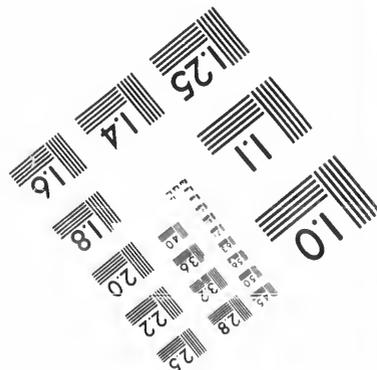
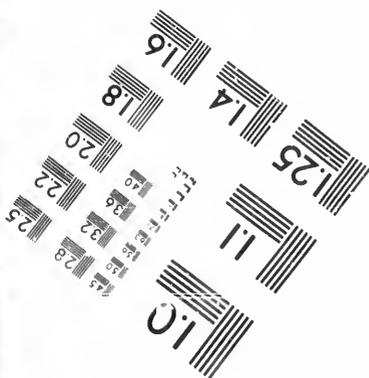
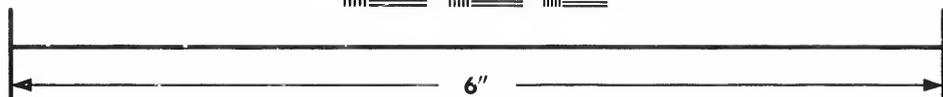
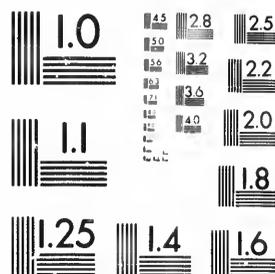


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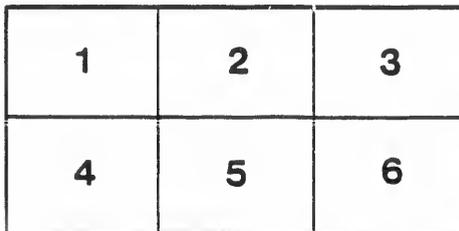
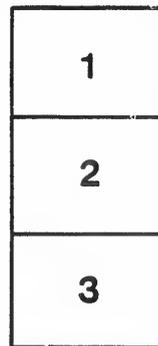
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WARBLINGS AND WAILINGS

OF

LEISURE HOURS.

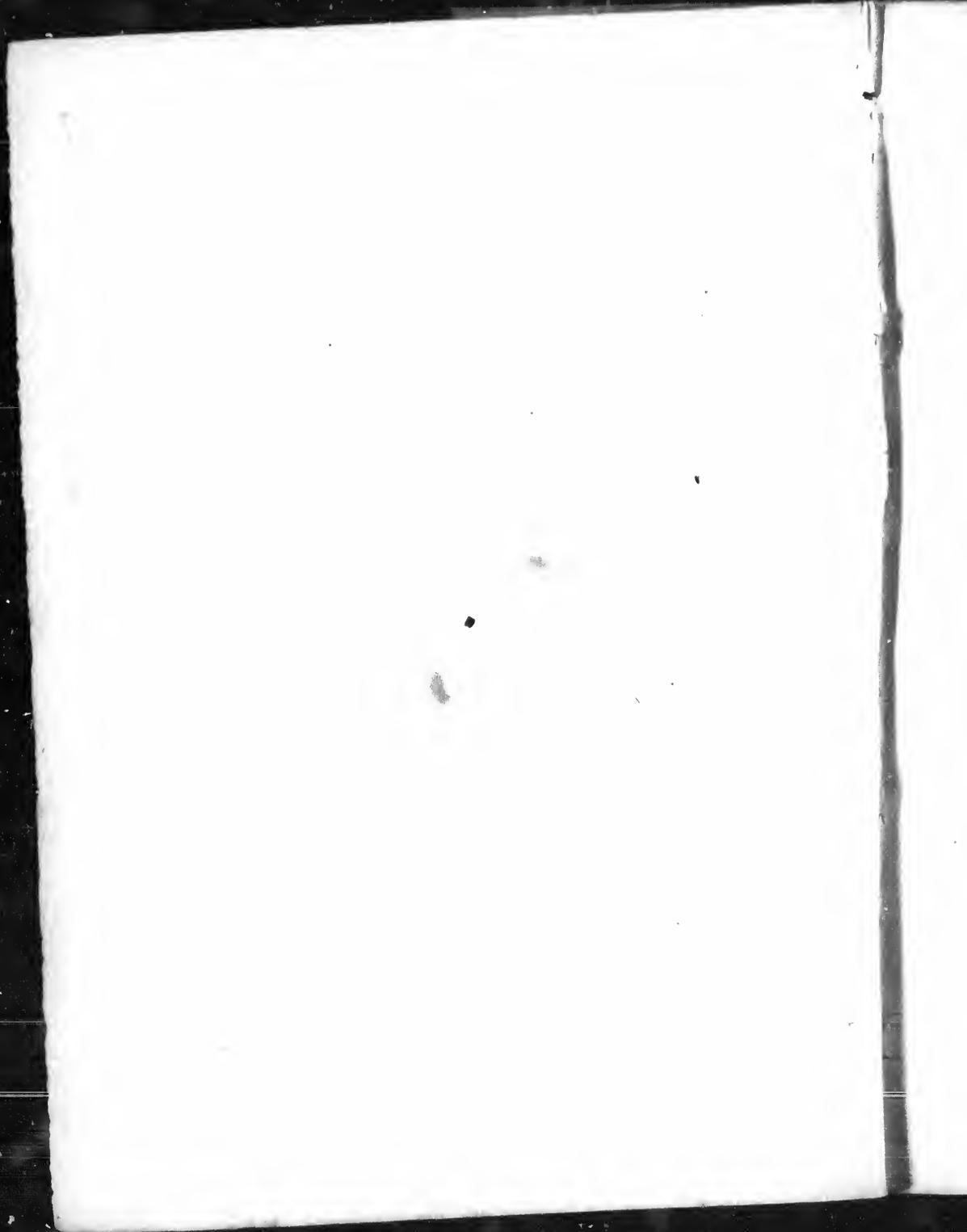


BY SCOTUS.



THREE RIVERS:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

—
1859.



PREFACE.



THE reader will readily perceive from the diversity of *subjects, measures and tongues*, employed in the pieces forming this small Collection, that they were really and truly what the title expresses,—the warblings and wailings of leisure hours:—some of them written when the mind was young, buoyant and free from care; others when depressed and clouded with grief, arising from various causes; and others, again, when it was more deeply affected, and prostrate in anguish, caused by family bereavements.

