grannie's growl—
 "Ye're aye amang my feet or claes aye—
 Ye crawlin' sowl."

"I'll send," quo' she, "I'll send for Jock,
 He'll clank ye in an auld mouth pock,
 He'll mak ye birr out owre the rock
 Wi' little clatter
 Syne ye may splarge an' blaw an' chock
 Amang the water."

"Losh! Grannie, let the brute a-be,
 We'll strive wi' the bit beast to 'gree—
 There's room for it, and you and me—
 Rin! Grannie, rin—
 See there! the aumry door's a-jee;
 Great grief! it's in."

Poor brute! ye little ken what's comin',
 Dowgs soon will at your tail be bummin',
 And trees and houses ye'll be climbin'
 Wi' fuffs and granes,
 And bairns will at ye hard be slingin',
 Baith sticks and stanes.

Now! there ye stand and croon and girn,
 Whiff! ye are aff ayont the kirn,
 You're out! you're there, baith skin and birn;
 What's that i' faith?
 Preserve us a'! it's Grannie's pirn—
 As sure as death!

There now! ye've cleek'd her auld mutch string,
 Down to the floor the mutch ye bring;
 Your neck will get an unco wring—
 She's hirplin' ben:
 I'll save ye yet ye silly thing—
 Afore she ken.

Here comes my wee bit Nellie toddlin',
 An' round about my knee she's hodlin',
 She's now the wee bit pussie coddlin',
 In her bit dadle;
 She'll no be lang the beastie saddlin',
 I'll bet a bodle.

Out louns the cat! down fa's my dautie!
 Get out my sight ye nasty catie,
 I'll fell ye wi' this muckle 'tatie;
 Come here my hinnie,
 Come here, we'll ha'e a couthie chatie,
 We'll tell your Minnie.

Come to my hand my wee bit pussie,
 Ye aiblins soon will catch a mousie,
 An' now, sae lang's I ha'e a housie
 Out owre my head,
 Your birses in a plate ye'll souse aye,
 'Mang milk an' bread!

Ye're mair contented than your maister,
 Wha still maun pingle, darg, and pester;
 Although Dame Fortune aft he's chas'd her,
 Baith e're and late,
 The slippery jade, he's ne'er caress'd her—
 E'en to this date!

Soon I maun jouk 'neath death's dark wave,
 Soon wint'ry blasts will owre me rave;
 Will ye come mewin' to my grave,
 My wee bit pet?
 Or, will ye just be like the lave,
 An' soon forget?

A PIC-NIC RANT.

The day is set, the time is near,
 I wish the hour was come,
 When we'll awa to groves o' green,
 To hear the bagpipes bum!

Great Cuddie Headrigg's to be there,
 In Highland kilt sae trig,
 And Bailie Jarvie's swore an aith—
 That "Cud" will catch the pig!

We'll ha'e a gladsome time, I trow,
 We'll dance upon the green,
 And Balderston will Mysie kiss,
 And tak' her hame at e'en.

Big Dandie Dinmont's to be there—
 I'll bet my hinmost croon
 That he will sup a bowl o' brose,
 Wi' an auld horn spoon!

And when he scarts the bicker clean,
 If nothing should gang wrang,
 Rob Roy will sing a Highland lilt,
 And Wildfire sing a sang.

Dick Moniplies will e'en be there,
 To sup and crack his fill;
 When Mrs. Glass comes round about,
 She'll rax her sneeshin mill.

And Dousterswivel's sure to gang—
 Alang wi Mucklebackit;
 And Mucklewrath will dance a reel
 In style wi' Tibby Tackit.

There's Dominie Samson, honest man,
 He'll unco sair distress us,
 For he intends that day to kiss--
 Meg Dods and a' the lasses!

Douce Davie Deans, a cannie Scot,
 Wi' Dumbiedikes will sup,
 Wi' knife and fork they'll go to work,
 And eat a haggis up!

Meg Merrilies, wi' stick in hand,
 And a new tartan frock,
 Along wi' John Duke o' Argyle,
 Will wallop in a pock!

Bold Piercie Shafton's bound to gang,
 Wi' sark starch'd to the middle;
 And if McTurk misguides himsel',
 He'll jag him wi' a needle!

And Ochiltree, in spite o' a',
 Will mak' the echoes ring;
 He'll snap his fingers and will dance
 The glorious Highland fling!

Monkbarns! faith, he's sure to gang,
 And if folk dinna bore him,
 He'll soon put me tle in his heels
 And gie us Tullochgorum!

And Jennie Deans will e'en be there,
 Alang wi' Roland Græme,
 And Callum Beg upon that day
 Can never stay at hame!

Detroit lasses will be there—
 Our lasses bear the bell,
 And ilka lad will think his lass
 Is just perfection's sel'.

We'll hae a glorious time, I trow,
 We'll dance upon the green,
 And ilka lad will kiss his lass,
 And tak' her hame at e'en.

SCOTTISH SANGS.

“Guidman! losh, I wish ye were through wi’ your
 havers,
 About your auld sangs an’ yer clashes and clavers,
 The floor is to scour and the scones are to bake,
 The stove is to brush and the carpet to shake;
 An’ still ye will sit, losh! just hear to the coo,
 An’ the cacklin’ hens and the famishin’ soo;
 A man sic as you, I’m sure never was born;
 Hurry out! or the brutes will be dead ere the
 morn.

“I’ve your trousers to mend and your stockin’s to
 dern,
 An’ ten hanks o’ thread to row up on a pirn,
 The woo is to caird, and the thrums are to reel,
 I’ve the ’taties to wash and the ingans to peel,
 The kinlin’s to split, and the wood’s to be saw’d,
 An’ water—sax stoups,—frae the well maun be
 draw’d,
 The claes are a’ dirty, and as sure as ye’re born,
 The washin’ I canna pit aff till the morn.

"Hech me! can ye no gang an' fother the coo,
 And tak out some meat to the hens and the soo;
 The beds are to mak' an' the dishes to wash,
 An' still 'bout yer sangs ye will claver and clash.
 Gif ye no gang awa, and look to the horse,
 As sure as I live I'll get out a divorce!
 Gang awa! I'll come clank ower yer head wi' the
 tangs,
 Gif I hear ony mair 'bout your ballads and
 sangs."

"Guid wife! losh, I hear ilka word that ye say,
 But I trow ye maun try to excuse me the day,
 Frae Job ye maun strive a bit lesson to learn,
 For I'm aff and awa to hear ANGUS FAIRBAIRN."
 "Guid man, will ye tak me? losh! ma head's in
 a creel,
 But the coo and the soo may baith roar like the
 diel,
 I'll soon kame ma hair and throw on ma gown,
 Ma shawl and ma bonnet wi' lacc on the croon.
 Come, now, let's awa! lock the door—tak the
 keys"—
 And aff the twa gade just as brisk as twa bees,
 And, aye they did say, as they hurried alang,
 "There's naething sae sweet as an auld Scottish
 sang."

CALEDONIAN GAMES ON HOG ISLAND.

Inscribed to J. B. Wilson, Esq.

For the better understanding of the following rhyme, it is thought necessary to state that "Hog Island" is situated a short distance up the river from Detroit; that the gentlemen named are respected and prominent members of the Caledonian Club of Detroit; and that they went to the island on a certain day for the purpose of making necessary preparations for the annual games.

There was Andrew and Johnnie and Willy,
 And Davie—a comical dog—
 And a Jedburgh chap they ca' Robin,
 Sailed awa' to the Island of Hog.
 When into the boat they were sittin',
 Quo' Davie, "Bob, feather yer oar,"
 Syne they dashed and they splashed up the river,
 To the tune of "Lochaber no more."
 And aye they gaed plowin' and rowin'
 Hech! how they gaed sweetin' and reekin',
 Awa' to the Island of Hog!

Quo' Johnnie to Willy, "Come, Willy,
 Do sing us the 'Wee Pickle Tow,'"

"Just sing it yersel'," answered Willy,
 "Or I'll gar ye play bum o'er the bow."

Quo' Robin, "The first man that quarrels,
 Wi' this oar I'll play crack on his croon,
 Sae steek up yer lip, neighbor Willy,
 And Johnnie, ye Kirk Yetholm loon."

And aye they gaed jawin' and blawin',
 Losh! how they gaed barkin' and bitin'
 Awa' to the Island of Hog!

When on to the island they jumpit,
 The boat to a tree they did tie,
 Quo' Davie, "I'd herrin' for supper,
 This mornin' I feel unco dry."

He claw'd at his head like a harrow,
 Then out from his pouches did draw
 A bottle o' Hielan' Glendronach,
 And a mutchkin o' real usqueba.

And syne they sat girnin' and laughin',
 Gosh! how they sat puffin' and smokin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

And when they a' got a bit toothfu',
 And when the drink got to their wames,
 Quo' Andrew, "Come, freens, let us dander,
 And look at the grun' for the games."

Then awa through the woods they gaed laughin',
 And when they got up to the place,
 Quo' Robin to Willy, "Come, Willy,
 Losh, man! I will try ye a race."

And soon they gaed sprachlin' and rinnin',
 Wow! how they gaed pechin' an' bleezin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

"I'll race ye and beat ye," quo' Willy,
 Then awa' o'er the green they did loup,
 But Willy played clank on his stomach,
 And Robin fell down on his doup.
 Then they leugh till their sides were near burstin',
 Quo' Robin, "My nose I hae bled;"
 Quo' Johnnie, "Come, Robin, get up, man,
 Did ye think ye was gaein to bed?"
 And sair they gaed whummlin' and tumblin'
 Bang! how they went clitin' and scraughin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

And now they began to the wrestlin',
 Sair, hard were their tussles and rugs,
 At the links o' the neck and the brisket,
 At shoulder-blades, haffits and lugs.
 How toughly they stuck to the business
 For the feck o' a couple o' hours,
 Till their claes just in ribbons were hangin'
 And their banes were a' covered wi' clours.
 And aye they gaed gripin' and ripin',
 Haith! how they gaed skitin' and slippin',
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

By this they were a' gettin' roupit,
 Wi' a drappie their gizzards did slake,
 Then Dave round his head swung the hammer—
 Wi' a bang baith gaed clash in the lake!

Then Andrew began to the puttin',
 Slick! the stane to his shouther did raise,
 But it slippit somehow frae his clutches,
 And cam' yerk on the end o' his tae!
 And aye they gaed dreepin' and creepin'
 Wow! how they gaed dragglin' and limpin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

And syne they began to the jumpin',
 Dave lap like a hen aff her eggs;
 Then Andrew cried, "Johnnie, look at me,"
 Gae ae spring and maist broke baith his legs.
 And next they began to play quoits,
 Jock's quoit gaed clean aff the track,
 It gaed up in the air like a feather,
 Then cam' down upon Jedburgh's back.
 And still they went flingin' and ringin',
 My! how they gaed backin' and whackin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

On receipt o' the knock Robin loupit,
 Syne roared like a mad parish bull,
 "Haud your tongue, man; keep still, man," quo'
 Davie,
 "And be thankfu' it's no' split yer skull."
 Quo' Andrew, "I think we'll be gaein',
 Wi' terror my very heart's filled;
 If we stay ony langer I'm fearin'
 Ilka soul o' us a' will be killed."
 And oh! they stood whingin' and gruin',
 Man! how they stood glaikin' and glunchin'
 Awa' on the Island of Hog!

"Losh! Andrew, ye're right, man," quo' Davie;
 "My very heart's blood's on the shiver,
 For somehow I canna help thinkin'
 We're sure to be drowned in the river."
 Yet ilka ane swore to the ither,
 Afore they gaed aff to their hames,
 That they'd try hard and sair to do better
 At the grand Caledonian Games.
 Then home they cam' thuddin' and scud-
 din',
 Hech! how they cam' swearin' and tearin'
 Awa' frae the Island of Hog!

A PASTORAL

*On the occasion of JAMES FORSYTH, Esq.,
 leaving Detroit, and read at the Presen-
 tation Meeting of his many Friends,
 February 1st, 1871.*

ARCHY—"Come, Willy man, come in and sup
 some drammack,
 And tell us a' the news aboot Hamtramack,
 Has your guidwife gat hale and weel and canty?
 Does still the ague hing aboot your Aunty?
 Has Jean Galbraith gat buckled to Tam Cleaver?
 I hope the bairns ha'e no the scarlet fever!
 Ye look sae dowff, sae dowie and downcast,
 Ye look like ane that hasna' broke his fast,
 Ye look like ane dumfounded wi' despair!
 Come man, sit down and tell us a' yer care."

I've kent him lang—he aye was true as steel;
 There's nane can ken the bitter grief I feel;
 There's few can ken how ill it is to part
 Frae him we love—the brother o' our heart."

ARCHY—"Preserve us a'! is Jamie gaun to leave?
 There's mair than you wi' bitter grief will grieve.
 He aye was kind—sae gentle and sae mild—
 An honest man—a sage—at heart a child,
 No words were his of selfishness or cant;
 His purse was open to his friends in want;
 If want or woe his fellow mortal griev'd,
 His heart responded and his hand reliev'd.
 In learning, we maun own he is our daddie,
 He's just a kind o' walkin' Cyclopædia;
 He's read the works o' Reid and famous Locke,
 He kens the law frae Lyttleton and Coke;
 Can gie ye screeds frae Burns and Scott and
 Brown,

And Rhymer Tam wha lived in Ercildown;
 He glories in the fame, the works, and style
 O' that great thinker they ca' Tam Carlyle.
 I weel I wat his life has no been idle!
 Eut best o' a' he ne'er forgot his Bible.
 O! doleful hour! O melancholy day,
 We'll hae nae joy when Jamie gangs away!"

WILLY—"Where'er he gangs, I'm sure I wish
 him weel,
 'Midst a' his care, he was a canty chiel'.
 His head is crammed wi' wisdom and wi' lair,
 He rose victorious o'er the word 'despair.'

When he's awa, where'er his lot he cast,
 I fondly trust his cares will a' blaw past.
 May health and plenty cheer his ain fireside—
 His wife and son, his comfort and his pride,
 'Mang men o' worth, in the first rank we class
 him—

Where'er he bides, may God forever bless him.”

ARCHY—“Thae's bonnie words I'm sure, ye speak
 them true.

Will ye no tak a dram to weet your mou?
 The back unto the burden we maun bend,
 'And mak the best o' what we canna mend.'”

LAMENTATION FOR MIKE GILL,

A CELEBRATED PLAYER ON THE UNION PIPES.

Respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Wm. Adair.

Detroit folks are drown'd in woe,
 Down o'er their cheeks the salt tears flow,
 Death e'en has dealt an unco blow,
 And frae us ta'en
 A man who never had a foe—
 Mike Gill is gane!

We kent poor Mike for monie a year—
 His sterling worth demands a tear,
 Upon this earth he had nae peer—
 He stood alane,
 We weel may wail beside the bier
 O' him that's gane!

When nights got lang, and folk got douce,
 When Mike cam' in, we soon got crouse,
 Baith glee and gladness were iet loose—
 We were sae fain;
 But grief now reigns in every house
 Since Mike is gane!

The auld folk liked him unco weel,
 The young folk followed at his heel,
 The lasses aften filled his creel
 Wi' beef and bane;
 But now he's gat his hinmost meal—
 Alas! he's gane!

When marching 'neath the Stars and Stripes,
 'Twas grand to hear him blaw the pipes;
 Now printers, sobbing, set the types,
 Wi' grief and pain;
 Het, waesome tears the Bard now wipes
 For him that's gane!

We weel may sit about the burn,
 And in dark glens and valleys mourn,
 And ilka kind o' comfort scorn,
 Wi' goustie mane
 Alas! alas! he'll ne'er return—
 He's ever gane!

His pipes ha'e gien their lang, last hum,
 Again we'll never hear them bum,
 They're hanging now ayont the lum
 On their bit chain;
 Their breath has fled, alas! they're dumb—
 Like him wha's gane!

For guidsake ne'er let Barclay know,
 That Mike lies cauld and stiff below,
 Poor man! he'll ne'er get o'er the blow—
 He'll break life's chain,
 Or, chew for aye the cud o' woe
 For him that's gane!

When Mike play'd up an Irish reel,
 We neither minded maut or meal,
 But up, and down, and round, we'd wheel
 And plunge and strain;
 Now in the ranks o' grief we squeel
 Since he is gane!

When Johnston frae toon lots would part,
 He aye set Mike up in a cart,
 'Twas then we heard the minstrels art
 And canty strain;
 He'll ne'er blaw mair at wake or mart—
 Alack! he's gane.

He ne'er was known to hum and look
 And glow'r upon a music-book,
 But just sit smiling in the nook
 And drink a drain;
 Ae finger had the crotchet crook
 On him that's gane.

When he was cuffed about wi' care,
 He took a dram and whiles took mair;
 But never fell frae off a chair—
 Wi' drunken grane;
 Now frae the roots we rive our hair—
 Woe's me! he's gane.

Ae night he cam' fu' crouse and trig,
 To play us up a blythesome jig,
 But oh! he gat an unco dig—
 It soon was plain
 That he had crossed death's dismal brig—
 He's gane! he's gane!

The doctors round about him press'd,
 They laid their ear upon his chest,
 They placed their fingers on his wrist,
 And jug'lar vein;
 But Mike did never cock his crest,
 For he was gane!

Down where the weeping willows wave
 James Sutherland has filled Mike's grave,
 And at his feet has set a stave,
 At's head a stane
 Which tells McGraw and a' the lave
 That Mike is gane!

We trace Mike's faults to Adam's fa'—
 Mike had some faults, but they were sma'—
 His virtues overtopped them a',
 I here maintain,
 And hope the UNION PIPES he'll blaw,
 Where'er he's gane!

FOLK SHOULD AYE BE EQUAL YOKIT.

Inscribed to C. Taylor, Esq., Sarnia, Ont.

Auld Scotland! loud I sing your praise,
 Your honest men and wives sae gawsie,
 May they aye walk in wisdom's ways,
 And keep the cantle o' the causey!

May peace and plenty be their lot—
 Contented wi' guid brose and parritch,
 And still on Sundays boil the pot
 And ne'er forget their single carritch!

