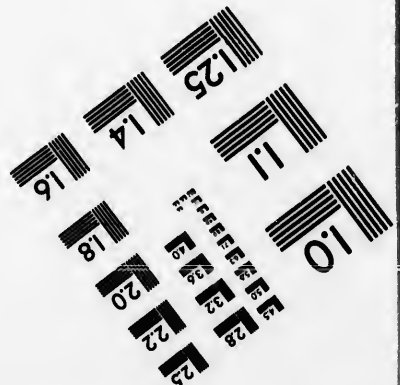
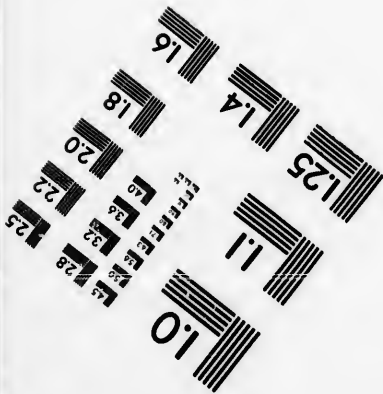
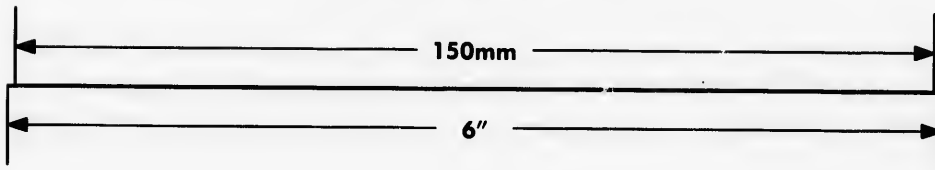
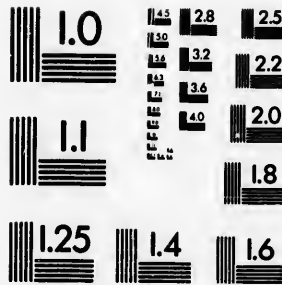
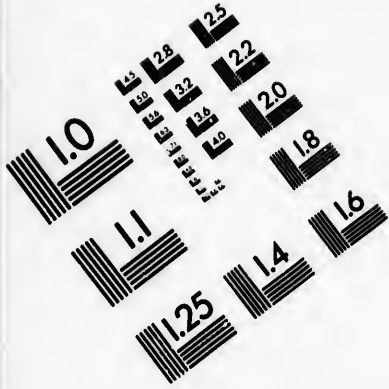


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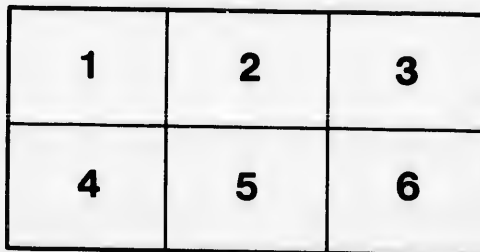
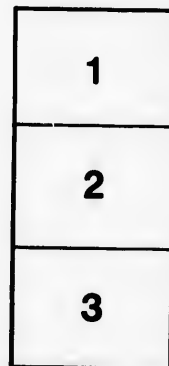
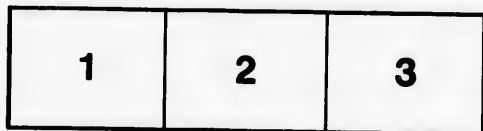
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THE WIFE,

OR THE

WUDDY ;

AND OTHER

Poems and Songs.

By W. BRICHAN.

BARNIA :

PRINTED AT THE OBSERVER STEAM JOB PRESS.

1876.

Archibald Campbell

Proctor

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Yours truly
W. Boicham

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THE WIFE

WEDDY

Poems and Songs

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THE WIFE OR THE WUDDY..

In Oakwood Tower, on Etrick banks,
They're dwalt a knight baith young and bauld ;
His daring deeds an' wily pranks,
Were aft the theme o' young an' auld.
Will Scott, o' Harden, was his name,
A name weel sung in border lore,
For he wad seldom leave his hame,
Without 'twere on a moonlicht splore.
Nae far frae Oakwood dwalt a knight,
At Elibank, his ain' strong hold ;
A man aye cruel in his micht,
A terror baith to young and old.
Sir Gideon Murray, he was ca'd,
Weel kent was he for miles around ;
For naething guid, but a' thing bad,
This same Sir Gideon was renowned.
A deadly feud atween the twa,
For some auld sair that wadna heal,
Had never failed their bluid to draw,
To mortal hate an' pointed steel.
Now Scott spoke to his fellowers a',
" Busk on ye're armor bricht an' clean,
An' straight we'll go to Murray's ha',
An' toom his byres an' faulds, I woen."
His men were ready at his ca',
A score o' them baith bauld an' stout,
As gude as e'er a sword did draw,
Wi' horses swift an' sure o' foot ;
As the sun sank in the West,
They rode along richt merrily,
Baith maids an' mithers as they past,
Cried, " We'll hae news ere morn we'll see ;
For Scott o' Harden ne'er set foot,
In stirrup gude for nightly splore,
But e're the morning's sun peeped oot,
Bricht swords were drawn an' dimmed wi' gore."
The morning licht had not appeared
When they came whare their booty lay ;

Nae Murrays could be seen or heard,
 Whilk help'd the Scotts to tak their prey.
 They toom'd the byres o' horned nowt,
 The faulds o' sheep they sweepit clean;
 And then for Oakland took their route,
 Young Scott o' Harden an' his men.

But cunning as was Willie Scott,
 In a' his plans made for the foray,
 Sir Gideon timely notice got,
 Whilk made him rouse ilk sleepin' Murray,
 And by the moonlicht there were eyes,
 Beholding every step they took,
 Their every movement watched by spies;
 Sir Gideon on them too did look:
 With fifty followers at his back,
 Baitt stout and stalwart men were they,

A' keen to follow on the track
 O' Willie Scott an' a' his prey.
 They followed on in silent march,
 Sir Gideon riding at their head,
 He whispered to them low and arch,
 "Now bide your time, while I you lead."

Whan therefore, Willie an' his band,
 Dispersing thro' the forest shades,
 Driving the prey frae hand to hand,
 Not thinkin' o' Sir Gideon's blades,
 Sir Gideon suddenly exclaimed,
 "Now for the onset, merry men,"
 His sleuth-hound ragin', fairly faimed,
 Wl' angry howl his voice did ken.

We're followed; Halt!" says Harden's heir,
 "To arms, to arms," he quickly cried,
 "We'll turn and at Sir Gideon spear,
 Gif his braid sword has been weel tried?"

The sheep and nowt awes out o'er,
 Were ta'en by some o' Willie's men,
 While a' the lave in haste did scour,
 Through tangled brush and boggy fen,
 To whare their leader's voice they heard;
 But tho' in speed they ran along,
 They were o'er late, and sair misdeared,
 For auld Sir Gideon cam' slap-bang,
 An' Scott and Simon, neist o' kin,
 Afore they'd time to cry for help,
 Surrounded were by Murray's men,
 And couldna at them get a skelp.

"Noo Willie Scott," Sir Gideon said,
 "Rash laddie, quietly yield to me,
 Or else I swear by my good blade,
 A thief's death in this wood ye'll dee,
 For in this forest where ye've drave,
 My cattle and my sheep as weel,
 The corbies for yer freens ye'll have,
 At least your corpse they'll see an' feel."

"Drag on, old greybeard," said the youth,
 But while a Scott has got the power
 To wag his finger o'er his mouth,
 He'll ne'er give up till the last hour.
 Sae now come on and do yer best,
 An' were ye ten to aye ye'd ken,
 That Willie Scott wears not the crest,
 To turn his back to Murray's men."

"Then by my sooth," Sir Gideon said,
 "Sma' mercy I'm inclined to show
 To you: for this bit midnight raid,
 An' less for what ye've said e'enow;
 Sae lads come on, an' Harden's clan,
 We'll humble to the lowest span."

"Arm, every Scot," to arms, cried he,
 "An' hoo, Sir Gideon, if ye will,
 Just measure weapons good wi' me,
 A chance ye'll hae to show yer skill,
 An' leave your bonny daughters three,
 A dowry to the world wide;
 Sae be't, ye canna weel blame me,
 Ye've chose the horz, an' ye musn ride;
 But there are lads amang ye'r clan,
 O wham they would been vera glad,
 Wha might in pity ta'en their han';
 This nicht the green sward they will wed;
 Sae noo Sir Gideon bauld, come on;
 An' you an' your's may tak' the dree
 O' a' that may this day be done,
 In mortal fecht 'tween you and me."

The fecht began, on ilk side
 The strife was bloody and severo,
 And like the Solway's angry tide,
 They rushed and closed from front to rear.
 Bold men took ither by the throat,
 And pointed swords to ither's breasts,
 And scowling furious, seemed to gloat
 Their eyes on ither like wild beasts,

And closing, each gave to his foe,
The deadly thrust which both have hurl'd,
Into eternity they go
To wake up in the spirit world.
The clang o' shields and clash o' swords
And maddened horses neighing loudly,
The frightened nowt ran off in herds,
The howl of sleuth-hounds rising proudly,
The angry voices of fierce men,
Discordant mingling wild together,
Rang through the forest an' the glen,
In fearfu' echo o'er the heather.
This wild sound quickly followed was,
By groans of wounded and of dying,
As they were sometimes in a mass,
Or here and there were singly lying.

But as I stated here before,
The Scotts an' nowt they drove before them,
Were scattered ere the foremost core,
Could come to order to restore them.
They overpowered and wounded were,
Or slain and cold lay in their blood,
'Gainst fearfu' odds the Scotts had fought;
Young Harden's sword wi' awfu' thud,
In's grasp was broke as quick as thought,
His horse struck dead, fell down beneath him,
He instantly surrounded was,
And prisoner ta'en, and Simon wi' him,
The few remaining Scotts gave way,
When they descried their leader taken,
They fled and left the nowt to stray,
In Oak wood forest among the bracken.

Sir Gideon, therefore, back again,
Got a' the prey that they had stown,
An' tho' but prisoners twa he'd ta'en,
The chief was ene, the other known
As kinsman, an' the next in power
To Harden's chief on ilka splore.
Sir Gideon then commanded streicht,
That they together should be bound,
Wi' hempen cords; an' in that plight,
Led them to Elibank, Murray's ground.
'Twas noon before they reached the house,
And Lady Murray she came forth,
To welcome hame her lord sae crouse,
An' praise him for his warlike worth;

But when young Harden she beheld
 A captive in Sir Gideon's hand,
 An' thoct o' the sma's chance he had,
 O' mercy at his captor's hand,
 A mother's feelings rose within
 Her breast, and thochts began to come,
 That one of her's of nearest kin,
 Might some day captive be like him:
 Young Harden and his kinsman old,
 Were thrust into a dungeon dark,
 And by their keeper they were told,
 They'd hang next day baith stiff and stark.

Then Simon to the keeper said,
 "An auld an' feckless man like me,
 Ye surely wadna nick his thread
 O' life upon a gallows tree.
 Behead or shoot me if ye like,
 I'll never flinch, nor yet complain;
 But to be hanged like ony tyke,
 Is sae disgracefu' in the main,
 I'd rather dee ten times a day,
 Than fin' the hemp about my neck;
 Moreover, I mak' bold to say,
 Such treatment does not show respect
 To oor young laird and maister dear.
 His birth, an' rank, an' forbears great,
 Mair odds deserve frae you, that's clear,
 Although by you we has been beat,
 Sae ye may gang an' tell the Laird,
 If he's determined we're to dee,
 As gentlemen he'll pay regard
 To us: an' think forhan swee."

"Silence, Simon," cried the Laird,
 "Let Murray hang us if he will,
 In's chamber high; without regard,
 To what way he oor bluid may spill,
 It matters not to you nor me,
 In what way we oor death may get,
 Provided whan we come to dee
 That we oor death like men may meet,
 Let Murray hang us if he dare.
 An' the disgrace an' shame be his,
 Wha's mean enough for foemen's fare,
 To gie them wuddies roon their wis."

"Oh! Sir," cried Simon in reply,
 "But that's poor comfort to a man,

Wha's sentence is that he mann dee,
An' leave his wife an' bairns byhan."

"Simon, are ye afraid to dee?"

The captive laird rebuking said,

When Simon answered, "No, not I."

That is, I am no more afraid,

Than others are or ought to be

To die, but not on gallows tree.

The Laird again to Simon said,

"What matters it what death ye dee,

If ye don't finch, nor be afraid,

When ye're below the gallows-tree,

As for ye're wife and bairnies dear,

Fear not for them for if ye go,

My father's house will shield them clear,

As lang 's they live frae want and woe,

For though at present I should fall,

There's other heirs to Harden Hall."

And while the twa were thus relaid,

Conversing in their dungeon dear,

Lady Murray to her husband said,

"And what, Sir Gideon, may I speir,

Do ye intend to do wi' Scott,

Since him ye in yer power hae got."

He drew her gently by the hand,

Towards the chamber window hie,

And pointing out towards the lawn,

Where grew a tall, wide spreading tree,

Said, "Do ye see yon elms tree branch,

That wi' the wind does wave an' ding?

Young Scott, an' Simon at his bench,

The morrow on that branch shall swing!"

"O noo, my dear guidman," says she,

"'Twas terror working in my breast,

That ye the like o' that might do,

Whilk caused me to mak' this request;

Noo I maun say, Sir Gideon bauld,

Whatever ye may think or noo,

To hang young Scott an' his kinsman auld,

Wad be indeed a foolish act."

"The foolishness o'er looks me,

Ner do I in the least repine,

Did e'er a Scott, a ba' or the,

Show mercy unto me or mine,

The ba' is at my fit, an' noo,

My lady I will klock it too,

Though I the Scotts o' Harden bow,
 By cutting down their head I trow,
 An' what mean ye," Sir Gideon said,
 "By sayin' I act foolishly?"
 "'Twas only this, guidman," she cried,
 "That I would something say to ye.
 Ye ken we've single dochters three,
 An' no the bonniest in the land,
 An' its not every day that ye
 A man for aue hae in ye'r han'."
 "My sooth, gudewife, for ance ye're richt
 In a' ye'r life, my bonny doo;
 In that remark there's wisdom bricht,
 I never thocht wad come frae you.
 The morn young Harden's choice he'll hae,
 To either wed our dochter Meg,
 On th' instant, or his fits shall be
 To strap for't on the elm snag."
 "Aweel, Sir Gideon," added she,
 "To mak' him wed oor dochter sure,
 More purpose like is sure to be,
 Than cut him off just in the flower
 O's youth; the only hope and head,
 O' Harden House, baith auld an' braw;
 An' there's nae doot but he'll be glad,
 For muckle odds there's tween the twa."
 The knight says, "Dinna be aise sure;
 Nae sayin' what his choice may be,
 For contradictions nature doure
 An' pluck an' spirit baith has he;
 I wadna be a' bit surpris'd
 If he prefer the gallows tree.
 If I were him, I'm weel advis'd
 What my ain choice wad surely be."
 "I daur say, noo," the Lady said;
 "I guess what that choice wad hae been."
 "An' what in a' ye'r wisdom braid,
 Think ye, be't wife or wuddy green?"
 "O Gideon, Gideon, list to me,"
 Sae blythely then the lady spake,
 "Ye'r choice ye ken a wife wad be."
 Syne laughed, and gied her head a shake,
 "Ye're wrang," quo he, "I'd rather dee,
 The death that was before my een,
 Tho' it were on the gallows tree,
 Than wed a wife I ne'er had seen;"

But gang ye noo, an' Meg prepare,
 To be a bride by skreigh-o'-day,
 An' I'll gae see what Harden's heir
 To the proposal has to say."
 The lady socht the dochter's room,
 Where Meg her distaff twirled wi' glee,
 Her cheery look withouten gloom,
 Gart pleasure beam in Maggie's ee.
 Her mither then began to crack,
 Wi' saying, "I think now Meg, my doo,
 An' auld gudewife o' me ye mak,
 For ye are sax-an'-twenty, noo."
 "Sae I believe," poor Maggie said,
 An' then she drew a long, long breath,
 O whilk her mither took hae heed,
 But still kept on her cracking graith.
 "Dear me," quo she, "I kenna how
 It is that men are grown sae scarce,
 For bare nineteen was I, I trow,
 When we were wed abune the mersie;
 An I sax offers had denied,
 Before ye're father I did wed."
 "Ah, mither," but the maid replied,
 "A weel-faired face was on ye'r side,
 An there the difference lies! heigho!"
 "Heigho!" her mother quick replied,
 "What keeps my Meg heighoin' so?
 If ye in wedlock's bands are tied,
 When sax-an'-twenty years ye've seen,
 A lucky lass ye'll think ye've been."
 "Aye, aye" says Meg, "sma' prospect noo,
 There isna sic' a chance I fear;
 Ye'll see the Ettrick runnin' through
 The dowie dells o' Yarrow clear,
 Before an offer's made to me."
 "Hoot-toot, my bairn, say ye nae sae,
 Ye kenna yet what may betide ye;
 Ye think that wedded ye'll no be,
 When sax-an'-twenty years bestride ye;
 But truly, Meg, my dear," says she,
 "There's mair unlikely ships frae sea,
 Hae lauded safely in our quay,
 Noe what think ye o' Harden's laird?"
 "O mother, mother, check me not,
 I thocht for me ye'd mair regard,
 Than jest to me o' Willis Scott."

My father has him prisoner ta'en,
 An' free what I hae heard an' seen,
 He'll hang before the mornin's gane;
 Ye weel ken what's my father's mien:
 When he says anything he'll do,
 He'll do't in spite of you or me;
 How can ye jest o' Harden so;
 When he's so near the gallows' tree?
 Tho' rather than Sir Gideon stern,
 Should tak' his life on the dule tree,
 The sacrifice of mine I'd turn,
 To saving his, if that could be."

"Weel spoken, bairn," the dame replied;
 "But diuna ye be scared, my lass,
 About what never has been tried,
 An' what may never come to pass.
 I doubtna but before the morn,
 Ye'll fin' young Harden at your feet,
 An' beggin' you withouten scorn,
 To save his life at ony rate,
 By givin' him ye'r hand and troth,
 An' thus become his wedded wife;
 An' then for shame and prudence baith,
 Yer father couldna tak' his life."

"O mother, mother," Maggie said,
 "To save him lies not in my power,
 For what ye've said he'll never heed,
 And were we wed this vera hour,
 I doubt if Scott he wad release,
 Tho' I should beg it on my knees."
 The lady then said, "Meg, my doo,
 Yer father won't so vengefu' prove;
 If Scott consent to marry you,
 Ye'll henceforth find them hand in glove."

While this bit talk was takin' place
 Atween the dame and dochter dear,
 Sir Gideon gaed wi' angry face
 Into the room where's prisoners were;
 An' thus addressing Harden's laird,—
 "Ye rank marauder, list to me;
 Tho' death's the least in my regard,
 That ye deserve e'en now from me;
 Yet for yer life a chance ye'll hae,
 An' ye shall choose between a wife,
 Or strap for't on the elm tree,
 An' there ye'll end yer worthless life."

To-morrow, by the akreigh-o-day,
 Ye'll either wed my dochter Meg,
 Or swing upon the nearest tree,
 Where mercy then ye canna beg;
 An' then, my sooth, the bauldest Scott
 On a' the border up or down,
 Can't take ye down until ye rot,
 And drop a fleshless skeleton."

"Now, good Sir Gideon," Simon said,
 "Ye surely never did intend,
 Though I was second in the raid,
 O me to make see mean an end.
 O maister dear, just for my sake,
 An' for yer ain sake too, as weel,
 An' for my helpless bairns, alake!
 Consent to wed the lassie leal."

"Peace, Simon," now young Harden said,
 "If ye have turned coward now,
 Just keep yer tongue atween yer teeth,
 And let not that disturb us too.
 And you, Sir Gideon," added he,
 "In your amazing courtesy,
 Wad spare my life frae your dule tree
 If I yer dochter's man would be."

"I'm Scott, o' Harden, sir," says he;
 "And ye are lord o' Elibank lands,
 There's nae love lost 'tween us, ye see;
 Chance has my life placed in yer hands
 Ye're welcome now my life to tak'
 For I'll no wed yer dochter dear,
 Tho' ye my life wad gie me back,
 An' a' the lands o' Elibank clear.
 I fear as little to meet my doom,
 As just to tell ye to yer teeth,
 That had ye in my clutches com,
 I'd very soon hae stopt yer breath.
 I'd hung ye wi' as small ado
 As whip a disobedient hound,
 Therefore ye're doubly welcome now
 To do yer warst on the same ground.
 Ye think ye've ta'en the surest way
 To get a man for winsome Meg,
 But it has proved a losing game,
 For Willie Scott ye crannae neg,
 Sac do yer warst, an there will be,
 Plenty o' Scotts my death to dree."

