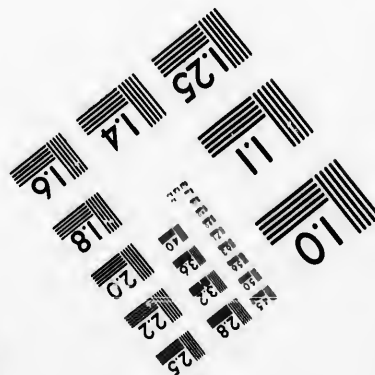
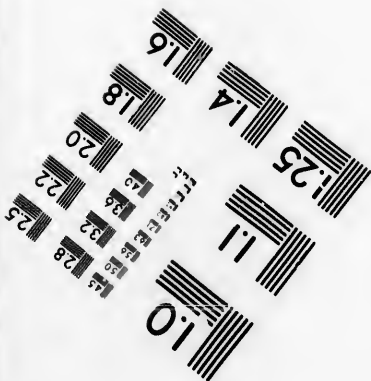
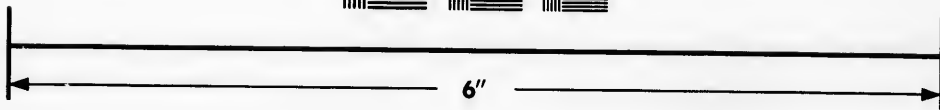
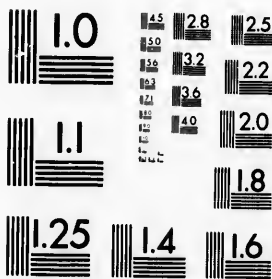


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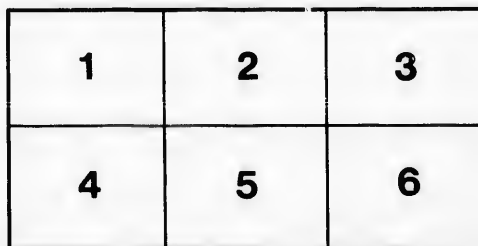
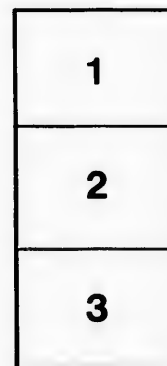
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An emigrant's  
experience.

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AN

EMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCE

IN CANADA,

CUDDY PEGGY, &c.,

BY A

ROXBORO' FARMER.

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AN  
EMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCE

IN CANADA,  
CUDDY PEGGY, &c.,

BY A  
ROXBORO' FARMER.

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LONDON :

Printed by G. Mirron (late Varty), 27, Camomile Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.



VERSES DEDICATED  
TO  
JOHN AND HUDSON HALDANE,  
BY THEIR GRANDFATHER.

MAN THE SINNER, CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

SINNER—

O LORD by nature I am vile;  
My heart's deceitful, full of guile;  
In my attempts to come to thee,  
I feel my sins so great to be,  
I dare not look thee in the face  
And ask of thee forgiving grace.

SAVIOUR—

O ye of little faith, why doubt,  
I came to earth to seek you out,  
For you I suffered bled and died  
And shall not strength, then, be supplied  
To those who ask aright from me,  
Even as their faith, so shall it be?

SINNER—

LORD, I believe thy word is true,  
And all that thou hast said will do,  
That all who come with heart sincere,  
And earnest cry, thou wilt them hear;  
But, LORD, I find my faith so weak,  
I have not power thy face to seek.

SAVIOUR.

Not in thine own strength can'st thou come,  
For thou art powerless, and undone,  
But I will be as feet to thee,  
When thou in love will follow me;  
My spirit's power I will impart,  
To change and cleanse thy sinful heart.

SINNER.

This promise, LORD, in me fulfil,  
Make me obedient to thy will,  
That I with true devotion may  
Serve thee more fully day by day,  
All I possess I freely give  
To thee, who died that I might live.

## AN EMIGRANT'S EXPERIENCE OF LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

Gude preserve us, sic a country!—  
Naething here but sticks an' trees,  
Swarms o' bugs and vile mosquitoes—  
Every kind o' biting fleas.

Never since my mother bare me  
Have I been in sic a plight—  
Skouthere! through the day, and eaten  
Up wi' dirty bugs at night.

Not a moment's rest I've gotten  
Sin' I crossed the Atlantic Sea;  
Stay in Canada wha likes it—  
Canada's nae hame for me.