Auld Scotland ye're a stalwart chield!
 The Southern foe could never whang ye,
 Faith! set ye on the fighting field,
 The very deevil couldna bang ye!

May a' your bairns be aye discreet,
 Ha'e a clean sark and Sunday jackit,
 Sair! sair, the bard wad roar and greet
 Should Scotia's bairns be disrespek it!

Her bonnie lasses! guid keep me,
 They've led me monie a weary brattle,
 Scouring at night o'er moor and lea,
 And swarfing sair the out-door cattle.

Ae back-end night, O! hech how me,
 I gat a mair than ordinar' fright;
 The crap e'en to a very pea,
 Was in the stack-yard standing tight.

On the har'st-rig I shore wi' ane—
 Her maiden name was Nellie Martin;
 Love, feverish love, on me struck in,
 And Nell and I began the courtin'.

She had a waist sae jimp and sma',
 And when she smiled she looked sae bonnie,
 And then her lips, preserve as a'—
 They were as sweet as heather honey!

How grand! how lovely was her face,
 A perfect heaven was in her e'e!
 To crown her charms she had a grace
 That played the diel wi' mair than me!

'Twas aughteen years, no ae day mair,
 Sin' first she gave her infant cry—
 She cam' just at the Lammas fair,
 As Session Records testify.

She lived sax miles out owre the bent,
 At a bit house ayont the glen;
 Ae night I couldna stay content,
 I fain wad see my bonnie hen!

I sleely stole aff like a mouse,
 And o'er the moor I soon gade scrivein';
 The clouds by this had broken loose—
 The winds blew out the lights o' heaven!

I gropit o'er the auld wood brig,
 Got through the birks and past the rashes;
 Without a'e lee, whan at Whinrig,
 Losh! I began to ban the lasses!

The lightnings leaped across the sky,
 I lap out o'er stone dykes and fences;
 I thought I heard the kelpies cry—
 "That gouk has surely tint his senses."

At times I swat wi' downright dread,
 And ance I foundered 'mang the glaur;
 As forth I gade wi' swirlin' speed
 I headlang plunged out o'er a scaur!

Hech me! thought I, I'm done for noo,
 My heart-strings gae an unco pull,
 Fear jumpit down my very mou,
 Syne struck the keybone o' my skull!

I hae had monie an unco fright,
 But a' the frights that e'er I got,
 Are nothing to that desperate night,
 As down that fearfu' gulph I shot!

Oh! Nellie, in my hours of ease,
 I've worshipped e'en your very locks,
 I little dreamed through space I'd bleeze,
 And kill myse!' 'mang stanes and rocks!

I thought on Nellie's lock o' hair,
 That o'er my throbbing bosom hung,
 I tried to roar, but in the air
 Fear shut the hinges o' my tongue!

As down and down, and down I fell,
 A pleasing notion filled my head,
 Wi' my last breath to cry on Nell,
 Syne close my eyes amang the dead.

An unco job I had to land,
 Mang whins, and sheep, and muckle stanes,
 Dumfounder'd ! I cam' to a stand,
 That jumbled up my very brains.

'That night I could not see my Nell—
 For broken collar banes and legs ;
 At length I gave a dismal yell
 That echoed 'mang the hills and craigs !

The coward sheep scoured to the hills,
 The foxes to their holes ran rife,
 The cattle turned up their tails
 And fled as if for very life !

The corbies croaked out o'er my head,
 Nae doubt expecting my last groan,
 And other brutes famed for their greed,
 Cam' out to see what was gaun on.

And there I lay, and girmed and grat,
 With agony my thoughts ran wild,
 Aye ! there I lay, I weel, I wat,
 As helpless as a little child.

Next morn, the wind had blawn its warst,
 When Tam-the-herd cam' to me hotchin,
 He leugh till he was like to burst—
 Syne speered "gif I was at the poachin'."

“Na! na!” quo’ I, “Tam get a cart—
 For ance ye’re fairly aff your eggs;
 I doubt I’ve broken Nellie’s heart,
 Forby ma collar banes, and legs.”

Tam ran to get a horse and cart,
 I thought ’mang men he was the marrow;
 A clud o’ grief cam’ owre my heart,
 As back he dash’d wi’ a wheelbarrow.

He trailed me in, he wheeled and wheel’d,
 Ungratefu’ like I did abhor him;
 Though Tam was a lang winded chield,
 For ance he had his wark afore him.

He pushed and wheeled and better wheel’d,
 At ilka jolt my banes did harrow,
 Twice o’er he stagger’d—thrice he reel’d,
 And sent me headlang out the barrow!

We laired and founder’d in a bog,
 And oh! an unco job had Tam,
 He swore against his collie dog,
 And ance he prayed and sung a psalm.

Wi’ sair ado he gat me hame
 He wheeled me up to the bed-stok,
 Quo’ he, “I am baith tired and lame,
 Wi’ hurling you since four o’clock!”

“Gif e’er ye gang that gate again,
 May I be whipit, hanged or shot,
 By day or night, in wind or rain,
 Ye’ll lie for me until ye rot.”

Nine weeks I lay upon my bed,
 Death like a herd did on me whistle;
 And in that time my Nell got wed
 To an auld sumph ca'd Patie Russell.

Ah! Nell, ah! Nell, ye ne'er can ken,
 What J for you hae had to suffer,
 But worst o' a' to caickle ben—
 Wi' that auld groaning girning buffer.

And yet, I still may crouslly cra',
 That I fell through frae Nellie's chains;
 She drives Pate's head against the wa',
 And kicks and scarts his very banes.

Ae day she coarsed him like a hare,
 She ran him round the muckle table,
 She just had breath and naething mair
 To fell him wi' the 'tatie ladle!

'Twas a' Pate's blame, the donnert fool,
 I wadna greet though he was chockit,
 I'm sure he might hae learned at school—
 That folk should aye be equal yokit.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

Inscribed to James Black, Esq.

Stand ever ! freedom's monument,
 Where freedom had its birth,
 In honor of the bravest knight
 That ever breathed on earth !

In memory of great Wallace Wight,
 Whose daring, dauntless heart
 Did never crouch to foreign foe,
 Or Scotland's cause desert.

When cold and chill was freedom's hand,
 And faint and fainter grew
 Her fluttering breath, great Wallace rose,
 And loud her trumpet blew !

The eagle from the rocky cliff
 Soared proudly to the sky ;
 Watching its flight—"Soldiers !"—he cried,
 "Freedom can never die !"

The droukit thistle raised its head
 That erst hung pensylie,
 As if it knew the deathless creed—
 "Who dares to meddle me ?"

The Warrior cried "on to the front,
 On, soldiers, to the field,
 To fight for God and liberty,
 To die but never yield!"

Stand ever! freedom's monument,
 Where freedom had its birth,
 In honor of the bravest knight
 That ever breath'd on earth.

TO A. H. WINGFIELD, ESQ.,

Author of the beautiful ballad, "There's Crape on the Door."

Wingfield, I'm glad to hear ye still
 Are climbing up Parnassus hill;
 Losh, man! the words ye clink wi' skill—
 How sweet they fa',
 Take my advice, ne'er quit the quill,
 But screed awa.

Though gowks may jeer, and gomerils ban,
 Sing up! sing blythe! my bonnie man,
 And do the best that e'er ye can—
 Ne'er mind their say,
 Rejoice! that genius guides your han',
 And tunes the lay.

When I to rhyming did begin,
 The fient a hair I'd on my chin;
 And when I show'd my critic kin
 The hame-spun waft,
 They'd cry, "just drown him in the lin,
 He's clean gane daft."

They'd laugh and smirk at my pretense,
 And say "the rhyme was void o' sense,
 'Twas wrong in grammer, mood and tense—
 I was a fool."

They'd cry, "your harp hang on a fence,
 And gang to schule."

Wi' ilka word they had some fau't—
 That line was stolen from Pope or Watt,
 That sentence was frae Thompson gat,
 That ane frae Hogg;
 They'd ca' me a cat-witted brat,
 And thievish rogue.

I'd bite my nails, and burn and blush,
 My heart's blood through my veins would rush,
 I couldna stand it—like a cush
 I would retreat,
 Syne, down ayont a dyke or bush,
 I'd sit and greet.

In winter when the curlew flies,
 And tempests hurl athwart the skies,
 I'd listen to earth's sounds and sighs,
 And nature's croon,
 O'er earthly clouds my soul would rise
 To heaven abune!

When floods cam' gushing down the hill,
 And swelling wide the wee bit rill,
 As sure as death—I mind it still—

In some lone nook,
 I'd stand and learn poetic skill
 Frae nature's book.

A snow-drop on its bielled bed
 Would raise its modest virgin head,
 My very heart to it was wed

With nature's chain,
 And tears o' joy would o'er it shed,
 I was sae fain!

And when the bonnie spring would come,
 When bees around the flowers would bum,
 And linties were nae langer dumb

The woods amang,
 'Twas there wi' them I learned to hum
 My wee bit sang.

Beyond the birks where cowslips grow,
 And violets spring upon the knowe,
 The Muses decked my youthfu' brow

Wi' roses fair,
 And bending low I breathed a vow—
 Their joys to share.

Then in the gladsome summer days
 I'd wander 'mang the heath'ry braes,
 And hear the lark sing nature's praise

Far up the sky ;
 On fancy's wing my soul would gaze
 On heaven high!

Nature would guide my careiess feet
 To where the blackbirds sang sae sweet ;
 For hours my heart with joy would beat
 To list their lay,
 Unmindful that the stars did greet
 The gloamin' grey.

When darkness wrapt the mountain's head,
 And gloom o'er glen and valley spread,
 Then o'er me came an eerie dread—
 A nameless fear,
 A soul-commingling with the dead—
 A heaven near !

Wingfield ! my summer tide's awa,
 My autumn leaf begins to fa',
 And vulture death begins to gnaw
 And hover near,
 Yet still I'll rant and rhyme for a'
 Sae lang's I'm here.

I hae nae wish to gather gear,
 My muse is a' my comfort here,
 My Pegasus is horse and mear,
 That heaven has sent,
 And while the beastie I can steer,
 I'll be content.

Though grief has racked you to the core,
 Take up your harp—sing as in yore ;
 Ye still hae monie joys in store—
 I hope and pray
 That crape may ne'er hang on your door
 For monie a day !

HOHENWINDSOR.

Inscribed to James Fraser, Esq.

In Windsor when the moon was high,
When every throat was parched and dry,
There rose to heaven a fearful cry—
Of wild despair and agony.

For Windsor saw a dreadful sight,
A thunderbolt at dead of night
Did smash the Windsor pump outright,
And knocked it to eternity.

Then rushed the matron and the maid,
Then Fraser drew his battle blade,
And Bartlett cried, "Go find a spade
And dig my grave immediately."

Then Cameron raised a fearful wail,
That shook the very Sandwich jail,
When Black put on his coat of mail
To fight with him most furiously!

The combat deepens! blood and blows!
The claret flies from every nose,
Far redder than the reddest rose
That blooms in Dougall's nursery!

Few, few of them will see the morn,
Far better had they ne'er been born,
The scythe of death reaps them like corn,
And grinds them in his grainery!

Weep, sun, in your triumphal car,
May sackcloth hang from every star,
May earthquakes rend the earth ajar,
And mountains leap distractedly.

The streets of Windsor reek with gore,
The pump, alas! is gone before;
Hang dismal crape on every door—
And die in great perplexity!

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

Read at the Banquet, Russell House, Detroit, Aug. 15, 1871.

A hundred years have rolled away,
This morn brought in the natal day
Of one whose name shall live for aye.

Beside the clear and winding Forth
Was born the "Wizard of the North;"
The Muses circled round his bed,
And placed their mark upon his head;
And nature sang a grand refrain
As Genius claimed his wond'rous brain,
For every bird in bush or brake,
Beside the silv'ry stream or lake,
Sang blythely on their leafy throne,
In honor of the "Great Unknown!"

The Thistle raised its drooping head:
The lark forsook his heather bed,
Shook from his wing the dew drop, moist,
And on the golden cloud rejoic'd;

The classic Tweed took up the lay,
The Yarrow sang by bank and brae,
And Ettrick danc'd upon her way.
The daisies by the crystal wells
Smiled sweetly to the heather bells;
And rugged craig and mountain dun
Exulted he was Scotia's son!

Time sped, and from that brilliant brain
There issued many a martial strain;
He sang of knight and baron bold,
Of king and clown in days of old—
Though dead and gone, and passed away—
Forgotten in the mould'ring clay,—
We read, we trow, his magic brain
Brings back the dead to life again!
He sang of men who ne'er would yield,
In border fray or battle field.
Yes! on the page of endless fame
He wrote of many a deed and name;
How patriot heroes dared to die
For God, for right and liberty!

We see the beacon on the hill,
The slumb'ring earth no more is still,
For borne upon the midnight gale
The slogan's heard o'er hill and dale,
The din of battle and the cry
That echoed through the vaulted sky,
As warriors fell, and rose and reel'd,
And died on Flodden's fatal field!

The minstrel loved auld Scotland's hills,
Her gow'ny braes and wimpling rills,
He loved the land that gave him birth—
A land beloved o'er all the earth;
There stood the brave in weal or woe,
Who never crouched to foreign foe—
Who stood in battle like a rock,
And snapped in twain the tyrant's yoke!

O! Scotland, thou art dear to me!
Thou land of song and chivalry!
There Scott and Burns, and many more,
Did pencil nature to the core—
There Wallace held the foe in scorn,
And Scotland lives in Bannockburn!
And every patriot, far or near,
In foreign land, or Scotia dear,
In castle proud, or lowly cot,
Reveres the name of WALTER SCOTT!

A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

Inscribed to W. Wanless, Esq., Sarnia.

Woa, Pegasus! stand still, ye rip,
 Stand still, ye supple skitin' sorra,
 Woa, stand, or I the thread tak' up—
 The very first thread o' my story.

A lassie lived wast at Mayshiel,
 And wow, but she was fair and friskie,
 I here confess, I lo'd her well,
 Though she play'd me an unco pliskie.

We had been bairnies at the schule;
 Somehow we aye crap close thegither;
 We learned our lessons on ae stool—
 Where ane was, faith, ye'd find the other!

Whan schule was out, we'd rin and play,
 And gowans pu' sae biyth and cheerie;
 Wi' lightsome step, I'd climb the brae,
 And cull the rowans for my dearie.

At the brae-fit, she'd stand and watch,
 Her e'en wad glint wi' sweet emotion,
 As nuts or rowans she wad catch,
 While down I'd look wi' pure devotion!

Twice twenty years since that ha'e gane ;
 Though to the verge o' life I'm tap'rin',
 Yet still I see her smile fu' fain,
 And kep the rowans in her apron !

I yet can see her dimpled cheek,
 Her bonnie curls waving free,
 Aft in my dreams I hear her speak,
 And see her laugh wi' pawkie glee !

How aft we'd sit doon i' the dell,
 And twine and shape the rushes green,
 My rushy-cap, I needna tell,
 Was fashon'd aye for bonnie Jean.

In har'st, we laid aside our book,
 And 'hint the shearers we wad pingle,
 To Jeanie, in ayont the stook,
 I'd sleely hand my wee bit single.

I'd tak' her hand whan nae ane saw,
 Then she wad blush an' look amiss ;
 Her lips I durst nae pree ava—
 The very thought was perfect bliss !

We lo'ed, we loved wi' love divine—
 Nature designed us for ilk other ;
 I'm sure this day she wad be mine,
 If death had ca'd away her mother.

For monie a year I courted Jean,
 And aft she vow'd to be my ain ;
 The waddin'-day was set I ween,
 When faith, her love began to wane.

Ae night her faither look'd sae sour,
 Her mother skellied wi' a'e e'e,
 And syne she said: "Tam, ye are poor,
 Ye'd better let our Jean a-be."

Quo I, "Guidwife," as up I rose,
 "I lo'e yer daughter true as steel,"
 But faith, she turned up her nose,
 And faith, I turned upon my heel.

When at the door I ga'e a keek,
 A waesome keek out o'er my shouter,
 I saw a tear on Jeanie's cheek,
 And ower my cheek there ran another.

My Jean I never saw nae mair—
 She slighted me for lack o' siller;
 In twa short weeks I do declare,
 My lass gat buckled to the Miller.

For monie a weary night and day
 I groaned and yattered 'gainst my fate,
 But now, at length, I'm glad to say,
 I'm somewhat better at this date.

Now ilka lad tak' my advice—
 Whene'er yer lass gets out o' tune,
 Just let her gang—though e'er sae nice,
 Aye strive to keep yer heart abune.

Be like the man that had a kist,
 And when he loosen'd aff the rope
 He raised the lid—his all he missed,
 But found the precious jewel—HOPE!

TOO MUCH LIBERTY.

Inscribed to James Anderson, Esq.

The guidwife ga'e us screed on screed,
 Syne went to where the sea-maws breed,
 Now ilka thing's gane heels o'er head;
 We'd better a' be lying dead,
 Afore she reaches hame.

The sow runs squeelin' round the yard,
 The dog has e'en lost a' regard;
 Our Jean sits bletherin wi' the Laird,
 And gecks at his lang tousie beard,
 Her mither's no at hame.

Whene'er the maut got 'bune the meal,
 The sight o' her wad gar us squeel,
 Like rattans into holes we'd steal,
 Guid faith! we'd sooner face the de'il—
 Than her wa's comin' hame.

There's nane now scarts the parritch pat,
 The soot has got among the saut,
 The Laird has drank up a' the maut,
 The Doctor is as blind's a bat—
 The guidwife's no at hame.

We'll a be forced to join the total,
 The cork will soon be in the bottle,
 The press-key placed in the kist shottle;
 We'll hae to smoke fear's very dottle—
 When our guidwife comes hame.

The soap lies sockin' in the plate,
 We've hounded care out at the gate,
 We've lost the very day and date,
 We tumble headlang aff the sate,
 When our guidwife's frae hame.

At night, like owls, the lasses whup,
 Next morn ye canna rouse them up;
 The've broken ashet, plate and cup,
 We'll soon ha'e neither bite or sup;
 At times we wish her hame.