"Then there's my thumb," Sir Gideon said;
 "Young braggart, ye yer choice hae made;
 The morn ye shall exalted be
 As high as Haman's gallows tree.
 Let them revenge yer death who dare,
 For aught I ken or aught I care."
 "O Maister, dear," old Simon said,
 An' wrung his hands as he replied,
 "Will ye destroy yer kinsman too,
 An' leave his wife and bairns in woe?
 Oh, sir, lay low that stubborn pride,
 An' tak' young Maggie for yer bride."
 "Be silent, Simon," cried the Laird;
 "If ye hae sic a great regard
 To be a Scott, an' kin to me,
 Death surely canna scare ye sae."
 "Excuse me, sir," auld Simon said;
 "O' death I ne'er was yet afraid;
 If 'twas upon a battle field,
 I'd rather fecht an' dee, than yield;
 An' tho' my clothes were torn an' bloody,
 I'd rather wear them than the wuddy."
 "An' O, Sir Gideon," Simon said;
 "I'm no sae very auld indeed,
 But if my freedom ye'll gie me,
 Although a married man I be,
 If e'er a widower I become,
 I couldna lang be wearisome;
 My solemn oath to you I'd gie
 To wed ane o' yer dochters thrie."
 The knight incensed, he thus exclaimed,
 "Audacious fool!" and wrath inflamed,
 He raised his hand and struck a blow
 Which laid poor Simon very low.
 To see his kinsman thus struck down
 Young Harder's anger knew no bounds,
 An' to the knight he said with scorn,
 "Are ye a knave, sae basely born,
 As strike a fettered prisoner? shame!
 Where's a' yer pride an' a' yer fame?"
 Sir Gideon felt the laird's rebuke,
 An' as he left them thus he spoke;
 "Remember that the sun, at noon,
 So surely shall ye be brocht doon,
 An' then a wife shall be yer lot,
 Or else a wuddy on yer throat."

"Then leave me now," young Harden said;
 "The gallows be't, my choice is made,
 Till my last hour o' earthly pain,
 I tell ye, fash me not again."

Said Simon, "Sir, I beg an' pray,
 That ye will alter what ye say,
 An' save our lives, whate'er betide,
 By taking Maggie for yer bride.
 Ye kenna now, but after a'

The lassie's looks are her warst flaw;
 Her temper's gude, wi' frouth o' sense;
 Discreet to a', wi' nae pretence.
 An' oh, sir, if ye kent as weel,
 The married life as me, ye'd feel;

'Twas but part o' wedlock's duty,
 To prize gude temper mair than beauty."

"Fool, hand thy tongue," quick said the laird;
 "Wad thou disgrace, without regard
 The family name o' which ye sprung,
 And on their fame dishonor bring,
 When in the power and the control
 O' sic a mean, unshriven soul?
 Do as ye see me do, and we'll
 Die and defy them neck and heel."

'Twas drawin' near the midnight hour,
 When opened was the prison door.
 The sentry then who watched the tower,
 Led in a lass a' muffled o'er.

"What want ye, or whom do ye seek,"
 Young Harden speared, wi' accent meek.
 "I cam'," said she, "wi' due regard
 To speak a word to Harden's laird,
 An' speer, if through a lassie's hands,
 She might fulfill yer last commands."

"Yer last commands," poor Simon said;
 "Are they no awfu' words indeed;
 An' can ye stik be folly's butt,
 An' say ye winna marry yet?"

"Wha sent ye, maiden, here to me?"
 Cried Harden's laird; "and wha are ye?"
 "A simple lassie, Sir," she said;
 "Sir Gideon's lady's waiting maid,
 In whom ye'll find a faithfu' friend,
 Till for your woes ye find an end;
 Though if ye still poor Meg refuse,
 My intercession's little use."

"Why did yer lady send ye here?"

The laird he then went on to speer,

"Just, Sir, because she is a mother;

An' mother's feelings canna smother.

As ye've a mother an' sister too,

Wha now at Oakwood mourn for you,

She thoct that likely ye might hae

Some word to them ye'd wish to say;

An' if it be sae, I am come

To bear the welcome message home."

"Dear maid," said Scott, "wi' grief I'll smother;

Talk not to me of my dear mother,

For if ye do I'll be undone.

I'd wish to die like father's son."

"That's richt," said Simon, "Hinnie, dear,"

He whispered in the maiden's ear,

"About his mother speak again,

Her sorrows an' her grief an' pain,

An' I hae little doubt but we

Will get him Maggie's man to be,

And after that I may get clear,

Back to my wife and bairnies dear."

The laird to Simon, sternly said,

"What's that ye whispered to the maid?"

"O naething," Simon faltered oot,

His face as white as ony clout;

"I only said if she gaed o'er

Wi' word frae you to Oakwood tower,

To your dear mother, she might speer,

For Janet and my bairnies dear,

And tell her tently as she can,

That naething did me so unman,

In th' hour o' death, as thochts to sever,

From my dear wife and bairns forever."

To Simon's tale he said no heed,

But this to the intruder said:

"Ye speak like a considerate lass,

An' if to Oakwood ye wad pass,

Wi' you I'd like fu' weel to sen'

To mother dear a scrape o' pen;

And sure am I if ye'll comply,

She will reward you generously."

"And maybe ye might like to hear,

An' answer frae yer mother dear,

To learn how she the sad news bore,

O' your unlucky midnight splore."

"Before ye can return," said he,
 "The hour will come when we mean doo,
 And for my mother's griefs I'll feel,
 The sympathy o' a ghast adweel."

"But wi' respect, sir," added she,
 "Yer mother ye might like to see,
 Or hear frae, as the case might be,
 Or speak to her before ye dee;

For family matters there may be
 Whilk ye wad like arranged to see;
 I think thro' my good lady's word,
 Sir Gideon wadna be see hard,

But what she might wi' him prevail,
 By an unvarnished tender tale,
 To grant to you in honor bright,
 Some three or four days o' respite;

An' as Sir Gideon's not the man,
 That keeps his anger lang on han',
 By that time he might be disposed
 To ope on you the door that's closed,

An' gie ye life an' liberty,
 On terms that wad accepted be."

"No, maiden," he replied, "oh no!
 Sir Gideon is my mortal foe,
 From him I ask no terms; nor will;
 Let him his purpose now fulfill.

I'll die upon the gallows tree,
 But weel reveng'd my death will be.
 An' tell my mother dear, frae me,
 My last injunction is, that she

Should order every man-grown Scott
 Whilk to our house belongs by lot,
 Her son's death quickly to avenge,
 An' on the Murrays take revenge,

While there's ane left in Scotland braid,
 To rue Sir Gideon's vengefu' deed."

Said Simon, "Lassie, I'd refuse
 To bear his mother ocht sic news;
 But rather now, as ye hae said,
 Get Lady Murray to persuade

Sir Gideon baith our lives to spare,
 For two-three days, be't less or mair,
 The auld knight's anger, as ye say,
 By that time may hae passed awa'.

Or maybe my young maister dear,
 May marry Meg, and get a baith clear."

"Stop, Simon," now the laird cried out;
 "The maid has spoken kind, nae doubt;
 Let her for you get a reprieve,
 But me unto mysel' ye'll leave."
 "O Sir," said Simon, in a swither;
 "Ye change my meaning a' thegither;
 If ye're to dee, I'll dee also;
 I'll never leave my maister, no!
 But don't ye think that it would be
 More rational, at least, to see
 An' hear young Maggie speak hersel',
 And her opinion frankly tell,
 Before ye fix yer mind to dee,
 On yonder awfu' gallows tree."

Then spoke the maid, wi' due regard,
 As she address'd young Harden's laird:
 "An' hae ye still yer death preferred,
 To Meg whom ye've not seen nor heard?"

"If I've no seen her," said the laird,
 "I've heard o' her wi' a' sma' regard;
 By a' accounts, her looks are nae
 What any man would like to hae
 Cling to him thro' the world wide,
 Just like a shadow by his side."

"Belike," the maiden to him said,
 "Her looks to you hae been portrayed
 As being waur than what they are;
 Yer thochts micht change if ye but saw her,
 An' after a', if she's no bonny,
 Its a' that can be said by ony."

"Whisht, lassie, whisht, it canna be;
 Young Meg I winna daurna see.
 For this is true, as sure's ye live,
 A Scott may lead, but winna drive.
 Yer mistress may be fu' o' grace,
 But I've nae wish to see her face.
 I winna hae her for my bride,
 Wi' a' her charms, what'er betide.
 But I must say, ere you depart,
 Yer words bespeak a feeling heart.
 Before ye carry my last letter,
 To my dear mother, I'd like better
 To hae a glance at your young face,
 That by yer countenance I micht trace,
 Whether or not it might be safe
 To trust ye wi' a letter wae."

"I doubt, Sir," thus replied the maid,
 As she exposed her face and head,
 "That in my features ye will see,
 As little as ye thocht wad be
 In my young mistress's ain face,
 To recommend me to yer grace;
 But, Sir, ye ocht to bear in mind,
 That jewels of the finest kind
 Are often crusted in a coat,
 Of coarser metals round about;
 And in a rough shell of ye'll find,
 A kernel of the sweetest kind."

Wi' glowin' heart, "My lass," said he,
 "Ye speak baith sweet and sensibly."
 He raised the lamp and had the chance,
 To gaze upon her countenance.

"An' now, my lass, to you I'll tell,
 Though prisoner in this lonely cell,
 That if yer features are nae fine,
 There's honesty in every line;

An' though ye are my foeman's maid,
 I'll trust ye now," young Harden said.
 "Try if ye can for me obtain,
 Some paper, wi' some ink an' pen,

With which to write to mother dear,
 And which ye'll kindly to her bear."

"Ye may confide in me," said she,
 "And here's yer writing graith, as ye
 Desire; I brocht it here wi' me,
 Write, and not only shall it be

Delivered safe; but noo as ye
 Put trust and confidence in me,
 I venture might to you to say,
 Respite ye'll get for twa three days,

Till ye receive her answer back
 Frae me, when I come o'er the track
 For my requests to Lady Murray,
 She'll see performed in a hurry;

An' if I had it in my power,
 Ye wadna be confined an hour."

"Oa, doubly thank ye," Simon chimed,
 "Ye are a lassie good and kind,
 And the my maister winna marry
 Yer mistress dear, I wadna tarry;
 Were I but single handed now,
 And free, to quickly marry you."

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But when you to his mother bear,
 The letter safe, wad ye but speer
 About my wife and bairnies dear;
 An' if 'twas see that ye could see her,
 Just tell her that I never knew,
 How dear I loved her until now;
 But if she wot again, just say,
 My ghost will haunt her night and day.
 An' tell my bairnies a' thegither,
 I charge them to be good to mother."

The young laird sat him down an' wrote,
 An' to the lassie gied the note.
 He kissed her hand as she withdrew,
 While doon his cheek a' saut tear flew.

'Twas early dawn when Maggie rose;
 Straight to her father then she goes,
 An' sought an interview wi' him,
 Which he did grant wi' visage grim.
 She clasped her arms about his neck,
 And him saluted wi' respect.
 "So, father, now I understand,
 It is yer will I'll gie my hand,
 To Scott o' Harden for his wife;
 If he'll consent, ye'll save his life;
 Now, since to you I maun be frank,
 Its due ilk child o' Ellbank,
 Like a' the ladies o' our land,
 Should courted be, before her hand
 She gies to ane that's never seen her,
 Or kent her; it would see beme'n her.
 An' never will poor Meg disgrace,
 Her father dear see out o' place,
 As gie her hand to ony man,
 Although a chieftain o' his clan,
 That takes it only to escape,
 From hanging wi' a hempen rope.
 But if it be my sire's command,
 That I to him maun gie my hand,
 I'd like to hae, before I wed,
 Some sma' acquaintance wi' the lad,
 To see what sort o' chap he is,
 What temper, and what mind he has;
 An' therefore Meg most humbly prayeth,
 That ye this marriage or this death,
 Delay should for a week at least,
 That I may hae a chance to test,

How far it might be wise in me,
To gie consent his wife to be."

"Gie me thy hand, Meg," said the knight,
"I didna think thou was sae bricht,

Nor had sic gumption in thy head,
As say what thou just now has said.

But thy request is useless now,
For he's refused to marry you;

So there is naething left for him,
But swing upon the clm limb."

"Now, faither, don't," the lassie says,
But let me hae three or four days,

Till I acquainted wi' him be,
An' if he does not marry me

By that time, an' withouten dower,
I'll say I am a blacker flower,

Than what the folks say, since I grew,
Wi' a' my fauts, and muckle mou."

"For Maggie's sake four days he'll get,
But if he still refus you yet,

He'll hang before yon window high,
Wi' Simon for his company."

Being thus assured, Meg laid a plan,
To save their lives, and get a man.

In her dochters' midst the mother sat,
Looking far yont for Willie Scott,

Ilk form descried i' the distance dim,
She vainly thocht wad sure be him;

Or wad hae news o' him at least,
For she was sore in mind distress't

But when the news were brocht to her,
That he was Elibank's prisoner,—

"Alake," quo' she, and wept anon,
"My Willie's death is settled on:

For often has Sir Gideon said
He'd gie a' Elibank for his head.

My Willie is my only son,
My firstborn, wham I doat upon;

An' oh, if I should lose him now,
An' never frae his kindly mou,

Again hear 'mother' said by him,
My cup o' sorrow's reached its brim.

Wi' him that takes his life away,
I'll hae a fearfu' reckoning day,

And cauld shall many a hearthstone be,
O' Murray's clan, and loud their wae."

The dochters grat for Willie's fate,
 Wif her; but in her present state
 They wistna how to comfort gie;
 An' while tears stood in ilka e'e,
 A humble maid in joy they heard,
 Had brocht a message frae the laird;
 And as she entered wif the note,
 Desired to speak wif Lady Scott.

"Haste," the impatient mother cried,
 "An' bring the lassie to my side.
 Now, lassie, tell me a' thegither,
 What Willie says to his poor mother."

"He's sent ye this bit packet, mem,
 An' glad I'll be to tak' to him
 Whatever answer ye may hae,
 To send to him," thus answered she.

"An' wha are ye, young lassie, dear,
 That speaks so kindly to me here,
 And takes sic interest in the fate
 Of my poor Willie and his mate?"

"A servant lassie, mem," said she,
 "But ane that would far sooner gie
 Her life to save e'en yours or his,"
 The lassie's kindly answer was.

"Bless you for these kind words," she said;
 Syne broke the seal and thus she read:

"My honored mother, dear and loved,
 Fate has a traitor to me proved:
 In Murray's hands, our mortal foe,
 I've fallen, and can't his wrath forego.
 I'm doomed by him the morn to dee,
 But sit na doon an' mourn for me.
 Rise up and send abroad yer order,
 Rouse every Scott upon the Border,
 And let them Murray's house alarm;
 Let a mother's vengeance nerve your arm.
 Poor Simon, wha's along wif me,
 My mate in death he is to be;
 He mourns his fate, and fondly yearns
 Wif weakly heart, for wife and bairns.
 But after he is dead and gane,
 Ye'll feed an' clead them, ilka ane.
 But as for me, I'll meet my death,
 Disdaining Murray to his teeth;
 For e'en in death I'll gar him see,
 That I despise him heartily."

For kindness ye to him did show,
 For which my heart does kindly flow,
 But do ye think it could be see,
 That I to Elibank could gae?
 An' if ye can devise aae means,
 To set him free frae Murray's chains,
 If ye could get's an hour thegither,
 When he beholds his waefu' mither,
 Upon her knees before him kneel,
 His heart will then be saft as jeel;
 And he wad Murray's dochter wed
 Although ill-favored she's been ca'd."
 "My Leddy," answered the maid,
 "By me its little can be said;
 But if ye'd like to see yer son,
 I'd surely try the risk to run,
 An' tho' no good of it might come,
 I'll say I'd see ye safely home."
 About an hour's time saw my leddy,
 Disguised and for the journey ready;
 An' wi' a basket on her head,
 To Elibank sped wi' the maid.
 The twa we'll leave wi' due regard,
 While back we'll turn to Harden's laird.
 Frae's window in the prison, he,
 Viewed sunrise, which his last wad be,
 The last on which he was to look
 If saved not by hook or crook.
 He heard the sentries wha there out,
 Relieved ilk ither time about.
 He heard their footsteps o'er and o'er,
 Before the prison's grated door.
 And as the sun had southward gone,
 Proclaiming the approach of noon,
 Poor Simon trembled like a leaf;
 He strove to pray without relief.
 And as the sentries' footsteps sped,
 His spirit groaned in waefu' dread.
 At length the booming of the gong
 Told it was noon both loud and strong.
 Poor Simon, in an awfu' swither,
 Gat up and clasped his han's thegither:
 Says, "Maister, dear, our hour is come,
 When we'll be sent to our lang home,
 Ae word frae you would save us baith
 And still yer stubborn unto death."

"Simon," said Scott, "I've orders gien,
 To mother, 'bout yer wife an' weans,
 She shall provide for them at will,
 An' my request she'll sure fuifill;
 Be ye content and bravely dee,
 An' no disgrace versel' an' me.

"O, Sir, I'll no disgrace ye now,
 An' bring dishonor on ye too;
 But only, Sir, I canna see,
 The smallest need for us to dee."

While Simon spoke yet, ceased the sound
 O' sentry's footsteps on the ground.
 The prison door was ope'd wi' ease,

While Simon fell upon his knees,
 'Twas different wi' young Harden's laird,
 Who proudly at the intruder stared.

"Yer lives are spared anither day,"
 A voice said, "that young Harden may,
 Have time to think in'a prison grim,

Of the proposal made to him;
 But hope on any other pact,
 'Tis useless for him to expect;

But yield or not, e'en as he may,
 His life's spared for another day."

The prison doors were closed again,
 The bolts were drawn wi' might an' main.
 Sir Gideon's spirit was too proud,

To keep his word wi' Maggie good,
 For four days more their lives to spare,
 As he had given his promise fair.

He now resolved that they should dee,
 Next day upon the gallows' tree.

The sun set on the prison grim,
 An' frae the lamp a licht fu' dim,
 Shone round the prison where they were,

In fittin' shadows here an' there,
 When in again the maiden came,
 Wha carried Harden's letter hame.

He thus exclaimed, "My gentle maid,
 'Tis very kind o' you indeed,
 Would that I could you now reward,
 In token of my true regard.

How fares it with my mother dear?
 What answer has she sent me here?
 What says she to me," Harden said;

"How does she bear my fate, dear maid;"

"She is as one whose heart is broken,
 And comfort to her can't be spoken.
 But she wad rather twa than one,—
 A dochter and her only son ;
 And now she prays that live ye may
 An' mak' her happy mony a day,
 By weddin' Meg, wham ye despise ;"
 Thus to the laird the maid replies.

"What, has my mother sae forgot
 Hersel' : as to desire my lot
 To be cast in along wi' her
 Our bitter foeman's eldest daughter !
 Who, tho' the country side ye'd rake,
 Naebody else ye'd fin' to take ;
 It ne'er shall be," exclaimed the laird ;
 "In everything I'd pay regard
 To mother's will, nae matter what,
 Except to yield to her in that."

"But," said the maiden, "yet I think,
 Before at Meg ye get a blink,
 Yere wrang the lassie to despise,
 Or her ill looks to criticise.
 Her looks an' temper baith may be
 Far better than ye'd hope to see ;
 As guid as Willie Scott hae said,
 Wer't in their power to get the maid,
 They'd tak' her without any strife
 To be their lawfu' wedded wife ;
 An' then, Sir, ye should keep in view,
 'Twill be mair pleasant far for you,
 To hear the lav'rock blythely sing,
 Aboon yer head in cheerfu' spring,
 As for yur mother dear to hear
 The wind sough o'er yer grave so drear.
 Anither day ye hae to live,
 An' see an' speak to her belyve,
 Before that ye sae rash decide,
 Refusing Maggie for yer bride.
 Your doonk is cruel frae his han',
 But Murray is a wra'hfu' man,
 An' whan an angry fit he's in,
 Pity, he's nane, for kith or kin.
 Death surely is a fearfu' thing,
 To think about by priest or king ;
 An' for yer ain sake an' for hers,
 Wha's now in sorrow and in tears

For you; and for yer sisters' sake,
A rash conclusion dinna make."

