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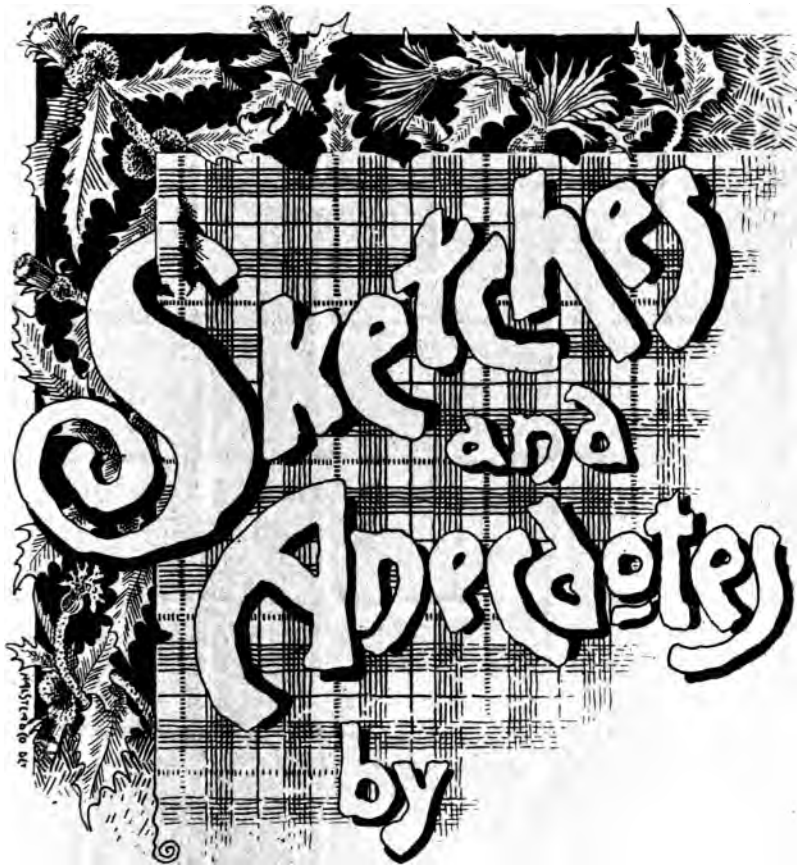


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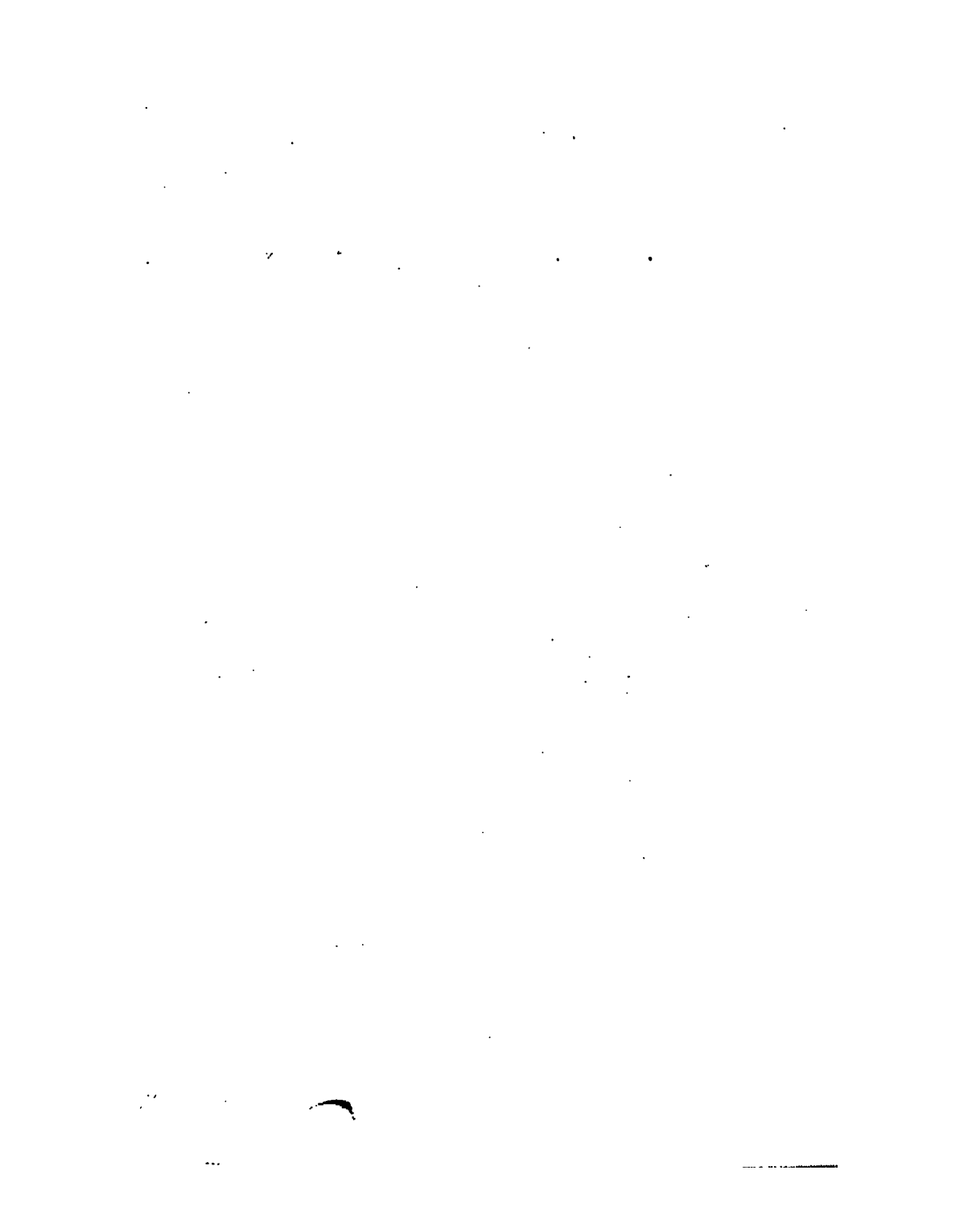




Andrew Wanless.

"John Tamson's wallet frac but to ben.
Whigmaleeries for women and men"

DETROIT, MICH.:
PUBLISHED BY ANDREW WANLESS, No. 15 GRAND RIVER AVENUE
1891.



SKETCHES
AND
ANECDOTES

BY
ANDREW WANLESS,

Author of "Poems and Songs," Etc.



"John Tamson's wallet frae *but* to *ben*.
Whigmaleeries for women and men."

DETROIT, MICH.:
PUBLISHED BY ANDREW WANLESS, No. 15 GRAND RIVER AVENUE.
1891.

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TO
HERBERT BOWEN, Esq.,
THESE
"SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES"
ARE
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

Detroit, November, 1891.

31213

SHE LIKED HIM RALE WEEL.

The spring had brought out the green leaf on the trees,
 And the flow'rs were unfolding their sweets to the bees,
 When Jock says to Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
 And just say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
 She held down her head like a lily sae meek,
 And the blush o' the rose fled awa frae her cheek,
 And she said, "Gang awa, man! your head's in a creel."
 She didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Aye! she liked him rale weel,
 O! she liked him rale weel,

But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Now Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth and mair,
 Ye ha'e kept me just hanging 'tween hope and despair,
 But, Oh! Jenny, last night something whisper'd to me—
 That I'd better lie down at the dyke side and-dee."
 To keep Jock in life, she gave in to be tied,
 And soon they were book'd, and three times they were cried;
 Love danced in Jock's heart, and hope joined the reel;
 He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.

Aye! she liked him rale weel,
 Oh! she liked him rale weel,

But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

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

Aye! she liked him rale weel,
 O! she liked him rale weel;

Quo' he, "That's but nat'ral, to like him rale weel."

P R E F A C E .

REGARDING the following "Sketches and Anecdotes," it was my primary design, after each, to trace the derivation and attempt to explain the old and obsolete words that are therein introduced. This plan, on second consideration, was laid aside, thinking that, if adopted, it would cumber the pages with matter uninteresting to the general reader.

From my early years, the old, quaint Scotch words and sayings have had a peculiar charm. These words and phrases of the old people, in lowly life, I took delight to harbor in my memory. In my leisure moments these were written down in much the same manner as they fell from the lips of the narrators.

A few of these "Sketches and Anecdotes" have already appeared in "The Scottish American," "The Detroit Free Press," and "The Detroit Evening News." A number of them, however, appear in this collection for the first time.

It has been the practice of several Scottish Authors to prefix to their works a few doleful sentences on the decay of the Scottish language and literature. Regarding this, I am of a contrary opinion. The patriotic words, the manly phrases and the witty remarks, will, I have no doubt, be ever cherished and appreciated by my countrymen, and by those of kindred nationalities.

ANDREW WANLESS.

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THE LAST MAN.

A-down the street Judge Winder came,
 And he had his gold specks on,
 And there he met, a-coming up,
 His old friend William Jackson.

Quoth William "How's the Judge, this morn'?"
 Quoth he "I'm worse than ill;
 Ah, me, I see by slow degrees
 I'm creeping down the hill.

"Last night, as on my bed I lay,
 The thought did me astound,
 That soon not one good man will be
 Alive above the ground."

STOP.

John Cranky was a wee bit man,
 Knack-kneed and bent twa fauld;
 He had a wife, and by my faith,
 She was baith big and bauld.

Ae day he opened out on her
 When she was at the washing,
 And he wi' waspish words ga'e her
 A virulent tongue-lashing.

She looked and said "Just stop your yaff;
 If ye no stop it soon
 I'll ram ye head-lang in the kirn
 And dash the dasher doon."

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

PALMER'S EXHIBITION.

Some folk may sing 'bout dove-eyed peace,
And some 'bout strife and war,
And some about a maid or wife
May strike the light guitar,
And some may write 'bout moons and stars
To show their erudition,
But as for me, I'll sing wi' pith
'Bout Palmer's exhibition.

We sent Tom Palmer 'cross the sea,
Unto a place called Spain,
But ev'rything went wrong, so we
Recalled him back again;
The bungling blockheads in New York
Are no worth recognition,
The deil a ane o' them could run
Columbia's exhibition!

Tom Palmer is a marvelous man,
He's traveled many lands,
And tongues of many nations he
Has at his finger ends;
The Spanish, Welsh, the French and Dutch,
Hindoo and the Chinese,
These he can write and also speak
With purity and ease.

So back our Tom has come again,
Dispelling our distress,
And our Columbian Fair he'll make
A great and grand success.
From polar seas he'll bring a whale
In a first-class condition,
And horses, mules and mares will grace
Tom Palmer's exhibition.

From England he'll import roast beef,
 From Scotland mountain dew,
 From Ireland milk and blarney-stones,
 Poteen and Irish stew;
 And heathen gods and goddesses,
 From lands of superstition,
 Will all be seen for fifty cents
 At Palmer's exhibition.

From sunny south he will express,
 From Uncle Sam's estate,
 Tobacco, alligators, rice,
 The orange and the date.
 The breeches bible will be seen,
 And the revised edition;
 These Ingersoll will lecture from
 At Palmer's exhibition.

Cows, sheep, and dogs, hogs, hens and cats
 Will all be gather'd there.
 Likewise the fowmart and the fox,
 The badger and the bear;
 The feather'd songsters will display
 Their wonderful tuition,
 And sing with mellow note their songs
 At Palmer's exhibition.

A female elephant he'll bring.
 From India's coral strands,
 But oh, we pray that she will not
 Be left upon his hands.
 The fishes of the mighty deep
 In all their varied ranks,
 Will ply their fins, and shake their tails
 In countless tubs and tanks.

The hurdy-gurdy, kettle-drum,
 The bagpipe and bassoon,
 The bugle and the hunting-horn
 Will all be played in tune;
 And ladies rare will sing and dance,
 Bedecked in rich attire;
 Wae's me! their charms, I more than dread,
 Will set our hearts on fire!

Volcanic stones, and peat, and turf
In their progressive stages,
Will there be seen, with dates to prove
And certify their ages.

A cannon from the wars he'll show
That once wrought devastation,
He'll on it mount, and Peace will smile
With pleasing approbation.

Beds, sheets and blankets will be there,
And wooden work in plenty,
A spinning-wheel I'm bound to show
That I got from my aunty ;
Its timper-pin, its leg is broke,
The bairnies have abused it,
But wha'll expect 'twould be as good
As when my aunty used it?

My aunty's spinning-wheel calls up
A routh o' sad reflections,
But what's the use, I sometimes think,
Of grievous recollections.
Oh! if my aunty was alive,
I'd bet my head o' hair
I'd take her in a Pullman car
To Thomas Palmer's fair.

The exhibition will be rich,
In articles of yore,
Upon a nail will hang the breeks
That our first parent wore ;
His tartan plaid, and guid claymore,
And if accounts are true,
We'll see Miss Eva's bridal bed,
And also her trousseau.

Since writing the above I've heard,
But maybe it's a lee,
That Gladstone with a load o' chips
Is coming o'er the sea.
That Parnell, 'Brien and Balfour
Have not gone to perdition,
But they will visit Uncle Sam—
And Palmer's exhibition.

Jim Blaine will meet the "Grand Old Man,"
 And under Tom's direction,
 The twa will have a grand set-to
 'Bout free trade and protection.
 My certy! how these two old rooks
 Will crow and rug and rive,
 To see the sport, losh! how I wish
 My aunty was alive!

My grannie writes frae Scotland's isle
 That if her life is spar'd,
 She'll bring a cart o' curly greens
 Frae out her ain kail-yard,
 And eke a spade, a harl and grape,
 A milksythe and a churn,
 And a Lochaber axe that Bruce
 Had used at Bannockburn!

Now all ye people far and near,
 Just keep the date in view,
 The exhibition will begin
 In eighteen-ninety-two;
 And I'll be there, if I am spar'd,
 And give the folk a sneeshin'
 O' good Scotch snuff from my snuff-box
 At Palmer's exhibition.

THE FIRST BITE IS THE WORST.

William Hardie was born in Hawick, Scotland, and inherited a very strong constitution. He emigrated to Detroit, and to use a vulgar phrase he had a stomach that could digest horse nails. He fell sick and when in bed his appetite fairly left him. To wile his appetite back, one day, Mrs. Hardie roasted a chicken to a turn and took it to his bedside. "Take it awa," cried William, "my stomach has become sic a coward it winna even fight wi' a chicken." "Tuts," said she, "what nonsense, tak' it by the leg and try and eat a bit. Come away now and fa' to—the first bite is aye the warst."

Patriotism.

In the year 1803, great perplexity and wrath prevailed in Scotland. The cry arose that the French were on the eve of invading her shores. The beacon fires blazed on the hills, and her Volunteers rallied to the cry "Wha dare middle wi' me?" The following lines from the popular song entitled "Symon and Janet," point out that every man and mother's son were prepared to strike determined and dexterous blows for liberty and for their native land :—

"O, Symon, the Frenchies are landed,
Come quick man and slip on yer shoon ;
Our signals I see them extended
Like red rising rays frae the moon."
"Hoot ! cheer up, dear Janet be hearty,
For ere the next sun may gang down,
Wha' kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
And end my auld days in renown."

The Dunse Volunteers gathered to a man, and they made the welkin' ring to the old war-cry—"Dunse dings a'." Armed to the teeth they took the turnpike road for Haddington, and as they were passing the romantic village of Longformacus, out from her house rushed Jean Carpenter, wi' a red het poker in her hand. On observing this Rab Dale roars out to her—"Jean, for the love o' heaven, gang into the hoose, and we'll do our best to kill a' the Frenchmen without the assistance o' your weapon." "Na, na !" quo' she, "I'll no back out. I'll kilt my coats and gang along wi' ye." Wi' this she flourished the poker over her head, and wi' patriotic fervency exclaimed—"Rab ! I canna fecht muckle, but blast the French deevils, I will let them see which side I am on."

KEEP YOUR KETTLE.

The tea-kettle is the grandest musical instrument in the Scottish household. When it begins to sing, a pleasing smile overspreads the faces o' the auld and the young o' baith sexes. If it could speak as well as it can sing, it could tell mony a strange story. And I may venture to remark that if these stories were printed into books they wad fill the Detroit Public Library up to the very rafters. Ae night Ruben Tamson waited on Miss Mysie Jobson—a lass who had a bit property left to her by her grandfather, auld Saunders Jobson, wha spent the bulk o' his days as a cowfeeder, and wha died o' the cholera at Haddington in the year 1833. Now Ruben gae'd to Mysie on nae needless errand, for it was his design to ask her hand, and, if she didna' resist, they wad gang to the minister and get married forthwith and forever. Ruben sat doon and the kettle sang and sang, but she never as much as asked him if he had a mouth. By this Ruben saw which way the land lay. Like an uninvited guest he sat upon thorns. He found that hope was a guid breakfast but an unco bad supper, and wi' as guid a grace as he could pit on he bade Mysie fareweel. Now, Ruben was a local poet o' some celebrity, and next mornin' he sent her a letter which was thus addressed, "Post haste—to Miss Mysie Jobson," and it contained the following :—

Your kettle hings and sings awa
 Most pleasant to the view, mem,
 My faith ! I'd sooner hear its sang
 Than hear a sang frae you, mem.

Last night I sat upon your chair
 Bamboozled and neglected,
 While I, to say the very least,
 A cup o' tea expected.

Ye lookit east, ye lookit west,
Ye lookit north, and south, mem ;
Ye glower'd at me as if I had
Been born without a mouth, mem.

Sae soon as I had turned my back
I truly do believe, mem,
That ye sat doon and drank your tea
And snicker'd in your sleeve, mem.

But, I ha'e sworn a deadly aith,
A deadly aith is it, mem,
That on another chair o' yours
Again I'll never sit, mem.

When night comes on, wi' your' ain hands
Ye may tie on your pirnie,
And gang to bed, or ye may gang
For me to Hecklebirnie.

Away wi' houses, land and gear—
The harbingers o' strife, mem,
Instead of them may heaven grant
To me a loving wife, mem.

I ken a lass up in the glen
And she's excelled by nane, mem,
I'll bring her hame, and soon we'll ha'e
A kettle o' our ain, mem.

Wi' cauld disdain ye treated me,
Yet still I wish ye well, mem,
But by my saul ye e'en may keep
Your kettle to yoursel', mem.

I've written thus on this braid page
To let ye understand, mem,
That I have given her my heart,
And soon she'll ha'e my hand, mem.

On Monday night I will be wed,
And if ye are in fettle,
Ye e'en may come and see my bride—
Her yetlin' pot and kettle.

And now I lay aside my pen,
As I've no more to say, mem,
But this, farewell, Mysie, farewell,
Farewell for night and day, mem !

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DRINKING-CUP.

Tom Purdie, as is well known, was Sir Walter Scott's faithful attendant in the days of his joys and of his sorrows. Shortly before the death of that good and great man, he presented Tom with a silver drinking-cup. After Tom's death, this cup remained in the possession of his widow, who resided in a small cottage on the Abbotsford estate. Robert Howden, who was born and brought up in Galashiels, but who is now a residenter of Detroit, relates to me the following: "About the year 1835, twa or three o' my acquaintances and masel' took it into our heads to gang and see auld Mrs. Purdie. We gaed into her house and we found her sitting at the fireside toasting her taes. She was unco fat—she was like a sack tied in the middle, and as braid as she was lang. She warsled up, and she ga'e a guid natured laugh, and she said, 'I ken what ye want, ye vagabonds that ye are. Ye didna come to see me—ye cam' to get a drink oot o' Sir Walter's drinking-cup, and that ye will get wi' perfect guid will.' After we had a' gotten a drink, she raised her hands and said, 'My certy! callants, ye ought to be proud—ye ne'er gat sic' a drink in a' your born days. My certy! ye ought to be mair than proud that ye ha'e gat mouths to drink oot o' Sir Walter's drinking-cup!'"

A GREAT THREAT.

John Broadwood had a son wha was the ring-leader o' a' mischief. Ae day John says to him—"Now, Robbie, I see that ye winna behave yersel' a' that I can say or do, but the next time ye mis-behave yersel' I will get the loan o' Tinker Tam's cuddy-ass, and I will pit ye on the back o't, and I will mak' baith yours and the cuddy's ears stand up on the perpendicular."

 A LASS AND A LANTERN.

In the days o' my prime when I lived wi' my mither,
 My heart and my foot were as light as a feather;
 My father was gane, and he left me his heir
 Sae we'd naething to do but to fill and fetch mair.
 My mither grew sick, and sair she did grieve
 When she heard I was courting the daughters o' Eve,
 Losh me, how she raved when she heard I gade saunterin'
 At the dead hours o' night wi' a lass and a lantern.

She glunched and she gloomed and she said in her spite
 That the wiles o' the women wad kill me outright;
 But dule to the day when away she was ta'en,
 For the like o' my mither I'll ne'er see again.
 I remembered her words and I sighed and I said,
 That Betsy, for me, may die an auld maid;
 But strange to relate again I gade saunterin',
 At the dead hours o' night wi' my lass and a lantern!

"Dear Betsy," says I, "Oh, take care of your feet,
 Look out for the glaur and the wind and the weet,"
 Then my heart would be filled wi' the fondest delight
 When she'd say "never mind, ye may blaw oot the light."
 I'd blaw oot the light, and O! how sae fain
 I'd kiss her sweet lips and ca' her my ain;
 She now is my ain, and nae mair I gang saunterin'
 At the dead hours o' night wi' a lass and a lantern.

 THE LASSIE WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS.

John Howell, an aged Scotchman, informed me that he was at one time acquainted with one of the idols of Burns, the poet—"The Lassie wi' the Lint White Locks." She was then cook at the Armandale Arms Inn, in Moffat, but alas! all her beauty of face and form had departed. Instead of the lint white locks, her head was covered with a wig of extraordinary dimensions. "O, man," said John, "when she spak' o' Burns the tears ran down her withered cheeks. Losh, man, it was waesome to look at her. Time had wrought upon her

wonderful changes. If Burns had risen frae the dead he wadna' ha'e kent her. She was, I trow, a queer lookin' body. I never can get her image oot o' my mind. Her appearance sticks to me like a burr. Man! I can see her now standin' afore me just as plain as a pike-staff. I said to her, 'Ma woman, will you take a dram?' 'I wat I will,' quo' she, and wi' this we baith drank to the memory o' Burns. Then to cheer her up I sang over the following:

"Lassie wi' the lint white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?"

But nothing would cheer her up. She lookit doon to the floor. She shook her head. She raised her hand and—pointed to her wig."

A LAMMERMOOR CHEESE.

"Does your honour like cheese?" said Jennie. "Like it?" said the Duke, "cakes and cheese are a dinner for an Emperor, let alone a Highlandman."

Some folk mak' a meltith o' tatties and saut,
Some kitchen their brose wi' a sirple o' maut;
Awa wi' sic dainties! bring me if ye please
A trencher o' scones, and a Lammermoor cheese.

Some folk ha'e owre little, some fill and fetch mair,
Yet blessings are parted—ilk ane has their share,
But the loon should be lash'd till he fa's on his knees,
Wha wadna' say grace owre a Lammermoor cheese.

When my banes are a' sair wi' the dargs o' the days,
And at the fireside I sit toasting my taes,
There's naething gies comfort, or brings me mair ease,
Than a whang frae the croon o' a Lammermoor cheese!

When harass'd wi' the cares and the clashes o' life,
I'll fight wi' my shadow, and glunch at my wife;
But we soon get as sweet as twa hinnybees,
When gustin' our gabs on a Lammermoor cheese.

When a bairnie cam' hame, and the doctor awa,
 And the neighbours a' round ga'e a canny bit ca',
 My certy! our hearts were set up wi' a heeze,
 When they praised the wee pet—and—the Lammermoor
 cheese.

A bit cheese in their pockets the young lasses stow,
 And at night syne they place it 'neath pillow and pow;
 Then they dream, and they dream, till their heads are
 a-bleeze
 'Bout sweethearts, and kirks, and a Lammermoor cheese!

There's poor Jennie Deans, wha to London gaed south,
 To speak to Argyle wi' her ain word o' mouth;
 When her purpose was gained, quo' she "if you please,
 Wad yer honour accept o' a Lammermoor cheese?"

"Ho, lassie," quo' he, "I'm content wi' my brose—
 An auld Scottish sang, and a sneesh for my nose,
 Yet fain I wad be if my loof ye wad grease,
 Wi' twa or three stane o' your Lammermoor cheese!"

Then here's to auld Scotland, her hills and her dales,
 And here's to her bowies, her bickers, and pails,
 May she aye ha'e a bannock o' barley or pease.
 And to crown my best wishes—a Lammermoor cheese!

GENERALSHIP.

Some years ago Mr. George Roy, Glasgow, published a work called "Generalship." In this work he contended that married wives betrayed mair generalship than was betrayed by either the Duke o' Wellington or Napoleon Bonaparte. Wordsworth says—"That the boy is father of the man," but I say that the maiden fair is frequently mother o' the mother; but to illustrate. Ae mornin' Lucky Mackay says to her daughter—"Noo, Johannah, ma dear, I understand that ye ha'e fairly heckled and hooked John McGill, and as it is a well known fact that he has a weel-filled purse I wad see to

it, afore ye are married, that ye will stand by your gun and demand a suitable marriage portion, as ye ken 'a bird in the hand is worth twa in the bush.'" "Mither," quo' Johannah, "I ha'ena gat John McGill as yet. I'm no exactly sure o' him either, as men-folk are as slippery as eels, but under the circumstances, mither, I will tak' guid care no to spur ma horse afore I get into the saddle."

FULL GREYHOUNDS.

Jock Rodgers, a gamekeeper, was instructed to take some greyhounds from Dunse up to Byrecleugh, the hunting seat of the Duke of Roxburgh. He was commanded to feed them well by the way, as the duke was very careful of his greyhounds, and would sooner part with his own heart's blood than part with one of them. When Jock, with the hounds, reached Longformacus he gave them as many red herrings as they could eat, and in the after journey they drank immoderate quantities of water from the clear streams that ran down the hill-sides. On reaching Byrecleugh Jock was met by the duke, who with wonder exclaimed: "O, what plump greyhounds! I never saw such plump greyhounds in all my born days." "Yes, yes," quo' Jock, "my lord! they look as if they *were fou*."

I'LL TAKE YOUR MEASURE.

In Detroit James Sutherland lived and was as kind-hearted a man as ever drew breath, notwithstanding that he was an undertaker. Some boys, who knew his kindly qualities, annoyed him greatly by ringing his night bell. One night James lost his temper, and he roared after them, "Ye scorpions that ye are, ye imps o' Satan, ye born wretches o' sin and misery—I'll tak' yere measure yet."

ROBIN.

[Inscribed to R. Wanless, Sarnia, Ont.]

I ha'e a bird, a bonnie bird,
 And Robin is its name,
 'Twas sent to me wi' kindly words
 Frae my auld Scottish hame.
 And when it cam' unto my hand
 It looked sae dull and wae,
 Nae doot it missed the flow'ry glen
 The burnie and the brae.

There's mair than you, my bonnie bird,
 Ha'e crossed the raging main,
 Wha mourn the blythe, the happy days
 They'll never see again.
 Sweet bird! Come sing a sang to me,
 Unmindfu' o' our ills;
 And let us think we're once again
 'Mang our ain heather hills.

The joyfu' hours o' nameless bliss,
 O, come ye back to me;
 My love! my lost! again we meet
 Aneath the trysting-tree.
 O, sing to me, my bonnie bird,
 And ilka note o' thine
 Will conjure up the gladsome days—
 The joys o' auld lang syne.

THE WRONG SEAL.

Before the introduction of the penny postage system, the envelope was rarely or ever to be seen. Letters were generally written on quarto sheets of paper, and folded up and sealed with wax. Every man, of any consequence, carried a bunch of seals on his watch chain, which hung dangling down from his watch-pocket or sprung. A number of ladies sealed their letters with the end of their thimbles, and this manner of sealing was designed to convey the impression that the sender was possessed of industrious habits. The wafer was seldom

used, as letters thus closed could be easily opened by the inquisitive, by holding them to the kettle spout when the kettle got her steam up. Thomas Lilly's wife died, and he sent letters to all his friends to attend her funeral. The day after her funeral David Peaden came down from Kilpallet and he called upon Thomas. "David," quo' Thomas. "I was disappointed that ye didna' come to the funeral." "How could ye expect me to come to the funeral?" quo' David, "when on the seal o' the letter was the motto—'Ye may a' gang to the deevil.'" On hearing this Thomas raised his hands, his chin fell upon his breast, he sank into a chair, and he lost his breath for a space. When this was regained, with faltering words he said, "Mercy me! I ha'e sealed them wi' the wrang seal."

A GRAND VIEW.

One day Rab Niel, the blacksmith of Longformacus, waited on the laird of the parish, and he said: "I wish ye guid mornin', laird, and I hope last night ye had a guid night's rest, as ye are weel deservin' o' a' the mercies that heaven can send, and I wad be muckle obliged to ye, forby payment, if ye wad gi'e me pasture for ma coo."

"Yes, Rab," said the laird, "ye can get that—ye can tak' her up to the tap o' Darrington hill."

"But there's nae grass there," said Rab. "There's naething there to feed a coo. I'll no tak' her there—there's naething there but cauld and hunger and big stanes and muckle rocks."

"I ken that," said the laird. "But, guid guide us a', Rab, ye dinna tak' into consideration what a grand view she'll ha'e!"

JOHN GLASS.

Come listen, lords and ladies gay,
To this authentic tale
About John Glass, a publican,
Who lived in Lauderdale.

He still may be alive and well,
For aught that I can say,
Though I've not heard his merry laugh
For many a live long day.

When young he went into the wars,
And lo! before he knew,
A ball blew off his leg, upon
The field of Waterloo.

His limb was dressed and he received
The very best attention;
And when they brought him home he was
Rewarded with a pension.

And then he got as cross a wife
As Satan e'er invented,
Yet still, John, in his marriage yoke,
Was no-ways discontented.

Although she did not imitate
The cooing of the dove,
Yet still she loved her own John Glass
With an undying love.

At times she'd be as calm and sweet
As visions beatific,
And then about his ears she'd raise
A tempest most terrific.

Although her waspish words at times
Would sting him to the quick,
He'd stand like patience painted on,
A brose or porridge stick.

Had John possessed a vulgar mind
He might indulged obscenity,
But though she lost her temper, he
Ne'er lost his equanimity.

I've known some ken who patient were
Up to the very handle;
But deil a' ane among them a'
Wi' John could hold a candle.

John had a sign, and on one side
There was on it address'd—
"Come all ye weary men and beasts,
Come in and take a rest"—

And on the other side he had
A soldier painted blue,
And "John Glass is the landlord, who
Was shot at Waterloo."

One night a band of drunken men
Came reeling to his door;
They had enough, yet still they were
Determined to have more.

Now, John had gone unto his rest,
His wife lay by his side;
She rose and instantly she flung
The window open wide.

And then she cried: "Ye drunken swine,
John will be down the noo,
He now is sharp'ning his braid sword
He had at Waterloo."

These words were launched with fine effect
And strategetic skill,
The drunkards fled until they gain'd
The dens o' Soutra hill.

Should John Glass be alive and well
When I seek Scotland's strand,
I'll find my way to Lauderdale,
And grasp him by the hand!

But, 'bout the pranks of his guidwife,
I will not even moot them;
It's best, ye ken, 'bout some events,
Just to say nought aboot them.

HIDING THE TEAPOT.

The sun's rays came down very hot upon James Dougherty when he was shingling a roof. Early in the afternoon he thought he would go home. He got home and found Mrs. Dougherty and a few friends enjoying themselves. When they saw him they took great pains to hide the teapot. James, however, had his weather eye open, and exclaimed:

“It is not for nothin' the taypot is hid,
For I guess what is in it by smelling the lid.”

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

One morning last week Mr. Wagstaff was much surprised when he received sealed instructions from Washington to go to the foot of Woodward avenue. He went, and when he boarded a ship the ship weighed anchor and proceeded on her voyage. After four bells the ship sprung a leak and she put into Walkerville. After she was calked and fresh water procured she proceeded, and Mr. Wagstaff was, after a most tempestuous voyage, the wind blowing from the north-northwest, safely landed upon the coast of Belle Isle. He opened his sealed instructions and the instructions were to explore the island and report at headquarters without delay. The natives of the island were agreeably surprised to see him, as they had never seen a white man before. He gave them rings, buttons and other trinkets, at which they were so pleased that they desired him to sit down and rest himself. The maidens then danced and sung around him, in plaintive strains, and the song resembled the song sung by the maidens in honor of Mungo Park, when that traveler was in the interior of Africa. “The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat beneath

our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn.” After the dance he was introduced to the king of the island, whose name is Ferguson, who was humming over a song, the air of which somewhat resembled the air of the Scotch song entitled “I’m owre young to marry yet.” The king immediately supplied him with a guide. Mr. Wagstaff pushed forward, as there was no time to be lost, and he saw a herd of deer, and the guide informed him in broken English that the aboriginal or pristine inhabitants called them “magnificent creatures.” Mr. Wagstaff reports that the soil is alluvial and that he found no specimens of gold, silver or fossil remains. He considers that the island, in the course of time, would be a good place to cultivate a taste for bass-drums, bag-pipes, politicians, hurdy-gurdies and other wind instruments. The report will be beautifully embellished with engravings descriptive of the savages in their abnormal condition; it is now in the press, and book agents are already howling like hungry wolves to get a hold of it.

A ROUND OF SWEARING.

Before the introduction of railroads into the lowlands of Scotland, cadgers and carriers were very numerous. In my early life, Will. Howliston was the principal carrier between Dunse and the city of Edinburgh. When in Edinburgh, for some fault, Will was taken before the magistrates and fined five shillings. When he returned to Dunse he bragged greatly to Tam Wilson and others what a round of swearin’ he had given the magistrates. Shortly after this Tam Wilson visited Edinburgh and he was also taken up for some offense. Recollecting what Howliston had told him he

began cursing and swearing in the court room, and for which he was sent up for thirty days. When Tam got back to Dunse he informed Will how he had followed his example, by giving the magistrates a round of swearin'. "Tuts," replied Will; "ye did wrang. I didna' begin my round o' swearin' till I was twa miles and a half oot o' the city."

NO EARTHLY JOY.

Jock Muirhead had lately got married to a brisk lass o' the name o' Jean MacDonald. A minister that hadna' married them, met Jock and wished him muckle joy. "There's nae yirthly joy," quo' Jock; "Jean threatened to rin awa' frae me this mornin'." "And what did ye say to her?" quo' the minister. "Weel, I just tald her to rin, and I wad tak' guid care, no' to rin after her."

HEADS TO DISCOURSES.

"Some ministers," said Fulton Cunningham, "ha'e a great lot o' heads and particulars to their discourses, but ma mither had just ae head to her discourse, and that was a stick wi' a big head and a pike in the end o't."

WORST OF ALL.

Auld Marian McPherson gaed into a neighbor's house one day, and she said, "Ma head is just swim swimmin', and ma lugs are just ring ringin'. Ma banes are as sair as if I had been ca'd through a miller's happer, and oh! hech me, I can scarcely pu' ae foot after the ither, but worst o' a' some o' ma freends are comin' this blessed day, and I wad be muckle obliged to ye for the loan o' your kail-pat and a bottle or twa o' your best whisky."

A KISS.

The Rev. Mr. Shand was a superannuated Scottish minister who spoke the Scottish language in all its native purity. One day he remarked: "I'm fair sick o' the bombastical ways o' men and women; the generality o' them hae nae mair brains than hens. Whan they meet ye'll see them curtsey, bow and sorape, and gang through as mony manœuvres and capers as a horse at a fair. It's just sickenin' to see them gripin' and shakin' ane anither by the hand, but the kissin' wark is warst o' a'. Sir, understand, that I ha'e been a keen observer o' baith men and women. I ha'e watched their ways and manners, and I ha'e come to the conclusion that a kiss consists o' twa simple heads and an application."

A BAD END.

Ae day Robert Gowanlock, a married man, thus spoke: "I wadna' be an auld bachelor for a' the gold and silver under the canopy o' heaven. Their lives are perfect failures, and for the maist feck they a' dee most horrible deaths. I ha'e just been awa sittin' up wi' that auld confirmed idiot o' a bachelor, Willy Clapper-ton, wha is no lang for this warld. Bless my soul! if Willy had married Tibbie McDougall in his young days he might ha'e been a grandfather by this time."

LAMMIELOO.

'Twas on a Sunday afternoon
 When simmer was in prime,
 That in our wee bit houseikie
 We had an unco time;
 A bonnie wee bit lassiekie,
 The sweetest o' them a',
 Wi' monie a kind and welcome wish
 Upon us ga'e a ca'.

Wi' silent step twa years ha'e fled
Since that event took place,
Now beauty's bloom and sunny smiles
Are pictured on her face;
O! she's a winsome lassiekie
Guid folks! I tell to you,
There's no a wean in a' the rounds
Can match our Lammieloo.

When mornin' light comes peepin' in,
And 'fore I say my prayers,
She'll open up her eyes and cry,
"Pa, take me doon the stairs;"
And when she's doon, though in her pouch
She hasna' ae bawbee,
She'll rap the table and she'll cry,
"Nell, fetch a cup o' tea."

Ae day I coft her a bit doll
Which I saw labeled cheap,
She rowed it in her arms and cried,
"Now baby gang to sleep;"
She raised her finger to her ear,
As if to catch the key,
And then she sang "Sleep, baby, sleep,"
Midst mickle mirth and glee.

We ha'e a weary time at night,
She winna close her een;
She fain wad rise and chase the hens
That cackle on the green;
And then I fauld her in my arms,
And hum an auld Scotch strain,
And when I stop, she'd sweetly say,
"O, papa, sing again."

We ha'e some pictures in our house,
She kens them a' by turns,
O, this is "Walter Scott," she'll say,
And that is "Robert Burns;"
She'll tell ye how the doggies bark,
And how the pussies mew,
O, hush! the cradle I maun rock,
O, sleep, my Lammieloo.

STEADFAST LOVE.

Thomas Blackbull fell over head and ears in love wi' bonnie Jenny Wilson, the kindest and the brawest lass in a' the parish. They were in the habit o' walking o' nights in the plantation by the banks o' the Dye—a burn that winds its way through the hills o' Lammermoor. One evening, Will Smeaton, a tailor by occupation, was in the plantation and overheard the following conversation:

“O, Jenny,” quo Tam, “I do lo'e ye steadfast, there's nae power on earth could knock your image out o' my heart. It is rooted there in storm and sunshine, in wind and in rain.”

“Hout,” cried Jenny, “I'm no sae sure o' that; the love o' man is as changeable as the wind—it is even like the butterfly that flits frae ae flower to the ither. I wadna' believe some men as far as I could fling them.”

“What!” cried Tam, “for goodness sake, Jenny, dinna misdoot me. I'll lo'e ye, Jenny, my ain dear, as lang as there's fur on the back o' a rabbit or hair on the back o' a horse.”

WORKING THE ORACLE.

About the time of the passage of the reform bill, David Drysdale and Adam Tamson, two weavers, drank to the health of Lord John Russell and Earl Grey, so frequently, that both their money and credit ran out. One night they were in a very bad state, and quoth David to Adam: “We must work the oracle some way or another, otherwise we will never see the light of another day. Now, we will baith gang up to John Aikenhead's shop door, and I will fa' doon in a faint, and ye will rin in and tell John.” The project worked

well, for out came Mr. Aikenhead and gave the prostrate man a dram. When he had drank about the half of it Adam cried to David: "For the love of goodness, David, leave me some!" "Tuts!" cried David, "Lie doon and faint for yoursel'!"

SAY NO MORE.

I was at the school with Symon Mack and Helen Gowenlock, and we also worshiped in the auld Kirk of Scotland, which I have respected and ever will respect. In due course Symon and Helen got married, and the love they had for one another was as pure as undefiled gold—which is the foundation of peace. Now, Symon was a great admirer of the works of nature, and about a week after they were married he rose very early and looked out of the window. The sun was rising. Helen was also rising. Symon's soul was filled with delight when he beheld the golden sunbeams dancing on the top of the hills. In the fullness of his heart he exclaimed, "How grand and with what majesty ye are rising, O, thou glory of the heavens and of the earth." On hearing this, Helen looked out of her box bed and she said, "Symon, Symon, my dear, say no more; ye will make me far ower proud o' mysel'."

A PROUD MAN.

Some years ago, while in conversation with the celebrated Thomas Carlyle's brother, who resided in the vicinity of Brantford, Ont., William Smith, an auld Paisley weaver, cam' along the street, and he said to him: "Dear sakes me! and are ye Tam Carlyle's brither? O, man, but I wad be a proud man if Tam was ma brither."

ANDREW AND MAGGIE.

There lived a lad in Lammermoor
 And Andrew was his name,
 And he has fa'en deep in love
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Graham.

Now Andrew was as braw a lad
 As ever held a plow;
 True was his heart, and manly worth
 Was stamped upon his brow.

He lov'd but one and one alone,
 He lov'd her every hour;
 He was not like the busy bee
 That flits from flower to flower.

But wha can paint sweet Maggie Graham?
 She was beyond compare;
 Within her heart the richest gifts
 Frae Heaven were centered there.

Sweet is the flower in craggy glen
 That blooms without a name,
 But sweeter far the sunny smile
 O' bonnie Maggie Graham!

She'd lilt and sing the lee-lang day
 Auld Scotland's sangs sae dear;
 Her artless notes, how sweet they fell
 Upon the list'ning ear.

How aft they met doon in the glen
 Beneath the moon's pale beam,
 How aft he tauld his tale o' love
 Beside the winding stream.

O' a' the gifts that Heaven has sent
 Since man frae bliss did fa',
 The precious gift o' woman's love
 Is far abune them a'.

'Twas in the blythsome simmer time,
 All in the month o' May,
 When Andrew and his ain true love
 Gaed up the Millwood brae.

The hawthorn hedge was rich in bloom,
 The flowers were fresh and fair,
 The birds rejoic'd—e'en heaven smil'd
 Upon this happy pair!

They reached the manse, and soon they met
 "The man unknown to fame;"
 He joined their hands, and in his heart,
 He blest sweet Maggie Graham.

He said, "O, Andrew, ne'er forget,
 In journeying o'er life's road,
 If ye are true unto yersel',
 Ye'll aye be true to God!

And O, may Heaven bliss ye baith,
 And keep ye in His care;
 O, ne'er forget the golden words—
 'To bear and to forbear' "

Now Andrew was a gallant lad,
 He said, "Whate'er betide,
 Until my latest breath I draw,
 I'll lo'e my bonnie bride!"

ALMOST.

Thomas Snadden was a big burley kind of a man, and a great devourer of books. I once heard him say that books were grand companions, and far preferable to the society of either men or women, dogs, horses or cats. One day he met John Playfair and said to him: "John, I ha'e been glowerin' ower the warks o' the Scottish poets, frae Allan Ramsay doonwards, and I am bound to say that Scotland is a glorious guidwife. She has produced swarms o' the grandest poets that the warld ever saw or heard tell o', and, as sure as I am a livin' sowl, I wad e'en like to hear ony body say to the contrary." "Mr. Snadden," quo John, "wi a' due deference to your size and your intellectual capacity, I assume the responsibility o' remarkin' that Scotland has

never produced a Shakespeare." At this remark Thomas ga'e his croon a claw, and then he said: "Let that flea stick to the wa'. Shakespeare, by a' accounts, was in Scotland, and we may gather frae that that it was in Scotland where he gathered his wit. Still, I canna' gainsay the fact that Shakespeare had brains o' the very best quality, and that he was an Englishman. John, I perfectly agree wi' ane o' his critics that 'Shakespeare was almost clever enough to be a Scotchman.'"

BURNING UP.

James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, in one of his love songs, thus sings:

"Love, love, love, love, love is like a dizziness,
It winna let a poor body gang about their business."