Our Jocks, our Peters and our Wills,
 Just a' gang roaring round like bulls,
 And kicking chairs out o'er the stools,
 And cracking ane another's skulls—
 When our guidwife's frae hame.

Wee Tam sits glunching in the nook,
 With face and hands as black's the crook,
 He glooms e'en at the Bible-book,
 And on his lessons winna look—
 When the guidwife's frae hame.

When once her foot's o'er the door stane,
 A' our excuses will be vain,
 Though tears come dashing down like rain,
 Her antidote will find the bane—
 See there! she's coming hame.

She's hame, and she has felled the soo,
She's flung the dog out o'er the coo,
She's mauled us till we're black and blue—
Transgression's bitter cud we chew
 Since our guidwife cam' hame.

She's bearded discord in its lair,
The Laird and Jean kicked down the stair,
Now Justice sits high on his chair,
And Virtue cries to Vice "beware!"
 Our guidwife's now at hame.

MORAL.

The knave 'bout liberty may shout,
The fool 'bout freedom rave and rout,
Miss Liberty is grand nae doubt,
 When well we use her,
But then, ye ken, the perverse nowte
 Do aft abuse her!

A WORD TO THE CANADIAN WEEVIL.

Inscribed to R. McKenzie, Esq., Sarnia, Ont.

Ye graceless wheat-destroying weevil,
Rampageous as the very devil,
Can ony tongue be to you civil;
 By day or night,
On waving crops ye feast and revel,
 Afore our sight.

A' tnat we do, a' that we say—
Though sinners swear and christians pray,
Yet still ye dinna mind a strae,
 Ye tak your meal;
Ye just gang pouncing on your prey
 And fill your creel.

Dame Nature is a jade most fickle,
When crops look as they'd take the sickle,
Ye hool the heart o' ilka pickle,
 Just in a night,
And leave the faners but a' rickle—
 O' chaff to dight.

Misquitos, and sic like sma' fry,
 Their ways and haunts we can espy,
 Mair mense than you, though unco sly,
 We can them smash,
 And soon make them at death's door lie
 Wi' little fash.

But you, ye brutes! to wisest men
 Ye are a thought beyond their ken,
 Where ye come frae, the how and when
 To fill your kites,
 E'en Hind has failed a had to len'
 To set to rights.

Ane e'en would think that Dr. Gill,
 Who tugs our hearts and reins wi' skill,
 Would 'pound a posset or a pill
 To gar them scour,
 Like Johnnie Cope frae Birslic hill,
 Within the hour.

Stook upon stooks sent to the midden,
 Full monie a heart wi' grief ye sadden,
 Ye spoilt Peg Dale's concocted weddin'
 Wi' Robbie Rue,
 Wha hadna gear to buy providin',
 And a' for you.

There's Tammie Turnip, autumn past,
 A sheep's e'e at Meg Colwort cast,
 But you, ye souls, cam' like a blast
 Upon his grain ;
 He nailed an oath to the bed-post,
 To sleep his lane.

A gown o' silk Kate Kailrunt wanted,
 She thought how brawly she could flaunt it,
 She asked her man if he wad grant it—

 He gave a roar,
 Then heels o'er head the poor man canted
 And ne'er spak' more.

There's our auld neighbor Sandy Bran,
 A better chield life ne'er began,
 From empty barns headlang ran,
 Plung'd through a swamp;
 Next morn was found cauld, stiff and wan,
 Strung on a stump.

A slec auld carle was Geordie Jack,
 Ae e'en sax cradlers on did tak',
 Next morn he wasna worth a plack;
 Wi' down cast main
 He made a bullet streight play whack,
 Out through his brain!

When Tam, the tailor, 'gan to shear,
 He keeked in to a wheat's ear,
 He gaped! he stagger'd! then did steer
 With reckless canter;
 Some arsenic grains dashed in his beer,
 Tam died instanter!

Such cases I might multiply,
 All caused by that infernal fly,
 How men, in scores, leap up sky high,
 Wi' fear and fright,
 And women groan, and faint, and cry
 At dead o' night.

Ye men o' state! be up, be doin',
The cud o' strife no more be chewin',
No more intrig'in' plots be brewin';
 Wi' ae accord
Rise up! and save us a' from ruin
 By fire or sword.

Ye cabinet men! lay heads thegither,
Bethink no more your nests to feather,
Stop for a space your dinsome bleather,
 I speak ye civil,
Or if ye roar, roar a' thegither,
 And scare the weevil!

Let John McDonald seek them out,
Let Sandfield catch them by the snoot,
And a' the members roar and shout
 Wi' bellows lungs,
The very de'il himself you'd rout,
 To list your tongues!

I'll wager my auld bonnet blue,
A stot, a stirk, and forrow coo,
If ye just raise a'e wild halloo
 'Mang the wheat crap,
The brutes will vanish like the dew,
 And ne'er come back!

NAN O' LOCKERMACUS.

Inscribed to Graham Wilson, Esq., Bay City, Mich.

“Visions and magic spells can ye despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts and prodigies?”

In the long winter evenings, our ingle-side was often visited by an old shepherd, well known in the Lammermoors by the name of Auld Tam McCleish. Although verging, at that time, upon three score and ten, he was hale and hearty. He was a steadfast believer in the supernatural, and would unfold tales about bogles, ghosts, witches, warlocks, fairies, brownies, water-wraiths, kelpies and dead-raps that filled us with such fear and terror, that even while we listened, we were afraid to look over our shoulder, and some of us, rather than venture out in the darkness, would have preferred to be lashed within an inch of our lives. Auld Tam always carried a long staff with an iron pike in the end of it, for the purpose of protecting himself from the attacks of the “Unco folk.” He also carried in his pouch a kind of white snuff, which he called “witch powder,” and if any of the cattle in the neighborhood got

bewitched, he would blow, with a quill, some of the powder into their eyes, for the purpose of breaking the witch-spell. This powder he would also administer to human beings as occasion demanded. In the morning, if a hare happened to cross his path, he considered it unlucky, and would immediately return home and remain till the sun went down. He had a strong aversion to the piet, *i. e.*, magpie; the following, regarding that bird, he was in the habit of repeating with awful solemnity :

“ Ane’s a waddin’, twa’s a birth,
Three’s the dead-thraw, four is death.”

There was an old woman in the village called “ Witch Nan,” for whom he also had a strong dislike. According to him, no one would dream a fearful dream or see a vision without Nan being, some way or another, at the bottom of it. If sickness came among the cattle, Tam was always ready, like a ministering angel, with his quill and powder; and if any of the cattle chanced to die, he would with frenzy exclaim, “ May the deil row Nan in his blankit! She’s beat me this time, but I hope I’ll live lang enough to see day about wi’ that lim’ o’ Satan.” He seemed to consider that he held a commission to baulk Nan’s evil machinations, in a word, to do his best to thwart her in her glamour-castings, spells and cantrips. After great persecution, Nan somewhat mysteriously left that part of the country, and Tam McCleish’s occupation, like Othello’s, was gone. He laid aside his staff, his quill and his witch powder, and drooped and died.

The following is an attempt to illustrate some of the notions that once prevailed regarding the “ Unco folk.”

Langsyne upon the Millwud brae,
 A witch ance lived, as I've heard say,
 A kind o' poor decrepit crater,
 The very picture o' ill-nater;
 A' day at the fireside she'd cour,
 A' night o'er hill and dale she'd scour,
 And play sic cantrips far and near,
 As filled baith auld and young wi' fear;
 At night the bairns wad spring to bed,
 And jerk the blankets o'er their head,
 Syne trembling baith in lith and limb,
 They'd pray, or croon their wee bit
 hymn;

Sair they wad strive to fa' asleep
 Afore auld Nan would on them creep!

A couple liv'd south at Rawburn,
 For snuff and tea sair they did girn;
 Ae day their Bess was sent to Dunse,
 To buy the tea and half an o'nce
 O' snuff; whan she was coming back,
 The shades o' night did her o'ertak',
 She had win down the Henly-hill,
 And safely gained and passed Blacksmill,
 When wind began to blaw and rift,
 And lightning flash across the lift;
 The thunder bellowed o'er her head,
 Bess tore alang wi' a' her speed;
 Just as the storm began to lull,
 A something ga'e her skirt a pull!
 A something whispered in her ear,
 That made her shake and quake wi'
 fear!

Syne like a dog it round her reel'd,
 And bark'd and whinged, and roared and
 squeel'd,

Amang her feet it ga'e a wallop,
 Syne aff it scour'd wi' fearfu' gallop!
 Poor Bessie roar'd, "Oh, guid keep me!"
 Wi' dread she drop'd the snuff and tea;
 Power fairly left her arm and hand,
 And like a statue she did stand;
 Then took leg-bail wi' a' her might—
 No earthly power could stop her slight!
 As she gade springing o'er a mire,
 There cam' a dazzling flash o' fire,
 A something past her ga'e a rush,
 Then dash'd into a boortree bush!
 Bess closed her e'en and lap the ditches,
 To get scot free frae Nannie's clutches.

When she gat hame, I e'en may tell
 How in her mother's arms she fell,
 And swoon'd and fainted clean awa,
 And when her lungs began to draw,
 At intervals, she did relate
 How Nan, the witch, had crossed her gait;
 Her mother cried, "the deil tak' me,
 Witch Nan has got my pickle tea!"
 E'en Bessie's father took the huff,
 His nose and mull were scant o' snuff;
 I'm laith to say he swore an aith,
 And thus he spak below his breath,
 "I durstna fell Nan wi' this poker,
 Yet still, I pray, the snuff will choke
 her,

There's nane in a' the rounds wad care,
 Though she lay stiff for ever mair!"
 Then they did brew for Bess some toddy,
 To keep the spirit in her body.
 For weeks poor Bess was pale and wan,
 And a' the blame was laid on Nan.

Now Tam McCleish cam round aboot,
 He saw poor Bess as white's a clot,
 Wi' anxious care forthwith did try
 To find out Bessie's malady!
 He heard about her unco freight,
 He said, "my dear, I'll set ye right,
 I'll break Nan's spell, guidfaith! my certy
 I soon will mak' ye hale and hearty."
 Now 'Tam did mix up a witch pouther,
 Three times he flang some o'er her shouther,
 Syne charged her weel whan night did fa',
 To swallow down a grain or twa;
 But 'fore the spell wad fair be broken,
 'Twa drachms she must tie in her stockin',
 And after she had ta'en the dose—
 To sup a hearty kit o' brose!
 Afore he left, he charged them sair
 To send him word how Bess did fare,
 And if she wasna' gettin' better,
 He'd tak' another guid look at her,
 And, if he thought there was occasion,
 He'd gi'e her mair examination!
 Tam took his stick, bade them guid day,
 And never stop'd for thanks or pay.

There was a man ca'd Andrew Luke,
 Wha gade to Dunse to hire a cook ;
 Whan comin' hame a'e Friday night,
 Losh, me ! the twasome gat a fright !
 The stars abune their heads were peepin'
 As they along the road were creepin' ;
 (The cook was just a kind o' trollop,
 They gade like twa snails at the gallop,
 And Andrew didna' care a snap
 To what extent she took her stap.)

He raised his voice, and thus did speak :
 " My lass, whan hame, be sure to steek
 And fasten weel your bedroom door,
 Case Nan, the witch, should you devoor."
 Wi' this the cook did quick remark,
 " That it was growing fearfu' dark."
 " Ye're right," quo' he, " the deil be in it,
 It's got pitch dark just in a minit."
 Now down the hill runs a bit burn,
 Just where the fit-road tak's a turn,
 A gust o' wind wi' swirlin' speed
 Did nearly knock them heels owre head !
 Their very hearts lap to their mouth,
 For, whan they ventured to gang south,
 A brute just like a hoodie craw
 Cam' swatt'ring in atween the twa !
 It had a neb sax inches lang,
 And frae its neb there shot a fang,
 It had twa fiery wull-cat e'en,
 It had twa legs baith lang and lean,
 And aye it ga'e the ground a cla',
 Then lap and danced around the twa,

And whiles it ga'e a curious craik,
 That gar'd the cook and Andrew shake!
 The cook sent forth an unco roar,
 Then cried, "Oh! shut my bed-room door."
 She gave a spring, then aff did birr,
 While Andrew no a'e fit could stir!

It just was striking twa o'clock,
 Whan Andrew at his door did knock,
 "Wha's at the door?" his wife did cry;
 "I think it's me," was his reply.
 Then up she rose to let him in,
 He, like a ghost, did past her spin,
 In hole and corner he did look,
 At length he cried, "where is the cook,
 The diel a bit o' me can see her,
 Oh! what on earth ha'e ye done wi' her?"
 Quo' she, "Guidman, ye're clean gane daft,
 The sient a cook cam owre the craft."
 He lifted up his hands on high
 "May heaven protect us!" he did cry,
 "As sure as death, we may depend,
 This wairld is coming to an end,
 It winna do just now to swear,
 For losh! our ends are drawing near!"

Next morn, like fire, the story ran,
 How that infernal witch, ca'd Nan,
 Had turned hersel' into a crow
 And Andrew's cook had witch'd awa!
 Folk sought the lass, but sient a hair
 O' her on earth was e'er seen mair.
 Andrew a'e night keek'd through Nan's lossin,
 At the fire-side he saw her dosein',

A cat was sitting on her back,
 It purred but no a word Nan spak.
 He tald the folk what there he saw,
 And then he fainted clean awa,
 But time has left no trace or track
 To tell if Andrew's wind cam back !

There lived out owre upon the common,
 A kind of antiquated woman ;
 Whan she was young, she had got married,
 But death her guidman aff had carried ;
 And now she kept a coo or twa
 An' sold the milk in Randyraw,
 Now, this guidwife's nomenclater,
 I e'en may tell—was Peggy Frater,
 She sang a' day like a canary,
 And trig and clean she kept her dairy,
 She hadna' muckle warid's wealth,
 But she was strong, and had her health.

Ae day the bairnies in the Raw,
 Did on their parritch fuff and blaw,
 And some o' them did glunch and pout,
 As Peggie's milk that morn ran out.
 Next morn she cam' wi' pitious wail,
 And tald an unco waesome tale :
 " How her best coo had turned ill,
 And wadna gi'e o' milk, a gill."
 Quo she, " I'm unco wae to think
 That she now lies upon death's brink,
 Though I did gi'e her fellin' grass
 To help her through wi' her distress ;
 It fills my heart to hear her groan,
 She's lying now down in the loan,

Her hours a very child might number,
 She'll soon fa' into her last slumber ;
 I'm seeking now for Robie Baumer,
 To fell her wi' his muckle hammer ;
 It's best to put her out of pain,
 For she'll ne'er be a coo again."
 Wi' grief poor Peg began a-slotterin',
 And aff for Robie she gade hotterin';
 As she along the doors did bellow,
 Loud Tam McCleish did to her hallow ;
 He kindly speer'd at Mrs. Frater,
 What gard her tears run down like water ?

Then she did tell him wi' a hurry,
 The cause o' a' her grief and flurry ;
 It didna tak' a lang oration
 To let Tam ken her hale vexation.
 Quo' Tam, " It will be a bad job,
 If death frae you that coo should rob,
 She has a bonnie head o' horns,
 Their ends are just as sharp as thorns ;
 I wat, she is a beast well made,
 Her legs are sma', her brisket's brade,
 Her hide is just as saft as silk,
 And what a jaw she gi'es o' milk,
 Her skim milk's grand, I do declare it,
 The mair I'd drink, I'd drink the mair o't!
 And than the cream, I do believe it,
 Is just the thickness o' a diviot,
 Her butter, aye, guidfairn, indeed,
 Its marrow ne'er was spread on breed ! "
 Tam thought awhile and then did say,
 " We e'en will dander up the brae,

I'll tak' a look at her, ma fegs,
And try to set her on her legs,
Another tear now dinna drop,
Guidwife! as lang's there's life, there's hope!"
"Weel," quo' the wife, "yet I'll maintain,
That a' our efforts will be vain,
Man! Tam, if ye but heard her blaw
Ye'd trow she was in the dead-thraw."
Tam drew his hand frae out his pocket,
His bonnet on his head he knockit,
They up the brae did meditate,
Till they gat through the plantin' gate;
Syne aff they waded through the clover,
Fu' kind and couthie wi' ilk other;
The winds were blawing saft and sweet,
The flowers were blooming 'mang their feet,
Up in the air the larks were springing,
The birdies on ilk tree were singing,
The lambs upon the nowes were dancing,
Down on the burn the sun was glancing;
As Tam did look at Mts. Frater,
He said, "how grand's the works o' nater."
"Aye, aye," quo she, "I'm sure I'd feel
Contented if ma coo was weal,
O' care and grief we'll ha'e our load,
Sae lang as we're abune the sod,
And though my coo do run her race,
I'll get another in her place;
I'd ance a hantle mair to mourn,
Whan my guidman was frae me torn,
For, whan his spirit gade abune,
Nae ane on earth could fill his shoon."

Fu' cosh they crack'd for half a mile,
 Until they reached the auld dyke stile ;
 As o'er the steps they singly creepit,
 And on the other side they drepit,
 They saw the coo lie in the loanin',
 And loud and lang the beast was groanin';
 Then Tam gade round and round about her,
 Quo' he, "I unco sair misdoubt her,
 I maistly think 'twill be in vain
 To raise her on her legs again."
 And then he cockit up his eye,
 And said, "we might do worse than try."
 Down in the ground his stick he stapit,
 He placed his bannet on the tap o't,
 As fu' as it would hold, the quill
 We pouther he did deftly fill ;
 To the guidwife he said at length,
 "Just grip her tail wi' a' yer strength,
 And in a minit I will tell,
 If I ha'e broken Nannie's spell."