"Sweet lass," said he, "I must avow,
You sympathy and pity show,
But never shall Sir Gideon see
To save my life he frightened me
To wed his pretty dochter Meg.
No! I would rather starve or beg.

And when my mother's griefs subside,
She'll praise me for my stubborn pride."

"Weel, Sir, since ye will gie nae heed,
To the advice that I hae gied,
The which, I hae nae richt to proffer,"
The maiden said, "I've ane to offer,
To you wha's word should never fail,
And, wha's advice will more avail."

"Whom will ye send," enquired he;
"Ye'll surely no play false wi' me."
"No; that's not possible," says she,
"And frae her that I'll send to ye
Ye'll quickly learn whether to you,
I've kept my word, baith good an' true."
So saying thus, the maid withdrew,
And left the laird in waefu' stew,
At what the lassie thus did state,
As weel's her interest in his fate.
The lassie hadna weel gane out,
Whan in rushed stately Lady Scott,
With grief an' sorrow clean outdone,
She sank in the arms o' her son:

"My mother dear, O how is this!"
Cried he in momentary bliss.

"My honored lady," Simon whined,
"Yer prayers wi' mine will sure be join'd
To try gin' he'll young Maggie wed,
An' save his ain an' my auld head."

But as she hung on Willie's neck,
She heeded not the words he spake,
While thus she to her son did say,
"My son, since there's no other way,
By which yer life can be obtained,
Yield to fierce Murray's hard demand,
Take Maggie for yer wedded wife,
And save yer mother's wretched life;
For if ye die on gallows tree,
'Twill also be the death o' me."

"Dear mother," loudly answered he,
 "I'd rather hang on any tree,
 Wi' weel-rax'd neck an' pinioned arms,
 Than take my life upon such terms.
 I'm now in auld Sir Gideon's han's,
 An' grippit ticht in prison bands;
 But, mother, it may soon come roun',
 Yes, see ye that it does come soon,
 When he shall fall into the hands,
 O' the Scotts o' Harden's trusty band.
 And mother dear, ye'll see that he
 Is done to as he'll do to me.
 But tell me, mother, mother dear,
 How does it come that you are here?
 What made ye venture here sae free,
 Who gave you leave to visit me?
 If he but found you in his power,
 I doubtna but this very hour,
 Without a word o' sturt or strife,
 He'd fix a ransom on yer life."

"The lassie brave, that brocht to me
 The letter that she got frae ye,
 At my request, has brocht me here;
 Ance mair my Willie's voice to hear.
 She says my visit shan't be known
 To the ears of auld Sir Gideon;
 But as ye love her, Willie dear,
 That's nursed ye many a tender year,
 Yer life ye maanna throw away,
 But surely save it as ye may,
 And marry Maggie richt awa',
 An' live for many a happy day;
 For if the lassie is na bonny,
 Her disposition's guid as ony."

"That's richt, my Leddy," Simon said:
 "Urge him again to tak' the maid,
 For it would be an awfu' thing,
 For him an' me to hae to swing:
 A ruefu' spectacle at best,
 For a' the Murrays but a jest.
 Urge him again, for yet he may,
 Pay mair regard to what ye say.
 Though he despise my counsel wise,
 An' hearken not to my advice."
 The laird said, "Simon, never, sure,
 Shall Murray hae it in his power,"

To boast with pride that he struck fear,
 I' the breast o' Scott o' Harden's heir.
 My mind's made up an' fix't as fate,
 My doom is welcome air or late;
 I ask nae odds frae Murray's han',
 I'll meet my fate just like a man.

Come, mother dear, weep not for me,
 Nor let our bitter enemy see
 A pallid cheek, or pale blanch'd face,
 Which to a Scott wad be disgrace.
 But hasten and my death avenge,
 And think that in yer ain revenge,
 Although it cost you mental pain,
 Yer son's not dead but lives again;
 And though I die on gallows tree,
 'The moonlight yet again ye'll see."

She hung upon his breast and wept,
 While turned away his head he kept.
 To her entreaties loud and clear,
 He long refused to lend an ear.
 At length again returned the maid,
 Who came into the room and said,

"Ye now must part, for in an hour
 Sir Gideon will be on this tower,
 And should he find my leddy here,
 Or know that I had brocht her clear,
 Sma' power indeed, I'd hae to gie
 Protection safe to you or he."

"Farewell, dear mother, mild and bland,"
 Exclaimed the youth, and grasped her hand.

"O, Willie, little, did I fear,
 To see the gallows come sae near.

Bairn, live for yer auld mother's sake,
 And for yer wife poor Maggie take."

"Farewell, dear mother," Harden cried,
 While from the tower she slowly hied.

Again the pris'ners heard the gong,
 Proclaim 'twas noon, both loud and strong.
 Poor Simon sank down in despair,
 When they the Warden's voice did hear,

Crying, "Now, now the hour has come,
 Prepare the pris'ners for their doom."

Again they ope'd the prison door
 And they Sir Gideon stood before.

Wi' angry scowl he at them stared,
 An' thus addressed young Harden's laird:

"Your hour has come, baith dark an' cloudy,
Now, what's yer choice, be't wife or wuddy?"

The laird he answered scornfully,
To execution quick lead me,
And wi' the hemp about my neck,
I'll show to you the sma' respect,
I bear to you or yours; nor dread,
To spit upon the ground ye tread."

Sir Gideon cried, "Here, guards, lead forth
Young Scott o' Harden to the north.
Strap him upon the nearest tree,
There let him hang until he dee;
And let the bauldest Scott upon
The border dare to cut him doon."

Addressing Simon, added he,
"Yer life is spared, depart, ye're free."

"No, Sir," said Simon, "tho' I'm free,
To own I hae nae wish to dee,
Before it is my nature's will,
I winna leave my maister still.
If he's to suffer air or late,
I'll surely stay and share his fate."

"Away wi' baith!" the knight exclaimed,
While fury in his features gleamed.

"If 'tis to be, it must be now."

Poor Simon said, in accents low,

"Since there's nae help for't I can find,

I'll try and mak' mysel' resigned.

But maister dear, ye've acted foolish,

An' like a madman, stiff and mulish."

The pris'ners frae their cell were led,

An' through the court they slowly sped,

Toward the elm tree, tall and wide,

Whose branches waved frae side to side,

Round which were circled Murray's men,

Wha gathered had, frae moor an' glen,

To witness baith the pris'ner's death,

As they came oot in hanging graith.

Sir Gideon then took up his place

Upon an elevated space,

In midst o' his retainers there;

To gie them orders was his care.

But while the hangmen were preparing,

To act their part wi' awfu' bearing,

laird:

Muckle mouthed Meg, as she was ca'd,
Wi' veil thrown o'er her face sae sad,
Came out an' knelt the knight before,
An' for a boon she did implore.
"Ye tak' an ill time now, my Meg;
But what may't be for, lass, ye beg?"
She whispered somewhat in his ear,
Whilk made his countenance appear
Mix'd up wi' anger and surprise,
While wrath gleamed frae his scowlin' eyes;
And when the maiden finish'd, she
Again knelt and embrac'd his knee.
"Rise, Meg," he said impatiently,
"At yer request he'll get frae me
Anither chance to live a spell,
Although he is a stubborn chiel."
Than to the pris'ner Murray spak'
Will Scott o' Harden, death ye'll tak',
In pref'rence to my dochter's hand,
Altho' yer life's at my command,
Still do ye choose, my lad, to dee,
Upon yon spreading elm tree,
Then wed the lassie fair, that ran
Wi' th' letter to yer mother's han';
An' brocht her here without my leave?
What answer to me will ye giv'?"
"Had some one else, wi' due regard,
Asked me that question," said the laird;
"Although I kenna wha she is,
Yet sure a kindly heart she has,
And I should answered no sae tart,
But offer'd her my hand an' heart;
But, all I say, Sir Knight, to you,
Is, do yer worst, an' quickly too."
"Then, Willie," now his mother cried,
And rushed that moment to his side,
"To marry her requests another,
And she, dear Willie, is yer mother."
Then Meg stepped forth and said wi' grace,
Throwing the veil frae off her face,
"Poor Maggie, though ye gava nae me,
A preference to the gallows tree,
Requests ye also, wi' the lave,
To wed her, and yer life to save."
"What now," exclaimed Harden's laird,
Grasping her hand wi' due regard,

"Is this the lassie that has strave,
Baith night an' day my life to save?
The vera Meg that I hae been
Treating wi' scorn an' proud disdain!"

"In troth am I," she said wi' will;
"Do ye prefer the wuddy still?"

"No," answered he; and turning to
Sir Gideon, he added, "Now
I'm willing that this woefu' ploy
Should end in matrimonial joy."

"Sae be't!" Sir Gideon said fu' proud,
While mighty shouts came frae the crowd.

The day prepared thus for Scott's doom,
Ended in joy, and not in gloom,
A knichtship then, in due regard,
Was granted to young Harden's laird.

And mony sons and dochters fair
Meg bore to Scott o' Harden's heir.
She proved to be as good and douce
A wife; as Scotland could produce;

While 'twas declared by honest Simon,
There never was a bonnier woman,
Than her wham Scott had ance rejected,
His wife and dochters not excepted.

O'CONNELL AND THE HUCKSTER.

The following is a dialogue between Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., when a young Barrister in Dublin, and Biddy Moriarty, a celebrated virago who kept a huckster's stall on the quay. It was suggested by some of his friends, and a bet was made by them that he could outdo Biddy in the way of talk. I saw it in a newspaper, headed "A Squabble in Euclid," so I thought I would put it in verse.

"Mrs. What's your name, listen,
And tell by fair manes,
Widout any bother,
The price of your canes."

"Moriarty's me name, sir,
And a good one it is,
What have you agen it,
W'd yer comical phiz?
Eighteenpence of our moncy,
Is the price of the canes,
In troth they're dirt cheap,
If ye know what that manes?"

"Its the truth I must tell ye,
I know what that manes;
Ye ask more by half than
They're worth for the canes.
To be chating the people
In this kind of style,
Makes you an impostor
And rogue all the while.
At twopence ye bought them,
Perchance by the lot,
Making sixteeupence profit
On each cane ye've got.
Such thunderin' big profits
You like to be makin',
Tho' on the grave's brink
Ye stand shiverin' and shakin'.
Alas for me country!
Its plundered by rogues
Like Biddy Moriarty,
Of breeches and brogues."

To return to my story,
 Old Biddy got vex't,
 And to preach a rough sermon
 She soon found a text.

"Ye cantankerous jackal,
 If ye don't cut your stick
 Out of here in a hurry,
 I'll play you a trick."

"Your tongue in your head,
 I'd like ye'd keep civil,
 Ye diagonal shred,
 Of a limb of the devil."

"Stop yer jaw now," says she,
 "Ye pucker-nosed badger,
 Or be this and be that,
 I'll bet for a wager,

That like a recruit
 At the sound of the drum,
 I'll make ye go quicker
 Than ever ye come."

"My old radius," says he,
 "Don't fly in a passion,
 'Twill wrinkle your beauty
 Clean out of the fashion."

"By the hokey," says she,
 "If to me ye'll be jawing
 I'll tan yer bare hide
 Till the blood I'll be drawing."

My fists on yer carcass
 I'd be sorry to soil,
 Ye beastly mean scrub,
 Sure my manners you spoil."

"Whew! boys, what a passion
 Old Biddy is in,
 As I am a gentleman,
 Come of good kin."

"You a gentleman," says she,
 "Just hear to him now,
 Begor, that bangs Banagher,
 Or ould Teddy Row.

Ye potato-faced pippin,
 Where did monkeys like you,
 Get so much christian manners
 As to hide from our view,

Your broad Kerry brogue,
 Your broad Kerry brogue,

Which bad as it is,
 Isn't worse than the rogue
 That is seen in yer phiz."

"Aisy now, my old lady,
 Don't choke yourself clean
 Wid fine words, and bother
 Yer crazy old brain;
 Your words come a flying,
 Like a big batterin' ram,
 My old whiskey-drinking
 Parallelogram."

"What's that ye call me,
 Ye murderin' villain,"
 Cried Mrs. Moriarty,
 With fury fast fillin'!

"'Parallelogram,' I call you;
 And say't without fear,
 Judge and jury from Dublin,
 Would all give me clear."

"Tare an' owns, holy Biddy,
 That a woman like me
 Should be called 'parrybellygram,'
 To my face," exclaimed she.

"You plate-lickin' blackguard,
 You cowardly sneak,
 I'm no 'parrybellygram,'
 Its a lie that ye speak."

"Oh, not you indeed!
 I suppose in your house,
 You'll deny that you keep
 A bould hypothénuse."

"Its a lie for you now,
 You swindling thafe,
 I ne'er had such a thing
 In me house in me life."

"You heartless old heptagon,
 How dare you deny it;
 Your neighbors all say,
 Every Sunday they spy it,
 Besides the hypothénuse,
 In your garret you keep
 Two small diameters,
 That ne'er go to sleep;
 Wid them ye'll be walking,
 Every Sunday that comes

When the sogers are marchin'
To the fifes and the drums."

"O ye saints that's in glory,
Will ye just hear him now!

There's bad language enough
From a fellow like you.

May the devil fly away

Wid you on his back,

An' make sure of yer bones,

That wid rottenness crack,

You mealy-mouthed garbage,

Ye sucker from Munster,

Such impudent talkin'

Was never in Leinster."

"Oh, you can't now deny

The charge put *ad factio*;

You wicked submultiple

Of a duplicate ratio."

"Yer mouth, in the Liffey,

You'd better go rinse,

After all the bad words

Ye spoke wid it since.

It ought to be filthier

Then yer dirty black face,

Ye chicken of Beelzebub,

Ye wicked scapegrace."

"Your mouth should be rinsed,

You dirty old crathur.

You wicked old polygon,

An' disgrace to all nature.

To the devil I pitch you,

Ye tough intersection

Of an angular superficies,

Without a reflection."

"You tinker's apprentice,

If ye don't hold that row,

I'll!" but here she was breathless,

Unable to blow,

Or from her vocabulary

Some new words to hatch,

For O'Connell's last volley

Was more than her match.

"I'll abuse you, old Biddy,

While I have a tongue

You miserly periphery,

You ought to be hung.

Now, look at her boys,
 As there she does stand
 Perpendicular in petticoats,
 Convicted off hand.
 In all her circumference
 Contamination appears;
 To her lower extremities
 Of guilt she's not clear.
 O, its now ye're found out,
 Like the cat in the bag,
 You rectilinear antecedent
 Of an equiangular hag."
 "Tis wid you that the devil
 Will fly off like an owl,
 You bear-swiping likeness
 Of a big whirlpool."
 O'erwhelm'd with this torrent
 Of O'Connell's abuse,
 Ould Biddy was silenced,
 She saw 'twas no use;
 But she picked up a saucepan
 And aim'd at his pate,
 But he very wisely
 Made a timely retreat.
 "The wager you've won,
 And here is your money,"
 Cried the guests who proposed
 The contest so funny.

Thoughts on the Death of Mrs. Grant.

LATE OF BEAR CREEK, MOORE.

The hand of God is seen and felt,
 In many a household drear,
 By death's fell arrows keenly dealt,
 In parting friends so dear,
 The husband from the wife must part,
 The children from the mother,
 Both young and old endure the smart,
 In sorrow with each other;
 And when the forms that once had life
 Are carried to the tomb,

Oh, then, their hearts with grief are rife,
 That bare them to their home.
 When husbands with their wives so dear,
 Have lived and loved for years,
 Their parting must be painful here,
 With many doubts and fears.
 But hopes of meeting after death,
 In that bright land of light,
 Cheer up the soul and give it faith,
 To trust in Jesus' might.
 For He it is that calms the storm
 Of grief within our breast,
 When sorrow in its darkest form,
 Denies us earthly rest.
 Then trust in Him what'er may come,
 And you will never roam,
 In crooked paths and perverse ways,
 But live for heaven's bright home.
 The thought of meeting there with friends,
 Long parted from us here,
 Should bear us up and make amends
 For trials in this sphere.
 And when on our last bed we lie,
 Awaiting His command,
 Forsaking every earthly tie,
 We'll fly to heaven's blest land.

Song Addressed to Peter Gauld,

AN EXCELLENT PLAYER ON THE BAGPIPES.

TUNE:—"Bob and John."

I.

Peter tune yer pipes,
 Bang up Rob the ranter,
 Gie the bag the gripes,
 An' skirl up the chanter.

II.

Gie's a good Strathispey,
 Lilt it up wi' skill noo,
 Or maybe Capperfay,
 Just as ye hae the will noo.

Mrs. Grant.

ORE.

dealt,

must part,

er,

ce had life

iii.
 Perhaps ye'll gie us Davey,
 Or aiblins' Tullochgorum,
 Or gude auld Source o' Spey,
 Or any' other jorum.

iv.
 But play ye what ye may,
 Olink it off fu' cheery,
 That they'll no hae't to say,
 Ye did it dreich and dreary.

v.
 Let a' the folk around,
 Ken we hae roarin' times, sir,
 And that music does abound
 In this particular clime, sir.

vi.
 An' when ye've played a while,
 To please us a' that hear ye,
 We'll part then wi' a smile,
 An' wish that nocht may steer ye.

An Address to my Friend, James Scott,

SCHOOL TEACHER, BRISKILLEN.

Oh, Jamie, pray, how d'ye do?
 Are ye weel, man, an' what are ye doin'?
 I say, are ye thrivin' or no,
 Or sae blinded wi' love ye're no seein'?
 I hope that the last 's no the case,
 But cool an' collected ye're keepin',
 Defyin' the charms o' her face,
 To keep ye frae eatin' or sleepin'.
 Ma, Jamie, I wish ye richt weel,
 'Mang yer scholars I hope ye are cheery,
 An' ilk day when they muster for drill,
 O' yer task may ye never grow weary.
 When a Dominie does what he can,
 To learn ilk a scholar his lesson,

An' their hale dispositions to scan,
 To ken what is best to impress on,
 O, then, 'tis a pleasure indeed,
 To see that his labor's rewarded,
 By dint o' the care and the speed,
 An' progress gone on unretarded.
 Wi' some ye hae trouble enough ;
 Whan they dinna just do as they're bidden',
 Yer forced to tak' them by the cuff,
 An' gie them a hearty good hidin'.
 In schools where there's bairnies anew,
 Maun be scholars o' a' dispositions,
 Some gude, and some bad, and a few
 Remainin' in *juxta positions*.
 Some that learn as fast as ye like,
 Ilk lesson that ye set before them,
 An' some are as hard 's a stone dyke,
 And defy ye wi' learning to store them.
 But ye maun hae patience a wee,
 The callants may yet tak' a turn,
 As alder they get they may see,
 'Tis their duty to labor and learn.
 Nae doot, if a body could fix
 Auld heads upon bairnies young shouthers,
 Then learnin', instead o' young tricks,
 Would soon take the lead o' a mother's.
 Noo, Jamie, I'll bid ye gude day,
 An' quit my nonsensical blether,
 Wi' a wish ye may aye yet get fair play,
 An' a reasonable length o' a tether.
 An' whan the school teaching ye quat,
 To try something else for the better,
 May ye aye hae a rcarin' fu' pat,
 An' live like a lord to the letter.

An Address to Mr. William Gauld, Moore.

Oh, Willie, my freen, I've been thinkin',
 To spin a few verses to you,
 Just to keep up our freenship aye blinkin',
 An' fresh as the spring morning dew.
 There is naething that pleases me better
 Than to get a gude screed frae a freen,
 By a canty wee bit o' a letter.
 Whan on him I canna set een.