And I am inclined to think, and more than me can testify to the same, that love is also like a devouring flame, and that all the waters in rivers, lakes and seas cannot drown it out. In corroboration: One evening Andrew Cranston met his sweetheart, Nannie Walker, at the trysting-tree, and quoth he: "Nannie, my heart is on fire, I am burning up! and I want to get married next Thursday." "Losh," quoth she, "Andrew, my dear, that is unco short notice, for ye ken I must get my providing ready and my wedding gown made." "Tuts," quoth Andrew, "never mind about your providing, and as for your gown, the gown ye ha'e will do weel enough. Now, Nannie, just gie consent, for ye ken delays are dangerous." "Now, Andrew," quoth Nannie, "I'm no designed to mak' a fool o' mysel.' Ye may just burn up. My faith, I'm no gaun, as the saying is, to marry in haste and repent at leisure."

A LAMMERMOOR LEGEND.

In Lammermoor, in Scotland's isle,
A shepherd lived in frugal style ;
Ae night he felt a wee thought worri'd,
And for the doctor off he hurri'd.
The doctor cam', the herd return'd,
What joy within his bosom burn'd;
He was the father of a son,
Whose leet o' life had just begun;
When tears of heartfelt joy he shed,
" Doctor," he cried, " I'm more than glad,
A son, a son, kind heaven has sent
And now, at last I am content,
I ne'er felt better in a' my life,
May heaven protect my son and wife!
Doctor, I'm unco glad ye cam',
My faith, we now will ha'e a dram,
And what is mair, sir, if ye please,
We'll ha'e a chack o' bread and cheese."
Wi' joy the herd, I here declare,
Flung up his bonnet in the air.

The doctor had nae time to stay.
He took a dram, and rode away
Across the moor at a guid peg
To set an auld wife's broken leg,
Wha doon had coup'd wi' great amaze,
When she was hanging out her claes.

To kiss and hug the little dear
The gossips came frae far and near,
Who all agreed, 'midst great palaver,
He was the image o' his father.
In twa or three days the wife got well,
And could be lippen'd wi' hersel';
And then the herd raxed doon his plaid,
And to the hill awa he gaed
To see the sheep how they were fending,
And if their crops o' wool were mending.
The sun by this began to fa'
As he cam' o'er the Lormanshaw ;
He reached his hame at edge o' night
And then, wae's me, he got a fright.

His son was sleeping all alone,
 But, oh, alas! his wife was gone!
 He to the door with frenzy gaed,
 And there he saw a cavalcade
 Of fairies on their fairy steeds,
 All playing on their sylvan reeds,
 And singing songs of exultation
 Beyond the bounds of moderation,
 Which woke the birds, and in despair
 They flew in terror through the air,
 E'en foxes fled with tails erected
 And left their young ones unprotected!

The fairies, young, looked fair to see,
 But the auld blinkers, hech how me,
 Their faces lookit mair by token,
 To an auld withered dried-up docken;
 There was ae antiquated male
 Wha must ha'e weathered monie a gale,
 His nose was crook'd like the half moon,
 His chin was like a horner's spoon,
 He had a mouth but far as learn'd
 The fient a tooth could be discern'd,
 His legs looked like twa lame inventions,
 But he had wings o' great dimensions,
 From tap to tae he looked a yald ane,
 My faith! he must ha'e been the auld ane!

Now, 'mang the throng he heard his wife
 Cry "Mercy me! oh, spare my life!"
 He cast his coat and bonnet blue,
 And after them awa' he flew,
 Wi' rage at every step and stend,
 His hair in tufts stood up on end,
 His mouth and eyes were opened wide
 While Vengeance scamper'd at his side!

He saw them reach the water Dye;
 He yelled: "Ye hags of midnight, fly,
 In name of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 And leave my own guidwife to me."
 At heaven's name they looked aghast,
 And on the ground the guidwife cast.
 With terror o'er the stream they glide
 And safely gain the other side,
 And then and there the fairy throng
 Chanted this fragment of a song:

By the pale moon's glint and gleam,
By the spirit of the stream,
By the rowan on the tree,
And the dewdrop on the lea,
When the fox has left his lair,
When the bat is in the air,
When the wisp his lamp has lit,
We will woo and win her yet.

He got her hame, but sad to tell,
She ne'er again was like hersel',
She'd sit and sigh the live long day,
Her thoughts were wandering far away,
For she had seen, upon her flight,
A glimmer of the second sight;
Ah, me! 'tis told she saw I ween,
The lands and lights of the unseen,
She saw what I dare dread to rhyme—
The never-ending bridge of time!
But all these ills that on her came,
She only had herself to blame;
Her days in peace she might have ended
Had she to guid advice attended,
At her bed head, upon three cleeks,
She failed to hang her guidman's breeks;
She could have crushed the fairy plot
By this unfailing antidote!

Ae night the sky was overcast,
And her guidman was sleeping fast.
Dark gruesome clouds 'gainst clouds went dashing,
And rain in torrents down came splashing,
The thunder rolled, the earth lay dumb
As if the day of wrath had come!
The fairies came—a countless band,
And bore her off to fairyland;
The shepherd's head grew gray with care,
For she was seen for nevermair;
He'd wander by the Dimple-hill,
And down beside the winding rill,
And raise his hand and call her name,
But to his call no answer came;
She's gone! where, where? Wisdom replies,
Unto the Lands of the Surmise.

 TOO DEAR.

The word "coft" is a classical Scotch word. In the vulgar English it means to buy or to purchase. It is tellingly introduced in the old song :

"I coft a stane o' haslock woo."

which means that a stone of wool had been bought that had been obtained from the neck of a sheep. By this example the intelligent reader will, no doubt, perceive the beauty and condensation of the one language and the redundant verbosity of the other. There is an old saying "that nothing should be done without a purpose" and my purpose is again to resuscitate this word. John Ballantyne was a herder among the hills. He was very penurious, and kept a double knot on the strings of his purse. One day he was going to Dunbar, and his wife said to him, "John, when ye are in Dunbar I wad like if ye wad buy me a new bible wi' big print, as I canna see sae guid as I did when you and I first got acquainted wi' ane another." When he returned from Dunbar, quo' the wife, "John, did ye bring the bible?" "Na, na," quo' John, "they were maist extraordinary dear—the very deevil wadna have coft ane o' them.

 LET HIM LOOSE.

In the parish o' Stow, Midlothian, lived Robbie Roughead, who was a very timid man. On the morning of his marriage day a most unaccountable fear came over him and he ran and hid himself in a peat-bog. The minister arrived and he ordered some of the people to bring him in, and they tied a halter about him and they pulled him in by main force. At the conclusion of the ceremony the minister said: "It is all over now—ye may take off the halter and let him loose."

THE ROAD TO MATRIMONY.

Grace Glenwood was a blooming maid
Whom old and young admir'd,
And many a lad, both rich and poor,
Her heart and hand desir'd.

Now she resided with her aunt,
And I with truth confess,
Her aunt was just as cross an aunt
As ever trod the grass.

She'd lash her niece with her long tongue,
My faith she'd let her ken
That she would be the death o' her
If she spoke to the men.

One night she took a kind o' dwam,
And off she went to bed,
And lo, at this her lovely niece
Was most extremely glad.

She heard a rap, then to the door
On tip-toe off she ran,
And in a crack she was embrac'd
By John, the miller's man.

They kissed, and kissed, and better kiss'd,
And then quoth he "next e'en
I'll yoke the mare, and Grace my dear,
We'll drive to Gretna Green."

To this Grace Glenwood gave consent,
And after some more speaking,
John left, and Grace went ben the house
And found her aunty sleeping.

Next night John yoked his guid gray mare,
And quick as I can tell,
A female form leaped in the cart,
And off they went pell-mell.

Now when they passed the three-mile stone,
The moon began to shine,
And then he cried, "Oh, Grace, my dear,
Your aunt will soon be mine.

O, Grace, I swear by moon and stars,
 I never felt so canty."
 He looked, instead of having Grace,
 Guid faith, he had her aunty!

Then he roared to his mare "Wo, wo,
 Stand still, stand still, ye brute."
 Then down he sprang, and dear sakes me,
 He coupit aunty oot!

FARE YE WELL.

'Twas on a summer's evening when Mr. George Craig's work was done, that he, like Southey's Caspar, was sitting in the sun. As he sat he was shooting folly as it flies. He wondered how people could scamper hither and thither in this hot and sultry weather instead of sitting calmly on the doorstep and imitating the example of wise men. As he thus sat, an old man approached,

"Whose withered cheek and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day."

He grasped Mr. Craig by the hand and said: "George Craig, I have got wind of ye. I have got hold of ye at the lang and the last!" Mr. Craig looked at him and he said: "Wha are ye? Upon my honor, I dinna ken ye frae Adam." "What!" cried the stranger, "although I havena' seen ye for saxty years, I kent ye at the first glance. My name is Bauldy Drummond, and when we were bairns many is the time that we have played together upon the cold commons o' Coldingham." "Dear me," cried Mr. Craig, "I mind o' you and I mind o' your father afore ye." "When ye speak about my father," replied Mr. Drummond, "ye touch a tender spot. I went awa frae home, and every year I returned to see my father. The first year he convoyed me away,

and on the top o' Horsley hill he said 'Fare ye well.' The next year he said 'Fare ye well' at the foot o' the hill. The next year he came to the door, and he looked at me so waesome like, when he said the waesome words, 'Fare ye well.'"

MY LOVE.

I weary a' the day, and I weary a' the night,
I weary for the darkness, and I weary for the light,
There's naething round about me but clouds o' dool and care.
Oh, wae is me! my love is gane—she's gane for evermair.

Oh! nevermair we'll wander on the bonnie banks o' Dye,
Nae mair I'll see the love-light that glisten'd in her eye:
The links o' love are broken and my heart is sad and sair,
Oh, wae is me! my love is gane—she's gane for evermair.

Oh, weel I mind the gowden days away in the lang syne,
When underneath the greenwood tree she laid her hand in mine;
But now the days of joy are fled and sunk in dark despair,
Oh, wae is me! my love is gane—she's gane for evermair.

The shades o' night were deep'ning and the cloud was in the sky,
My love lay down upon her couch to sleep—to sleep—to die;
There's sadness in the sunlight, there's sadness everywhere,
Oh, wae is me! my love is gane—she's gane for evermair.

FAIR WEATHER.

An old sea captain (whose name has unfortunately escaped my memory) died in the parish of Westruther. After his death his effects were sold off by public roup. James Clapperton, an antiquated weaver, who wore knee-breeks and cuitikins, to the end of his days, attended the sale. After a warm contest between Jenny Allan and James, an old barometer was knocked down to him for 2s. 6½d. Now James took the barometer home, hung it up and gazed at the relic with a feeling of pride, as he was well acquainted with the auld sea

captain. Something or another, however, was wrong with the instrument, for it failed to determine the state of the weather. Though the winds howled, and the tempests raved, yet it still pointed to fair weather. One day it came on a furious rain and James consulted his barometer. He lost all patience. He raised the window, and seizing the barometer by the butt end, shoved its head out and said, "Blast ye; ye can see for yersel'!"

THE SWAN O' AVON.

Duncan Peterkin had a by-ordinar' appetite for dramatic literature. He was conversant with the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Ford, and others. His great and grand idol, however, was William Shakespeare, whom he invariably called the "The Swan o' Avon." One day, in course of conversation, when Jock Trotter, the butcher was present, Duncan made the remark that he "wad gie baith his left arm and his right leg if he could get haud o' the 'Swan o' Avon's' first folio." At this remark Jock looked as if he saw all the wonders of the world at one glance, and then he said: "Losh guide us a', Duncan, man, what kind o' a beast is't?"

MAY HEAVEN FORGIVE HIM.

Little Will Hastie was a kick above the commonality of ne'er-do-weels. He was the ring-leader in all kinds of mischief. Such an imp of Satan, I am sure, could not be discovered from Berwick bounds to the back of beyond. One day Jean Steedman, the grocer, sought out Will's father and complained that Will had tied up her door, choked up her lum-head, and with a kail-runt had nearly "scomfished" the very life oot of her. His

father replied: "I ha'e used a dizen o' rods o' correction on Will's back; I ha'e hamshackled him; I ha'e locked him up; and I ha'e taken twa or three staps oot o' his bicker; but a' to nae purpose." Then laying his hand on Mrs. Steedman's shoulder, he said: "But there is ae consolation, and it is this, that although the deevil is sometimes slow, yet, nevertheless, at the lang run, and in due course, he aye gets his ain." These cold-hearted words were too much for Mrs. Steedman. A tear welled from her eye and fell upon the back of her wrinkled hand, and she said: "May heaven forgie him, as I forgie him, for, wi' a' his faults, the puir wee laddie lies unco near ma heart."

A JOVIAL SOLDIER.

Much wind has been wasted in the attempt to prop up the bombastical doctrine of evolution. In contradiction I do not consider myself as good a man as my father. In other words, instead of improving I have degenerated. In a moment of vanity, if I should take it into my head to believe that I have evolved and improved, I give my friend David Beveridge full liberty to come and lash me within an inch of my life. In further proof of my argument, Ruben Handyside was no improvement upon his father. Instead of being so he was a perfect failure. One day Ruben went to St. Boswell's fair, and he took it into his head that he would evolve into a soldier; consequently he enlisted, and after taking a glass or two, he returned home in great glee. He danced into the house, where he found his father sitting by the fire. He roared out: "Father, I'm now a jovial soldier." His father looked at him with a look of sadness, and then he said: "Ruben, half a dizen bullets into ye will take the jovialty out o' ye."

O, LUCY, WILL YE GANG WI' ME?

O, Lucy, will ye gang wi' me
 To the bonnie braes o' the Dimples?
 Where the heather blooms sae bonnielye,
 Where the Dye sae sweetly wimples.

The road winds through the Lammermoor,
 The way will no be dreary,
 O, I could gang the world o'er
 Alang wi' you, my dearie!

O, come wi' me, my bonnie lass,
 I'll row my plaid aboot ye,
 The light o' heaven is in yere face.
 I canna live without ye.

When ye are hame at my fireside,
 How dearly I will lo'e thee!
 Ye'll be my ain, my bonnie bride,
 And a' my life I'll woo thee!

He's ta'en his Lucy by the hand,
 And they are aff thegither;
 A braver pair in a' the land
 Ne'er crossed the blooming heather.

As o'er the moor they linked alang,
 The hills forgot their sadness,
 The dowie glens and valleys rang
 Wi' sangs o' joy and gladness.

HE UNCOVERED HIS HEAD.

[Inscribed to Mrs. Margaret Brack.]

Not far distant from where Sir Walter Scott lays the scene of the "Bride of Lammermoor" is the kirk town of Abbey St. Bathans. It is surrounded on all sides by heath-clad hills and moorland wastes, but in its immediate vicinity, in striking contrast, are seen the fairy nook, the woodland glade, and the fertile vale. On a beautiful table land are the ruins of an Abbey or Monastery, which was dedicated to St. Bernard, and founded by the Countess of March in 1170:

There by the old romantic toon
The Whitadder rins rowin' doon,
And lingers in her sea-ward race
As laith to leave so sweet a place;
Green grows the grass, the woods how green.
Nature ne'er made a fairer scene!

By the side of the Monienut burn, a tributary of the Whitadder, on a beautiful lawn between two shelving banks, scooped out by the hand of nature, stands the Angler's Inn. It is a single story thatched cottage, and looks so cozy and comfortable that one, tired of city life, would there be fain to spend the evening of his days in tranquility and peace. This inn, within the memory of the present writer, was greatly frequented by anglers and tourists in search of sport and the picturesque. It was kept by Martha Pringle, an old maiden lady, who was famed far and near for her neatness and hospitality. We can yet see her, in our mind's eye, standing at her door with a face brimful of kindness, dressed in a gown of linsey-woolsey, a toy or mutch on her head as white as the driven snow, and suspended from her apron-string, hanging dangling down, the keys of her bedrooms, kists and cupboards. With her resided two helpers, the one a bright little girl by the name of Jenny, who acted as scodgy, or maid of all work; the other, her oldest brother, Sandy, who was almost as blind as a mole, yet, notwithstanding, he had an excellent ear for music, and was in the habit of leading the psalm in the parish church. To give the reader an inkling of his character, an anecdote may here be introduced. He had a sister who lived at Godscroft, in the capacity of house maid, who was soon to be a bride, and on a Sabbath morning, when the Rev. Mr. Wallace was about to begin the exercises in the church, Sandy

rose in the desk and said: "There is a purpose o' marriage atween our Lizz and Tammie Tamson, and if any man, woman or bairn ha'e ony objections, let them speak clean oot, and if no, may they haud their lang tongues forever. Amen."

On a beautiful autumn forenoon, when the black-birds were pouring forth their sweetest notes, the linnet singing on the whin-bushes, the shillfa on the tree, and the lark carolling up to the very gates of heaven, Martha Pringle stood at her door humming the old song, which, according to tradition, was made on John Anderson, the town piper of Kelso:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Cum in as ye gae by,
 And ye shall get a sheep head
 Weel baken in a pie;
 Weel baken in a pie, John,
 And a haggis in a pat,
 John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Cum in and ye'll get that!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye're king amang the men,
 Ye cast the glamour ower us a'
 When ye cum dancin' ben,
 And when ye screw yer pipes, John,
 We're at it heel and toe;
 Ye'd mak' the dish loup ower the spoon,
 John Anderson, my jo.

She looked up and she saw somebody coming up the banks of the burn. He was, I trow, one of nature's noblemen—stalwart in frame and erect in stature. His long silken hair hung over the collar of his shooting jacket, a kindly smile overspread his face, and his bright, blue eye may be compared to the eye of Mars, "to threaten or command." Martha trotted down the path-

way as fast her feet could carry her, and she cried as she drew near her visitor, "bless my heart, my bonnie man, and do I live to see ye ance mair? Hech me, Mr. Wullson, I'm fair out o' breath, I ha'ena had siccan a race for mony a day. Oh, dear me, I'm sae uplifted that my heart is dunt duntin' against my ribs like a pair o' fanners. Gi'e me yer hand, Mr. Wullson," and she looked up in his face, and from the bottom of her heart she said: "O, man! ye're as welcome as the flowers of May!" and hand in hand the two walked together into the Angler's Inn! "Noo, Mr. Wullson," continued Martha, when they got into the parlor, "sit ye doon on that chair till I get a guid look at ye; and ha'e ye walked a' the lang road from Cockburnspath, but hoo's the guidwife and a' the bairns? Bless me, after yer long tramp ye'll be famishin' o' hunger." Although Jenny was invisible, Martha turned round and cried out at the top of her voice, "Jenny! Jenny! ye ne'er co-weel that ye are, is the kail ready? Oh, ye lazy, sackless, guid-for-naething, were I at yer haffits I would gi'e ye yer kail through the reek! I'll dress ye up, ye lazy tawpie! I'll drive some smeddum into ye. I dinna ken what keeps my hand frae knockin' yer glaiket head against the wa', to think that Mr. Wullson has come and you—" "Say nae mair, Martha," said her visitor; "I ken ye in the auld, and yer bark was aye worse than your bite. I'm unco sure ye wadna' wrang a hair o' poor Jenny's head." "Oh, Mr. Wullson," said the old woman, "ye ken the frailties o' my nature," and she sat down beside her friend, and her heart was full and she grat wi' very gladness! He laid his hand on her shoulder so kindly, and he said: "Martha, it does my heart guid to get awa frae the dinsome toon, frae the

reek, the clash, and the clavers—it does me guid to see the boor-tree bush, the hawthorn hedges, and the bonnie burn wimplin' awa doon—joukin' here and hidein' there, and standin' still as if weary o' the race! How grand it is to hear the sough o' the winds among the trees, and the sigh o' the silvery stream among the hills! And, Martha, it does my heart guid to see ye ance mair, to hear ye speak the words o' welcome that well up frae a heart that has aye wished that the blessings o' the Father of all might fa' on me and mine. Now, Martha, if ye'll come wi' me we'll gang ben the house and see yer brother Sandy." "Ye needna do that," said she, "for he's no in; he's oot in the kail-yard howkin' the 'taties. Sae ye can gang oot and get a haver wi' him, and I'll awa and look after Jenny; and my certy, I'll hurry her up! and we'll ha'e the dinner ready in the wag o' a lamb's tail." With this Martha went into the kitchen and John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*, went out to the kail-yard to ha'e a crack wi' auld Sandy Pringle!

As previously stated, Sandy was somewhat shortsighted, and when the professor said "hoo are ye, Sandy?" he lifted his bonnet wi' ae hand, and the other he placed above his eyes, and then like Trim, when he let his hat fall in the kitchen before Susanna, Sandy let his bonnet fall into the potatoe basket. He then went close up to the questioner with mouth and eyes open, and gazed up in his face through a pair of brass goggles, and then he drew a long breath and cried, "Mr. Wullson, as I am a livin' sowl, is that you, or is it yer ghost? Dad rabbit my picture, a sight of you is guid

for sair e'en; and hoo ha'e ye been, and hoo has this warld o' sin and misery been usein' ye? Whan did ye come, hoo did ye come, and hoo is every inch o' ye? The ne'er o' the like o't was ever kent, ye slippit on me like a knotless thread, and me plowterin' awa among the 'taties! Guid keep me, man! what way did ye no send a body word that ye was comin', and I wad ha'e received ye purpose like, wi' a clean shaved beard and my Sunday claes on? The only thing that makes me ferlie, Mr. Wullson, is, that dressed in ma corduroy rags ye didna mistak' me for a 'tatie bogle. But hover a blink, I'll be upsides wi' ye for a' that, for whan I gang to Edinburgh to see ye, I'll come on ye like a flash o' fire, and we'll ha'e sic a time—we'll be out and in, and see a' the folk and the ferlies, and our tongues will just gang like twa pen-guns. But I'm doubtin' I would soon be tracheld clean dune, and be glad to get awa hame frae among ye a'." "Now, Sandy," said the professor, "I dinna want to hear ony mair o' yer clashmaclavers. Ilka year ye ha'e tauld me the same story, and ye've never yet set your nose past my door-cheek; but whan ever ye come, Sandy, ye shall be made welcome. Tak' my word for't, ye winna stand shiverin' at my door like a dog in a wet sack." "Hech me!" said Sandy, "Mr. Wullson, ye maun excuse me, I muckle doot I'm getting fair horn daft! I'm beginning to think that I will never see the bonnie toun o' Edinburgh. The notion comes and gangs that I winna be lang aboon the yird—that the grass will soon be growin' owre my grave. My banes are a' sair, and I ha'e an unco pain in the links o' ma neck, strikin' doonwards into my brisket, and warst o' a', I'm gettin' that blind, for to tell ye the even doon truth, if it wasna for the feel, I wadna ken a chuckie

stane frae a potatoe. But the thing that vexes me mair than anything else is when I'm ta'en awa wha will they get to sing in the kirk? There's nane in a' the bounds can raise the psalm, wi' the exception o' Tam Dodds, but ye canna ca't singin' for the muckle sumph just roars like a coo in a strange loanin'. But mair than that, Mr. Wullson, I canna brag muckle o' his character. Sax years bye-gane, come next St. Boswell's fair, he gaed into Edinburgh and he drank till he hadna ae bawbee to rub against another, and for some graceless pliskie that he played they chained him up, like a wild beast, in ane o' the strongest cells o' the Tollbooth. Noo, Mr. Wullson, after that exploit, do you think it would be creditable to mak' him the second man in the kirk?" The professor laughed, and he said "that the minister and the elders ought to be the best judges." "Ye're wrang there, Mr. Wullson," Sandy replied; "the only music notes they ken aught aboot is the knots in their parritch; they're like the lasses o' Lockermacus, they a' sing by the lug. But there's oor Jenny, she can sing, for I ha'e gi'en her the edication, but it would never do, Mr. Wullson, to set her up in the desk. Yet I ha'e often thought that it wad ha'e been better, if it had been the will o' Providence, had she been born a laddie instead o' a lassie, and then I wad, when my time cam', gi'en up the ghost wi' some satisfaction." As Sandy uttered the last word he stuck the spade into the ground, by way of adding force to his remarks. Some more words were gathering about his tongue roots when the lassie Jenny, with her face newly washed, and her hair smoothly combed, came into the garden with a step as light as a fairy, and bashfully courtesyed to the professor, and said: "Mr. Wullson, you and Sandy maun

come awa' into the hoose, for the dinner's ready." "Come awa to me my bonnie lassie," said the professor, "ye surely canna be wee Jenny that used to sit on my knee? dear me, ye ha'e sprung up like a mushroom, and Sandy, she will soon be makin' auld men o' baith you and me. But come, my bonnie bairn, and gi'e me a kiss for auld lang syne," but Jenny giggled and laughed and ran into the house, followed by the professor and Sandy. Mr. Wilson sat down on his accustomed seat at the head of the table, and there this Saul among literary men, in company with his humble friends, thanked the God of all for his manifold bounties.

Next day Mr. Wilson started off early with his basket and fishing-rod, and returned late in the evening. "Noo, Mr. Wullson," cried Martha, "this work will never do, ye maun come sooner hame, I ha'e had yer four-hours ready I dinna ken the time—come and I will help ye aff wi' the creel. Bliss me, my certy, ye ha'e heckled the troots, this day, the creel is just jammed, up to the very e'e-hole! Just look at thae wallopers, ye surely maun ha'e catched that ane up at the Raven-craig, or in the big pool where the Dye and the Whit-adder meet, and just see that ane, by a' the warld they look like brithers. But what am I standin' here for, haverin' like an auld henwife? I maun flee awa' like a pluff o' pouter and gut the troots. Jenny! Jenny! ye little limmer, get doon the fryin'-pan, the flour, the saut, and the pepper, and dinna stand there gapin' as if ye was catchin' sparrows wi' yer mouth!"

Professor Wilson, as was his usual custom, remained for a number of days at Abbey St. Bathans, and when the day came, before bidding his humble friends farewell, he promised to again pay them a visit about the

same time next year. Martha watched his way-going till he reached the turn of the road, and he looked back, and he raised his hat and waved his hand, and the good old woman sat down on her doorstep and burst into a flood of tears, and she said, "the sunshine has gane oot o' my heart!"

Time flew past with its joys and its sorrows, and on the following autumn Prof. Wilson again paid a visit to Abbey St. Bathans, but Martha Pringle was not there to bid him welcome. On the Sabbath day he attended the village church, and after the services he went into the church yard. He uncovered his head. He raised his eyes to Heaven. The tears streamed down his cheeks and fell upon—the new made grave of Martha Pringle!

SHOOT HIM CANNY.

There was an auld man, ca'd Tammie Mackay,
 And he lived in a cot at the back o' the brae,
 Nae kinder auld man e'er drew breath in the Merse,
 But auld Lizzie, his wife, was the very reverse.
 She had girmed, and glutched till nae ane could trace
 Ae line o' content on her auld wrinkled face,
 And the langer she lived the auld body cow'd a'
 She wad quarrel and fight wi' a hole in the wa'.

Ae mornin' she rose at the break 'o the day,
 And she yelled and she roared to auld Tammie Mackay,
 "Get up, Tam, get up, though ye dee wi' remorse,
 This minit get up, Tam, and shoot the auld horse—
 He's feckless, he's auld, he has lived lang enugh,
 He's no fit to yoke in a cart or a pleugh.
 Tam, shoot him clean dead, or by day and by night
 I'll gt'e ye nae peace till he's oot o' ma sicht."

Tam pu'd on his claes, and he clawed at his head,
 And he loaded his musket wi' pouter and lead,
 He gade oot at the door and his woes were increas'd
 When he heard the birds sing, "Dinna shoot the puir beast."

He gade doon by the burn, and he shed the sau't tear,
 When he saw his crippled auld freend hobble near,
 To Donald he spoke, and he lookit sae wae
 When he said, "It's a sorrowfu' meetin' this day."

"Oh, Donald! poor Donald, I'd sooner lie dead
 Afore I wad ruffle a hair o' your head;
 But I'll e'en gang and speak to young Rab o' the dell,
 And tell him to do what I'll no do masel'."
 He met wi' young Rab, and he said, "Wae is me,
 Our Lizzie's determined auld Donald maun dee."
 And o'er his wan cheeks the waefu' tears ran,
 When he said, "Shoot him canny, rale canny, my man."

FRANCIE DEWAR'S SICKNESS.

On Birky-knowe, in a wee house,
 There liv'd a man ca'd Francie Dewar,
 He lived contented, bein and crouse,
 For Francie was a bonnet-feuar.
 His sister was a gruesome maid,
 She'd lost a' hope o' men or marriage;
 Pernickity she was and staid,
 And had a most majestic carriage.

She had twa e'en as black as pick,
 The feint a word do I dissemble,
 I swear they'd pierce ye to the quick
 They'd make the very deevil tremble!
 Now Francie owned a guid kail-yard;
 Ae day he neither delved or dibbel'd,
 For sickness caught him by the beard;
 His sister ran for Dr. Sibbald.

The doctor cam', he looked him o'er,
 He tried his heart, he felt it beating,
 He ordered drugs, and furthermore,
 He charged him to abstain from eating.
 His sister gave him dose on dose,
 Until reduced to skin and bone,
 And when he asked for beef or brose
 She shook her head and gave a groan.

"Oh, mercy, me!" poor Francie cried,
 "Oh, sister dear, I'm unco ill;"
 She looked at him as if he lied,
 Then plied him with another pill.
 "Oh! why should I repine," he cried,
 "Like some outlandish whipper-snapper.
 Although I've neither boiled or fried,
 I've drugs wad fill a miller's happer."

How meek he swallow'd dose on dose,
 Until his pulse wad scarcely beat,
 And oft, to crown his weary woes,
 His sister yelled; "You must not eat."
 He wrung his hands and aft he said:
 "I doot I'll soon gi'e up the ghost."
 Yet still the auld cantankerous maid
 Wad neither give him tea or toast!

He had a night-cap on his head,
 And it was strapped aneath his chin;
 His feet were just as cauld as lead,
 Cauld, cauld was he baith out and in.
 Some thought the kink-hoast he had got,
 But an auld wife, ca'd Jean Carnagie,
 Said: "I'll be either hang'd or shot
 If Francie hasna' the lumbago."

Auld Peggy Deans cuist up her nose,
 And then she said: "Ga'e wa, hout tout,
 I'll wager twa three pints o' brose,
 If Francie hasna' got the gout."
 As thus they snapped at ilk like dowgs,
 Poor Francie ga'e a violent sneeze;
 Then Peg Dale cried: "I'll bet ma lugs
 That he has got the heart disease."

But Tibbie Mack cried: "Cease your strife
 And she got in a perfect frenzy,
 "I'm ready to lay doon ma life
 If it is no' the influenza."
 They wrangled loud, they wrangled lang,
 They got as mad as mad could be;
 They a' cried out, "I'm right, ye're wrang,"
 Losh! how the wives did disagree.

Poor Francie's nerves were a' unstrung,
 Hech! through his head their words played clatter;
 While he could scarcely wag his tongue,
 Or spier at them what was the matter.
 I've aften wonder'd how these wives
 Could kick up sic a great uproar;
 They should be careful o' men's lives,
 When death is knocking at the door.

Not one of them did e'er opine
 That Francie upon this occasion,
 Was lying there in a decline
 With naught but even-doon starvation.
 In nick o' time the doctor cam',
 The sister strongly he berated,
 He ordered mutton, beef and ham,
 And Francie soon recuperated.

To the auld maid he spoke his mind
 As he in wrath did stand and view her.
 My faith! he halfins was inclin'd
 To send his very lancet through her!
 Had Francie died, baith wives and men
 Would shed a tear in his behalf—,
 But as for me I'd seized a pen,
 And written Francie's epitaph!

I'LL BARK MYSELF.

Thomas McIllwrick was born in Paisley, Scotland, and emigrated to this country in the year 1850, and settled near Almont, Mich. In all these years he has supped his porridge with the horn-spoon of content and at night he has slept soundly in the arms of sweet repose. Some time ago he paid a visit to Detroit and he saw a boy with two young dogs in a basket. "Are these dogs for sale?" said he. "Yes," said the boy. "What is the price?" said he. "One dollar and a half," said the boy. "For both?" said he. "For one," said the boy. "Gang awa' wi' ye," said he; "I will sooner bark masel' than buy dogs so dear."

NO EXPERIENCE.

George Tamson came out of Scotland many years ago, and settled down in London, Ontario. He brought a wife along with him, and when matters went out of kilter she would kick up her heels, and give George, right or wrong, the worst word in her mouth. One day she fell foul of him, and he with a sore heart and drooping head went into an inner room. To divert his thoughts he took up a Scotch song-book. After reading awhile he said to himself: "The Scottish poets are a' horn mad—they're just a pack o' clashin', claverin' idiots. Ane o' them sings aboot his idol in this bombastical strain:

' Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye o' the dove,
Her lips are the ripe blushing rose-bud
Her bosom the palace o' love.'

" Another sings—

' And ye shall wear when ye are wed,
The kirtle and the Highland plaid,
And sleep upon a heather bed,
Sae cozy and sae canty.'

" Another—

' The birds that sing in green-wood shaw
In sangs their love may tell,
But words can never speak the love
I ha'e for Jeanie Bell."

" Another—

' At gloamin' if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wonderous eerie, O,
And mony a heavy sigh I gie
When absent frae my dearie, O.'"

With a look of contempt George flung down the book that contained our glorious love-lyrics, and exclaimed: "The poor fools—they had nae experience."

THE JUDGE LAUGHED IMMODERATELY.

The late Judge Rush Bagg and Mr. Geo. Devenport, still alive, were bosom friends. When in company they frequently said, "Here's to your very good health," and "So be it." One day George got into a brawl and was taken prisoner, and brought before the judge. Previous to the opening of court Mr. Bagg got wind of the matter and advised him to plead guilty, which he did, and was fined \$5. When this was done, up started a lawyer and said: "But, your honor"— "Hold your tongue," cried the judge, "I want none of your butts. If you do not sit down I will send you up for 60 days. The court is adjourned." When the judge descended from the seat of justice Mr. Devenport grasped him by the hand and they and a few more friends adjourned to a tavern hard by. For several hours Care took a back seat, and Fun and Frolic danced a hornpipe among the glasses. When the shades of evening began to prevail, George was about to take his leave, but before doing so the judge, in high feather, whispered into his ear, "Give another man a clip." On the road home our living hero went into a barber's shop, and after some angry words the barber informed him "that he could whip a bushel basket full of such as he." These words no sooner fell from his lips when George immediately broke a wash-hand basin over his head. For doing this, next morning, he was again taken before the judge. On hearing the evidence the judge said: "Prisoner, how did you do it?" "If I had a wash-hand basin I would show your honor," was the reply. A basin was brought, whereupon, as quick as lightning, the prisoner broke it over the head of the barber. The judge laughed immoderately. At length he said: "To err is human; to forgive, divine. It is a most aggravated case of assault and battery; the prisoner is discharged."

GILL, SCOTT, AND THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Quo' Sandy Gill to Bess, his wife,
 "I'm tired o' workin' a' my life,
 And if ye dinna muckle heed
 I'll tak' a turn doon to the Tweed;
 The day is fine, I ha'e nae doots,
 I'll ha'e braw sport amang the troots."

Bess had a tongue could clip a rag,
 She was the ane could mak' it wag;
 When passion struck her 'neath the wing
 She'd make the very girdle ring,
 But independent o' a' this
 She didna act so far amiss;
 Wi' hands upon her twa sides press'd,
 Her mim-mou'd man she thus address'd—
 "Aweel," quo' she, "awa ye gang;
 This while ye ha'e been unco thrang.
 The proverb's guid 'eneugh's, eneugh,'
 My certy! ye've been workin' teugh;
 Guid faith! ye'd neither sink nor soom,
 But just sit yerkin' at the loom;
 Yes, Sandy, ye've plyed at the wark,
 Frae early mornin' doon till dark,
 I've aften said to your ain mither
 Your constitution was like leather,
 Your constitution! wha did mak' it?
 Tak' care ye dinna rend or rack it,
 I ha'e a dread when ance it's broken
 'Twill no be worth a wither'd docken;
 A leg that's hale frae toe to hilt,
 Is better than a wooden stilt,
 Oh! if your mind should gang a-jee,
 I ask what would become o' me?
 Oh! Sandy, man, I ha'e nae doot,
 I'd greet, till baith my e'en fell oot!
 There's time to work, there's time to play,
 Ye've my consent to tak' the day;
 The kye when they're wi' heat oppress'd,
 They a' lie doon and tak' a rest;
 The bees in summer 'mang the bow'rs,
 Sip hinnie frae the bonnie flow'rs,

And, Sandy, if accounts are true,
 They doze and sleep the winter through;
 And e'en the sheep among the heather,
 Lie doon and sleep for hours thegither;
 There's e'en a hen, poor donnert thing,
 She slips her neb aneath her wing—"

Poor Sandy ken'd it did afflict her,
 On sic like points to contradict her;
 And here, to married men, I say,
 Just let your wives get a' their way,
 For mercy's sake! O, ne'er misuse them,
 Or, by my faith, ye soon will lose them;
 On history's page we there may find,
 By hook or crook they've ruled mankind;
 And yet experience bids me say,
 They are the sunshine of our day!

As Sandy stood he gave a groan,
 But Bessie heedless rattled on—
 "My grannie had a head uncommon,
 She was an extraor'nar' woman,
 When kink-hoast raged, 'or croup was rife,
 Her herbs and skill saved monie a life;
 She said that bats i' holes o' wa's
 Would hing for months up by their claws;
 She tauld us late and ere to treasure
 The guid auld say—"There's luck in leisure;"
 She'd sit and rest, and smoke, and speak
 Contented, though half-smoor'd wi' reek;
 Though near-hand blind, and auld, and lame
 She took the world as it came;
 Ance in her life she raised a row
 When her twa mutch-strings gaed a-lowe.
 Losh me! She owre the table coupit,
 As up she bang'd and roar'd and loupit!
 Sic usefu' lessons then say I,
 There is nae need to multiply;
 The ways o' nature are the best,
 Baith men and brutes demand a rest;
 Sae get your rod, and get your reel,
 Your hecklin' hooks, and fishing-creel;

Awa ye gang—draw on your boots
 And bring us hame a creel o' troots,
 And, Sandy, man, sae soon's ye're gone
 I'll set to wark and bake a scone,
 When ye come hame, 'tween you and me,
 Ye'll get some extras to your tea."

Sae soon as he was out o' sight,
 The wife began wi' a' her might,
 To bake the scones and sweep the floor,
 And raise a whirlwind o' stour,
 And in the middle o' the racket,
 She coupit owre the auld saut basket,
 And do sic dirdoms in the flurry,
 As wives will do when in a hurry.

Doon in the pool up to his knees,
 See! Sandy gives his hooks a heeze,
 His heart louns up wi' keen delight,
 For Sandy has received a bite;
 And here in serious, solemn mood,
 And just by way of interlude,
 I cry, O youth, beware, beware—
 The baited hook, the tempter's snare,
 The nettle plucked in pleasure's bower
 Will sting you till your latest hour;
 Countless the wrecks on ruin's road—
 The hand of Virtue leads to God!

How bonnie was that autumn morn,
 The craik was craikin' 'mang the corn,
 The rabbits birrin' 'on the brae,
 And owls and hawks no far away;
 Dame Nature was in glorious glee,
 The shillfa' sang upon the tree,
 The lintie's notes—how sweet they glided,
 And high o'er a' the lark presided;
 The bard would sing a canty strain,
 Tweedside! to see thee once again.

A 'Triloquist, and Walter Scott,
 Went out that morn to ha'e a shot,
 And when they baith had shot their fill,
 They dander'd doon on Sandy Gill;

The 'Triloquist to show his art,
 And cheer the mighty minstrel's heart,
 Ahint a tree took up his stand,
 To watch the fisher ply his wand;
 Up frae the pool a trout play'd splash,
 The trout roared out "Ye muckle hash,
 Daft Sandy Gill, just gang away,
 Auld Nick will heckle you this day!"

Out o' the water Sandy sprang,
 His fishing-rod away he flang,
 Upon the bank wi' fear he reels,
 Then hameward he takes to his heels.
 Nae ram-race runner could arrest him,
 He ran as if Auld Nick possess'd him
 When in the house he cried, "Oh! Bess,
 I'm owre the lugs in great distress,
 I speak the truth, may Satan stew me,
 The very troots were speakin' to me.
 Oh! make my bed, for sure's I'm born
 I will be dead afore the morn,
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! my head, my head,
 Oh, gang and bake my burial bread;
 Oh, Bess! Oh, Bess! guid guide us a',
 I'll soon be into the dead-thraw;
 Strap doon my night-cowl 'neath my chin,
 My bed! my bed! let me loup in!
 Pu' aff my boots; no, keep them on,
 And pu' them aff when I am gone;
 Send for the elders, ane and a',
 Afore my final breath I draw.
 The minister ye needna coax,
 I doot he isna orthodox.
 The troot! the troot! I see it yet,
 See, there it louns at the bed-fit;
 I'll soon fa' into Satan's hands,
 Oh! Bess, say ower the Ten Commands;
 Bess, when I'm dead just greet your fill
 Abune the banes o' Sandy Gill!"

As thus his mind in frenzy wander'd,
 Poor Bessie stood amazed, dumfounder'd,
 Her heart like a meal-mill gaed knockin',
 Her plans and projects a' were broken.

Oh! Bessie, Bessie, realize,
 There's nothing sure aneath the skies;
 That pot o' kail now on the clips,
 Ae drap may never reach your lips;
 That butter'd scone within your grab,
 Ae bite may never gust your gab.

Meanwhile Sir Walter on the bank,
 Upon the gow'ny sward played clank,
 On fancy's wing I see him sit
 And laugh as if his sides would split;
 And when the cat got out the pock,
 E'en Sandy Gill enjoyed the joke.

But Bessie had a lot to say,
 She yatter'd 'bout it night and day,
 She trow'd it was a deep laid plan
 To wreck and ruin her guidman;
 She swore some day she'd catch the wizard,
 And wi' her nails rive out his gizzard;
 She'd do't! She'd take her affidavit,
 Though she should swing in hempen gravit,
 To stop her vengeance there was nae man,
 Though she should hing as high as Haman.

But Walter Scott to stop her clatters,
 Threw oil upon the troubled waters,
 He sent her owre a braw new bonnet,
 Wi' gum-flowers and wi' ribbons on it,
 A bow o' 'taties in a pock,
 Twa rabbits and a bubbly-jock;
 And thus her wrath was mollified,
 Wi' glee to Sandy Gill she cried—
 "If e'er a son fa's to my lot,
 I'll name him after Walter Scott!"

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

A great number of clashes and clavers are laid at the doors o' individuals that ha'e nae foundation in fact. The following anecdote can be relied on, as I took the words down with great precision as they fell frae the lips of the narrator:

“I was born in Peebles and ma name is John Park. Mungo Park, the African explorer, was a relation o’ mine—his mither being my grand-aunty by ma father’s side. Ma father was a shoemaker, and it behooved him to get me a step-mither whan I was 15 years auld. Ae forenoon I was unco hungry and I gaed into the house to get a daud o’ bannock, but she had the press door lockit. I took a bar o’ iron and pried it open and an unco Shirramuir began. Ma father, as some fathers will do, took ma step-mither’s part, and I ran awa, and stayed awa for 10 lang years. Ae day I gat word that ma father was unco ill, sae I thought it was ma bounden duty to gang hame and see him. I gaed into the house and he was in bed, but he kent me. He raised his head off the bowster and he said: “Come awa, Jock, I ha’ena’ seen ye for 10 years. Ye maun be famishin’—ye maun surely be unco hungry.” Wi’ this he says to ma step-mither: “Nannie! it wad gie me a degree o’ satisfaction if ye wad gie Jock the liberty o’ the press.”

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Ralph Whitehead was a shepherd awa’ up amang the hills. His grandson, young Ralph, attended the parochial school and was an apt scholar. In due course he was sent to the University o’ Edinburgh. When he left he had on a Tam o’ Shanter bonnet, a corduroy jacket and a pair o’ moleskin breeks. At the end o’ the session, when he cam’ back, he had on a beaver hat, a long tailed coat and a pair o’ braw new breeks. Young Ralph rushed into the house and found his grandfather sittin’ by the fire. He grasped him by the hand and cried: “Dulce Domum, dulce Domum.” Quo’ auld Ralph, “That’s no ma name—I dinna ken ye frae Adam—get out o’ this hoose ye infernal idiot or I’ll set the dowgs on ye.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Inscribed to CHAS. MACKENZIE, Esq., M. P. P., Sarnia, Ont.]