Peg held the tail—at the cow's head
 Tam louted down wi' spraicklin' speed,
 Whiff in her e'en the pouther blew,
 She roared, then to her feet she flew,
 And o'er Tam's body ga'e a spring,
 While to the tail the wife did hing.
 Tam yelled, "the deil's got in the coo!
 Hech me! I'm fairly done for noo!"
 He thought the beast wad fair devour him,
 As the auld wife played yerk out owre him.
 At length Tam to his feet did whip,
 And on the knowe he ga'e a skip,

"That coo," quo he, "will soon be well,
 Losh, me! I've broken Nannie's spell."
 Now, Mrs. Frater cried, "alack!
 Ye've broke the spell an' broke my back!"
 But Tam ne'er cared a word she said,
 He took his stick and aff he gade;
 The guidwife rose, she heaved a sigh,
 She saw her coo wi' tail on high,
 Thundering along wi' break-neck speed,
 Tossing and shaking horn and head!
 She thought, as it o'er dykes did bleeze—
 The cure was worse than the disease!

There was a lad ca'd Jemmy Deans,
 A lad possessed o' mense and means;
 A horse unto a cart he yockit,
 Then placed ten shillings in his pocket,
 And aff he rode at mornin's sun,
 To buy some coals—say half a ton.
 While comin' hame on the auld track,
 James Deans ahint the cart did walk;
 The day was edging down to night,
 The sun had gane clean out o' sight,
 And darkness cam' sedate and still
 And settled upon Harden's-hill.
 When comin' past the Snuffy-holes,
 James sprang upon the cart o' coals,
 Put forth his hand the reins to catch,
 But fient a rein was there to snatch;
 He jumpit down and aff did stridle,
 And caught the horse fast by the bridle,

To stop the beast he roar'd, "woa, woa!"
 Yet still the horse wad onward go!
 He looked a-head, what he saw there
 Did mak' him gaze wi' idiot stare!
 He saw a curious looking crater,
 Just like a goat in shape and stature;
 Twa horns frae out its skull ascended,
 A beard far past its knees descended.
 Now James did swarf wi' fear and fright,
 On ilka horn he saw a light
 That bleezed and burned bright and clear,
 And sent a glimmer far and near!
 At ilka step the brute wad take,
 Its shaggy tail did toss and shake,
 It held the reins fast wi' its teeth,
 And pulled as if 'tween life and death.
 Now Jemmy steevly held his whip,
 He sprang and ga'e it sic a clip,
 It drop'd the reins and up did spurt,
 Backward it bleezed o'er horse and cart,
 It bounded twenty feet or mair,
 It turned and tumbled in the air,
 From mouth and nostril forth there came
 A red sulphurious blast of flame!
 James stood and gazed with wild surprise,
 Till fear did shut and seal his eyes,
 And when he opened them *onee* more,
 He gave a wild unearthly roar—
 He saw the brute plunge in the mire,
 And vanish in a flash o' fire!

When James gat home he did report
 How he made Satan loup and short,

But folk about the Randy-raw
 Did better ken what Jimmy saw;
 They shook their heads with sore affliction,
 Their thumbs did point in Nan's direction!

Twa weeks gade by wi' cannie speed,
 Nae reek cam' out Nan's chimbly head,
 By day or night the ne'er a ane
 Had seen or heard her mak' a din.
 At last they ventured to her biggin',
 They dug a hole clean through the riggin',
 Back to the earth they lap wi' fright,
 For, Oh! they saw an unco sight!
 They saw Nan drawn up twa fauld,
 And lying dead, and stiff and cauld.
 Next day they bursted in her door,
 They stared and still they wondered more,
 Nan's cat stood there wi' glowerin' e'en,
 But ne'er a blired o' Nan was seen!
 Then up stood ancient Tam McCleish,
 And after he had ta'en a sneesh,
 He said, "last night when down the haugh,
 O'erhead I heard an e'drich laugh,
 I gazed right up and there I saw
 Twa witches airtin' for Dunse law!
 The tane had on a blood red mantle,
 Wi' flannel toy tied on her cantle;
 The ither's face was sour and crabbit,
 And she had on a riding habit;
 I'm unco sure this ane was Nannie—
 She looked sae wud and sae uncanny,
 And as I stood wi' sair alfricht,
 The twasome flattered out o' sight!"

Then a' the folk did cry, "guid sake us,
Nan's weel awa frae Lockermacas!"

Witch Nan is gane! the dominie chuckles,
He's yerked superstitions knuckles,
He, with the aid o' press and pu'pit,
Has Witch and Warlock fairly routit!
And wisdom cries, "their loss is gain,"
To which the Bard writes down—Amen.

TO JAMES WALKER, ESQ. DETROIT.

SIR: —

Last night I took an unco turn,
Death nearly caught me in his girn,
Man! I did think my earthly pirn
Had run its course;
At length I'm round this morning stirrin',
No muckle worse!

By spells I thought it was the ague,
By jerks I thought it the lumbago,
"Het Saut," I cried, "frae Onondaga,
Rub on! rub on!
Jee! fly for doctors on a nagie
Afore I'm gone!"

Sae soon as I wi' speech was dune,
 A whirling i took in my croon ;
 I trow'd my breeks and my auld shoon
 Nae mair I'd fill,
 I bade farewell to knife and spoon
 And sneeshin' mill.

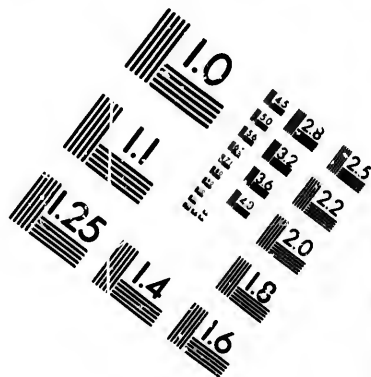
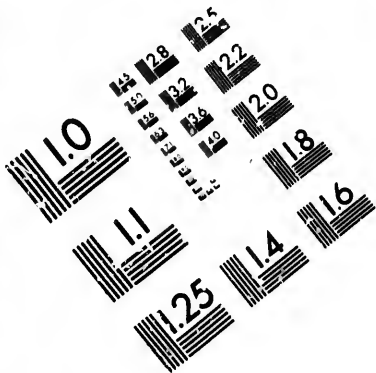
My pores at length began a rinnin'
 On bowster, blanket, cod and linen,
 And 'fore the doctors a' cam' spinnin'
 My e'en to close,
 I gather'd strength to put a spoon in
 And sup some brose.

And then, to a' I did rehearse—
 Sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse—
 How folks that's born about the Merse
 Are strong and hardy ;
 So friends! ye needna yoke the hearse
 Yet, for the Bardie !

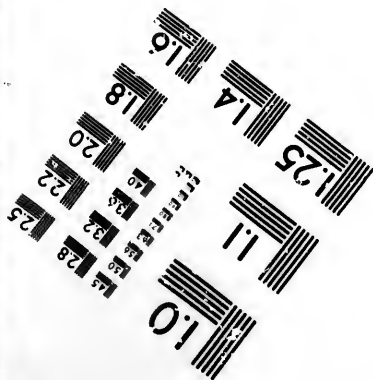
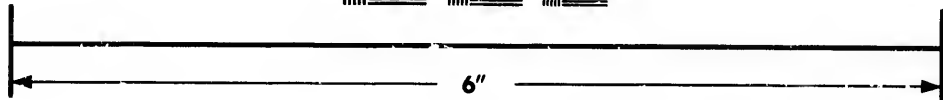
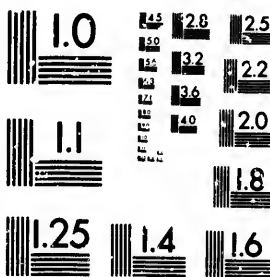
With this they a' with laughter fought ;
 The guidwife cried, "losh, I forgot,
 To tie my stocking round your throat—
 There ! dearest, rest."
 Her thankful tears fell burning hot .
 Upon my breast.

Then Hope did bark and worry fear,
 Then gentle sleep came cantering near,
 And when the morning sun shone clear
 I ope'd my eyes,
 And found, that I, your friend, was here,
 Below the skies !





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Now, Walker, if the day keep fine,
 And if the sun no cease to shine,
 Expect me at your house to dine,
 'Tween sax and seven;
 Meanwhile, I am, in friendship—thine
 Sae lang's I'm livin'.

TO DAD BRICHAN, ESQ.

Wha cam' to Detroit, and wha left in a hurly burly;
 and wha gat his fiddle broken, and then to mak amends
 began to sing; and wha scoured the country far an' near to
 get the sang beginnin' wi' the words—

“ My name is Bauldy Fraser, man,
 I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han'
 Upon Culloden lea, man!”

He gat the sang, and if his wind-pipe no get cracked like his
 fiddle, he will sing it in grand style to his many friends and
 admirers at Petrolia, Ontario, on St. Andrew's day.

My honest, bietherin', canty Dad,
 Gosh, whan ye cam', man, I was glad,
 But, like a March hare, I was mad
 Whan I did hear
 That ye had row'd about yer plaid,
 And aff did steer.

I'm sure ye might ha'e stopt, my man,
 An' shak'd me freedly by the han';
 Like Will-the-wisp awa ye ran
 Down to the rail,
 Or, like a dog wi' an auld pan
 Tied to his tail.

Though I consider ye did wrang,
 Yet still I send ye up the sang,
 And hope ye will be in the fang
 To scraugh away,
 And sing it weel your friends amang,
 On Andrew's day.

Now, Dad, I'm unco laith to say,
 Wi' you I canna' meet that day,
 To hear ye sing, and screed and pray,
 An' laugh and joke,
 As I maun stap to ha'e my say,
 Wi' our ain folk.

But whan the snaw is aff the grund,
 And whan the spring blaws out her wind,
 I'll wager you a'e sterling pund
 I'll no be slack,
 To tak' a cannie dander round
 Wi' you to crack.

I hope and pray that ye'll attend it,
 And get your guid auld fiddle mendit,
 And no again awa to lend it
 To some fule bairn,
 And get it ance mair rack'd and rendit
 Frae stem to stern.

An' whan I come, ye'll yerk the strings,
 Sae grand ye'll play the Highland springs,
 Wi' glee we'll mak' the very tings
 Get up and scour,
 And jump and flee as if they'd wings,
 About the floor!

As sure's I breathe, I here declare,
 Whan ye play up a Scottish air,
 The first note cracks the croon o' care,
 The second line
 Just maks ma twa e'en glint an' glare
 Wi' joy divine!

I've seen whan I was fairly blockit,
 And no a'e penny in my pocket,
 To buy my breakfast or my nocket,
 And friends were scanty,
 My harp! losh, man, I up wad tak' it,
 And soon got vauntie!

I didna grumble girn and clatter,
 And hing my lugs about the matter,
 But wi' the Muses aff I'd blatter,
 An' loup care's hurdles!
 And left the jade ahint, dod rat her,
 Wi' other mortais.

Now fare ye weel, my fiddlin' daddie,
 Gi'e my respects to your guid lady,
 I hope ye row her in yer plaidie
 In this cauld weather,
 An' at the fireside brew the toddy—
 Fu' crouse thegether.

I hope that Buckham's skill and washes
 Ha'e gard ye smash your goggle glasses,
 And that nae mair ye'll tak' out passes
 And ride to Flint,
 And get yer e'en row'd up wi' messes
 O' lard and lint.

I hope ye'll lang enjoy yer smoke,
 And in your chair fu' cheerie rock,
 And sing a sang, and crack a joke—
 My Niff-naff carle,
 An' pu' your fiddle out the pock
 And gar her skirl.

This warld is whiles a perfect staw,
 Care comes wi' ilka breath we draw,
 If 'twere na for a friend or twa—
 You're ane believe it,—
 I wadna care a single straw
 How soon I'd leave it.

Now, Dad, I trust that whan we die,
 We'll ha'e nae trouble in the sky,
 But on the wings o' glory fly,
 Wi' a' our might,
 Where we will neither grieve nor sigh
 'Mang realms o' light!

THE SECOND SIGHT.

Inscribed to Hugh Moffat, Esq. "A Man o' the Merse."

Though the fairies and bogles have vanished, yet there remain believers in what is termed in Scotland the "second sight." Those who possess this gift, as far as I can understand, somewhat resemble the "Medium" of the Spiritualists. Though the author is no believer in the supernatural, yet candor compels him to state that the main incidents in the tale, as told by "Uncle John," are truthfully related. I may also remark that the spot where the ghost of the gifted student appeared, has been often pointed out to the writer of these lines.

The wintry winds were blawing unco sair,
 The trees stood shivering wi' their branches bare,
 A goustie night set in—the angry blast
 Was howling fiercely frae the east to wast.
 Auld Uncle John was sitting on the bunk,
 Lunting his cutty wi' a brimstone spunk ;
 The fire upon the hearth was bleezing bright—
 A couthie comfort in a cauld riff night,
 A stack o' peats stood up ahint the byre,
 We didna fail to kittle up the fire ;

Now my auld grannie round the house was
 splutterin',
 And to hersel' some unken't words was mutterin',
 And as the blast wi' vengeance sair was leatherin',
 She e'en sat down and thus began a-bletherin':—
 "'Twas just a night like this, whan in my youth,
 I then was living wast at Horseupcleugh,
 The snaw, knee deep, baith hill and dale did
 cover,
 The mountains seemed to groan to ane another,
 The ice had spang'd and frozen pool and burn,
 And a' the yird was just as hard as airn,
 The icicles in ranks, in fronts and rears,
 Hung down like daggers, swords, and pointed
 spears,
 The wind in 'blasts gade whistling through the
 lane,
 And hailstones clatter'd 'gainst the window
 pane,
 As sure as death at times we swarf'd wi' fright
 I weel I wat, it was a judgment night !

"My neighbor lass was bonnie Betty Broon,
 As nice a lass as ever step'd in shoon!
 Her e'en was just a shade 'tween black and blue,
 Red was her cheeks, like cherries was her mou';
 I eke may say, at mornin' or at e'en,
 Out doors or in, she aye look'd trig and clean;
 She sang sae sweet, she aye was blyth and gash,
 Sae gallant gade, an' stood as streight's a rash!
 And a' the lads, baith far and near, allow'd
 That Betty's hair was like the links o'
 gowd !

She had a lad that liv'd at Cranshaw toon,
 Wha thought the warld o' his ain Betty Broon,
 A gentle lad, he neither drank nor smokit,
 And Bet and he wi' fond endearments trockit;
 They had agreed to marry 'bout the Lammas,
 An' tak' up house somewhere about Auld
 Cammas,"

To be particular (Grannie then did say),
 That Betty's sweetheart was ca'd Sandy Hay.

"Twa men folk we had likewise in the ha',
 Ane ca'd Tam Dodds—the other Jamie Shaw,
 Out bye the wark was ower aboot the toon,
 Horses were supper'd an' were bedded doon,
 The kye had a' been look'd to in the byre,
 And we sat crackin' round the kitchen fire.
 Tam Dodds was weak in head but strong in lung,
 He never kent the way to hold his tongue,
 I've threaten'd aft to tear it frae the root,
 I'm unco sure, in twa, 'twad clip'd a clot,
 There's nought on earth wad stop his dinsome
 blether,

Out o' a hair the ass wad mak a teather!
 He'd jeer and jaw and say sic silly things,
 I e'en ha'e sworn to fell him wi' the tings!
 But, as I said afore, we a' sat crackin',
 Out bye the storm did no appear to slackin'.
 Tam Dodds gade out, but soon cam clotterin'
 back,

He shook wi' cauld and in the nook he crap,
 'Hech me,' quo he, 'the storm does roar and
 rift,

Ye canna see a styme for sleet and drift,

The night is dungeon dark, hech! how it blows,
I couldna see an inch afore my nose!

“Then he did say to Betty, ‘noo, ma woman,
I trow this night yer jo’ will no be comin’,
If he should venture out frae Cranshaw toon,
He ne’er again will see his Betty Broom!
He’ll founder ’mang the haggs, or else, ma feigs,
He’ll break his neck out owre the Raven-craigs!’
‘Tam Dodds,’ quoth I, ‘lock up yer tinkler
jaw,

Or else I’ll drive yer head against the wa’.’
At this the fool did chuckle in his glee,
‘Wha kens,’ he cried, ‘but Betty wad tak’
me.’

Now Betty turned as mad—her e’en did flare,
Quo’ she, ‘now, Tam, for guidsake sae nae mair,
I wadna ha’e (her face gat red wi’ anger)
E’en your hale bouk for my jo’s little finger!’
Now Betty rose an’ e’en gade ben the ha’,
I heard a scream, and then I heard a fa’,
I hurried ben, and there poor Betty lay,
Pale as a ghost an’ a’ her breath away!
I ran for water wi’ a pell-mell race,
And deftly dash’d it on her brow and face.
Right glad was I, and thankfu’ too, I ween,
Whan light began to glimmer in her e’en;
I raised her up and sat her on a chair,
And O! how drench’d was a’ her gowden hair,
The whiteness o’ the lily left her face,
The blushing rose took up the lily’s place,
And then she spoke, and oh! she spak sae wae.

I’ll mind her words unto my dying day.

She said, as she gade up to her bit kist,
 Afore her e'en there cam' a hazzie mist.
 She saw her Sandy on the Felcleugh-law,
 Wand'ring sae weary 'mang the trackless snaw,
 She saw him stand, wi' looks o' wild despair,
 He fell, she thought, to rise for never mair!
 'What stuff,' said I, 'come now, gang to your
 bed,

That gouk, Tam Dodds, yo ir fancy has misled.'
 But O! waes me! unto the ha' next day
 There cam' a man to seek for Sandy Hay,
 His track was found —there on the Felcleugh-law
 They found the poor lad perished 'mang the
 snaw,
 Just at the spot where Betty saw him fa'!"

Then uncle John did lay aside his pipe,
 And wi' his sleeve a tear away did wipe,
 And then he scratch'd an' scarted at his croon,
 Then said to Grannie, "how cam on Bet
 Broon?"

Then Grannie said, "for monie a day and year,
 She grat and mourned for him she held sae dear;
 In life they loved, in death the twa were pair'd—
 They sleep together in the auld kirk yard!"

My Uncle John then said, "'twas strange and
 queer,
 How Sandy's ghost should to Bet Broon appear,
 Your story, Grannie, ca's up to my mind
 A circumstance o' the same kith and kind:
 I mind fu' weel—'twas in the thirty-twa,
 I then was living up at East Scarlaw,

He'd wander 'mang the hills to rax his legs,
 And gather weeds, stanes, beetles, fleas and clegs;
 He piled the stanes in cairns in the garret,
 He'd tell ye a' their names, just like a parrot.
 His father sometimes laughed fu' lang and crouse,
 And say, 'John's rocks wad yet bring down the
 house.'