Then, Willie, I hope ye are happy,
 Together wi' Nancy, yer spouse,
 An' the bairnie that sits on yer iappy,
 Fu' snug, an' fu' gleg, and jocose,
 When a body in marriage is lucky,
 An' blest wi' a kind eident wife,
 An' aiblin's a little wee chunky,
 'Tis ane o' the blessin's o' life.
 An' whan frae the fields ye come daunerin',
 At e'en when yer day's wark is o'er,
 A' the road ye'll be thinkin' and won'rin',
 What pleasures for you are in store.
 Whan the supper is set on the table,
 And rev'rently ye've said the grace,
 Be thankfu' that ilk ane is able,
 In health' an' in strength tak' their place.
 Whan after the supper is over,
 An' the wife puts the bairnies to bed,
 You'll feel like a porker in clover,
 Contented by being well fed.
 Maybe then ye'll tak' doon the fiddle,
 An' lift up a gude Hieland reel,
 Or aiblin's the Braes o' Glenriddel,
 Or Marquis o' Huntley's Fareweel;
 Or the beautiful Braes o' Balquither,
 In strains slow an' plaintive to hear,
 Or gude auld Braemar, or Anstruther,
 Whilk never should be in the rear.
 An' whan ye're contented wi' playin',
 An' drowsiness comes o'er yer head,
 Ye'll likely to Nancy be sayin'
 Its time noo to gang to oor bed.
 But before that ye lie doon to slumber,
 Yer thanks to His gudeness ye'll giv',
 For blessings which we canna number,
 And comforts we daily receive.
 Now, Willie, I've spun a lang yarn,
 And think it is time to conclude,
 Wi' wishing ye aye a fu' barn,
 An' plenty o' gear to the gude.

An Address to my Friend, Robt. Dawson, Esq.,

AFTER SPENDING A HAPPY NIGHT UNDER HIS ROOF.

Dear Rab, the last nich' I was wi' ye,
 I was extremely glad to see ye
 Tak' doon the auld an' gude cremona,
 An' twist her up, *suprema donna*,
 O, man, it made me blythe an' licht
 To hear sae mony tunes played richt;
 The gude Strathspey, an' then the reel,
 Gar't my auld hochs feel strang as steel.
 Auld by-gone days cam' stealin' o'er,
 For me to sit I hadna power,
 Then up I got and scourt' the floor,
 Atween the dresser and the door.
 I needna tell ye how I leupit,
 Till while in glee I maistly coupit;
 Tho' scarce o' steps I danced awa
 Till forced to sit my breath to draw.
 But, Robin, some newfangled chiel
 Says dancing leads folks to the deil;
 If this be true, I'll hae to men,
 An' try an' cheat auld Nickyben.
 But, Bob, I'll tell ye what I think,
 If I on this earth I get a blink
 O' real glee, 'tis when I hear
 A gude Strathspey played loud an' clear.
 It sets my mind a' free frae care,
 It cheers my heart an' scares aff fear;
 It soothes my breast, when sorrows deep
 Hae maistly dooled me wi' their sweep.
 But now I think I'll quit my blether,
 By bringing to an end my tether,
 But while for shoon I can get leather,
 I'll tak' a step an' think on heather.
 Believe me, Bob, I wish ye weel,
 I've found ye aye a canty chiel,
 As weel as Annie, bless her heart,—
 She's aye sae kin', an' blythe an' smart.
 The bairns, gude bless them, puir wee things,
 The're only yet in leadin' strings.
 Their innocence an' youthfu' glee,
 Are cheerin' baith to you an' me
 An' Bob, if you and them are spared
 To live for years to come, unscared

By outward fechts or inward fears,
 May joys aye drive awa' the tears.
 Ye'll do yer best to train them richt,
 An' if they dinna shine sae bricht
 As some; great pleasure may they gie
 To you an' Annie, ere ye dee.
 An' may they be to you a treasure,
 A blessing to you without measure.
 An' when yer feeble, auld an' bent,
 To you a source o' sweet content.
 Now, Bob, gude nicht to you an' Annie,
 An' if ye baith live to be grannies,
 Ye'll maybe think on pair auld daddy
 Wha danc'd an' slippit like a laddie.
 An' may ye never want for naething,
 Health, an' wealth, an' neat an' claethin';
 An' whan ye've done yer duty here,
 May ye attain a higher sphere.

Lines to a Friend,

WHOSE ELDEST SON WAS SICK AND NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE.

The anguish of parents is felt keen and deep,
 When their children are taken by death;
 But when in the midst of our trouble we weep,
 We're assured that it's only His breath,
 Breathing lightly upon us; as in mercy He gives,
 And in mercy He taketh away;
 His goodness to us is, that ever He lives,
 For our welfare the Father to pray.
 And O, when we think on His love to mankind,
 Dispensations from Him we must render,
 As proofs of His caring for us lame and blind,
 As proofs of His mercy so tender.
 His love to His creatures is new every day,
 And our duty to Him is to serve Him.
 And if from His precepts our hearts go astray,
 He'll kindly consent to preserve them.
 A balm for the soul when afflicted with grief,
 He'll find if we only but ask Him,
 To cure, not to kill, He comes with relief.
 In love you cannot overtake him.

Then friend, take good courage, and let not your
 Overbalance your hopes in despair. [grief,
 If your subject of thoughts in death finds relief,
 O seek consolation by prayer,
 Pour out your whole soul in petitions for grace,
 To strengthen your mind in affliction,
 Implore from His bounty in heaven a place,
 And submit to his wholesome correction.

On the Death of John Grant, Esq.,

BEAR CREEK, MOORE.

Death has again amongst us come
 And given a sudden call,
 To him who hale and hearty sat,
 In his chair in his own free hall,
 And will he be miscead; I needn't ask,
 For the friends he has left behind,
 Will feel the want of his good advice.
 For his heart was leal and kind,
 His house was open and free to all
 His friends: who came that way,
 His hearty welcome to his hall,
 Made travellers fain to stay,
 But those who are left of his family near,
 Will feel the blank the most dear,
 Their hearts will cling to his memory dear,
 Tho' his presence amongst them is lost.
 But they must bend to the stern decree
 Of Him who rules above,
 And trusting in Him, in truth agree,
 That He chasteneth us all in love,
 Let us that are left a warning take,
 And prepare for our coming end;
 Though trouble at times our faith may shake,
 We'll trust in the Sinner's Friend,

Lines on the Death of a Child

WHO WAS DROWNED.

The beauteous bud is gone,
 Gone to a land of light,
 To blossom in effulgent bloom,
 'Midst throngs of angels bright.
 Death snatched him from us here,
 To waft him to the skies;
 He could not wait for man's estate,
 For he was heaven's prize.
 We think 'tis hard to bear,
 The loss, tho' 'tis his gain,
 For had he lived he'd had his share
 Of earthly cares and pain.
 Then why should parents grieve,
 When 'tis their joy to know,
 That he has gone where angels live,
 And 's safe from every foe.
 To bask in glorious light
 Forever and anon,
 To join the throng of angels bright,
 In songs before the throne.
 Oh may his parents dear,
 Though mourning for his loss,
 See in his death Jehovah's hand,
 And meekly bear their cross.
 And may their family dear,
 Grow up around their home,
 A wall of comfort to them here,
 When age with years shall come,
 And may they all become,
 As guiltless as was he,
 And may their faith in God be strong,
 To bear them up life's tree,
 May happiness attend them
 All through life's stormy sea,
 Till Jesus calls them in the end
 To dwell with him on high.
 'Tis then they'll joyful meet,
 With the departed boy,
 And with a glorious welcome sweet,
 He'll greet them in the sky.

FROM LITTLE FRANK, in connection with the above, he
being the subject.

Methinks I hear his little voice,

In sweetest strains on high,

As looking down to view us here,

He bends on us his eye.

"O weep not now for me," he says,

Dear parents while you're there,

For I am happier, happler far,

Than when upon earth's sphere.

The little hymns that I was taught,

To sing with infant voice,

I sing them now before the throne,

Midst angels who rejoice.

Weep not for me, my sister dear,

Who taught me how to pray,

And hsp my honour'd Saviour's name,

In simple childlike lay.

But strive to live that when you die,

You'll come to me in bliss,

And hear the Saviour's welcome voice

Acknowledge you are his,

Weep not for me, my brothers dear,

With whom I used to play,

For here I'm free from grief and care,

In heaven's eternal day.

If you attain to man's estate,

O strive to live for heaven,

And for his grace in patience wait,

'Tis always freely given.

And when you're called to leave the earth,

And enter into rest,

'Tis here you'll wake in the new birth,

And mingle with the blest.

No bodily or mental pains

Are felt by any here,

But all is peace; and loveliness

Reigns in this heavenly sphere.

Lines on the Death of an only Brother,
 WHO DIED IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, ON MARCH 17TH, 1864,
 AFTER ONE HOUR'S ILLNESS.

Avaunt! ye spectral phantoms of the mind,
 Distress me not above what humankind
 Can bear; in grief and sorrow well nigh gone,
 As in the world aloof I stand alone,
 Could I but some one find to whom I'd tell
 The fears and troubles in my heart that swell!
 But no! my grief's too pungent to reveal
 To mortal man: besides my heart's as steel,
 Impervious to the world and all its charms;
 For nothing cares, nor shrinks from death's alarms,
 Since now my only brother's from me gone,
 And left me here to mourn his death alone.
 My thoughts are just what I've above described,
 And O, I wish I'd principles imbibed,
 Which would uphold me under every cloud
 Of His displeasure: then I would unshroud
 My grief and sorrows in my brother's grave,
 And trust in an Almighty arm to save.
 Methinks I see his form in days of yore,
 When he and I were buoyant on the shore
 Of life's wide ocean, ere we knew or thought
 What course we ought not steer, or what we ought.
 And oft school-going days come in my mind,
 When innocence and truth were both combined,
 In youthful hearts so warm and full of glee;
 'Twas real pleasure for us both to see
 Each other's love return as did the day,
 When hand in hand we went to school or play.
 And when we both to manhood's state attained,
 Our love and friendship unimpaired remained,
 And stronger grew as we in life advanced,
 And years our friendship's value still enhanced.
 Blest be his memory to me so dear;
 Blest was his heart, who lived the hearts to cheer
 Of all his kindred, friends, and foes as well;
 They now his virtues, not his faults can tell.
 He's left a blank that never can be filled
 In my lone heart; but so our Father willed,
 And I must bend resigned to His great power,
 And live in faith and hope to the last hour.
 And when I'm called, may I but reach the shore,
 When he and I will meet to part no more.

Thoughts on the Vanity of Riches.

If life were a thing that money would buy,
 Then life to the rich would be given;
 The poor couldn't live, the rich wouldn't die,
 This earth to them would be heaven.

I've traversed in fancy through lands far and wide
 And thought I had found the heaven
 Of kindness in hearts 'neath poverty's stride,
 Whose hopes were centered in heaven.

I've seen beams of light on the poor man's soul,
 Though his track through this life was uneven,
 Whose life was unstained by enormities foul,
 His hopes fast anchored in heaven.

Thou he who hath poverty's path closely trod,
 To whom the life spirit is given,
 Who humbly adores his Creator and God,
 'Tis he has a title to heaven.

Thoughts on the Frailty of Man.

O what is man? poor weakly worm,
 When in his breast an inward storm
 Of guilt and sin, contending fierce,
 Does all his inmost vitals pierce,
 Soul harrowing thoughts his mind possess,
 Through griefs and woes and sore distress;
 His conscience keen upbraids him still,
 Of sins committed 'gainst the will
 Of God; whose mercy he has spurned,
 And on His truth his back has turned.
 Where He has said, Come unto Me,
 I bore your sins upon the tree
 My yoke is easy, try it on,
 My burden's light and easy borne
 By stricken souls; and in my might,
 I'd guide you in the path that's right,
 Alas! how often men are fooled,
 That in the world's affairs are schooled;
 Men who are wise in worldly things,
 Men to whom earth gives all their springs,

A world that teems with grief and care,
 They seem to have no time to spare,
 To pay attention to the call,
 Of him who reigneth Lord of all.

TO MAGGY.

The sun shines fair on thee, Maggy,
 The sun shines fair on thee,
 O may its beams with genial warmth,
 Bring health and strength to thee, Maggy.

I've known thee from a child, Maggy,
 I've known thee from a child,
 When oft reclining on the breast,
 You looked at me and smiled, Maggy.

I've watched thee try to walk, Maggy,
 I've watched thee try to walk,
 As mother led thee round the room,
 From chair to chair you'd stalk, Maggy.

Then next your school-going days, Maggy,
 Then next your school-going days,
 When you were foremost in the ranks,
 At all your juv'nile plays, Maggy.

'Twas then you grew apace, Maggy,
 'Twas then you grew apace,
 Both tall and straight, with agile move,
 And fair and pleasant face, Maggy.

So full of youthful glee, Maggy,
 So full of youthful glee,
 Your cheerful smile and laughing eyes,
 Drove care away from thee, Maggy.

But sickness took you down, Maggy,
 But sickness took you down,
 And blanched your red and rosy cheek,
 While anguish made you frown, Maggy.

I've looked at you full long, Maggy,
 I've looked on you full long,
 And breathed a silent heartfelt wish
 That you were well and strong, Maggy.

But He who rules above, Maggy,
 Yes, He who rules above,

Hath plucked you from affliction's grasp,
 By His patient love, Maggy.
 There is a promise true, Maggy,
 There is a promise true,
 That they that seek the Saviour's love,
 When young, will find it too, Maggy.
 O may your mind be led, Maggy,
 O may your mind be led,
 To trust in Him who for your sins
 On Calvary's mountain bled, Maggy.
 And when you're called away, Maggy,
 And when you're called away,
 ay you ascend where angels dwell,
 In heaven's eternal day, Maggy.

OMNIPRESENCE.

(SELECTED.)

Kneel, my child, for God is here ;
 Bend in love, but not in fear,
 Kneel before Him now in prayer,
 Thank Him for His constant care ;
 Praise Him for his bounties shed,
 Every moment on thy head ;
 Ask for light to know His will,
 Ask for love thy heart to fill ;
 Ask for faith to bear thee on,
 Through the might of Christ, His Son.
 Ask His spirit still to guide thee,
 Through the ills that may betide thee ;
 And for peace to lull to rest
 Every turmoil of thy breast,
 Ask in awe, but not in fear,
 Kneel, my child, for God is here.

SUNBEAM.

(SELECTED.)

A darling little infant
 Was playing on the floor,
 When suddenly a sunbeam
 Came through the open door,
 And striking on the carpet,
 It made a little dot,

The darling baby saw it
 and crept up to the spot.
 His little face was beaming
 With smiles of perfect joy,
 As if an angel's presence
 Had filled the little boy ;
 And with his tiny finger,
 As in a fairy dream,
 He touch'd the dot of sunshine,
 And followed up the beam.
 He looked up to his mother
 To share his infant bliss,
 Then stooped and gave the sunbeam
 A pure, sweet baby kiss.
 O Lord, our heavenly Father,
 In the fullness of my joy,
 I pray that childlike feeling
 May never leave the boy,
 But in the days of trial,
 When sin allures the youth,
 Send out the light to guide him,
 The sunbeams of Thy truth ;
 And may his heart be ever
 To Thee an open door,
 Thro' which the truth, as sunbeams, may
 Shed joy upon life's floor.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

What means that transient cloud,
 Upon your spotless brow ?
 Does 't in thy mind enshroud
 Some everlasting vow ?
 'Gainst nature it would seem,
 Above those sparkling eyes,
 To see black sorrow's gleam
 Shade o'er youth's fairest prize.
 Does disappointment's smart
 Cause thee to grief give way ?
 Does love's subduing art
 Lead thy pure heart astray ?
 Methinks I hear you sigh,
 To you I may impart,
 That clouds on youth's fair sky
 Are tell tales on the heart.

To the Memory of Burns !

Hail to thy memory, chief of Scotia's Bards !
 Who claims from every Scot his best regards ;
 Who by thy truthful, simple, Scottish lay,
 Diffused among them light as pure as day.
 Thine was the soul that soared above the clouds,
 And revelled in sublime ideal moods.
 Thine was the mind that always sought and found
 Food from the works of Nature's utmost bound ;
 For few of Scotia's Bards could ever paint
 The beauties of this earth, without restraint,
 Like thee ; who every phase in Nature's scope,
 Pourtrayed in vivid colors, with the hope,
 Of bright poetic genius, without fault,
 Old Scotia's sons and daughters to exalt,
 And on their minds instructive scenes to store,
 And in their hearts awake a thirst for more ;
 And when in mood sublime, who'd but admire
 Thy soul inspired with patriotic fire,
 When thoughts of Wallace, Scotland's saviour chief,
 And Bruce, his royal friend, in Scot's relief,
 From slavery's chains ; under a foreign yoke
 They fought and bled, and all their fetters broke.
 And who has told, or better has described,
 The ghostly tales that he in youth imbibed,
 Of fairies' dance, or witches' midnight splore,
 Of water kelpies, wraiths, and ghosts galore !
 Thy aim, O Burns, in all thou wrote and said,
 Was chiefly to uplift, and not degrade ;
 Thy country, and thy country's children dear,
 That they might, whether settled far or near,
 Still cope with other nations in their sphere.
 But it would take a volume large and long,
 To tell the powers of our dear Son of Song.
 And all I've said is but indeed a mite
 To paint the Bard's true character aright.

St. Andrew's Night, 1866.

A towmond has slippet awa',
 Sin' we in this ha' met thegither,
 An' I'm happy to meet wi' ye a',
 True sons o' St. Andrew, our faither.

Nae doot there are ither fouk here
 Belangin' to different nations,
 But we'll bid them a' hearty good cheer,
 An' banish a' cauld reservations.
 An' since on this nicht we are met
 To honor St. Andrew our father,
 We maunna auld Scotland forget,
 The land o' gude cakes an' red heather.
 Let us think on her kirks an' her schules,
 An' the rest o' her gude institutions,
 An' be thankfu' that we're no the tools,
 O' them who delight in confusions.
 Our forefathers focht for their richts,
 An' aft against double their number,
 An' for that, in the glens an' the heichts
 Scotch clansmen aft took their last slumber.
 An' we, their descendants, are now
 To them for oor freedom behauden,
 Frae the Court even down to the plow,
 The thochts o't should a' our hearts gladden.
 An' for sogers an' sailors enow,
 Our army and navy collective,
 Gude Scotchmen, wi' hearts leal an' true,
 Keep up wi' their numbers respective.
 An' if by some fause foreign foe,
 We're threatened wi' raids or invasions,
 We'll join heart and han', an' we'll go
 An' face them on every occasion.
 Now here's to Victoria our Queen,
 An' here's to Auld Scotland our mither;
 An' here's to auld Erin so green,
 May we a' live in friendship thegither.
 An' here's to the Beaver sae bauld,
 Alang wi' the wide spreading maple;
 Although she is not vera auld,
 She'll be a great country an' people.

On a New Year's Night.

SPENT AT MR. JOHN MACKENZIE'S, PETROLIA.

Happy we met a' thegither,
 Every heart was fu' o' glee,
 Sons and dochters o' the heather,
 New Year's nicht to haud a spree.

Twa-three clans were represented,
 Just eneuch to make a splore,
 An' wi' friendship weel cemented,
 Made us think of others more.
 A glorious supper crowned the table,
 Every thing the kite could need ;
 Whan we ate what we were able,
 To the dancing gaed wi' speed.
 Cotillions there had nae position,
 Foreign polkas or quadrilles ;
 The dances maist in requisition,
 Were foursomes, or gude eightsome reels.
 Whan wi' dancing they grew weary,
 An' the fiddler socht to rest,
 Sangs they sung to keep them cheery,
 Scotia's ditties aye the best.
 I've been wi' mony a happy party,
 Since I left auld Scotia's shore,
 But never spent a nicht mair hearty,
 Never witnessed pleasure more.
 Lang may Scotland's sons and dochters
 Live to hand their New Year's splore ;
 Whether here, or o'er the water,
 May they aye hae joys galore.
 May they still hae peace an' plenty,
 Kail an' bannocks, meat and claise ;
 May they aye be douce an' tenty,
 Travelling o'er life's rugged braes.

Canada, a Home for the Million!