It's been ca'ed the puir man's country—  
Weel does it deserve the name!  
If ane's puir when here they're landed,  
Puir they're likely to remain.

Sair puir mortals toil an' struggle,  
Fighting on frae year tae year,  
Yet, wi' care an' thrift an' trouble,  
Scarce can make a living here.

Half the year wi' cauld they're nithered—  
Biting frosts their vitals freeze;  
Burnin' suns, again, in summer,  
Melt them nearly into grease.

Boggy swamps an' dingy forests,  
Wooden huts an' stumps o' trees,  
Here an' there a patch in tillage,  
Forms the staple that ane sees.

Then there's nae romantic grandeur,  
Rocky steeps or heath-clad hills;  
Creeks an' streams are dark and muddy,  
Flagged wi' sawdust frae the mills.

Sport there's nane for the piscator—  
"Gentle" Izaak's craft is gane;  
Neither trout nor salmon is there—  
Least for me, I've met wi' nane.

Woodnotes wild, from brake or forest,  
Nane are heard tae charm the ear;  
Birds there are, but mute an' dowie—  
Chirp from them is a' ye hear.

How unlike our mellow mavis  
 And the blackbird's note sae clear,  
 Making woods an' valleys vocal  
 I' the springtime o' the year!

O that I were back to Britain!  
 Friends nor foes should tempt me more  
 E'er again to set a foot on  
 This uncultivated shore.

Yes, rather would I be content wi'  
 Meaner things an' sober cheer,  
 Wi' freends at hame, than spend a lifetime  
 In this wilderness oot here.

*Galashiels.*

P. C.

### A DROUTHY HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

Aw fin' aw'm raither fou the nicht,  
 An' doot aw'll hardly daur gang hame,  
 For ma gudewife is sure to flyte  
 At bein' left sae lang her lane.

I thoughtna here to bide sae late,  
 Or yet to taste the barley bree,  
 But when we boon companions meet,  
 Heo swift the hours and moments flee.

Ik stoup we toom heaves us aboon  
 The world and a' its cankerin' care,  
 And as the reamin' glass gaes roon,  
 We quaff it off an' ca's for mair.

But pleasures are like a' thing here—  
 A blink at best, and syne are gane:  
 Then comes regret, remorse, and fear—  
 To me the fear o' gangin' hame.

Should ma wife flyte, aw'll bear the dree,  
 And own that I've been in the wrang;  
 That I'll nae mair get on the spree,  
 Or wi' sic drouthy cronies gang.

Aw ken her love for me's the same  
 As mine for her will ever be;  
 Be't late or sune when aw cum hame,  
 She's sure to find no *change* on me.

## THE BASHFU' WOOER.

---

YOUNG JOHNNY he cam here yestreen,  
 And sat doon by oor ingle-cheek ;  
 He sighed and gauntit sair atween,  
 But scarce a word had he to speak.

He glintit whiles up wi' his e'e,  
 And peepit at me noo and then :  
 Fu' weel his errand aw could see,  
 But ne'er let on aw cared to ken.

I askt him hoo his mother fared,  
 And gin they were a' weel at hame ;  
 And if his uncle Tam, the laird,  
 Frae Lunnin had come back again.

He answered me discreetly a'  
 The things that I at him had speird ;  
 But something mair, fu' weel I saw,  
 He had to say, tho' unco feurd.

His courage faild him to disclose  
 The secret in his heart that lay,  
 So from his seat he gently rose,  
 And thought at aince to gang away.

I said the nicht was no that late,  
 But that he micht sit doon awee,  
 And no to be sae shy and blate,  
 And spend an houir or sae wi' me.

I thought it maist wad been a sin  
 To let the bashfu' lad away,  
 Without disclosing that within  
 His bosom he had come to say.

But tho' to me his words were few,  
 His heart was beatin' true within :  
 Fou modestly he preed ma mou,  
 And to his bosom clasped me in.

He said that there was nane but me  
 Could make him happy a' his life,  
 And he had come that nicht to see  
 If I'd consent to be his wife.

And hoo could aw refuse the youth,  
 Sin' he had been sae wondrous kind ?  
 So, juist to tell the honest truth,  
 Aw very soon made up my mind.

That night the bridal day was set,  
 And sune the nuptial knot was tied;  
 And I've fun' naething to regret  
 The day that I became his bride.

Some wooers can do noucht but say,  
 And some can neither say nor do:  
 Young Johnny he was nane o' they,  
 But proved 'imself' a lover true.