Although he had some crotchets in his head,
 He was as kind a lad as e'er brak bread,
 The minister e'en said, wi' muckle pride,
 'John was a credit to the country side!'

"About that time I courted a bit lass,
 And I was sair enamoured wi' her face.
 A'e day I spoke to John, just at the random,
 That I wad like to ha'e her memorandum;
 He then forthwith took up his chalk and keel,
 And drew her face right off upon the reel,
 I have it yet—but losh, I'm aff the track,
 Ae day he went, 'twas lang ere he cam' back;
 And whan he cam' he look'd baith pale and
 wan,

His mother boilt some water in a pan,
 She bathed his feet, she gat him to his bed,
 But O! that night an unco life he led,
 Poor lad! he raved, a fever had set in,
 And sair afflicted were his kith and kin.
 At length the night of darkness fled away,
 The sun in triumph ushered in the day,
 At middle day the fever ran its course,
 And yet the lad was growing worse and worse,
 His mother, then, plied off unto the toon,
 Wi' anxious heart, to bring the doctor doon,

When comin' back alane, as sure's I'm born,
She saw John standin' by the muckle thorn,
She spoke, she cried, she screech'd wi' a' her
might,

He glided off and vanished out o' sight !
She ferlied sair, she raised her eyes to heaven,
She prayed that a' her sins might be forgiven,
Aside the thorn she laid her bosom bare,
She prayed that God her only son would spare ;
Her words re-echoed o'er the lonely lea—
' Oh ! lift his load, and lay the load on me !'
When she got home, how sad it is to say,
His heart was still—his spirit gone away !
What tongue can tell the bitter scene of grief?
The tears of anguish could not bring relief.
Sorrow and sadness !—weary was the sigh—
The shrieks of anguish smote the very sky !”

JOHN A. BRUCE, ESQ., HAMILTON.

SIR. —

The bound'ry line—the message cross'd it,
That you the marriage flag had hoisted,
Then wi' the news right hame I posted
Fu' gleg and gay,
And my ain winsome wife accosted
And thus did say:—

“Hurrah! John's gat a better-half,
Rin out and stick the auldest calf,
And cook it weel—I'll tak' my staff
And ca' our freens;
Guidfaith! we'll hae a hearty yaff
O'er beef and greens.”

Then my guidwife did clasp a dirk,
And aff she sprang to do the wark,
And aff I scoured to Cameron, Clerk,
And Bruce McEwen,
And other friends, to taste the stirk
My wife was stewin'.

It just was chapin' four o'clock,
 When at the door we heard a knock;
 My guidwife ran to change her frock,
 And ca' her daddie.

I turned the key; quo I, "guid folk,
 The dinner's ready!"

Sae down we sat to roast and stew,
 We chewed the flesh and drank the broo,
 And whan our kites were burstin' fu',
 I ca'd the lasses,

"Bairns," quo I, "we've gotten through,
 Take aff the dishes."

Then frae her seat our Luckie bangs,
 And to the press awa she gangs,
 And brings the sugar and the tangs,
 And glass and spoon,
 Then wi' baith hands the grey-beard spangs,
 And brings it doon.

Now when the toddy was approved,
 And when the spirit in me moved,
 Upon my shanks it me behoved
 To ca' a truce,

"Come, toast," quo' I, "ane lang I've lo'ed,
 His name is Bruce."

I said, "we twa were thick thegither,
 Our thoughts aye ran to ane another,
 That Bruce to me was lang a brother
 In word and deed;

To lose his friendship I wad rather
 E'en iose my head!"

It struck the audience wi' amaze,
 As forth I launch'd the word and phrase,
 Man! how I yerkit up your praise--
 My jaws did wallop
 Just like a horse in cart or chaise
 Whan at the gallop!

I tald them a' ye'd changed yer life
 And to your breast had pressed a wife,
 A lassie just as gleg's a knife,
 And brisk a'n bonnie,
 Wha cam' frae 'bout the hills o' Fife
 To mate wi' Johnie.

We drank your health wi' three times three,
 Toasted the bride wi' glorious glee,
 Then Cameron said, "aye let me see,"
 (He spak' it fine),
 "I hope their count o' bairns will be
 Just twa times nine."

When we gat done wi' crack and jokin',
 Wi' singin', snuffin' and pipe smokin',
 And 'fore the party up was broken,
 To cap the ploy,
 I 'greed to send a written token,
 And wish ye joy.

I hope when e'ening shuts her e'e,
 When ye ha'e gat your drap o' tea,
 Ye'll soon ha'e bairns on ilka knee,
 And glower and smoke,
 Or, wi' ae fit wi' cannie jee,
 The cradle rock.

Ye'll then be quits wi' care and strife,
Ye'll feel the essence o' this life ;
There sits your bonnie Scottish wife
 Nae cares to cark,
Wi' needle, shears and ripping knife,
 Mending your sark !

'Tis then the warld may birl aboot,
For it ye carena a sheep cloot,
On ilk care ye plant your foot,
 Nae griefs molest,
Ye'll let your pipe gang heedless out,
 Syne slip to rest.

My Bruce ! I pray for freedom's sake,
The Bruce's line will never break,
Their hearts from right no power can shake,
 No hand can turn ;
The name that made the tyrant quake,
 At Bannockburn.

I'm running out o' rhyme and clashes,
My muse is sometimes dour and fashous,
Although at times awa she dashes,
 And no sae han'less ;
Now, Sir, accept kind hearty wishes
 Frae Andrew Wanless.

WHO SHOULD AND WHO SHOULDN'T.

Inscribed to John Bannerman, Esq.

In days bygone, when tyrants held the rod,
The subject trembled at their very nod;
These days are changed—the manners growing
worse,

Hirelings pay homage to the longest purse.

I know a man—a sage profoundly great,—
Who has for years contended against fate,
From morn to night, with willing heart and hand,
He'd strive to be "a something" in the land.
Free is his heart from black deceit and guile—
Vice has his frown and virtue gains his smile.

In learned circles still he holds the sway,
And ticklish points can make as clear as day;
If doubters doubt, how quick upon the boards
He'll trip them up, and knock them down with
words;

Yet no offense is found, he ne'er is slow
To pour the oil upon the fallen foe!

At evening's close, how oft with him I'd walk,
'Twas then I heard the majesty of talk;
On "this" he'd touch, on "that" he would descant,
His sounding words ne'er driv'ld into rant.

He'd take a pebble from the common ground,
 And on it gaze and turn it round and round,
 From small beginnings, clearly he would trace
 Its age, its properties and race,
 Proclaim it is volcanic in formation,
 Then sum up all with pointed peroration.

The leaf upon the tree—the grassy plant,
 With wisdom's aid, on these he can descant;
 He knows a beetle from a creeping thing,
 How reptiles bite and how the hornets sting,
 The warbling birds that sing upon the spray,
 With cautious step he'd listen to their lay,
 Or, stand in silence lest they'd fly away.

He e'en can show how nature's grand design
 Has drawn 'tween species a dividing line;
 Points out how Darwin in a wild delusion
 Attempts to jumble all in a confusion;
 Quizzes the "tail," denounces Darwin's plan,
 Rejects his theory and condemns the man
 Who digs in chaos, and forgets his God,
 And sends his buncombe theories abroad!
 How oft I've wished upon our evening walk,
 Instead of I, that Darwin heard him talk.

The stars appear—the countless eyes of heaven;
 He knows the pole—and well he knows the seven;
 At this one points with a becoming gesture,
 How it runs loose, and that one is a fixture.
 At times he'll laugh and say some curious things,
 Scout at the "tails" yet wish that he had wings
 To fly through space and sweep through Saturn's
 rings,

And in his towering flight and trackless way,
 Stop and pay homage to the god of day;
 Then back to earth, to spend a space at home—
 To take the pen and write a wond'rous tome!

When wars begin, how quickly he can trace
 Who will be victor in the bloody race,
 Denounces men who by the cannon stand,
 And sweeps destruction o'er a wretched land,
 Denounces men who fawn, and steal and fib,
 And feed and fatten at the public crib.

Questions he settles, "yes," and sometimes
 "no,"

And say—"this statesman should do so and so;"
 And in my ardor I have often said:
 "This man has brains to be a nation's head!"
 And yet this sage has fallen out of date,
 He dines with want upon a pewter plate,
 He stands behind the scenes—has grown gray,
 And like a vision soon will pass away,
 Or, like a light upon some distant coast,
 That flickers—fades—then is forever lost!

* * * * *

There lives a man, his name I need not tell,
 For every town and village know him well,
 He first appeared upon the public view,
 To run an errand and to black a shoe;
 Quick with his ear and ready with the talk,
 He learned to swear, before he learned to walk;
 Without a cap or shoe upon his feet,
 He'd toss the copper on the quiet street,

He'd lurk in barns or on door-steps recline,
 When pity spoke, how well the knave could
 whine,

With hungry throat gulph down compassions
 meal—

Laugh in his sleeve—then turn aside to steal.

Behind a fence, in some secluded yard,
 He learned to deal and know the winning card,
 He next began to swagger and to smoke,
 To sing a song, and tell the silly joke.

One morn we missed him, and we did not mourn,
 From his vile haunts the little imp was torn—
 To where the sinners have their ringlets shorn.

Some years had fled, and he came back once
 more,

Ten times more brazen than he was before ;
 One day, I saw him standing in a crowd,
 And while he stood, the knave was talking loud,
 And as the laugh went round, he gave a wink,
 And cried, "come, boys, and let us have a drink."

When next I saw him, how my eyes did stare,
 I heard him talk and saw him beat the air—
 "Elect me, friends!" the rest I did not hear,
 I stood aside to shed the bitter tear.

He was elected! Vice aloud did crow—
 And Virtue wept upon the couch of woe,
 Yet, though the knave could neither read nor
 write,

With gilded hook he coaxed the crowd to bite ;
 What was the cause? the answer has no crook ;
 He gained his point with some one's pocket-
 book!

Who cannot catch the MORAL must be blind,
 Hardened in heart—perverted in the mind.
 The lesson may be learned from what I've said—
Reject the low and choose the higher grade,
Reject the vile who wear the brazen brand,
 Elect the good and heaven will bless the land;
 Choose men of worth—give wisdom, power and
 place,
 Then Faith and Hope will run an equal race!

TIB'S SLIGHTED ME, YE KEN.

Inscribed to A. McAdam, Esq.

Ae night I knocked at Tibby's door,
 The dogs set up an unco roar,
 Her mother loud the brutes did shoar,
 As I gade snooling ben.

I speer'd if "Tibby wasna in?"
 The auld wife's specks fell o'er her chin,
 The auld man claw'd his cuits and shin
 And said, "he didna ken."

He spak and speer'd where I cam frae,
 And if I shank'd it a' the way;
 She glower'd at me frae tap to tae,
 But Tibby ne'er cam' ben.

I glanced aye at the but house door,
 I heard a kissing skirling splore,
 The sweat broke out at ilka pore,
 Wha's there I'd like to ken?

Wi' grief I scare could raise my head,
 My heart felt like a lump o' lead,
 I hafins prayed that I was dead,
 Woe's me! she ne'er cam' ben.

The auld man sair did glunch and gloom,
 The wife wad neither sink or soom,
 But aye she patter'd round the room,
 Like an auld clockin' hen.

I sat and ga'e a kind o' grane,
 My head and heart were cramm'd wi' pain,
 Sae daisid I scarce could rise my lane,
 But Tibby ne'er cam ben.

At last, said I, "I maun awa;"
 The guidman ga'e his croon a claw,
 The guidwife said, "guid guide us a",
 Its on the stroke o' ten."

Then out I gade wi' hanging lugs,
 'Mang grunts and granes and barking dowgs,
 My heart strings ga'e sic rives and rugs,
 I scarce could stand on en'.

As hame I gade among the weet,
 My head hang over twa shorking feet,
 I envied lambs and sheep wha bleet,
 And fend upon the fen.

Unmindful o' the guns and snares,
I envied e'en the maping hares,
The very brownies in their lairs—
Tib's slighted me ye ken.

JEAN AND DONALD;

—OR,—

THE SMASHING OF THE TEA-POT.

A TRUE STORY.

Inscribed to Neil Taylor, Esq.

A number of people of the present generation, I have no doubt, can well remember the time when tea was considered a great rarity in Scotland, especially in the rural districts. Those who were in the habit of indulging in that beverage were looked upon by many as deluded mortals, and considered to be no better than the opium eater of our own period. In fact, the greater number of the inhabitants knew as little about tea as a cat knows about a snuff box. In corroboration of this, an old woman, called Tibby Gourlay, who lived in the parish of Westruther, one day fell very sick of an "onfa," for which no remedy could be obtained. The dis-

troubling news of Tibby's sickness reached the ears of the lady of Spottiswood, who immediately dispatched a servant with a quantity of tea to be administered to the invalid. The tea was tumbled into a porridge pot along with a quantity of water and then boiled for a considerable time; the water was then thrown out of doors, and the leaves mashed up with butter, pepper and salt, and this mess was then served up to Tibby, who ate the whole with great energy and delight. Next morning, strange to tell, she was able to be up with the sun, and accomplished a heavy day's spinning on the big wheel to the satisfaction of herself and all concerned. She died about thirty years ago, aged ninety-nine. The following is written, not upon Tibby, but upon Jean and Donald, who were born and brought up in another part of the Heather Isle.

In Islay's fine and fertile isle,
 All in the county of Argyle,
 There Donald lived, wha had a wife,
 The dread and torment o' his life;
 Afore he claimed Jean as his bride,
 She e'en had travelled unco wide,
 And learned to turn up her nose
 At pease meal bannocks and at brose!
 Ae year she wint' red 'bout Dunbarton,
 And tied her stockin' wi' a garten;
 She even tried hard to get married,
 But a' her purposes miscarried;
 She had no friends about Alaska,
 But had an aunt wha lived in Glasgow,
 Sae faith, she mounted on a coach,
 And to that city she did hotch.

When there she fell in deep dejection,
 For she had lost her aunt's direction,
 She speered at folk and bairns in plenty,
 If they ken'd aught about her aunty?
 At last by kind o' luck or fate,
 She faund her in the Gallowgate.
 Her aunty was a lonely woman,
 She didna ken her niece was comin';
 She gave a jump—she stood amazed
 When on the stranger's form she gazed!
 Then both did raise an Islay yell,
 When in ilk other's arms they fell!
 Then Jean exclaimed, "my woe is past,
 I've found my aunty at the last."

How nice it is on some occasions,
 To meet with one's own blood relations,
 But sweeter far 'tis to the lover,
 To meet and kiss and hug the other;
 High is that love, 'tis oft hysteric,
 And far above my panegyric.
 O! love, fain would I thee extol—
 The prop and centre of the soul!

The aunt then said, "my darling niece,
 In size ye've made a great increase,
 'Tis only twenty years by-gane
 Ye couldna stand your leefu' lane!
 Guidfaith! ye're now a winsome straper
 As ever gade in gown or wrapper,
 My certy! ye're as fine a lass
 As e'er keek'd in a looking glass;
 Gang down the stair, my niece, so dear,
 And bring me up a jug o' beer,

A drop o' beer in glass or measure,
 Will calm my heart that lousps wi' pleasure,
 And after that, 'tween you and me,
 I'll mask a hair o' guid black tea."

These words were barely out her lips,
 When down the stairs Miss Jeanie trips,
 And brings her aunty up a jug
 O' beer filled to the very lug ;
 Sae soon as they the liquor tasted,
 Their tongues for no ae minit rested.

When aunty gat the tea things ready,
 Miss Jean sat down just like my lady,
 And aye she took the other sup,
 Then raised her neb up frae the cup—
 Twisting her head—see there, look at her,
 Just like a hen whan drinking water ;
 Her aunt gecked at her with affection,
 Jean thought hersel' complete perfection !

'Tis strange that poor deluded craters
 Will ape the manners o' their betters,
 And turn and twist, and put on airs,
 Like horses at the country fairs !
 'Tis a disease bred in the bone,
 It rages rife frae zone to zone,
 Wi' this e'en Hornie was diseased,
 Whan frae the heaven's he was heezed,
 But faith, another sang he routit,
 Whan 'mang the brimstone he was coupit !
 Folk ! folk, I pray, tak' my example,
 And no in Satan's footsteps trample,
 The bard wi' kicks frae fortune's foot,
 Has gat his pride clean knockit out,

If ony's left, whan a' is dune,
It wadna lade a mustard spoon !

Whan at their tea, midst joke and crack,
The auld aunt's mind gade wand'ring back
To times whan she did hear the roar
O' biilows lashing Islay's shore !
Then she inquired, " if ducks and drakes
Aye swam about the coves and lakes;
And if the fowls in pairs and flocks,
Still bred amang the muckle rocks;
And if Neil 'Taylor still gangs out
To blister horses, dogs and nowte;
And if his wife, and bairnies monie,
Are a' as guid as they are bonnie ;
If Duncan Campbell blyth was singin',
And to the island still was hingin',
And if his thirty-second cousin
Had now o' weans a baker's dizen ?"
To a' these questions, and far mair,
Miss Jean made answer on the square.

For sax lang weeks the twa were bousin',
Baith night and day they were carousin';
At length whan tea and toast gat scanty,
Miss Jean did say unto her aunty :
" I trow I'll gang the road I came,
I'm grienin' sairly to gang hame,
I've gi'en ye now a guid lang ca',
I'm sure it's time I was awa."
The twa shook hands, then aff Jean flounced,
And down her grannie's stair she pounced,
She darted for the Broomelaw,
Whan she gat there how she did blaw :

It was nae lang ere down the Clyde,
Wi' Jean on board, a ship did glide.

Sweet stream ! O, may thou aye meander,
On earth there is nae river grander !
By thee a bonnie lass I courted,
Wi' my fond heart she played and sported ;
My lovely, fair-haired, blooming Susan
Did prove to be a dear delusion !
I'd sing o' Clyde with livelier glee
If Susan hadna slighted me ;
False maid ! she shot a cruel dart
That still is stickin' in my heart !
Both night and day I have a doubt
That time will never drag it out.