Some sax-and-thirty years hae flown,
 Awa' upon Time's pinion,
 Sin' I left Scotland's heather hills,
 An' cam' to our Dominion.
 I cam' like mony a brither Scot,
 To try to mak' a hame o't ;
 An' if misfortune's been my lot,
 She mauana bear the blame o't ;
 For Canada's an unco place,
 An' fu' o' peace an' plenty ;
 Supported by the haun' o' grace,
 Wi' subjects leal an' tenty.
 The o'erstock fouk frae Britain's Isle,
 May here come o'er in hunders,

An' wi' their eident care an' toil,
 Accomplish mighty wonders.
 For here there's ways an' means for a'
 That strive to mak' a living;
 Frae fouth o' gear, to haudin' sma',
 I'k day ye'll see them thriving.
 A hame for every class an' creed,
 Is found in our Dominion,
 An' nae ane here may fear or dread,
 To publish his opinion.
 Sae lang as treason's hellish darts
 Are keepit frae amang us,
 An' loyalty's in a' our hearts,
 I'd like to ken wha'd wrang us.
 Some yaumerin', ill-conditioned fouk,
 Nae matter o' what nation,
 Wad gar a body scringe an' couk,
 'Bout Yankee annexation;
 But Scotch, an' Scotchm. a's tairns alike,
 Could never stan' to join them;
 They'd rather dee by ony dyke,
 Than wi' sic' trash combine them.
 Na, na! our warm an' cosy hames
 In Canada's Dominion,
 We'll ne'er gi'e up, whae'er disclaims,
 To any foreign minion.
 We're just as weel aneath our flag
 An' aiblin's muckle better,
 Content to let the bodies brag,
 Whilst freedom's cause they fetter.
 Our kirks an' schules, an' n' the lave
 O' our gude institutions,
 Gar us lo'e dear our country's care,
 'Neath Britain's Constitution.
 Our men whó tend the muckle hoose,
 Wi' wisdom an' discretion,
 Mak' laws 'neath whilk we live sae crouse,
 At ilka ither session.
 Our volunteers, an' their compeers,
 When threatened wi' invasions,
 Took up their guns, like Britain's sons,
 Aye, prompt on such occasions;
 They drove the Fenians back again
 When they cam' o'er the border,
 An' gart them rin wi' might an' main,
 In hurry and disorder.

An' if we're threatened wi' the like
 Again, it's my opinion
 We'll mak' them glad to loup the dyke
 Awa' frae our Dominion.
 Now Lear me, Briton's, ane an' a',
 An' ilka ither nation,
 Wha here are like a mixed up ba',
 Or grand conglomeration ;
 Nae doot to you the land ye left
 May aye appear the dearest,
 But when o' prejudice bereft
 Our Canada's the nearest ;
 An' Canada is destined yet,
 To be a mighty nation ;
 She doesna need a cnoon to get,
 To keep her up in station.
 She's weel enouch the way she is,
 Aneath Victoria's shelter,
 An' them that tak' our ways amiss,
 May leave her, helter-skelter !
 I houp and pray, that thrive she may,
 For her I loe fu' dearly ;
 An' keep her enemies at bay
 Though threatening late an early.
 That ilka man and mother's son,
 Whatever's his opinion,
 May a' united be as one,
 To strengthen our Dominion.

About Hallowe'en :

FOR SCOTCH FOLK IN CANADA.

When chill October's frosty blasts,
 Gar woods look sere an' brown ;
 An' leaves a' o'er are thickly cast,
 The maiden soil to crown ;
 'Tis then our thochts to scenes revert,
 When youth's fair fields were green ;
 An' back to Scotland goes our heart
 To haud our Hallowe'en.
 I'm sure great pleasure it maun gie
 To ilka ane that's here,
 Sae mony brither Scots to see,
 Frae hames baith far and near ;

Their hamely ways, see blythe an' kind,
 Wi' sober, modest mien,
 Gars friendship throw restraint behind,
 On gleesome Hallowe'en.
 Auld Scotland's sons, whare'er they be,
 Or what may be their post,
 In honesty they bear the gree;
 They're worthy aye o' trust.
 Frae Cottar's shelter in the glen,
 Frae lordly biggin' bien,
 Hae come baith stout an' stalwart men,
 'True Sons o' Hallowe'en.
 Our new Dominion Parliament,
 Composed o' trusty men,
 Auld Scotland weel does represent,
 Wi' fouk that something ken.
 Where'er Victoria's flag does wave,
 In peace or battle keen,
 Ye'll fin' among the true and brave
 The Sons o' Hallowe'en.
 Our father's focht in freedom's cause,
 'Gainst awfu' odds atweel,
 An' to maintain their richts and laws
 Brav'd a' their foemen's steel.
 An' if to trample on our richts,
 A foe should dare be seen,
 We'll thrash them back thro' glens, o'er heights,
 Syne haud our Hallowe'en.
 Now here's to Scotland's much loved land,
 Her hills and heather red,
 An' that her sons, a trusty band,
 In gude may tak' the lead.
 In humble cot or lordly ha',
 Where'er they may be seen,
 They'll ne'er forget, though far awa',
 Their hame an' Halloween.

An Address to my Wife on Christmas, 1868.

My own dear wife, upon this Christmas day,
 A tribute I thought to you I would pay,
 As thirty odd years have flown quickly by,
 Since we undertook our fortunes to try.
 And though we've had many hard tugs at the oar,
 You always were foremost the struggle to cower,

I always looked up to your counsel as best,
 In all our affairs whether biggest or least ;
 In every domestic relation you were
 The mainspring of love in your own humble sphere.
 Your tact and your talent in managing things
 Of a general nature, showed genial springs
 Of love and good feeling, with a mixture of grit,
 And to help you withal, a good share of wit ;
 A way with the children of coolness and ease ;
 At all times a good disposition to please.
 When I could not manage to keep them in order,
 Admonition from you was always their border,
 But when sometimes refractory, they'd dare to rebel,
 Then sentence upon them you quickly made tell.
 When everything did not move just as you'd want,
 You took all quite coolly without noise or rant ;
 And tho' we're now old and near the grave's blossom,
 I'm sure that we feel all the love in our bosom,
 To ither, that we had when we were young,
 When high in our hearts life's strings were all strung.
 Hale may your heart be, and long may you live,
 To bless our existence, and not make us grieve.
 May peace and contentment to you always fall,
 With an interest in Heaven, the best boon of all.

The Thistle, the Emblem of Scotland.

Hail to the thistle, majestic and grand,
 True emblem of Scotland, our dear native land !
 And though from our country far, far we may roam,
 We ne'er can forget the proud thistle at home.
 How oft have we gazed on that glorious flower,
 Which never in storms or in sunshine would cower,
 Through summer and winter it keeps its green hue,
 Bright emblem of friendship in hearts leal and true.
 On the lea, or the plain, or the bonny hillside,
 We've seen the lone thistle burst forth in its pride,
 It's wide spreading leaves with stem double armed,
 With rough prickly spears, keep the thistle unharmed
 And when grasp'd by the hand of a friend or a foe,
 They must grasp it right firm, or else let it go.
 When our forefathers brave sallied forth to the field,
 More ready to fight and to die than to yeld,
 Upon their bright banners 'twas cheering to see,
 The thistle in front, where the thistle should be,

And when Scotia's monarchs in midst of their court
 Of Princes and Nobles assembled for sport,
 In the midst of the emblems which were to be seen,
 Stood highest our emblem, the thistle so green !
 'Tis the flower under which bold deeds hae been done,
 It has shielded the brave when hard fights have been

won,

And when the bold victors returned to their homes,
 The thistle waved proud over turrets and domes,
 Hurrah for the thistle majestic and grand,
 The emblem and pride of our dear native land,
 Wherever the sons of Auld Scotia are placed.
 By them may the thistle be never disgraced !

A Voice from Canada.

Hear me, a' ye in Britain's Isle,
 Wha' live by honest, pident toil;
 Who every day are in a moil,

To gar en's meet,
 An' never can an hoor begulle,
 In pastime sweet.

Come farmers, tradesmen, ane an' a',
 To Canada, though far awa';
 For here there's room yer breath to draw
 In freedom's sway.

'Neath our Dominion's halesome law
 Frae day to day.

I'm sure there's mony an honest chiel,
 Wha labors hard, wi' heart and will,
 To keep his wife an bairns in meal,

An' claise beside,
 Wha' here might get baith land an' biel',
 An' mair beside.

Nae doot there's changes here by hame,
 But mony things are just the same,
 An' Canada may weel lay claim
 To the better side ;

For she has ways and means, an' name,
 That rax fu' wide.

Nae rackrent here, nor Factor's snash,
 To gie a body grier an' fash,
 Can e'er come o'er ye wi' a crash
 An' sell yer gear ;

Ye'll ne'er be frichtened wi' sic' trash,
Tak' ye nae fear.

For whan ye'll in the woods begin,
To clear yer way through thick an' thin,
Whan every blow ye strike, ye fin'
Tells to the gude,
Ye'll think ye're no sae far behin',
Though a' thing 's crude.

Ye'll dootless fin' some uphill work,
An' whiles your prospects may look dark ;
But aye ye'll gie' the tither yark,
Wi' richt gude will,
An' leave the fallow bare an' stark,
Maist fit to till.

There are some fouk that come o'er here,
Who lived in a gey uppish sphere,
But siblins hadna muckle gear
To keep it up,
That try "the bush" wi' doubt an' fear,
For bite an' sup.

Sic' fouk, nae doubt, are ill prepared,
To try the wark an' be unscared,
But thochts o' hame, an' how they fared
Neath poortith's blast,
When misery in their faces stared,
Mak's them haud fast.

Gie' me the hardy sons o' toil
Wha used to work amang the soil,
An' arena scared their hauns to file,
Wi' daily wark,
They're just the lads the logs to pile
Frae morn till dark.

An' tradesmen, here ye aft may find
In Canada, o' every kind,
To farming who gie up their mind
An' quit their trade ;
An' leave their shops an' tools behind
For acres braid ;

But now I'll state my ain opinion,
The fouk wha come to our Dominion,
Should ne'er tak' flichts upon the pinion,
O' sunlit gleams,
Nor act as if they were the minion
O' golden dreams !

An Auld Scotchman's Thochts.

Cauld is the blast on our ain' hielan' mountains,
 Keen bites the frost on the tap o' the hill,
 But caulder the heart whare nae warm fountains
 O' love for our country the bosom does fill.
 Wharever the sons o' auld Scotland may wander,
 Though far o'er the ocean, nae matter what clime,
 They'll never forget the wee burnie's meander,
 The daisies, the heather, and wild mountain thyme.
 There's mony, a year gane sin' I left auld Scotland,
 An' mony's the change I've seen sin' that day,
 But for a' it's sae lang, I still lo'e the dear land,
 Whare the morning o' life passed so pleasant away.
 My thochts aft gang back to the home of my childhood
 By Darnaway's forest and Findhorn's swift stream,
 Whare mony an hour I roamed thro' the wildwood;
 It yet fills my mind like a sweet pleasant dream.
 I nicht say fareweel to auld Scotland, but canna,
 I think if I'm spared I will see her again,
 For while I'm alive, tho' in trouble, I carena,
 The thistle an' heather are still on my brain.
 Success to auld Scotia, her hills an' bleak mountains;
 Success to her children whare'er they may roam;
 Three cheers for her wuds, her streamlets an' fountains
 So endearing to those who call Scotland their home.

Reply to a Letter from Dr. Buckham,

OF FLINT, MICH., WRITTEN IN BROAD SCOTCH.

I gat yer letter, braid and gude,
 Eh, man! it stirred my auld Scotch bluid;
 It gart my heart loup wi' a thud,
 As if in fricht,

An' aff to Scotland richt red wud,
 It sent me streicht.

I little thocht ye sae weel kent,
 Our gude Scotch tongue to write or prent,
 Or that yer mind to it was bent

Sae warm an' couth;
 Or on yer heart 'twas sae indent
 Frae days o' youth.

For me, I've been sae lang awa'
 Frae Scotland's hills, in Canada,
 That I hae little now to shaw
 O' pure braid Scotch,
 For whiles I mix't wi' Southern jaw,
 In queer hotch-potch.

But whan a verse or twa I mak',
 At times, whoe'er the wun' may tak',
 Be't wi' a frien' I'm gaun to crack,
 Or ither not on.

I gang my wa's to Scotland back
 For youth's devotion.

An' whiles whan thraun 'bout things in anger,
 The Scotch comes 'oot sae muckle stranger,
 To speak my thochts wi' little clangor,
 It gie's me help,
 It staves the blast frae blawin' langer,
 Aff in a skelp.

An' whan an orra beast gangs wrang,
 An' wi' a stick I gie't a bang,
 A word that has been buried lang
 May chance come oot ;
 Whilk gie's my mintin' loud an' strang
 About the brute.

An' whan I hear our mither tongue,
 It dinles through me like a gong ;
 It fills the heart an' clears the lung,
 Maist gars me greet ;
 An' leaves my sinews a' unstrung
 Wi' 'mentos sweet.

Alake that it were e'er forgot ;
 Sae lang as breathes a canny Scot,
 They'll surely be some kin'ly spot
 Whar' 'twill be spoken,
 Like Scotland's Isle, wild and remote,
 The mair by token.

Now, Doctor, I hae scribed a screed.
 About the next thing to oor creed ;
 An' tho' its ramch an' unco gleed,
 It's just my min' ;
 To tak' the wuil, then, for the deed,
 May yo incline.

I thoct that I could do nae better
 Than just to answer yer bit letter,

As I hae dunc withouten fetter,
 As weel's I could,
 Sac noo I'll quat my muse, to let her,
 Cool aff her blood.

Lines Written by Request

ON A DOMINIC WHO MADE USE OF THE EXPRESSION EMBODIED IN THE LAST VERSE OF THE PIECE, TO HIS PUPILS.

A Dominic once in Lambton dwelt,
 Who in his high position felt,
 That children often disobeyed
 His mandates stern to them displayed.
 In winter when the frost severe,
 Bound up the creeks and rivers clear,
 To a small lake that was near by,
 To sport a while, the scholars hie.
 The boys and girls promiscuous run,
 All eager to enjoy the fun ;
 Some skate, some slide, with roaring glee,
 With joy in sport they all agree.
 But hark ! the bell has tolled the hour ;
 The scholars run and in they pour,
 Swift to their seats they make their way,
 And for a while forget their play.
 The Dominic then attention calls,
 From young and old within the walls.
 When all were quiet at command,
 He thus addressed them from his stand :
 " I've told you often to refrain
 From sporting on that ice again ;
 But you think lightly of the matter,
 And never think you're on the water,
 But some day when you are not thinking,
 But busy sliding, skating, jinking,
 You may break through, 'tis hard to tell,
 And then sink down right straight to h—ll !"

Reply to a Letter from James Scott.

Formerly School Teacher in Enniskillen, but who had come on a visit accompanied by his sister. After visiting me at home, I met him at R. Dawson's, where the scene depicted took place.

Dear Jamie, yer letter I got,
 Although it was lang i' the coming,
 An' indeed there was nae muckle o't,
 Though decent and wise in the thrumming.
 I was glad to hear ye got safe,
 To yer hame after a' yer lang riding,
 An' wonderin' ye didna turn walf,
 But steered for yer auld place o' biding.
 An' though ye wasna lang gane
 Out o' sicht o' yer faither an' mither,
 I'm sure when ye saw their hearth stane,
 The tears ye could hardly weel smother.
 The auld folks, I'm sure would be glad,
 An' sae would yer sisters an' brithers;
 An' the neebors they wadna be sad,
 But share in the joy wi' the ithers.
 O Jamie, when families are knit
 In bonds o' true love and affection,
 As round the auld ingle they sit,
 Some crackin', an' some in reflection,
 A foretaste of Heaven's bright home
 Is this to the families who feel it,
 In a cottage or under a dome,
 No earthly power can reveal it.
 Noo, Jamie, ye wanted frae me
 The last bit o' my composition,
 But as I had naething to gie,
 I thocht I'd mak' this proposition,—
 To answer yer letter in rhyme,
 Though it wadna weel packit tgether,
 But I'll try wi' the muse to keep time,
 An' gar ae line clink wi' anither.
 Now, Jamie, to tell you the truth,
 Ye've been aft in my min' since I saw you,
 An' the way we forgather'd sae counth,
 And how I did scold and misca' you,
 'Cause ye wadna riso on the fure,
 For lang; an' whan up wadna sling,
 But left me alane in the stour,
 To caper, 'cause I wadna sing,

But Jamie, I wadna be baulked,
 Resolving that I'd hae a twister;
 Across Roblin's kitchen I stalked,
 An' cannily spak' to yer sister.
 Sae Roblin played up a Strathspey,
 An' at it we gaed in a hurry,
 Ye'd thocht that we baith had been fey,
 But yet we ne'er gat in a flurry.
 However it didna tak' lang
 For me to be weel ser't wi' dancing,
 I gaed at it sae willin' an' strang,
 Wi' kickin', an' loupin', an' prancin'.
 Yer sister, Gude bless her sweet face,
 Ne'er loupit or capert as I did,
 But moved wi' an air an' a grace
 Like a queen or a royal princess wad.
 Now Jamie, whate'er ye may think
 O' the fun that we had when thogither,
 I aft in my min' gie't a blink,
 And aft it puts me in a swither,
 To think that our innocent glee,
 To some foik should be sae offensive,
 But gin we do nae yaur or we dee,
 The thochts o't will ne'er mak' us pensive.
 Now it is high time to conclude
 This lengthy poetic effusion,
 Leaving you to extract ony gude
 Ye may fin' by the way in confusion.
 My respects to yer parents ye'll gie,
 Likewise to yer sisters and brithers;
 An' yer frien' until death I will be,
 Tho' the sark that ye wear were anither's.

Sunset, on the 25th of August, A. D. 1875.

O what a glorious sight is now in view!
 The setting sun clad rich in amber hue;
 Above where his departing rays are seen,
 A mass of cloudlets, decked in golden sheen,
 Dimpled and dotted o'er with tiny waves,
 A lake of gold, it's azure shore it laves.
 Nor does it e'er its margin overflow,
 But little change it seems to undergo.
 Unruffled thus it lies, a lucid sheet,
 Transparent shining under angel's feet;

Fit emblem of the heavenly realm above,
 Where all is peace and beauty, joined with love.
 The crimsoned tree-tops on the forest's edge;
 Around the clearing, like a stalwart hedge,
 Add beauty to the scenery below,
 In harmony show forth the heavenly glow.
 Is there a man who on such scenes can look,
 And be indifferent to the unread-book
 Of Nature, as her works are here displayed,
 In sunsets, or in rural scenes portrayed?
 If so, he must be dead, while yet he lives,
 To all that he from Nature's book receives!

Ode to Scotland.

O Scotia, dear, thy stern blue hills,
 Thy rugged rocks and rimpling rills,
 Are emblematic of the men
 Who fought and bled in muir and glen,
 In freedom's cause, and played their part,
 'Gainst tyrants, who, with subtle art,
 Toy'd to beguile them in their snares,
 And chain them firmly unawares.
 But 'spite of all that Kings could do
 Their lion spirits to subdue,
 They rose in might, and to a man
 Resolved the smouldering fire to fan,
 Until it blazed the country o'er,
 And showed to Kings and Lords the power
 That in determined minds was bred,
 Which ne'er would flinch till life had fled.
 For freedom's cause they struck a blow,
 And many a tyrant stern laid low.
 Like freemen brave they have enjoyed
 The rights of freemen unalloyed.
 Then raise the Flag of Freedom high,
 Let songs of freedom reach the sky,
 In praise of Scotia, by each son
 Who feels pride in her battles won.

Canada, a Sketch.

Canadians, rejoice in the land of your birth,
 A land with luxuriance crowned,
 Its forests and fields are of copious girth,
 And o'er the wide world renowned.
 Its swift running rivers, and bright shining lakes,
 Majestic and grand to the eye,
 Its high towering mountains, its glens and its
 Unrivalled beneath the blue sky. [brooks,
 Its sons are a hardy, true, freedom-born race,
 Inured both to dangers and toils,
 Its daughters are pictures of maidenly grace,
 And modesty beams in their smiles.
 Although we live far from Victoria's home,
 Her heart it clings warmly to ye,
 And laid to your shores she'd command soon to come,
 If occasion required it to be.
 Canadians, rejoice in the peace you enjoy;
 Exult in your government free;
 No care or vexation your peace need destroy,
 As you sail over life's stormy sea.
 And if foreign foemen should threaten your land
 With bloodshed, through war's deadly strife,
 Your courage would rise, and you'd join heart and
 And resist them as long as you've life. [hand,
 Success to the Beaver and Maple conjoined;
 May she prosper and grow great and free,
 While thousands will permanent homes in her find,
 'Twixt the east and far western sea.
 United along with Britannia's sons,
 May you always in harmony be;
 Then quickly you'll face all your enemies' guns,
 And conquer by land or by sea.

A Scene in Scotland in the Year 1502.

The kirk of Lamberton it stood,
 Three miles frae Berwick town,
 The first fair kirk in Scotland broad,
 Of fame and of renown.
 And on a bonny summer's day,
 A lang while yet ere mirk,
 Stood several tents adorned fu' gay,
 Near by this little kirk.