The dialogue of *Jenny and Geordie*, founded on the experience of Bush Life, and intended to convey comfort and encouragement to newly arrived emigrants, appeared many years ago in the

Canadian Literary Garland; but it had never been the intention of the Author to produce his Warblings in a collected form, although he has ultimately been induced to do so, at the request of a dear and valued friend; and that too, when he had arrived at a stage, on the journey of life, so far advanced,* as to render revision both vain and impracticable. They are, therefore, with all their imperfections, respectfully submitted to an indulgent Public, by

SCOTUS.

* In his 81st year.

P O E M S .



THE HAMESICK WIFE AND CONSOLING HUSBAND.

PART I.

It is generally, if not universally the case, that the wives and grown up daughters of settlers from Britain, who seek with the axe independence in the woods of Canada, are woefully afflicted upon their first entrance into the forest with the disease called *Homesickness*. The complaint, however, abates in proportion as their clearings enlarge, and their comforts encrease. The dulcet warbling of the tuneful birds of Albion is in time forgotten, and the homesick wife ultimately believes that there is no music on earth like—the music of the axe. These considerations suggested the following dialogue:—

JENNY.

Why is the gloamin, tell me, Geordie,
Aye the time when wooers meet ;
An' mony a kind an' couthie wordie,
Baith said—an sealed wi' kisses sweet ?

B

GEORDIE.

'Tis 'cause its dim saft light conceals
 The blush on maidens' modest cheek ;
 An' night that treads on gloamin's hee's,
 Aye favours trysts, that woers seek.

JENNY.

What hae we got or gain'd by comin'
 Ower the deep an roarin sea ?
 Dark drearie days withoutten gloamin',*
 An naething blythe to cheer the e'e.

GEORDIE.

Be cheeric, Jenny, aye be cantic,
 I'm sure that better days are comin' :
 I'se mak' ye cosie in the shanty.†
 An' dawt ye weel my Lennie woman.

* Cleamin', in Scotland, as twilight in England and the Emerald Isle, is of considerable duration, whereas in Canada, immediately as the sun goes down, we are shrouded in darkness.

† Shanty, a small hut made of logs, covered with cloven hollow timber, usually the first residence of settlers when they take up their abode in the woods.

JENNY.

Nae mair we'll hear the kirk-bell ringin',
 Nor the burnie's ripplin' din ;
 Nae mair we'll hear the mavis singin'
 On the bush ower Cawdor Lynn.

GEORDIE.

What though ye hear nae the kirk-bell ringin',
 Gude Hawkie's bell aye glads your ear ;*
 Wha at your ca', comes loupin', flingin'
 Her auld daft legs high in the air.

JENNY.

Nae laverocks here sing in the lift,
 Nor linties on the whinnie brae ;
 O' what for Geordie, did we shift,
 An change for g'oom—blythe scenes like thae ?

* In new settlements, where the cattle browse in the woods, a bell is appended to the neck of the oldest cow, which leads the others in ranging for food. Its sound is heard at a considerable distance, and directs those in quest of the cattle to the spot where they may be found.

GEORDIE.

Weel could ye sing when first I kent ye,
 Then lets gie canker care the rout ;
 If ye'll be laverock—I'se be listie,
 Sae wifie we'll sing sang about.

JENNY.

Thae thochts aye set my breast a thrabbin',
 In troth my heart is nearly broke
 To leave the laverocks—linties warblin',
 An come to hear the puddocks croak.

GEORDIE.

'Tis true nae birds sing here sae weel,
 Yet whiles ye here the paitrick's drum,*

* The cock partridge, during the season of incubation, is heard in a still morning at a great distance, drumming with his wings on the limb of a dead tree, from which the sportsman learns where partridges may be found in the proper season, but more frequently it leads the poacher to cause the poor bird to close his sprightly *reveller* with a doleful tattoo.

An the we birds singin'—whup her weel,*
 When drouthie puddocks ca' for rum.†

JENNY.

Noo nae kind friends will e'er come near us,
 On auld yule night or halloween ;
 Though mony a weel-kent face wad cheer us,
 But for the sea that rows atween.

* The distinctness with which this small bird *pronounces*—*Whup her Will*,—is evident to all who have heard its note.

† The note of the bull-frog is familiar to every Canadian ear—such as, *marche donc—De Meuron—run-more-rum*. It is alleged that during the last war, in every place where the De Meuron regiment was quartered, the frogs gradually disappeared. The Canadians affirm that the frogs, when engaged in their musical soirees, planted *videttes* to give notice of the approach of the enemy, and that whenever *De Meuron* was sung, or sounded, the whole of the performers instantly dived, to seek for shelter in their rushy and muddy fastnesses. The De Meurons, it appears, had a peculiar mode of cooking these little songsters.—*De gustibus non disputandum*.

GEORDIE.

Let nae sic dowie thochts oppress ye,
But clear your sweet an tuneful throat,
When bogles black or blue distress ye,
Aye fieg them wi' a merry note.

JENNY.

Weel I will strive to be contentit,
For ye've been gude and kind to me ;
Forbye our love's the mair cementit,
By the bairnies roun' my knee.

GEORDIE.

Thae words exprest—my sorrow ends—
Wi' mair delight the axe I'll swing ;
An' sure that lounies laugh portends,
That he'll yet gar the forest ring.

PART II.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

GEORDIE.

'Tis, Jenny, noo just towmonds five,
Since we came here, this fourth o' June ;
Ye doubted, when I said, belyve
Frae grief to joy you'd change your tune.

JENNY.

Nae wonder, Geordie, I was wae,
For then ye ken a' roun' was gloom ;
I missna' noo the birk clad brae,
Nor burnies side where flowries bloom.

WARBLINGS AND WAILINGS

GEORDIE.

I wonder'd na' that ye were sad,
 I pitied you, my bonnie woman;
 An' though I seem'd to you sae glad,
 I grieved when ye grat 'bout the gloamin'.

JENNY.

About the gloamin' jeer nae mair,
 For then my thoughts were hameward roamin',
 I mind weel when my heart was sair,
 Ye aye said blyther days were comin'.

GEORDIE.

An' so they hae, my Jenny dear,
 Look roun' an' count our comforts noo;
 We've muckle here, our hearts to cheer,
 Our blessings are na' sma' nor few.

JENNY.

To Him aboon that kens the mind,
 I'm thankfu' aye for a' that's given;
 An' that ye've, Geordie, proved so kind,
 I prize high 'mong the gifts o' heaven.

GEORDIE.

Noo, ye can hear the kirk-bells ringin',
An' gang to worship aye dry-shod ;
We needna now be loupin—springin',
Ower mud holes to the house o' God.

JENNY.