Thou mighty minstrel of the north,
The wide world knows thy name,
Thou unapproached, how strong ye stand
Upon the hill of fame!

Would I could weave a hamely song,
With thought and word complete,
That I, a rustic bard, might pay
My homage at thy feet.

Thy border harp how sweet its tune,
It knew no tinselled art,
It knew each thought that woke and lived,
Or slumbered in the heart.

Kind nature was your truthful guide,
She never led thee wrong,
She taught thee how to touch the heart
With words of living song!

The border peels, the battle fields,
The tower, the guarded way,
The clash of arms, no pen but thine
Could venture to portray.

Thou glean'd from ev'ry shade of life—
From all its varied scenes,
How pure your page! pure as the thoughts
Of thy own Jennie Deans.

Hail, mighty minstrel of the north,
Lone would have been my hours,
Had thou not dulled the edge of care,
And strewed my path with flowers.

Thou taught us how our fathers fought
With sword, and bow, and brand,
Thou penned this line, "This is my own,
My own, my native land."

Sweet Scotland's bard! true poet—king,
Though mouldering in the clay,
Your patriot words will last and live
Till time shall pass away!

NO STRENGTH.

Bauldy Balfour was an auctioneer on the Borders. Ae day he roupit aff a number o' grass parks, and after the roup was over the company sat doon to dinner in the public-hoose. After the dinner the toddy was as plentiful as rain water in wash tubs. The toddy had the effect o' makin' Bauldy unco canty and frolicsome, and next mornin' whan his head was on the bowster, and it was reelin' round like a cart wheel at full speed, in bangs his mither-in-law upon him. Ma certy, she did gie him a rakin' over the coals—she howkit doon to the very roots o' his character. When she went awa and left him to his misery, he says to hissle, 'Dod rabbit her picture, if I only had had ony strength remainin' I wad hae lifted up ma hammer and knockit her doon to the highest bidder.'

NOTHING LEFT.

In Scotland "ye are like the cooper o' Fogo—your father's better"—is a household saying. I have been at some trouble to find out the origin of this saying, and find that Joseph Walkingshaw was a cooper in Fogo. He had a son whose name was Alexander, who invented a wooden dish far superior to any dish his father had ever manufactured. The dish was round, and it had two cavities. From the first cavity he would sup his broth, and when that was done he would turn the dish up, and from the second cavity he would cleanly therefrom eat his beef. From this invention came the saying above alluded to. A curious story is related of old Walkingshaw, which may here be introduced. One day he put a lot of woodenware articles into his donkey cart, and he and the donkey proceeded to St. Boswell's fair.

He had a ready sale, and on returning homeward he found he had only a few wooden ladles left. Some horsemen were anxious to pass on the road, but old Walkingshaw was not to be done. He tied these ladles to the donkey's tail and off the brute went, helter-skelter, like a shot out of a cannon. When he reached home his wife came out with a bouet or lamp and she looked at the ladles, then she set down the light and raised her hands and cried: "Bliss my soul, Joseph, there's naething left but the shanks!"

COME HAME.

[Inscribed to REV. DR. HENDERSON, Detroit.]

My love, my beautiful, my own,
 I'm sitting a' alane;
 O, how I long to hear thy step
 And welcome thee again.
 There's naething now looks bright to me,
 The sunshine's left my ha',
 There's nae ane now to cheer my heart
 Since ye ha'e gane awa.'

The sun's gane doon ayont the hill,
 And night steals slowly nigh—
 'Tis gloomy night, the weary winds
 Around me moan and sigh.
 My love! at midnight's silent hour
 I saw thee come to me,
 I saw thee in thy youthful bloom
 Come tripping o'er the lea.

I woke to find it but a dream,
 A vision of the night—
 Come hame, come hame, my darling, come,
 Come hame my heart's delight.
 O, come again, my life, my love,
 And fill my heart with glee,
 The whispering winds no more will sigh
 When ye come back to me.

STRENGTH OF WILL.

Laird Hume resided in a toon in the bonnie border land. He was a man o' strong will, and in the greatest emergencies was never known to seek the advice of man or woman. He once said: "I ha'e come to the conclusion, monie a year bye gane, that whan a man pits his property into the hands o' a lawyer, his body into the hands of a doctor, and his soul into the hands o' a minister, he had better just lie doon in his kail-yard and die."

NOTHING CERTAIN.

The estimated age of John Nicoll is 75 years, and the estimated age of Mrs. McRobbie is 55 years. The twasome met on the street, and quoth John: "Mrs. McRobbie, ye promised to pay me the siller that ye owe me mair than a score o' times, but it's promise here and promise there, and I doubt I'll be obliged to take promises for payment." On hearing this Mrs. McRobbie tried to stave him off to the best of her ability. John, however, stuck to his text, and very ungallantly said: "Mrs. McRobbie ye ha'e a graceless face, and a graceless face is scant o' grace, and I am forced to come to the conclusion that when women get over the fifties they are neither answerable for their words or actions. I cannot for one moment depend upon a word ye say. I was mair than sure that ye would pay me, but there is nothing certain in this uncertain world." "Tuts," quo' she, "gang awa and mend your manners, for I weel I wat, I thought ye wad ha'e married me afore this time and that would ha'e squared accounts. John Nicoll! it is your own fault that I ha'e not paid ye, as despair has blunted the edge of my industry."

HE TOOK SEVERAL CHEERERS.

I am constrained to say that Robert Stenhouse knew more about floating, drawing, and swinging bridges than any other stone mason that I ever conversed with. Some years ago he built a bridge above Mount Clemens, and after receiving his payment he came to Detroit and took several cheerers. When night came, several of his friends, with the help of two or three policemen, for safe keeping, placed him in one of the cells of Clinton street jail. He fell sound asleep, and when he awoke he looked up and saw the arch of his cell, and then he looked down and saw the ground. With the hair of his head rising up like the fur on a fretful cat's back, he roared out, "Where can I be? Mercy me! under a bridge and no water." He looked around and bemoaned himself, and then in his agony he ruefully exclaimed:

"O! solitude! where are thy charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

THE WHISTLE BLEW.

Lately I stood upon the dock at Port Huron waiting for the "Greyhound" to take me down to Detroit. I stood in a state of absent mindedness, as my thoughts, for some reason or another, had gone wool-gathering. These wandering thoughts, however, soon answered to the bridle when I saw approaching me a beautiful pair of lovers. The maiden reminded me of Milton's lines, for in her I surely observed a

"Beauty which, either waking or asleep, shot forth peculiar graces."

These lovers came and stood in ear-shot of me, and the following conversation took place:

She—"Oh, William, the very thoughts of parting makes me so sad and sorrowful that I am afraid my heart will break with grief this very day."

He—"Oh, Rosy, Rosy, my dear, and my beloved, take comfort and live in the hope that I will soon return and clasp you in my fond embrace."

She—"Oh, William, William, when you are away be sure and do not dream about me." He mournfully shook his head and then he said, "Oh, Rosy, Rosy, I doubt I cannot help myself." The whistle blew, and the tender word and the heartfelt wish were in order. The fond lover stood on the bow of the boat, and he was so engaged in sending kisses back to Rosy that he had not even time to brush off a fly that had settled on the bridge of his nose.

STONEMASONS WANTED.

About the time that George IV. visited Scotland and when Sir Walter Scott was in his glory, great building enterprises prevailed in Edinburgh. Landed proprietors, and moneyed men vied with each other to build up what is now called the "New Town." As a result, the masons received exorbitant wages, and to keep them in good humor the contractors would drive them to and from their work in hackney coaches. At this time there resided at No. 15 Bread street a Mrs. McIntyre, a widow, but who had a daughter called Grace, and who was as fair as a flower and beyond the power of my pen to describe. Now Grace was much beloved by a journeyman stonemason, but by this time the "New Town" was built up, and many masons were reduced to want and obliged to sell or pawn their very chisels and mells. Round the corner from Bread street Bauldy

Brisbane was the proprietor of a grocer's shop, and to show he was enterprising and no slouch, he kept on hand a stock of "Dublin porter," "Alloa ale" and "Prestonpan's table beer," which he sold in bottles. Now Bauldy wanted a wife and he fell head over heels in love with Grace McIntyre, but the journeyman stonemason stood many degrees higher in her estimation. To counteract this Bauldy caused to be inserted in the Edinburgh Evening Courier, the following :

"A number of stone masons
Wanted immediately at
No. 15 Bread street."

By 4 o'clock next morning hundreds of them rang Mrs. McIntyre's bell. It took Grace and her mother about all their time to answer the bell. About 2 o'clock p. m. Grace was perfectly exhausted, and she sank down on a chair, and between breaths said: "Mither, thy're a' oot o' wark thegether. I think I had better tak' Bauldy."

MY JENNIE.

O, Jennie, the clouds on the hill-tops are nearing,
And the lengthening shadows are now disappearing,
On the wings of the golden the gloaming comes lightly,
And the love-star of evening is now shining brightly.

The primrose and daisy have hidden their blushes,
And the song birds are silent among the green bushes,
The queen of the night to her throne is advancing,
And her beams on the river in beauty are dancing.

O, say to me, dearest, O, say you are willing
To go by the pathway that leads to my dwelling,
O, Jennie, my darling, O, do not delay,
For the finger of truth is now pointing the way.

My Jennie, methinks I hear whisperings above me
That tell me forever, my dearest, to love thee,
O, come, Jennie, come, O, say you are willing,
To reign in my heart, and be queen of my dwelling.

HIS AGE.

Robbie Hastie resided near the foot o' the Lammerlaw and was a celebrated poacher. He was a sure shot, and when he carried off his game he had a peculiar talent in eluding water-bailiffs, game-keepers and others in authority. At length he was caught hard and fast and taken before a magistrate. Robbie was then badgered with a number of needless questions, and on being asked how auld he was, he got nettled and replied: "Losh sake me, man, what do ye want to ken that for? Ma mither kens that better than I do masel'; but by fire and flint, I may e'en tell ye, if that will gie ye ony satisfaction, that I am twa hunder and ten days aulder than ma teeth."

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT HIM.

James Kirkhop came from one of the moorland districts of Scotland where there are more peesweeps and plovers than post-runners or steam engines. Shortly after he landed he became infatuated with Isabella Graham, who is related to me on the maternal side. When their love for one another came up to the boiling heat, I took much pleasure in giving her away to him, with many kind remarks, and for which, under the circumstances, being so drowned in love, they appeared to pay no attention thereunto. About a week after their wedlock Isabella said, "James, my dear, I would like if ye wad gang round to Campbell, the photographer, who is one of my oldest admirers, and if he disna strike ye fair the first time he will strike ye over again." Quoth James: "Isabella, my dear, I ha'ena been lang here, and I am unacquainted wi' the manners and customs o' the country, and I dinna want to begin fighting already

wi' ony o' your devilish photographers. Yet, if ye want me to gang, I'll gang and tak' a look at him, and if I think I can fight him I'll fight him, and if I think I canna fight him I'll tak' to my heels and rin awa."

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

[Inscribed to M. CARLIN, Esq., Port Huron.]

Poor Tannahill, thou sweetest bard
That e'er wove words together,
Thy songs are like the pearly dew
That kiss the blooming heather.
When gloomy winter fled awa,
And spring danced in with glee,
What rapture filled thy heart amang
The woods o' Craigie-lea.

Ye sang of Scotland's hills and dales,
The stream, the feathered throng,
Nature instinctive taught thy lips
The majesty of song!
High on the tree the blackbird sings,
Sweet is its melting strain,
It dies away, but never dies
Your "Jessie o' Dunblane!"

Fear dogged thy steps, grief bowed thee down,
Thy cheek grew pale and wan,
Thy harp lay dead, ye stood alone,
A broken-hearted man.

Poor Tannahill! how sad thy fate,
Man mourns thy doleful end,
But in thy life no one held out
To thee a helping hand!

The sun gaed doon 'mang murky clouds,
Gloom overspread the sky,
Out in the darksome lull of night
Ye groped your way—to die.
Ah, woe is me! they found the bard
Down in the dank, cold river;
His song was sung, his heart was still,
Closed were his lips forever!

A LEGEND O' SELKIRK.

[Inscribed to the Hon. WM. ADAIR, Detroit.]

A Souter o' Selkirk sat in his shop
 A-sewing at a shoe,
 And the sun gaed doon wi' an awesome scowl,
 And the wind a hurricane blew.

 And the Souter plyed awa at his wark,
 Plash, plash dang doon the rain,
 And the thunder roared and the lightning flash'd
 On the Souter's window pane.

 And he sat and he laughed wi' a mockriff laugh,
 For he had nae kith or kin,
 And he cared no ae straw for the folk thereout,
 If he was a' richt within.

 The angry winds raved 'mang the hills,
 And doon through glen and shaw ;
 And the Souter prayed that the muckle deil
 That night might on him ca'.

 There stood on the floor a weird auld man,
 Wi' a face as white's a sheet,
 And the hair o' his beard hang danglin' doon
 The length o' his cloven feet.

 And his lips were as black as the coom o' the lum,
 And his mouth was as dark as a dungeon ;
 When the queer man scowl'd the Souter's dog howl'd,
 And out at the door gaed plungin'.

 And the Souter yelled and he gasped for breath,
 And he muttered words o' prayer,
 As the weird auld man ga'e a gruesome grane,
 And clankit doon on a chair.

 Then the Souter cried, " Get oot o' my hoose,
 I dinna ken hoo ye got in,
 For I fastened the door wi' bolts and bars,
 And a great big iron pin."

 Then the weird auld man cried, " Haud yere tongue,
 I seek nae maut or meat ;
 Come hither, ye selfish, sordid wretch,
 And measure my twa feet !"

And the Souter rose and measured his feet,
 Although half dead wi' fricht ;
 And the spectre howled, " Ye must make me a pair
 O' shoon by the morn's nicht."

The Souter's e'en rolled 'round in his head,
 And his knees they gaed knick-knock,
 As the spectre vanished oot o' his sicht
 Like a puff o' tobacco smoke.

On the very next nicht, when the cuckoo-clock
 Had coo'd a dozen coos,
 The spectre stood on the Souter's floor,
 'And speired for his pair o' shoes.

As the Souter raxed ower the new made shoon,
 The spectre giggled wi' glee,
 Then rowed them up wi' a hempen rope,
 Syne handed o'er the fee.

As out at the door he whippit awa,
 The Souter followed like daft,
 And he saw him loup the kirk-yard wa',
 And descend in a new made graft.

Then ower the wa' the Souter played spring,
 And stuck his awl in the sod ;
 Next morning he came with shovel and spade
 To find the spectre's abode.

And he howkit doon, and he howkit doon,
 And the Souter never did stop
 Till he saw the shoon on a coffin lid,
 Tied up wi' a hempen rope.

And he grasped the shoon wi' a greedy hand,
 And out o' the graft he sprang ;
 And the corbies croak'd, and the head-stanes rock'd,
 And the doors o' the kirk played bang !

And the Souter ran hame wi' the spectre's shoon,
 But that was the end o' him ;
 For the spectre that nicht whipt him aff to the grave,
 And tore him limb frae limb.

Ho ! Souters o' Selkirk, be wary and wise,
 This tale is no idle conjecture ;
 Beware ! oh, beware ! and ne'er rifle the graft
 O' a waukriff blood-thirsty spectre.

YOU SHALL HAVE IT.

The foundations o' a speedy marriage between Stephen Macbeth and Miss Elizabeth Duff were beginning to totter and give way, and all for lack o' a kirk. Now Stephen was a probationer, and could preach a most excellent sermon wi' muckle pith and unction, but he could find no patron to place him into an empty pulpit. Under these circumstances, a union between this devoted couple was entirely out o' the question, as nothing but gaunt, wolfish want would be staring them in the eye. Lockermacus Kirk became vacant, and the patron o' which was as cold blooded as a fossil-fish in the old red sandstone formation, and, strange to say, he measured people's brains by the shoes they wore upon their feet. Miss Duff knew this. One night she says: "Stephen, my dear, go order a big pair o' shoes," which he did, and when they were finished what wi' tackets, heel-plates and tae-plates, when cast upon the scales they weighed exactly twelve pounds, sax ounces avoirdupois. With these shoes upon his feet he waited on the patron and told him his errand.

"What," cried he, "I cannot give you the kirk; you have neither capacity nor understanding." Wi' this he looked at Stephen's shoes. He was struck wi' astonishment. He raised his eyes; he grasped him by the hand and said: "The kirk is yours."

A FINE FEAST.

When lately in Sarnia, Ont., I paid a visit to my friend, Mr. Foulds, baker by trade, and who was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, about the beginning of the present century. In the middle of the bake-house floor we began an animated discussion regarding free trade, pro-

tection, producers and consumers, and whether capital or labor is king. In the heat of the argument he rushed to the oven, pulled the door open and sent into it a long wooden shovel and brought out a pan full of cakes burnt as black as a thunder cloud. His eyes flashed fire, his bosom heaved with emotion, he flung the shovel down on the floor, he wrung his hands like one standing on the very brink of despair, and then he cried "Jerusalem!" After the pronounciation of this word he turned to one of his boys and said: "Tam, ye ass that ye are, rin oot and tell the swine that they'll soon ha'e a fine feast."

IMPORTED AND EXPORTED.

There are few folk in this world that dinna ride on some kind o' a hobby-horse. Peter Porteous had one, I ha'e heard say. Peter was a quarry-man, and he got a wee thought crackit in the head wi' porin' ower books on political economy. Ae day Peter and his wife Peggy, although they had been lang buckled together, had a most unmercifu' outcast, and a great cannonade o' words ensued. Amang ither things Peggy said, "Ye miserable misguided mortal that ye are, I am strongly tempted to throw 'Smith's Wealth o' Nations' on the back o' the fire." "Peggy," quo' Peter, "when ye cam' into ma house, ye was imported, duty free, but I wish frae the bottom o' ma heart ye had been exported in bond to the maist unproductive and barren regions o' the earth." "Peter! Peter! I'll gang yet," quo' Peggy, "and as ye ha'e the Wealth o' Nations in your possession, gang oot and buy me a horse, and my certy, I'll soon loup on, and I'll gi'e the bridal reins a shake and ye'll never see me mair."

WIDOW NAILOR.

[Inscribed to ROBT. J. BLACK, Esq., Detroit.]

An auld wife lived amang the hills,
 And she was fell and gaucy ;
 'Though banes were stiff, yet she'd a heart
 As lightsome as a lassie.

Twa years by-gane her ain guidman
 Grim death awa had carried,
 Now she'd a thought that she again
 Would venture to get married.

For men wha lived amang the hills
 She didna' care a bodle,
 So she's awa to Edinburgh
 As fast as she can toddle.
 As 'lang the road she bent her steps,
 A something whispered till her—
 Keep up your heart and soon ye'll get
 A man wi' lots o' siller.

She soon crossed over the North bridge,
 And when in the Lawnmarkit,
 She climbed sax pair o' weary stairs,
 And at the door she harkit.
 She ga'e a rap, and at the rap
 Quick answered Widow Taylor,
 Wha cried, " Dear me, preserve us a',
 How are ye, Mrs. Nailor ?

" Give me your hand, come your ways ben,
 My, my, how have ye been ?
 My certy ! but a sight o' you
 Is guid for my sair e'en.
 Guid guide us a' this un kent ca'
 Has set me fair a-jee,
 Throw off your things, now sit ye doon,
 And soon I'll mask the tea.

" And how's the folk amang the hills,
 And how's the lambs and ewes ?"
 And then the twasome ower their cups
 Soon dished up a' the news.

Quo' Mrs. Nailor, "Mrs. Taylor,
Ye needna' think I banter,
Again I'm on the widow's list,
Again I am a want'er."

"And what for no'" the other cried,
That white-cap disna' fit ye,
There's plenty men that I e'en ken
Would be rale glad to get ye;
I ken a butcher in the Port,
His name is Geordie Reid;
He's just the very man to strike
The nail upon your head."

The tea-things now are put away,
And as they drank their toddy
They laid their projects and their plans
To catch the butcher body.
At length the widow cried, "Hech, me,
The toddy's ta'en my head,
I trow I'll e'en gang to my bed,
And dream o' Geordie Reid."

Quo' Mistress Taylor, "Come your ways,
There's twa beds—take the best,
And there's a night-cap, put it on
And take a guid night's rest."
She slept, the Tron bell tolled, she woke,
Her wits were on the rack,
With fearful horror, Oh! she felt
A paw upon her back.

She gave a wild, terrific kick,
She screamed, "Oh, mercy, mother!"
When out her bed a something sprang
And landed in the other.
With agony her bosom heav'd,
She could not rest in peace,
She raised the window and she yell'd,
"The devil's here! Police!"

Then rushed the matron and the maid,
Up stairs the police sped;
They saw the widow, pale as death,
Stand pointing to the bed.

They turned their lights upon the bed,
 They raised a loud haloo,
 When one cried out, "By a' that's guid,
 There's Wombells' kangaroo.

"How it's broke loose, how it's got here
 Is more than I can say."
 Quo' Widow Nailor, "Faith, I wish
 I saw the light o' day;
 It's just a judgment sent on me,
 I'm sure I was demented;
 I'll hurry hame to our ain hills,
 And live and die contented."

BEFORE SHE BEGAN.

Betty Ballingall lived in a cot house a' her lane. Her guidman was dead and her off-spring were a' awa and doin' for theirsel's. O' nights the bits o' neighbor bairns were in the habit o' gatherin' round her fireside, and she wad entertain them wi' stories suitable to their capacities. Ae night some o' them paid her a visit, and she said: "Ma bonnie bairns, I dinna want to see ony o' ye this blessed night, for ma teeth are just loupin' like troots, menents and bagwames in a pool. I maun e'en gang and haud ma face to the fire, as sair teeth, like cats and beggars, are unco fond o' the heat. But afore ye gang I will e'en tell ye what I am gaun to do. I am gaun to mak' a poultice to place on ma cheek, and then I am gaun to mak' a bowl o' gruel, and brew a drap o' toddy, and then I am gaun to wash a sark or twa and hang them on the claes rope, and after that I will bathe baith ma feet and pare a corn on ma little tae, and then I will read a chapter oot o' the 'Life o' Sir William Wallace,' the hero o' Scotland, and then I will jump into bed. Gang hame, bairns, gang hame, afore I begin."

THE CHURCH BELL.

One day old Nannie Moscrip went to Dunse, a distance of seven miles. She met a number of her friends, and as whiskey tightens the bands o' friendship, she drank considerable, and on the hame-stretch she got be-nighted and lost hersel'. Meanwhile her friends got perplexed and alarmed, and sought her high and low. Among the hills they roared "Nannie! Nannie! Where are ye!" But the words of woe only died awa' in the distance. About the dark hour o' midnight auld Willy Anderson, the beadle, rang the kirk-bell, and another general search took place. At length they discovered Nannie on the top o' the Shealing Hill, sittin' like a crow in the mist. She looked up wi' amazement when she saw the auld and the young gathered around her, and the first words she uttered were: "I heard the kirk-bell jow, jowin'. Is the kirk gaun in?"

AGAINST REVOLUTIONS.

Duncan Broadfoot was a studious shoemaker, and much addicted to reading works on astronomy. Ae day he got into a heated argument wi' Saunders Veitch regarding the merits and demerits o' the French revolution. Duncan stood erect. His eyes flashed, and he placed the fore-finger of his right hand in the palm of his left, and thus spoke: "Noo, Saunders, if I was an inhabitant o' ane o' the maist important planets, and if ony o' the folk thereon started a revolution, and cam' to me and advised me to tak' up the sword, gun or Lochaber ax as the case might be, I wad just eye them wi' scorn, and most dignified and unmistakable disdain, and tell them to gang to the deevil wi' baith them and their revolutions."

HIS SIGN-BOARD.

It will be in the recollection of those who are conversant with history that in December, 1775, Gen. Montgomery exclaimed to his men, when about to attack Quebec: "Soldiers! Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads." Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, in one of his poems thus alludes to this unfortunate campaign:

" Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he wasna' slaw, man,
Down Lourie's burn he took a turn,
At Carleton did ca', man.
But yet what reck when at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand afore his band,
Amang his en'mies a' man."

Some time ago James Lauderdale went to Quebec, and he foregathered wi' John Sutherland, another Scotchman, wha undertook to show him the sights. "There's the place," quo' John, "where the brave Montgomery fell, and there's his sign-board erected to commemorate his memory." "What business was he in?" quo' James. "Business!" quo' John, "He was in no business—he cam' at the wrang time o' the year to do business."

HE'S NOBODY.

A guidwife went into a bookseller's shop ae day and she said to the bookman: "Ha'e ye ony schule books?" "Yes, mem," quo' he, "I ha'e got cartloads o' them; what kind o' a ane do ye want?" "I want," quo' she, "Sill's Grammar." "Ye're Scotch," quo' he. "Yes," quo' she. "And is your guidman Scotch?" "Na," quo' she. "He's naebody; he's an Englishman."

SWEETEST FLOWER.

Duncan Gilbertson, an auld parishioner, was workin' awa in his garden upon a bonnie mornin' in the month o' May. The birds were blithely singin' amang the green leaves, and the flowers were blushing, and the sunlight was dancing tip-toe amang the hills. Duncan felt the benign influences, and he says to himsel': "This is a braw world, I wonder if I will ever see a brawer world than this." As he was thus ruminating, up cam' young Sandy Walkingshaw wi' his Sunday claes on—a clean sark and his infant beard newly shaven. After some preliminary remarks, Sandy says: "Mr Gilbertson, ye are a grand gardener, what fine roses and flowers ye ha'e round about ye, but ye ha'e ane in your house bonnier and sweeter than them a', and wi' a' ma heart I wad like to tak' her awa." "Weel," says Duncan, "Sandy, ma man, it is fit to rive the heart oot o' me to part wi' my ain bonnie bairn, wha's heart is as pure as the dew-drop that hangs upon the budding rose, but ye ha'e ma consent, and ma guid will." As he thus spoke, the tear drop rose and glistened on his cheek, and he took Sandy by the hand and he said: "And, oh, may heaven bliss ye baith."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Ae day, at the dyke-side, Rob Huddleston and auld Tammie Rathbone, after exchanging snuff-boxes, got into a great wrangle regarding some theological points o' faith. Quo' Rob: "Stop, ye ha'e just said enough. I dinna want to hear ony mair o' yere balderdash. Ye are naething mair or less than a speakin' fool and a blasted idiot." "I ken that," quo' Tammie, "but ye are a blasted idiot, but yere brains are sae scant that ye remain ignorant o' the fact."

A NICHT WI' ROBIN.

[Inscribed to J. B. WILSON, Esq., Detroit.]

"The following verses, entitled "A Nicht wi' Robin," written by Mr. A. WANLESS, were recited by his daughter, MISS JANE WANLESS. The verses were admirably rendered, and were received with great applause."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ye lads and bonnie lasses braw
This night we've met in Merrill ha'
To knock care's head against the wa',
And ha'e a crack wi' Robin.

There Burns has come—the kind and true
As ever wore the bonnet blue;
Where is the man that wadna' lo'e,
And grasp the hand o' Robin ?

Here's Jock, and Will, and Tam, and Pate,
And bonnie Peg, and aunty Kate,
Frae Shirramoor's come up the gate,
To sup kail-brose wi' Robin.

And Tam O'Shanter will be here—
He's just loup'd aff his auld grey mere,
And Cutty Sark will soon appear
To ha'e a dance wi' Robin!

There's Willie Wastle—honest bodie—
Has crossed the moor frae Linkum-doddie;
And Tinkler Maggie on her cuddy
Has come to speir for Robin!

Douf Duncan Grey's got done wi' woin'
Wi' sighs, wi' billin' and wi' cooin',
And Meg—he's up the entry pu'in'
To introduce to Robin.

And auld Rob Morris o' the Glen,
Although he is three score and ten,
Puir bodie, there he's hirplin' ben
To say "guid e'en" to Robin.

Guid faith! here's Robin's bonnie Jean,
As trig a lass as e'er was seen,
She's just come dancin' 'cross the green
To get a kiss frae Robin.

And Nannie she's no far awa—
 Sae soon's she hears the bagpipes blaw
 She'll just come trippin' up the shaw.
 To dance a reel wi' Robin.

There's Mary in her Highland dress,
 As blythesome and as sweet a lass,
 As e'er keek'd in a looking glass—
 Her idol-king is Robin.

Spouse Nancy has got done wi' strife,
 She's now a gash contented wife,
 She's brought a cheese and glamed a knife
 To cut a wang to Robin.

Nance Tinnock has hung on the pat,
 And Willie's brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Allan's come to ha'e a chat
 And drink a dram wi' Robin.

Tam Sampson's won the curling game!
 This night upon the rink of fame,
 Like Jehu he will roar the name—
 The deathless name o' Robin!

Haith! Robin was a canty chield,
 As ever up Parnassus spiel'd,
 The jinglin' bardies a' maun yield
 And homage pay to Robin!

He struck Dame Nature's varied key,
 The outcast mousie on the lea,
 The birdies whistlin' in their glee
 Were kith and kin to Robin.

Now lads and lasses ane and a'
 Sae soon's the chairman gie's the ca',
 Get up and gi' a loud huzza—
 A rousin' cheer for Robin!

HAVE YE ONY BAWBEES ?

Andrew Crawford was a peripatetic book-binder, and to me well known in my apprenticeship years. He was as thoughtless and restless a mortal as could be found in the length and breadth o' the land. In a word,

he wad appear and as suddenly disappear, and where to find him, if anybody took the pains, would be as difficult as to find a needle on the moors of Culloden. Ae day he appeared, and one of his acquaintances said to him : "Andrew, mercy me, is that you, and are ye sure it is you, and where in a' the warld ha'e ye been?"

"Been," quo' Andrew, "I ha'e been in London, and I wasna' there twa days till I fell through a winday, and guid guide us a', they hauled me afore a big monster o' a judge that wadna' listen to either sense or reason, and the upshot was that the old shaggy gray-headed badger sent me to prison for thirty days. Blast his picture, by his command they lifted me on to the treadmill, and I climbed and climbed and I climbed, but wi' a' ma Scotch perseverance I couldna' get a glimpse o' our ain heather hills. Noo, I am on the verge o' startin' for Glasgow, and as I am like a fox in a hurry to break cover, I wad like to ken if ye ha'e ony odd bawbees, saxpences or shillin's gaun to waste aboot the bottom o' yere pockets?"

HOPE.

Auld Nannie Haldane was sittin' on her door-stane ae day, and by her side sat bonnie Lizzie Lindsay, and she said, "Lizzie, ma bonnie lamb, ye are young and I am auld. Your brow is whiter than the snaw, your cheek is like the red, red rose, but my brow is furrowed wi' care, and my cheek is like the withered leaf that flickers and fa's to the cauldriif ground. I ha'e e'en come through a warld o' trouble. Monie is the time that I felt sae dooncast as if nae ray o' hope remained, but there aye remained the cloud wi' the silver lining and the blue lift aboon."

SOMETHING WORSE.

Watty Stobbie lived at Blackrig, a lonely house situated in the Lammermoor hills. Ae night the elements were let loose—the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled and the wind raved and howled among the hills. While this was taking place Watty was sittin' at his fireside, and his wife Jenny was sittin' aside him, and notwithstanding the hyperborean blast, they were crack, crackin' awa' like twa pen guns, unco' couthie and contented wi' ane another. Without a moment's notice a cat made a sudden spring and landed on Watty's back. "Bliss ma sowl and body," roared he. "Jenny! Jenny! in the name o' a' that's guid, what's that?" "It's only the cat," quo' Jenny. "Blast the brute," quo' Watty, "what a gliff I did get. As sure as the breath o' life is in me I thought it was something warse than the cat."

EATING WORDS.

Twa gypsies—ane a tinker and the other a fortune teller—man and wife, named Geordie and Kirsten Baillie, cam' into our village in the Lammermoors, ae day, and pitched their tent by the side o' the bonnie burn o' Dye. Next mornin' the twa got into a broiling passion, and Kirsten said something that cut Geordie into the very innermost recesses o' his heart. Wi' fury he roared: "Kirsten, ye base black-hearted randy that ye are, I'll mak' ye eat your words!" "Me eat ma words," quo' she, "ye may wait and watch for that forever and a day, for, by the sun and mune and stars aboon, they are true words and wholesome words, and the best thing ye can do, ye black-hearted ruffian that ye are, is to digest them at yere leisure."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The writer of these lines has frequently seen the house—Buccleugh-pond—where Thomas Campbell, the author of “Pleasures of Hope,” resided while in Edinburgh. Shortly after the publication of his beautiful poem:

“On Linden when the sun was low,
And bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.”

One night the poet was seen going home by two Scotchmen, in a somewhat intoxicated condition. “Wha’s that?” says the ane to the ither. “Man, do ye no ken wha that is? I m sure he’s kenspeckle enough. His name without the shadow o’ a doubt is Iser Rollin’ Rapidly.”

MY BEAUTIFUL TULIPS.

Old Dr. MacFarlane was a botanist and had a great knack in laying the white swellin’ in the legs and arms o’ those afflicted wi’ that disease. In the fall o’ the year he dug up a lot of tulips and stowed them awa in the attic of his house with the view of preserving them during the winter months. One day his servant, auld Jenny Trotter, roared into his lug, as he was somewhat deaf: “Doctor, the onions are a’ dune!” “What downright nonsense,” said he, “let us both go up immediately to the attic and investigate.” He placed his spectacles on the bridge of his nose, and the twa went up. He looked round and cried, “Jenny, what have you done with the roots that were lying in that corner?” To which question she bawled out, “Ye ha’e eaten them a’.” “Mercy me!” he cried, “my beautiful tulips! by fire and flood,

it is wonderful to me that I did not die with the gastritis of the stomach. My furious indignation I can scarcely bridle. I feel as if I was possessed with ten thousand furies. Woman! I am tempted to tear every hair of your head out from their very roots, but even that would not correct your iniquity or blot out your diabolical transgressions! Jenny Trotter! go out of my sight, ye base-born female idiot that ye are." As Jenny went doon the stair she muttered to hersel', "He ca'd me an idiot, the auld fool that he is. If he hadna' possessed the stomach o' a horse he wadna' be alive this blessed day."

NO RELATION.

John Mack had a very glib tongue in his head, or, in other words, he had a tongue that could clip clouts. He was a dealer in swine and other four-footed brutes. One day he was driving a sow along the road when he met the Laird o' Witchester. There are a great number o' degrees o' wit. There was naething droll about the Laird's wit; it belonged mair or less to the sneerin' or sarcastic order. The Laird looked at the sow and then said: "John, I wad like to ken if that sow is a brither o', yours?" "Na," replied John, "That sow is like yoursel', he is only an acquaintance."

UPWARD TEARS.

The downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte gave general satisfaction in Scotland, and even the news of his death brought no sorrow. When Kirsty Fraser heard of the last event she said: "Is that so? If it is true that he is dead and gone, I will try and make my tears play fly as high as the steeple."

 A POOR EXCUSE.

In Sarnia toon a baker lives,
 And he is named James Foulds,
 And he, at orra times, I'm tauld,
 Breaks out and swears and scolds.
 He has twa lads in his bake-shop,
 And one o' them is spry,
 Though he, by some mishap had lost,
 In early life, an eye.

The other lad is slow and dull,
 And scarcely worth his keep ;
 And like the sluggard, he's inclined
 To slumber and to sleep.
 At his bed-side oft Mr. Foulds
 Is sore inclined to beat him,
 And though he aft his shovel shook,
 He never did maltreat him.

One day when fire was in his eye,
 He sternly did remark,
 " Look to your mate, how at the morn,
 He springs up like the lark."
 The sumph replied, " There's naught prevents
 Tam out his bed to whup,
 As Tam, poor Tam, has only got
 One eye to open up."

 A FEARFUL STRUGGLE.

When on a visit to Kent Co., Ont., I called upon an old friend, who is known in these parts by the name of " Auld Grannie Macalaster." I found her sitting by the fireside, wi' a pipe in her teeth, and her teeth and her pipe were as black as sin. We had a most charming crack wi' ane another, and as I take kindly to the weed, her and I soon filled the house fu' o' reek, sae much sae, that the very cats and dogs were instinctively compelled to rush out o' doors to seek a mair salubrious atmosphere. In the course of conversation she informed

me that she was born near "Loudon's bonnie woods and braes," and had a vivid recollection of seeing Tannahill, perhaps the sweetest lyrical poet Scotland has ever produced. Quo' she: "I emigrated to Canada in the year 1832, and I am the mither o' fourteen bairns and saxteen grandbairns." "Grannie," quo' I, "ye are, I trow, a great and a grand example to yere sex. By ma faith, ye ha'e been a fruitful vine; but losh pity me, ye maun ha'en had an unco job to bring up sae monie bairns." "Aye, aye," quo' she, "I e'en ha'e had a fearfu' struggle. When the bits o' bairns misbehaved, monie is the time I could ha'e knockit their brains oot wi' the readiest thing I could lay ma hands on, but I wad tie up ma temper, and I wad gang and fill my pipe, and ram it into the fire wi' a vengeance, and then I wad sit doon and draw and blaw awa, and afore I was half ended I wad get consolation, and the bairns, tuts, they wad a' get forgiveness."

EVERYBODY'S HERE.

Annie Proudfit and Robert Ronaldson were twa sweethearts, and o' nights they often met aneath the trysting tree to exchange eternal constancy and renew their vows o' eternal love. But not only this, whan the Sabbath cam' round they wad gang side by side to the kirk, and sit in the same pew, and he wad tak' great pleasure and pride in looking up for her the text and the Psalms as they were given out in due course. A'e day Annie gaed to the kirk and sat doon, but Robert was na there, and although the kirk was jammed fu' o' folk, she said to hersel': "There's naebody here." At length Robert put in an appearance, and then she said: "A' body's here."

THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

The Douglas was a baron bold,
Grim scorn was in his eye ;
When treason rose it fell or fled
When " Douglas " was the cry !

He was a thorn to all his foes,
To friends their hedge and guide,
I trow none dared to scout his name
O'er all the country-side.

In peace his every word was law,
In battle doubly strong ;
This was his creed—a tyrant's creed—
That might could do no wrong.

On Annan's banks a mother sat,
A child was on her knee,
And aye she sat and aye she sang
Wi' fond maternal glee.

And aye the o'erword o' her sang
Was " Baby dinna fret thee,
My lammie loo, my bonnie doo,
Black Douglas winna get thee ! "

She looked around with fearful awe,
Her eyes reeled wond'rous wide,
For there she saw the baron bold
Stand silent by her side.

She changed her tune, and sweetly sang,
" My babe, if I neglect thee,
The Douglas bold, the Douglas kind,
For ever will protect thee."

The Douglas smiled, he took the child
And set it on his knee,
He sang, " Sweet babe, hush! woman's wiles
Are deeper than the sea ! "

Fair was the child, how sweet, how fair,
Fair as the lily meek,
He sighed, a tear-drop glistening rose,
And trembled on his cheek !

And then he said, " Good dame, ho, dame,
 Pray let me kiss your daughter,
 And ye shall have a grant of land
 By bonnie Annan water."*

*The Annan water runs into the Solway firth. It is well described in the old Border ballad:

"Oh, Annan waters, braid and deep."

It may also be stated that all powerful was the Douglas and that when he rode out his retinue was greater than the then Scottish kings.

A SAD MISTAKE.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampshire came to us from one of the midland counties of England. He, however, has travelled through the Highlands of Scotland, and he speaks of that country and the people in glowing terms. Mrs. Hampshire, however, knows nothing about that country and about the inhabitants she knows much less. She makes grand Devonshire dumplings, but I will not mention the name of the street whereon she resides; neither will I give the number of the house, as I fear too many of my readers would be flocking thitherward to obtain samples of her dumplings. One day Mr. Hampshire went into Robert Black's Scotch picture store, and he purchased a portrait of a Highland man,

"With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
 And big claymore down by his side."

He took it home, and with joy dancing in his eyes, he cried out to Mrs. Hampshire: "See, see, my dear, what I have got!" She looked at it and she said: "Charles, my love, is that an angel?" These words had no sooner fallen from her lips when he turned round upon her abruptly and said: "My dear, it is the first time on record that a Highland man has been mistaken for an angel!"

NOW AND THEN.

When I was in my youthful years, I remember that I did often sit upon auld Jenny Chapman's knee. Jenny made many quaint and curious remarks, but she was like many a one, her bark was worse than her bite. Ae day she said to my grandmither, "I ha'e lost a' notion o' the men—they are just a pack o' domineering deevils. When I was a lass I had a guid and kind opinion o' them, but now, when I am auld, I confess that I detest them frae the very bottom o' my heart. There's my guidman Sandy, he is just a poor, silly sumph. He just puts me in mind o' an auld drake spluttering in a pool. At times he will neither dance or haud the candle, and I say it, that shouldna' say it, that he has nae mair mense than a miller's horse. I canna' get along wi' him ava, unless I allow him to sing his ain sang on the highest rim o' the rainbow. Yet take him wi' a' his short-comings and be-deevilments, I wadna' like to hear onybody say onything against him."

TAKEN APART.

Sandy Greenlaw was in the habit of traveling over Berwickshire for the purpose of cleaning, oiling and mending clocks and watches. Ae day he called upon the Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Abbey St. Bathans, and found the minister engaged in conversation with some of his parishioners. Sandy sat for some time wi' his hat between his knees, and at last he lost his patience. He rose and went up to the reverend gentleman and said: "Mr. Wallace, I wad like to speak to ye in private; I wad like to tak' ye apart." "Weel," said the minister, "ye can do that, but I hope ye will pit me thegither again."

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

[Inscribed to JOHN OLIVER, Esq., Bay City, Mich.]

Of a' the outlaws great or sma',
Renowned in border tale,
I'm free to swear, nane could compare,
Wi' Johnnie o' Eskdale.

Freebooters, thieves, and gallows-knaves
Auld Scotland ance had monie,
But deil a ane could "lift" a cow
Or twang a bow wi' Johnnie.

Bold Donald Caird, Rob Roy, Jock Faa
Kicked up a rowth o' rackets,
I'd wager twa three-pints o' brose
He could have warm'd their jackets!

Had a' their black misdeeds been penn'd,
And judged by moral law,
I'm bound to say, that his exploits
Would overtowered them a'.

Yet I ha'e heard my grannie say,
And here I now record it—
That Johnnie only stole frae them
Wha brawly could afford it.

Ae mornin' he banged out o' bed,
And ga'e a bugle blast,
And then he cried, "My merry men,
Come, let us break our fast."

Sae ben they gaed unto the ha',
And curious to relate,
They saw a row o' riding-spurs,
On trencher and on plate!

Then Johnnie laughed both loud and lang,
Then cried, "Losh! I declare,
Thae spurs are nae mistaken signs
That pan and pantry's bare.

"To horse! to horse! my merry men,
Come, mount, spur and away,
And let us hie to English ground
To seize and drive a prey."

They brattled round on English ground,
 And lang afore the mirk,
 They hameward drove bath sheep and kye,
 And monie a stot and stirk.

And as they rode alang the road
 They came to stacks o' wheat;
 Then Johnnie cried: "By earth and sea
 I wish they had four feet!"

This raid took place, as records tell,
 When simmer days were prime,
 And when they gained Gilnockie tower*
 They had a glorious time.

They brewed their ale, they drank and sang
 And thieved o'er a' the border;
 They stood defiant to the king
 And scorned baith law and order.

But stern King James cam' round about,
 And by his royal will,
 He hanged them up baith ane and a'
 Upon the gallows hill!

Oh, wae betide! Poor Johnnie's gane,
 His guid bent bow's unstrung,
 And he wha wad misca' his name
 Had better hold his tongue!

*Gilnockie tower, once the stronghold of Johnnie Armstrong, is situated in Eskdale, on the banks of the river Esk, and is now a ruin. According to Robert Chambers "Armstrong and his thirty-six companions were all hanged upon growing trees, which immediately withered away, as if to mark the injustice of Johnnie's sentence."

NEVER BOTHER A SICK SHOEMAKER.