Now twenty hours it took, or more,
To land Miss Jean on Islay's shore ;
As Donald stood upon the key
His future wife he chanced to see,
Though he was unco short o' sight,
He saw her frae the ship alight.
She hadna been on shore a week,
Till he on her again did keek,
Then o'er the lugs in love he sluced
Sae soon as he was introduced.

Arouse, my muse ! spread wide your wing,
'Bout Donald and his darling sing,
His love was not an idle dream,
'Twas higher than the rainbow's rim,
Yes, Donald's love, before he wed,
Was deeper than the ocean's bed !

'Twas brighter than an infant's eye,
 And fairer than the summer's sky :
 Jean's heart was like a stream run dry.

How Jean did giggle, smile and smirk,
 When she led Donald to the kirk,
 And when the nuptial knot was tied
 Wi' love poor Donald shook and sighed,
 But Jean did stand, the graceless limmer,
 Thinking 'bout nothing but her dinner :
 When they gat hame to marriage feast,
 I needna say Jean did her best,
 She tried the pork, the beef and ham,
 Pig's feet, hen's legs and roasted lamb ;
 But for the haddies and the herrin'
 She said she wasna' muckle carein',
 Then she devoured as a desert
 A moderate share o' tea and tart.

Ten years flew by o' married life—
 Ten years o' badg'ring, bick'ring strife ;
 Love out their door slink'd aff wi' passion,
 As care and hardship took possession !
 Poor Donald gat as lean's a crow,
 And ilka day away did fa'.
 He just was perfect skin and bane,
 Yet still, he ne'er complained o' pain.
 Though want was in poor Donald's spoon,
 Jean's face was like the rising moon !
 She managed weel, in spite o' fate,
 To aye hae plenty on her plate,
 She turned a kind o' tousy drab,
 And thought 'bout nothing but her gab !

It fell upon an afternoon
Whan Donald's wark was early done,
As he was cannie slinkin' hame,
He thought he'd cheat his sturdy dame,
And buy a half a pound o' butter,
And ha'e a kind o' secret supper;
He gained his door and in his garret
He creepit like an evil spirit,
He glow'ed about—his wife was missin'
He thought that was a heaven's blessin',
Then frae the press he took a platter
And on it slaster'd a' the butter,
Then set it down upon the dresser.
When rinnin' out to get some meal
He ran against daft Rab McNeil;
"Gang in," he said, "I'll soon be back,
Syne Rabbie, we will ha'e a crack."
Poor Donald felt a wee contented,
As things were working as he wanted.
Now ben the house daft Rabbie goes—
He saw the butter 'fore his nose,
And then the poor misguided lad
Did hide it underneath the bed!
Back Donald cam,' wi' strange surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes,
He glow'ed, he gave a dismal groan—
Then roared, "where is the butter gone?"
Now Rab did on his cantle clat,
"The thief," he said, "must be the
cat."

Then Donald swore unto his frien';
If on the brute he'd clap his e'en,

He'd wring her neck just like a craw,
And dash her head against the wa',
He'd gi'e her sic a fearfu' blatter,
She ne'er again wad steal his butter !
"For that," quo' Rab, "ye needna grane—
See! there she sits on the jamb stane!"
Then Donald whispers, "Rab, be quick,
And rax me owre that muckle stick,
And I will gi'e her sic a billet,
Will mak' her life flee up her gullet!"
As Rabbie handed owre the rung,
Grim silence sat on Donald's tongue,
His mouth and e'en were open wide,
As on his tiptoes he did glide,
He raised the rung abune his croon,
Wi' fearfu' yerk the rung cam' doon!
A something ga'e a crack—a crash—
A something on his face played splash;
Then Donald yelled, "I'm dead! I'm gone!
I'm burning to the very bone!
Cat's blood is just as hot as fire,
Oh! Rabbie, come, till I expire!"
Then Rabbie roared, "ye've missed the cat
And smashed to atoms the teapat!"
Then Donald howled, "the deil tak' me,
I never kent Jean swallow'd tea,
I ken it now, and here I swear it,
Henceforth she'll never drink nae mair o't,
I'll put an end to her extortion,
For death, this night, will be her portion!
This night I'll mak' her change her pasture,
My faith! but she's a fine tea waster;

She'll live on tea and finely fare,
While I maun gang, I do declare,
Just like a wraith abune the grund,
And live on brose and heaven's wind!
Her black misdeeds ha'e now nae clock,
She's let her cat clean out the poke!"
As Donald ended this harangue,
His wife into the house played bang,
And as the twa began to roar,
Prudence step'd up and shut the door.

E P I T A P H.

Donald is gane—his cares are o'er—
He sleeps on Islay's fertile shore,
Cats he'll ne'er mistake again
For teapots standin' on jamb stane,
Nae butter he needs in his brose,
His sad career is at a close!
And Jean, his wife, now lies at rest
Upon his cold and lifeless breast.

A WEAK MAN AND A STRONG WOMAN.

*Inscribed to C. Tyner, Esq., Hamilton, Ontario, an unco
auld friend.*

We met beneath the trysting tree,
The light o' love was in her e'e,
I knew her love was a' for me,
That Peggy would be mine.

We wander'd o'er the flow'ry brae,
To where the rippling waters play,
I kissed her lips, she ne'er said nay,
I thought she was divine.

I saw the blush upon her cheek,
I heard her words sae mild and meek,
Wi' joy I scarce could stand or speak,
Such love there was lang-syne.

Soon we were wed, what next befell,
I think black burning shame to tell,
For soon her tongue went like a bell,
With grief sair I did pine.

She aften swinged me off my chair,
 She filled my heart with black despair,
 And loaded me wi' tons o' care,
 As ye may well opine.

If she had yatter'd wi' her tongue,
 And been less free to use the rung,
 To her, through life, I might hae clung,
 And thought my lot was fine.

I've heard some wives when things went 'rang,
 Would whistle up, or sing a sang,
 But Peg, wi' rage, my throat would spang—
 Afore I counted nine.

I'll saddle up my pacing horse,
 And heckle her wi' a divorce;
 Then she may live with black remorse—
 She'll never more be mine.

By night and day, I'll seek a wife
 Who will bring comfort to my life,
 We'll feast on love and fast from strife—
 And aye with Cupid dine.

But Peg saw me girth up my steed,
 Slap-dash she came wi' headlang speed!
 And like a vice she held my head
 And grasped the halter line!

She cried, "ye sumph gang in the house,"
 I sleekit in just like a mouse,
 Hech me! I didna crawl sae crouse,
 But sore did fidge and whine.

I thought it best to bow and bend,
And think upon my latter end,
For Oh! she gave me such a send
As nearly broke my spine.

“Oh! Peg,” I yelled, “take in the horse,
I ne'er will ride for a divorce,
Have mercy, or ye'll end my course—
Wi' that lang halter line.”

As Tam ga'e the last sentence vent,
Instantly, Peg did sair repent,
To hug and kiss they briskly went
Fu' canty and fu' fine.

Now ilka man, baith far and near,
Just gi'e your wife your breeks to wear,
And let her still the helm steer—
As Adam did lang syne.

Your life will be a honeymoon,
If ye just coax her into tune,
And feed her wi' a soothing spoon—
And swear she is divine!

A REFORMATION.

Inscribed to Wylie Nielson, Esq.

Upon a cold and rainy night,
When moon and stars were out of sight,
A-coming down the lonely street,
A little child I chanced to meet ;
The wee bit lassie's feet were bare,
The rain had droukit a' her hair,
And as the child came running near,
I trow her heart was filled wi' fear ;
A something whisper'd me to stand,
I took her kindly by the hand,
Then said, " my child, what is amiss,
To bring ye out a night like this ?"
The lassie hung her head wi' shame,
She said, " Oh ! sir, come to our hame ;"
I strok'd the bonnie bairnie's hair,
I carried her wi' cannie care ;
The rain in torrents still did pour
As we reached her father's door.
Within the house I heard a moan—
A shriek—a wild unearthly groan ;
I saw a sight—a man was there,
Sunk in the depths of black despair,

His bloodshot eyes were staring wild,
Anon he wept just like a child,
And then with terror loud did yell,
Contending with an inward hell,
Then on the ground he down would lie
To wrestle with his agony!
He trembling crouch'd with fear and dread,
The demons hovered round his head,
He prayed, he cried on bended knee—
“O God, have mercy upon me!”
I said, “may heaven hear the prayer,
And calm the bosom of despair.”
The little child, Oh! how she wept,
As to her father's side she cript,
He clasped her to his frenzied breast,
And tenderly her lips he pressed,
And as the tears fell down like rain,
He cried, “no drink I'll touch again!”
His “ministering angel” came,
He called her kindly by her name,
Then said, “from drink I stop this night,
Henceforth I'll be a Rechabite.”

He kept his word, contentment reigns,
He broke the drunkard's galling chains,
Now peace and plenty smile once more,
And poverty has left his door.

Join, brothers, then with heart and hand,
The seed of Hope sow in the land,
And strive with all your might to save
The drunkard from the drunkard's grave.

A SCOTCH SANGSTER'S COMIN'.

Inscribed to T. McGregor, Esq., President of St. Andrew's Society, Detroit.

On Monday, in St. Andrew's Ha',
 Rally! men and brithers a',
 Send the news baith far and near—
 A Scottish Sangster's comin' here!
 Deck'd fu' braw in Highland kilt,
 He will sing us monie a lilt
 'Bout auld Scotland's heath'ry hills,
 Birken glens and wimplin' rills,
 Where the lav'rocks sweetly sing,
 Where the bonnie blue bells spring.
 Hame! we'll ne'er forget ava
 'Till our latest breath we draw.

While the daisy decks the lea,
 Scotia's sangs will never dee—
 Floating down time's silent river,
 Time and them will die together;
 Send the news baith far and near,
 A Scottish Sangster's comin' here!
 Nane like him our sangs can han'le—
 He's the lad to haud the can'le;

Sangs o' Scotland he will sing,
Will make the very rafters ring;
Sangs o' dule and dark despair,
Will mak' us rug and rive our hair,
Sangs wi' monie a weary mane,
Wad melt a very heart o' stane;
Sangs o' love, o' joy, and fear,
Heartfelt words forever dear.

Come ye lasses blythe and braw,
Welcome to St. Andrew's Ha'!
His funny cracks will mak' for weeks
The tears rin down yer bonnie checks,
Folk! we ma'na stay at hame,
That wad be a burnin' shame—
Send the news baith far and near,
A Scottish Sangster's comin' here!



SONGS.



CRAIGIE CASTLE.

AIR—*Catherine Ogie.*

Upon a rocky bank of the clear winding Dye, in a beautiful and secluded dell, the ruins of Craigie castle can still be seen. Some years ago, it was a favorite amusement of the school boys to hurl the stones of this ruin down the deep declivity, and with something akin to awe watch them, as they rolled, dashed and plunged into the pool below. A little to the right of this ruin is Peel Hill, where a fine view of the surrounding district can be obtained. From its name there can be no doubt, that upon its top the beacon fire has often been kindled to warn the inhabitants that danger was near—that the enemy was approaching. There is every evidence to show that the Lammermoors, being so near the Scotch and English borders, must have been the

scene of many a deadly conflict. There is a tradition that the Dye received its name from its being literally dyed with the blood of the slain. To the west of Peel Hill is a place called Main-Slaughter-law, where the turf and peat diggers have frequently turned up the implements of warfare.

In this vicinity, also, there is an Otterburn, and the writer in the "Statistical Account of Scotland" surmises that this may have been the ground where the celebrated battle of that name took place. Some miles distant, upon a high elevation, stand the Twin-law Cairns, regarding which, tradition has it, that in view of the two armies of the Picts and Scots a deadly conflict took place between twin brothers. One of the brothers had been stolen in his infancy by the Picts, and as the two fell to rise no more an aged warrior made known their relationship. Tradition also says that the soldiers of both armies formed a line of some miles in extent and handed stones from one to another from the bed of the stream of Watch to build the Cairns, which remain to this day. Regarding this tradition, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, of Westruther, published in the work before mentioned a beautiful ballad that escaped the researches of Sir Walter Scott, while compiling his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and which the reverend gentleman wrote down from the recital of two old men, who resided in that locality.

The following ballad is founded on a tradition that the lord of the castle before mentioned had gone to the wars, and left his young wife to mourn his absence for "twice seven long months" and that on a moonlight night she heard the drum beat. She ran to the turret of the castle overlooking the Dye, and while there she observed her lord make

a dangerous leap across the stream at a place called the "Darin-step," and from this cause it is said, her strength forsook her, and the child she held in her arms fell into the abyss below. The ballad tells the rest.

The sun had set ayont the hill,
 The moon on high was creeping,
 When on her couch a lady fair
 Wi' sorrow sair was weeping ;
 And aye she wrung her milk-white hands,
 And frae her e'en sae bonny
 The waefu' tears ran rowin' doon,
 Unseen, un kent by ony.

Her lord was e'en as brave a knight
 As e'er wore kilt or pladie ;
 Now he has gore unto the wars
 And left his winsome lady.
 He bade farewell unto his bride,
 He kissed her lips sae bonny,
 He's kissed her ower and ower again,
 She's gien him kisses monie.

Now he has buckled on his sword,
 His gallant steed is ready ;
 The waesome tears fell ower his cheek
 When parting frae his lady.
 Twice seven lang months had fled away ;
 Her wounded heart was breakin',
 For still the thought wad come and go—
 That she was left forsaken,

And aye she wrung her lily hands
Upon the bed of sorrow,
And sair she longed again to see
The dawin' o' the morrow.
She clasp'd her infant to her breast,
She heard the distant drumming,
Wi' joy she climbed the turret high
To watch her true knight coming.

She saw him leap the Darin-step,
Wi' dread her heart did shiver,
Then frae her arms the child fell down—
Down in the raging river!
The heavens heard her shriek of woe,
The warrior saw his lady
Leap from the castle's dizzy hight,
In death she clasp'd her baby!

HER HEART WAS ALL MINE OWN.

AIR—*Gloomy winter's now awa.*

Gloomy days and weary nights,
 Sad and lonely I am now,
 Grief is monarch of my heart,
 Sorrow sits upon my brow.
 In the spring-time of my life,
 I woo'd a maiden fair to see,
 In the summer of my life—
 Death has ta'en my love from me.

O'er the by-gone path of time,
 O'er the joy and o'er the care,
 O'er the tear and o'er the smile,
 Mem'ry lingers here and there.
 Her eye was like the morning bright
 When the mists away have flown,
 Her lips were like the budding rose,
 And her heart was all mine own.

O'er her dark and lonesome grave
 Birds may sing and flowers may bloom,
 Nature may with joy rejoice,
 But my heart is in the tomb.
 By her heart forever still,
 By her eyes in darkness set,
 'Till I draw my latest breath,
 My Mary I will ne'er forget!

BELLE ISLE ABOVE DETROIT.

AIR—*Logan Braes.*

The summer sun with golden beam
Is dancing on the lake and stream ;
O ! come with me, my lovely maid,
And let us seek the sylvan glade.
Beneath the branches, spreading wide,
We'll watch the rippling waters glide ;
Come ! let us see the wild rose smile—
Upon the banks of sweet Belle Isle.

With mellow note the bluebird sings,
How lovely there the violet springs !
And there the honeysuckles twine,
'Mang scented groves of eglantine.
I'll pull the lilacs fresh and fair,
And twine them in your golden hair ;
While love will all our cares beguile—
Among the groves of sweet Belle Isle.

We'll wander through the woodland green,
And linger by each fairy scene ;
Though nature's face be fair to see—
My heart will fondly dwell on thee !
I'll gaze upon thine eyes so blue,
Our vows of love we will renew—
And Truth will speak, and Hope will smile
Among the groves of sweet Belle Isle.

MY LOVE, O! COME TO ME.

AIR—*Banks o' Doon.*

When vict'ry sheath'd the sword of strife,
 And gentle peace once more did reign,
 With feeble step, and weary heart,
 A soldier sought his home again.
 He stood beside a lonely grave,
 And o'er his cheek the tears did flow—
 His throbbing heart was like to break
 For her who sleeps in death below!

In life her heart to him was true,
 In thought, in word—with latest breath,
 She cried, "my love, O! come to me,"
 Then sank into the arms of death!
 On battlefield, in danger's hour,
 The soldier never feared the foe,
 But now his heart is like to break—
 For her who sleeps in death below!

He kneel'd upon the lonely grave,
 He kissed the cold and lifeless clay,
 He linger'd long—then left the spot,
 The hand of anguish led the way.
 Thus onward to the weary end,
 The bitter tears of grief will flow,
 The soldier's heart is in the grave
 With her who sleeps in death below.

DETROIT IS THE TOWN FOR ME.

AIR—*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

The river sweeps by Sarnia bank,
 Then glides along sae merrilye,
 The lilies smile upon Stag Isle—
 And violets blush sae bonnilye.
 The roses smile upon Belle Isle,
 The birds sing sweet upon the tree,
 Though lasses fair dwell in St. Clair,
 Detroit is the town for me!

The pine trees wave on Huron's shore,
 The clover blooms on Moretown lea,
 At Algonac men fondly talk,
 And court the lasses gallantlye.
 On Fromville brae the lammies play,
 In Walpole woods the robins flee,
 Though lasses fair dwell in St. Clair,
 Detroit is the town for me!

Detroit river saftly glide,
 Ye birds sing love on ilka tree,
 Sing to my love in bush and grove,
 Your richest, sweetest melody.
 Sing to my love your blythest songs,
 And fill her gentle heart wi' glee,
 Though lasses fair dwell in St. Clair,
 Detroit has the lass for me!

JEANIE BELL.

AIR—*O' a' the airts the wind can blow.*

A lassie cam' unto our toon
 Whan flow'rs were blooming fair;
 'Mang a' the bonnie blushing flow'rs,
 Nane wi' her could compare.
 The rose-bud in the dewy morn
 Smiles sweetly in the dell,
 But sweeter far the rosy lips
 O' bonnie Jeanie Bell.