Wi' worldly comforts aye encreasin',
We noo enjoy the means o' grace ;
May our minds be raised in praise unceasin',
To Him who rules ower time an' space.

GEORDIE.

'Bout linties' lilt on winnie brae,
An' laverocks singin' in the air ;
'Bout mavis' notes—on bush or spray,
Ye seem na muckle noo to care.

JENNY.

The quackin' deuks—the gabblin' geese—
The cackle o' the layin' hen,
An' lammies wi' the snaw-white fleece,
▲ye bleatin' fill my thoughts ye ken.

WARBLINGS AND WAILINGS.

GEORDIE.

Hoot, woman, that's nae half your stent,
 Ye hae the barnies fash forbye,
 As weel's the cows an calves to tent,
 And grumphies fattenin' in the styc.

JENNY.

My wark is only woman's wark,
 Wee fykie wark bout house and byre ;
 But ye work hard frae morn 'till dark,
 My wonder is ye never tire.

GEORDIE.

That minds me o' the muckle aik,
 The stumps yet near the auld shanty door ;
 I thought my heart would surely break,
 Sic faught I had to cowp it ower.

JENNY.

Then a' was mirk—then a' was gloom,
 The sun he couldna get his nose in,
 But soon ye cleared and made sic room,
 That I could see the neuk he rose in.

GEORDIE.

By bit an' bit I've cleared along,
 An' laboured eident late an' early,
 Whiles croonin' some auld Scotti-h sang,
 'Bout *Wallace, Bruce* or hapless *Charlie*.

JENNY.

Rome was na biggit in a day,
 'Tis prentice lear makes workmen gude,
 The neebors roun' noo own an' say,
 There's nane can match ye in the wood.

GEORDIE.

'Tis art an' use makes labour light—
 Bush wark though hard is aye enticin' ;
 For ilka day afore your sight,
 New comforts spring frae labour risin'.

JUNNY.

The bairnies a' puir things are willin',
 To do sic light wark as they can ;
 See little Geordie how he's fillin'
 An' raxin' to the height o' man.

GEORDIE.

True, Geordie he's noo out fourteen,
 An' Jamie he'll be twal belyve,
 Puir Andrew wi' the blearich een,
 Though only aucht can owsen drive.

JENNY.

In troth ye roose the laddies weel,
 Without a word 'bout my ain Jenny;
 The gude wean toddles at my heel,
 An' rocks the cradle for her minnie.

GEORDIE.

At that indeed she's unco gude,
 An' ye aye keep her hand in use,
 So I maun strive to raise the fool,
 For soon wi' weans ye'll fill the house.

JENNY.

The wheat's a' dightit weel an clean,
 The morn ye maun gang to the mill;
 I packit up the 'oo yestreen—
 Mind siiler for a stowp o' yill.

GEORDIE.

In that I'll do as ye advise,
For I may meet some neebor there ;
Whose company an' cracks I prize,
Wi, sic I like to birl or share.

JENNY.

Ye'll start as early as ye can,
An' watch your turn—an' watch the miller ;
Tak' tent an no forget the bran,
Een at the mill's as gude as siller.

GEORDIE.

I'll watch my turn as ye may trow,
Ilk lick o' bran bring hame to crummie,
I strive to fill ilk speakin' mow,
An' I will ne'er neglect the dummie.

JENNY.

Mind when ye get your meldor done,
Speer 'bout the claith at Wabster Scott—
At M'Master 'bout the laddies shoon,
An' M'Laren 'bout your ain new coat:

GEORDIE.

Hae ye nae ither word to toun,
Nae word ava to luckie Gowdie ;
But it is yet perhaps ower soon,
To tryst the gude auld skilly howdie.

JENNY.

'Bout that gude man ne'er fash to speer,
But mind anither thing my Geordie ;
Bring hame a cask of nappy beer,
Either frae Lock or else frae Wordie.

SONG,

Written for, and sung at the Dalhousie St. Andrew's
Philanthropic Society, on the 30th Nov., 1827.

Blythe, blythe, and merrie are we,
Blythe are we ane an a',
Blythe to spend St. Andrew's night,
That seems to flee ower fast awa.

We'll sing of Scotia's bonny Tay,
An friends still dear there left behind ;
O' Clyde, wha's banks an' landscapes gay
Bring bygane scenes fresh to ilk mind.
Blythe, &c.

Tho' we may ower our shouthers keek,
At scenes still dear, tho' past an' gane ;
Our een we surely mauna steek,
On blessins we hae found frae hame.
Blythe, &c.

Our Tay an' Clyde then let us prize,
 Tho' shrouded now in forest gloom ;
 On their banks rich herbage yet will rise
 An monny a bonnie flowerie bloom*.
 Blythe, &c.

O' siller tho' we may be scant,
 We pay nae rent—we're lairdies a' ;
 Noo naething feel o' pinchin' want,
 An that's ae blessin' worth some twa.
 Blythe, &c.

We've rowth o' meat an' rowth o' drink,
 An schullin's nae that unco dear ;
 Forbye wheats just as current's clink,
 To gie the wee bit barnies lear.
 Blythe, &c.

* In 1827, when this was written, the banks of both rivers were literally as described, part and parcel of the dense forest ; whereas at the present time, along the course of both these streams, may now be seen verdant banks and flowery meads ; and in autumn, fields waving yellow with golden grain—thus remunerating the early and hardy pioneers, for the pains and labour bestowed by them in producing these beneficial and cheering results.

OF LEISURE HOURS.

11

Our growing flocks, we tent frae harm,
We envy not the dandy's coat ;
In hame-spun clad we're cosh an' warm,
Nor plainness do we count a blot.
Blythe, &c.

Noo fill—noo fill the glasses round,
A bumper to our noble king ;
Wi' loyalty let the woods resound,
And all Dalhousie's valley's ring.
Blythe, &c.

Push round—push round—again let fame,
Trump loud the toast in faction's ears,
A flowing bumper now I claim,
To *Him** whose name our township bears.

* The Earl of Dalhousie, at the time Governor General of Canada.

THE CUP OF FANCY AND TEAR OF
GRATITUDE;

Written during a Calm on the Banks of Newfoundland,
in August, 1821.

When the fresh'ning, fav'ring gale
The mind elates and fills the sail,
We then, in fancy, hail the shore,
Quite tired of ocean's rage and roar,
And view with hope's full ardent eye,
Our future home in ecstasy.

But, ah! a breathless calm ensues,
How alter'd then—how charged our views!
In pensive mood—in musing mind,
We think on friends dear left behind,
Whom fancy paints upon the strand,
Waving adieus with trembling hand.

Their gen'rous acts are conjured up,
And fancy quickly fills the cup ;
Which to our lips as we uprear,
Receives the starting—grateful tear :
Unconscious, thus we tribute pay
To objects loved, though far away.