"If ye will to Cupar maun to Cupar" is an old saying, but I am ignorant of its origin. Cupar is a town in Fifeshire, and the saying means that if an individual will not listen to advice let him go his own road. This saying was well brought out by Joseph Mercer, one of the best shoemakers that ever waxed an end. One day George Gourley waited upon him, and desired him to

make a pair of boots, and quoth Mr. Gourley : "Joseph, I must have them on Saturday night, as I have to stand sponsor for two twins on Sunday morning." On Saturday evening Mr. Gourley waited on Joseph and found him in bed with a wet towel on his head and a pair of smoothing-irons at his feet. "I couldna' get your boots done, Mr. Gourley," said Joseph, "as I took an onfa' and a rumbling in my head, as if a train o' cars was runnin' through it." "Bliss me!" cried Mr. Gourley, "How can I stand sponsor without my boots?" On hearing this, Joseph sat up in bed and looked him squarely in the face, and said, "Ye may gang in your stocking soles for onything that I care—he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar." On saying this he fell back on the pillow and cried out, "Josephine, Josephine, bring me another wet towel and another pair of smoothing-irons."

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

[Inscribed to JAMES FOULDS, Esq.]

As I gaed to Camlachie Toon,*
 I mind the day fu' weel
 For there I spyed a thrifty wife,
 A-spinnin' at her wheel,
 I stood a giff at her door-stane,
 And then I ventur'd in,
 Quo' I: "Guidwife, wi' your consent,
 I'd like to see ye spin."

Quo' she: "Guidman, just come your ways,
 Cauld, cauld's the mornin' air,
 Come, crook your hough and rest yoursel',
 Upon that muckle chair."
 She wasna' young, she wasna' auld,
 But just atween the twa;
 Her cheeks, her lips, were rosy red,
 Her neck was like the snaw.

It pleased me muckle to observe
 She kept her house in order.
 It pleased me mair when I observ'd
 She wore a widow's border;
 And as she made the wheel flee 'round
 My hopes and fears increas'd,
 At ilka birr my heart played spring,
 And fluttered in my breist.

She spak' about the rock and reel,
 The rowans and the woo',
 But faith, I took mair interest in
 The widow's binny mou'.
 At length, I said: "I'm mair than pleas'd
 To watch the spinnin' art;
 I'll now away, which proves the say
 'That best o' friends maun part.'"

She lookit doon at her black goon,
 Then cried: "Oh, wae betide me,"
 She drapt the thread; the wheel stood still,
 Then she sat doon aside me!
 But to mak' a lang story short,
 We soon gat booked and marrit,
 And while we coo about the hoose,
 The wheel rests in the garrit!

*Camlachie is situated in the County of Lambton, near Sarnia, Ontario.

HE STOOD AND GROANED.

John Heiton had an auld horse and the poor beast turned unco ill and died. We were a' bits o' bairns then, and afore its death John would frequently ask us to loup into his cart, and there we would sit as proud as kings, knowing no care. Yet that is not true, for my chief care was to sit aside bonnie Dorothy Douglas and tak' her hand in mine for fear she wad fa' over the wheel. When us bairns were coming out of the school, John, and a few more men were carting awa' the horse to bury it out of sight, and we all silently followed.

When they came to the place they flung the animal into a hole, and John stood and sighed and groaned. On hearing this William Ramsey said, "John, man, I wonder at ye; ye are making as mickle wark as if ye had lost your guidwife Tibbie." Quoth John, "I wad sooner that it had been Tibbie, for, dear me, wi' little fash, I could soon get anither wife, but where in a' the earth can I get £5 to buy anither horse?"

HE HAD THE LUMBAGO.

Anna Dunlop was as innocent as a lamb, sweet as a rose, and as pure in heart as the dew drop that hangs upon the heather bell. Now, Anna, along with her grandfather, paid a visit to some friends in the city of Glasgow. One day her grandfather, who had become old and donert, was lost and could not be found high or dry. She took a notion in her head that he had fallen into the Clyde, and, in consequence, she stated her fears to a policeman. Quoth he: "Are there any marks about him by which he could be identified?" "Yes," said she, "my poor, poor grandfather had the lumbago in his back."

ACTION AND RE-ACTION.

Scotland may boast and brag of her Rob Roy McGregor, and England of her Robin Hood, but we, in Detroit, can with more reason boast of Peter Garr, who is a married man and a fearless fireman before the people. Previous to saving lives he knows no fear, but when they are saved his nerves begin to fire up, and he feels as if some evil spirit was playing at hide-and-seek about the innermost recesses of his head and heart. He finds out that he is made up of a bundle of nerves, and is as cross-grained as an old maid on the road to a

dentist with a mustard plaster on her cheek. I have been informed that Peter on these trying times will even snap and snarl at his beloved wife. Mrs. Garr, however, is an amiable wife, and she has the good sense not to retaliate, as well she knows that fire cannot be quenched by tow. She does not even show the white of her eyes. She will hurry up and make him a good strong cup o' tea and butter his toast, and then she will sit down by his side, and then, to use an old saying, she just "jouks and lets the jaw gang by." Like Zeno of old, she has discovered the grand power of silence.

My dear, go bring my fiddle ben,
 And also your guitar,
 And let us sing wi' right guid will—
 God save brave Peter Garr.

How fain I'd be if I could write
 A song in double metre,
 The burden of the song would be,
 May heaven save our Peter.

A MELANCHOLY COW.

Rob. Shaw rented a sma' farm ca'd the Townhead. He was a man o' large dimensions and strong in bone and muscle. His wife, Rebecca, on the other hand, was a sma', nervous kind o' a woman, and unco quick o' the temper. Wi' a swift hand she wad thrash the bairns, cats and dogs afore they kent what end o' them was upmaist. Ae mornin' she rose very early and went out to milk the kye, leaving Rob in bed snoring away like to ding doon the rafters. When she cam' in again she looked at him and she said: "Rob, are ye no up yet? As sure as ony thing ye are just lying there like a big melancholy coo wi' a gowan in her mooth. Come oot o' that or I'll brain ye on the spot."

BABBY BELL AND JOCK REID.

Auld Babby Bell lived in cot,
 South frae the Twinlaw hill,
 Where blooms the bonnie heather bells,
 Where winds the wimplin' rill.
 Her hearin' wasna' very guid
 Since ever she was born;
 To kirk or market she aye took
 Her muckle hearin' horn.

Ae day she gaed wi' pechin' speed
 To Lockermacus toon,
 And ga'e instructions to Jock Reid
 To mak' a pair o' shoon.

"Now Jock" quo' she, "do make them neat,
 For I am gaun awa'
 To visit Tam, my eldest son,
 Wha' lives in Edincraw.

She held her trumpet to her lug;
 Jock sent these words doon through—
 "The shoon ye'll get will not disgrace
 The Duchess o' Bucleugh.

"I'll send them ower on Monday nicht
 Wi' knack-kneed Robbie Rule,
 I'll pass my word he'll haund them in
 As he gangs hame frae scule."

Now Babby cried, "Jock, sew them weel,
 And pick the best o' leather;

On Tuesday I maun see my Tam
 In spite o' wind or weather!"

At time agreed Jock sent the shoon;
 Woes me! on Tuesday morn,
 Auld Baddy limpit in on him,
 Wi' her lang hearin' horn.

Then she cried out, "Ye worrie-cow;
 Ye scorpion, and ye cheat,
 The shoon ye've made are twisted round,
 And no framed for my feet,

"I'm like a hen wi' a wud-leg;
 Man, Jock, ye'll end my life,
 Or turn me by degrees into
 A harplin' China wife.

"Hech me ! they're just a perfect botch,
 There shapit like the moon,
 I've got the toothache in my taes,
 Oh, Jock ! pu' aff my shoon !"
 He lookit doon, he stood amaz'd,
 He saw an unco sight,
 And then he cried, " Oh, mercy me,
 The left's upon the right !"
 He rived them off, he ramed them on,
 Quo' she, " That gi'es me ease,"
 Then Jock leugh like to burst his sides
 As he rose aff his knees.
 " Losh me," she cried, " ye've wrought a change,
 I ll now loup like a troot,
 But a' the shoon that e'er I had
 Were aye made even-oot."
 " Now 'fore I gang, Jock Reid, I say
 'Mang things I ken there's aething—
 The wisest man, though e're sae wise
 He just kens next to naething !
 " Ye think I'm gaun to Edincraw !
 That project has miscarried,
 Guid faith ! I'm gaun another road—
 I'm gaun to get married."

BETTER BE SURE.

Polwarth, in Berwickshire, has gained a world-wide fame from the old song entitled "Polwart on the Green." It was in that place that Peter Clinkscales resided. Somehow he got it into his head that he would die an untimely death unless he got married. With a view of self-preservation and being deeply in love, he waited on Thomas Halliday and he said, "Father-in-law, I am gaun to marry your daughter." Quoth Thomas, "Do ye think ye can keep a wife?" "I think I can," quoth Peter. "Ye think ye can," quoth Thomas; "ye had better think twice about it, and be unco sure about it afore ye begin."

A FRACTIOUS HORSE.

John Middlemas had a fine horse, but it was perfectly useless. It would neither run in cart or gig or draw the harrow. One day John hitched it into a cart, but it stood as immovable as the everlasting hills. John was at his wit's end. At length he ordered one of his hired men to tie an old tom cat to the tail of it—head downwards. The tom cat at first went swinging like the pendulum of an eight-day clock. At length it began to fuff, spit and send its claws into the haunches of the horse, then the horse reared and plunged, while John Middlemass held on like grim death, then off it flew along the road like the very wind. A number of people thought John and the cat would be killed, but they all returned safe home. The horse turned out well, and remarkable to state, that ever afterwards when it saw a cat it would tremble in lith and limb, and shake as if it had discovered perpetual motion. To prove the perfect docility of the animal, John afterwards presented it to an old sweetheart of his who had jilted him in his early years.

DOING HIS BEST.

Aaron Lyell was a watchmaker, full of sounding words and phrases, which he inherited from his mither—a woman whose tongue was as long as from here to the back o' beyond. One day James Allardice called upon Aaron, and he said, "How are you this morning, Mr. Lyell?" Quoth he: "Thank ye, thank ye, Mr. Allardice, I am still keeping upon the vertical, and still working away among the pivots, springs, bushes and washers, and doing my very best, wi' a willing hand and heart, to oil the wheels o' time, and keep the sands o' life frae runnin' doon. Mr. Allardice, your watch must

surely be wantin' cleaning by this time—for sir, ye ken, I ha'e aften heard my mither say, wha is now dead and gane, that cleanliness is next to godliness."

THE FAIRIES.

[Inscribed to JOSEPH TAYLOR, Esq., Detroit.]

The fairies live among the hills
 Aside the bonnie winding rills ;
 In simmer days how sweet they sing,
 And dance around the fairy ring !
 With joy they wave their fairy wand,
 And clasp each other by the hand,
 And now they lave in crystal wells,
 And dream among the heather bells !

When gloamin' comes, and night is nigh,
 And moon and stars shine in the sky,
 Then hand in hand away they go,
 To seek the couch of grief and woe—
 To smooth the pillow of despair,
 And turn aside the hand of care,
 And beckon angels from above
 To sing the songs of peace and love !

"O, hush, my child," a mother sings—
 "Come, fairies, come on golden wings ;
 O, rest, my child, I see them now,
 A-flitting round your bonnie brow ;
 They come, my love, from glen and lea,
 To bring content to you and me.
 O, sleep, my child, I see them now,
 A-weaving roses round your brow."

[NOTE.—Scotland at one period possessed a great number of spirits, visible and invisible, good and bad. The following list of these was compiled from verbal and written sources, by the late Dr. George Henderson, author of "Rhymes and Proverbs of Berwickshire : " "Elves, hags, fairies, bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, satyrs, pans, fannes, sylvans, kit-with-the-candlestick, tritons, kelpies, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, assypods, conjurers, nymphs, changlings, incubus, brownies, the spoorey, the man-in-the-oak, the hell-wain and Tom Tumbler." In consideration of the above list, and of the fearful tales told round the fireside in the long winter nights, it is somewhat remarkable that we still retain our reasoning faculties.]

SPIGOT AND PIN.

To those unacquainted with barrels I may make mention that the spigot is connected with the faucet, and the pin is placed on the arch of the barrel for the purpose of regulating the outcome of the liquor. One morning Robert Fulton was obliged to proceed to a town some miles off. Before he started, his wife thus said: "Robert, whene'er ye gang to that town ye never ken when to come back. Now, Robert, ye have come to that time o' life when ye ought to be mending your manners, and to make it your study to add no more trouble to my loving heart. Now, like a good man try and do your best and strive wi' all your might not to come home in untimely hours." "Robinnia," he cried—for that was her maiden name—"I swear to you by spigot and by pin, that I will be back lang afore the hens place their nebs below their wings." With this he embraced her and went upon his way. Alas! promises are like the crusts of pies, when they are short they are easily broken. Dear me, he returned at the black hour of midnight, and quoth Robinnia: "Robert, before ye went away did ye not swear by spigot and by pin that ye would be home before the hens had gone to roost?" "Robinnia," he cried, "it was an error o' judgment—blast my buttons, I dinna ken what tempted me to swear by the spigot and the pin."

A FINE START.

We had an old man in our parish of the name of Thomas Denholm, and he had more dry sayings than there are days in a dry summer. One day my father informed him of the death of a man who had just died worth £20,000. "Man, he's weel off," quoth Thomas. "It will gi'e him a fine start in the next world."

SWEET BELLE ISLE.

[Inscribed to JAMES GRAHAM, Esq., Detroit.]

“ Will ye slip on your shoon, guidwife,
Will ye draw on your goon, guidwife,
And gang wi’ me and crack awhile
Among the groves o’ sweet Belle Isle?

“ I’m sick o’ city din, guidwife,
Its heat, its dust, and sin, guidwife.
Provisions in your basket pile,
And we’ll awa to sweet Belle Isle.”

“ Your offer I will take, guidman,
And quick a scone I’ll bake, guidman,
O ! we might wander monie a mile
To find a match to sweet Belle Isle.

“ A guid fat hen I’ll roast, guidman,
And we’ll ha’e tea and toast, guidman;
And till the sun steals o’er the plain;
We’ll live our young days o’er again.”

It no took lang to turn the key,
Syne off, they gaed wi’ gladsome glee;
My faith they spent the day in style
Among the shades o’ sweet Belle Isle.

When they gat hame the guid wife tells
How weel they had enjoyed theirsels,
And since she’s said and has maintain’d
Belle Isle is paradise regain’d !

A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.

John Rutherford landed in Detroit from Scotland, and his shoe-laces gave way. He went into a store kept by a Dutch woman and inquired if she had a pair o’ whangs. At this question the woman handed him down a pair of tongs. “ Mercy me ! ” cried John, as he went out at the door, “ I wish I was safe back to a Christian country where the ae body kens what the ither body says.”

PAY ON DELIVERY.

At the root of the fairest flower a grub will be found, and some landlords, behind the bar, will entice the unwary to grub and dig from their pockets their very last bawbee. David Fleming was a landlord, but his rule of conduct was "that right wrongs no man." One day John Scott went into his bar-room, and he said, "David, I want a dram." After drinking the dram, John threw down twenty-five cents, and David handed him the change. "David," quo' John, "Keep the change, for, if it is the will o' Providence, I might be requiring another dram." "Na, na," quo' David; "That will never do—that is contrary to the established rules o' political economy. Put up your siller, John, and take my advice and pay on delivery."

WOMEN IN OUR HOURS OF EASE.

Sir Walter Scott, a countryman of mine, thus wrote : "O, women, in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please." Some time ago I rested in the opinion that my countryman, in so saying, had thrown a big insult at the heads of the whole of the gentle sex. I have, however, after more experience, been reluctantly constrained to think that my countryman was right and that I was wrong. In proof : Robert Bruce was a residenter of Innerwick, and one morning his wife, Juden, opened out the flood-gates of her wrath upon him. She assailed him in such outrageous terms that would have even made the blood of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, curdle in his veins. She threw in his teeth a whole catalogue of his transgressions, and the transgressions of his forefathers for several generations back. Robert listened to her with patience, as he had discov-

ered that patience is a plaster for all sores. At last he thought he would reprove her mildly, and he thus said :
 "Juden, ye ought to have been born in heaven among the angels instead of being born in Innerwick among an accursed race of blood-thirsty savages."

I WISH YE WELL.

Auld Kirsty Scott packed up her kist
 And w! it gaed awa,
 Alang the Gorbals till she cam'
 Unto the Broomielaw.
 She saw a sailor and she said,
 "If ye are sailing soon,
 I wish ye'd take me and my kist
 The length o' Greenock toon."

The sailor said, "Just gang on board,
 And at the rising tide,
 I'll hoist the sail and 'fore the gale
 I'll take ye doon the Clyde."
 Now when Auld Kirsty paid her fare
 He scarce had time to thank her,
 For off he sprang the deck alang
 And quickly raised his anchor.

At ilka port that they came to
 Auld Kirsty shook her fist,
 And to the sailor roared, "Take tent
 And no' thraw off my kist."
 At twa three ports the sailor spoke
 To Kirsty somewhat ceevil,
 At last he cried, "You and your kist
 May baith gang to the deevil."

On ruminating on these words,
 He thought it very rude,
 That he had spoken to the wife
 In such an angry mood.
 So when they came to Greenock port,
 Quo' he, "I spoke ye wrang ;
 I wish ye weel, and to the de'il
 I hope ye winna' gang."

A QUEER KETTLE.

Jenny Douglas was an auld, antiquated maid, wi' a nose that could split a hail-stone, and a tongue that wagged frae mornin' till night like a lamb's tail. Ae afternoon she said :

"I canna be bothered makin' a fire to mak' a drap tea to masel', sae I'll e'en thraw on ma shawl and tak' ma tap in ma lap and gang doon to Mary Macalpin's and dootless, whan the hour comes, if she has ony sense remainin', she will invite me to tak' pot luck."

Sae awa she went and ga'e a bit rap wi' her knuckles on Mary's door. Mary cam' to the door, and through common ceevility she couldna do mair nor less than to ask her to come in and rest hersel'.

"The auld sinner," Mary muttered to hersel', "she has come wi' the prospect o' takin' her tea wi' me, but fient a drap will she get if ma name is Mary Macalpin." Sae soon as Jenny gat settled on a chair she placéd her hands on her knees and began to entertain Mary wi' a' the clashes and clavers o' the country side. The tea-kettle was hangin' on the fire and, "Dear me," quo' Jenny, "it's gettin' late, and as sure as the breath o' life is in me, yere kettle is beginnin' to sing." Wi' this Mary drew a lang breath, and quo' she, "Ma kettle's a queer kettle; it aye sings twa lang hours afore it begins to boil." Wi' this Jenny took the hint and she gaed awa', and as she was gaun up the street she muttered to hersel', "The poor silly wasp that she is; there's no ae spark o' deacency in her whole frame. My certy, I'll be bound ye that the very waters o' heaven will rin up to the very highest taps o' the Lammermoor hills afore ma shadow again darkens her door."

STRIKE THE IRON.

A young lass lived at Algonac,
 And she was sweet and bonnie ;
 She had a lad, and in her heart
 She lo'ed him best o' ony.
 He was a blacksmith to his trade,
 And ae night when they met,
 He said, " O, Mercy, let us strike
 The iron when it's het."

Quo' she, " Oh, John, what do you mean ? "

Quo' he, " There's mair than aye
 Are striving sair, baith late and ere,
 Your heart and soul to win."

She smiled and said, " I scorn them a',
 I wish they would devauld ; "

Quo' he, " Let's strike the iron quick,
 In case it should grow cauld.

I ha'e a house on yonder bank,
 'Twas left me by my father ;
 He left the smiddie free frae debt
 To me and to my mither.

And 'fore my mither slipt awa',
 A year by past come June,
 She said, " My son, Oh, get a wife,
 And settle cannie doon.

" My father was a man o' sense,
 His words I'll ne'er forget,
 His dying words were, ' Mind and strike
 The iron while it's het.'

Now, Mercy, if ye'll be my ain,
 I'll do my very best
 To be to you baith leal and true,
 So you can judge the rest."

Sweet Mercy blushed and ga'e consent,
 John's mind was off the rack ;

He cried, " I'm now the proudest man
 That breathes in Algonac."

And soon the twa in wedlock's bands
 Were welded and united ;

Now wi' his wife the brawny smith
 Is perfectly delighted.

A DOG FIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.

Many years ago I met my worthy friend, Mr. Garry Hough, in Toronto, Ont., and whose fame as an actor is world-wide. He then informed me that he abhorred and detested crowds. Meeting him the other day I inquired "if his opinion regarding crowds remained unchanged?" "These opinions," he replied, "are more and more established. For example, if I saw a dog fight in the distance I would ring down the curtain."

YOU MAY GO.

The fishermen and fisherwives are a distinct class from the Scotch folk proper. The fishermen catch the fish, and the fisherwives carry the fish in creels upon their backs to find a market. Their voices are very melodious and it is pleasing, when in bed, to hear them cry "Wha'll buy my caller oou?" through all the hours of the night. Some of these fishermen, when the season comes, are in the habit of going to the north seas in whalers for the purpose of catching whales. These people, as a general thing, behave well, but when the drink is in, their wits go out, and they behave very uproariously. Rob Patterson and his wife, Jenny, one day had a great uproar, Rob scowled at her and said: "Jenny ye are ane o' the deevil's bairns, and ye may gang to the deevil." He then went and got a few glasses of whiskey, and then came home and said: "I am gaun awa to Labrador to catch whales." Immediately on making this observation she said: "Rob, ye may gang to the deevil and catch deevils, and stay there till I send for ye." At the conclusion of this story I designed to annex an application, but on second consideration, I considered that such was unnecessary.

GENERAL GRANT.

[Inscribed to JAMES N. DEAN, Esq., Detroit.]

When reason was banished, and treason arose,
 And brother 'gainst brother dealt death-dealing blows,
 And the words came as one from the lips of the brave—
 "The flag of our fathers forever must wave ;"
 And a hero arose in the midst of our woe,
 "Forward !" he cried, " we must vanquish the foe !"
 But there's gloom on the earth, and there's gloom in the skies,
 And the light burns dim in the room where he lies.

The foe is advancing—every effort they strain,
 But back they are hurled again and again ;
 And the shout of the victor is heard in the air—
 "While liberty lives we shall never despair ;"
 And the hero looks round on the death-stricken field—
 " We must conquer or die, but we never will yield !"
 But there's gloom on the earth and there's gloom in the skies,
 And the light burns dim in the room where he lies.

The sword's in the scabbard, the warfare is o'er,
 May the din of the battle be heard nevermore ;
 And now through the length and breadth of the land,
 May brother meet brother with heart and with hand ;
 May the past be forgot, and may bitterness cease,
 And the watchword be ever, " come, let us have peace !"
 But there's gloom on the earth, and there's gloom in the skies,
 And the light burns dim in the room where he lies.

THE CUTTING OF THE CORSETS.

The minister of our parish had a face as calm and composed as a pellucid pool. After being ordained to the ministry he was only known to have laughed once, and that was when he was troubled with the kink-hoast, and he sent for the doctor to examine his lungs. After a fair examination the doctor informed him that they were as strong as a pair of blacksmith's bellows. Hence the result. When he met men upon the road they would lift their hats to him, and when he met women they would courtesy to him, and when he met boys or girls

they would blush and hang down their heads and look like condemned criminals. One day this melancholy man—"for melancholy had marked him for his own"—waited on Mrs. Helen Cleghorn, who received him with great humbleness. After wiping the dust off the chair with her apron she desired him to sit down, which he did. Now, Mrs. Cleghorn had a son who had not reached the years of discretion, and he began playing with childish glee about the minister's knees. On observing this the minister said: "Mrs. Cleghorn, your son seems to be very fond of me." Whereupon, and without a moment's consideration, she replied: "O, I dinna' wonder at that, for children are always fond of dogs and daft folk." She had no sooner uttered these words when vexation struck her upon the fifth rib and down she fell on the floor in a dead faint. Some time after this most distressing and melancholy event took place, the writer of these lines took up his quarters in the city of Edinburgh. On revisiting my natal ground I called upon Mrs. Cleghorn, and the remainder of the story had better be told in her own words: "Yes, yes, Andrew, my man, I had no sooner said the last word, than doon I fell on the floor like a dying duck in a thunderstorm." "And how did they revive ye, Mrs. Cleghorn," I inquired. "Revive," she replied, "my faith, I got a fine revival. The minister and my guid-man got knives and ripped my corsets into ribbons, so I was obliged to buy a pair o' new anes." "And Mrs. Cleghorn," I inquired, "if it is a fair question, what did ye do with your old anes!" "Andrew," she said, "I was unco mad about it, but as a shut mouth catches no flies, I just gathered them together and flung them on the back o' the fire."

CURING A FAT WIFE.

A doctor liv'd this side o' Lethe
 Kened by the name o' Abernethy,
 And what gives me great satisfaction,
 He was a man o' Scotch extraction.
 For e'en the bells in school and steeple
 Proclaim they're Heaven's own chosen people!
 But here the truth must be laid bare,
 The doctor was inclined to swear,
 And curse all kinds of shams and flummery,
 The vain pretenses and sic like mummery,
 And on the saying would descant.
 "That folk wha wadna' work should want."
 Great was his skill, for we're assur'd
 That many a desperate case he cur'd,
 And when his guinea-fee was reapit,
 Fu' brawly he kent how to keep it.

Ae morn a fat guidwife fell sick,
 She roar'd, "Rin for the doctor, quick;
 Oh ! mercy on us, dear sakes me,
 I'm just as ill as ill can be;
 My thoughts they canna be deceivers,
 I've got my share o' burning fevers,
 My lips will scarcely part asunder,
 And oh ! my mouth's as dry as tinder;
 My leet o' life is near-hand fled,
 Oh ! lift me canny to my bed;
 And when I'm ance among the claes,
 Ye soon will see me end my days."

Wi' mony a rug and furious rive,
 They laid her on her bed alive;
 Certes ! it was a job, I trow,
 It raised the sweat on ilka brow.
 Wi' their big load they well might groan—
 Her net gross weight was fourteen stone.

The doctor to her bedside rush'd,
 He gazed, and every breath was hush'd.
 As some had harbor'd the delusion
 That she was near-hand her conclusion;

He felt her pulse—quo' he, " what's wrang ?"
 Quo' she, " I'm no worth an auld sang,
 Oh ! doctor, dear, I'm mair than sick,
 I'm unco sure I'm sinking quick.
 Doctor ! my head is like to rive,
 It buzzes like a hornet's hive;
 My head, my head, my brain, my brain,
 Is whirrlin' round like a mill-stane,
 My heart, it fa's, it jumps, it stounds,
 As if 'twad burst its very bounds;
 Doctor, oh, man, my very hair
 Rives at the roots o' black despair.
 Wi' herbs or drugs, come quickly fill me."
 But oh, in mercy dinna kill me."

The doctor then, upon inspection,
 Wrote out a cure for her affliction,
 And ere the writing was begun,
 She handed to him one pound one.
 "To take the pound," quo' he, " I'm willing,
 But, madam, take ye back the shilling,
 And quickly send to the first shop
 And get a good strong skipping-rope,
 I cannot say that I bemoan ye,
 Your sickness lightly rests upon ye.
 The truth within a nutshell lies,
 Ye need a course o' exercise;
 I scarce can speak to you discreetly,
 Your nerves have master'd you completely,
 And now ye howl for doctor's potions
 To drown your vain, accursed notions.
 "Jumping," he cried, "will soon recruit ye,
 Then fewer ills ye'll ha'e aboot ye."
 He growl'd and said, "Keep my directions,"
 Then left her to her ain reflections.

My faith, if I'd been in his shoon,
 I wadna' hurried aff sae soon.
 Wi' solemn face and words I vow,
 I'd stopt to see her swing the tow.
 I'd blythely gi'en o' gowd a gowpen
 To see the sony guidwife loupin.'
 I'm more than sure 'twould been a sight,
 Would filled me with supreme delight.

Her conduct we must all applaud,
 For in conclusion, I may add,
 That she began with efforts slow
 To battle 'gainst the lazy foe;
 She followed up the doctor's rules
 And deftly sprang o'er chairs and stools.
 Nature prevail'd, and the guidwife
 Took out another lease o' life.
 Her case obtain'd great notoriety
 In all the circles of society;
 And furthermore, the doctor's name
 Re-echoed from the trumps of fame.

GANG, GANG, GANG, MR. BRISBANE.

Greenlaw is situated in the bonnie border land. Although its population is small, it is a town of some pretensions. It is the county town of Berwickshire, and on that account the inhabitants consider themselves a kick above the common. On the principal street stands firstly the church, secondly the jail and thirdly the court-house. One day a stranger entered the town and he described these three buildings in the following couplet:

“There stands the gospel and the law,
 Wi' hell's hole between the twa.”

In this town Duncan Gowdspink resided, and he was a most determined poacher. He was light of limb and as cunning as a fox. I knew him well. In fact, to tell the plain truth and shame the deil, I was once within an ace of being related to him. He met my aunty one night and he proposed, and asked her if she would deliver up to him her hand and heart, but she said: “No, Duncan, I am under great obligations to you for your offer, but your offer I can by no means accept, as Duncan, Oh, Duncan, I have got other fish to fry.

N. B. She afterwards got married to Stephen Kinghorn and became the mother of a large family. Duncan also got married to Martha Boghead and he also became the father of a large family. So, by this the reader may perceive that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. One would have naturally thought, that so situated, Duncan would have renounced his poaching proclivities, but such was not the case. One night, alas, he was caught with his gun in one hand and a hare in another, and for this he was thrown into hell's hole. How dismal were Duncan's thoughts when his mind reverted to his beloved Martha and his numerous family. Unruffled minds can enjoy sweet repose, but Duncan could find no repose. It was as difficult a matter as to catch a black sow on a dark night upon a bleak and barren moor. How he longed to obtain his liberty. He resembled Sterne's starling, described in his "Sentimental Journey." He wanted to get out. The cell door flew open, and Alexander Brisbane entered. "Oh, Mr. Brisbane," cried Duncan, "I am glad ye ha'e come; Oh, Mr. Brisbane, for the love of all the saints and sinners, dead and alive, go and get Jasper Aitchison to come and bail me out." "Jasper Aitchison," replied Mr. Brisbane, "He would be the last man to bail you out. To ask him to bail you out would be nothing but stark madness and a waste of words. No, no, Duncan, I winna' gang—it wad just be as needless as throwing water on a drowned mouse." "Oh, Mr. Brisbane," cried Duncan, "for the sake o' Martha, Peter, Tom, Nell, Jean and the rest o' my family, gang, gang, gang and ask him, Mr. Brisbane, and I will stop here until ye come back." "Duncan," replied Mr. Brisbane, "Try and keep your mind as calm as a cow chewing her cud

on a rainy day, and make yourself as comfortable as circumstances will permit, and remember that when a man, or even a woman, gets into hell's hole it is not a very easy job to get out again."

SCOTLAND.

[Inscribed to ALEX. FORBES, Esq., Chicago.]

Scotland ! How glorious is the theme
That in the days bygone,
Your patriot sons undaunted stood,
And battled for their own.
Time after time the foe advanc'd,
Your rights to trample down,
To blot your name forever out,
And grasp your royal crown.

Your sons could never bow the knee,
Or brook the tyrant's chains ;
Nature has written on your hills—
" Here freedom ever reigns."
Sons of the brave, your hearts were one
That Scotland must be free ;
Now far and near the cry is heard,
" Wha dares to middle me ?"

Forward ! See Scotland's gallant sons
Dash on to meet the foe,
Their strong right hand grasps freedom's sword,
And freedom guides the blow.
Their bows are bent. their swords are keen,
And with their matchless might,
Strongly they stand to crush the wrong,
And battle for the right.

The battle rages fierce and fell,
Till o'er the deadly fray
The welkin rings, " The victory's won,"
Scotland has won the day.
While heather blooms on Scotland's hills,
And while her thistles wave,
Freedom will flourish on her soil
And guard the warrior's grave,

A MISTAKE.

Mercy Ramage was a prudent wife, and a kindly one. At times, however, she allowed her nerves to get the better of her, and on these occasions she neglected to temper her tongue. One morning she rose from bed from off her wrong side, and gave Caleb, her guidman, some sharp words which pierced him to the quick. He could stand it no longer, so he went out and went up and sat on top of the chimney. Mercy lost sight of him. At last she saw him, and she cried out: "What are ye doing up there?" Caleb answered: "I am taking Solomon's advice wha says, 'that it is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling wife in a wide house.'" "Blast ye," she cried, "I will soon bring ye down out o' that." She went in and kindled a rousing fire and the reek went up and down came Caleb bellowing like a hungry cow in a strange loan. He rubbed his eyes and cleared his windpipe, and then he muttered to himself, "Solomon must have made a mistake."

ARE YOUR OWN SKIRTS CLEAR?

One day Robert Rathbone said to John Prettyman "That the Prince of Wales is setting a very bad example to the world at large by his gambling proclivities." "Stop!" cried John. "Blackstone says 'that every man's house is his castle,' an heir apparent must have some kind of in-door amusement. Sir, no tree takes so deep a root as prejudice, and malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at. Before we condemn others we should see that our own skirts are clear. The prince was born with the silver spoon in his mouth, but we were born with the wooden ladle. Sir, it is your poverty that has kept you in bounds. If you had been born rich I have

no doubt but that you would have proved a most notorious profligate, and I, with original sin dwelling in my heart, might have followed in your footsteps. Sir, pray remember the old saying, 'that the best of us would do little for God if we thought the devil was dead.'"

A WET WEAVER.

In Earlstown a weaver lived,
 Wha aft went on the batter :
 When coming off, he, like the ducks,
 Took kindly to the water.

Though hail-stanes dashed and Boreas blew
 A raving wild oration,
 The weaver from his bed would spring
 With great precipitation.

And bicker forth with wild, wierd looks,
 And to the Leader rin,
 And cast his claes, and break the ice,
 And instantly loup in.

And there he'd swatter, dook and plunge,
 And shiver, shake, and cough,
 Which exercise had the effect
 To calm and cool him off.

One day when drawing on his drawers,
 He spoke with solemn measure—
 "My faith, I'm sure a drachm o' health
 Is worth a pint o' pleasure."

A WISH.

Thomas Morrison resides in Detroit. He is distantly related to Jeannie Morrison, celebrated in Motherwell's unequalled ballad of that name. He wears a wig but he disna' want onybody to ken, as he is at present ettel-
 ing to get married again for the third and last time. During the dry spell he said: "I wish frae the very bottom o' ma heart that the windows o' heaven wad open, for the very hair o' ma head is withering awa'."

IN AND OUT

Charley Stewart was a Highlandman who cam' doon to the Lowlands o' Scotland and got married to Maggie McWatt. Now Maggie, had a house o' her ain and she also possessed baith sense and siller. For a space they were like two wood-pigeons, extraordinary fond o' ane anither. But for some cause the bonds o' love that existed suddenly gave way. Charlie got dour and perverse, and, Maggie got sulky and sour, so much so that if she had looked into a wash-tub fu' o' spring-well water it would have turned into vinegar. Alas! the course of married love, sometimes, does not run smoothly. Maggie whistled Charlie into her house to the tune "Welcome, Royal Charlie," but she whistled him oot wi' a big stick, and he ran into the woods and he sat doon at the root o' a tree and he mournfully sang:

"Oh, why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Robert Jobson is a very worthy man, and a resident of Detroit. He is becoming old, and age has begun to confuse his brain and jumble his judgment. Last winter a barking cold caught hold of him and gave him a severe shaking up. On his recovery he found out that the drums of both his ears had got broken and the result was that Robert was unable to catch sounds with alacrity. One day he was proceeding up Jefferson avenue for the purpose of purchasing a hearing trumpet. He was accosted by a stranger, and quoth the stranger, "Sir, can you tell me where the city hall is?" Quoth Robert, "I dinna ken ony body o' that name. She must be living out in the suburbs."

THE RUNG AND SNUFF CURE.

[Inscribed to DR. J. R. O'BRIEN, Detroit.]

In Edinbro' a doctor lived
Not far from Holyrood,
And he was known for miles around
By name o' Sandy Wood.
He was a man, lang, lank and lean,
And somewhat bent and crookit,
Yet he was strong in lith and limb,
Far stronger than he lookit.

He had great skill o' human ill,
And quick upon occasion,
Your doom he would pronounce without
A moment's hesitation.
He was a modest dressing man,
He scorned a' chains and lockets,
But he had wisdom in his head,
And lancets in his pockets.

He also carried certain drugs
Commended in his thesis,
And these he gave to folk who were
Tormented with diseases.
For horses, cuddies, mules or giga
He had nae brew or notion,
He only used his ain twa legs
By way o' locomotion.

And what is mair whene'er he gaed
To visit auld or young,
He never failed to take wi' him
A great big hazel rung.
One night a councilman grew ill,
His name was Andrew Young,
His pulse was high, his spirits low,
His nerves were a' unstrung.

Faith he was ill there was nae doubt,
But something did assure him,
That Sandy Wood wi' his great skill
Would do his best to cure him.

And aye he raved and better rav'd,
 And roared "by a' that's good,
 I'm going quick, I'm sinking fast,
 Oh, send for Sandy Wood."

Now, Andrew had a servant lass,
 Her name was Jean McKallop,
 And for the doctor off she ran
 As fast as she could wallop.
 Jean had a fault, but it was sma'
 And scarce worth while to mention,
 She snuffed, but how she learned to snuff,
 Is past my comprehension.

Though Jean ran off, still Andrew cried,
 "I'll soon be dead and gane,
 I'll e'en-be cauld e'er Sandy sets
 His fit o'er my door-stane.
 Oh, Sandy, come—he winna come,
 I'm sair inclined to doot it,
 I'll hurry off for him mysel',
 And he'll ken nought about it."

And soon he reached the doctor's door,
 And on a lassie seein',
 He cried, "rin lass, tell Dr. Wood
 That Andrew Young is deein'.
 There's half a croon, now rin without
 A moment o' delay,
 Oh, flee, my sweet wee lassikie,
 And tell him what I say."

Then back he hurried to his hame,
 And when upon the rout,
 My faith, he little did jelouse
 That he wad be found out.
 When he was mounting his door-step,
 Wi' a' his nerves unstrung,
 Haith, Sandy Wood cam' in ahint
 Wi' his big hazel rung.

And on his skull he doon cam' yerk,
 Loud Andrew roared, "Oh, me,
 Oh, doctor stop, and by my saul
 I'll double up your fee."

Now, Jean McKallop had kept close
Upon the doctor's track,
As she'd a thought her master would
Be dead e're she got back.

She saw the doctor ply his rung,
She cried, "guid guide us a',"
Then doon she rushed mang pots and pans
And fainted clean awa.
The doctor went, loud Andrew roar'd,
"Rise, Jean, he's broke my skull."
Then Jean arose and to his nose
She held her sneeshin' mull.

A CLOSE CALL.

The winding Whitadder is a tributary of the silvery Tweed, and on its banks the Laird of Bankhead had an estate. He was a grunting, gruesome old savage, and as cross-grained as a badger in a barrel. There is an old saying that "A blythe heart makes a blooming face," but his face was as free from bloom as is the woodland rose bush in the gloomy month of December. He had a brother who resided with him. I cannot place a high estimate on his abilities, as he had none. In a word, to use the language of that district, he was nothing more nor less than a natural born idiot. One day the laird and all his men drove the sheep to the banks of the stream for the purpose of being shorn. While the shearing was progressing, the laird's brother, to watch the operations, climbed up a tree whose branches overhung a deep pool. He was sitting on one of the branches with a moderate degree of comfort, when it suddenly broke, and down he went as if he had been struck by one of Jove's thunderbolts. On observing which the sheep-shearers rushed down the bank to rescue him, but the laird

roared out, "Stop, come back, he is of no earthly use, let him drown and be done with him." However, they pulled him out and held him up by the heels for the purpose of allowing the water to gush out, and then on the green grass they rolled him round and round. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and for a space stood shivering like a dog in a wet sack, and then after looking all around the horizon, he roared out, "Mercy me, where am I? I must have had a close ca'."

SHE LOST HER WIG.

Harkin, James McAllister, relates the following: I was born in an inlying part o' Scotland and Jean McDonald lived next door to my mother. In course of time Jean and I got booked, cried, and married. Now, shortly after these interesting events took place we took it into our heads to emigrate to America. Now, observe ye, Jean had a grannie, and in consequence she was my step-grannie, and nothing would serve her but that she would shoulder arms and accompany us in our perilous undertaking. When within sight o' land my step-grannie was as bold as a flying dragoon, but reverses will come whither or no. One morning she got out upon deck, and she was no sooner out than a tempestuous gust o' wind blew her wig overboard: "Bless my soul and body," she cried, "James, I ha'e lost my wig." "Tuts, never mind," I said, "I will borrow another ane frae the captain, wha keeps a lot o' them in his chest in case o' accidents." On hearing this and under bare poles, she looks round about her and then she says: "Dear me, the ground is a' covered wi' water." "What nonsense, step-grannie," said I, "dinna ye see the land in the distance?" "Na," quo' she, "I

eanna see it, yet I canna for one moment misdoubt its existence. James, I ha'e turned unco sick—for the love o' heaven carry me down below."

NATURAL WOOL.

[Inscribed to ROBT. REID, Esq., London, Ont.]

Tam Norrie grew sick—just as sick as sick could be,
And he said to his wife, "Oh, I doot I will dee,
I'm nearing the end, and as sure as a shot
Ye'll get married again and I'll soon be forgot.
I wish ye wad hurry and slip on your shoon,
And rin a' the road awa doon to the toon,
And gang into the shop kept by Robbie McFee,
And buy me the best woolen sark ye can see."

Now Nannie, his wife, was a smart kind o' body,
She ga'e her consent, and soon got hersel' ready ;
As oot at the door like a lintie she went
She cried back to Tammie, "Noo haud ye content,
And I will be back lang afore it is dark,
And, my certy, I'll buy ye a braw woolen sark,
And I ha'e nae doot it will ease ye and mend ye,
So live ye in hope, and may heaven defend ye."

Her thoughts were unsettled, and sair on the rack,
As she breisted the brae and gaed doon the sheep-track,
She gaed into the shop and said, " Mr. McFee,
For your life hurry up, man, and wait upon me,
Our Tammie's a' wrang—he's awa frae his wark,
And ance errant I've come, man, to buy him a sark."
He showed her some black anes, she cried in a crack,
"Get awa wi' your black anes—I winna ha'e black !

What I want is a sark just as white as the snaw."
Quo' Robbie, " The white anes will no' do ava,
There's some that are red—they're the best that I ha'e ;
Wi' finger uplifted these words she did say—
"I've seen living shcep, and I have seen dead anes,
But, Mr. McFee, I have never seen red anes ;
Ye may brag o' your red, and your black, and your blue,
But there's nane o' them a' like the natural woo'."

CONSOLATION REJECTED.

One day Tibbie Rintoul was cleaning up, and she had her whole house in a state of confounded confusion. About mid-day auld Willy Rintoul, her good man, entered with a pair of spectacles on the bridge of his nose. He cried out, "Tibbie, is the dinner ready?" and immediately fell headlong among a lot of pots and pans. At this juncture Tibbie was on her knees scrubbing out the porridge pot with a heather ranger, and quoth she, "Dear me, Willy, ha'e ye broken onything?" "Dear me," quoth he, "I am more than sure that I ha'e broken baith my legs." "Dear me," quoth she, "everything is mixed wi' mercy. It might have been worse. Ye ought to be thankfu' that ye didna break your neck." "Thankfu'," quoth Willy, "I wadna shed a solitary tear if I saw baith you and your infernal pots and pans sunk in the deepest dens o' Yarrow."

NEVER MARRY A WIDOW.

Donald Handyside is a stone mason, and a married man, and James Cobb stands ready to testify to the truth of the following narrative. On account of something going wrong with the links of his back and the lappets of his lungs, Donald was unable to lift either hammer or mell. He applied to a doctor, who gave him outward and inward applications, which scattered his ailments like the morning mists before the rising sun. He went home and found his wife lying snug in bed about 11 o'clock a. m. He cried out to her. "O, Rachel, I ha'e grand news, and I will give ye the evidence," and with this he began dancing the Highland fling. When he concluded, Rachel said: "O, Donald, I was beginning to lose a' hope o' ye, but it

disna' do to cast away the cog when the cow flings.
 Now, when your life appears to be prolonged, and, if
 only thing should happen to me, never marry a widow
 unless her first man was hanged."