A train of Scottish Barons bold,
 A belted Earl as weel,
 Stood by the tents that shone like gold,
 All raised frae head to heel.
 Belyve an' her gathering gay,
 Came riding up to them,
 To celebrate the nuptial day,
 All mirth from stem to stern.
 The Earl of Surrey was at their head,
 At whose richt hand there rode
 A noble girl on mettles steed,
 In the bloom of womanhood,
 'Twas Margaret Tudor, bonny bairn,
 The King o' England's daughter,
 To marry James in's belt o' airn,
 She had come o'er the water.
 The English Lords wi' stately pride,
 And cautious courtesy,
 To Scotland's Lords hand o'er the bride,
 King James' Queen to be.
 This youthfu' Queen was weel content,
 She had nae cause to mourn;
 But on her life a great event
 Was afterwards to turn.
 For this fair girl, in course of time,
 A mother she became,
 A grand, and great grandmother too,
 To James the Sixth, of fame.
 Through her King James, as history goes,
 Obtained the English throne,
 And thus the Thistle and the Rose
 Were welded into one.

The Skedaddler.

Cam' ye frae the States
 Gast as ye could waddle?
 Saw ye Yankee Joe,
 Fixin' to skedaddle?
 His claise upon his back
 Was a' he had to carry,
 Syne steerin' for the track,
 He took nae time to tarry.
 He looked like ane gane datt,
 When he cam' o'er the border;

His country, an' the draft
 He left a' in disorder.
 A loyal man was he
 When a' was peace and quiet;
 Says, I'll be aye o' three,
 Will quell the Southern riot.
 But when the tug o' war
 Was felt by a' his nation,
 His Lordship skips afar,
 An' changed his habitation.
 Now is na he a gowk,
 Wi' a' his clishmaclavers?
 He'd gar a body couk,
 He has sae mony havers.

To R. Dawson, Esq.,

WHO LEFT ENNISKILLEN AND SETTLED IN NORWICH.

MY DEAR AULD FRIEND,—

I'm grievin' sair to hear aboot ye,
 It's been sae lang, ye'll nae misdoot me,
 That I'd be unco laith to let ye
 Escape my min';
 But sometimes I could maistly clout ye,
 For auld lang syne!
 An' Bob, there ne'er was aye wha left us,
 O' half the glee an' fun bereft us,
 That ye did; whan ye're shadow cleft us
 Wi' sad dismay;
 Like to a blade without a heft 'tis,
 Wi' me the day.
 I'm no mysel' now ony mair;
 My richt leg shin is unco sair,
 An' lang ere 't be as weel, I fear,
 As 'twas afore;
 Whilk gars me aften drop a tear
 For days o' yore.
 But discoont ut I'll try an' fleg,
 As lang as I can lift ae leg;
 I'll never be a dorty dreg,
 Come o't what will;
 I'll cheery keep wi' ae hale peg,
 For gude or ill.

In times gane by I weel could sten',
 To Robin's house 'yont Stewart's glen,
 A cheerfu' nicht there we would spen',
 In mirth an' glee ;
 I doot sic times as we had then,
 We'll never sec.

An' I could say a hantle mair,
 About my griefs an' daily care,
 If I'd the will and time to spare,
 An' a' sic like ;
 But noo we'll throw sic' dolefu' ware-
 Ayont the dyke.

An' Bob, I houp that you an' Annie,
 Are slippin' through life's cares fu' canny,
 Aye fillin' ilka neuk an' cranny,
 Wi' wisdom's gear ;
 Wi' fouth o' peace an' pleasures many,
 Frae year to year.

I houp the bairns are weel and thrivin'.
 To mind yer' gude advice aye strivin',
 That they to you, while baith ye're livin',
 May be a treasure ;
 An' sorrow frae yer hearts be driven
 By joy an' pleasure.

Man, Bob, gin we were young again,
 Wad we no strive wi' micht an' main,
 To tak' the road that leads to gain
 Immortal bliss !
 How many cares and worldly pains,
 We'd surely miss.

But what's the use for you or me
 To mourn, an' spoil our fun an' glee,
 Though auld in years we'll try an' flee
 On youthfu' wings ;
 An' fling our cares and fears agee,
 For better things.

I whiles feel awfu' dull an' blue,
 For want o' twa-three chaps like you,
 To haud me up wi' frien'ship true,
 An' mirth an' fun ;
 But I maun try an' stacher through
 As I've begun.

Now, Bob, I've 'scribed to you a screed,
 In haveril style, and little gweed,

But surely 'twill fin' some remede,
 Wi' you atweel;
 Ye'll tak' the will then, for the deed,
 My canty chiel.

Now fare ye weel, my dear aul' frien',
 Gude luck be yours, and tenty weans,
 'Till death, may ye hae nae betweenes,
 To gie ye trouble;
 An' may the increase o' yer means
 Ilk year be double!

St. Andrew's Nicht in Petrolia, 1872.

My frien's, anither year's gane by,
 Since we met in this ha',
 An' glad am I to hail the tie,
 That binds us brithers a'.
 An' since we're met to spen' a while,
 In social mirth an' glee,
 Let's win our mither Scotland's smile,
 To see her bairns a' gree,
 Amang themsel's and ither fouk,
 Frae countries far an' near,
 Wha come to hae a crack an' joke
 Alang wi' 's ilka year,
 For good St. Andrew, when he comes
 To ca' his bairns thegither,
 A welcome gie's to nations a',
 Amang the sons o' heather.
 An' now my frien's, sin' we hae met
 Upon this nicht o' nights,
 I houp we'll muckle pleasure get,
 An' be richt happy wights.
 Let's strive to honor Scotland's name
 In a' we say or do,
 An keep oursel's in honest fame,
 And aye to her be true.
 Let's bear in min' when we were bairns,
 Our parents' eident care,
 To bring us up in honest ways
 An' gie 's a chance o' lair;
 An' ne'er forget the lessons taught
 At the auld ingle side,
 That were wi' hope and wisdom fraught,
 An' taught wi' hope an' pride.

Let's talk upon our schule gaun days,
 The happiest o' our youth,
 When joy and sport crowned a' our ways
 Wi' innocence an' truth,
 Let's think on mony a Sabbath morn,
 When weel kent paths we trod,
 'Mang meadows fair, an' waving corn,
 Up to the house of God.

I'm sure ye've often gladly felt
 The sweet an' pleasant calm,
 When rev'rently the pastor read
 The holy morning psalm.
 An' when the congregation's voice
 In solemn tones they'd raise,
 Their hearts as one would then rejoice
 In unison and praise.
 Nae organs then were ever sought
 To help them on to sing ;
 Relief frae that was dearly bought,
 Frae a proud despotic King.

Thanks to our covenanter sires,
 For leave to worship free ;
 'Twas them that quenched the martyr fires
 And gained us liberty,
 To worship wi' a conscience clear,
 The way that we think richt,
 Our God in truth an' holy fear,
 Wi' faith and houp sae bricht.
 The influence is felt o'er a'
 The war' in christian lands ;
 An' Canada, in cot and ha',
 Exults wi' upraised hands.
 For Scotchmen here, as weel's at hame,
 Enjoy the Sabbath rest,
 And bible teaching a' the same,
 In the way that they like best.
 An' if we Scotchmen ne'er forget
 Our gude old country's way,
 Hale generations yet unborn
 Will rise to be her stay.
 An' may we thrive in every grade,
 In Canada's loved land,
 An' ne'er be thrown into the shade,
 But keep the upper hand.
 Long life to Britain's much loved Queen !
 Long may the rose entwine

The Thistle and the Shamrock green,
An' the maple leaf sae fine.
An' may we a' united be,
A faithfu', loyal band,
An' be a nation great an' free
Like our ain dear native land.

Willie and Elspeth.

As I cam' by the village inn,
That stands upon the hill,
Wha should I see, baith bleared an' blin',
But puir auld Gutchter Will.
He was sae fou he scarce could stan',
But stagger here an' there,
To keep him clear on every haun
Took a' the body's care.
Says I "Gude e'en; this night is fine!"
He answered wi' a glower;
To speak to me he did incline,
But hadna then the power.
His tongue was thick, his speech was gane,
He hardly could say "mum;"
An' when he tried, he gied a grane
As if he'd been born dumb.
I took puir Willie by the arm,
An' helpit him along;
His hoose was near my ain bit farm,
We hadna far to gang.
His wife, puir body, auld an' frail—
When young a sony dame—
Cam' to the doo' and thankit me
For bringing Willie hame.
"Alake!" quoth she, an' as she spak'
The tear drew to her e'e.
"Puir Willie's clean gane o' the track,
He'll no be wise for me
He's aften promised me he'd quit,
An' drink nae mair awa,
An' just as often broken it,
An' threw it to the wa'.
An' O, I wish the powers aboon
Wad gie his heart a turn,
For a' he's gane sae far astray,
An' gart me often mourn,

I'll pray for him baith nicht an' day,
 As lang's I've breath to draw,
 An' aiblins I'll be heard at last
 Before he's ta'en awa."
 I bade auld Elspeth then guid nicht,
 An' took the road for hame.
 The moon was shinin' unco bricht,
 An' twinklin' stars the same.
 I thocht upon the scene I left,
 In meditation deep,
 How thae auld fowk o' peace were *ft*,
 By liquor's fiendish sweep.
 I thocht upon their younger days
 When blythe an' licht was she,
 An' Willie's sober, steady ways,
 Brocht pleasure in her e'e.
 The happy hours atween the twa,
 Passed o'er maist like a dream,
 Frae morn to e'en, frae e'en to morn,
 Just like a placid stream.
 An' thus they lived from year to year
 Till the destroyer came.
 An' broucht wi' him destruction drear,
 To their ance happy hame.
 Alas! that o' our country's law
 Such traffic should allow,
 To cause sae mony family flaws
 An' breed sae mony a row.
 I'm sure they dinna ken the ills
 That drink has caused to be,
 Or else they'd stop the whiskey stills
 Frae brewing barley bree,
 'Twould comfort bring on every hand
 To mony a family drear,
 If it were banished frae our land
 Except for med'cine dear.
 Men then wad be a healthy race,
 For sacred history says,
 The strongest man that ever was
 Abstained frae 't a' his days.
 Our country then would flourish grand,
 Wi' peace and plenty too
 'Twould be a happy, thrivin' land,
 Secure from want or woe.
 But I'm digressin' far awa,
 Frae whare I first began,

But couldna help but gie a blaw,
 About our ain dear land.
 The next time I wi' Willie met,
 'Twas at his ain wee house ;
 Whore him an' Elspeth baith were there,
 Just in the door sae crouse.

He jumpit up an' took my haun,
 An' held it firm an' fast,
 His heart was full, he couldna speak,
 Till tears cam' at the last ;
 Then down he sat ; syne Elspeth spak',
 For Willie was done up,
 Quo' she, " He's to himsel' come back,
 He's clean gi'en up the cup.

I thocht my prayers wad be heard
 If patient I wad be,
 Now Willie's turned to good unscared,
 An' 'O, he's kind to me ;

I'm just as blythe as blythe can be,
 Baith morning, noon, and night ;
 Since he has turned to good again,
 My burden's unco light.

I houp an' pray the evil day
 Frae him an' me is past,
 An haun in haun we'll slip awa'
 To Heaven at the last.

An' blessings on the Lord our God,
 Wha's mercies are so kind,
 In turning Willie to the road
 That brings such peace o' mind.
 An' blessings on the Temperance cause
 That's dune sae muckle good,
 And brocht puir Willie frae the jaws,
 O' drink's destructive flood."

To Dr. Buckham, written in April, 1874.

Eh ! Doctor we hae dreadfu' weather,
 There's mony fouk here in a swither,
 In houps frae ae day to the ither,
 Spring will be here ;
 An' no be winter a' thegither,
 Maist half the year.

The winter here's been lang and weary,
 An' aften it's been ocht but cheery,
 Sae gloomy whiles, and whiles sae dreary,
 Wi' snaw an' mud ;
 While Sol blinks out fu' blae an' bleerie,
 Frae hint a clud.

An' on this very April morning,
 When flowers the fields micht be adorning.
 Stern winter in his micht, still scorning
 To gang awa' ;
 Enshrouds the earth in sickly mourning,
 Sax inch o' snaw.

I fear there's mony here on farms,
 Wha hae puir stock an' empty barns ;
 Whase brutes, are yet within the arms
 O' winter's blast ;
 An' soon may be on their last term
 In death's grip fast.

There's aft been times that I have seen
 Things springin' up an' leukin' green,
 Ere April sixth had come, I ween
 Wi' smilin' face ;
 Now frost an' snaw hauds down the sheen,
 Wi' cauld embrace.

But He who rules the storms severe
 Can o' the frost an' snaw let's clear,
 An' bring the spring time o' the year,
 In 's ain gude time ;
 He's aye dune sae o'er a' earth's sphere,
 Sin' Adam's prime.

An' doctor, we sud never grumble
 For fear that we micht fa' or stumple,
 An' we for this should aye be humble,
 Short sighted creatures ;
 An' ne'er for gear, no worth a thimble,
 Distress our natures.

For when we think on how we live,
 Sae thankless for what we receive,
 While all the mercies He doth give,
 Are undeserved ;
 His bounties all our pains relieve,
 An' naught reserved.

Now, Dector, when ye this receive,
 My best respects be sure to give
 To the mistress and the bairns belyve,
 Baith ane an' a' ;
 While yours I am, as lang's I have
 A breath to draw.

Thoughts on Women.

*Suggested on visiting the Orphan's Home, Gall, Ont.,
 superintended by Miss McPherson, to whom the last
 part is particularly addressed.*

Hail lovely gem of the creation,
 Soother of the sorrowing heart,
 Whatever creed, or class or nation,
 In sorrows woman takes her part.
 'Mong outcasts by their friends forsaken,
 In the depths of dark despair,
 They always have an interest taken,
 Shedding forth affection rare.
 Oft to misery's couch they hurry,
 Snatching many from the hold,
 Of burning fever's racking fury
 On the brow of young and old.
 Ah, who can tell when words of comfort,
 Whispered in the listening ear,
 Raise the mind and heart from darkness,
 To live in noon-day light so clear.
 And who can tell what unfeigned sorrow,
 They can o'er sick mortals show,
 You'd think they from the Angels borrow
 The sympathy that they bestow.
 Then hie thee away, fair daughter of Eve,
 On your mission of mercy the poor to relieve ;
 From Britain's great cities, choked up thoroughfares,
 Her lanes and her alleys where poverty glares,
 From the lowest street hovels and tenement stairs,
 From the outside of plenty to misery's lairs.
 From narrow lane rooms where the sun never shines
 Where darkness and filth pervade their confines,
 Where the noonday of summer is under a cloud,
 And the sun's warm beams are immured in a shroud,
 Go bring them from starving, from burrows and dens,
 Like the beasts of the woods or the dark shady glens.

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Bring them here that their eyes may behold the pure
 And on the green sward of our Canada play. [day,
 Bring the overstock juveniles of Britain out here ;
 There is room for them all and plenty good cheer,
 A home for all ages and sexes as well,
 With work for them all, and a chance to do well.
 And many a prayer for them will ascend
 To the God of creation, thy life to defend ;
 And to bless thee in all thy intentions so good,
 To rescue poor objects from misery's flood,
 By taking poor waifs from their dark cavern homes,
 And lightening their darkness, whenever it comes
 In your way, and a chance to relieve young or old,
 In sorrow, or trials, or troubles untold.
 Yes, a blessing will rest upon you while you live,
 And comfort in trials from God you'll receive,
 And when you accomplish your labor down here,
 In joy you'll ascend to a heavenly sphere.

To Dr. Buckham, after a long silence on his part.

Are ye dead, or are ye still among the livin',
 My heart to hear frae you is sadly grievin' ;
 An answer to my last I've been expectin',
 But noo frae you a word I canna reckon.
 Now, Doctor, when I think on times gane by,
 When ye to write to me was never shy,
 I canna think whate'er can be the matter,
 That I frae you can hardly get a letter,
 I'm sure if ye but knew the heartfelt joy,
 The pleasure that it gies without alloy,
 To me, to hear frae you by yer ain pen,
 Ye wadna be sae scared to let me ken
 That ye were weel an' thrivin' as of yore.
 Alang wi' them that's dear to yer heart's core.
 As for mysel', my health is no the best,
 But eild aye puts puir bodies to the test,
 Wi' pains an' aches, an' limbs baith stiff an' sair,
 Puir human nature aye has its ain share.
 But why should we poor mortals e'er repine,
 Or murmur 'neath the hanu that is Divine.
 But human nature, as I've said afore,
 Forgets the plenished basket an' the store ;
 The mony mercies that He daily gies,
 The mony blessings on our worthless lives.

Now my dear frien', my heart an' haun ye hae,
 An' maybe ye'll at no far distant day
 Write twa-three lines to me to let me ken,
 How ye are thrivin' in yer but and ben ;
 How yer dear wife an' bairns are ane an' a',
 Now risin' round ye like a stalwart wa'
 O' stane an' lime, to comfort ye in eild,
 An' throw a peacefu' halo roun' yer hield.
 Now, fare ye weel e'enow, my faithfu' frien',
 Success be yours frae morning licht till e'en ;
 Frae day to day may ye be thrivin' still,
 Till at the last ye totter down the hill,
 An' sleep fu' sound till ye in glory wake,
 An' at His presence neither fear nor quake.

A Picture of Life.

A' ye wha strive by labor hard,
 To earn an honest living,
 Ye'll fin' that some hae nae regard
 For you unless your thriving.
 There's mony a decent, honest man,
 Wi' poortith has to grapple,
 Wha ne'er had wealth come to his haun,
 Nor gowd crammed down his thrapple.
 His wife an' him, they fecht richt sair
 To gar ends meet thegither,
 But after a' their eident care,
 They're aften in a swither.
 But yet for a' they earn their bread
 In manly independence,
 And envy not the rich and great,
 Wi' a' their hired attendance.
 They baith hae learned to help themsel',
 By honesty's endeavors,
 An' nae ane has a tale to tell,
 About them' seekin' favors.
 When they are blest wi' rosy health,
 An' meat an' claise when wanted,
 They never spend a thocht on wealth,
 Nor pleasures by it granted.
 His pleasure's in his wee bit cot,
 Wi' wife an' bairns fu' tenty,
 When gathered round him a' sac crouse,
 Wi' happiness in plenty,

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Contentment beams on every face,
 In his wee cot so lowly,
 Wi' innocence and inward grace,
 An' hearts baith true an' holy.
 But they who trust in riches great,
 I doubt are no sas cheery,
 As the poor man in his lowly state,
 Wha's thochts ne'er mak' him eerie.

Canada our Home.

Hail Canada, gem of Victoria's crown,
 A country of worth and far famed renown,
 Though far from Britannia's ocean girt shore,
 Her subjects are loyal to the heart's core.
 Both union and freedom our country pervade,
 And in progress we will not be left in the shade,
 By a nation that think they can beat all creation,
 In every department of late innovation.
 For here our resources are as numerous as there,
 And when they're developed will cause them to stare,
 Our mineral resources all o'er the earth tell,
 That Canada's a country where miners might dwell.
 Our cereal productions have wide-world fame,
 And that of our dairies bears up our good name.
 Our horses and cattle with the world can compete,
 And all other stock that come in their beat;
 And all the big prairies that have such a name,
 For richness of soil and abundance of game,
 Are not a whit richer or better the while,
 Than thousands of acres of Canada's soil.
 So who would not live in this country of ours,
 Mong it's hills and its valleys or shady green bowers,
 On the banks of our rivers or by our great lakes,
 By the dark forests edge where the aspen leaf quakes,
 On the banks of Niagara's cataract wild,
 In summer's bright green, or in autumn so mild.
 There's no end to variety of scenery here,
 Of woodlands and mountains and rivers so clear.
 A home for all ranks and conditions of men,
 Is found in this country of hill, dale and glen,
 And here, if a man is content to remain,
 He is certain a free happy home to obtain,
 Where he may enjoy all the comforts of life,
 If married, along with his family and wife.

To A. Wanless, Detroit, Mich., U. S.

In answer to some verses published by him in his first edition of poems, in relation to a visit paid him by me.

I thank ye kin'ly for yer paper,
 'Bout ither things as weel's my caper,
 Whan I ran aff like noon tide vapour,
 Clean oot o' sicht,
 And wadna wait till starny tapers
 Shed forth their licht.

But little thocht had I fornent it,
 An' faith I glowered and syne I glentit,
 Whan I got haud, an' saw it prentit,
 By yer ain haun ;
 An' then the way I'm representit—
 Gude gracious, man !

An' ye're as sharp as ony razor,
 About that auld sang, Bauldy Fraser,
 The fouk will think I'm like a grasier
 Wha far an' near,
 Has travel't like a working brasier,
 For ryhmin' gear.