Blest cup, tear-hallowed, now with haste,
The balmy beverage straight we taste ;
In fancy quaff—we feel a glow,
Which generous minds can only know ;
For there are those in every land
Whose shrivelled souls can ne'er expand.

At length on ocean's placid breast,
A ripple drowns the zephyrs sigh ;
Breeze fav'ring—lulls all fears to rest,
And land we hail in fancy's eye.
Long—long of winds and waves the sport,
Soon we shall reach the *longed-for* port*.

* The clipper brig Catherine made the voyage from
Leith to Quebec in seventy-five days !!!

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING BOY.

As flow'rets fade, and leaves when blighted fall,
Oft budding youth is nipt in its career ;
Then—the sad bearers of the funeral pall,
Sighing in sorrow, shed affection's tear ;
Lamenting innocence in life's gay bloom,
Consigned *untimely* to an early tomb.

Ah ! who can fancy what a parent feels,
What artist paint the gloom that clouds the
mind ?
Bereavement only to ourselves reveals
The strength of ties—the sympathies that bind
To objects earthly ; sudden from us torn,
They leave behind the sad solace to mourn.

SONG.

I hae a sma' craft, an' a wee pickle sheep,
That wi' labour an' care in gude order I keep ;
An' my flock is increasin' O ! will ye agree,
To live my dear Jean in a bothie wi' me.
An' my flock, &c.

I hae a kind heart, O ! ye ken its ye're ain,
An' surely nae langer ye'll keep me in pain ;
That heart wi' my hand, an' a I will gie,
If ye'll be content in a bothie wi' me.
That heart, &c.

Had I a fair kingdom, I'd make ye my queen,
Thou flaxen-haired lass, wi' the bonnie blue een ;
Tho' for state wi' its cares, I carena a flea,
I'd rather hae Jean in a bothie wi' me.
Tho' for state, &c.

A crook is the sceptre by which I would reign,
My war-spear a sickle to cut down the grain ;
As to love in a palace, that's a' in my ee,
Fond love wi' my Jean in a bothie for me.

As to love, &c.

WALBLINGS AND WAILINGS

LINES,

Written at the time of Sir Walter Scott's death.

The wail of woe from Scotia's strand,
 Is wafted o'er th' Atlantic main;
 It speaks the sorrow of the land—
 Wherever heard, creating pain,
 It tells that genius vast hath flown,
 And left the sphere of its renown.

Mute hangs the Harp at Abbotsford,
 Still is the voice that sung so well;
 The Minstrel hand that touched the chord
 Lies cold, alas! in Drybro' aisle.
 Grief breathes in sighs o'er moor and glen,
 A farewell to the *best of men*.

All nature mourns--plaintive and shrill,
The dirge note's warbled 'mong the trees,
The flowerets droop--grief swells each rill
And anguish, moaning, fills the breeze,
Both high and low in sorrow lend
Wailing such excellence should end.

In song, romance, historic page,
In painting lofty scenes or low ;
Still 'twas the wonder of the age
How he imparted nature's glow ;
But cold, alas ! is now the hand,
That wielded thus the magic wand.

Though none so much e'er said or sung,
As *gifted* Scott of Abbotsford ;
In age--in manhood--e'en when young,
He ne'er penned an immoral word.
Enjoying now his high reward
Is Scotia's highly-gifted Bard.

In after times they'll wish to know,
And doubting ask in every clime ;

Did such vast streams of genius flow
From one small fount? so short the time
He took such precious gifts to pour,
From his prolific, mental store.

When fortune frowned, he n'er repined,
But bold withstood misfortune's shock;
And drew on his gigantic mind,
For treasure from its copious stock.
Alas! such deep and lengthened drain,
Life's tenement could not sustain.

Now e'er I close my theme of woe,
Though weak, alas! and faint the lays;
No critic yet on earth below
Commingled so, reproof with praise:
No jealous cloud e'er crossed his mind,
In kindness it embraced mankind.
And sheds a halo round the name,
Emblazoned on the roll of Fame.

LINES

On the Death of Lieutenant Weir, of the 32d Regiment,
who while employed on a Special duty, was betrayed,
made prisoner, and barbarously murdered by the Rebels
at St. Denis—shewing that they are alike traitors to
their Sovereign, and foes to humanity.

Britannia in grief as she bent o'er her shield,
It was dimmed by the fall of a tear :
Then majestic she rose—now tearless her eye
Although from her bosom escaped a deep sigh—
Whilst with firmness she grasped her dread spear.

She swore in her ire—she swore in her might,
That no blot on her shield should appear ;
Her bayonets should burnish it bright as of yore,
The tear-blot efface—its lustre restore—
With the blood of the murd'ers of Weir.

Oh ! had he but fallen encountering the foe,
How different the sigh and the tear ;
Exultation would then have co-mingled with woe,
While lamenting the fate, that in Lattle laid low,
The gallant—the young soldier Weir.

Woe, woe to the heartless—the foul murd'ring
band,
Now shrinking as vengeance draws near—
Every Corps of our Queen—every subject will
lend
Assistance in hunting to earth's farthest end—
The Hell fiends who have murdered brave Weir.

When I heard the sad tale, my blood became
chill'd—
When the death note first fell on my ear ;
I shudd'ring exclaimed—fate cruel and hard—
But pausing—I leave to more talented bard,
To chaunt a blest requiem to Weir.

LINES

On the Death of the Hon. Mrs. Grant of Kilgraston.

Like the illusions of a pleasing dream,
Or fleeting grandeur of a meteor's gleam,
Our joys are transient in this world, where woe
'ft clouds the picture wrought in fancy's glow.

The bud, the opening, and the full blown rose,
Diffuse their fragrance, and their sweets disclose,
Yet e'er the senses are regaled—the eye,
Beholds with pain their glories fade and die.

So budded Margaret, and so Margaret bloom'd,
Wedded in youth, alas! in youth entomb'd;
The torch hymeneal that so brilliant shone,
Heds its dim dying light upon her tomb.

That form so graceful, those engaging charms,
Lie now enclasped in death's cold icy arms :
But the pure soul, that knew but virtue's road,
Hath soared from earth--and winged its course
to God.

Now husband, parents, kindred, lowly mourn
This bud of beauty, from affection torn,
Yet when escapes the deep, the grief-fraught sigh
Be they consoled—for Margaret blooms on high.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

When sorrow preys upon the mind,
And struggling in the bosom pent ;
Like fluid, when too close confined,
'Twill burst the shell, or find a vent.