BETTY BLAIR'S COURTSHIP.

Away in Berwickshire, at a place they ca' Drakemire,
 In the year eighteen forty-nine,
 There lived a maiden fair, and her name was Betty Blair,
 And I thought that Betty was divine.

Doon beside the water-edge, 'neath the bonnie hawthorn hedge
 I said, "My darling Betty, dear,
 O, will you marry me, and fill my heart with glee
 Afore the wintry months draw near?"

She turned away her head, "Oh, no," my Betty said
 "You can never upon me prevail,
 You live in Edencraw, and you've neither house nor ha',
 A frying pan, a pot, or a pail."

Then I said, "sweet Betty Blair, Oh, you fill me wi' despair,
 My bosom, how it throbs with commotion,
 If you will not take the ring, my body I will fling
 From the brow of St. Abb's to the ocean!

"When in the deep blue sea, Oh, my love I'll dream of thee,
 How you filled my true heart with wounds;
 But afore that I do this, I may tell you of my bliss,
 My grannie's left me ten hunder' pounds!"

You have all seen, I suppose, the dew drop on the rose,
 On the violet, and the lily meek,
 But you never saw the tear that did instantly appear
 Like a pearl on her rosy cheek!

Then she said, "My love, my pet, I deeply do regret
 That I filled up your heart with sorrow;
 All that I've got to say, we now will name the day,
 My providing will be ready by to-morrow."

And now I'm free from care, for I married Betty Blair;
 And my cup is filled with delight,
 For we've got a little elf, just the picture of myself,
 And it squalls every hour o' the night.

A STOUT HEART.

My respected auld Grannie lived doon at Rigfit,
 And she had a strong share o' auld mither wit,
 Whatever transpired she'd ca' up the auld say, man,
 "Aye put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man."

John Duff broke his leg somewhere 'bout his knee,
 She put on her specs and 'quo she, "Let me see,
 John Duff, tak' advice, and no look sae wae, man,
 Aye put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man."

"'Twad been worse, oh, John Duff, if ye had got a crack,
 That had broken your neck or the banes o' your back,
 Sae just be content in your bed ye maun stay, man,
 And put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man."

Meg Dods was a lass baith bonnie and braw,
 She got married, but haith her guidman ran awa,
 Quo Grannie, "He's aff to the deil his ain way, mem,
 Meg ! put a stout heart unto a steep brae, mem."

"It might ha'e been worse, some day or some night,
 He might taken a stick and felled ye outright ;
 O' ills choose the least, be glad he's away, mem,
 Touts ! put a stout heart unto a steep brae mem."

Rab Dow lost his coo, she loup'd over the linn,
 Quo' Grannie to Robin, "Hout ne'er fash your fin,
 If it had been your wife ye might groan night and day,
 man,
 Rab ! put a stout heart, unto a steep brae, man."

"A coo is a brute, but a wife is a wife,
 Ye might ne'er get another a' the days o' your life ;
 A far better coo ye may e'en get this day, man,
 Sae put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man."

But Grannie fell sick, she was wearin' awa,
 And the minister cam' to lay doon the law ;
 A chapter he read, then expounded a text,
 But Grannie lay calmly and nae ways perplex'd.

At length she spoke out, "I have heard what ye said ;
 I ken I'm maist ready for shovel and spade ;
 But ae thing consoles me—my hope and my stay, man,
 I aye put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man."

Now Grannie sleeps sound 'neath the lone willow tree,
And the thought o' her aft brings the tear to my e'e ;
She was canty and kind, she needs nae defender,
Folk liked her the mair the mair that they ken'd her.

I'll ne'er see her mair, but I set up a stone,
Wi' her name and her age chisel'd neatly thereon,
And I added the words that she liked weel to say, man—
“Aye put a stout heart unto a steep brae, man.”

BRING THE CAMPHOR.

I have received a great number of communications, in which the writers display a great weakness of mind. They vainly endeavor to brow-beat me out of the strong ground I took, some two weeks ago, against their evolution balderdash. Though ignorance prevails, yet wisdom still flings its banner to the breeze. Nature has drawn dividing lines between the species. According to “Goldsmith’s Animated Nature” a canary has never become a crow. If my canary began to crow I would break its neck and fling it into the back yard. Did any of Shakespeare’s sons or daughters evolve and make their mark? Did Washington’s sons carry the hod up the hill of fame? No, for this simple reason, that he had none. If my blinking critics will turn to Job, XL, 18, they will find that the Behemoth’s “bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron.” Now, at this date the Behemoth ought to be as large as the city hall, and if he had not become extinct he would have been a valuable addition to our “Detroit Museum of Art.” I have the toothache. I do not desire to be pestered with any more of these letters. Let us have peace—peace on earth and good will among men and women. Martha, my dear, bring the camphor.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

O, Lammermoor, your glens and dells,
 Your heath-clad hills on every hand,
 Your winding streams, your crystal wells
 Proclaim you're nature's favor'd land.

In yonder glen, clean out o' mind,
 Has stood our village, sae romantic,
 Its match, I'm sure, ye'll fail to find
 On either side o' the Atlantic.

Frae 'mang the hills the winding Dye
 Glides on and on wi' gladsome glee ;
 There calmly like a child she'll lie
 'Neath hazel bank and spreading tree.

By Craggie-glen she winds along,
 To Millwood braes she hums her greeting,
 Mair pleasing, sweeter is her sang
 When wi' the water Watch she's meeting.

On Whinrig braes how aft I've strayed,
 Where grow the ash tree and the rowan,
 And there beneath their sheltering shade
 Sweet bloom the primrose and the gowan.

There grow the brume, the briar, the yew,
 Wi' scented breath the air perfuming,
 The cowslip and the violet blue,
 The lily meek and unassuming.

When gloamin' folds her wings above,
 Then comes the soft enraptured hour,
 The hour that lovers fondly love
 To tell their tale in yonder bower.

Or, wandering by the winding Dye,
 Or, lingering in the silent grove,
 To vow the vow, and heave the sigh,
 And whisper in the ear of love.

Oh, love ! the best, the chiefest bliss,
 The greatest boon to mortals given,
 I trow the smile, the tender kiss,
 Are foretastes of the joys of Heaven.

The Dye glides past the auld meal-mill ;
 How oft, I've heard its clanking clash,
 And glower'd wi' wonder at the wheel,
 As out and in the waters splash—

And tumble doon wi' might and main,
 And jaw and jap, and jouck and jivel ;
 Syne prove what sages can explain,
 That water aye will find its level.

Oh, weel I mind the miller's ha',
 But better still the miller's daughter ;
 She was baith bonnie, blyth and braw,
 And monie a lad in vain had sought her.

Sweet blooms the rose at early morn,
 Its fragrance fills the balmy air,
 Its blush, its bloom, her cheeks adorn—
 She was the fairest of the fair.

When simmer danced upon the hills,
 She was beloved and loved again
 But 'fore the winter froze the rills.
 Death came and claimed her a' his ain.

Sic grief was never ken'd, I ween,
 By auld and young this grief was shar'd ;
 They deck'd her in her bridal sheen,
 And laid her in the auld kirk-yard.

At eve how sweet the blackbirds sing,
 Their sangs re-echo 'mang the braes ;
 Their sangs to recollection bring
 The buried joys of other days.

My Ellen sleeps her long, last sleep,
 And none are left so fair as she ;
 Aboon her grave the willows weep,
 Oh, weary heart, Oh, wae is me.

HAVE YE GOTTEN ANY SILLER ?

When Roderick Bowhill reached man's estate his father, to lend him a helping hand, rented a farm and placed him upon it, near the base of the Cheviot hills. Matters went on smoothly for a time, but in the long

run, Roderick felt a want about the house. After mature deliberation he made up his mind to procure a wife. He also made up his mind that when he got her, if reproof was needed, he would reprove her very mildly and correct her with great caution. A number of farmers' daughters were anxious to get a hold of Roderick, as they knew, and their mothers knew, that whoever got him would get a good down-sitting. But regarding these matters it is no use in beating about the bush, for, after a short courtship, he got married to Janet Part-ridge, who was about his own age, and who had good manners and a fair complexion. Shortly after the wedding, Roderick, being a dutiful son, and being in need of cash to buy Janet a silk gown for Sundays, paid his parents a visit who received him with kindness, and his mother eagerly inquired how her daughter-in-law was getting along. "Mother," cried Roderick, "she is an angel! She can milk the cows, skim the milk, ca' the kirn, make the cheese and sell the butter, make the beds and darn the sarks, and can ca' the cats, dogs, hens and swine out at the door wi' a vengeance. My patience, mother, no man can know what it is to get a good wife till he gets one. Mother, she is like the bee, she works honey from every flower. Now, as a dutiful wife ought to be encouraged wi' a present now and again, I wad like to ken if ye ha'e gotten ony siller in your stockin-fit?"

WHAT ARE YE DOING HERE ?

John Dalziel, a Canadian surveyor, some years ago penetrated into what he considered an uninhabited district at the head o' Lake Superior. He was more than astonished when he cam' upon a clearance, and a man wha had on a Tam O' Shanter bonnet, and a pair o' breeks

made oot o' the Rob-Roy tartan. Quo' he, "What in a' the warld are ye doin' here?" Quo' he, "I'm knockin' doon trees and fechtin' wi' bears and misquitoes."

JEANIE'S COMIN'.

Caledonia ! land of the glen and the mountain,
 Land where the thistle waves proud o'er the plain,
 Land of the streamlet, the lake and the fountain;
 O, to be back to thy mountains again !

'Mang thy heathery braes the lark sings sae cheerie,
 Ilka dell rings wi' nature's sweet sang,
 The mavis and blackbird never grow weary
 A-singin' sae blithesome the simmer day lang.

Aft I ha'e wander'd adown by the plantin',
 That leads to the glen where ripples the Dye ;
 Aft I ha'e listen'd the bonnie birds chantin'.
 As if ilka ane wad in melody vie.

There the hazel, the slae, and the red cheekit rowan,
 O'ershadows the primrose adown in the dell;
 Sweet on the haugh grow the cowslip and gowan,
 And Scotia's ain flower—the bonnie blue bell.

'Twas there by the Dye wi' Jeanie I parted,
 As the sun stole awa yont the distant Mayshiel,
 Cheerless the future, amaist broken hearted,
 How fondly I said "dearest Jeanie, fareweel."

Now I am far frae the land o' the heather,
 But Jeanie will come o'er the wide rolling main,
 Jeanie and simmer will come baith thegether,
 And the winter o' care I will ne'er see again.

A MERCIFUL DISPENSATION.

Some young men are very particular, and some are very slothful and slovenly. John Younger was very orderly in consequence of having the phrenological organ of order sticking out of his head like a ram's horn. One night he called upon his sweetheart, and after he left she says to her mither, "Mither it was a merciful dispensation of Providence—that I had my hair combed."

IS YOUR HONOR A PRIEST ?

[Inscribed to JOHN MCGREGOR, Esq., Detroit.]

About the beginning of the present century there was born in the Gorbals of Glasgow a boy, whose father's name was John McIndoe, a wheel-wright by trade, and a man who possessed a considerable share of general information. In his leisure hours he studied mathematics, but getting tired of it, he turned his attention to chemistry and became a warm admirer of Dr. Priestly, a great polemical and philosophical dissenting clergyman and author. As soon as the boy was ripe and ready to be baptized he was carried to church, and in honor of the philosopher he was named Priestly McIndoe. In course of time Priestly grew up, and, like his father before him, learned the trade of wheel-making. He was a general favorite among his companions; had a free and easy way of his own, and instead of calling him Priestly, they cut his name down to "Priest," and he became so accustomed to this designation that he would have considered it strange if they had called him by any other name. In course of time Priest also got married, and he became the father of several children. One day he went home to his wife, and he said, "Mary, my dear, I have made up my mind to throw down the hammer, I have sworn a deadly oath that I will never make or mend another wheel in Scotland." "Preserve us a'!" cried she, "Priest, what in a' the world has got into ye. Ha'e ye lost a' the sense that nature has endowed ye wi', or are ye only speaking for speaking's sake?" "Mary, my dear," said he, "I am in down-right earnest. I ha'e made up my mind to gang to America, and the sooner that your mind is made up to gang along wi' me the better it will be for a' concerned." "Weel," quo' Mary,

“I am willing to gang, and when we are baith in the same mind the better it will be to soon set out on our travels.” After this conversation they sold off all their effects, and bidding farewell to all their friends, they took passage in a sailing vessel from the Clyde that was bound for America. After the usual tossing up and down on the broad Atlantic, Priest and his family landed safely at Quebec, and after a tedious land journey they eventually settled down in the pleasant town of Peterboro, in Upper Canada. Here Priest met many of his old friends and companions that had previously emigrated, and, being of a jovial disposition, I am sorry to state that he became somewhat fond of the flowing bowl. He had been on what is vulgarly called “a burst” for several days, and on going up the street whom should he meet but Jimmie McPhail, a distant relation on his mother’s side, and whom he had not seen for some years. Jimmie had also a cargo of whiskey aboard, and when the two met they were in such high feather, and so glad to meet with one another, that they began dancing the Highland fling on the public thoroughfare. After this they adjourned to the public house to wet their whistles and have a comfortable crack about Auld Lang Syne. There they sat and sat and drank one another’s health till the dead hour of midnight. At length Priest said, “Jimmie, let us gang hame and see Mary. Man, she will be glad to see ye; but afore we gang we’ll ha’e a red herrin’ apiece and another dram. Landlord, bring us twa red herrings and another half mutchkin.” These were brought, and after they were disposed of they paid the reckoning, which took the last cent that was in their pockets. The two then started on their journey, and they had gone only a short distance when Priest said,

“Oh dear me, man Jimmie, that red herrin’ has made me extraordinary dry, as sure as I am livin’ I wad gi’e a’ the world for a bottle o’ Prestonpan’s Table-beer.” “I’m unco dry mysel’,” quo’ Jimmie, “but I doubt we’ll ha’e to content oursel’s wi’ a waught o’ Adam’s wine, seeing that it is far on in the night and our siller’s a’ done.” “Aye, aye,” quo’ Priest, “folk maun pit up wi’ mony hardships and inconveniences in this wretched world, but there’s ae thing that I am sure o’ and that’s no twa, that I’ll choke lang afore I get hame, and if ye get hame afore me just tell Mary, wi’ my kindest regards, that I died frae the effects o’ eating a Glasgow magistrate. But mercy on us a’, Jimmie, Providence is kinder to us than we deserve, for, as I have a soul to be saved, there’s a light in that window. I’m sure it is a public house ; we’ll gang in and see if they’ll no’ take mercy upon us.” On saying which the two entered, but their consternation may be imagined when they saw a woman lying in bed in the agonies of death, and a number of friends and relatives gathered round to see her draw her last breath. This melancholy scene had the effect of sobering the two worthies, and although they knew no one in the house, they had the common decency to sit down and act as if they had come to pay a friendly visit. Thus they sat for some time. At length Jimmie said, in a loud whisper, “Priest, it is time to go.” “Well,” said Priest, and they both rose up to go quietly away. Now, the husband of the dying woman, who was an Irishman, overheard this conversation, and he tapped Jimmie on the shoulder and said, “Sur, may I be bowld enough to ask if his honor is a priest ?” “That he is,” said Jimmie, as he gave Priest the wink, “but he is at present out of

holy orders, on account of taking a drop too much." "Bedad," said Patrick McGuire, for that was the Irishman's name, "that fault, if fault it may be called, lies at many a good fellow's door; your raverence," he continued, turning to Priest, "will ye plase look at my dying wife, glory be to God, savin' yere worship's presence; she is going fast, and not more than an hour ago our own priest has given her absolution." On hearing this, Priest heaved a deep sigh, and advanced to the bed where the sick woman was lying. He requested her to show her tongue, and then he gently felt the pulsations of her wrist, and then he turned to Patrick McGuire and the rest of the company, and said:

"Radamanthus, husky, mingo,
Horner, hipock, jinko, jingo,

this woman is sick, but as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, she will get well and rise from her bed, and be the mother of many more children." These remarks so tickled the fancy of the dying woman that she could not resist giving a sort of hysterical laugh. On hearing which a great load came off the mind of Patrick McGuire, and he flung his hat up to the ceiling, and skipped with joy up and down the floor. He then went up and looked at his wife and said, "Be my sowl, darlint, sure ye're not going to lave us; by the Holy St. Patrick, his raverence, the blessed priest, says ye will yet be the mother ave many more childer."

Curious to state that from that hour the sick woman began to rally, and the lamentations of that house were turned into joy. The bottle was set on the table, and Priest and Jimmie took a good swig of its contents, and then wished all and sundry good-night. After this adventure, Priest felt so ashamed of his conduct that he

never tasted another drop of drink till his dying day. About a year after Priest's midnight visit to Patrick McGuire's house he was passing it one day, and the last named individual, with great kindness, requested him to step in, to which request Priest, with good will, complied. There he saw Mrs. McGuire with a fine child, a few weeks old, in her arms. McGuire, with paternal fondness, pointed to the child, and then turned to Priest and said: "Please, sur, what is yer raverences name?" To which question Priest gave a ready answer. "Now, be the powers," cried Patrick, "one good turn desarves another, and that spalpeen shall be called Priest McIndoe McGuire." Thus was the union of Ireland and Scotland more firmly cemented by the representatives of these two kingdoms.

A POOR INVESTMENT.

Jean Johnson was a spinster,
 And she span in the mid-mill.
 And I have heard Rob Howden say
 She span wi' mickle skill.

Although her wages were but sma'
 Yet she did act discreet,
 And with frugality she made
 The tongue and buckle meet.

She had a lad, but he, alas!
 Was to the kirkyard carried,
 And for his sake she vowed a vow
 She never would get married.

Though many a lad cam' seeking for
 Her heart and hand to gain,
 She told them that in singleness
 She ever would remain.

They tried her with the sweetest words
 That from the tongue could flow
 But "yes" fell never from her lips!
 Her answer aye was "no."

Now all these lads tried other grounds
Losh ! how they were elated
When they with perseverance all
Like turtle doves were mated.

Jean lived out-ower in a cot-house
Alang wi' her auld mither,
And baith the twa did aye their best
To 'gree weel wi' ilk ither.

But Jean, alas, fell unco sick,
And couldna move her feet,
But by my faith she didna' want
For neither meal or meat.

Her fellow workers, ane and a',
A helping hand they lent it,
They bought poor Jean a stitch machine,
And quick to her they sent it.

When it cam' hame the auld wife cried,
I think we should refuse it,
For oh, my poor, poor helpless bairn
Has got nae strength to use it."

Wi' this Rob Howden raised his voice,
And then he spoke fu' crouse,
"Tuts, haud your tongue, I'm sure it will
Come handy 'bout the house."

This tale is told with words o' truth,
And truth needs no defense,
With the design to show some folk
Have very little sense.

It makes me just as mad's a hare
Whene'er I think about it;
I'm unco sure had I been there
Some lugs I wad ha'e clouted.

If they had bought Jean something more
In keeping wi' her need,
I'd sung their praises far and wide
And wished them a' "God speed."

MUD AND DUST.

In the year aughteen-hunder and aughty-nine, and on the twintyeth day o' September, I met ma auld friend John Wardlaw on the streets o' London, Ontario, in a most deplorable condition. Now, John was born in Edencraw, a toon on the borders o' Scotland, and one o' his ancestors went to the battle field o' Dunbar to fight against Oliver Cromwell, when an auld wife handed his name doon to posterity by exclaiming :

“ They're a' there, they're a' there—
There's John Wardlaw on his mare.”

I took John by the hand, and quo' I, “ John, where on a' the earth ha'e ye been ? ” “ Been,” quo' John, “ I ha'e been doon to Toronto at the exhibition, and I gat my claes a' covered wi' glaur and my mouth filled fu' o' stour, and when I gat there I gaed into a tavern to get a glass o' whiskey, and quo' I to the barman, wha happened to be a Scotchman, ‘ Is that whiskey guid ? ’ ‘ I dinna' ken,’ quo' he, ‘ but they're a' drinkin' awa' at it.’ Then I gat into a pitched battle regarding annexation, and the animal rippit ma coat straught up the back, and I lost ma umberella, but I faund it again. Now, I ha'e come to the conclusion that bairns below sax years auld and men and women aboon fifty, should never venture mair than half-a-mile awa frae their hames. I dinna ken what ma guidwife will say when she sets her e'en on me, but ae thing I ken, it is a mercy I faund ma umberella to keep the storm off.” We parted, and as we parted I was ready to exclaim, in imitation of Sir Walter Scott :

“ O, woman, when our coats are torn,
We wish that we had ne'er been born.”

THE WOODEN LEG.

In Melrose liv'd a minister,
A man o' portly frame,
Wha pray'd and preached in Melrose Kirk,
John Tamson was his name.

Upon a Sunday afternoon,
Laird Douglas thus did say—
“Come, Mr. Tamson, come wi' me,
And tak' pat-luck this day.”

“Aweel,” quo' he, “I'll gladly gang,
‘Twill gi'e me muckle pleasure,
But 'fore we start, sir, you must know,
We'll ha'e to walk at leasure.”

Now, to give point to this remark,
He said, “Laird, laird, I beg,”
He said nae mair, but shook his head
And pointed to his leg.

The reason he did thus and thus,
Let it be understood,
He had twa legs, but ane o' them,
Wae's me, was made o' wood.

If I should cudgel up my brains
Frae mornin' sun till night,
I couldna' tell if his wood leg
Was either left or right.

Now, Mr. Tamson and the Laird
Gaed saunterin' aff fu' crouse,
And inside o' an hour they gain'd
The Douglas mansion house.

The lady there, wi' kindly smiles,
The minister accosted ;
And soon they a' paid their respects
Unto the boiled and roasted.

The Laird belanged to the auld school—
A kindly crackin' body,
And when the dishes were remov'd
He cried, “Bring ben the toddy.”

Now, baith the twa could tak' their dram,
 Or aiblins could tak' twa,
 But ne'er were kent, like drunken brutes,
 Aside their chair to fa'.

John Tamson spak' 'bout Robert Peel,
 'Bout sliding scales and corn ;
 Wi' this the Laird oried, "I've a mear
 Nae better ere was born.

"My certy ! she's the grandest mear
 That ever wagged a tail ;
 Her match I'm sure ye'd fail to find
 In France or Tevoitdale.

"Afore the darksome night sets in,
 Sir, sir, I'll no think shame,
 To yoke up Peg, and by my faith,
 I'll quickly drive ye hame.

"'Twill gi'e me unco great delight
 To let you see her paces,
 As I intend to enter her
 Next week at Kelso races."

Now, in the gig the Douglas Laird
 And minister are sittin',
 And in the trams Peg snooves along
 As canny as a kitten.

At length the Laird cried oot to Peg,
 "Come, Peg, my lass, get up."
 He touches her aboon the tail
 And then he cracks his whup.

She gave a jump, she gave a spring,
 Then dashes off forthwith,
 She gets her lugs upon her neck,
 And bits atween her teeth.

Fast, fast flew she, fast and mair fast,
 As if she'd never tire,
 While frae her heels, and frae the wheels,
 Flew sparks o' living fire.

At length she ga'e a fearful stend,
Whirr, whirr, the gig play'd pitch,
Mercy ! the Laird and minister
Flew headlang in the ditch.

Losh ! wives and men I have heard say,
For twa dead men mistook them,
At length they opened up their eyes,
And wildly glowered about them.

The Laird cried, " Mr. Tamson, sir,
Have ye seen aught o' Peg ?"
" Na, Laird," quo' he, " but ha'e ye seen
Aught o' my wooden leg ?"

ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS.

Galloway, situated on the shores of the Solway Firth, is one of the most secluded and romantic districts in Scotland. In the days of the persecution the Covenanters there found refuge in the glen and the cave, to commune with one another, to worship unmolested the God of heaven, and to mourn over a broken covenant.

There's nae Covenant noo, lassie !
There's nae Covenant noo !
The Solemn League and Covenant
Are a' broken through !

In the time of the Commonwealth, and reign of Charles II., the Rev. Samuel Rutherford was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. But, becoming tired of the cavils and contentions that then existed in the Scottish capital, he made up his mind to retire from his professorship and become minister of Anwoth, Galloway, not far distant from the scene so beautifully described in Lowe's matchless lyric, " Mary's Dream " :

“The moon had climbed the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source o' Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.”

There, far away from the flaunting town, Mr. Rutherford found that repose which he desired, and took a great interest in administering to the spiritual wants of his rural flock. While not thus engaged he exercised his mind in the composition of a learned work against Armeinanism, entitled, “*Exercitationes de Gratia*,” and another popular work entitled “*Rutherford's Letters*,” which to this day is found in the window-soles of the peasantry of Scotland, side by side with “*Baxter's Saint's Rest*,” “*Boston's Four-fold State*,” and other books of a religious nature.

In those days, in consequence of the wretched state of the roads, and no post-offices ever thought of, men of letters had few or no opportunities of communicating with one another. From these causes it became a custom among the learned to make long pilgrimages for the purpose of exchanging views on the questions of the day and seeing one another face to face. As an instance of this we have it on record that “*Rare Ben Jonson*” forsook his London haunts and traveled to Scotland for the purpose of meeting the poet Drummond of Hawthornden. When they met, Drummond, it is said, received him with great kindness and exclaimed :

“Welcome, welcome royal Ben,”

To which Jonson immediately replied,

“Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

On a beautiful morning in spring a sturdy beggar was wending his way through the wild solitudes of Galloway. On reaching the abode of the Rev. Samuel

Rutherford, he inquired of Mrs. Rutherford if the minister was at home. To which question she made answer that her husband would not be home till late that evening. She, however, desired him to step into the kitchen. Mrs. Rutherford may be described as a garrulous managing woman—a kind of prototype of the strong-minded women of the present day. Although she looked upon the beggar with some degree of mistrust, notwithstanding she set before him some scraps of victuals and ordered him “to fall to and eat and be thankful for the mercies.” The beggar laid aside his bonnet and commenced to eat with a keen relish, as his long walk among the mountains had no doubt sharpened his appetite. When his plate was empty he held it out to Mrs. Rutherford, and on replenishing it she muttered to herself, “I muckle doot that wandering vagabond will eat us out o’ house and ha’, but poor creature, he has maybe seen better days and has a soul to be saved like the rest o’ us.” After the stranger had finished his repast Mrs. Rutherford put a few questions to him regarding where he had come from and where he was going, but received no satisfactory answer; therefore she betook herself to her household duties and laughed in her sleeve as she thought of the old proverb that the beggar was as wise as Wudsie’s calf “that dinna ken milk, frae water.” The beggar, now being left alone sat down in a corner and fell fast asleep. He slept on and on, till the shades of evening began to fall. Mrs. Rutherford now became somewhat alarmed at the non-arrival of her husband, and being all alone in the house she began to entertain the notion that the beggar’s absence would be good company. As he sat in the corner she ever and anon eyed him with suspicion,

but her fear was relieved by the arrival of some neighboring children, who had come for the purpose of answering their weekly questions and to receive religious instructions from their pastor. "Bairns," said she, "the minister is no at hame, but I will tak' it on mysel' to be your teacher this nicht.' On saying this she went up to the beggar and roared out to him, "Wauken up this precious moment and be questioned on points of faith along wi' the children." With this the beggar opened his eyes and looked around him like one dumfounded, then he arose and did as desired.

The minister's wife, still thinking that she had some poor, half-witted wanderer, thought it best to handle him gingerly, and put some questions to him as the meanest capacity might satisfactorily answer. She therefore inquired of him "How many commandments are there?" To which he immediately answered "Eleven." "Poor man," said she, "Ye are deplorably ignorant, it is heart-rending to think that such ignorance can be found in this Christian country; and the best thing you can do is to gang to your bed in the garret and ye will see Mr. Rutherford in the mornin'." Mrs. Rutherford then conducted him to his quarters, which, it appears, was immediately over the room where Mr. Rutherford slept. The beggar inwardly rejoiced at this, as he strongly desired to hear the learned divine offer up his evening prayer to the God of all!

Mr. Rutherford at length reached his home, and from some cause or another, Mrs. Rutherford thought it fit not to inform him that a stranger was in the house. The minister after partaking of some slight repast, being tired and jaded out, retired early to rest. The beggar patiently listened till the dead hour of midnight to

hear the sound of the minister's voice, but listened in vain. He then began to pray, and the astonishment of Mr. Rutherford may be imagined as he lay entranced, and heard one of the most earnest and devout prayers that ever fell from the lips of a human being! While this prayer was progressing Mrs. Rutherford slumbered and slept, but on its conclusion he exclaimed with bated breath: "This is either an angel from Heaven, Satan turned saint—or—Archbishop Usher!"

The night passed away and the sun ushered in the Sabbath morning thus poetically described:

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

At the dawn of day the beggar rose from his humble bed and shortly afterward quietly stole out of the house. He had only gone a short distance and appeared wrapt in deep meditation when a hand was laid on his shoulder. On turning round he said: "Sir, although we have never met, I know that you are Mr. Rutherford." To which the latter made answer, "I know that you can be none else but Archbishop Usher." Thus did the two-greatest and most eloquent divines of that century meet in the wilds of Galloway! The Archbishop explained to Mr. Rutherford that he had certain reasons of his own in coming to meet him in disguise, and begged that his secret might be kept. "But how can that be done," replied Mr. Rutherford, "as you must preach for

me this day?" "What would your people think," exclaimed the Archbishop, "when they saw a beggar mount the steps of the pulpit?" "That can be easily arranged," was the answer. "Mrs. Rutherford I have no doubt is still asleep, and I will forthwith go back to the house and bring you a suit of my clothes, which in the quietude of the glen you can easily exchange." This arrangement was accordingly entered into, and when the time came the Archbishop occupied the pulpit, and Mr. Rutherford and his wife sat together in the pew. At the conclusion of the prayer the Archbishop gave out the text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," and Mrs. Rutherford looked with astonishment at the man, and she thought, "This is an answer to the question I put to the poor beggar last night." The preacher illustrated his text by referring to Joseph and his brethren and the injunction given, "See that ye fall not out by the way," and wound up with the divine peroration. "All men shall know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another."

At the conclusion of the discourse Mrs. Rutherford, who was troubled with the curiosity of her sex, could contain herself no longer, but whispered into the ear of her husband, "That surely canna be the idiot that slept in the garrit last night!"

WHAT HE BAGGED.

We had two fine conical hills in our parish, and one Irishman of independent means. One day he took his shooting bag and gun and went up to the top of one of these hills. When he came down his wife inquired if he had bagged anything? "Be jabbers," said he, "Allie, I have bagged a sevare cowl."

THE WASHING-DAY.

One morn my wife saluted me,
And thus and thus did say:
"You'd better take your dinner out,
As this is washing day."

A tear-drop trinkled down my cheek,
And I cried, "Woe betide!
I fear I'll have no appetite
Unless you're by my side."

I caught her in my loving arms,
And when our four lips parted,
With trembling hand I took my stick,
And down Bagg street I started.

When time had struck twelve doleful sound
Upon the city bell,
I sallied out, and soon I found
A very fine hotel.

I looked around and there and then
I found an empty chair,
And then a maid, with dove-like eyes,
Gave me her bill of fare.

I meditated on the list,
My mind was in a doubt,
At last I said, "I think, my dear,
That I will take some trout."

When I had finished trout and tea,
The maiden brought some pie;
She said: "Sir, down upon the floor
Has fallen your necktie."

She picked it up, then to my band
She pinned it with a pin;
My very heart leaped to my mouth
When I held up my chin.

She smiled so sweet, that quick as thought
She went from me away;
Alas! She stole, she stole my heart
Upon the washing-day.

LOVESICK.

George Miller was an unmarried exciseman, and who resided in Dalkeith, Scotland. He fell over head and ears in love wi' a lass wha resided in a distant county. Her image was forever before him, and he got into such a disordered state of mind that he even forgot to sup his porridge. He longed and he yearned to see her, and clasp her in his fond embrace, but how to obtain leave of absence was beyond his comprehension. At last he fell upon a plan. He got a pipe and an ounce of tobacco, and he blawed and he yearned till he made his loving heart shiver and shake. He then went to the doctor, who granted him leave of absence on account of heart disease and mental derangement.

FALSE HISTORIANS.

Innumerable blunders have crept into "Histories" and the "Lives of Men." In probing these blunders to the bottom I have been frequently tempted to exclaim with David of old, "that all men are liars." In proof, it is set down in black and white that John Hogg, the schoolmaster of Lasswade, was never married. I can prove, without the shadow of a doubt, that he was married, and that his wife's maiden name was Peg Maitland, and that she was a spinster, and more than that, that she was born and brought up in the parish of Traquair. If tradition is to be believed, John Hogg and Peggy were very unequally yoked. One day he said to her, "Peg, when I eloped with you I was more than sure that ye would prove an auxiliary or helping verb; instead of that ye have proved to be an adversative conjunction." "What's that ye say?" cried Peg. "It was an ill wind that blew ye in my direction,

but, my certy, the lad I ought to have had was banished to Botany Bay. My certy, I wadna hae gi'en his little finger for your whole body and bones, and your boots and breeches thrown into the bargain."

A FREAK OF NATURE.

In Yetholm town lived Dr. Baird,
 Who preached for many a day,
 And 'mong the gypsies did his best
 To point and lead the way.
 'Though they were an ungodly race,
 Yet he would ne'er desert them,
 But to his latter end he strove
 To teach and to convert them.
 At times he thought he had them right,
 And then he would assert it—
 That all that he could say or do
 They would not stay converted.
 They'd donkeys, and at early morn
 Their brayings were so great
 As made the very hills and dales,
 And glens reverberate.
 Now, 'bout these roars on weekly days
 He made no observation,
 But on the Sabbath day he deemed
 Them fearful desecration.
 He gathered all the gypsies round,
 And with a solemn face,
 He said that these unearthly sounds
 Were naught but a disgrace.
 He charged them that on Saturdays,
 As soon as day was gone,
 To every donkey's tail forthwith
 They must suspend a stone.
 This plan was tried with grand results,
 And it does me astound
 That donkeys cannot roar whene'er
 Their tails point to the ground !

ROUSE HIM UP! ROUSE HIM UP!

The village of Denholm is situated in the bonnie border land, and which, by the way, is the birthplace of the late Dr. John Leyden, the great linguist and friend of Sir Walter Scott. One Sunday there was a ripple in the bosoms of the inhabitants of the village. The Rev. John Johnman, a strange minister, was to preach, and his great fame had surged before him. The congregation met. The day was very hot and oppressive, as heavy and sulphurous puffs of warm winds came down from the Lammermoor hills. Mr. Johnman proceeded with his sermon, but it was not long till the people began to nap, dose and nod, and knock one another's elbows into one another's ribs. Mr. Johnman observed this, and he looked at an old man who sat beside an old, blinking wife, and he cried down to her, "Rouse him up! Rouse him up!" On hearing this the old female sinner roared out at the top of her voice, which roused the whole congregation: "I canna do that, sir, for he has been stone blind for the last forty years."

JOHN AND WILL.

Both John and Will were born and bred,
 And schooled on Scotland's strand;
 Then they took ship and sailed away
 Unto Columbia's land.

Now John went east and Will came west
 And settled in our street,
 And he was just as kind a man
 As one would like to meet.

I kenned him weel and in our cracks
 He often spoke 'bout John,
 And often wondered where he was
 And how he got along.

Year after year had come and gane
And 'fore the twa did know it,
Without a warning word these friends
Forgathered in Detroit.

Will opened wide his mouth and cried
"John, how is it a' wi' ye,
Where ha'e ye been? guid guide us a'
Man! I am glad to see ye."

There is an error that prevails
Broadcast o'er many lands—
That a drop drink kills cauldriif care,
And tightens friendship's bands.

Quo' John "O, Will, we've met once more;
And by John Barleycorn,
And auld lang syne, come, come awa,
And faith we'll ha'e a horn."

They sat and sat and better sat
Until the stars shone bright;
Then Will cried out, "Come, John, my friend,
And stay with me this night.

O, John, O, John, I'm glad we've met
To crack 'bout days bygane,
The sight o' you cheers up my heart,
And makes me young again,"

And then they went along the street,
And wow, but they were fain,
Until they missed their feet and plung'd
Head-foremost in a drain.

Quo' Will, "This is Tib Dugdale's drain,
I doubt my ribs are broken;
Next morn I'll lay a plea 'gainst her
For keeping her drain open."

Quo' John "for pleas I dinna care,
But Will, with joy I'd shout
If Tib would come around wi' speed
This night and bail me out."

HALF-HANGED MAGGY DICKSON.

“I will tell of ane wondrous tale
 As ever was told by man,
 Or ever was sung by minstrel meet,
 Since this base world began.”

—*James Hogg.*

Fisherrow is situated on the banks of the Firth of Forth, some few miles distant from the city of Edinburgh. It is a wretched, dilapidated village, and is principally inhabited by fishermen and their families. They are a peculiar people, antiquated in their habits and superstitious in their notions; so much so that they would consider it a crime to act contrary to the customs that have been handed down to them from time immemorial. They marry and inter-marry, and, as a general rule, they are rude in speech and uncultivated in manners. They are, however, an industrious class—the fishwives in particular, who are in the daily habit of carrying large baskets of fish upon their backs to Edinburgh, and there singing out in clear, ringing tones, “Wha’ll buy my caller haddies?” Lady Nairne, Scotland’s sweetest poetess, well describes this custom in one of her lyrics—

Wha’ll buy my caller herrin’?
 They’re bonnie fish and halesome farin’;
 Wha’ll buy my caller herrin’,
 New drawn frae the Forth?

Tibbie Dickson was a fishwife, and, for aught I know to the contrary, she was bred and born in Fisherrow. She lived in the early part of the last century, and was a remarkable woman in more ways than one. She was frequently in the gross habit of turning up her little finger—that is, tossing off a horn—and when she got a number of these she was in the custom of yelling

and bawling loud enough to waken the very dead in their graves. On these occasions the young people would gather round her in crowds to receive a rich fund of amusement free of expense. She was dauntless in spirit, and feared neither the face of man or woman, with the exception of the minister. One day Tibbie was holding forth on the street to a mixed crowd, in an intoxicated state, when she happened to turn up her eye like a hen drinking water, and, lo ! she saw the minister drawing near. She became instantly as pale as death, and ran as fast as her tottering feet would carry her to her own house, locked the door and sprang into bed to await results. Shortly afterward the minister rapped at her door, and Tibbie bawled out, "I'm no in ; I'm awa oot wi' the haddies !" Now, the minister, who was somewhat of a humorist, cried through the key-hole, "Ah, Tibbie ! Tibbie ! ye are trying to cheat me, but ye'll no cheat Beelzebub." "And wha is he, I wad like to ken ?" roared Tibbie. "I never had any banterings or bargains wi' him, I trow. Sae gang awa wi' yere clashmaclavers and tell him that I winna be back till Sunday." Here Tibbie gave a series of groans and she continued : "I wish I had some ane to rin and tell the folks that I'm lying here at the doors o' death ! Maggy, Maggy, my bonnie bairn, rin awa and order ma coffin, the whiskey, and the burial bread, for I'll be dead this nicht or early in the mornin' !"

Now, Tibbie Dickson, at the period this narrative begins, had a daughter whose name was Maggy, and she was remarkable for her beauty, when it is taken into account the kind of stock she sprang from. She was on the verge of womanhood, and was one of the most notorious randies that ever ran there out. There was a

young man in the neighborhood, the son of a small farmer, who took a great fancy to Maggy and tried to civilize her. He even went so far as to offer her his hand in marriage, but she opened out upon him a perfect torrent of abuse. "Awa out o' ma sight," she cried, "ye white-livered fluke! ye wretched son o' a planter o' cabbage and a digger o' potatoes. Marry you! that wad be a marriage wi' a vengeance! D'ye think that I wad marry a miserable driver o' stots and stirks and broken doon horses! Na, na, nane o' sic land-louppers will ever wile me awa frae ma mither; the man that gets me maun be a fisherman, bold and free, that is able to sing the dredging sang and cast his net in Largo Bay. Sae gang yere ways oot o' ma sight, ma bonnie man, and seek a wife amang yere father's bond-agers, or for ony thing that I care, ye may gang and feed wi' the geese upon the links o' Musselburgh!"

After this, my informant states that this son of a farmer pestered Maggy no more, but went to seek a wife amongst the less barbarous of her sex. Notwithstanding all this, Maggy would have accepted the young farmer had she not been previously engaged to the son of a butcher, who was generally known by the name of Flesher Rab. This pair were married in due course, and Rab took up his quarters in the house of his mother-in-law, and they lived for some time together in great disorder. Rab was a most extraordinary glutton, and it took Maggy the best part of her time to cook fish and flesh to appease his appetite. At length, one day, when her mother was absent she lost all patience, and she said, "Rab! I ha'e a guid mind to crack this frying-pan over yere skull. Little did I ken when I married you that ye could eat the very gable o' a kirk! I am fair sick tired wi' boiling and frying and washing plates and

pans, and running to Musselburgh for mair meat. Losh guide us a', if it gae ye ony satisfaction it wad be nae-thing, but guid keep me, ye are nae sooner done wi' ae feed o' fish, flesh or fowl than ye are ripe and ready to begin to another cart-load." While these remarks were issuing from Maggy's lips Flesher Rab was sitting at the table with a saddle of mutton before him. He looked up at his wife with utter astonishment, and then he said, "Maggy, when I married you little did I think that it wad come to this; the man that is buckled to you wad be far better dead than alive, for to tell ye the universal truth ye are fit enough to break the heart o' an undertaker. How do you expect me to live if I dinna get ma meat?" "Live," cried Maggy, "if ye live muckle langer there will soon be a famine in the land, and that will be baith seen and heard tell o'. For my part I dinna care a snap o' ma finger though the breath o' life was oot o' you this very moment. Sae ye can gang and whistle on yere thumb, for I am done wi' ye forever!"

Flesher Rab understood that a nod from her was as good as a wink to a blind horse. He also knew the frailties of his mother-in-law; that she was sure also to pour the vials of her indignation upon his head, and rather than endure the lashings of her tongue he would a thousand fold prefer to stand between two blast furnaces. So without another word he took the saddle of mutton and tied it up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown.

For two years after this Maggy plunged recklessly into every kind of vice, and broke the moral law even to the nineteenth degree. One morning Flesher Rab was astonished when he received the following letter, dated

“MUSSELBURGH, —, 1728.

Post haste to

Flesher Rab,
Care of Mr. John Bull,
Cattle Feeder,
New Castle-Upon Tyne,
England,
Near Scotland.

SIR—I lift up the pen to let ye ken that we are a’ weel and that your wife Maggy Dickson is to be hanged for bairn murder in the Grass Market, Edinburgh, on Maunenday next and if ye can spare the time ye had better come down and see her hanged. I add nae mair but remains,

Yours till deth,

THOS. CLINKSCALES.”

This letter had the desired effect, for the day before Maggy Dickson was to answer for her crime, Flesher Rab made his appearance in Musselburgh and soon found his friend Clinkscapes, who kept a house for the “entertainment of man and beast.” Next day the two proceeded to Edinburgh in a cart, and they saw, as they thought, Maggy Dickson’s earthly career brought to a final termination upon the gallows. Flesher Rab and his companion then waited upon the authorities and received the dead body. They placed it in a chest, and then in a cart, and then drove it with the utmost fury out of the city. When about half way on their road to Musselburgh they halted at a way-side public house, leaving the horse, cart and chest with its contents standing at the door. They remained eating and drinking out of the devil’s punch bowl till their heads got muddled and darkness began to set in. When they came out their astonishment may be imagined when they saw Maggy sitting bolt upright in the chest! Flesher Rab’s hair stood up, his nether jaw fell down, his nostrils distended, his throat became as dry as a lime-kiln, his eyes

rolled in their sockets and glimmered like two stars of the first magnitude, his knees smote against each other, while a cold perspiration oozed out from every pore of his body! At length he mustered courage and cried out, "Preserve us a'! Maggy, lie doon! Do ye no ken that ye are hanged?" Clinkscales, however, had more gumption; he seized the reins and drove her to the nearest doctor, who placed her in bed, and by dint of certain inward drugs and outward poultices, in a few hours she became as lively as a blackbird on a May morning. On the next Sabbath she appeared at church, followed by a great concourse of people, and she heard the minister deliver a most excellent discourse applicable to her case.