An' then again aboot my fiddle,
 Wha's wame was split richt up the middle,
 Since she's been men't, I've gart her diddle
 Wi' richt gude will,
 Till auld an' young, wi' gleesome griddle,
 Can ne'er sit still.

But for yer flytin, I forgie ye,
 An' maybe I'll be o'er to see ye,
 An' spen' a while in pleasure wi' ye,
 In yer cosey biel ;
 Meantime my best respects I gie ye,
 My canty chiel.

Yer wife and bairns I maist forgot,
 Their pardon I maun crave for that ;
 I hope they're weel, an' fair an' fat,
 Wi' health an' strength,
 An' may they aye hae a fu' pat,
 A' they're lives' length.

To My Frien', Dr. Buckham,

ON BEING DISAPPOINTED IN GOING TO SEE HIM.

I howp ye're handin' weel an' canty,
 Wi' wife an' bairns baith hale an' tenty ;
 Wi' fouth o' kail an' tawties plenty,
 To fill the wame ;
 An' worldly cares ne'er to dement ye,
 I' yer cosy hame.

For me, I'm maist broke doon in speerit,
 Wi' disappointment maist deleerit ;
 But I maun thole 't, and patient bear it
 Wi' outward grace ;
 Till howps turn 't real, come forth to clear it,
 Wi' smiling face.

Now, man, whan I for Flint had startit,
 I was sae blythe an' sae licht heartit,
 The ills o' life an' me were partit,
 Just like lang syne ;
 An' that my plans should be sae thwartit,
 Ne'er crossed my min'.

But gin this leg o' min' were heal,
 I'se mak' a promise true and leal,
 To cross the burn and run the rail,
 To see ye a',
 My dear auld frien' an' crony feal,
 In yer ain ha'.

I aften feel baith dazed an' donner't,
 An' wi' the warl' I'm haufins scunner't,
 To think that I am sae dumfounder't,
 For want o' chums,
 To help me whiles, whaun I am worry't
 By worldly scums.

But whan the muse comes to me blinkin',
 An' rousos me and sets me thinkin',
 Auld by gane days come o'er me blinkin',
 An' cheer my hear',
 She clears my een and keeps me winkin',
 Wi' her sles art.

Now, Doctor, I maun mak' conclusion,
 O' this prosaical effusion,

Whilk's fu' o' nought but sheer confusion
 An' little sense.
 Wi' bletherin' nonsense in profusion
 Withouten mense.

Sae fare ye weel, my trusty brither,
 An' frae ae year's an' to the ither,
 May ye be never in a swither
 To gar ends meet,
 But may baith health and wealth thegither,
 Be yours complete.

The mistress, my respects ye'll gie her,
 In howps that I will shortly see her,
 An' a' the bairns sae happy wi' her
 Around the hearth;
 May sic like joys be constant wi' her
 While on the earth.

To my Frien', Dr. Buckham,

AFTER A LONG SILENCE ON HIS PART.

MY DEAR FRIEN',—

It's lang since I hae heard frae you;
 The reason weel I canna trow,
 But man, it fairly gars me grue
 Wi' sorrow keen,
 That oor bit screeds should be sae few
 An' far between.

But now, sin' I hae broke the ice,
 To write to you 'bout something nice,
 I howp you'll hear me for a trice,
 An' thole my blether;
 Although it be na unco nice
 Chink 't up thegither.

'Bout you an' your's I've aye been speerin',
 At fouk wha frien'ship's garb are wearin',
 To ken what ye've been bauldly rearin',
 Baith dounce an' tenty;
 To wealth an' fame the straight road steerin',
 In peace an' plenty.

Ye ken, dear frien', I wish ye weel;
 I fan' ye aye a' canty chiel,

Wi' heart fu' saft, that aye could feel
 For a' the warl';
 Aye playin' yer ain part genteel,
 Tho' some may snarl.

As for mysel, I fin' I'm auld,
 An' yet for a' I'm blythe and bauld,
 Though three score summers o'er me tauld,
 Mak' me nae bairn;
 Nae discontent shall me enfauld,
 In grasp o' airn.

Na, na, dear frien', 'twill never tell,
 Whaun ane grows auld to scrimp himsel',
 O's share o' glee, an' mirth as well;
 To grunt an' grane
 As tho' he'd o'er a whunstane fell,
 An' broke 's hench bane.

I aft sit doon, an' aften think,
 Could I o' you but get a blink,
 'Twould gar me see without a wink,
 Auld times again.
 Sae young I'd feel, I'd joke and jink
 Wi' nicht an' main.

But, Doctor, I maun thole an' bear,
 An' live in howp frae year to year,
 That some day I to you'll be near,
 In frien'ship fine;
 Then want of glee I'll never fear,
 Nor heart to tine.

An' noo, fareweel, my frien' and brither,
 Sae keep yer head an' heart thegither,
 An' may ye near be in a swither,
 As lang's ye live;
 An' frae ae year's en' to the ither,
 Nae cause to grieve.

My due respec's to wife an' bairns,
 May they hae joy in ither's arms,
 An' flourish gran' like forest ferns,
 Baith fresh an' fair;
 While we lie safe aneath our cairns
 For ever mair.

SONG:

Sweet Mary, Flower of Ossian Hall.

TUNE.—“*Miss Forbes' farewell to Banff.*”

As I went out one morning fair,
 'Twas in the balmy month of June,
 The feathered songster's voices rare,
 Kept all the woods and vales in tune.
 By chance I met a bonny lass,
 A lovely lass as e'er I saw,
 For there are few in charms surpass,
 Sweet Mary, flower of Ossian Ha'.

Her cheeks are like the roses red,
 Her hazel eyes so modest look,
 With lips that rubies lustre shed,
 And teeth like pebbles of the brook.
 Her neck is of a pearly white,
 In stature tall, and middle small,
 'Twould take ower-lang for me to write,
 All Mary's charms of Ossian Hall.

The smile that plays around her mouth,
 Enchanting as the sun's bright rays,
 Beams o'er her face in love and truth,
 And aids the charm of all her ways.
 The dark brown hair in ringlets flows,
 All o'er her milk white neck so small,
 Her face with sweet contentment glows,
 Young Mary, flower of Ossian Hall.

I knew her when a smiling babe,
 A lovely bud as e'er was seen,
 And now she stands a full blown rose,
 A lovely girl of sweet sixteen.
 I've travelled some e'er distant lands,
 An' mony a fair young flower I saw,
 But all the flowers with colors grand,
 Were nocht to her of Ossian Ha'!

A few Scattered Thochts.

This warld's naething but a fecht,
 Atween the crookit an' the straucht ;
 A fecht wi' some the warld to win,
 An' poortith leave awa' behin'.
 A fecht wi' them wi' fouth o' gear,
 To heap it up an' mak' it mair.
 On this their heart and minds are bent,
 They naething ken 'bout sweet content.
 Their mind 's uneasy nicht an' day,
 An' a' they do an' a' they say,
 Betokens that their mind 's made up,
 To fill wi' gear their earthly cup.
 An' a' the pleasure that they tak',
 Is in the riches they can mak',
 We envy not their weel hained gear,
 That they hoard up frae year to year ;
 We envy not their golden treasure,
 Their heaps on heaps, without a measure.
 They canna breathe sae free as we,
 Wha ne'er kent what it was to be
 Nursed in the lap o' wealth an' ease,
 Wi' plenty aye o' meat an' claise,
 Provided lichtly to oor haun',
 Without the fyke o' ploy or plan,
 Na, na, wi' a' their show an' glitter,
 They canna hide the gatherin litter
 That aften crowds aroun' their heart,
 An' on their vitals throws a dart.
 Though poortith's blasts may rudely blaw,
 An' we puir bodies staun the thraw
 O' the warl's wiles baith up and doon,
 We'll never grieve, nor even croon,
 But tak' what Heaven is pleased to gie,
 An' neither grane or wat an e'e
 'Bout riches, or the pleasures o' them,
 Nor daftly set our minds upon them.
 Our lowly cot an' humble fare,
 Free frae such pomp an' phantom glare,
 Relieves our min's o' mony a care,
 Although our haudin's sma' an' bare.

LINES

Inscribed to a Young Friend of the Author.

Come, Sarah dear, and let us stray
 Where dewdrops hang on every spray ;
 Where warbling songsters fill the air,
 With mingled notes their voices rare.
 Come where the flowers in beauty bloom,
 Sweet scented flowers of rich perfume,
 So thickly studded on the strand
 Of Canada your native land.
 When we look all around our path,
 And see the charms that nature hath,
 To every heart and every eye,
 Of those whom nature can descry,
 To those who love to wander near,
 Beside the streams or lakes so clear,
 They prize the work o' his own hand,
 In Canada your native land.
 Ah, whither could we go and see
 A lovelier scene than this could be,
 The works of nature's glorious sheen,
 In streamlets clear, or meadows green,
 Our noble forest's stalwart trees,
 So clad with foliage, in the breeze
 Wave lightly, humming as a band,
 In Canada your native land.
 Such scenes as these are fitted well
 To make the heart with rapture swell ;
 To raise the soul in grateful mood
 To thank the giver of all good,
 For mercies to us, though unsought,
 For his great love to us unbought,
 Thrown down by an Almighty hand,
 On Canada your native land.

SONG.—THE THISTLE.

ORIGINAL AIR BY THE AUTHOR.

When Scotchmen forgather in far distant lands,
 In friendship, with joy and shaking of hands,
 Their theme is their country so wild and so free,
 While thoughts of the thistle bring tears in their e'e.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the thistle that waves on the hill ;
 Hurrah for the thistle that grows by the rill ;
 Hurrah for the thistle down by the dyke side,
 The bonny Scotch thistle, auld Scotia's pride.

When our forefathers focht in our country's cause,
 Defending their hames, their kirk and their laws,
 When mony brave Scots were laid low in their gore,
 The thistle waved high on the banners they bore.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, &c.

And in crowning of monarchs on Scotia's throne,
 When kings, dukes, and lords, assembled at Scone,
 'Mongst all the gay flowers were then to be seen,
 Sae proud and gayest the thistle sae green.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, &c.

And in mair modern times, when Victoria the good,
 Oft visits the land of the mountain and flood,
 She wanders alone by the forest or glade,
 Protected and safe 'neath the tall thistle's shade.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, &c.

O, Scotland ! 'tis lang since I left thy loved shore,
 But the langer I'm absent I love thee the more,
 And perhaps ere I die I may see thee again,
 And view the proud thistle at hame on the plain.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the Thistle and Shamrock so green,
 Hurrah for the Rose that grows up between,
 Hurrah for the Beaver, though last, yet not least,
 Whose fame is well known from the west the east.

SONG.

TUNE—"Wooded an' married an' a'."

Ae day as I gaed to Petrola,
 My way up the line I did seek ;
 Oh it was not the scented magnolia,
 I inhaled as I went up the creek,
 But the smoke an' the gas frae the engines,
 Came flying aboot like a cloud,



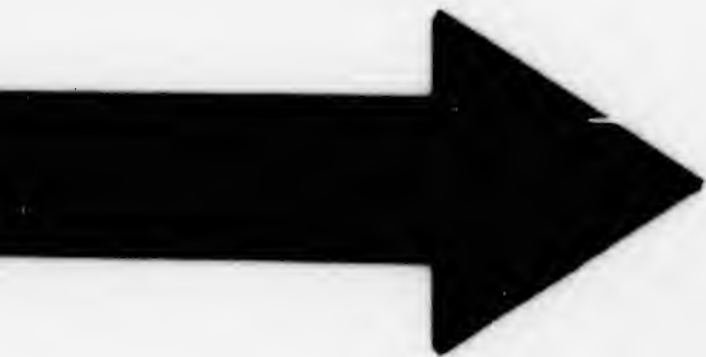
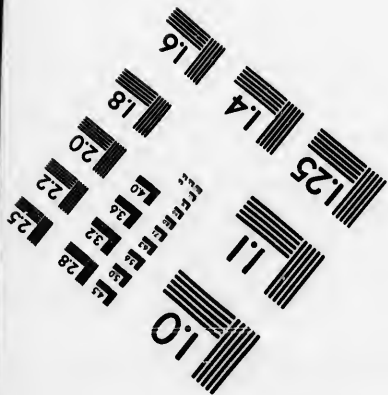
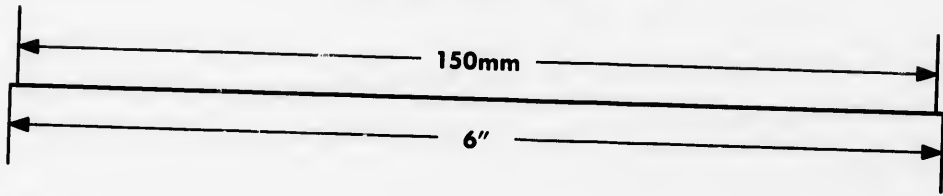
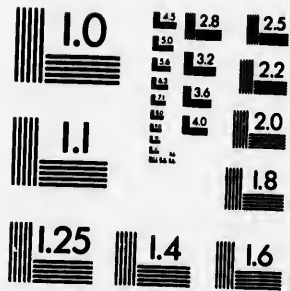
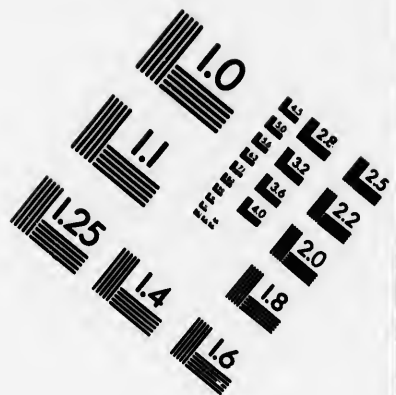
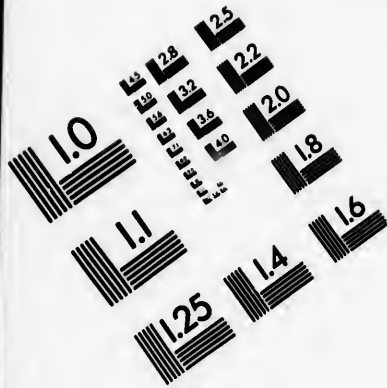


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Till I thocht I had entered the confines
Of the place where the bard got his shroud.

CHORUS—Engines an' derricks an' a',
Derricks an' engines an' a';
Wha wishes bad luck to their interest,
May muckle bad luck be his fa'.

When we in this Township first settled,
There wasna a word about oil,
A' our thochts were to be richtly fitted,
To grapple wi' every day's toil.
Sometimes we had plenty to feed on,
Sometimes we had barely enough,
But we helped ane anither to speed on,
While hardship made all of us tough.

CHORUS—Choppin' an' loggin' an' a',
Clearin' an' fencin' awa,
Frae ae year's on' tae the ither,
Our time to visit was sma'.

But noo since the oil has got started,
An' cities an' toons has commenced,
The oil men, so large an' free hearted,
The value of things have enhanced.
As a proof of their go-ahead spirit,
Just look at Petrolia Town,
An' surely the oilmen must merit
The praise of the place having grown.

CHORUS—Engineers, drillers, an' a',
Oil tanks an' sand pumps an' a',
May every thing lucky attend them,
And never bad luck be their fa'.

And go to this Town when you will, sir,
It's there that the farmers you'll see,
With produce of every description,
The fruits of the field an' the tree;
Nae odds what they bring, they can sell it,
Their wants of all kinds they supply,
E'en London it does not excel it,
For a market, no one can deny.

CHORUS—Success to Petrolia city,
Success to our young forest town,
And surely 'twould be a great pity,
If ever this place should go down.

Song.—Bear Creek's Banks are Bonny.

TUNE—"Annie Laurie."

Bear Creek's banks are bonny,
And so are its winding vales,
It's deep ravines are mony,
With shady pleasant dales.

With shady pleasant dales,
Where the sweet fragrant smell,
Is wafted on by gentle gales,
O'er every hill and dell.

Of there I've cheery wandered,
While spring birds joyous sang,
And the quiet stream meandered,
And the woods with echoes rang.

And the woods with echoes rang,
Of rustic melodies,
And cowbells tolled their cheerful clang,
'Mong the stalwart shady trees.

Of there I've mused in silence,
Wrapt in the pleasant scene,
When storms of raging violence
Were neither heard nor seen.

Were neither heard nor seen,
But all was clear and blue,
O, Bear Creek's banks are dear,
To my heart in every hue.

O, many a happy day,
I've lived on Bear Creek bank,
But I feel my end draw near,
My name will soon be blank.

My name will soon be blank,
While the grass grows o'er my grave,
And then my voice you'll hear no more,
Near Bear Creek's silent wave.

Song.—Bonnie Scotch Jeanie.

O say, hae ye seen my bonny Scotch Jeanie,
The pride of the village wherein she resides,
Her face is so fair, an' she's handsome as any,
And love, warmest love, in her bosom presides.

Her cheeks hae the bloom of her own native heather
 Her lips like the ruby so red and so clear,
 The smiles on her face put me aye in a swither,
 For lovely young Jeanie to me is most dear.
 Her form's sae complete an' her carriage so gracefu',
 That few in the village wi' her can compare,
 So modest her mien, an' her nature so peacefu',
 That happy are all her affections that share.
 Her bonny blue e'en that flash wi' emotion,
 Look tender and loving when she looks on me;
 Her voice when she sings with enraptured devotion,
 Is sweet as the mavis 'pon the haw tree.
 Victoria reigns at the head of our nation,
 While princes and lords bow low at her feet,
 But Jeanie reigns queen of my heart's admiration,
 While dressed in her plaid and her tartans so neat,
 I've wandered through mony a climate and country,
 And many fair maidens in them I have seen,
 But the image of Jean on my heart stands as sentry,
 While blythly I live 'neath the licht o' her e'en.

SONG,

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND SAMUEL CRAWFORD, OF PETROLIA.

TUNE— "Bonny's Grey Brecks."

I houp ye're weel, my sonsy frien',
 Aye keepin' blythe an' canty, O,
 An' pleasure tak' frae morn to e'en,
 Wi' flichts o' glee sae vaunty, O,
 The king are ye o' social glee,
 Whan at a splore I meet ye, O.
 Wi' drivin' carkin cares ajee,
 In joy I like to greet ye, O.
 CHORUS— We'll a' gang to Samill's house,
 Where maut an' meal is plenty, O,
 We'll a' gang to Samill's house,
 An' haud our ranty-tanty, O.
 For whan the house is fu' o' mirth,
 An' sangs an' jokes in plenty, O,
 The dear wee spot that gied us birth
 Comes in our minds so tenty, O.

The thochts o' Scotland's Leather hills,
 Whan far awa we're frae them, O,
 Her rugged crags and wimplin' rills,
 Knit us the closer to them, O.

CHORUS—For, &c.

Nae doot there's fouk wi' faces lang
 An' consciences to match them, O,
 Wha daurna laugh or sing a sang
 For fear mischief micht catch them, O.
 Sic fouk may try an' spin a thread,
 To me a ravel't yarn, O,
 But sorrow drown them in a quid,
 Or I their hose wad darn, O.

CHORUS—For, &c.

An' noo, my frien', sin' ye hae got
 Yer canny wife beside ye, O,
 Her winsome ways, I'll wad a groat,
 Gar sunshine aye betide ye, O,
 Lang may ye baith in wedlock graith,
 Enjoy baith peace an' plenty, O,
 An' may ye see, before ye dee,
 Yer youngest lass gran' aunty, O,
 Sae we'll a' gang to Samil's house,
 Where maut an' meal is plenty, O;
 We'll a' gang to Samil's house,
 An' haud our ranty-tanty, O!

SONG.—SCOTLAND.

ORIGINAL AIR BY THE AUTHOR.

O Scotland thour't dear to the hearts of thy sons,
 And ought that to thee appertains;
 In peace or in war facing proud foemen's guns,
 Their bosoms that love still retains.
 And though they may wander away from thy shores
 To dwell in some far distant clime,
 Yet dear and more close to their heart's inmost cores
 Is the land of the wild mountain thyme.
 'Tis the land where fair freedom her banner retains,
 Unfurled by our forefathers brave,
 And where is the Scot but with hatred disdains
 To shrink from the fight or a grave.