He died far from home on the ocean *,
Yet his country's brave tars, bore his bier ;
His pall was the flag of the nation,
Which in life to his heart was so dear.
While lowering the youth to his grave,
Grief spoke through the sighs of the brave.

* On board her Majesty's Steamship Prometheus, Lieutenant Sparks Commander, on the passage from Malta to Gibraltar, at which latter place the remains of the lamented youth, to which these imperfect lines refer were interred.

Oh! he died in a far distant clime,
No parent to tend or watch o'er him ;
He went down to the grave in life's prime,
Leaving friends, whom he lov'd, to deplore him.
Gone—gone to that haven of rest,
Where souls anchor safe with the blest.

Though he died on the main far from land,
Yet a friend, heaven sent, smoothed his pillow* ;
And perhaps, too, the same friendly hand,
May plant o'er his lone grave, a willow.
To mark out the spot where he lies,
To which now are wafted sad sighs.

But why thus should we grieve that he's gone ?
Alas! for ourselves is the sorrow ;
Though to day the sun brilliant hath shone,
Who can promise a cloudless to-morrow ?
Vain hopes, which in fancy we form,
Oft vanish—or fall 'neath the storm.

* Thomas Davenport, Esq., whose kindness is gratefully remembered by the bereaved parents.

He was manly, yet modest and mild,
Warm-hearted—aye, in friendship sincere ;
If a parent may mourn a loved child,
There is due to his virtues a tear.
But tears unavailing may flow,
Alas ! they efface not the woe.

THE HUNTSMAN.



The following Lines were addressed to a Poet Artist, who told the Author that he was about to commence painting Hunting Pieces.

The huntsman sounds his thrilling horn,
The sportsmen quick convene ;
Each face looks cheerful as the morn—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

In cover next sweet hope runs high,
All beat with ardour keen ;
And on the stretch are ear and eye—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

In drawing on they near the spot,
Where Reynard late has been ;
List to the hounds sweet music note—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

The huntsman now whoops " Tally-ho,"
For he has Reynard seen ;
Hark ! forward ! now is all the go—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

He next whoops, " gone-gone-gone away,"
And points to the ravine,
Where Reynard crossed in style so gay—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

O'er brook and brake--o'er hill and dale,
As well as meadow green,
He bounds, till strength begins to fail—
Pray, artist, paint the scene.

Now, panting, faint, he drags along,
And close behind are seen
Two high bred hounds, both fleet and strong,—
They, artist, close the scene.

SONG.

O, say will ye be mine, lassie,
O, say will ye be mine ;
I'll cozie keep ye—dawt ye weel,
Gin ye will be but mine, lassie.

The miser glowrin' ower his gowd,
May feast his greedy een,
But I love maire than a' his wealth
The blythe looks o' my Jean,
O, say will ye be, &c.

Though epicures on dainties rare,
May stech till they are fou,
I'd rather live on hamel fare,
An that fare share wi' you,
O say will ye be, &c.

Though topers in their revels high,
May boast their sparklin' wine,
Wi' Jean I'd drink at nature's fount,
An' think my lot divine,
O, say will ye be, &c.

While blest wi' health I'll earn eneuch,
To keep our bothie warm;
The arms that toil to win the bread,
Shall tent my Jean frae harm,
O, say will ye be, &c.

It may be fancy's dizzie dream,
Yet Jean methinks I see,
Consent tho' modest peepin' out,
Frae neath thy bonnie ee,
O, say will ye be, &c.

Then since ye will be mine, lassie,
O, since ye will be mine;
I'll cozie keep ye—dawt ye weel
When you are truly mine,
O, say will ye be, &c.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

30TH NOVEMBER.

Caledonians removed far from objects endearing,
In whatever country or clime they may roam ;
The return of this day brings an influence cheering,
To Scotsmen who still love their dear native home.

The friends of my youth, still in fond recollection,
In my mind I parade—they pass in review ;
Nor distance nor time can lessen affection,
Heart-felt was the pang when I bade them adieu.

Although far from my country now distant I dwell,
Yet the scenes of my youth are still fresh in my
mind ;
The mountain, the streamlet, the flowery green
dell,
The place of my birth, yea, and parents so kind.

Whiles I think in the burnie trout I'm ensnaring,
Or that at a mawkin the gun's at my ee ;
That the wild craigs and cliffs I am fearlessly
daring,
When my country's the theme—glowing fancy
roams free.

I have gazed from the summit of lofty Ben Nevis,
There spell-bound surveyed the vast scenery
around ;
The Cheviots, the Grampions, Lomond, Ledi and
Wevis,
Whilst o'er sea in the distance, fam'd Erin I found.

Scotia, my country ! thou'rt still dear to my heart,
Now enfeebled with age—I shall near see thee
more :

Yet before to that unexplored land I depart,
A last fond wish I waft to my lov'd native shore.

LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.

At this gay season of the new-born year,
When buoyant hearts are all to joy inclined !
I'm doomed in grief to muse, while drops the tear,
O'er scenes gone by, tho' deep in mem'ry shrined.

Life's early morn in smiles was drest,
In life's meridian I was blest :
But noo the tear maun tell the rest,
That dims life's gloamin ee.

Friends dearly loved, alas ! are gane,
They've drappit aff a' ane by ane :
An' dreary I am left alane,
Life's joys are taen frae me.

But soon shall a' vain-grievin' cease,
For time wi' silent stealthy pace,
Leads to life's final restin' place,
The cauld—the narrow bed.

Life's thread is wearin' unco sma',
Yet oh ! while I hae breath to draw,
'Twill pass in sighs for them awa,
Noo numbered wi' the dead.

Wi' objects dear we're sweer to part,
Affection twines sae roun' the heart,
Asunder torn, the pang—the smart
It leaves, will last for aye.

Thus musin' on my state forlorn,
I think I view the mien—the form
O' those I loved, an noo I mourn,
In this my closin' lay.

INVITATION TO DINNER TO THE REV. —

I hae, dear sir, ae wee fresh cod *,
An' tho' that same is nae doubt odd,
We'll it divide in pieces sma'
To gust the gabs o' ane' an' a.

I hae forbye a gude fat hen,
Wha lately cackled her amen ;
A piece o' beef, cut frae the rumple
Or doup, o' that fat ox ca'd dumple.

* Before Rail-roads had been introduced upon this continent, sea fish of various kinds were brought from Boston and other sea ports into Canada in winter in sleighs, and were consequently dainties more rare and expensive than at the present day.

A tongue that never evil spoke,
Will sure be there to help the joke ;
Wi' rowth o' reamin' nappy beer.
To synde well doun the hamel cheer.

I hae besides some gude auld wine,
Drink fit for layman or divine ;
But I hae branks to gird the mou,
An' fleg the chiels frae getting fou.