So ne'er let lass her lover slicht,  
 Tho' he may little have to say,  
 For if his heart within be richt,  
 He'll learn to speak some ither day.

### CUDDY PEGGY.

In a town on the Gala lived auld Peggy Tynlin,  
 Wha was blest wi' content, though she whyles took a grumblin';  
 Her callin' in life was provisions to hawk,  
 And Dauvid, her cud, bore them a' on his back.  
 Ilk mornin' they marcht to their daily employ:  
 Nae task did they count it, but rather a joy.  
 And Dauvid jogg'd on 'neath his weel-laden creels,  
 While Peggy, half-zent, hirpled after his heels.  
 Frae mornin' to sunset they wandered alane,  
 But aye at the dusk o' the gloamin' cam hame.  
 When Peggy had sauld off the gudes i' her pack,  
 Then she mounted hersel' and rade hame on his back.  
 For mony lang year thus they toiled on thegither,  
 And the langer they toiled grew the fonder o' ither;  
 For Dauvid she seldom had reason to flog,  
 Though gently she touched him at times wi' the brogue.  
 But it happened ae day that puir Dauvid took ill,  
 Which the heart o' auld Peggy wi' sorrow did fill;  
 And the big rollin' tears filled the auld body's e'e,  
 As she thought to hersel' that puir Dauvid wad dee.  
 And seein' him placed in this helpless condition,  
 She thought it her duty to get a physician;  
 So away for that purpose she hastily set,  
 When just on her way she the minister met.  
 "Well, Margaret," he said, "I hope you are well?"  
 "I thank ye for speerin', I'm gaily mysel';  
 But I'm sorry to tell ye our Dauvid's no weel;  
 And I'm just on my way for some mydical skeel."  
 "Indeed, to hear that I'm exceedingly sorry,  
 But if spared I'll call down and see him to-morrow."

So Margaret she curtsied and bade him good-bye.  
 Syne away for the Doctor as fast's she could hie.  
 The Doctor came prompt at auld Peggy's request,  
 Thinkin' a' the road up what he ought to suggest.  
 So his patient wi' skill he minutely surveyed,  
 And then shook his head and reluctantly said—  
 "His case it is bad and hopeless, I doubt,  
 But I'll try what I can to bring him about."  
 So he blistered and bled him, and gave him a dose  
 O' the best o' strong physic, as one might suppose;  
 And the means they were blest to gie Dauvid relief,  
 And to ease at the same time the auld body's grief;  
 For as Dauvid grow weel, her spirits grew light,  
 And her een, lately dimmed, shone wonderfu' bright.  
 The minister, he, to his word ever true,  
 Came down the next day, as he promised to do,  
 On purpose, nae doot, as a matter of course,  
 To see if puir Dauvid was better or worse.  
 "Well, Margaret," he said, "how is David to-day?"  
 "Weel, sir, he's some better, I'm thankfu' to say.  
 The Doctor's been here and used the means,  
 And to outward appearances some better he seems."  
 "I'm glad to hear that, and I hope he'll recover,  
 And that both may be spared for a while to each other."  
 "Oh, yes, sir, I'm glad and thankfu' atweel,  
 For little I thought I would see him sae weel.  
 If ye please, sir, sit down, and rest ye a bit."  
 "Well, Margaret, I doubt that I scarcely must sit,  
 But if it's convenient with David I'll pray."  
 "Gude guide me, sir, what on the yirth do ye say?"  
 "I'll pray with your husband that's now in distress."  
 "The duce i' the man, wad ye pray for an ass?"  
 "O fie, Margaret, fie, why don't you think shame  
 To call your poor husband by any such name?"  
 "Ma husband! I daursay the minister's mad;  
 I've nae husband noo, tho' at ae time I had."  
 "Dear Margaret, you don't mean to say that that's true?"  
 "It's as shure as this minute I'm speakin' to you."  
 "Then is David your son or relation in blood?"  
 "Gude gracious, the man, isn't it Dauvid the cud?"  
 "A *cud*?" said the parson. "Aye, a *cuddy*," said she;  
 "Isn't him that carries provisions for me?"  
 "Oh, Margaret, I find that I've been quite mistaken,  
 I David, your ass, for your husband have taken;  
 So pardon what I've in my ignorance said,  
 And the awkward mistake into which I've been led."  
 So the parson nae langer protracted his stay,  
 But shook hands wi' auld Peggy and bade her good day,  
 And laughed a' the road hame till nearly distracted,  
 To think such a part he'd unwittingly acted.