'Tis the land where bold actions and deeds have been
 Defending our rights one and all, [done,
 And the birth-place of many a true hearted son,
 Who always responds to her call.
 Though forty odd summers have passed o'er my head
 Since I left old Scotia's shore,
 Yet often I've thought as those years quickly fled,
 I'd like to see Scotland once more ;
 And though I may roam on Canadian strand,
 Through forests, or mountain, or dell,
 My thoughts will revert to my dear native land,
 The land of the sweet heather bell.
 Success to the land of the mountain and glen,
 May her sons ever prove to her true,
 At home or abroad, may they still be the men,
 That cherish the red, white, and blue.
 Success to the land we've adopted as well,
 A home for the million to be,
 May the beaver and maple, and sweet heather-bell,
 United live happy and and free.

Inscribed to my Friend, Patrick Barclay,
 Esq., Petrolia.

Dear Patrick, I has aften thocht,
 Since you an' I forgathered, O,
 That mutual frien'ship aye we socht,
 While thro' life's storms we've weathered, O.
 We've been acquaint for yeats gane by,
 An' aye we meet fu' cheery, O,
 Yer frien'ly smile lifts up my heart,
 Though e'er sae dull an' dreary, O.
 CHORUS.—Then let us try to live an' loup
 Out o'er this warld's troubles, O ;
 Aye haudin' fast the jewel, howp,
 To balance 'gainst life's baubles, O.

I aften think an' aften say,
 Whan I feel lost an' lanely, O,
 Gie me a blink o' frien'ship's day,
 An' nicht slips aff serenely, O.
 The warl's fechts sae sair beget,
 In me at times sic clamor, O,

That wertna' for some frien'ly chat,
I'd scarce do ocht but yaumer, O.

CHORUS.—Then let us try to keep weel up,
Our frien'ship lang an' cheery, O,
An' may we never drink the cup,
O' discontent sae dreary, O.

Noo, Patrick, I hae spun a yarn,
To you fu' blythe an' cheery, O,
An' gin I've dune a frien'ly turn,
'Twill never mak' me eerie, O.
Nae wish hae I, 'tween you an' I,
But frien'ships growth sincerely, O,
An' whan we meet wi' mirth an' joy,
I'll tune my pipes sae clearly, O.

CHORUS.—Then we'll a' sing auld Scotland's sangs,
To keep our hearts fu' canty, O,
We'll blow them out baith loud an' lang,
An' haud our heads fu' vaunty, O.

SONG,

*Inscribed to my Friend, A. Wilson, Esq., Wardsville,
Ont., an early and intimate acquaintance in Scotland.*

I houp yer weel, my dear auld frien',
Aye keepin' blythe an' canty, O,
Wi' fouth o' meat, an' claise, an' sheen,
An' health an' peace in plenty, O.
I houp yer bairns are doing weel,
An' are a' thrivin' finely, O,
While in yer warm an' cosy biel',
They're a' sae good an' kin'ly, O.

CHORUS.—We'll a' gang to Andrew's hoose,
An' spen' the nicht sae cheery, O,
Wi' Scotia's sangs an' liltg sae crouse,
Our hearts will ne'er grow weary, O.

Its lang sin' you an' I hae met,
To spen' a nicht thegither, O,
But haud yer whisht an', bide ye yet,
I'll soon be aff my tether, O,
If twa three sunny days wad come,
Wi' clear blue sky sae bonny, O,

To see my auld an' trusty chum,
I'll shin the miles so mony, O.

CHORUS.—Weel a' gang, &c.

Although we've been sae lang apart,
Nor seen ilk ithers' faces, O,
O' days gane by in my auld heart,
Ye'll fin' some lively traces, O.
I never tak' the fiddle doon,
To spen' an hour sae merry, O,
But thochts o' you come clinkin' roun',
Which nerves me up like sherry, O.

CHORUS.—Weel a' gang, &c.

I aften on auld Elgin think,
Whare you a' me sae freely, O,
Spent mony a happy day an' nicht,
In sport an' glee sae keenly, O.
The time flew by wi' you an' I,
Like ony other younkens, O,
But noo, we're auld, an' stiff forbye,
To rise an' shak' our hunkers, O.

CHORUS.—Weel a' gang, &c.

But though we're auld, we're unco bauld,
To sing an' crack, fu' cheery, O,
An' whan we hear auld stories tauld,
We're neither dull nor eerie, O,
An' Andrew, man, I wish ye weel,
Wi' wife an' bairns sae tenty, O,
An' in yer ain warm house at hame,
May ye hae joy an' plenty, O.

CHORUS.—For we'll a' gang to Andrew's hoose,
An' spen' the nicht sae cheery, O,
An' sing auld Scotia's sangs sae crouse,
That never fag nor weary, O.

SONG.

TUNE.—“*Roslin Castle.*”

Come now, sweet muse, with power move,
My heart to sing of her I love,
Awake me in a tuneful lay,
In praise of Mary, fair as day,

Lead me to scenes where nature blooms,
 Where every flower in season comes,
 Lead me to scenes' midat nature's bowers,
 And let me muse amongst the flowers.

Come, gentle Mary, come with me,
 And let us sing in unity ;
 Come where the birds chant their sweet song,
 And let us join the warbling throng.
 I've loved thee, Mary, long and true,
 Can I, my love, say that of you ?
 That sign I hear your heart betrays ;
 " How can you doubt, dear swain," she says.

O then what peace our hearts enjoyed,
 What love and pleasure unalloyed,
 While mutual vows we often made,
 Till evening brought her sombre shade.
 The time flew fast, and we must part,
 I clasped her closely to my heart,
 I gently took a parting kiss,
 And tore myself from her and bliss.

As musing homeward I was bent,
 My thoughts on Mary dear intent,
 My heart in ravished accents said,
 " May heaven bless the darling maid."
 I slowly sped in pleasant dreams,
 Oft wandering by the clearest streams,
 By Mary's side in wedlock bands,
 When we for aye join heart and hands.

SONG.—HONEST JUDGE AVERY.

*Honest Judge Avery, of Flint, in Michigan, a particular
 friend of the Author, but who since this was made,
 has gone the way of all living.*

TUNE.—" *Hooley an' fairly!*"

Ye've surely heard tell o' our famous Judge Avery,
 Who never submitted to petticoat slavery,
 But whiles wi' the lasses held just a bit clavery,
 Syne strutted awa' wi' stoical bravery.
 Famous Judge Avery, famous Judge Avery,
 He jookit awa' wi' stoical bravery.

He's gude, an' he's wise, an' big-hearted, Judge Avery,
 His looks wad betoken aught in him but knavery,
 Upright in judgment an' desp'rate 'gainst slavery,
 Free trade, an' equal richts, bravo, Judge Avery!
 Bravo, Judge Avery! Bravo, Judge Avery!
 Kens weel the differ 'tween frolic an' gravery.

Unfortunate wights, if they meet wi' Judge Avery,
 Will meet wi' a frien' free o' a' clishmaclavery,
 He'll gie them assistance, baith soothin' an' savory,
 For his loof is aye open to poortith, Judge Avery!
 Liberal Judge Avery! Liberal Judge Avery!
 Warm hearted, clear headed, honest Judge Avery!

He's bloomin' an' fresh as a rose, is Judge Avery,
 Its a wonder he's never been catched in a reverie,
 Wi' twa bonny e'en an' a mouthfu' o' ivory,
 An' red ruby lips that to pree wad be thievery.
 Gallant Judge Avery! Gallant Judge Avery!
 Weel has he keepit frae love an' frae slavery!

But the time may sune come whan lanely Judge
 May meet wi' a lassie baith sonsy an' savory, [Avery,
 Wi' witchin' blue e'en, an' breath sweet an' flavery,
 An' heart true an' warm, just the thing for Judge
 Avery.

Happy Judge Avery! Happy Judge Avery!
 Wha wadna wish he'd be happy Judge Avery!
 Then here's to the ladies an' honest Judge Avery.
 An' here's to the band that wi' desperate bravery,
 Abolished the relics of black-hearted slavery,
 An' broke down the fulcrum of Southern knavery.
 Valiant Judge Avery! Valiant Judge Avery!
 May health, wealth, an' honor, pertain to Judge
 Avery.

SONG.—THE STAR OF DETROIT.

There's a lovely young star shines brilliant and bright,
 In her much beloved home where she is the light;
 She's handsome and graceful and in song takes delight,
 While sweet notes she renders, the Star of Detroit.
 The flash of her eye shows the soul that's within,
 An index of feelings affections to win,
 Her features all over are striking to sight,
 So loving and kind is the Star of Detroit.

I've seen mony faces lit up with delight,
 At home and abroad by day and by night,
 But of all the sweet faces e'er came to my sight,
 The purest and sweetest is the Star of Detroit.

And blest, doubly blest, be the man of her choice,
 Her love and affection his heart will rejoice,
 United in wedlock his soul will delight,
 In loving and pleasing the Star of Detroit.

SONG.—THE LAND WE LEFT.

TUNE.—“*The boatie rows.*”

The land we left, the land we left,
 To a' oor hearts sae dear,
 To us a land o' woes bereft
 Through mony a passing year.
 The thochts o' Scotland's heather hills,
 The spot that gied us birth,
 Hands up oor heads aboon life's ills,
 To rise o'er a' the carth.

The land we left, the land we left,
 Has kirks an' schules enow,
 Wi' humble pastors, great in worth,
 An' dominies tried an' true.
 There mony a good advice we got,
 An' mony a prayer beside
 Was offered up, to help us on
 Through life's uneven tide.

The land we left, the land we left,
 Is ane o' warlike fune,
 An' in the annals o' the past,
 She bears an honored name,
 Our fathers focht in freedom's cause,
 Wi' courage stout and bold,
 Protecting still our country's laws,
 'Gainst numbers twice o'er told.

The land we left, the land we left,
 The beauty of her flowers,
 Comes steulin' o'er the Scotchman's thochts,
 In lonely midnight hours.

The heather bell, in faultless bloom,
 The fragrant mountain thyme,
 The gowan wi' its crimsoned edge,
 The thistle in its prime.

Though two score years an' three hae passed
 Sin' I left Scotia's shore,
 Yet love for her's aye tapmost yet,
 Within my bosoms core ;
 An' maybe I may see her yet,
 An' on her soil may tread,
 An' view memorials o' the past,
 I' the graves o' frien's lang dead.

Three cheers, then, for the land we left,
 Three cheers wi' richt gude will ;
 Till hills and valleys ring again,
 We'll cheer auld Scotland still,
 An' though we ne'er may see her mair,
 Wi' melting heart an' e'e,
 We'll ne'er forget the land we left,
 Until the day we dee.

Letter to Chas. Patterson, Bookseller, Detroit,

IN ANSWER TO ONE RECEIVED FROM HIM.

I got yer letter, winsome Charile,
 I trow it gart me wonder fairly,
 To see the haun I see sae rarely,
 In writing graith ;
 For a' 'twas short an' unco sparely,
 I'll tak' my aith.

I'm glad to hear ye're doin' weel,
 A thrivin', douce, an' steady chiel,
 An' happy in yer cosy biel',
 Wi' wife sae crouse ;
 Nor discontent an' sorrow feel
 I' yer ain wee house.

Lang may ye leeve an' cheerfu' be,
 An' comfort tak' yer wife wi',
 Till ye hae passed through youth's degree,
 To age unscathed ;

An' years wi' honor bear the gree,
Whan ye're ungraited.

Yer parents dear, I'd like to see them,
May happiness an' joy be wi' them,
A warm heart I maun aye hae to them,
As lang's I'm here ;
For kindness shown to me by them,
Whan I was there.

Yer auld acquaintance, David, 's weel,
He's drawin' timber like the deil,
But snaw is scarce an' saft as jeel,
An' sleighin's bad ;
Which mak's poor Dave down-hearted feel,
An' sour an' sad.

John, he cam' hame some twa months syne,
He's just the same an' leuks as fine,
As he was wont whan ye could tyne
A week or twa ;
In this bit hamely house o' mine,
In Canada.

Young Dick has grown clean out o' sicht,
He's raxed up to an' awfu' heicht,
Just like a poplar, tall an' streicht,
O'er six feet twa ;
Tho' youngest, he in size an' weicht,
Outstrips them a'.

My wife, puir body, 's just the same,
As whan ye saw her last at hame,
An eident, faithfu', carefu', dame,
A cherished treasure ;
To me there's music in her name,
An' heartfelt pleasure.

We've baith our troubles to put by,
An' whiles it tak's us hard to try,
To keep our hearts thro' wet an' dry,
In resignation ;
To Him wha rules aboon the sky,
In our low station.

As for mysel' I'm no sae bad,
I hae gude reason to be glad,
Though whiles I'm unco wae an' sad,
Wi' the world's trouble ;

An' aft my joy, wi' sorrow clad,
An empty bubble.

But whiles I tak' the fiddle doon,
An lilt mysel' a hielan' tune,
Whilk lifts my heart a' cares aboon,
An' stacks my tether,
An' wasts me back to Scotland's crown,
The bloomin' heather.

Now, Charlie, ye'll think o' this letter,
That I micht dune a hantle better;
But it winna do the muse to fetter,
Whan she comes ben;
For we maun tak' her as we get her,
Sac draps my pen!

Song, Inscribed to my Wife.

TUNE.—“*When you and I were young, Maggie.*”

When you and I were young, Jane,
A long time ago,
Blythe as the lark we sung, Jane,
Nor thought of care or woe,
We wandered forth by the woods, Jane,
Or o'er the fields we'd stray,
While mutual vows we made, Jane,
With thoughts as pure as day.

We have lived for years thegither, Jane,
In peace and pleasure too,
Life's storms we've tried to weather, Jane,
As we've trod life's passage through.
An' though we're getting auld, Jane,
And life's morn has passed away,
Our hearts have ne'er turned cold, Jane,
But warmer every day.

And now by nature's course, Jane,
Our thread of life's near spun;
We soon shall end earth's strife, Jane,
Our race will soon be run.
Oh, may we both meet there, Jane,
In the mansions of the blest,
And rejoice in that heavenly sphere, Jane,
Where all is peace and rest.

A Lament for a Young Friend

WHO GOT MARRIED AND LEFT PETROLIA IN 1873.

Alake, but this winter is lang, lang an' dreary,
 An' cauld is the blast frae the north roaring loud,
 An' wae are our hearts, an' naething leuks cheery,
 While nature lies dead wi' the snaw for its shroud.
 An' weel may we mourn, an' be dowie an' eerie ;
 An' lanely an' feckless, I trow are we a',
 Since Jeanie has left us, the pride o' the village,
 Has left us, an' now she is wed an' awa.

We hearna her jolly laugh ringing sae loudly,
 We hearna her voice like the linnie sae sweet,
 We see na her face aye wi' smiles covered over,
 Nor hear we the steps o' her twa fairy feet.
 We hearna her speaking in accents sae sweetly,
 For leal was her heart, aye, an' tender as weel,
 She aye had a word that wad answer completely,
 For the poor in distress she keenly could feel.

She trippet alang like a bird in a meadow,
 While some Scottish ditty she sweetly would sing,
 Lang, lang, she'll be missed whan her free fitting
 shadow,

Nae mair can be seen sure pleasures to bring.
 May blessin's attend her aroun' her ain dwelling,
 May peace an' contentment aye fa' to her lot,
 An' while the cauld warld wi' trouble is swelling,
 May pleasure an' joy pervade in her cot.

 LINES,

ON SEEING A FLOCK OF SNOW BIRDS OUT OF THE
 WINDOW, DECEMBER, 1871.

The day is cauld, wi' flichts o' snaw,
 An' wild an' rough the north win's blaw,
 W' flocks o' snow-birds fleein' roun',
 On weeds to pick they aft sit down.
 Puir things, ye'd think their feet wad freeze,
 As they are carried by the breeze ;
 But Gude provides them wi' his han',
 And never deviates frae the plan

He had whan he commenced creation,
O' fittin' a' things for their station.
Then why should we puir feckless creatures,
Wear discontent on a' oor features?
Whan we're aye warm, an' couth an' dry,
Weel clad, wi' fouth o' meat forbye.
But sae it is in human nature,
For man 's a sinfu' thankless creature,
Wi' a' the knowledge he may have,
The mair he has, the mair he'll crave,
Forgetting his Almighty Guide,
Who for his wants does aye provide.

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The Author to his Readers.

TO MY READERS.—The author of the foregoing Poems and Songs would beg that all who read them would look with a lenient eye upon the faults they may find in them. He had reached the age of fifty years before he composed a verse, although he had indulged a wish that he could do so, from boyhood; but that wish might have remained without any practical results, had not a friend written an acrostic on my name, in trying to reply to which I found I could do something in the way of rhyming. From that time I found it comparatively easy to compose verse, and had I had no worldly troubles, I might have been able to lay before the public a larger book than this. However, it is perhaps large enough for all the good that's in it. Meantime my readers will have to take the will for the deed. I may as well state by way of explanation, that the "Wyfe or the Wuddy," is one of Wilson's Border Tales put in rhyme. "O'Connell and the Huckster," is also a metrical version of a popular story. With the exception of these and two other pieces, "The Sunbeam," and "Omnipresence," the rest are all original.

W. BRICHAN.

Enniskillen, County of Lambton, 1876.

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7

INDEX.

| | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| The Wife or the Wuddy,..... | 3 |
| O'Connell and the Huckster,..... | 32 |
| Thoughts on the death of Mrs. Grant,..... | 36 |
| Song addressed to Peter Gauld,..... | 37 |
| An Address to my friend, James Scott,..... | 38 |
| An Address to William Gauld, | 39 |
| An Address to Robert Dawson, Esq.,..... | 41 |
| Lines to a Friend,..... | 42 |
| On the death of John Grant,..... | 43 |
| Lines on the death of a Child,..... | 44 |
| From little Frank,..... | 45 |
| Lines on the death of an only Brother,..... | 46 |
| Thoughts on the vanity of Riches,..... | 47 |
| Thoughts on the frailty of Man,..... | 47 |
| To Maggy,..... | 48 |
| Omnipresence, (selected),..... | 49 |
| Sunbeam, (selected). | 49 |
| Lines addressed to a young Lady,..... | 50 |
| To the memory of Burns,..... | 51 |
| St. Andrew's Night, 1866,..... | 51 |
| On a New-Year's Night,..... | 52 |
| Canada, a Home for the Million,..... | 53 |
| About Hallowe'en,..... | 55 |
| Address to my Wife,..... | 56 |
| The Thistle, the Emblem of Scotland,..... | 57 |
| A Voice from Canada,..... | 58 |
| An auld Scotchman's Thoughts, | 60 |
| Reply to a Letter from Dr. Buckham,..... | 60 |
| Lines written on a Dominic,..... | 62 |
| Reply to a Letter from James Scott,..... | 63 |
| Sunset, 25th August, 1875,..... | 64 |
| Ode to Scotland,..... | 65 |
| Canada, a Sketch,..... | 66 |
| A Scene in Scotland in 1502,..... | 66 |
| The Skedaddler,..... | 67 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| To Robert Dawson, Esq., | 68 |
| St. Andrew's Night in Petrolia, in 1872, | 70 |
| William and Elspeth, | 72 |
| To Dr. Buckham, April 1874, | 74 |
| Thoughts on Women, | 76 |
| To Dr. Buckham, after a long silence, | 77 |
| A Picture of Life, | 78 |
| Canada our Home, | 79 |
| To A. Wanless, Detroit, | 80 |
| To my Friend, Dr. Buckham, | 81 |
| Another Epistle to my Friend Dr. Buckham, | 82 |
| Song, Mary, Flower of Ossian Hall, | 84 |
| A few Scattered Thoughts, | 85 |
| Lines to a Young Friend, | 86 |
| Song, the Thistle, | 86 |
| Song, As I gae'd to Petrolia Town, | 87 |
| Song, Bear Creek Banks are bonny, | 89 |
| Song, Bonnie Scotch Jeanie, | 89 |
| Song, inscribed to Samuel Crawford, | 90 |
| Song, Scotland, | 91 |
| Inscribed to my Friend, Patrick Barclay, | 92 |
| Song, inscribed to A. Wilson, | 93 |
| Song, Come now, Sweet Muse, | 94 |
| Song, Honest Judge Avery, | 95 |
| Song, The Star of Detroit, | 96 |
| Song, The Land we left, | 97 |
| Letter to Charles Patterson, | 98 |
| Song, inscribed to my Wife, | 100 |
| Lament for a young friend, | 101 |
| Lines on seeing a flock of Snow-birds, | 101 |
| The Author to his readers, | 103 |

..... 68
..... 70
..... 72
..... 74
.... 76
.... 77
... 78
... 79
... 80
... 81
... 82
... 84
... 85
.. 86
.. 86
.. 87
.. 89
.. 89
.. 90
.. 91
. 92
. 93
. 94
. 95
. 96
. 97
98
100
101
101
103