For some years after she kept an ale-house, where many resorted to see her and birl their bawbees. When questioned regarding her experience on the gallows, she would toss her head and say, "Tuts, hangin' is no sae bad as what it is ca'd—it's muckle cry and little woo', as the tailor said when he sheared the soo. I didna' feel unco weel when I drappit wi' the rope round ma thrapple, and whan swingin' backward and forward like the pendulum o' an aught-day clock, but when I got used to the business I just felt as if I was fleein' through the air on the tap o' a pair o' bagpipes to the tune o' "Guid nicht and joy be wi' ye a'."

There is an old Scottish proverb which says, "An ill life, an ill end," and Maggy Dickson's life well illustrates the truth of it—for I have no less an authority than Robert Chambers, who states that "in spite of the awful lesson she had, Maggy was not reformed, but, according to the popular tradition, lived and *died again* an impenitent profligate!"

THE WIFE OF LAMMERMOOR.

[Inscribed to E. S. GRECE, Esq., Detroit.]

In Lammermoor in by-gane days,
 There liv'd a herd ca'd Tammie Craze;
 A better name might be inserted,
 But history must not be perverted.
 His father was a herd afore him,
 But to the kirkyard they had bore him.
 Folk may weep and rant, and rave,
 But they can never cheat the grave—
 For, while reek rises frae the lum,
 Folk will gang, and folk will come,
 But nature's work is never dune,
 Puir Tammie filled his father's shoon.
 His mither had got auld and stiff,
 Ae nicht, wae's me, she took a tiff,
 And as the daylight reached the hills,
 And simmer'd on the wimplin' rills,
 Her spirit calmly stole away,
 To hail the never ending day.

His mither, Tammie sair lamented,
 He daunder'd round like ane demented;
 While feckly dormant were his senses,
 His sheep leaped over dykes and fences;
 But Tammie had an ancient collie
 That seemed to wonder at their folly;
 Nature instinctive taught this dog,
 To rout the sheep from lair and bog,
 Which plainly showed by this ability
 E'en dogs have a redeeming quality.

In Tammie's heart grief hatched her brood,
 And nursed his melancholy mood;
 His hopes, his pleasures, all were fled,
 His thoughts were cradled with the dead,
 The midnight echoes heard his moan,
 He lived forsaken and alone;
 The heather round him fragrance shed,
 The lavrocks lilted 'bune his head,
 The blackbird's notes, so sweet and clear,
 Fell coldly on his listless ear.

The doctor tried to bring relief,
He only added grief to grief;
The minister e'en took occasion,
To ease him of his tribulation;
His words though orthodox and sound
Just fell like water on the ground.
Come love ! and try your healing art,
Come ! cheer up Tammie's drooping heart.

'Twas in a bonnie morn in May;
The low'ring clouds had passed away,
The golden sun's effulgent rays,
Danced tip-toe on the hills and braes.
This day when Tammie was abroad,
He saw a lass on the fit-road,
And blythely as she tripped alang,
She liltit ower an auld Scotch sang.
She was a charming Scottish lassie,
Although she looked a wee thought saucy;
Yet this, at times, in women's faces,
Add extra beauty to their graces.
Poor Tammie glowr'd, and then forsooth,
His heart leaped to his very mooth.
He swithered, then he stood a-back,
And then he followed on her track;
His leaden eye became more bright,
His heart rebounded with delight.
O, how he loved the pretty maiden;
He worship'd e'en the ground she gaed on !
Though uninformed, yet I'll be bound,
The lassie keekit cannie round,
I'll wager my last plack upon it,
For Tammie she had set her bonnet !
I trow it is a golden rule
To never tell tales out of school ;
But truth compels me to relate,
She pitied Tammie's lonely state;
She saw the bane, she laid a plot
To bring about the antidote !
And here I might as well mak' mention,
A woman's wit's past comprehension,
Hout, tout ! a man's no worth a chip,
She is the rudder o' the ship,

When storms arise in peace, or war,
 She is our guiding polar star;
 With words defiant I allege,
 She is the key-stone o' the bridge !
 Although, at times, we may misdoubt her,
 'Twould break our hearts to be without her;
 'Tis best to bear, and to forbear,
 O' ills, I trow, she has her share.
 Man ! be not wayward and erratic,
 But to your wife be sympathetic;
 And e'en consider 't a disgrace
 To cast Eve's blunders in her face—
 The application here I clink
 A nod is just as good's a wink;
 O, who would prize a golden crown,
 And be without their Jessie Brown ?

They had been at the school thegither,
 They were acquainted wi' ilk ither.
 When bairns, for her he'd cull the rowan,
 And pu' the primrose and the gowan;
 Wi' tiny feet, wi' heart o' glee,
 He'd chase her ower the lilly lea,
 Love lured him now, Hope was his guide;
 And soon he stood by Jessie's side;
 And after blushing, scraping, cooing,
 The twasome briskly set a-wooing !

O, Lammermoor ! amang thy braes,
 How happy were their courting days.
 There by the bonnie winding Dye,
 They'd watch the waters rippling bye;
 Or in the glen 'mang birken bowers,
 They'd while away the golden hours,
 The very twink'ling stars o' night
 Shone clear, shone more than doubly bright.
 Though tempests howl'd, though leaves were sere,
 Wi' them 'twas summer all the year !
 O, happy time ! I here declare,
 No joys can with these joys compare—
 'Tis meeting, vowing, kissing, teasing,
 The very retrospection's pleasing !

I here pass o'er the marriage time,
 As sma' importance to my rhyme.
 The honeymoon, I just will moot it ;
 Let other poets jingle 'bout it,
 A woman's trust ! who would not prize it ?
 Shame fa' the man that would despise it.
 Women ! our patience oft they tax it,
 And wi' their freeks and foibles rax it ;
 Yet this I learned frae my ain mither—
 That " Bairns should 'gree wi' ane anither."'
 This saying beats the Grecian sages ;
 'Twill gather strength in after ages,
 When devilish hate is swept away
 And virtue crowns the better day !

Upon the stepping-stanes o' time,
 This pair thus steppit to their prime ;
 Their wants were few and soon appeas'd,
 They strove to please and to be pleas'd.
 Ae day she to the town repairs
 To purchase twa three antrin wares.
 A word I'll venture in her praise,
 She coft a book ca'd " Shakespeare's Plays."
 Guidwife ! your bargain ye'll be ruein' ;
 Ye little ken what mischief's brewin' ;
 The little adverbs " no " or " yes "
 How they can make or mar our bliss,
 No matter in what light we view them,
 How often bitterly we rue them.
 Mischief will rise, guid guide us a',
 Just out a sma' hole in the wa'.
 On grit, on wee, on hale, or lame,
 Grim trouble pounces on her game,
 Jingle, jingle, grab and pingle,
 Trouble an' ventures single ;
 Shoulders low, shoulders broad,
 Bend to suit the load !
 Pages late and ere,
 When reason is laid bare ;
 When may trace and find,
 The human mind ;
 Her edge was unfurl'd
 She to the other world !

The Dominie, I knew him well,
 From him I learned these words to spell,
 And when he used his rod o' birchen
 Upon some dull or wayward urchin,
 Although the boy was tempest toss'd,
 Ah me ! the master suffered most;
 Yet at each tear and at each hollow,
 He hoped that good results would follow;
 His aim was error down to trample,
 Both by his precept and example.
 O' lang-syne tales he had the function
 To lay them off wi' muckle unction.
 Yes ! at the crack he had a gift,
 Could wile the lavrock frae the lift;
 And though his wit was sharp and keen
 He never spoke a word obscene.
 He guided youth, he counselled age,
 He snuffed and read the classic page.

He'd wander over dale and hill,
 And scenes he'd sketch wi' mickle skill.
 One day he entered Tammie's cot,
 From Tammie words came burning hot;
 "Thomas" he said, "I at you speir
 If man or wife is master here?"
 Then Tammie cried "without a doubt
 That's what I'm trying tó find out.
 Master, I'm unco proud that ye
 Should come and visit sic as me.
 My faith we've had an unco racket—
 To tell the truth I'm maist distracket.
 Come, sir, sit doon and toast your taes,
 And hear my catalogue o' waes."
 The guidwife was a wee thought vex'd,
 And 'fore the master stood preplex'd;
 But this she tried hard to dissemble,
 Although her nether lip did tremble.
 The silent tear unbidden came;
 She trowed it a black-burning shame—
 That thus her faults should be disclos'd,
 And 'fore the master stand expos'd;
 And as he kindly scan'd her face,
 Tammie thus opened up his case:—

“Master, my heart-strings rug me sair,
I’m on the brink o’ black despair !
I’ve got an unco wayward wife;
She’s just the torment o’ my life,
Ance in a day she’d stand inspection—
The pink and pattern o’ perfection,
Næ better wife, I maun confess,
In Lammermoor e’er trod the grass.
Ye e’en may look and look again,
And wonder how I dare complain !
She winna wash the very dishes,
She’s heedless o’ my wants and wishes;
This morn my parritch in my cog,
Wi’ soot and saut wad staw a dog.
She’s just a kind o’ world’s wonder,
She’ll burn the braxy to a cinder,
Her tatie-broo, her kail, her brose,
Wad make a soo turn up its nose;
The meals she mak’s, to say the least,
Are neither fit for man or beast;
My breeks they’re torn in mony places,
I e’en should preen them to my braces;
For lack o’ preens I’ve twa big nails,
At present under my coat tails;
And, sir, my stockings should you view them,
Ye’d trow a mondiwort’s run through them;
When to the hills forlorn I creep,
My presence scares the very sheep !
At times I’ll sit doon ’mang the grass,
And strive to blot out my distress,
Or to the Dowie-den repair
To claw the croon o’ my despair.”
The master said “ O, stop a blink;
And do not speak before you think.”
Quo’ Tam, “ næ wonder that I’m sour,
Ye little ken what I endure,
When I attempt to change her course,
It only mak’s her ten times worse,
Though honied peace is my desire,
My words add powder to the fire,
When words o’ sence to her I screed off
She looks as if she’d bite my head off.

A wife ! she is a wife indeed,
 She's lick'd the butter aff her bread.
 No more I'll look with pleasing looks,
 Her name is blotted from my books,
 No more I'll bottle up my ire,
 I'll set the very hills on fire !
 Oh, had I wings instead of hands,
 I'd fly away to foreign lands,
 And fend wi' birds that live on suction,
 And leave her to her ain destruction.
 My certy ! I will let her see,
 She'll no ride rough-shod over me.
 She'll sit, and read, and laugh, and girn,
 She winna ca' the very kirn;
 Wi' tongue o' truth I here maintain
 My bed's as hard's a granite stane;
 The very straw I do declare,
 Has no been stirred this month or mair;
 Oh, sir, I hae the wale o' beds !
 The very sheets are a' in shreds;
 Blankets ! 'twould tak' an age to cloot them,
 Sae I'll e'en haud my tongue about them,
 Master, to me the cause is plain;
 The plays o' Shakespeare's turned her brain !
 Last night she woke and loud did bawl,
 ' Hang out the banner on the wall !
 Falstaff has gone unto the wars !
 Clip Romeo up in little stars !'
 And when she cried ' Macbeth ! to bed,'
 I flung the bowster at her head.
 I didna ettle ony harm,
 But faith the bowster broke the charm,
 And now I hae a strong desire,
 To burn the play-book in the fire.
 She's up to snuff ! sir, do you know,
 I canna find it high or low !"

The master said, " Thomas, think shame
 Upon your wife to shower this blame.
 She silent sits, and this should teach
 Her silence far outweighs your speech;
 Unto your wants she's failed to pander,
 Thomas, you do not understand her;

She's groping from the darksome night
 Up to the hills of Truth and Light,
 When mankind gains their proper senses,
 Then farewell cant and vile pretences;
 When superstitions rank disorders,
 Are banished from Earth's utmost borders,
 Or, down to dungeon depths be cast,
 To live in records of the past;
 When learning sways her sov'reign rod,
 He will be worshiped as a god.
 The king of bards ! his wond'rous lore,
 Will live till time shall be no more.
 'Bout Shakespeare there's a fascination."
 Quo' Tammie, " Sir, I tak' occasion,
 To ca' it an infatuation."

Quo' the guidwife, " I'll mask the tea,"
 The master said, " so let it be."
 Syne o'er a hamely social cup,
 They settled a' the matter up.
 This was the substance o' the paction
 Which gave a' parties satisfaction—
 The wife wad cook, and wash the dishes,
 And ne'er neglect Tam's wants and wishes;
 And just to brighten up her days,
 At times she'd keek at Shakespeare's plays;
 And Tam came under obligation,
 On all and every occasion,
 To stop his everlasting clatter,
 And ne'er again throw bowsters at her.
 These terms were written down, I've learn'd,
 And duly signed by all concern'd,
 The document the master sent it
 To me, mysel', to get it printit;
 So that the world may now be sure,
 That peace prevails in Lammermoor.
 And now without a reservation,
 I here annex the application—
 Keep silence, wives, just hear and see,
 And by my troth ye'll gain your plea,
 The silent tear is greater far
 Than all the implements of war,
 Let fools and madmen be uproarious,
 The silent tongue will be victorious !

OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

On Thursday last John Milton met Andrew Rhymer on Grand River avenue. After kindly and satisfactory greetings, quoth John, "Andrew, I wad like if ye wad come up to my house next Sunday and tak' pot luck and bring a sharp stomach alang wi' ye, and I will say a short grace." "I am much obliged to ye," quoth Andrew, "but I can on no account accept your invitation, as my wife has got a new spring bonnet, and I am engaged on that day to gang hither and thither wi' her to show it off."

THE LINKS O' LOVE.

O, the tide rins out and the tide comes in,
 And the burnies rin to the sea,
 As they wind their way by the bank and brae,
 O, they sing to you and me.
 How sweet is the bloom o' the heather-bell,
 And the gowan on the lea,
 The blush o' the flow'rs in the sylvan bowers,
 O, they smile to you and me.

The sun shines bright in the lift aboon,
 And the birds sing sangs o' glee,
 On the grassy howe and the broomy knowe,
 O, they sing to you and me.
 They sing their sangs their bonny, bonny sangs,
 Till daylight shuts her e'e;
 Then doon in the dell by the crystal well
 My true love comes to me.

O, come to me, my own true love,
 My heart is link'd to thine;
 The stars o' night that shine sae bright
 Tell me that you are mine.

O, the tide rins out and the tide comes in,
 And the burnies rin to the sea,
 As they wind their way by the bank and brae,
 O, they sing to you and me.

THE GIANT OF ST. ABBS.

St. Abb, St. Helen and St. Bey,
 They a' built kirks to be nearest the sea—
 St. Abb's upon the nabs,
 St. Helen's on the lea,
 St. Bey's upon Dunbar sands,
 Stands nearest to the sea.

— *Old Rhyme.*

The Stream of Dye takes its rise in the western part of the Lammermoor hills, where

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

The Dye winds past the ancient village of Longformacus, and there in its bed lies a large rock, which is considered by the inhabitants of that district as one of the wonders of the world. It is round in shape, nine feet high from the water mark, and measures in circumference more than twenty feet. There is a mark resembling a giant's hand upon its side, and the following is the tradition regarding this stone and the hand-mark, together with some reminiscences of two giants who at one time lived in these parts, one of whom in particular, the giant of St. Abbs, was endowed with superhuman gifts.

Nearly twenty miles distant, in a southern direction, as the crow flies, is St. Abbs Head, a bold promontory whose base is washed by the surging waves of the German Ocean. Upon this sailor's landmark are the battered and time-worn ruins of a monastery, that was

founded by St. Abb in the seventh century, and believed to be the first that was established in Scotland. Its magnificence and extent may be imagined when it is stated that the more modern town of Coldingham has nearly all been built by stone conveyed from its ruins. This monastery, before the daybreak of more enlightened times, was richly endowed by royalty, and to it belonged the finest and most fertile lands in that neighborhood. In the olden times the Lammermoor range of hills was studded with a chain of strongholds, castles and forts, and this monastery of St. Abbs was one of the first links in that chain. The next stronghold was situated on the brow of Cockburnlaw, and known to this day by the name of Eden's Hold. This last named place, tradition has it, was held in the possession of a giant of immense strength, and the place is still pointed out where he leaped a deep chasm over the Whitadder water with a huge bullock on his back that he had stolen or "lifted" from one of his neighbors. This place is still known by the name of the "giant's leap." Although this giant was undoubtedly strong, he had a brother who was guardian or protector of St. Abbs monestary, who was by far the strongest. So much so that the stories related of him make those of Jack the Giant Killer sink into perfect insignificance. His eyes were as large as two ordinary tea-saucers, his nose was shaped like a French horn, and his mouth, when he opened his jaws, was of such dimensions that he could swallow a head of cabbage with as much facility as one, in these degenerate days, could swallow a sugar-coated pill. When he walked forth the earth resounded beneath his tread, and when he laughed or roared the noise echoed and re-echoed amongst the

hills. One day his brother paid him a visit, and while they were in conversation in one of the cloisters, the Abbot happened to pass that way. He looked with some astonishment at the two, and then he desired his own giant to take the other giant into the wine vault and give him a glass of wine. The two, as desired, adjourned to the vault, and instead of drinking one glass they poured several gallons of the ruby wine down their capacious throats. When the wine began to take effect the two commenced to roar and sing so loud that at every note the Abbey shook as if visited by a series of earthquakes. The Abbot knowing the cause of this, and fearing that the rafters would fall about his ears, descended in great haste to the vault and desired his giant to send his brother home with all dispatch. The two then left and proceeded over the drawbridge and with great speed they walked together till they came to the skirts of Coldingham Common. "Brother," said the giant of St. Abbs as he stood still, "the Abbot requested me to send you home in a hurry." On saying which he seized hold of him, swung him once or twice round his head, and then with all his strength he sent him flying headlong through the air the incredible distance of ten miles, and when he landed at his own door he came down with such a smack as made Cockburnlaw shake to its very center. One would naturally imagine that after such an adventure the life would have been knocked out o' him, but such it appears, according to tradition, was not the case, for that night he consumed more beef and mutton than I dare venture to place upon paper.

One day the Abbot of St. Abbs discovered that his giant had been hatching treason, and as treason in those days was a crime of the deepest dye, he was con-

demned and ordered to be hurled from the battlements to the raging sea below. When this was about to be put in execution, there appeared at the gate of the Abbey a Turk of powerful make and commanding appearance, who demanded an audience with the Abbot. The audience was granted and the destruction of the giant was deferred, to the great disappointment of a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness the termination of his earthly career. The Turk after paying his obeisance to the Abbot handed him letters of introduction written in the Latin tongue, the purport of which went to inform him that the Turk was the greatest swordsman that the world had ever produced, and that no man that had ever entered the lists against him lived, but, on the contrary, were all invariably cut to pieces. On reading these letters an idea struck the Abbot that it would be a good plan, instead of throwing the giant into the sea, to match him in battle against the Turk. He then made known his decision to his subordinates, and desired that the giant be brought to his presence in the yard of the court. The giant approached with his keepers, with his hands tied behind his back, and then the Abbot informed him that he had altered his mind, and that he preferred that he should be put to death by the hand of the Turk. He then gave orders to unbind him, and a spear was placed in his hand. The trumpet sounded for the onset, and the Turk looked at the giant with an air of disdain and contempt. To show forth his agility the notion struck him to leap over the head of the giant. He gave a spring. The giant eyed him, and when he was immediately above his head he raised his spear, and sent it up through the body of the Turk with such force that the stricken Turk fell on the

top of the giant, who received him with as much composure as an ordinary mortal would feel the arrival of a flake of snow. The spectators then rent the air with applause, and some of them rushed forward and lifted the Turk down from off the shoulders of the giant and laid him on the ground. He gave a scornful look at his adversary, and with his remaining strength he said: "Monster that thou art, I feel humiliated to be slain by such as thee. Oh! if I could once more handle my Damascus blade." He then turned his eyes to the Abbot and said: "Sir Abbot, the hand that has slain many a gallant knight at wappen-shaw, tournament and on the battle-field will soon be cold. Your villain of a giant has done for me at last." Here he gave a series of groans, and then he said: "Sir Abbot, before my spirit leaves this wounded body, one request I fondly crave, and that is that you will send my remains to Constantinople." The last word faltered from the tongue of the dying Turk. He opened his eyes. His lips quivered, he ground his teeth, he clenched his hands, and gave a convulsive start. He raised himself nearly up on his feet, his wounds gushed forth afresh, and he fell back lifeless upon the ground. The giant stood and stared at the dead Turk, and from his vacant look appeared not to comprehend that he had accomplished so much. He was aroused from his reverie by the Abbot, who said: "Giant, knave, know that for your gallant exploit this day your misdeeds are blotted out. Receive your life at my hands, and furthermore, to crown my good will, I will make you keeper of the golden coffer of the Monastery of St. Abbs."

Now, Satan in those days paid a personal visit to the British Isles, and having accomplished his work in Ire-

land he paid a flying visit to Scotland, and by some means or another he found out that there was an immense quantity of gold coin hoarded up in the Monastery of St. Abbs. He accordingly paid that place a visit and soon ingratiated himself into the favor of the giant. One evening after vespers, and when the evening star was shining, the two sat down to have a game at cards. The game ran high, and Satan allowed the giant for a time to hold the winning card. He being elated with success tossed upon the stone table two bags of gold. On seeing this, Satan overturned the table upon the toes of the giant, seized the bags of gold and flew off in the direction where in after years Cromwell marched his soldiers into the interior of Scotland. It is impossible at this date to describe the agony that the giant experienced. At length with one great effort he pushed the stone table into the sea, and then he grasped hold of the stone he sat on and hurled it through the air after the devil. He sent it with such force, as before hinted, he left the imprint of his hand on its side. Satan looked over his shoulder when nearing the top of Dunse-law, and he saw and heard the mighty stone booming through the air. He grasped the bags of gold tighter below his armpits and redoubled his exertions, for in devils, as well as in mankind, self-preservation is their first law. The perspiration was streaming out of every pore of his carcass before he skimmed the top of Harden's hill. Yet still he flew, and better flew. As he bounded over the water of Dye the stone was within a few feet of his blazing, sulphurous tail, when its force was spent and it fell plump into the stream! Satan, it appears from the tradition, got off "scot free," and it is almost superfluous to mention that the stone flung by

the giant of St. Abbs is the identical stone as described in the commencement of this story.

Anything further regarding the two Lammermoor giants is lost in the mists of obscurity ; but we know that Satan, from fear or some other cause, left for a time the "bonnie border land," for the next trace we have of him was at Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire, where, according to the old song,

"Some say the deil's dead, the deil's dead ;
The deil's dead, and buried in Kirkaldy ;
Some say he'll rise again, rise again,
And dance the ' Highland Laddie.'"

In digging into the myths of the past, we cannot but smile at the credulity of our ancestors, who firmly believed in the superhuman sway of hobgoblins, giants, satyrs and devils. In our day we can afford to laugh at these mere creations of the imagination. Than such beliefs it is better far

——— to learn that God is love ;
Love and not dread our Maker,
And banish superstitious cant
'Bout hell's black hallanshaker.

GO HOME.

Some young men applied to the parish schoolmaster for a grant of the school for the purpose of using it for a debating club. Permission was given and the debate began on the question, "What tempted the sparrow to kill cock robin?" When these moonshine intellectual gladiators were in full blast the schoolmaster entered and sat down. He rose up and said, "Go home every one of you, and study the useful, and do your best to obtain knowledge within the bounds of human comprehension."

JOHN ARNOTT'S BAIRNS.

John Arnott lived among the hills
 Where blows the caller air ;
 One morn he took his stick, then he
 Went off to Gifford fair.

When he got to the fair he look'd,
 And then he did not fail
 To see both horses, sheep and stots,
 And many cows for sale.

He met with many of his friends ;
 They a' were glad to see him ;
 They kindly asked if still his wife
 And bairns were living wi' him.

How pleased was he, how pleased were they,
 He saw it in their faces,
 When he informed them that his wife
 Had now nine lads and lasses.

When they heard this, "By George," they cried,
 And off they went, declarin'
 That they would look around and buy
 Ilk ane o' them their fairin'.

When John got hame' bout ten o'clock,
 His wife unto him said,
 "John, John, keep still, ye'll wake the weans,
 The weans are a' in bed."

Wi' this wee Jean ga'e Tam a clout ;
 Her mither cried, "For shame,"
 Tam woke, then yelled wi' all his might,
 "Jean, Jean, my father's hame."

Then frae their beds the bairnies sprang,
 And there was sic a scene,
 When he ga'e Tam a rattle, and
 A trumpet gave to Jean.

To Pate he gave a pearie, and
 Wee Sammie got a top ;
 And Nannie got a braw, braw doll,
 And Meg a skipping rope.

A Paisley shawl he handed Nell,
 Wi' flowers wrought up the middle;
 Paul got a double-bladed knife,
 And Robbie got a fiddle.

He gave them nuts and ginger-bread,
 And Sandy got a whistle,
 And here I blush when I record—
 They sent John's wife a bustle.

But there was one—queen of my heart—
 Whose worth can ne'er be told;
 I sent to her a bracelet, and
 Two rings of beaten gold.

O! what a night o' fun they had;
 O! what a night o' din.
 'Twas late e'er they got bedded, and
 Next morn they a' slept in!

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

As my beloved aunty had been ailing for some time wi' a sort o' wheezing cough, yet the spirit of enthusiasm seized us baith, and we thought we would celebrate the Fourth in Windsor. When we returned hame, in the gloaming, and after my beloved aunty had brushed all the flies out of the house, I immediately sat down and wrote the following:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is mine own, my native land—George Washington. Thy spirit, independence, let me share, Lord, of the lion-heart and eagle-eye—Henry Clay. Hail to the chief who in triumph advances! honored and blessed be the evergreen pine!—Gen. Jackson. To horse! to horse! the standard flies, the bugles sound the call.—Thomas Palmer. Even tiger fell, and sullen bear, their likeness and their lineage spare. Man only

mans kind nature's plan and turns the fierce pursuit on man.—Henry A. Robinson.

I rose and I recited the above to my beloved aunty, and at its conclusion she exclaimed, "How beautiful! It breathes the spirit of the air of freedom; but you have said nothing about Pocahontas." "Pocahontas!" I cried. "Come to my arms, Pocahontas!" "Bless my soul," said my beloved aunty, "she has been dead for these many years." "Hush!" I cried, "dinna break the spell, let me trow that she is still alive," and I fell asleep with the name of the beautiful Indian maiden upon my lips.

JOHN McWATT AND JEAN McRAE.

Come hither friends, come sit by me,
 And lend your ears and list
 Unto a woeful ballad 'bout
 A young phrenologist.
 This young man's name was John McWatt,
 And he loved Jean McRae,
 And in his thoughts this maiden was
 Established night and day.

He loved her with an ardent love,
 And in his conversation,
 He strove to do his very best
 To gain her approbation.
 In glowing terms he'd speak to her—
 Whenever they did roam,
 'Bout Laycock, Spurzheim and Gall,
 And George and Andrew Combe.

But when he spoke upon these heads,
 Jean often told her mother,
 That what he said went in one ear
 And shot out at the other.
 Her mother then at these remarks
 Would be inclined to scold,
 And tell her that a silent tongue
 Is worth its weight in gold.

One night John sat in Jean's boudoir
Upon a cushioned chair,
He raised his hand and he began
To smooth Jean's golden hair.
She looked at him with loving eyes,
Then rashly he did state—
"I find that your destructiveness,
My dear, is very great!"

With this her blood began to boil,
She rose, she stood upright,
And then she cried "go, serpent, out
For ever from my sight!"
With bleeding heart poor John McWatt
Went where the billows roar,
And he again was never seen
In Jean McRae's boudoir!

Now when Jean heard of John's sad fate,
She also sought the shore.
And she, like poor, poor John McWatt,
Was seen for nevermore!
Now all young men who are in love,
And all ye maidens fair,
Take warning from the fearful fate
Of this unhappy pair.

SHE PURSED UP HER LIPS.

Moses Zimmerman was the offspring of one of our early pioneers. Moses got sick of solitude, so he engaged himself to Mary Ann Heavyside. Before settling down to fight the cares and perplexities of matrimony he resolved to visit foreign lands, then to come home and do good, and love mercy, and marry Mary Ann. The indulgent reader must here be pleased to leap over a period of fourteen weeks. Moses returned home, and was received by his Mary Ann with great presence of mind, which is at all times necessary. After some preliminary remarks, Mary Ann opened her note book and

said : " Well, my dear Moses, did you visit Europe, Asia and Africa, and did you go as far north as Copenhagen?" Quoth Moses, " I landed at Glasgow, Scotland, and, my dearest, the ladies in that city are beautiful. ' Their brows are like the snaw drift, their necks are like the swan, their faces are the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.' " Quoth Mary Ann, " Moses, comparisons are odious." She pursed up her lips and—shut up her note book.

CULLODEN.

The battle's lost ! When day was gone
 The sky began to lour,
 And murky clouds hung like a pall
 O'er dark Culloden moor.
 The Stewart cause is ever lost,
 Hark ! hark ! upon the gale
 Is borne the shout of triumph and
 The clansman's dying wail.

Among the wounded and the dead
 A maiden treads her way.
 And aye the tears rolled down the cheeks
 O' bonnie Nellie Gray,
 When darkness fled, and when the light
 Its morning curtain drew,
 Oh, how she kissed the lips o' him
 She lo'ed sae leal and true.

She's ta'en him to her father's ha',
 And when upon the way,
 'Twas life in death to lean upon
 His bonnie Nellie Gray.
 She hid him 'mang the yellow broom,
 She's watch'd him late and ere,
 And oft she heard the troopers when
 No trooper's foot was there.

The night with all its fears was gone;
 But at the daw o' day
 The spirit o' the gallant Graham
 Forever passed away,

Down by the burn in Glenmore glen,
 Where weeping willows wave,
 There sleeps the chief—the gallant Graham—
 The bravest of the brave.

They laid him in the dreary dell,
 'Way from the haunts o' men—
 Down where the streamlet soughs and sighs
 And murmurs through the glen.
 The roses fled frae Nellie's cheek,
 The roses fled away,
 And broken, broken was the heart
 O' bonnie Nellie Gray.

For days they sought her by the burn,
 They sought her far and near;
 They called her, but no answer fell
 Upon the list'ning ear.
 They sought her down in Glenmore glen
 Where weeping willows wave,
 They found her sleeping her last sleep
 Upon her lover's grave!

A HOT NIGHT.

For some years Benjamin F. Thompson studied "Cooley" and other law writers. The law profession, however, did not agree with his moral susceptibilities. So he renounced it and bought a few cows, and he now delivers good milk with a clear conscience. One morning he appeared pale and wan with the milk measure in his hand. His eyes were half shut, and his once rosy cheeks resembled the yellowness of a duck's leg. Methought I saw before me Campbell's "Last Man," and I even imagined I heard these lines fall from his lips :

"Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 You see the last of Adam's race."

Mr. Thompson, with a weary sigh, said : "Oh, what a fearful night I have come through. The heat was beyond all endurance. I speak to you the words of

truth. I do not tell a lie, that through the silent watches, sir, I never closed an eye. At intervals I was on the bed, and at intervals I was upon the floor. At intervals I was below the sheet and at intervals I was above it. I sung 'Home, Sweet Home,' and played upon the fiddle 'Hail, Columbia,' and recited 'The Old Oaken Bucket That Hangs in the Well.' Yet these dulcet sounds brought no repose. My condition was so deplorable that I even forgot that my foot was on my native heath and that my name is Benjamin F. Thompson. Though doors and windows were flung open wide, the perspiration welled up and rolled down like torrents to the sea. I began to smoke, and the smoke arose till I thought the very dome of my thoughts had gone on fire. Milk! the tickets are out."

JEANIE DEANS.

[Inscribed to JAS. B. MCKAY, Esq.,]

Poor Jeanie left her lonely hame,
 And oh, her heart was sad and sair;
 She left her father wi' the thought
 That she would never see him mair.
 She thought she ne'er again would see
 St. Leonard's and its pleasing scenes,
 Wae's me! she heard the wee birds sing—
 Farewell, farewell to Jeanie Deans.

She looked, she saw the prison walls,
 By the wayside she bowed her knee;
 She cried, "Oh, heaven spare Effie's life,
 And lay her load of grief on me!"
 Poor Jeanie! waesome were her thoughts,
 As on she trudged from day to day;
 Behind was death, before was hope,
 And hope from heaven led the way.

Poor Jeanie Deans! How long to thee
 Was ev'ry weary, weary mile;
 At length she saw the London lights,
 And told her story to Argyle.

He saw her in her tartan plaid,
 He took her kindly by the hand.
 He sighed and said, "Cold be Argyle,
 When he forgets his native land.

"To save your own, your sister's life,
 You could not speak a word untrue,
 Your tender heart is free from guile,
 And purer than the morning dew."
 When Jeanie stood afore the queen,
 With quivering lips she thus did say—
 "The good that we to others do
 Will cheer us on our dying day."

Now, when she reached her native land,
 The prison doors flew wide and free,
 She kindly said, "Oh, Effie, come,
 My sister, come away wi' me."
 Sweet Jeanie Deans! grand Jeanie Deans!
 How Scotland loves your very name,
 Your name will live—forever live
 Unsullied on the scroll of fame!

YOUTH vs. AGE.

If an exhibition of tailors was to take place, Mr. Isbel, if the judges are imbued with wisdom, would promptly assign him to the philosophical class or department. In course of conversation he remarked, "I am beginning to believe that age is making sad inroads upon me. Once in a day I could fall off trees and houses, and over precipices, without bad results. Alack the day! If I now fall the comparative short distance of fifteen feet it shakes me all up, and I feel all out o' kilter for several hours. But more than that, I am now inclined to become very despondent and dumpish, and at these times would gladly give any man twenty-five cents to take me by the coat tails and fling me head-long out at the window."

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Mr. Sheldon, a gentleman of great intelligence, resided at one time at Tillbury, Essex Co., Ont., but now resides in Detroit. He was born, however, about the year 1820, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which country was discovered by John Cabot in the year 1497. Early impressions are frequently the strongest, and Mr. Sheldon still remembers old Dick Dalrymple, an old warrior, who was quartered in Halifax garrison. When the nights became long, and the noses of people became blue, Dick would recount many of his war adventures by flood and field. Dick was at the battle of Waterloo,

“ When loud the trumpet blew,
And Caledon blew up her drone
On the plains o’ Waterloo.”

“ As truth may languish, but can never perish,” quoth Mr. Sheldon, “ the following had better be told in Dick’s own words ”: “ The battle of Waterloo was foughten on June 18, 1815, and the night before I felt sae strong that I thought I could cut off the heads of 10,000 Frenchmen at one blow. I belanged to the Scots Greys and, my certy, afore we went into the battle we were a fine body o’ men ; but afore we cam’ out I can assure every ane o’ ye that we did get our kail through the reek. When I saw Napoleon’s cuirassers coming upon us in the shape of a *cul de sac*, like so many devils let loose, I trembled in the saddle and my heart began to faint and fail. The thought struck me that I would never again see the hills and dales o’ my native land. ‘ Charge, Chester, charge ! ’ ‘ On, Stanley, on ! ’ And all this gangs to show that we dinna ken what is afore us ; for next morning I was frying beefsteaks for breakfast in one of their helmets.”

THE COMING OF THE ROBIN.

[Inscribed to WM. WANLESS, London, Ont.]

Welcome, sweet bird of early spring,
I've watched for thee so long;
O, how it cheers my weary heart
Once more to hear thy song !

I see thee from my lonesome couch,
I watch thee through the pane;
Thy song of gladness thrills my heart,
And hope comes back again.

Thou comest unto me as from
The golden gates above,
Like sunlight on the cloud of gloom—
A messenger of love.

The primrose smiles beneath the hedge,
The bee seeks out the flow'r,
The gowan lifts its head to greet
The coming genial show'r.

The grass-green leaf bedecks the tree,
The flowers are blooming fair;
The sunlight dances in on me,
And lightens all my care,

The weary wint'ry days have fled,
Bird of sweet song ! how fain
I am to hear thy song of joy,
And welcome thee again.

The sun has set 'mong fleecy clouds,
The gloamin' steals along,
The dew-drop falls, and thou hast sung
To me thy evening song.

Bird of the spring, with jet black wing,
And breast like burnished gold,
Thy song melodious brings to me
A hope, a joy untold.

To me thou'rt linked by nature's hand,
O, could I wile thee near !
I'd fondly fold thee to my breast,
And love thee all the year.

A CHANGE.

Auld Sandy McDonald thus complained: "Man, I was ill yesterday: I was sair haudin' doon wi' the coal-black cluds o' misery. My banes werē a' sair, and there was a noise in ma head like the birr o' a spinnin'-wheel. As sure as I am a livin' mortal, my speerit descended to the very nebs o' my taes. Parritch! I couldna look at them, and as for broze the very smell o' them was enough for my stomach. I was e'en livin' 'mang bickers o' agony, and bowie's o' distraction. Man! Ilka breath I drew gaed up and down my thrapple like living blast frae a blacksmith's fire. At the lang and the last the sweet began to gush oot o' me frae ilka pore, like water oot a water cart. Noo, mark the change. Me and my guidwife had a guid night's rest last night, and this mornin' my heart is as light as the down of the gossamer when it is fleein' hither and thither among the hills."

CAULD WEATHER.

[Inscribed to DAVID BEVERIDGE, Esq.]

The winter's come at last,
 Wi' a gurrly bitter blast,
 The wild winds how eeriely they roar!
 Oh, haste, Alice, haste,
 There is nae time to waste,
 And double lock and bar up the door.

My harp now hand me o'er,
 I'll touch its strings once more,
 There's naething like a sang, I say;
 Song is the only art
 That can cheer up the heart,
 When auld folk are dowie and wae.

Oh! what a dreary view,
 The burn is roarin' fu',
 And lashing the bank and the brae.
 The trees are standing bare,
 Like victims of despair
 When the last gleam of hope dies away.

Up from the days remote,
Care is the common lot,
He is king over way-faring man ;
There is sunshine here and there,
There is sorrow everywhere,
Yet nature ne'er wanders from her plan.

Though weary, worn with care,
Though hedged in with despair,
And friends are far and few ;
Yet still, Alice, mine,
We must never repine
While the bright star of hope is in view.

THE WEAPON FELL.

It has come to my knowledge that parents far too frequently overlook the transgressions of their children. When these parents, I have often heard, are admonished of their neglect of discipline, they often fling these remarks in your teeth and say : "It is impossible to put an old head on young shoulders ;" or, "Boys will be boys." This is all very well ; but children, in my poor opinion, ought, under all circumstances, to be early trained to feel the rod of correction. To prove these facts, the following is submitted without reservation : Lucan Garland resides with his parents on Locust street, and he is named after the village of Lucan, which is beautifully situated on the Liffey, province of Leinster. One day Lucan threw a stone which almost broke the back of an old maid's favorite cat. The old maid informed Mrs. Garland of this, and she flew at Lucan like a clocking hen at a collie dog and carried him into the house. She then ordered him to sit down on a stool, which he did with tearfulness. She then ordered him to take off his shirt, which he did with meekness. She then procured a big stick, but when she saw his

beautiful white neck, the tear of compassion fell upon her hand. Her hand became powerless and in a moment the deadly weapon fell to the ground.

TWO LOVE-LETTERS.

These two letters contain a pleasing correspondence that lately took place between Mr. John Scott and Miss Fanny Blair. They illustrate the tender emotions of the human heart. They prove that Robert Southey was correct when he penned these words :

“They err who tell us love can die.”

As the fire-and-flint age has passed away, this age may be considered as the age of investigation and proof. With this in view, I may state that Mr. John Scott is descended, by a direct line, from Sir Michael Scott, the great Scottish wizard, who flourished in that country about the thirteenth century. Among some of his cantrips I may remark that he cleaved the Eildon hills into three cones, and put a bridle on the river Tweed when that river was at top flood. As for Miss Blair, she is a lineal descendant of the Rev. Robert Blair, who was minister of Athelstoneford, Scotland, the celebrated author of “The Grave,” and who died in the year 1746. It may not be foreign to the subject to state that the writer of these lines, in the year 1849, stood with due reverence beside his lowly grave.

HE.

*Postman, this letter take with care,
Instantly to Miss Fanny Blair.*

Since meeting you upon Belle Isle
I'm in a woeful plight,
Your lovely image, Fanny dear,
Haunts me both day and night.

I spoke, and when you spoke, my dear,
Oh, how my heart did beat ;
Your voice, like "Annie Laurie's" voice,
Is very low and sweet.

The sun came out, and when I raised
Your parasol, my dear,
I felt as if my heart had fled
To some angelic sphere.

Oh, how I longed to kiss your lips—
To vow and to beseech ;
But my heart failed and then, my dear,
I lost the power of speech.

You recollect upon that day
We met beside the stream,
We sat, we rose, and then we took
Three dishes of ice cream.

I felt so strange, as if the earth
Was rocking underneath me;
I strove to find, but failed to find
What was the matter with me.

'Twas love ! I found that Cupid's dart
Had pierced me through and through ;
My Fanny ! none can comprehend
The love I have for you.

Sweet grows the apple on the tree,
The cherry and the pear,
But none of these are half so sweet,
So sweet as Fanny Blair.

At times I feel so sad, so lone,
Lone as the lonesome night ;
The thought of you dispels the cloud
And brings the golden light.

With this I send you a red rose
And a forget-me-not,
While I remain,

My dearest dear,
Forever yours,
JOHN SCOTT.

SHE.

*Postman, Fly just like a shot,
And take this note to Mr. Scott.*

DEAR MR. SCOTT,

Your letter came
To me the other day,
And when I read it I grew pale,
And fainted clean away.
They bathed my hands, they bathed my brow,
With what the French call *eau*.
Yet, for a space my life was lost
Among the sands of woe.
I could not for a moment think,
I could not understand,
How you could dare to ask of me
To give to *you* my hand !
I'm living with my parents now,
My parents kind and true,
And I would rather live with them
Than I would live with you.
We may have brothers, sisters, and
At times may have a lover,
But there can never be a word
That sounds so sweet as mother.
My father has a house and lot
On Brush street and Atwater,
And he holds bonds at 8 per cent,
And I'm his only daughter.
I would not like to write down "Yes,"
But, Mr. Scott, I'd rather
That you would come around and hold
Some converse with my father.
Though caution tells me, Mr. Scott,
From all men to beware,
Yet notwithstanding
I remain,

Yours truly,
FANNY BLAIR.

P. S.—Some Sunday, if you think
It would be worth my while,
I'll bake a cake and we will take
It with us to Belle Isle.

O ! 'twill be grand when spring-time comes
Upon Belle Isle to be;
To hear the birds sing o'er their songs
Of love to you and me.

But I must lay aside my pen,
And get the coffee ground,
So 'bout Belle Isle we will arrange
Some night when you come round.

My father thinks that coffee is
More nourishing than tea,
He calls, I go,
While I remain,
In haste, yours,
FANNY B.

JEAN GORDON'S PORRIDGE POT.

Being reared near the village of Yetholm, Scotland, I flatter myself that I was much respected by the male and female gypsies who were residents of that place. If health and strength holds out I intend to write a history of these people from time immemorial up to date. As a specimen of the contemplated work, and as a sort of *avaunt courier*, I fling out the following :

Charley Young was a tinker who made and mended pots and pans, and Sandy Faa, who had the royal blood of the Faa's coursing through his anatomical structure, was a horner. That is, that he manufactured horn spoons out of the horns of cows and other horned animals. One day Charley and Sandy got drunk, and Sandy sold Charley a horse for seven shillings and sixpence sterling. Next day Charley met Sandy and he said to him, "Ye are a most notorious vagabond, scoun-

drel and cheat, and if ye got your deserts ye ought to be hanged up by the neck for half an hour. Ye sold me that horse yesterday, and ye gave warrant that it was sound in wind and limb. Instead of which, ye scorpion that ye are, it has the poll evil, greased heels, palsy of the stomach and an inordinate appetite." "Ma conscience!" cried Sandy. "Your conscience," cried Charley, "dinna speak to me about your conscience—it is thread-bare; a speeder wadna' hank its web to such a mess of corruption." On saying this Jean Gordon approached with a broken pot in her hand, and she said, "Charley, I wish ye would go momentarily and mend my porridge pat. It fell off the fire full o' boiling water, and it scalded the cat and its hair is coming off its back by the handfuls, and the bairns are roaring wi' hunger, for, I weel I wat, they winna' get a mouthfu' till the pat, mercy me! is mended."