Noo gin ye like the bill o' fare,
Stap ouer the morn, an' tak' a share,
Precise at four.
Else my auld cook will gloom an' stare,
Wi' visage sour.

A FLIGHT TO THE GLEN.

Reply to a Poetical Epistle, received on the morning of
30 November 1848, from J. D., along with a sprig of
heather, to be worn at the Celebration Dinner of Scotia's
Patron Saint.

Your bonnie lines an' cove o' heather,
Made my auld heart as lights a feather ;
Sae aff on fancy's wings I flew,
My native glen ance mair to view.

I thought t'was early morn in May,
Month o' the year maist blythe an' gay :
I lighted on the warlock knowe,
Whar' stuntit bushes only grow.

There I had full within my view
Baith crystal stream, an' mountains blue ;
The lammies bleatin' on the hill,
Some sportin', loupin' over the rill.

The mavis perch'd on thorney spray,
In blythe notes welcomed in the day ;
The linties on the whinnie brae,
Sent down their streams o' melody.

The lavrock soarin' high in air,
Poured forth sic dulcet warblins there,
As tunes the heart to praise an' prayer.

The auld kirk on the risin' knowe,
The mill mair distant in the howe ;
In cozie neuk the cottage clean,
Did not escape my searchin' een.

The rowan trees afore the door,
Stood there, as they had stood before ;
But ah ! alas *she* was not there,
Wha nursed me wi' a mithers care.

Nor *Him* wha's voice at morn an' even,
Was raised in pious prayer to heaven ;
Baith lang hae lain in the kirk yard,
Baith gane to reap their high reward.

I next surveyed the village green,
When handsome stalwart youths were seen
In converse sweet with maidens fair
As oft in youth I used to share.

But a' my early friends war' gane,
Some laid aneath the sod or stane,
Some perished on the stormy main,
But maist were in the battle slain.
The few that live were a' awa,
" Pursuing fortune's sliddery ba."

The Glen being lanesome noo to me,
The tear drap fillin' fast my ee,
I shook from aff my wings the dew,
Flew back to tell my waes to you.

Waes sad, that ne'er can be removed,
While thinking on friends dearly loved ;
So lov'd in life—to memory dear,
They claim the tribute of a tear.

THE FUR TROUSERS.

At a party many years ago, a gentleman was accused of having purchased a pair of fur trowsers, under suspicious circumstances, which brought forth the following impromptu lines, to the great amusement of the company.

Although 'tis said the Fair are frail,
Yet who'd believe them such vile wretches;
That for the sake of gin or ale,
They'd sell their husband's winter breeches.

On wedded love, though fortune's frown,
At times assails, with painful twitches;
Yet who'd believe that for a *crown*,
A wife would sell her husband's breeches:

When winter winds blow cold and shrill,
 May such disaster never reach us ;
But may our wives prove loving still,
And neither *sell*, nor *wear*, our breeches.

FAMILIAR AND FRIENDLY ENQUIRIES,
ADDRESSED TO J. S.

Is our friend Henry Glass as jocund as of yore,
Wi' sly *accusations* setting tables in a roar?
Is Dr. Gimmill still kittle texts expounding,
An' Doctor Leach's fame thro' Lanark wood's
resounding?

Does Major Fraser still to th'cooser send his mare,
On Sabbath, when the neebors roun' are in the
House o' Prayer?
Is there reek in the lum o' the house ance warm
to a',
Or is the hearth grown cauld o' *him** that's noo
awa.

* The residence of Colonel Marshall, Superintendent of the Lanark Military Settlement, who after the close of the Department had returned to his native country, to pass the close of a useful and honorable life—in *otium cum dignitate*.

Wha lives in Shaw's house, out o'er the risin'
hill,

Wha noo makes the whiskey, wha has the Lanark
mill ?

How does Mr. Bailley do, an how Mr. Lambie,
An Shaw's very dear friend, ye'll ken I mean
Tammie ?

Are bairnies learnin' weel at the schools ye foster,
Some lab'rin' at ther abs, an' some at paternoster ?
Is our frien' M-Intyre still makin' bonnie verses,
An' the tawse applyin' to doupies, alias ar—s ?

Are the neebors getting rich, are their flocks en-
creasin',

An' no yet lazy grown, an' frae labor ceasin' ?

Are ye mendin' your bad ways, are mud holes as
I found them,

Requirin' skill an' care, to pilot dry-shod round
them ?

But I maun hae a snuff, so I noo lay down my pen,
An' whan ye answer a' I've said I'll take it up agen.

TO SLEEK CHOPS.

Where feudal winds first blew their bitter blast,
Some still there are who grieve such gales are past;
Where power despotic unrestrained bore sway,
And vassal slaves learnt naught but to obey.

I'm doomed to dwell—but still my mind is free,
Therefore, bland Sleek Chops, this address to thee;
Cringing and fawning to the wealthy great,
Who bask in splendour or who roll in state.

Thy placid mean and ready courteous smile,
Would speak a heart devoid of fraud and guile;
The panther, leopard, and the tiger too,
Comely appear in menagerie to view,
But they, alas ! are emblems sir, of you.

Some men of manners rough, with notions crude,
Have noble minds, still bent on doing good ;
Whilst others pliant, plausible and civil,
Are subtle, yea, and treacherous as the devil.

Your word and promise readily you break,
If sordid self has interest in the stake ;
In these dire times when thousands are, in dread,
For lack of work to starve for want of bread.

When men step forth, and those in highest sta-
tion,
Plans to devise to feed a hungry nation :
Proclaim aloud, and tell the world forsooth,
How well you fare, by sacrificing truth.

What means this disregard for honest fame ?
A wicked heart that can no good retain,
Rich in bad qualities, with no good ones stored,
Detested is its owner, its principles abhorred.

But vain th' attempt thy character to draw,
Imp of the devil, scribbler of the law ;

'OF LEISURE HOURS.

65

Long exercised in vice, complete thou art,
Liberally complete, in each infernal part.

Mankind's disgrace—thy country's foulest blot,
Noxious and vile, retire and be forgot.

TYKE'S PETITION.

Lines written and tied round the poor dog's neck, and addressed to his master. The petition must have been listened to as the good old dog afterwards disappeared.

Oh, hearken to your poor auld dog's petition,
Wha kens na noo the smell o' brose frae sneeshin ;
Wha's een's sae dim, he canna see ava,
Nor can he hear his gude kind master's ca'.

His step ance boundin'st, turn'd to pace of snail,
His drooping hurdies, hide his cowrin' tail ;
Death would be mercy, life's a burden noo,
And since I found a kind friend aye in you.