She has sae monie winsome ways,
 Sae modest, kind and true,
 A perfect heaven 's reflected in
 Her eyes sae bonnie blue.
 The birds that sing in green-wood shaw
 In sangs their love may tell,
 But words can never speak the love
 I ha'e for Jeanie Bell!

May a' that's guid aye guide her steps
 Alang life's thorny way,
 May ilka year in a' her life,
 Be a'e lang summer's day.
 Oh! Jeanie dinna leave our toon,
 I ne'er can say "farewell,"
 But stay and be a joy to me,
 My bonnie Jeanie Bell!

JINERAL O'NEIL.

AIR—*Johnnie Cope.*

Neil sint a letter from New York,
 Sayin', "Meself will show yees bloody work,
 Kanucks I'll cut yees up like pork,
 Whin I meet yees in the marnin'!"
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil are yees spakin' yet?
 Or are the Kanucks quakin' yet?
 If yees be spakin' meself will wait,
 To advance on Malone in the marnin'.

Whin John Bull looked the letter upon,
 Shure he began to rout and groan,
 "Kanucks," he cried, "Neil's at Malone,
 We'll fight him in the marnin'."
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Now Jeneral be as throe as steel,
 It's yoursilf will make the Kanucks squeel,
 It's yoursilf will give thim a hot pill
 Ave shot an' shell in the marnin'.
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Whin O'Neil did hear that Kanuck John,
 Wud be afther fighting at Malone,
 He got a dray to jump upon—
 To vamose away in the marnin'.
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Faith now O'Neil it was not fair,
 To draw yer sword and bloody spear,
 An' thin to run just like a deer—
 Away from the Bull in the marnin'.
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Whin Jeneral O'Neil to the station came,
 He swore his stomach was to blame,
 "Be the powers the wind's got in my wame,
 It blows right cowl'd this marnin'.
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Whin in the jail, the brave O'Neil
 Began to yell just like a diel,
 "Bedad!" he cried, "a snake or eel
 Is down me throat this marnin'."
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

"Och! if St. Patrigh would arise,
 This sarpint banish—blast me eyes,
 I'd mince the Kanucks up in pies
 An' ate thim all in the marnin',"
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

Sure now O'Neil it was not fair,
 Upon the line to rip and tare,
 An' thin to flee, the L—d knows where—
 An' lave yer men in the marnin'!
 Och! Jeneral O'Neil, etc.

THE COW AVE CHICAGO.

AIR—*Irish Washerwoman.*

Mrs. Leary O'Leary lived west in Chicago,
One night she did make both her tongue an' her
jaw go,

"Bedad!" she says, "Pat be aff wid yees now,
An' be afther the milk of our ilegant cow!"

Thin Patsy did say, "may the divel reject us,
An' the howly St. Patrick for ever protect us;"
He thin seized the pail and the kerosene lamp,
An' aff to the barn like a hero did tramp.

The barn-door whin he reach'd, he gave a loud
bawl,

Then Pat danced a jig wid the cow in the stall,
He caught the cow's tail an' he made her leap
round—

Thin the kerosene lamp he set down on the
ground.

It stood purty an' bright 'mong the straw and the
hay,

'Thin Pat took the pail and wint milking away;
Sure he sang an' he whistled, an' swore at his
mother

As he filled up the pail an' emptied the udder.

Thin the leg ave the cow was seized wid the
 cramp,
 Sure she straighten'd it out 'gainst the kerosene
 lamp;
 Just as Patsy's mamma to her hammock wint
 sighing—
 Sure her ilegant cow an' her Patsy were frying.
 Whin the fire an' the flames wint raging an'
 roaring,
 Bad luck! Mrs. Leary wint sleeping and snoreing,
 Whin she woke, faith, she made both her tongue
 and her jaw go,
 Troth! she swore that her cow ne'er set fire to
 Chicago!



LITTLE NELLIE.

AIR—*Reys' Wife.*

Nellie is the sweetest lassie
 E'er I saw atween the een,
 She can lilt and sing sae bonnie—
 O! she is a cantie queen!
 I wadna gi'e my bonnie bairnie
 For the gear that ye can name,
 If I tint my toddlin' dawtie,
 Mine wad be a dowie hame!

There she's runnin' round the housie,
Just as crouse as crouse can be,
See, she's playin' wi' the pussie,
Now she's dancing on my knee.
Hand awa, ye little hempie,
Touts! my cantle's unco bare,
Time and you are just twa randies,
Pouin' out my pickle hair.

Now she's ta'en aff shoe and stockin'
Round about the floor to creep,
In her chair, wi' glee, she's rockin';
Losh! the bairn is gaun to sleep.
Come to me my bonnie hinnie—
Ye're the pink o' a' the toon,
May the wale o' heaven's blessings
Aye upon my pet fa' doon.

Cut the strings—tak' out the buttons;
Losh! she's sleepin' like a tap;
Hushy bushy bonnie dawtie,
Lift her cannie aff my lap.
In her cradle saftly lay her,
Hushy bushy baby loo,
Sweetly sleep my wee bit totum—
Angels guard my wee bit doo!

HER LOVE FOR ME DID WITHER.

AIR—Coming through the Rye.

Oh! my heart is wae and weary,
 Sad as sad can be,
 Anna vow'd to be my dearie,
 Anna's slighted me.
 Oft we sat beside the fountain
 Where the lilies spring,
 Oft we linger'd by the mountain
 Where the linties sing.

Then, the daisy smil'd so meekly—
 To the violet blue,
 Then, the lark did sing sae sweetly,
 When my love was true.
 Oft we wand'ed through the meadow
 In the starry hours,
 Fondly I would watch her shadow,
 Kiss the dewy flowers.

When the autumn winds were sighing
 O'er the lonely lea,
 When the drooping flow'rs were dying—
 Sorrow came to me,

Hoping she was constant ever—
 Hope gave way to grief;
 Alas! her love, for me did wither
 Like the autumn leaf.



COME! SWEETHEART, COME!

AIR—*I think of thee.*

Winter is gone and the west winds are blowing,
 Down the hill-side the clear stream is flowing,
 On bank and on brae primroses are springing,
 And up in the lift the lavrocks are singing,
 The breeze on the pool is rippling and sleeping,
 Up on the pine-tree the ivies are creeping,
 Down in the glen grow the cowslip and gowan,
 And high on the bank wave the ash-tree and
 rowan.

Come! sweetheart, come! let us go by the rushes,
 Down where the birds sing among the green
 bushes!
 The blackbird will warble so blythesome and
 cheerie,
 The linnet a love-song will sing to my dearie.

There's a spot in th' dell where th' limpid stream
gushes,
Where the rose, like your' cheek, is blooming with
blushes,
Where the silv'ry willows like ringlets are flowing,
And the sunbeams are dancing, and coming and
going.

There, while the ring-doves are cooing above
thee,
I'll tell thee, my sweetheart! how dearly I love
thee;
There, while we wander 'mang gowans and
daisies,
The whispering echo will hear of your graces.
Then Truth will rejoice—our vows will not die,
love.
The lark on the gold-cloud will waft them on
high, love.
Come! sweetheart, come! let us go by the rushes,
Down where the birds sing amang the green
bushes.

WHO'S COMIN' ?

AIR—*Donald Caird.*

Mr. Peter Fraser's comin',
Blaw the pipes and set them bummin',
Till ilka man and ilka woman
Ken that Peter Fraser's comin';
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That hurdle-louping Peter's comin'.

Wi' little fyke and little labor
He's the lad can toss the caber—
Toss it here and toss it there,
Toss it to the deil kens where:
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That caber-tossing Peter's comin'.

Donald Dinnie at a race
Is nothing but a big disgrace,
The very spirits in the air—
Cry, "Donald dinna rin nae mair:"
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That running Peter Fraser's comin'.

Donald's back can scarcely bend—
He's like a sack set up on end,
Or like a broken auld bass fiddle
Wi' a string tied round its middle:
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That bounding Peter Fraser's comin'.

It's a sight to see him rinnin',
 He's the lad can wax McLennan,
 Gives a spring and off he flies—
 Like an arrow through the skies :
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That springing Peter Fraser's comin'.

Not a man can run like Peter,
 At a loup he is a leaper,
 At a toss he is a tosser :—
 The muse has fled—nae man can boss her,
 Notwithstanding Fraser's comin' :
 Tell ilka man and ilka woman
 That louping Peter Fraser's comin'.



THE COURTING O' THE WIDOW.

AIR—*Lumps o' Padding.*

A bouncing gash widow lived up in the moors,
 Ae night she sat down just to tak her four'ooors,
 She took a bit bite syne a sirple o' tea—
 Whan down fell the saucer, and up jumpit she !
 "Guid guide us," she cried; "losh, T'am, is that
 you ?
 Or is it yer ghost? hech! my heart's at my mou',
 What a gliff ye ha'e gi'en me! Come, T'am, man,
 sit doon,
 Till I throw aff my spencer and draw on my
 goon."

Quo' Tam, "it's e'en me." Soon she raxed him
 a chair;
 He took aff his bannet, syne clawed at his hair,
 He glower'd, and he geck'd, and he simper'd ye
 ken,
 For he wanted a wife like the Laird o' Cockpen.
 Quo' the widow, "Come, Tam, man, just draw
 in yer sate,
 Here's a cup and a saucer, a knife and a plate,
 There's a fadge and a scone, sae pit out your
 hand;
 Poor man! your wife's dead, man, as I under-
 stand."

Quo' he, "Aye, she's gane—she is dead just a'e
 year;"
 Now the widow look'd grand 'tween a smile and
 a tear!
 Quo' she, "Tam, I wat, Tam, we've guid cause
 to compleen,
 For I've lost my Sandy and ye've lost yer Jeen."
 Wi' this Tam crap near her, and thus he did say:
 "I've thought about you, mem, by night and by
 day,
 An' if ye'll consent, mem, to buckle wi' me—
 Slip twa lumps o' sugar in my cup o' tea!"

The widow look'd up to the rafters abune,
 Syne she glower'd at the sugar syne play'd wi' the
 spoon,
 Then down o'er her cheek a big tear did rin,
 As her e'e fell on Tam, hech! the sugar gade
 in!

Now up frae his chair Tam jumpit wi' speed,
An' he laid his big hand on the croon o' her
head.

The widow rose up an' she cried in her glee—
“Ye'll aye hae twa lumps, Tam, in your cup o'
tea!”



MARY,

AIR—*There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.*

'Twas gloamin', the sun had gone down in the
west,
And the murmuring stream hushed the woodlands
to rest,
The song of the mavis had ceased for the day,
As the clouds in their beauty were fading away.
The pale silv'ry moon was ascending on high,
And the star of the evening shone bright in the
sky ;
By the banks of the stream, 'neath the wide-
spreading tree,
My own dearest Mary came smiling to me.

With rapture I clasped my true love in my arms,
How fondly I gazed on her heavenly charms!
For her heart was as pure as an innocent dream,
And as light as the moonbeam that danced on the
stream.

How sweet was the hour! O, how nameless the
bliss!

How truthful our hearts, and how holy the kiss,
As down by the stream, 'neath the wide-spreading
tree,

My own dearest Mary vow'd truly to me.

Now dark is the hour, how forsaken I mourn,
My love has departed—ah! ne'er to return;
Her true trusting heart lies cold in the grave,
By the banks of the stream where the willow trees
wave.

In sorrow I weep, yet my weeping is vain,
No more to my bosom my darling I'll strain;
No more by the stream by the wide-spreading tree
Will my own dearest Mary come smiling to me.



LAMMERMOOR.

AIR—*Mary's Dream.*

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Anderson, Wyoming, Ont.

The heather blooms upon the knowes,
Primroses spring in bielled dells,
The gowans smile on bank and brae,
Amang the blue and bonnie bells.
Down o'er the rocks the burnies fa',
They toddle on, they rin sae pure,
Through birken bowers and yellow brume
That fringe the glades in Lammermoor.

The lark sings in the lift sae blue,
 The mavis sings upon the tree,
 While lowly on the milk-white thorn,
 The robin chirps wi' gladsome glee.
 I'll never see Auld Scotland mair,
 Misfortune's cloud does o'er me lour,
 Nae mair I'll hear the linties' sang
 Among the hills o' Lammermoor.

Yet there in death's cold, cold embrace,
 Lies ane I'll ne'er forget to lo'e,
 Through weal and woe her gentle heart
 'To me was constant, kind, and true.
 Our sindered hearts are in ae grave,
 Yet I maun still my griefs endure,
 By day I mourn, by night my dreams
 Are in her grave in Lammermoor.



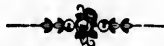
WILLY HAS PROVED FALSE TO ME.

AIR—*Banks o' Doon.*

'Twas in the time whan blythsome spring
 Cam' smilin' after frost and snaw,
 When birds were warblin' sangs o' love
 On budding bough and gow'ny shaw,
 When Lucy sang a mournfu' sang
 Beneath yon weeping willow tree,
 And aye the burden o' her sang
 Was "Willy has proved false to me."

She tore her hair wi' wild despair,
 The tears rolled doon her cheeks sae pale,
 'Twad break a very heart o' stane
 To listen to her weary wail.
 "O! Lucy, could the powers abune
 Dispel che cloud that shadows thee,"
 But aye the burden o' her sang
 Was "Willy has proved false to me."

There is a grief nae tongue can name,
 There is a tear o' deepest woe,
 There is a sigh--the weary sigh--
 That slighted love alane can know!
 "O! Lucy, lay your hand in mine,
 Yon cloud wi' silv'ry linin' see!"
 But aye the burden o' her sang
 Was "Willy has proved false to me."



THE TRYSTING NICHT.

AIR—*Clean Pease Strae.*

The night is unco mirk and cauld,
 The snaw begins to fa';
 I mickle fear that Willy, dear,
 Will ne'er can come ava.
 He said he'd come—he'll strive to come,
 I'm sure he lo'es me best,
 Hope beckons me aye to the door;
 Love winna let me rest!

For O! I lo'e him as my life—
I'll lo'e him till my death;
I'm sae uplifted whan he comes
I scarce can draw my breath!
O! come to me my Willy, dear,
Ne'er mind the frost and snaw,
Yet far or near my heart tells me
I lo'e ye best o' a'.

The wind roars wi' an eerie wail,
The snaw is swirlin' sair;
A cauldriif dread creeps owre ma heart
That I'll ne'er see him mair!
Ye angry winds, O! cease to rave,
Ye trees to moan and sigh,
Thou moon blink in the lift abune,
Ye blinding drifts flee by!

Sae I can hear him whistle clear,
And see him on the lea;
That's Willy, now, I hear his step
As sure as sure can be.
I ken it's him—that's just his rap—
"Come Willy lad, come in;
O whisht! I doubt, that rousin' kiss
Will waukin a' ma kin!"

I LO'E MY ALICE BEST O' A'.

AIR—*Roslin Castle.*

Sweet Nell is fair, her raven hair
 Fa's ower a neck as white as snaw,
 Though Nell's divine, she'll ne'er be mine,
 I lo'e my Alice best o' a'.
 In summer, down the burnside,
 When evening's shades began to fa',
 How oft I've pressed her to my breast,
 And vowed I lo'ed her best o' a'.

O! Alice thou art dear to me,
 My Alice, bonny, blyth and braw;
 Though Nellie fain my heart wad gain
 I lo'e my Alice best o' a'.
 Her heart is true as heaven abune,
 My Alice has nae guile ava;
 And ilka day I vow and say,
 I lo'e my Alice best o' a'.

Though wint'ry winds are raving wild
 And loud the angry tempests blaw,
 I'll o'er the hill wi' right guid will,
 And on my bonny Alice ca'.
 How soon my Alice hears my step
 As I gang round the garden wa',
 And when we meet, 'tis joy complete,
 For O! I lo'e her best o' a'.

THE ROSE OF SPRINGWELLS,

ORIGINAL AIR—*In sheet form and published by C. F. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.*

How sweet is the spring when the soft winds are
blowing,
When the cold blasts of winter have fled from the
scene,
When our white-bosomed river in beauty is flowing
And nature is deck'd with her mantle of green.
How grand are thy banks, O, thou clear winding
river,
When bespangled with lilies and bonny blue bells;
How oft 'mong thy groves I have wander'd with
Jeannie,
My own darling Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.
There's some may admire the sweet smile of
their Marys,
And some sing the praise of their Nancy's
and Nells;
But fairest, and dearest, far blythest and
sweetest,
Is Jeannie, my darling sweet Rose of Spring-
wells.

Her brow is as fair as the fairest of lilies,
And her lips are as red as the rose on the fells,
Her breath is as sweet as the zephyrs of heaven,
So pure is my Jeannie, the Rose of Spring-
wells.

The sun may shine bright on the fairest of roses,
 The birds may sing love 'mong the flow'rs of the dells
 But gladness would never re-visit my bosom,
 If bereft of my Jeannie, the Rose of Springwells.
 There's, etc.

Away with dull care! let us banish all sorrow!
 May hope be our anchor and truth be our chart,
 Though fortune may frown, joy will smile on the
 morrow,
 And undying love ever reign in the heart.
 By day and by night I am thinking of Jeannie,
 The bright dream of hope ever soothingly tells
 That her heart is my own, and she'll aye be my
 darling,
 My Jennie, my joy, my sweet Rose of Springwells.
 There's, etc.



THE MAID OF WAYNE.

*The following song is wed to a beautiful melody by M. H. Mc-
 Chesney, Esq., and published by Whittemore, Swan &
 Stephens, Detroit, Michigan.*

Down in yon grove of maple trees,
 Beside yon winding glassy rill,
 Where fragrant breezes fan the air,
 From scented flower and daffodill;
 Beneath the shade a maiden fair
 Did blythely sing a loving strain,
 The warbling birds did cease their songs,
 To list the lovely Maid of Wayne.

Methought I was in fairy land,
With rapture how my heart did beat,
Methought I heard the echoes say—
No lips did ever sing so sweet.
Adown her neck the ringlets fell,
And kissed a bosom free from stain,
Her dimpled cheek and modest smile
Bespoke the lovely Maid of Wayne.

I saw her leave the grassy bank,
And lightly trip across the green,
While love among the leafy bowers
Confessed that she was nature's queen.
I saw her vanish from my sight,
My heart can ne'er find peace again,
Enchanted I could ever gaze
Upon the lovely Maid of Wayne.