JAMES THOMSON.

Author of "The Seasons."

When winter's surly blasts fly past,
 And to the north retire,
 How sweet ye welcome gentle spring,
 Decked in her green attire.
 When gl'orious summer smiling comes,
 With blushing flowers array'd,
 Thou art our guide o'er hill and dale
 To streamlet, glen and glade.

When autumn's robed with golden sheaves,
 Then beautiful and blate,
 Unto the fields Lavinia comes
 To glean and captivate.
 And when thy hoary winter comes,
 Cold, naked, shivering, sere,
 It totters, then falls in the arms,
 And clasps the dying year.

Of thy great hymn, "These as they change,"
 Mankind will never tire,
 It burns, it breaths the highest thoughts
 That heaven can inspire.
 The storm, the shine, the genial shower,
 The hill, the dale, the river,
 Great rural bard! Thy name and fame
 Are linked with them forever.

Fain would I stray by Tweed's fair stream,
 And o'er the hills to Yarrow,
 And wander in the winding dell
 That has no mate or marrow.
 Alas! the scenes you have describ'd,
 So graphic and so grand,
 No more I'll see, the night falls fast,
 Farewell, my native land.

THEY RETURNED IN A HURRY.

Prof. David Fairgrieve is an erudite scholar and is grounded in many languages. His general information is widespread. With truth I affirm that learning has refined him and elevated his mind. As like draws to like we often meet, and when we meet we light the lamp of wisdom and we rejoice in the thought that all the riches of California cannot purchase mental endowments. Aside from Mr. Fairgrieve's scholastic duties he takes great delight in rearing young chickens and in teaching their young ideas how to shoot. One morning two chickens strayed away and got into a neighbor's garden. The neighbor, in a friendly manner, rapped on the door and informed Mr. Fairgrieve's lady of the above fact. The lady went immediately to drive them out, and as they came out at the gate Mr. Fairgrieve came out at the door. They flew past him on the wings of terror. He looked at them with wonder and he exclaimed, "*Quæ amissa salva*"—what was lost is safe.

THE POWER OF SNUFF.

[Inscribed to Wm. Young, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.]

Lo ! Lauder lies in Lauderdale,
 A town of great renown;
 And in it lived a frugal man,
 Whose name was Thomas Brown.

I knew him well, and I may say
 I also knew his sister;
 And many a time, ahint the door,
 I—dear me—I have kissed her.

Had fortune smiled, I'm more than sure
 She would have been my bride;
 And then how sweet we'd warmed our feet
 At our ain ingle-side !

Her brother did not live in style,
 As some on Scotland's sod,
 But for a livelihood broke stones
 Upon the public road.

He was as cross-grained as a mule,
 And it must be confess'd
 His temper was, to say the least,
 None of the very best.

These traits were handed down to him
 By generation stages,
 From Picts and Scots who lived and lov'd,
 And died in the past ages.

These were his faults, and I am loath
 To be a fault recorder;
 To make amends, I swear his worth
 Was of the highest order.

Some men are prone to wink at vice,
 And advocate the wrong;
 But as for me, let virtue be
 The essence of my song.

Now in the town all men, with pride,
 This worthy man regarded;
 And even wives agreed that Brown
 Some way should be rewarded.

Hark! I am pleased now to relate,
And up my bonnet fling,
That this design brought forth its fruit
Quite early in the spring.

They made him lord and provist, and
O, how they were elated,
When on that day, by dint of law,
He was inaugurated.

The fiddlers played in the town hall,
The dance went fast and faster,
Fun was let loose, Joy bounded up,
And knockit doon the plaster.

The provist made a telling speech,
His words were terse and fervent;
He said, "Forever he'd remain
Their most obedient servant."

The dear remembrance of that night
No time can e'er destroy,
E'en candlesticks went reeling, and
The candles ran wi' joy.

Ah, me! I'll ne'er forget that night
As on the floor I stepped it,
At a propitious moment I
Proposed and was accepted.

Though many a day has passed and gane
Since Thomas Brown's election,
His sister yet remains my pink
And rosebud of perfection.

And though her brother up was raised
To this important station,
Yet that did not restrain him from
His usual occupation.

One day when he was napping stones
A man drove up with speed,
He cried: "Take off these stones, I'm bound
For Berwick-upon-Tweed."

Quo' he: " I will not move them though
 Your horse with gold was shod;
 So ye may turn your horse's head
 And gang the other road."

Quo' he: " I'll turn about and tell
 The provist upon you,
 And I may whisper that my name
 Is John, duke of Buccleugh,"

The provist looked with bitter scorn,
 He cried: " Now stop your clamor,
 I am lord provist, and take care
 O' my great big stane hammer.

"Ye tell me that ye are a duke,
 Ye maybe are a marquis;
 But faith, I carena' though ye be
 The prince o' outer darkness."

The duke cried, " Provist, take a snuff,"
 Which brought them close together,
 Syne they set down and cracked amang
 The bonnie blooming heather.

They cracked and snuffed and better snuff'd;
 The hours flew past wi' speed,
 That e'en the duke forgot to go
 To Berwick-upon-Tweed.

And oh, his wife sat up that night
 And sair did greet and moan,
 And wring her lily hands and cry,
 " What can be keeping John ?"

But when he met Her Grace—his wife,
 Whom he did love most dearly,
 She dried her tears, and then—what then ?
 She kissed him most sincerely.

As for the provist, he ran hame,
 And roared, "Ye burghers, see
 This gold snuff box that I got from
 My lord—Oh, mercy me !"

When Brown's guidwife saw the snuff-box,
 Wow ! wow ! but she was vogie,
 She jumpit up and on the floor
 She danced the " Reel o' Bogie."

And aye she danced and aye she sang,
 " O ! hide and tide and tow,
 O, hide and tide, hough ! hide and tide,
 I am a lady now !"

SHAKESPEARE.

The heart beats low when Genius cries—
 Can you essay the task
 To write of him whose mind is far
 Beyond the human grasp ?
 Fain would I sing in golden words
 A song angelic sweet,
 And bow the knee with humbleness
 And worship at his feet.

The joy, the grief, from youth to age,
 The love-hope and despair;
 Shakespeare, alone, unlock'd the heart,
 And laid the passions bare,
 What wond'rous visions of the mind
 Thy fervid pencil drew,
 Of spirits in the earth and air,
 Of every shape and hue,

Thy scenes are filled with human forms
 As if with magic art,
 They come—they answer at thy call—
 To speak and play their part.
 With curious shapes ye deck'd the trees,
 The bush, the fern and flower,
 And mankind wonders more and more
 At thy creative power !

Forgotten are the great and brave,
 The mighty kings and sages,
 But Shakespeare will be idoliz'd
 Through all the coming ages.
 Shakespeare ! I fain would sing of thee
 A song angelic sweet,
 And bow the knee with humbleness,
 And worship at thy feet.

THE DAFT DAYS.

TO JOHN A. BRUCE, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Some time ago I spent considerable time in a vain endeavor to trace the root and meaning of the word “Hogmanay,” but the more I advanced the further the meaning of the word receded. In “Jameson’s Scottish Dictionary” it is classed as a word of doubtful meaning. Prof. Robinson, of Edinburgh, considered that it had its origin from the French words *Au guex menez*, which means “to the mistletoe go.” Another philologist was of the opinion that the word in question came also from the French *Au guex menez*, which means “bring to the beggars.” Robert Chambers makes mention of a custom in the Highlands of Scotland where one of the young people gets a dried cow’s hide which he drags behind him, and the rest follow beating the hide with sticks and singing the following rhyme in Gaelic, which is thus translated :

“Hug man a’,
 Yellow bag,
 Beat the skin
 Carlin in neuk,
 Carlin in kirk,
 Carlin ben at the fire,
 Spit in her two eyes,
 Spit in her stomach,
 Hug man a’.”

It will be observed that the words “Hug man a’” are used twice in this rhyme, which much resembles the word “hogmanay.” The reader will also observe that the word “Carlin,” that is old woman, is also thrice introduced. In illustration of this rhyme a Lowland Scotch friend of mine, who knew nothing of this Highland custom, and who never saw the rhyme above

quoted, thus attempted to explain the meaning and origin of the word hogmanay, which had better be given in his own words: "In the auld time, the days at the end and beginning o' the years were ca'd the "daft days," and in the lang-syne a lot o' braw lads and bonnie lasses had gathered to drive care against the wa'. When the fun was gaun on, a strange man—a man gallant and gay, joined the party. Now, in this company there was a bonnie lass that caught the stranger's fancy, and he embraced and kissed her frae time to time. At the ingle-side there sat an auld carlin wha was watchin' the partial proceedin's o' the stranger, and she roared out to him, '*Hug man a*,' which means in English, 'Man, embrace the rest of the lasses,' or in other words, 'Do not bestow all your attention on one.'"

My friend may be right, or he may be wrong, but there is certainly some connection between the Highland rhyme and the Lowland tradition. He is right, however, in calling these days "The Daft Days." The unfortunate poet Fergusson wrote a poem entitled "The Daft Days," from which, in illustration of the customs of the time, the following may be quoted:

"Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawnin' o' the year;
Let blythsome innocence appear
 To crown our joy;
Nor envy wi' sarcastic sneer
 Our bliss destroy.

And thou great god of Aquavitae,
Wha' sways the empire o' this city—
Whan fou, we're sometimes capernoity—
 Be thou prepared
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
 The city guard."

I may here explain that in the poet's day the peace of Edinburgh was protected by the "City Guard," and this guard was composed of old Highland warriors. Instead of the baton they carried Lochaber axes, and with one of these they would think no more of hewing a man down than they would to sup a cog o' brose. The poet in his poems more than once pours out the vials of his wrath upon these "black savages," whom he considers far worse than "the hungry maw of a lion or the tusk of a Russian bear."

In weighing all that has been said regarding the word "Hogmanay," I am inclined to agree with my learned friend, M. Garland, Esq., that it is a compound word, and derived from the Gaelic. In that language *Eachd* signifies a deed or exploit, and *Mainigh* signifies madness or foolishness. Should a Gaelic scholar combine these two words and pronounce them, the sound will be found to much resemble the word Hogmanay. Certainly, the significance, to say the least, is strong circumstantial evidences of Mr. Garland's side of the question.

Regarding the "Daft Days" the guidwives were in the habit of baking large quantities of oatmeal cakes, and these were cut into farls, *i. e.*, into four parts, and these were handed round to the *guizards* or other callers to the tune of—

Get up guidwife and shake your feathers,
 Dinna think that we are beggars,
 We are bairnies come to play,
 Get up and gie's our hogmanay.

The origin of the *guizard* play of Galatian, like the word Hogmanay, is unknown. The English have a play which they play at Christmas which somewhat

resembles the Scottish play of that name. I have been informed by a gentleman from Galashiels that the Scotch rendition of this play was held in high esteem by Sir Walter Scott, who, when residing at Abbotsford, had a company of guizards to enact it on the auld year nights. I am inclined to think this play has never appeared in print on this side of the Atlantic.

GALATIAN.

Enter Talking Man—Haud awa rocks and haud awa reels,
 Haud awa stocks and spinnin' wheels,
 Rede room for Gorland, and gie us room to sing,
 And I will show you the prittiest rhyme
 That was ever heard in Christmas time.
 Muckle Head and Little Wit, stand ahint the door;
 But sic a set as we are ne'er were here afore.
 Shew yourself Black Knight!

Black Knight—Here comes in Black Knight, the King of Macedon,
 Wha has conquered a' the warld but Scotland alone.
 When I cam' to Scotland my heart it grew cold,
 To see a little nation sae stout and sae bold—
 Sae stout and sae bold, sae frank and sae free;
 Call upon Galatian to fight wi' me.

Galatian—Here come I, Galatian; Galatian is ma name;
 Sword and pistol by ma side. I hope to win the game.

Black Knight—The game, sir, the game, sir, it isna in your power;
 I'll cut you down in inches in less than half an hour,
 My head is made o' iron, my heart is made o' steel,
 And my sword is a Ferrara, that can do its duty weel.
 Down, Jack, down, to the ground you must go.

They Fight and Galatian Falls—Oh! Oh! what is this I've done?
 I've killed my brother Jack, my father's only son.

Talking Man—Here's two bloody champions that never fought
 afore;

And we are come to rescue him, and what can we do more?
 Now Galatian he is dead and on the floor is laid,
 And ye shall suffer for it, I'm unco sair afraid.

Black Knight—I'm sure it wasna me, sir, I'm innocent o' the
 crime;

'Twas the young man behind me, wha drew the sword sae
 fine.

Young Man—O, you awful villain, to lay the blame on me;
When my twa een were shut, sir, when this young man did
dee.

Black Knight—How could your een be shut, when you were
looking on?

How could your een be shut when their swords were being
drawn?

Is there ever a doctor to be found in auld Scotland's ground?

Talking Man—Call in Doctor Brown, the best o' a' the town.

Enter Doctor—Here comes in as good a doctor as ever Scotland
bred,

And I have been through nations, a-learning of my trade;

And now I've come to Scotland all for to cure the dead.

Black Knight—Wha' can you cure ?

Doctor—I can cure the rurvly scurvy;

And the rumble-gumption in a man that has been seven years
in his grave or mair; and I can make an auld woman
look like a girl o' sixteen.

Black Knight—What will you tak' to cure this dead man ?

Doctor—Ten pounds

Black Knight—Will not one do ?

Doctor—No.

Black Knight—Will not three do ?

Doctor—No.

Black Knight—Will not five do ?

Doctor—No.

Black Knight—Will not seven do ?

Doctor—No.

Black Knight—Will not nine do ?

Doctor—Yes, perhaps—nine may do, and a dram o' whisky. I
have a little bottle of inker-pinker in my pocket.

(*Aside to Galatian*)—Take a little drop o' it.

By the hocus-pocus, and the magical touch of my little fin-
ger, start up, John.

Galatian Rises and Cries—Oh, my back !

Doctor—What ails your back ?

Galatian—There's a hole in't ye may turn your nieve ten times
around in it.

Doctor—How did you get it ?

Galatian—Fighting for our land.

Doctor—How many did ye kill ?

Galatian—I killed a' the loons but ane, that ran and wadna stand.

(The whole party dances and Galatian sings)—

Oh, ance I was dead, sir, but now I am alive,
And blessed be the doctor that made me revive,
We'll all join hands and never fight more,
We'll all be good brothers as we ha'e been afore.

Enter Judas—Here comes Judas, Judas is my name.

If ye put not siller in my bag for guidsake, mind our wame!
When I gaed to the castle yett and tirlid at the pin,
They keepit the key o' the castle and wadna let me in.
I've been i' the east carse,
I've been i' the west carse,
I've been i' the Carse o' Gowrie,
Where the cluds rain a' day pease and beans,
And the farmers theek houses wi' needles and preens;
I've seen geese gaun on pattens,
And swine fleeing i' the air like peelings o' ingons.
Our hearts are made o' steel, but our bodies sma' as ware
If you've ony thing to gie us, stap it in there.

(Pointing to the bag.)

All sing—Blessed be the master o' this house, and the mistress also,
And a' the little bairnies that round the table grow;
Their pockets fu' o' siller, their bottles fu' o' beer—
A merry, merry yule, and a happy New Year.

Different songs were then sung by the guizards,
either individually or collectively.

In my early years, when residing in the Lammermoors, I took an active part in these heartsome and lightsome frolics. At one of these one of my companions sang a song which I have never seen in print. The burden of it I can only remember :

“There's ae ae cog and a cog between,
There's twa twa cogs and a cog between,
There's three three cogs and a cog between;
The miller's daughter kens right weel
How many cogs there's in the mill wheel.”

I have a number of rhymes connected with the “Daft Days”—the braw days o' lang-syne, but, my dear sir, I must draw this letter to a conclusion.

A LAY OF ABBEY ST. BATHANS.

[Inscribed to Wm. Young, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.]

In the very heart of the Lammermoor hills is situated the small village of Abbey St. Bathans. About the end of the last century the Rev. Mr. Skedd was its parish minister. He was not like some ministers of these days, who were called "dry sticks," but on the contrary was a most eloquent preacher in the pulpit, and out of it was famed far and near for his ready wit. Like other ministers of that period, Mr. Skedd was very poorly paid for his ministerial services, and had enough to do to maintain a large family upon a small income, and was obliged, for the purpose of making "ends meet," to manufacture, on a small scale, baskets and potato creels, which were sold by his wife to the farmers in the vicinity. Mr. Skedd was in the habit of making one basket every week day, and numbered the days of the week by the number of baskets he made. He was very absent-minded and forgot that he had preached on a Thursday in a neighboring parish, and curious to relate his little daughter found him early on a Sabbath morning at work upon the sixth creel. The outs and ins of this incident have been turned into rhyme to show that the best samples of the human race may fall into error:—

Aboot the aughteen hunder year,
 When meal and meat were unco dear,
 When wark and siller, too, were scant,
 And folk were like to dee for want,
 E'en folk that ance were rale weel off
 Could barely buy a quarter loaf,
 But be content their gabs to gust
 Wi' heel o' cheese or bannock crust,
 And as for beer to aid digestion
 Was just a thought clean out the question.

Haith ! they were glad to help themsel's
 Wi' halesome draughts frae nature's wells.
 The bairns that ance had breeks and brows
 Went duddy and as lean as craws.
 When mothers heard their wants and wishes
 Saut tears wad fa' in empty dishes,
 The men, maist feck, were cowed and worrit,
 And wished that they were dead and burrit,
 Ane e'en wad think that dool and care
 Cam' scowlin' in the very air !

In Abbey's auld romantic toon,
 Where Whitadder comes rowin' doon,
 And lingers in her seaward race,
 As laith to leave so sweet a place;
 As laith to leave so sweet a place;
 Green grows the grass, the woods how green,
 Nature ne'er made a fairer scene !
 In the auld manse, half up the brae,
 A preacher lived for monie a day;
 Weel versed was he in Gospel law,
 But heh ! his stipend was but sma'.
 And here it may as well be said,
 The preacher's name was Mr. Skedd;
 His wife was somewhat cross and fretit,
 Gude faith ! her bairns were nae-ways petit,
 For aft she'd gi'e them monie a lecture,
 And louder them past a' conjecture.

Ae morn she said, " Now, Mr. Skedd,
 It's just twal' years since we were wed,
 The bairn is sleepin' in the cradle,
 The twins are playing in the stable,
 The lave ha'e a' gane doon the brae,
 To pu' the rasps till middle day,
 Sae now gi'e up your meditation,
 And take a half-hour's recreation;
 Ye sit and read, ye sit and write,
 Ye're drooned in thought frae morn to night,
 Your mind is aye upon the rax,
 Nae mair I hear your canty cracks;
 Suppose we gang athwart the knowe,
 To where the birks and willows grow."

The guidman ga'e a canty laugh,
 And soon he gat his hat and staff,
 Then aff they gaed wi' cannie trudge,
 Up past the bonnie hawthorn hedge,
 Until they came upon the bank,
 Where willow wands were waving rank.
 And then she looked at her guidman,
 And said, "'Twas here our love began,
 And since, though often sair and sick,
 I've kept the band aye in the nick,
 And dune my best in every shape
 To keep the house 'neath thack and rape;
 But, now, my dear, you may depend,
 At last I've come to my wit's end;
 The meal's a' dune and what is worse,
 I've no ae penny in my purse."
 He ga'e a kind o' vacant stare,
 And said, " We'll spend an hour in prayer."
 " Na, na," quo' she, " the proverb tells,
 ' The Lord helps them that help themsel's;'
 Just look at a' thae willow wands,
 If they were placed in nimble hands,
 Guidman ! they're supple as the eels,
 And easy fashioned into creels;
 And when ance made, I'm free to think,
 They could be sold as quick as wink."
 " What, what," quo' he, " what's that you say ?
 I'm sure I could make one per day."
 " Enough," she said, " this afternoon
 The bairns will sned the willows doon; "
 Sae Mr. Skedd and his guid dame
 Reversed their steps and trotted hame.

It wasna' lang ere routh o' wands
 Were placed in ministerial hands;
 He scarce took time to take his meals;
 And in sax days he made sax creels.

Ae day the guidwife to him went
 And cried, " Come, see what Heaven has sent,"
 He gazed, then into raptures flew
 His auld meal-ark was heapit fou !

Ae autumn morn afore the dawin'
 And 'fore the cocks began a-crawin',
 He raised his head frae aff the pillow
 And soon began to twist the willow;
 And on that morn he aft did say,
 "Where there's a will there's aye a way."
 Now Mrs. Skedd when she arose,
 Soon filled the bickers fou o' brose;
 And then she said to daughter Jean,
 "Gae, wipe the cob-webs frae your een,
 And seek your fayther in the study,
 And tell him that his breakfast's ready."
 The lassie ran wi' a' her might,
 But, oh! she gat an unco fright,
 She stood transfixed wi' fear and awe,
 And scarce a single breath could draw,
 Her eyes seemed as they'd burst their spl.eres,
 Till deluged with a flood o' tears,
 And then she spoke in words of wae,
 "Fayther! this is the Sabbath day!"
 The creel fell doon atween his knees,
 His wits came back by slow degrees;
 He rose and said, "ye little jade,
 This week I've only five creels made."
 Then she cried out "Satan will tak' us,
 Thursday ye preached at Lockermacus;
 He placed his hand upon her head,
 He looked like one whose life had fled;
 O'twas a mournful sight to scan
 The visage of this holy man.
 At length he raised his eyes to Heaven,
 And prayed his sins might be forgiven.

APPLICATION.

Folk! the kernel of this tale discern,
 And never be too old to learn;
 Wise is the saw, I pray attend it,
 A turn begun is maist half endit;
 Jingle and jow St. Bathan's bells—
 The Lord helps them that help themsel's.

REVIEWING THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Willy Dandy was a druggist's apprentice, and it was considered that he was a callant that possessed mair than ordinary ability. When he reached his seventeenth year a great change overcame him. He turned donnert and absent-minded, but worst of all, the meat he took didna' do him ony guid, and the result was that he fell awa' to perfect skin and bone. The reason assigned for this was that he had got a fearful dose of calf-love. He had fallen ower head and ears in love wi' Bell Piper, a lass wha belonged to the singin' band, and wha skirled in the Parish kirk. Ae day an auld wife frae Buncle entered the drug-shop, and frae Willy gat a quarter of a pound of Epsom salts. She had not been long gone when the love-sick blockhead discovered that he had given her a quarter of a pound of deadly poison. On becoming aware of this, his heart dunted against his ribs, and his eyes winked and blinked as if they were about to leap out of their sockets. His master was from home, and he could not leave the shop to follow the wife, but when night came he procured a horse and rode into Buncle at full gallop. On finding the auld wife's house he flung the bridle-reins on the neck of his horse, and dismounted and dashed into the presence of the auld wife. He found her half-naked, sitting at the side of the fire, and the deadly drug in a tea-cup sitting on the jamb-stane. Willy immediately roared out to her: "Dinna drink the drug, it is poison! poison! poison!" On hearing this the auld wife fell into a fit—she raised her hands and then fell head-long upon the floor. On observing this Willy rushed to the door, leaped on the horse, and when its nose was turned in the home direction he said to himsel', "It's a' up wi' me

noo—I've killed her onyway." When the auld wife came to her mental equilibrium she sat up on the floor, and, on reviewing the circumstances, she said, "Blast him, if I could get a haud o' him I wad knock the day-lights oot o' him!"

THE TOWN OF WYANDOTTE.

Within the bound'ries o' our state,
 Way up to Keweenaw,
 There's hills and dells and crystal wells,
 And monie a spreading shaw ;
 But 'mang' the rounds in a' the bounds
 There's not so sweet a spot,
 There's not a place more dearer than
 The town of Wyandotte.

It stands amang the waving woods,
 Where robins sweetly sing,
 And where the sparrows build their nests
 In early days of spring ;
 Where violets bloom and roses blush
 To the forget-me-not,
 Which flower the maidens love to wear
 Who dwell in Wyandotte.

Though Wyandotte is miles away,
 My thoughts are ever there,
 For in a cottage now resides
 My chiefest earthly care.
 How sad the day ! how sad the hour !
 Tears from my eyelids shot,
 When my wife went, four weeks to spend
 Away in Wyandotte.

I see her in the midnight hour,
 I saw her on the way,
 When steaming past upon the boat
 Way down to Put-in Bay.
 When steaming back I sang wi' glee
 A song called "I'm Afloat."
 When something whispered in my ear—
 "Your wife's in Wyandotte."

MRS. SHEERLOCK.

[Inscribed to DAVID E. BARRY, Esq., Detroit.]

CONTENTMENT is great gain, but very few gain contentment :—

They growl at this, they growl at that,
 Their growlin's never dune,
 They ne'er will learn to sing wi' me,
 Aye keep the heart abune.

Thomas Sheerlock and Nannie, his wife, lived up in the moors in sequestrated places, and neither one or the other knew much about geography. They had frequently heard of America, and had talked for a number of years regarding the feasibility of emigrating to that country. One winter's night Nannie was sitting toasting her toes at a peat fire when Thomas entered, and he threw off his plaid, hung his bonnet on a pin, and sat down by her side. "Nannie," quo' he, "I ha'e a weighty lade on ma mind, and I wad like to get it coupit. I met Tibbie Stot awa' doon in the dingle, and we had an unco lang haver wi' ane anither." "Bless ma heart," quo' Nannie, "what was ye haverin' about? I trow twa haverals have met this blessed day." "I will soon tell ye," quo' Thomas, "if ye wad only haud for a minute or twa that lang tongue o' yours. Tibbie Stot and a' her family, stick and stow, are bound to gang to America sae soon as the snaw is aff the ground, and the March winds blawn past; and hear kin, Nannie, she wants you and me to gang along wi' them." "Gang along wi' them! ne'er ae fit will I gang. D'ye think I wad leave ma native land to be tossed and tumbled, and in a' likelihood, drooned like a beast in the raging seas, and swallowed alive by whales and other sic like vermin. But hark ye, guidman, I will gang wi' you to America upon ae condi-

tion." "And what is that condition?" enquired Thomas. "Ye wad like to ken that," retorted Nannie, "but that matter lies no atween you and me, but atween the captain o' the ship. Sae set yere hoose in order, and we will be in America lang afore Tibbie Stot and her graith, for I weel I wat I dinna like sic company; for, to tell ye the even doon truth, Tibbie Stot has nae mair sense than a hatchin' hen." About two weeks after this conversation this worthy couple confronted the captain of a ship bound for America, and before their passage money was paid, the following conversation between the captain and Nannie took place:

Nannie—"Guid mornin'; are ye the captain o' the ship that sails to America?"

Captain—"Yes."

Nannie—"Will ye tak' ma Tammas and me if ye get us?"

Captain—"Yes."

Nannie—"Upon what conditions I wad like to ken."

Captain—"Upon the conditions that both of you pay your passage money."

Nannie—"Weel, we agree wi' that; but hark ye, captain, the ne'er a fit will I set on yere ship unless ye agree wi' ma conditions, and stick to them as if yere very life was dependin' on their fullfilment."

Captain—"And what are they?"

Nannie—"After comin' a' this length to Greenock, I hope, captain, ye will agree, and if ye no agree, Tammas and me will just tak' our taps in our laps and gang hame the road we cam'; but ye look like a man wha kens a B frae a bull's fit, and if ye pass yere word I ha'e nae doot but that ye will act up to ma conditions, and my conditions are just they; and, as I said afore, ye can either

agree to them, or no agree to them ; but I wad like if ye wad agree, after us sellin' our ceo and our soo, and our ducks and our hens, our chairs and our tables, our pats and our pans, and the very cradle that our bairns were rocked in——”

Captain—“I am in a hurry.”

Nannie—“Hurry or' no hurry, there is luck in leisure ma bonnie man ; and noo I ha'e just this to say, that we will gang wi' you if ye agree to tie the ship to a tree duly every night.”

Captain—“Bless my soul !”

Nannie—“Aye, ye may bless yere soul, and yere body into the bargain ; but I want nane o' yere willy-wallying ; ye maun just be either aff or on—either say ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ afore ye get a plack o' passage money frae either Tammas or me. Ma faith, a fine story, for me and our Tammas to be rampagin' through the goustie seas at the black hours o' midnight, without either coal or can'le licht, and the sun doon and the stars hidden wi' murky cluds, and in a moment the winds micht come up and blaw us to the deil kens where.”

At the conclusion of this the captain gave a wink to the clerk of the ship, and said, “Take the passage money from this worthy couple, and give them a receipt in these words—‘Received from Mrs. and Mr. Sheerlock, ten pounds sterling, payment in full of passage money to Quebec, on condition that the ship be tied to a tree every night.’”

Nannie—“Thank ye, captain, man, ye ha'e mair sense than I ga'e ye credit for. Tammas, pay doon the siller, and get the receipt, and whan I sew it into ma stays we will e'en gang and get our kists aboard, and may the deevil tak' the hindmaist.”

HOT WEATHER.

The day was hot, the night was hot,
Mair hot than I could bare, O,
The glass that hung at my door check
Stood ninety aboon zero.

I scarce could draw a breath ava,
I het and hetter faund it ;
Wae's me, thought I, e'en Beelzebub
Will ha'e a job to stand it.

So frae our furnace o' a hoose
I sought a change o' air,
It wasna' lang till I sat doon
Upon a barber's chair.

A patent chair the barber had,
And round he made me spin,
And soon I found I had nae hair
On head, on cheek or chin.

When I was slowly sweltein' hame,
My faith, but I felt blythe,
When I was grippit by the hand
By Mr. John Forsyth.

Quoth he, " A sight o' you is good,"
Sae after some mair clatter
Wi' ae accord we baith agreed
To drink some soda water.

When in the parlor John remarked
The unco heat surprised him,
And that ae day a strong sun ray
Had very near capsized him.

We had ice cream, vanilla, too,
The truth must, shall be spoken,
That aye the mair we drank and drank
Our drouth we couldna' slocken,

Guid guide us a', upon this night
We had an extra session,
Discussing banes and antidotes
And social progression.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

John scamper'd over points o' faith,
 O' Christian theology,
 Then over head and ears he plung'd
 Into the Greek mythology.

He said, "The apple Paris gave
 To Venus was a bonus."
 He praised her doves, but cursed the boar
 That killed her dear Adonis.

"Now look, 'way in the darksome days
 Mankind were vile and vain,
 And womankind were treated with
 Contempt and cold disdain.

"That Adam even badgered Eve
 With words o' defamation,
 Which proved that of her virtues he
 Had no appreciation.

"Had she but lived in my own day
 It would have been an honor
 If she had sent a bare request
 For me to wait upon her.

"I'd gone and would have ta'en her part,
 And put the law in action,
 And my friend Chambers, in his court,
 Would given her satisfaction.

"But manners now are greatly chang'd,
 The lamp of reason's lighted,
 Angelic woman's now beloved,
 And heartless wrongs are righted.

"Go home," he cried, "take my advice,
 Go home and seize the pen,
 And urge that peace may be maintain'd
 'Mong women and 'mong men."

The soda water and ice cream
 Had somewhat cooled our brain,
 We parted tenderly as if
 We'd never meet again.

When I got home my wife rebell'd,
 And sad and sair did grieve me,
 She said she would pack up her duds
 And gang awa and leave me.

She ga'e a spring to rug my hair,
 And to pull out a daud o't,
 She ga'e a start when she found out
 She couldna' get a haud o't.

From this event I may comment—
 Our lives are filled wi' wonders,
 That men and bairns and even wives
 Commit most greivous blunders.

Yet notwithstanding on the wall
 An hour ayont the ten,
 I wrote these words, "May peace prevail
 'Mong women and 'mong men."

Peace may prevail, I hope it may,
 Yet I will bet my bonnet
 That Satan still will rule the tongue,
 And hold his mortgage on it.

SANDY'S WELL.

"The only time I ever saw Sir Walter Scott," said my antiquarian friend, Robert Howden, "was about the year 1830. There is a well in Galashiels kened by the name o' 'Sandy's Well,' and it has been known by that name frae time immemorial. Noo, ye ken, some folk took it into their heads to mak' some alterations on Sandy's well, and some folk strongly objected thereunto. To see about this, Sir Walter Scott, then Sheriff of Selkirkshire, was sent for to settle the dirdom. Ae day he cam', and I think I see him yet. He was a big man wi' an unco heavy lang face, and he had a great big head. He carried a big stick, but it had nae head. We a' stood round the well, and Sir Walter Scott listened to the arguments *pro* and *con*. At the conclu-

sion o' them, he made the end o' his stick play dunt on the ground, and then he said in guid braid Scotch, 'Nane o' ye maun dare to touch Sandy's well, for it is public property, and will be, sae lang as water rins and grass grows.' "

BONNIE MAGGIE GRAHAM.

A bonnie, braw and winsome bride
Was my ain Maggie Graham,
How proud was I to set her doon
In my auld Scottish hame.
By auld and young it was allow'd
In a' the country side,
That no a lass in a' the land
Could match my bonnie bride.

Though days and years ha'e fitit past,
I mind it yet fu' weel,
How in the wint'ry nights she'd lay
Aside her spinnin' wheel;
And at a clean hearth-stane she'd sit,
And sing wi' mickle glee,
The bonnie sangs that I loe'd best,
She'd sing them a' to me.

The auld Scotch sangs, the blythsome sangs,
The sangs beyond compare,
She'd sing them ower and ower again,
And lighten a' my care.
But days and years ha'e come and gane,
And my ain Maggie Graham,
Nae mair will sing the auld Scotch sangs
In my auld Scottish hame.

She's sleepin' sound in the kirk-yard,
And gane is a' my glee;
My ain true love, my chosen one
Is ta'en awa frae me.
My hopes, my joys, are fled awa,
My grief nae tongue can name;
The dead leaves fa' upon the grave
O' my ain Maggie Graham.

THE AULD SANGS.

HENRY A. CHANEY, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—Some time ago you spoke to me regarding the “Evolution of Song.” I beg to send you the following resuscitations :

Perhaps there is no country in the world that can boast of more touching, heart-felt and heroic song than Scotland. Every glen, mountain and moor is celebrated in song, this for some patriotic deed, and the other for some woefu’ tale of blighted love or undying affection. These simple and artless effusions are as true to nature as nature is true to herself, and were handed down from generation to generation. In the rural districts every lad or lass had their budget of ballad or song. In the long winter evenings the singing or recital of which were a never failing fund of instruction and amusement. To quote from an old song—

“O! your very heart would tingle
To hear the lads and lasses round the farmer’s ingle.”

These species of amusements are well illustrated by Scott in his “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” and perhaps more so by Hogg in the “Queen’s Wake.”

This Scottish custom, since printing became so general, has now in a great measure died out. The mother of the last named, in a conversation with Sir Walter Scott in regard to this, thus spoke : “There was never ane o’ my songs printit till ye printit them yoursel’, and ye hae spoilt them awthegether. They were made for singin’ and no for reading, but ye hae broken the charm now, and they’ll never be sung mair. And the worst thing o’ a’ they’re neither right spelled nor right setten down.”

Such amusements were not confined to the rural population. In Bellenden's Translation of Boece's History we find the following description of James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England: "He was well learnt to fecht with the sword, to just, to tournay, to worsyl, to sing and dance; was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sindry other instruments of music; he was expert in gramer, oratory, and poetry, and maid sae flowan' and sententious verses—he was ane natural and borne poete."

There is an evolution in song, and to point out this is the purpose of this communication.

For Burns' manly song of "For a' That and a' That," we are indebted to a Jacobite song entitled "He's Coming Here." The first of which I quote:

"Be kind to me as lang's I'm yours;
I'll maybe wear awa yet;
He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
May tak' me frae ye a' yet.
He's coming here, he will be here;
He's coming here for a' that,
He's coming o'er the Highland hills
May tak' me frae ye a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
And loyal hearts are a' that—
Auld love is better aye than new,
Usurpers mauna fa' that.
He's coming here, etc."

It will be observed that Burns almost copies the obscure line, "Usurpers mauna fa' that." To explain which I must confess is beyond my comprehension. Burns' well known song of "The Birks of Aberfeldy" is no doubt founded on the following, entitled:

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie will ye go,
 To the birks of Abergeldy ?
 Ye sall get a gown of silk,
 A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
 Ye sall get a gown of silk
 And a coat of callimankie.

Na, kind sir, I daurna gang,
 I daurna gang, I daurna gang,
 Na, kind sir, I daurna gang,
 My Minnie will be angry.
 Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte ;
 Sair, sair, wad she flyte
 And sair wad she ban me.

Burns' song of "Duncan Gray" no doubt took its rise from an old ditty of the same name. The first verse I quote :

" Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't,
 When a' the lave gae to their play
 Then I maun sit the lee long day,
 And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
 And a' for the girdin' o't."

We are indebted to Allan Ramsay for the preservation of many of our best songs. "The Yellow Haired Laddie" is one of his songs. It is, however, copied from an older version, the author of which is unknown:

" The yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae
 Cries milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae,
 And aye as she milked, and aye as she sang,
 The yellow hair'd laddie will be my guidman.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
 The ewes are new clippit, they winna bught in,
 The corn's a' shorn and the hills are a' bare
 And I'll never sleep wi' my mither nae mair.

The guidwife cries but the house 'Jenny come ben,
 The cheese is to mak' and the butter to kirn.'
 Though butter and cheese and a' should gae sour
 I'll crack wi' my laddie another half hour.
 Another half hour will e'en mak' it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my guidman shall be."

One of our best songs is entitled "Fair Helen," and according to Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," "she was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnel, and fell a victim to the jealousy of a rival lover; being courted by two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of whom, thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself, when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic bank of the Kirtle, were discovered from the opposite banks by the assassin. Helen perceiving him lurking among the bushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's bosom to rescue him from danger, and thus receiving the wound intended for another, sank and expired in her favorite's arms. He immediately avenged her death, and slew the murderer." Tho old version is quaint and curious and rarely to be found in any collection of songs. I transcribe it entire:

"O sweetest sweet and fairest fair,
 Of birth and worth beyond compare,
 Thou art the causer of my care,
 Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind,
As any one that thou shalt find
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest waters make maist dia,
The deadest pool the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within
Though he preferred be.

Yet nevertheless I am content
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent
Though I disdained be.

O ! Helen sweet and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet !
Think'st thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly ?

O ! Helen brave ! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee."

The modern version thus begins:

" I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea."

There is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and here, though somewhat out of place, an anecdote may be introduced. An auld Scotchman had a wife whose name was Helen. In the course of nature she died, and he caused to be placed upon her tombstone these lines from the above song:

" I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries."

The soul-stirring and perhaps the best martial song ever written, " March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale,"

first appeared in Sir W. Scott's novel "The Monastery" in the year 1820:

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale !
 Why, my lads dinna ye march forward in order ?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddisdale;
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.
 Many a banner spread flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story;
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms and march in good order;
 England shall many day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets are over the border."

The old version of the above song first appeared in "Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany," but he neither knew its author or its age. It is entitled "General Leslie's March to Longmarston Moor." It possesses little or no merit, but is introduced to further illustrate the object in view:

March, march, why the deil dinna ye march ?
 Stand to your arms, my lads; fight in good order;
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English Border,
 Stand till't and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain:
 The Parliament's blythe to see us a-coming,
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room
 Frae popish relics and a' sic innovation
 That a' the world may see
 There's nane in the right but we
 Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Joekie the sark of God;
 And the kist fu' o' whistles that maks sic a cleiro
 Our pipers braw
 Shall hae them a'
 Whate'er comes on it,
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets.

Burns sent his version of "Oh, gin my love were yon red rose," to George Thompson of Edinburgh; it is founded on the following:

O, gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Down on that red rose I would fa'.

O, my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
 My love's bonny and fair to see;
 Whene'er I look on her weel far'd face
 She looks and smiles again to me.

O, gin my love were a pickle o' wheat,
 And growing upon yon lily lee,
 And I mysel' a bonnie wee bird,
 Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O, my love, etc.

O, gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
 And I the keeper o' the key,
 I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
 And in that coffer I wad be.

O, my love, etc.

Lady Nairne, the authoress of the king of rollicking songs—"The Laird o' Cockpen," lets us understand that the "Laird," to use a Scottish phrase, had cast a sheep e'e upon McClish's daughter, who was

"A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree."

Not unlike this "Mistress Jean," the very best of our Scottish lyrics have long pedigrees, and many of

them have been traced up to the fountain-head of variable doggerel; while others again have been dressed up and shorn of their original beauty and simplicity. The well-known song, entitled "Maxwelton Braes are Bonnie," was written by a Mr. Douglas upon one of the daughters of Sir Robert Lawrie, according to Robert Chambers, about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. We quote the following, which sounds somewhat curious when we compare it with the present accepted and modern version which was written by Lady John Scott, one of the talented daughters of the late John Spotswood, Esq., of Spotswood, Berwickshire:

"She's backit like the peacock,
 She's breistit like the swan;
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist ye weel might span.

"Her waist ye weel might span,
 And she has a rolling e'e,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'll lay me down and dee."

Regarding the words to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," Sir Robert Aytoun, who died in 1638, wrote a long ballad with the above caption, and according to some authorities he is believed to have been indebted to a still older version, which perhaps never appeared in print. I submit the first two verses of Aytoun's rendition:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon,
 The flames of love extinguished
 And freely past and gone ?

Is that kind heart now grown so cold
 In that loving breast of thine,
 That thou cans't never once reflect
 On Auld Lang Syne ?"

Allan Ramsay's song in the "Tea Table Miscellany" thus begins:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with scars ?
These are the noble hero's lot
Obtained in glorious wars.

Welcome my Varo to my breast,
And arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was Langsyne."

Next I recall the first of "The Old Minister's Song," written by the Rev. John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorm," and other songs in the Scottish vernacular:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Or friendship e'er grow cauld ?
Should we nae tighter draw the knot
Aye as we're growing auld.

How comes it then my worthy friend,
Wha used to be sae kin',
We dinna for ilk ither speer
As we did Langsyne."

A minister in Perthshire, whose name has escaped my memory, penned the following curiosity:

"Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
And never brought to min',
For she'll be spoke in paradise
In days o' Auld Lang Syne !

When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms
First met fond Adam's view,
The first words that he'll spoke to her
Was "Cum ar ashun dhu."

And Adam, in his garden fair,
Whene'er the day did close,
The dish that he for supper teuk
Was always Athole brose.

When Adam frae his leafy bower
 Cam' oot at break o' day,
 He always for his mornin' teuk
 A quaich o' usquebae.

And when wi' Eve he'll had a crack,
 He'll tuek his sneeshin' horn,
 And on the tap ye'll weel nicht mark
 A ponny braw Cairngorm.

The sneeshin' mull is fine my frien's,
 The sneeshin' mull is grand;
 We'll teuk't a hearty sneesh, my frien's,
 And pass't frae hand to hand.

When man first faund the want o' claes,
 The wind and cauld to fieg;
 He twisted round about his waist
 The tartan philabeg.

And music first on earth was heard
 In Gaelic accents deep,
 When Jubal in his oxter squeezed
 The jaudie o' a sheep.

Regarding the now popular song of "Auld Lang Syne," Burns never claimed it as his own. In relation to which Dr. Charles Mackay thus remarks: "It is curious to reflect that the most popular song ever written in these islands, that of 'Auld Lang Syne,' is anonymous; and that we know no more of the author of the music than we do of the author of the words. It is equally curious to reflect that so much of Burns' fame rests upon this song, in which his share only amounts to a few emendations." Burns considered that the old tune adapted to his song in "Johnson's Museum" was but mediocre, and Thompson got the words arranged to the air "I Feid a Lad at Michaelmas," to which that song is now always sung. In "Cumming's Collection" it appeared under the title of the "Miller's Wedding." Neil Gow in one of his collections called it the "Miller's

Daughter," and in another gives it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," Dr. Charles Mackay states that the air of "Auld Lang Syne" "appears to have belonged to the Roman Catholic church and to England quite as much as to Scotland."