Give the command to put me under ground,
That I nae mair may taint the air around ;
Give the command in pity, do not spare,
And Tyke will, dying, howl for you a prayer.

SONG.

In a calm summer evening as sol was declining,
And dipping his edge in the western wave ;
A fair maid in sadness, sat wailing repining
That Reuben should leave her to mix with the
brave.

The Soldier sat near her, his heart became softened,
Though daring in danger, a stranger to fear ;
The bloom fled his cheek, which quickly was
moistened,
With the starting, endearing, the love-telling
tear.

Go, Reubon, exclaimed this high-minded woman,
Oh ! tarry not here, from the field of thy fame,
May prowess, and valor, encount'ring the foeman,
Gain for thee, a niche in the temple of fame.

When the turmoil of war, when the battle is over,
And verdure again decks the stained battle
plain ;
Return to your Emma, who constant as ever,
The lord of her love to her bosom wil strain.

CHARLOTTE*.

IMPROMPTU LINES.

Charming, generous, gallant youth,
How welcome are the words of truth ;
Announced in language glowing kind,
Red hot from the furnaced mind.
Love's a passion scorning reason,
Oh ! the fickle god with treason
Temps me now ! I've tried in vain,
To cool in reason's pool my brain—
Enough disclosed—my gallant swain.

• At a party on Valentine's day, a young lady exhibited an Acrostic she had received, breathing burning love, in fiery strains, and agreed to address a reply to it if any one would dictate a proper answer. Charlotte, however, declined to address the above lines to Julius.

TO J. M'INTYRE, ESQ.,

Secretary of the Dalhousie St. Andrew's Society, 1829.

Convened in your hall, sitting snug round the
nappy*,

With faces bright beaming in health's rosy bloom;
I waf a fond wish, that you long may be happy,
And live far apart from adversity's gloom.

The gloom from the forest, with purpose un-
bending,

And labor incessant, you've toiled to remove;
Now sol's rays admitted, rains genial descending,
Cause fields to wave yellow, where late stood
a grove.

The gloom from the forest dispelled—the young
mind,

To improve and instruct engages your care;

* Exhilarating beverage.

Go on—'tis a duty both holy and kind,
Those we love, for life's duties to train and pre-
pare.

When time in its course, shall have called you all
home,
The boon you dispense now to objects so dear ;
Long hence—when they visit your lone forest
tomb,
Will call forth a blessing, a sigh and a tear.

SETTLERS LAMENT.

Oh ! are ye gaun to leave us,
Oh ! are ye gaun to leave us ;
Has fate decreed that we maun part,
The thought, how sad it grieves us.*

The sun by nature's law supreme,
At times in darkness leaves us ;
But soon returns wi' gleams an' beams
That warms to life, an' cheers us.
Oh ! are ye gaun, &c.

* On the departure of Colonel Wm. Marshall, the efficient Superintendent of the Lanark Military Settlement, upon the close of the Department over which he had so worthily presided.

But though ye're gaun sae far awa,
Nae mair to see or hear us ;
We'll teach ilk wean to lisp the name
O' *him* sae kind when near us.
Oh ! are ye gaun, &c.

When reekless, aft wften led astray,
Maist when the *drap* deceived us ;
Ye counselled a' to keep frae law,
When want press'd—ye relieved us,
Oh ! are ye gaun, &c.

Noo since ye're gaun to leave us,
For ever mair to leave us ;
We'll *marshal* a' baith great an' sma',
To chant the dirge that grieves us.
Oh ! are ye gaun, &c.

KAIL BROSE.

Altered and sung by the Author at the Three Rivers
St. Andrew's Society's celebration dinner, 30th
November 1856.

When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,
For a piece o' gude grun to be a kail yard ;
'Twas aye to the brose, that they paid their regard,
O the kail brose of auld Scotland,
An' O the auld Scottish kail brose.

Our soldiers were dress't then in kilts an' short
hose,
An' bonnets an' plaids too, their dress did com-
pose ;
Wi' a bag o' ait meal on their backs to be brose,
O the kail brose, &c.

Of old we are told when the English were foes,
We often hae dealt them out very hard blows ;
John Bull then wad curse our sad relish for brose,
O the kail brose, &c.

But noo that the Thistle is joined wi' the rose,
An' noo that the English, nae langer are foes ;
Instead of hard bullets, we'll feast them wi' brose,
O the kail brose, &c.

The Fleur de lis twined noo wi' Shamrock and
rose,
An Thistle, braw posie to tickle the nose
Of the Czar, tho' its fragrance may mar his repose,
O the kail brose, &c.

If ye gie but a Scotsman a cogie o' brose,
A drap o' Glenlivat, an' sneesh for his nose,
Wi' the *Bear*—wi' the muckle black deil—he will
close,
O the kail brose, &c.

CAPE DIAMOND,

13th August, 1834.*

Near to the spot where late a Castle stood,†
Towering for ages o'er St. Lawrence flood ;
Vice-regal residence, of days by-gone,
Passing, " by conquest won," from throne to
throne.

Where Albion's daughters oft, with belles of France,
Have mingled gayly in the festive dance—
My stand I take, high on the mountain brow,
To mark the stirring, busy scenes below ;
The buz of commerce every where prevails,
Anchors are cast, down go the fluttering sails ;

* Anniversary of Wolfe's victory on the Plains of
Abraham.

† Castle of St. Louis, destroyed by fire 1834.

Steamers, like mimic Etna's, as they ply
Incessant smoke emit, that clouds the sky ;—
Here, rafts unweildy slowly move along,
There, swiftly glide canoes to paddle song ;*
Barges, and boats, in all directions move,
And countless masts seem like a leafless grove.
List to the sailor's chaunt—race brave and gay,
Whether in trade engaged or battle fray ;
Dauntless in war their country they defend,
But, peace restored, all hostile feelings end—
Britain's *main-stay*, her glory and her pride,
On every sea her ships majestic ride—
On every sea, her banner when unfurled,
Displays her greatness to a wond'ring world.
While fix'd my gaze is, on the living stream,
I, pond'ring, ask myself is this a dream ?
But reason whispers, all that meets the eye
Is trade and commerce in reality.
But from these scenes I now withdraw the mind,
And turn to gaze on that *Field* † close behind ;

* Canadian Boat Song.

† Battle Ground.

On that broad field, where Heroes known to fame,
Maintained, unsullied, each the soldiers name ;
Where brave contending chiefs for vict'ry vied,
Each valiant fought—both in the battle died.
Yet their great names live on th' historic page,
And will descend, renowned, from age to age ;
Mankind, in fond remembrance, will embalm
The youthful hero *Wolfe*—the brave *Montcalm*.

THE POET'S PIPE.