O, were this lovely maiden mine,
How sweetly would the moments glide ;
The changing year would bring no change—
She aye would be my winsome bride.
How I would strain her to my breast,
But ah! the very thought is vain,
Her ardent lover lonely sighs,
And sings the lovely Maid of Wayne.

ELLEN DEAR.

Published in sheet form by C. F. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Ellen is my apple ripe, Ellen is my pear,
 Ellen is my heart's delight, I love her a' the year;
 Ellen is my bonnie lass, fairer than the May—
 Ellen's cheek is like the rose, I love her a' the day.

When the dews o' gloamin' fa' on the budding
 flow'r—

Ellen's lips are sweeter far, I love her every hour.
 Ellen's eyes are like the stars, fu' o' heaven's light,
 Ellen is my ain true love, I love her day and night.

Some may lo'e the golden dross, some may lo'e
 th ewine,

Some may tread the warrior's path, and some wi'
 tinsel shine;

Heaven grant me Ellen's love, Ellen's heart and
 hand,

Then I'll be, though e'er sae poor, the richest in
 the land.

Other lads may try to win glances frae her e'e—
 Other lads can never steal my Ellen's love frae
 me.

When the spring comes round again, dancing in
 her pride,

Ellen will be a' my ain, she'll be my bonnie bride.

GLOSSARY.

- A'**, all
Ae, one
Aboon, above
Afore, before
Aft, often
Aften, often
Ahint, behind
Alblins, perhaps
Aik, oak
Ain, owl [nest in hiring
Airl-penny, a coin given as ear-
Airt, direction
Ajee, ajar
Alowe, in a flame
Amang, among
An, if
Ance, once
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Atween, between
Aucht, eight
Auld, old
Auld faurent, old fashioned
Ava, at all
Awa', away
Awmry, pantry
Awms, alms
Ayont, beyond

Bairn, a child
Bairns, children
Baith, both
Bauld, bold
Bauzand, a horse or cow having
 a white spot on its forehead
Bein, comfortable
Beld, bald
Belyve, by and by
Ben—see but and ben
Besom, hearth-brush
Bicker, drinking vessel
Bield, shelter, refuge, protection
Bigging, building
Bike, wild bees' hive
Bing'd, curtsyed
Birr, spirit
Birried, tossed

Birrin', to throw, to run rapidly
Birse, bristles
Blate, bashful
Blaw, blow
Bleare'ed, dim eyed
Blear't, bedimmed
Bleezing, blazing
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a smiling
 look, to look kindly, one sight
Blinking, smirking
Bluid, blood [beautiful
Bonnie, or **Bonny**, handsome,
Bodin', foretelling
Bogles, goblins
Boortree, the elder tree
Bothy, a highland cottage
Brae, side of a hill
Brat, a child
Brattle, to run
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawlie, perfectly, quite well
Breeks, breeches
Buechts, sheep pens
Buckle, marry
Busk, dress
Busket-braw, well dressed
But and ben, outer and inner
 apartment
Buffy, chubby
Burnie, streamlet
But, without
Brisket, the breast

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Callan, a boy
Caller, fresh, sound
Cam, come
Cannle, gentle, mild, dextrous
Cantle, or **Canty**, merry, cheer-
 ful
Cantle, crown of the head
Cantrip, incantation, spell
Carle, an old man
Carlie, a little boy
Carline, a stout old woman
Carry, the sky

- Castock, the stalk of a cabbage
 Cauld, cold
 Chanter, part of a bagpipe
 Chield, a young man
 Clachan, village
 Claise, or Claes, clothes
 Clath, cloth
 Clank, a blow
 Claver, to gossip
 Cleed, clothe
 Cleeks, hangs
 Clite, to fall
 Clotterin', to walk awkwardly
 Clont, to mend—Clout, a blow
 Clour, a mark from a blow
 Cluds, clouds
 Cockernonie, dress cap worn
 by females
 Coft, bought
 Cog, a wooden dish [dish
 Coggie, a small sized wooden
 Coost, did cast
 Coup, to turn over
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cowrin', cowering
 Cowt, colt
 Cozie, snug
 Crack, to converse
 Crackin', conversing
 Cragie, a crag
 Crap, crept
 Craws, crows
 Creel, a fishwife's basket
 Creeple, a low stool
 Crony, comrade
 Croodle, to coo as a dove
 Crouse, proud
 Crummie, cow
 Culf, a blockhead
 Cuist, cast
 Cults, ankle bones
 Dab, to peck as a bird
 Daddle, a father
 Daffing, funning, making sport
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
 Daidle, loiter
 Daised, confused
 Darg, day's work
 Daud, lump
 Daunder, walk slowly
 Daur, dare
 Daurna, dare not
 Dawtle, a pet, a darling
 Deave, deaf, to make a noise
 Dee, die
 Deeing, dying
 Delve, dig
 Dern, conceal
 Dibbled, planted
 Ding, knock, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Divot, a thin sod
 Dochter, daughter
 Dolted, stupid
 Donnert, stupid
 Dool, sorrow, grief
 Doon, down [dent
 Douce, gentle, sober wise, pru-
 Douff, pithless
 Doucely, quietly
 Dour, stubborn
 Dow, or Doo, a dove
 Dowie, worn with grief, sleepy
 Downa, expressive of inability
 Draglin', to walk slowly
 Drammack, mixture of meal
 and water
 Drap, drop
 Dree, suffer
 Dreepin', dropping or wet,
 Drumlie muddy
 Droukit, drenched
 Drouth, thirst
 Duds, clothes
 Dunted, beat
 E'e, the eye
 Een, the eyes
 E'enin', evening
 Eerie, frightened, troubled
 Eild, old age
 Eldrich, fearful
 En', end
 Enew, enough
 Ettle, to aim
 Fa', fall, lot, to fall
 Faes, .oes
 Fain, happy, fond
 Fain, anxious
 Farin', food
 Fashions, troublesome
 Fasht, troubled
 Fauld, a fold, to fold
 Fauts, faults
 Pearfu', frightful
 Fecht, to fight
 Feck, most part
 Fee, hire
 Fen, to make shift
 Ferlies, wonders
 Fidging, uneasy
 Fient, fiend
 Fi'fa', footfa'
 Fistle, bustle
 Flafler, flutter
 Flee, fly

Fleech, to supplicate, to coax
 Forbye, besides
 Forgle, to forgive
 Fou, full, tipsy
 Founmart, a fox
 Fouth, lots
 Frae, from
 Fuffin', puffing
 Fu', full
 Funk, to kick
 Fyke, restlessness

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly
 or pertly
 Gabbing, speaking and chatting
 Gae, to go
 Gaed, went
 Gaen, or Gane, gone [road
 Gaet, or Gate, way, manner,
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gar, to make, to force
 Gart, made
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gaun, going
 Gawky, foolish, romping
 Gear, riches, goods of any kind
 Gee, pet
 Gerse, grass
 Ghaist, a ghost
 Gle, to give
 Grining, grinning
 Gled, gave
 Glen, given
 Gilpey, half-grown, half-inform-
 ed boy or girl
 Gin, if, against
 Glaiet, foolish, mad [charm
 Glamour, the influence of a
 Gled, a hawk
 Gleg, quick, clear-sighted
 Glint, glance
 Glsk, glimpse
 Gloamin', twilight
 Glow'r, to stare, to look
 Glunch, frown, gloom
 Gomeril, a fool
 Goupins, handfuls
 Goustie, ghostly
 Gowan, mountain or field daisy
 Gowd, gold
 Gowk, fool
 Graunie, grandmother
 Graue, groan
 Grat, wept
 Gree, pre-eminence
 Grjetin', crying, weeping
 Grien, to wish, covet
 Grit, great

Gript, grasped
 Grue, shudder
 Grup, grip
 Gude, good
 Guild e'en, good evening
 Guild-mornin', good morning
 Guidman and Guidwife, the
 master and mistress of the
 house
 Guidfather and Guidmother,
 the father-in-law and mother-
 in-law
 Gutcher, grandsire

Ha', hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had
 Hall, whole
 Halrst, harvest
 Halesome, wholesome
 Hallan, cottage
 Hame, home
 Haffits, sides of the head
 Hantle, great deal
 Hap, to faild, to cover up
 Harum scarum, half-mad
 Haugh, a low flat piece of land
 Haud, hold
 Hear't, hear it
 Haver, to talk foolishly
 Hech! oh, strange
 Hech, high
 Herrin', herring
 Hinney, honey
 Hirple, to walk lame
 Hizzie, romping girl
 Hool, husk
 Howket, dug
 Howlet, owl
 Hurklin, cowering

Ilk, each
 Ilka, every
 Ingle, fire-place
 Ingleside, fireside
 I'ee, I shall or will
 Ither, other, one another

Jag, prick
 Jaupit, bespattered
 Jaw, raillery, wave
 Jee, change
 Jink, to dodge, to turn sudden-
 ly round a corner
 Jo, sweetheart
 Jouk, stoop down
 Joyfu', joyful

Kail-yard, cabbage garden
 Kame, comb

Kebbuck, a cheese
 Keek, look, a peep, to peep
 Keeking-glass, looking-glass
 Kelpies, evil spirits haunting streams
 Kempin', striving
 Ken, to know
 Kend, or Kent, knew
 Kenna, know not
 Kens, knows
 Keps, catches [garb
 Kilt, a portion of the highland
 Kimmer, a gossip
 Kin, kindred, relations [per
 Kirn, a churn, the harvest sup-
 Kirsen, christen or baptize
 Kist, chest
 Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
 Knowe, a small round hillock
 Kye, cows
 Kyte, the belly

Laddie, a boy, diminutive of lad
 Laigh, low
 Laith, unwilling [alone
 Lane, lone—My lane, myself,
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, to think long, to long, to weary
 Lamping, to take long steps
 Lap, leap
 Lauch, laugh
 Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others
 Laverock, the lark
 Law, low
 Leal, true
 Lee, an untruth
 Lee lang, live long
 Leeze me, a phrase of congratulation, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee
 Leugh, laugh
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Licht, light
 Lift, sky
 Lightle, despise
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
 Liltling, singing
 Limmer, an abandoned female
 Linn, a waterfall, or the pool at the bottom of it
 Lintle, linnet
 Loading a broad lane
 Lo'e, love
 Lo'ed, loved
 Loof, the palm of your hand
 Loon, a wild young lad

Loot, did let
 Loup, leap
 Lugs, ears
 Lyart, old, thin
 Lowe, flame

Mae, more
 Mak', make
 Mallin, farm
 Mair, more
 Maist, most
 Maistly, mostly
 Maukin, a hare
 Maun, must
 Maunna, must not
 Mark, a Scottish coin
 Marrow, equal, like
 Mauled, to strike repeatedly
 Mavis, the thrush
 Mense, manners
 Mess John, the minister
 Micht, might
 Minnie, mother
 Mirk, dark
 Mischanter, misfortune
 Mither, mother
 Monnie, or mony, many
 Mou', mouth
 Moudiwart, a mole
 Muckle, or Mickle, great, big, much
 Mutch, cap worn by females
 Mysel', myself

Na, no, not
 Nae, no, not any
 Naething, or Naithing, nothing
 Naig, a nag or horse
 Naigles, horses
 Nane, none
 Nelvefu', handful
 Neist, next
 Nicht, night
 Nicker, to neigh
 Niff-naff, fastidious
 Nippin, piercing, pinching
 Nippit, pinched
 Nocket, lurch
 Nook, corner
 Noucht, nought
 Nout-horn, cow-horn
 Nowte, cattle

O', of
 O'ercome, burden, as of a song
 Onie, any
 O't, of it
 Oursels, ourselves
 Owre, often, too

Owsen, oxen
Oxtering, to link arms

Paiks, knocks
Pairtin', parting
Pawkie, sly, humorous
Pawky, sly or cunning
Pechin', breathing hard
Perlins, jewels
Philabeg, the kilt
Pibroch, pipe, tune
Pickle, a small quantity
Pingle, to mop
Plack, an old Scottish coin
Pliskie, to trick
Pouther'd, powdered
Pow, head
Pree, to taste
Pree'd, tasted
Pu'd, pulled
Puirth, poverty
Puir, poor

Quo, said

Rackle-handed, strong-handed
Raid, inroad, foray
Rang, reigned
Rax, fetch, reach
Rede, warn
Reek, smoke
Rifted, torn
Rin, run
Ristle, to strike
Rout, the blowing of a horn
Routh, plenty
Rowpitt, hoarse
Rubbitt, rubbed
Rung, a walking stick

Sae, so
Saft, soft
Sair, sore
Sairly, sorely
Sang, song
Sark, shirt
Sassenach, Saxon or lowlander
Scraughin', screaming
Scrivein', to go swiftly
Scunner, disgust
Sel', self
Shank, to depart or set off, a thin scranky leg, a handle
Shauchled, ill or loosely shaped
Shaw, a wood in a hollow place
Shearing, reaping
Shelling, cot, a cottage
Shill, shrill
Shorking, wet feet

Sic, such
Siecan, such
Sicker, keen
Siller, silver money
Simmer, summer
Sin', since
Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury
Skeigh, proud, nice, high met-tled
Skelly, to squint
Skelp, to strike, to walk with a smart tripping step
Skirling, shrieking, crying
Skreigh, a scream, to scream
Slaw, slow, dull
Slee, sly
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Slogan, cry, war cry
Sma', small
Smack, kiss
Smooored, smothered
Snaw, snow, to snow
Snawy-drift, snow-drift
Sneeshin', snuff
Sonsy, stout, good looking
Sough, the sighing of the wind
Spak', spake
Speel'd, clamb
Speir, ask
Speired, inquired
Spence, parlor
Splarge, splutter
Sprachlin', scrambling
Spurtle, a stick with which por-ridge is stirred when boiling
Stane, stone
Staney, stoney
Stapplit, stepped
Starn, or Sternie, a star
Steek, shut
Stended, strided or walked
Stots, oxen
Stoun, pang
Stoups, measures for holding liquids
Stour, dust
Stown, stolen
Stumph, fool
Sunkets, left meat
Swarf, fright
Swarf, swoon
Swatter, splutter, flounce
Sweirt, not caring
Syne, then

Taen, taken
Tak', to take

Takin', taking
 Tak' tent, take heed
 Tane, tother, the one, the other
 Tapsalteeric, upside down
 Tent, caution, to take heed
 Thae, these
 Thegither, together
 Thowless, cold, broken-hearted
 Thraws, turns
 Tine, to lose
 Tings, tongs
 Tint, lost
 Tither, the other
 Titterin', giggling
 Tittle, sister
 Tittlen, to whisper
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Toddlin, tottering
 Toom, empty
 Totting, a child's run
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trow, believe, know
 Tryst, a meeting by appoint-
 ment
 Twa, two
 Tyke, dog
 Tyne, lose

Unco, strange
 Uncouth, uncomely

Wa', wall
 Wad, would
 Waddin', wedding
 Wadna, would not
 Wae, sorrowful
 Waefu', wailing, woeful
 Waes, woes
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Wallop, to leap, strike
 Walth, plenty
 Wark, work
 Warlock, wizard
 Warst, worst
 Warstle, wrestle
 Wat-ye, know ye
 Waukin', waking
 Waukrife, sleepless
 Waur, worse
 Wean, child
 Weary, or Wearie, tired
 Wede, weeded
 Wee, little

Weel, well
 Weelfare, welfare
 Weel waled, well chosen
 Ween, a vow—I ween, I wot
 Weet, rain, wetness dew
 Weir, war
 We'se, we shall
 Wha, who
 Wha'll, who will
 Wha wadna, who would not
 Whack, to fall, to strike
 Whang, to cut
 Whare, where
 Whiff, to fly off
 Whilk, which
 Whingin', to whine
 Whisht, silence
 Whisket, brushed past
 Whuds, runs nimbly
 Whummlin', to turn over
 Whup, whip
 Wi', with
 Willows, baskets
 Winna, will not
 Winsome, hearty, gay
 Wizend, wrinkled, withered,
 dried up
 Woo', wool
 Woo, to court, to make love
 Wraith, an apparition exactly
 like a living person, the ap-
 pearance of which is said to
 forebode the person's death
 Wrang, wrong, to wrong
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wull-cat, wild cat
 Wylle, cautious
 Wyte, blame

Yade, pony
 Yaff, chat, bark like a dog
 Yammer, to grumble
 Yatter, senseless talk
 Ye'll, you will
 Yerk, to strike
 Ye'se, you shall
 Yestreen, last night
 Yett, gate
 Ye've, ye have
 Yird, earh
 Yourself', yourself
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yule, Christmas

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It's fifty years by-gane
Since ye did clasp me to your breast
And ca' me a' yet ain.
There's ne'er an angry word, John,
Cam' ever out yer mou,
Ye aye ha'e been to me, John,
A husband kind and true.

“But John, I'm laith to say, John,
Our cat sprang at a mouse,
She's broken ilka dish, John,
That we ha'e in the house.
My head is like to rend, John,
My heart is filled wi' woe,
That cat will be the death o' me,
John Anderson, my jo.”

“Tib Anderson, my wife, Tib,
O! dinna sigh sae sair,
But get a kame and ca' it through
Your bonnie raven hair:
And syne put on your bonnet, Tib,
That hangs ahint the door;
And plate and dish I'll buy to you
At D. McCormick's store.”

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While some prefer gin 'bout the end o' the year;
And others may relish a snuff or a smoke,
A sang or a sermon, a crack or a joke,
I carena for smokin'—tobacco is dear—
I carena for snuff ony day in the year;
But slip down to Nielson's and bring up to me
A pound o' his Hyson—his grand Dollar Tea!

His teas are refreshin'—they strengthen the mind,
And mak' us feel couthie and canty and kind.
Now, folk, gang to Nielson's, and spend your bawbee,
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This warld's a warld o' trouble and care,
And at times folk e'en hang on the brink o' despair.
Now, dinna be rash; O, just hooly a wee,
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Hurrah for James Nielson! He's kind to the folk.
His store's No. 6, in the Russell House Block.
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q"

a ticket.
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