During the summer of 1826, two highly respected friends, the one a poet and the other a scholar and a wit, paid a visit to, and passed a social evening with the author in his early forest home, where

“ The feast of reason and the flow of soul,
Roamed free from every species of control.”

The beverage of which the party partook was toddy made from rye whiskey—the *ruling spirit* among Back-woodsmen at this period of early settlement—and although in their potations they did not exceed the bounds of moderation, yet the poet on leaving forgot his tobacco pipe, which suggested the following lines, penned by the author the ensuing evening, while sipping his usual modicum of toddy after the labours of the day.

To J. McI * * * re.

I took your pipe and whifft awhile,
In hopes it might my muse inspire ;
But, oh ! she would not deign to smile,
The pipe had lost its owner's fire :

So, I my whistle wet wi' yie,
Resolved ance mair my luck to try.

I took it up an' whiff't again,
Baith fleecht an' coaxt, did a' I could ;
But ilka effort proved in vain,
Thus am I left in dolefu' mood :
Perplext an' vext, I heaved a sigh,
An' calmed it down wi' soothin' rye.

But, that I might not lightly blame
The pipe—I cleaned its throatie weel ;
I cowpt a' out on the hearthstane,
An red it wi' a wire o' steel :
But a' that I could do or try,
Nought gave relief except the rye.

While musin' on the blythsome past,
Hours spent in harmless mirth an' glee ;
When wit an' humour, free an' fast,
Flew round amang the happy three :
But noo alane, thae joys flown bye,
I've nae resource but in the rye.

Then quick return your pipe to claim,
An' pass anither social night ;
Your rhymes, an' St * * * t's wit may shame
The jade that leaves me in sic plight.

For noo, like pump that lost the fang,
My rye is out—sae ends my sang.
But be it sang, or only ginglin' rhyme,
Parnassus hill, I dar na higher climb.

PORTRAIT OF A PETTIFOGGING LAWYER OF
THE NAME OF LEADENHAM.

With lead in head as well's in's hams,
He clients bleeds, as butcher's lambs ;
And keeping still the trade in view,
When fully bled, he flays them too.

While careful counting o'er his gains,
He damns the Judges want of brains ;
Their case laments, looks griev'd, and civil
So will to him, ere long, the Devil.

THE AUTHOR'S THANKS FOR GIFT OF A MIS-
FITTING LONDON-MADE DRESSING GOWN.

To E — A — , Esq.

Pray write your tailor, that—whate'er he sends,
Mis-fitting you, will always fit your friends ;
Oh ! tell him too—in articles of dress,
His fitting you, will add to their distress.
That what they value most, and highest prize,
Are garments somewhat under extra-size ;
Bid him to heed not your majestic stature,
But cut to suit your lofty gen'rous nature.

The robe received fits to a very tee,
Therefore, kind sir, this note of thanks to thee.

FROM MY PORTFOLIO;

PENNED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

—
THE CONDEMNED.

The thunder rolled loud—the lightning flashed
clear,

Through the grating of Edwin's dark cell ;
With sere heart, in grief—no friend he had near,
To whisper a kind soothing word in his ear,
His sad feelings no language can tell.

But the thunder's loud peals—the lightning's glare
bright,

Soon had ceased to illumine his abode ;
All was horror around him, enveloped in blight,
His soul too was dark, as the gloom of the night,
And he knelt—pleading mercy from God.

Alas ! he exclaimed, with an emphasis strong,
How I envy the good that are dead ;
But his heart beating high, now fetters his tongue,
As up from his pallet, in frenzy he sprung,
And he listened—he listened in dread.

Hush, hark !—'tis the waked voice of conscience
I hear,
Now reproving the deeds I have done ;
Each beat vibrates strong on my guilt-stricken ear,
Proclaiming the all-powerful monitor near,
That so long I've attempted to shun.

It tells, that the dawning of life's early morn,
My fond parents had hailed with delight ;
It tells too, how wretched I'm now and forlorn,
To man that I prove a vile object of scorn,
That my vices have clouded life's night.

When I think on the precepts kind parents, in vain
Strove t' impress on the mind of their son ;
Or think on the depth of my crimes, and the shame
That alas ! I've entailed on my kindred and name,
I feel wretched—woe-worn, and undone.

ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

A hundred years are past and gone,
Down to the gulf of endless time,
Since first was heard the voice of one,
Born to enchant in every clime.
The infant voice, then faintly heard,
Was that of Scotia's tuneful bard.

Though now that voice in death is still,
And ear deaf to all human praise,
Yet unborn generations will
Rehearse the bard's immortal lays.
His name on History's brightest page,
High-prized go down from age to age.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

Mr. George Stobbs.



When I think on the days that are gane,
 Weel mixt up, wi joys an' wi sorrow;
 In sadness I grieve noo for aye,
 To be laid in the cauld grave to-morrow.

For thirty lang years an' some mair,
 He has been to me, aye like a Brither;
 Nae wonder my auld heart is sair,
 For I'll ne'er meet again sic anither.

Tho' he was na. ae draps-bluid to me,
 Tho' nae Scotsman, he prized Scottish men;
 Scottish waes brought the tear to his ee,
 As he read o' the *unpeopled* glen.

Nae mair 'bout the waes o' the glen,
 We'll crack-nor 'bout London famed city;
 Fareweel to the best o' gude men—
 Weel worthy o' this my last ditty—.

In his nature aye gentle an' kind,
 His heart beat in friendship to a';
Unassuming, yet gifted in mind,
 Was the friend I noo mourn taen awa'.

L. R.

STRUAN, COTTAGE, 15 May, 1860.

A WELCOME

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF
WALES,

By an old Subject, and Servant of the
British Crown.

Hail *Scion* of illustrious race,
We bid thee welcome to our shore ;
While blest with plenty—blest with peace,
Thy presence makes our cannon roar.
The welkin rings in gladdened voice,
The cheering strains—our Prince—rejoice.

Prince born to wear the British Crown—
The British sceptre, born to sway ;
Thy Mothers virtues, and renown.
Mark well—as Guides, for future day.
The worlds esteem—Her peoples love,
And prayers ; will follow her above.

When She her brilliant course hath run,
Course, full of honors—full of years
Resigns the sceptre to her son
In midst the Nation's grief and tears.
Then Royal Prince be thine the aim,
To emulate VICTORIA's fame.

Wherever Britons chance to dwell,
In sunny lands—or frigid zone—
Where ere they roam—their bosoms swell.
In pride of country, and its Throne.

So *Here* Liege Prince, all will to you,
Both old and young pay homage due.
Doign mine (accept, at Eighty-two)

1850

Three Lines, 20th August, 1850.