In corroboration of Dr. Mackay's remarks regarding Auld Lang Syne, above referred to, I copy from an old song-book in my possession the original words, so the reader may trace the alterations made by the Ayrshire bard:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 An' never brought to mind;
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld langsyne,
 For auld langsyne, etc.

We twa hae paidle't in the burn,
 When simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us baith hae roar'd
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

An' there's a hand my trusty feire,
 An' gi'es a hand o' thine.
 Syne toom the cup to friendship's growth
 An' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

An' surely ye'll be your pint stoup
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 An' we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, etc.

“John Anderson, my Joe, John,” is also an old song. According to many authorities John Anderson was the town piper of Kelso, Scotland. One authority for this may be cited that of Robert Chambers in “The Picture of Scotland.” He there says, “A former town piper of Kelso is said to have been the original John Anderson of the song and air of that name.” There is a tradition that John Anderson was a baker by trade, and a piper and wag by profession. This is in a measure confirmed by the local rhyme, which has never appeared in print, having escaped the notice of both Robert Chambers and Dr. Henderson in their collections of Scottish rhymes :

Anderson, panderson, bakit a pie,
 And sent it up to John McKie:
 As John McKie broke his fast
 Anderson panderson blew a blast;
 John McKie then gave a groan,
 Then cried “My day of grace is gone.
 Oh ! bury me 'neath the willow tree.
 Or drown me in the saut, saut sea.”

Bishop Percy in his “Reliques of Ancient English Poetry” remarks: It is a recorded tradition in Scotland that at the time of the reformation ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favorite hymns in the Latin service.” Among the number he mentions “Maggie Lauder” and “John Anderson, My Joe.” The first verse of the last named thus runs. I retain the original spelling:

“John Anderson, my Jo, John, cum in as ze gae by
 And ze shall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye;
 Weel baken in a pye, and a haggis in a pat,
 John Anderson, my Jo, John, cum in and ze's got that.”

In Brash and Reid's collection, entitled "Poetry, Original and Selected," and printed in penny numbers between the years 1795 and 1798, a long version of the song appeared. It was there stated to have been "improved" by Robert Burns. It is not, however, to be found in the "Kilmarnock," the "Falkirk," or the first and second Edinburgh editions of the poet's works. Burns, as the song is now sung, sent it to "Johnson's Museum," and in a letter to George Thompson, dated April 7, 1793, he claims it, as his own composition. Dr. Currie in his edition accepted this version, but left out the long verses of Brash and Reid's, the first verse of which may be quoted:

John Anderson, my Jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To rise sae soon in the morning, and sit up sae late at e'en
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John, and why should you do so ?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my Jo."

Regarding the tune of "John Anderson," Mr. Stenhouse, a most excellent authority, informs us, "though long handed down by oral tradition, it was committed to paper as early as 1579, in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, which is still preserved."

Burns, as is well known, was in the habit of collecting the floating songs of the country, on some of which he founded original songs, and others he furbished up and made them more presentable to the public taste.

The songs and airs of Scotland are so prolific that all the world to her are more or less indebted. Even the Irish song "Wearing of the Green," the tune of which is taken body and sleeves from the well-known bachanalian song, "Sae Will We Yet." They are welcome; for sir, "does not song to the world belong?"

A DRAP O' YON.

At Coberspeth a fishwife liv'd
 Away ayont Dunbar,
 And maybe there's been better wives,
 And maybe there's been waur.
 Guidfaith, she'd neither work or want,
 She just wad sit and groan,
 She ne'er was weel, but weel she liked
 To drink a drap o' yon.

Just a drap o' yon, John,
 Just a drap o' yon,
 O, dear me, I'm like to dee,
 Oh, bring a drap o' yon,

She ne'er was kent to wash her face,
 And if accounts are true,
 She ceased to goam the muckle creel
 And cry out "caller, oo."
 'Midst granes and graunts she'd tak' the strunts,
 And roar "I'm dead and gone;"
 Touts! naething would relieve the jade
 But just a drap o' yon.
 Just a drap o' yon, John, etc.

Ae day the bottle had run dry,
 She cried, "Oh! mercy me;
 John, haste and ride unto Dunbar
 And fill it to the e'e."
 The horse was standin' at the door,
 And as he leap'd thereon,
 She roared: "Oh, ride 'tween death and life
 And bring a drap o' yon."
 Just a drap o' yon, John, etc.

Fast, fast and furious he did ride,
 But slowly he cam' hame,
 For aft he preed the wee drap drink
 That he coft for his dame,
 And when he landed at the door
 She cried, "Oh! hurry, John,"
 Quo' he, "Oh, me, the deil take me,
 Alas! I've drunken yon."
 Just a drap o' yon, John, etc.

She's got a stick baith thick and lang,
 Like fire she at him flew:
 She's thrashed him up, she's thrashed him doon,
 She's thrashed him black and blue!
 She ordered him to mount again,
 Which he did wi' a groan,
 Ance mair he rides wi' banes a' sair
 To get a drap o' yon.
 Just a drap o' yon, John, etc.

Ance mair he's back at his door step,
 He stagger'd ben the hoose,
 And there he saw his guidwife sit
 As silent as a moose!
 Wi' dread he spoke, he might as weel
 Ha'e spoken to a stone,
 Her lowe o' life had flicker'd oot—
 She died for lack o' yon!
 Just a drap o' yon, John, etc.

THE DROUTHY YEAR.

The year 1826, in Scotland, was a remarkably dry year. Great heat prevailed and the very earth gaped and cracked for lack of moisture. It is remembered still by the olden people as the "drouthy year." The Rev. Mr. Thompson was then minister of Melrose. He was a man who read the book of nature by the light of the lamp of reason, and did his best to trace the workings of nature up to natural causes. One day a number of his parishioners waited upon him and with solemn faces desired him to pray for rain. "No," he replied, "I can not do that, for what would weet Gattonside-braes would drown the folk in Hell—" here the gentleman's memory failed him, but when it again served him, he added with a grin, "Hellinshaws." "Brethren," he continued, "to make matters more plain, the rain may do for the high hills of Gattonside, but it winna do ava for the low lying lands o' Hellinshaws."

THE STORY OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

[Inscribed to Rev. J. F. DIXIE, Detroit.]

I may remark, prefatory, that John Erskine, Earl of Mar, raised the standard on the Braes o' Mar in the year 1715, with the design of re-establishing the Stuart line of kings. Many of his followers were taken prisoners, but he with others escaped to France. He was untrue to the Stuart cause, and died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732. James Stuart, but better known by the name of the Pretender, was heir to the unhappy fortunes of the House of Stuart. As is well known, he was an exile and resided in France. An original letter written by Robertson of Strowan, also an exile, was presented to me by my friend William Stewart, Esq., Sarnia, Ontario, and as it throws some light upon a remarkable page of history, I copy it verbatim :

LYONS, 10th 19th, 1716, S. N.

MY LORD :

In obedience to Your Grace I am come to this Lenth, but the severity of the season obliges me to Breath a litle in this place. I thought Apin wou'd have been ready as soon as Major Frazer and me, but he complained of an illness the day before we parted from Paris, so we missed of that Happiness. Hugh Wallas of Inglesson joynd us at Shallon four days agoe and tells me he and Apin came together the lenth of Soignies but Apin finding himself uneasy in this journey thought it better to return to Gante than come on to Avignon till he gets a more pressing order from Your Grace than that of coming as soon as he can. This distemper of his occasions various speculations, especially since some of the king's friends suspected there was sum tampering with my Ld's Stairs which Apin thought fitt to keep up from his Brethren sufferers; Mr. Wallas will inform Your Grace more of this matter when he arrives at Avignon; Your Grace knows what use to make of this to the best advantage of the King's Interest. I shall have the

honor to salute Your grace against Friday or Saturday next, and rejoice with you at the king our masters recovery. Till then and for ever I am my Lord

Your Graces most obliged and most obedient humble servant

ROBERTSON OF STROWAN.

The rebellion in Scotland in 1745-6 is, what may be termed the second edition of the rebellion of 1715, and is one of the most remarkable events in the history of nations. The cause of the house of Stuart to all appearance was dead, but, as if by magic, it sprang into life, and at every step in advance of Bonnie Prince Charlie. King George, or, as he was termed, the "wee, wee, German lairdie," trembled in his shoes, and it is said was on the very point of flying to the continent. Though much has been written on the history of that rebellion, yet it is best written and better understood in the Jacobite minstrelsy of that period. For example, the "welcome" to the son of the Pretender is given with no lukewarmness :

"He comes, he comes, the hero comes,
Sound, sound your trumpets, beat your drums ;
From port to port let cannons roar
His welcome to the British shore."

Another song thus terminates :

"Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name of Royal Charlie."

In the same tenor but in a livelier measure another runs thus :

"O, merry may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Merry may the keel row,
The ship that my love's in."
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We conclude the songs of "welcome" with the following beautiful verse :

"The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;
O, yonder comes his gallant ship !
Thrice welcome royal Charlie."

The songs of "triumph" are as strong as words can make them :

"I swear by moon and stars so bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie."

Highland hearts are as one :

"See the northern clans advancing !
See Glengary and Lochiel !
See the brandish'd broad swords glancing !
Highland hearts are true as steel."

The ladies of Scotland were wild with enthusiasm for Prince Charlie, and it has been remarked by more than one historian if it had not been for them the rebellion would never have attained such magnitude:

"Oh ! better lov'd he canna be ;
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'Tis aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang ye'll see of Kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it."

Bright was the prospect, all were rushing to his standard :

"Duncan's coming. Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronal's coming,
Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alaster and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and McLean's coming,
Gordon and McGregor's coming,
Ilka Dunywastle's coming."

I may here explain that the word "Dunywastle" means Highland laird or gentleman.

How sad and sorrowful is the wail of disaster and defeat. Prince Charles is thus described :

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger ;
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he,
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

Beautiful is the poem written by Smollett entitled "The Tears of Scotland." We quote the first lines :

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons for valor long renowned
Lie slaughtered on their native ground,
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door,
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty."

The following verse recalls the words of Ossian—
"They are silent ; silent forever ! Cold, cold, are their
breasts of clay:"

"Shades of the mighty and the brave
Who faithful to your Stuart fell ;
No trophies mark your common grave,
No dirges to your memory swell,
But generous hearts will weep your fate
When far has rolled the tide of time ;
And bards unborn will renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

The works descriptive of this rebellion are mainly one-sided. It would be even manly for an enemy to shed a tear over the braves who fell fighting against a forlorn hope on dreary Culloden moor. There are exceptions, however, to this feeling. I have before me a work by James Ray, volunteer under his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland, entitled, "A Complete History of the Rebellion, From its Rise in 1745 to its Total Suppression at the Glorious Battle of Culloden, in April, 1746."

This work was printed in 1758, and is now rarely to be met with. In the extracts hereafter given the reader will perceive how virulent he is against the Prince and all his adherents.

In the summer of 1745 the frigate Elizabeth sailed from Britany with the youthful Prince, accompanied with about fifty Scotch and Irish gentlemen. They landed at Skye, and the Prince first received a kindly welcome to the land of his fathers by McDonald of Kinloch Moidart. The event of his landing spread like wild-fire through the length and breadth of the land:

" The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
For ships o' war have just come in
And landed Royal Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows both late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Who wadna' fight for Charlie."

The Prince was soon joined by the Camerons, McDonalds and Stuarts, and on the 16th day of August his standard was raised with the motto, "Tandems Triumphans."

In a letter dated "Perth, 10th Sept., 1745," the young chevalier thus addresses his father :

"I have occasion every day to reflect upon Yr M—y's last words to me that I would find Power, if it was not accompany'd with Justice and Clemency, an uneasy thing to myself, and grievous to those under me. It's to ye observance of this Rule and my conforming myself to ye customs of these people, that I have got their Hearts to a Degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it.

"There is one thing and but one, in which I have had any Difference with my faithful Highlanders. It was about setting a price upon my Kinsman's head—which, knowing Yr Ma—s generous humanity, I am sure will shock you, as much as it did me. When I was shewn ye Proclamation setting a price on my Head, I smil'd & treated it with ye Disdain it deserv'd. Upon which they flew into a most violent rage & insisted upon my doing ye same by him. As this flow'd solely from ye poor men's love and concern for me, I did not know how to be angry with them for it, and tried to bring them to Temper by representing to them that it was a Mean Barbarous practice among Princes, that must dishonour them in ye Eyes of all Men of Honour; that I could not see how my Cousin's having set me ye Example, would justifie me in imitating that which I blame so much in him: But nothing I could say would satisfie them. Some went even so far as to say, *shall we go and venture our Lives for a man who seems so indifferent about preserving his own?* Thus I have been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn my Self. Yr Ma—ty knows that in my Nature I am neither cruell nor revengefull."

They crossed the Firth of Forth and the inhabitants of Glasgow were more than astonished when over three thousand kilted clansmen with their bagpipes and Lochaber axes landed amongst them. Ray thus describes the appearance of the Prince: "His dress was of a Highland garb of fine silk tartan, red velvet breeches and a blue velvet bonnet, with gold lace around it; on his breast a large jewel, with St. Andrew appended; is about six feet high, walks well and straight, and speaks both English and broad Scotch very well, but

his Italian constitution cannot stand every kind of hardship." The Prince made a levy upon Glasgow of £15,000 sterling, and took all the arms that he could procure, and then with his army marched to Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland. As an illustration of the temper of the times an anecdote may be here introduced: Two servant girls met upon a stair-head, and the one says, "Oh, Jenny, the Highlanders are comin', and they are gaun to kiss a' the lasses in Edinburgh and Leith." "Mercy me!" cried Tibby, "I maun get mysel' ready." After they had arrived the same couple met, when Tibbie said, "Jenny, they ha'e come; and I wad like to ken when the kissin' is gaun to begin?"

The battle of Prestonpans took place very early in the morning. Ray thus describes it: "The foot not being supported by the horse, were surprised and thrown into confusion worse confounded, they firing too soon and their bayonets not fixed. The rebels fell furiously upon them, sword in hand, and about two hundred of them were killed and about one thousand made prisoners; and Sir John Cope fled to Dunbar and afterwards to Berwick." His flight is thus described by Skirving in the song "Hey, Johnnie Cope":

"When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They spier'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.'"

On the field at Prestonpans fell the brave Col. Gardiner, whose life, it will be remembered, was written by Dr. Doddridge. He resided at his seat at Bankton, near the battle-field, and I may here state that the writer of these lines sat in the same chair where, it is said, he

breathed his last breath. And there to the best of my ability I sang to my companions the song—

“ A wee bird cam’ to our ha’ door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly ;
 And aye the o’ercome o’ his sang
 Was ‘ Wae’s me for Prince Charlie.’ ”

The victorious army then returned to Edinburgh, and, according to Ray, “The Pretender demanded of the city of Edinburgh six thousand pairs of shoes, two thousand targets and one thousand tents, to be made with all expedition.” The Highlanders pillaged the whole neighborhood. Regarding this the following anecdote is amusing :

In the neighborhood of Edinburgh lived a very mortified gentleman who lay every night in his coffin and winding sheet. He was visited by a party of Highlanders, and seeing the coffin they concluded a corpse was inclosed in it, and that it might have a good winding sheet. They raised the lid, whereupon the mortified gentleman rose up, and they were struck with such panic at his ghostly appearance that they fled with all their might, thinking that the devil had taken possession of the corpse. The old gentleman observing the situation leaped out of his coffin and followed them in his grave clothes, and as he saw them fly in terror, he grinned a ghastly grin, and then returned and lay down in his winding sheet.

The night after the battle of Prestonpans, Prince Charles Stuart took up his quarters at Pinkie house, an old manor house beautifully situated near Musselburgh on the Firth of Forth. In the reign of James VI. it was a country mansion belonging to the Abbot of Dunfermline, of the Seaton family. On the front of the building is

the following inscription: "Dominus Alexander Setonius hanc domum edificavit, non ad animi, sed ad fortunarum et angelli modum," which may be thus translated: Lord Alexander Seton built this house, not after the fashion of his mind, but after that of his fortunes and estate.

From "Pinkie house, near Edinburgh, Sept. 21st, 1745," the Prince thus writes to "His Majesty the King, our Royal Father:"

"It has pleased God to prosper Yr Ma—s Arms under my command. On the 17th I entered Edinburg Sword in hand, and got possession of ye Town, without our being obliged to shed one Drop of Blood, or commit the least Violence: And this Morning, I have gain'd a most Signal Yictory with little or no loss,"

Farther on the Prince remarks:—

"If I had obtained this Victory over Foreigners, my Joy wo'd have been complete; But as it's over *Englishmen*, it has thrown a Damp upon it that I little imagined. The Men I have defeated, were yr Ma—s Enemys, it is true; But they might have become yr Friends and Dutifull S—cts when they had got their Eyes open'd to see ye true Interest of their Country, which I come to save, not to destroy. For this reason I have discharg'd all publick Rejoicings."

The room where the Prince slept is still pointed out, regarding which Robert Chambers remarks: "In the eyes of some it will be rendered more or less interesting by that recollection."

The condition of the brave Col. Gardiner was somewhat different. He was preparing to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. His death wounds are thus described by his biographer, Dr. Doddridge. "He rode up and cried out to his regiment, 'fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!' But just as the words were out of his mouth a Highlander advanced toward him with a scythe

fastened to a long pole, and gave him such a deep wound on his right arm that his sword dropped out of his hand and he was dragged from off his horse. Another Highlander gave him a stroke with a Lochaber axe on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. He was plundered of his watch and stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing. He was carried from the field and in the forenoon took his final leave of pain and sorrow."

On the following day the Prince returned to Holyrood house, and according to Ray "they carried their mock Prince from that place to the High Cross, where they proclaimed his father king, and him regent, with great formality; although few or none of the inhabitants of any credit attended the ceremony." The next day a proclamation was issued which declared that all were rebels, especially the clergy, if, in so many days, they did not make submission to the house of Stuart. On this account all the clergy deserted the city and divine service for the time being was suspended. An instance however is related that the Rev. Neal McVicar alone stood his ground and prayed as usual for King George. The Prince sent a message to warn him of the consequence of such prayers; but, nothing daunted, the ensuing Sabbath he thus launched out: "O, Lord, if it is in keeping with Thy will, bless the king. Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit easy on his head. But for this man that has come amongst us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory." The whole country was in a ferment. The custom-house at Leith was seized, the city of Glasgow was summoned the second time to contribute £15,000 ster-

ling and a demand was made that all landlords of houses in Edinburgh be compelled to pay "half a crown in the pound." Those who had flung up their hats for the Prince, now when he touched their pockets, changed their minds and began to hope with the minister above mentioned that the Lord would "give him a crown of glory." The following illustrates this state of feeling: One Mr. William Barclay was requested to pay this tax, which he refused. The reason for non-payment was demanded when he replied "that he had ten guid reasons—he had nine bairns and one wife to support." An anecdote is also told of one called Mr. Thomas Erskine "an eminent brewer and preacher among the people called the Quakers." Some of the Prince's adherents one night broke into his house and robbed him of all his "money and linen." The Quaker applied to the Prince for redress and assured him "that the method he pursued would never prosper, for our King George takes only a part of our money, but thou, even verily thou, takes all, and thee may'st as well take away my life as take away the prop that supports it." The answer given by the Prince was "that he, Mr. Erskine, was many years in debt to the revenue of his father's excise, and that the money taken was properly due to his government."

Disturbances between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders were a daily and nightly occurrence, and even members of the respective clans, at the slightest provocation, would furiously fight with one another. On one occasion a Campbell affirmed that his race was much older than the Gordons and could prove it by the Bible, and referred to Solomon, in all his glory, who he said "had a thousand Cammils"—that being the pronounci-

ation of Campbell in Scotch—whereupon dirks were drawn, blood was spilled and Solomon's glory established.

Although the magistrates did their best, the majesty of the law was with difficulty enforced or vindicated, as the following anecdotes will show:

A magistrate was one day attempting to deal out justice when his sister, for some cause, was brought before him, whereupon he put to her the following questions: "Woman, what is thy name? what is thy age? and where is your usual place of residence?" The lady thinking he had gone mad, held up her hands and exclaimed: "Dear me, Andrew, do ye no ken yere ain sister?" To which he answered: "Woman! when I sit in this court to administer justice; I know no one—neither father nor mother; sister nor brother." To this she immediately replied: "I think, Andrew, ye may safely add that ye dinna ken yere ain sel." This answer created a great laugh, and as the magistrate was about to pass sentence some of her Jacobite friends seized hold of her and carried her shoulder-high out of the court-house, locked the magistrate in, and flung the key of the court-room into the North loch. To further illustrate the looseness of the times, one of the Prince's followers was fined two shillings and sixpence for getting drunk. Next day he was again brought up, when he put the following question to the magistrate: "I wad like to ken if it is Scotch law to sentence a man twice for ae offence; for ye maun ken its just the same *auld drunk*." To which the magistrate replied: "Ye may go; I will only bring trouble on myself for attempting to enforce the law; but you may be thankful that ye do not live in the days of my fathers, for they would have

hanged you first and tried you afterwards." Brawls and broadsword encounters were the order of the night, and in the suburbs of the city duels were so frequent during the day that they created little or no attention. The only individual upon record who refused to fight was Mr. Skirving, an East Lothian farmer and the author of the song, "Hey, Johnnie Cope." He wrote another song on the battle of Prestonpans, from which the following is taken:

"And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot it was his lot
For to get many a wound, man.

Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsay'd, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurred his baist
"Twas little there he saw, man,
To Berwick rade; and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man."

As it will be observed that Smith was in Cope's army, and for this poetic attack he sent a challenge to Skirving, on receiving which he said to the messenger: "Gang awa back and tell Mr. Smith that I hae nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no, I'll do as he did—*I'll rin awa.*"

During these occurrences the Prince's headquarters was at Dalkeith palace, near Edinburgh, where he was laying his plans and projects to invade England.

There resided in Perth an innkeeper of the name of Hixton, and he solemnly swore "by the light of the moon and the green leaf on the tree," that he would

put an end to his existence if Prince Charles Stuart failed to regain the crown of his fathers. He was a man gifted with plausible manners and keen penetration. He obtained an audience with the Prince, and soon became one of the leading spirits of the Jacobite rebellion. For the purpose of rousing the northern counties of England, and inducing them to espouse the Stewart cause, the Prince requested Hixton to attire himself as a gablerunzie or mendicant, and make his way to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Glad of an opportunity to advance the cause, Hixton immediately set out on his journey. On the 6th of October he reached that place, where, from some suspicions, the authorities arrested him for a spy. He was examined and searched, and in the finger of one of his gloves was found the following document, which I give entire, as it throws considerable light upon the state of the country and the designs of the Prince. On its discovery Hixton imagined that the Jacobite cause was forever lost. He took a knife out of his pocket and deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear:

“ You are hereby authorized and directed to repair to England, and there to certify to my friends, and particularly those in the northwest of the wonderful success with which it has pleased God to favor my endeavors for their deliverance; you are hereby to let them know that 'tis my full intention, in a few days, to move forward to them, and they will be inexcusable before God and man if they do not do all in their power to assist and support me in such an undertaking. What I depend upon and expect is, that as many of them as can should take care to provide provisions and money, that the country may suffer as little as possible by the march of my troops. Let them know there is no more time for deliberation. Now or never, is the word. I am resolved to conquer or perish in the attempt. If the last should happen let them consider what they and their posterity have to expect.”

Signed,

CHARLES, P. R.

The victory that the Prince achieved at Prestonpans added greatly to the enthusiasm of his followers, and a number of clans that had remained lukewarm and refused to rally, now joined his forces. He made a feeble effort to take Edinburgh castle, but seeing that task would be difficult to accomplish, and being advised by Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, the Earl of Kilmarnock and others that delays were dangerous, he resolved to immediately invade England. On the first of November he sent off his baggage and ammunition, which was followed by the whole army in three columns. One of the columns reached Kelso, a town in the bonnie border land, where the following strange occurrence is said to have taken place:

There was a dealer in snuff in Edinburgh who had grown rich and set up a coach. On this coach he caused to be painted his coat of arms and underneath were these words:

“ Who could have thought it
Nose could have bought it.”

He also had the wooden figure of a negro standing at his shop door. At this shop Niel McSween frequently purchased snuff, and on leaving the shop he took great delight in kicking the wooden negro into the street. On reaching Kelso, Neil's nose required to be primed, and for this purpose he went into a tobacco store. He had never seen a live negro in his born days and on coming out one happened to be standing at the door, and without warning and in a moment he knocked him heels over head. When the negro regained his feet Neil's hair stood on end, and he cried out “ Mercy me ! I thought ye was made of wood ! ”

As it was now, what is termed in Scotland the "back-end" or fall of the year, considerable sickness prevailed amongst the Highlanders. Jenny Fairbairn, a garrulous Lowland cottager, thus describes the death scene of a young Highlander—

"Some die in their beds and some out of them, some are shot dead, some stickit, some have their throats cut and some are hanged. There are early deaths as well as early marriages, but there are likewise happy deaths, and Oh! the braw and bonnie Highland laddie died an unco happy death. He cam' into ma house and I told him to sit doon aside the fire. It was early in the mornin' and I was e'en takin' my breakfast. He sat doon and I handed him a plate fu' o' parritch, and he began to sup, and when I thought he was about done, I said to him, "my bonnie laddie, will you tak' a drink o' milk?" but he never spoke, and when I turned my head to see what was the matter wi' him, there he was sittin' stiff dead, puir lad, wi' the parritch plate atween his knees. Eh! but his death was a happy death!"

Another anecdote may be here introduced. The lads and lassies o' Kelso are frequently in the habit of dancing. On one occasion a Highland piper was hired to play the bagpipes. "Man," said an Englishman to him, "ye are a grand player; do ye play by the ear?" "By the year!" he replied in astonishment; "na, na, I only play by the night."

Ireland, at this period, was in a great state of discontent—many of her sons strongly favored the cause of the Pretender. When any trouble arises in any part of the world, America, England or Scotland, for example, people outside of these leave them alone to settle their own affairs; but when trouble arises in Ireland,

she is deluged with advice from all quarters of the habitable globe. Even her own sons are eternally advising her. On account of these advices, past and present, one is inclined to wonder that the condition of Ireland is not much worse than it really is. In 1745 the cry was, "Ireland and Scotland against England." Some people advised Ireland one way and some another. Dean Swift in his celebrated "Draper's Letters" thus admonished the people: "I have many reasons to believe that there are not a few among you, who secretly rejoice at the rebellion that is now raised in Scotland; and perhaps conceive hopes of some alteration for the better in their circumstances and condition, if it should succeed. It is possible that among the lords and esquires, one perhaps among a hundred would get something by a chance. On the other hand, if the poor laborer when all is over is to be a laborer still, I can not find why he should fancy it worth his while to venture a leg or an arm, and the gallows, too, into the bargain, to be just where he set out. If he must dig and delve, when the Pretender is settled on the throne, he had as good stick to it now for any difference I can see. If a farmer must pay his rent I see no reason that he should be much concerned whether he pays it to one man or to another. * * * There is not a more foolish trade than fighting for nothing, and I hope my good countrymen will be too wise to be persuaded into it. Fine speeches and fair promises will not be wanting to delude them, but let them remember the warning I now give, that when all is over, the very best that can befall them is to have their labor for their pains. * * * It well deserves your thought whether it is worth your while to beggar yourselves and families that the man's name

upon the throne be James instead of George ; you will probably see neither of them while you live, nor be one penny the richer for one or for the other.”

It is somewhat strange that the people in England were indifferent whether Prince Charles would be successful or otherwise. It has even been affirmed by some that if he and his army had gone into London at the one side, King George was ready to go out at the other.

On the 9th of November the respective columns of the Highland Army were united some little distance from Carlisle. Two thousand of them crossed the Esk at Longtown, and in their passage nothing was seen but their heads. On reaching land the pipers blew their pipes and they danced reels till they were all dry again. The Prince entered Carlisle preceded by a hundred pipers, their pipes going at full blast. This circumstance is celebrated in the following lyric which no one, if he values his life, dare sing within from ten to twenty miles from Carlisle :

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Oh, it's ower the border, a wa', a wa',
 It's ower the border, a wa', a wa',
 We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle ha',
 Wi' its yetts, its castles, an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh ! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw.
 Wi' their tartans, kilt an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets an' feathers, an' glitterin' gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding loud and clear,

Will they a' return to their ain dear glen ?
 Will they a' return, our Highland men ?
 Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
 And mithers grat when they marched away.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
 Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a' ?
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah !
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly ;
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare !
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep ;
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep ;
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd, the English they saw, they saw,
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw ;
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
 Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

When the Pretender and his army occupied Carlisle, Marshal Wade with his opposing force of raw militia lay inactive at Newcastle. At length, on the 17th day of November, he mustered up courage to order his army to advance to the relief of Carlisle. He reached Hexham about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but his rear guard did not arrive till about midnight. Here the gallant soldier found out that Carlisle had surrendered. So, when his rear guard came up, his vanguard had commenced to march back again to Newcastle. The weather was raw and cold, and the roads were in bad order, and when his beautiful army, according to Ray, reached Newcastle, "they were exceedingly fatigued," but their condition would have been much worse "had it not been for

the peculiar care taken of them by the people of Newcastle.”

The Pretender, with his hardy band of Highlanders, cared for neither wind nor weather. He garrisoned Carlisle, and with an army whose strength reached seven thousand fighting men, marched forward by Penrith to Kendal. The Prince entered that town in the evening, having walked the whole distance on foot in front of his army. Here, according to Ray, “they plundered the country in a most shameful manner.” Yet, in justice to the Prince, even his enemies agree that he did his best to restrain his followers from pillaging and plundering the inhabitants. Notwithstanding, it was the old story over again, and will prove the force of the proverb, that “auld sparrows are ill to tame,” for—

“ Rob McGregor's come again,
Rob McGregor's come again,
Highland blood and Highland bane,
Rob McGregor's come again.”

They not only did this, but from their gallant appearance they stole the hearts and turned the heads of nearly all the young lasses in the district. The following parental advice was given to one of these: “Betsy, my dear, if ye desire happiness in this world, and that which is to come, get married to somebody of your own flesh and blood; but, for the sake of your country and your immortal soul, never marry a Highland soldier. For as sure as guns are made of iron, he will dance a jig on the gallows, or my name is not John Trotter. A soldier! I would sooner see ye marry a gypsy, a tinker, a horner or a beggar. A soldier from the far off Highlands of Scotland! Betsy, my dear, banish him from your thoughts, wash him from your mind, and wring him like a dish-cloth from out your heart. What a fool he

must be to stand up to be shot at for sixpence a day, Sunday included." But to show "that love will venture in where it daurna' weel be seen," Betsy lilted up :

"He's coming frae the north that's to fancy me ;
 He's coming frae the north that's to marry me ;
 A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee,
 He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, an' yon be he."

Innumerable anecdotes are told regarding the Highland occupation of the northern counties of England.

A gentleman in Kendall possessed a telescope of considerable power, and a Jacobite shoemaker from Selkirk was permitted to have a peep at the moon. He gazed at it with wonder, and then raised his head to wipe his eyes. During this interval the end of the telescope noiselessly slid down, and instead of pointing to the heavens it pointed to a public house on the side of a hill. He again looked, and his eye fell upon the sign-board, "London Porter Sold Here." "London porter in the moon!" he yelled with astonishment. "Hoo in a' the world did it get up there?"

There is no denying the fact that a Highland Scotchman makes one of the best soldiers the world over. Even Ray, their bitter enemy, gives them this credit, though he sneeringly remarks "that they were careless about their victuals, and not very curious about the goodness of it; and as to lodging, if a little straw was provided to lie upon, they were entirely easy."

On the 26th the Highland army entered Lancaster, but there they only stayed long enough to eat some bread and cheese, while standing in the streets. On the 28th the army reached Wigan, and on the same day Ray very curiously remarks that "Manchester was taken

by a sergeant, a drum, and a woman. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, they rode up to the Bull's-head on horses, where they dined. After dinner the woman and the man beat the drum for recruits, and in less than an hour listed about 30, some of desperate fortunes, lowest rank and vilest principles." On the same day the Pretender entered Manchester, preceded by his hundred pipers, and no doubt their appearance in full Highland costume and the blasts from their pipes filled the minds of the Manchester people with wonder and astonishment. The following anecdote well illustrates the influence that bagpipe music holds over the human mind: "Some of the dulcet notes saluted the ear, for the first time, of an old bed-ridden Manchester lady. She rose up and exclaimed: "Hark! that is not earthly music; that is music from heaven, calling me to the bosom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! *Elizabeth, bring up the cold roast beef!* on saying which she fell back and immediately expired."

The Prince made a levy on Manchester of £2,500, which was promised to be repaid as soon as his government was established.

The Highlanders remained in Manchester till the 10th of the month, and here trouble began to surround the Prince on every side. The cry was not, as formerly, "On to London," but the thought was how to get back again with safety to Scotland. Dissensions arose amongst the leaders. The Duke of Cumberland was advancing with a strong army to oppose the Prince on the one side, and Marshal Wade had mustered up courage to attack him on the other. The Highland army was now ordered to retreat. The following verses are supposed to be sung by a disconsolate Scotch female:

“ When I first cam’ to merry Carlisle,
 Ne’er was a town so sweetly seeming,
 The white rose flaunted o’er the wall,
 The thistle banners far were streamin’ !

When I cam’ next to merry Carlisle,
 O, sad, sad, seemed the town and eerie,
 The auld, auld men cam’ out and wept—
 “ O, maiden come ye to seek yere dearie ? ”,

There’s a drap o’ bluid upon my breast,
 And twa on my links o’ hair sae yellow;
 The ane I’ll ne’er wash and the tither ne’er kame,
 But I’ll sit and pray aneath the willow.

Wae, wae upon the cruel heart,
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bludie,
 Which feasts in our richest Scottish bluid,
 And makes sae mony a doleful widow.”

Carlisle was retaken by the king’s forces. A skirmish or two took place between the two armies, and, on the 20th of December, the Highlanders recrossed the Esk, and on the 25th they again took possession of Glasgow. On the 3d of January, 1746, they marched out of Glasgow and took possession of Stirling, and demanded Gen. Blakeney to surrender the castle, but his answer was, “that he would defend the place to the last extremity; for as he had lived, so he was determined to die—a man of honor.” Stirling, it will be remembered, is in the immediate vicinity of Bannockburn, where King Robert Bruce so signally defeated the English army, which recalls the following anecdote: An old Scotch lady was pointing out to a party of English tourists the battle-field and the method of that great battle. At the conclusion of this they tendered her some money. Her answer was as good as ever fell from the lips of a Grecian matron. She said, “Put up yere siller, ye ha’e paid dear enough for it already.”

For several days the Pretender and his army dilly-dallied in the neighborhood of Stirling, and made several vain attempts to take that castle. Stirling castle much resembles Edinburgh castle, both being built on inaccessible rocks, and the Prince found that his cannon balls made no impression on that stronghold.

On the 17th of January, 1746, the memorable battle of Falkirk took place. Gen. Hawley, of the king's forces, had followed cautiously in the rear of the Jacobite army and took up a position on Falkirk moor. The Highlanders, with their usual dash and intrepidity, attacked him with the most determined bravery. They were admonished to reserve their fire until the enemy was within musket shot. Hawley's cavalry advanced and broke the Highland lines, and trampled the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. A singular combat immediately followed. Those Highlanders who were thrown down thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses. Some grabbed the riders and dragged them down, giving them no quarter, but dispatching them upon the spot. The Highlanders did not neglect their advantage, but pursued them with their swords; and it is said that on account of the broken ground, they were so fleet of foot that they even out-ran the horses. The cavalry was then thrown into confusion, and they in their turn threw the infantry into confusion worse confounded. A severe storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain at this time took place, and Hawley and his army flew in the greatest terror and disorder along the great road which leads to Edinburgh. The Highlanders did not know that they had gained so great a victory, for, as they advanced, expecting to find the enemy, they

exclaimed in Gaelic: "Where's the men? Where the devil have they gone?"

"But tried they up or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun'
To break a sword at a', man.

They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way,
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw, man."

When the news of the defeat of the king's forces reached London, according to Ray, "it made it necessary to provide for the immediate extinction of so dangerous a flame." The Duke of Cumberland was empowered "to extinguish all animosities and to restore the spirit of the soldiers." It was decided that the Duke should immediately proceed to Scotland. A number of Hessian troops, under British pay, were lying in the neighborhood of Antwerp, and they were forthwith ordered to embark for Scotland. On the 30th the Duke of Cumberland arrived in Edinburgh, and to again quote Ray, "He was received with all the testimonies of loyalty and affection that could possibly be expressed." The poets who favored the Hanoverian line now began to sing:

Claymores long adieu, now your edge is unsteel'd;
Ye Camerons, no more you such weapons must wield;
The Duke says the word, and the clans are undone;
When your mountains down tumble every soul of you's
gone,

Then farewell McPhersons, M'Flegs, and McPhuns,
McDonalds, McDrummonds, McDevils, McDuns,
McDolands, McWades, and your sons of a gun,
McGeorges, McCharlies, McRumps and McRuns,

The Duke of Cumberland reviewed his troops at Linlithgow, and on the 2d February he entered Stirling.

Regarding this, Ray remarks: "On that memorable occasion he received the compliments of General Blakeney and the officers of his garrison."

The victory they achieved at Falkirk added no success to the Jacobite cause. A retreat was ordered. They crossed the bridge of Tay, and the Prince established his headquarters at Perth, on the borders of the Highland hills. On the 3d that city was evacuated, and on the 4th the advanced guard of the king's army took possession. The Prince's cause now became desperate, and his only safety was to retreat to the mountains and endeavor in almost inaccessible ground to turn the tide of the approaching ruin and disaster. On the 16th the Duke of Cumberland marched from Nairn and found the Jacobites prepared for battle upon Culloden's dreary moor. Lord Bury advanced within a hundred yards where the outposts of the Pretender's army were stationed. Bligh and Semple's men opened fire; the Highlanders returned the fire, then threw away their muskets, and with fearless bravery attacked the enemy, sword in hand. The battle raged keen and bloody, but the odds were so great that the Pretender was forced to fly, followed by the Clans in the utmost disorder. Five hundred were killed in the pursuit and a great number of officers and men were taken prisoners, while the killed and wounded of the king's troops barely reached 300. Those of the Highlanders who had escaped fled in all directions, and hid themselves in dens and in caves, where the Duke of Cumberland and his hired Hessians followed, and without a pang of compunction slaughtered many of them in cold blood, and to this day the very name of Cumberland stinks in the nostrils of all true Scotchmen. The poor Prince, now shorn of all

his hopes, wandered from hiding place to hiding place in disguise. A high price was set upon his head, but, to the credit of the Highlanders be it spoken, not one out of the many who knew his whereabouts was found base enough to betray him. Regarding this, a noble instance of fidelity to the Prince is related. A gentleman of the name of McKenzie much resembled the Prince, and in a lonely cabin he was keeping watch while the Prince was asleep. They were surrounded by the king's troops. He awoke the Prince and informed him of this circumstance, and he said: "Then we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands." "No, my Prince," replied McKenzie, "I will take your name and face one of these detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep it employed your royal highness will have time to escape." McKenzie darted forward with fury, sword in hand, against a detachment of 50 men; he fell covered with wounds, and he exclaimed: "You know not what you have done. I am your Prince whom you have killed." They cut off his head and carried it to the Duke of Cumberland, and the bloody Duke, believing that he had obtained the head of the Prince, set off next day for London with McKenzie's head packed up in his post-chaise.

In a lonely cave on this cold, barren shore the Prince was for many days secreted; and to this day when the Highland boatmen pass the place they take their bonnets off their heads and chant the well-known Jacobite song: "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." A purer and more unselfish love was never found than the love of Flora McDonald for the unfortunate Pretender. In the annals descriptive of woman's love, faith and fortitude, her name will never die. Her life was bright and pure.

as the noonday sun, and she died leaving none more noble on life's scene. Would I could say the same of the Pretender. His after-life, after he escaped from Scotland, was not what it ought to have been. I could say much regarding this; but it is better to throw the mantle of charity over his faults and failings. He died at Florence in the year 1788.

THE BURNIN' O' THE BREEKS.

[Inscribed to DR. A. FRASER, Ypsilanti, Mich.]

My muse, come weave a hamely ballad
 About the Shepherd o' Killpallet,
 And eke about his auld guidwife,
 Whom he had wed in early life;
 To snuffin' he was predilected,
 His wife to smoking was addicted.
 If there's one pleasing sight in life
 It is to see a sonsy wife,
 Fu' cosy sitting by the fire,
 Weaving the thread around the wire,
 Wi' face lit up wi' pure delight,
 Blawin' the reek wi' a' her might,
 And liltin' sweet an auld Scotch ditty
 Atween the luntin' o' her cutty !
 And furthermore 'tis joy complete
 To see twa ancient sinners meet,
 And lean their backs against the wa'
 And crack till they are like to fa'
 'Bout wives and men and sheep and foxes,
 And kindly interchange snuff-boxes.
 Guid folks, I charge ye all to mind this—
 That snuff's the milk o' human kindness !
 But here, off-hand, I now relate
 His name was Snuffing David Tait;
 The prefix given arose nae doot
 From his great love o' Lundyfoot.
 His middle name when he was heezed
 Up pulpit stairs to be bapteezed,
 The third was handed doon through ages
 By Tait's wha'll never read these pages.

Now Tait had been at school and college,
 And sae his head was panged wi' knowledge,
 But poverty did round him creep,
 Sae he began a-herding sheep.
 His wife was e'en a curious woman
 She had great dread o' evils comin',
 She'd grane and grunt and fuff and blaw
 About the day she never saw,
 And no like some I ha'e in view,
 Gentle and kind the hale year through—
 Wha's minds are balanced to a hair,
 And who can do, and nobly dare.
 To scour the pans and cleanse the cogs
 And kick about the cats and dogs;
 Lookin' as tosh-like on the Monday
 As some wives look upon the Sunday !

Her father was a hand-loom weaver !
 He was a staunch and strong believer
 In Daniel and the Revelation,
 Josephus and the Jewish nation.
 He'd rave till he was white's a cloot
 'Bout things that he kent nought about;
 Losh ! when he grasp'd the points o' faith
 Tait's future wife would draw her breath
 And flee wi' terror 'neath the loom,
 In case she'd hear the crack o' doom,
 Or that the fiends would come belyeve
 To roast and burn her up alive !
 Her youthful terrors, when we view them,
 We wonder how she warsled through them,
 We wonder how a man sae hazy
 Had failed to ding wee Nancy crazy !
 This ranting man, this hand-loom weaver,
 How he denounced the unbeliever,
 By dint o' Calvin's erudition
 He soon consigned them to perdition;
 But 'midst his ravings ne'er neglected
 To point out that he was elected !

His daughter's name was Nancy Waite,
 But it was changed to Nancy Tait:
 When frae her mither she was riven
 And to the kirk awa was driven;

Now monie a year awa' has fled
Since Nancy Waite was won and wed;
Twice twenty years hae run their tack
Since wi' this wife I had a crack;
Ae day when showers cam' helter-skelter,
And to her house I ran for shelter,
'Twas then, I trow, she spoke emphatic
'Bout spells and charms and words prophetic,
Her mind, I learned, was filled and fed on
Wi' visions o' the Armageddon;
She spoke about the Greeks and Romans,
'Bout evil eyes and evil omens,
And tauld me that the Goths and Vandals
Saw mort-cloths in their lighted candles;
She stated that a cross was seen
Up in the sky near Aberdeen,
When bauld St. Andrew wi' a host
Was wand'ring round the Scottish coast;
And if she heard a piet chatter
Her heart would bound and leap and flutter,
And if a hare should cross her track,
She'd wring her hands and turn back,
And trow it was a revelation
Of some tremendous tribulation.
Wi' this she turned up her eyes
And raved 'bout Peden's Prophecies;
Guid faith! she nearly cracked my croon,
'Bout Rhymer Tam o' Ercildoon.
She yelled, "Betide, whate'er betide,
They'll aye be Haigs in Bemerside,"
And how his words were all fulfilled
When Alexander III. was killed;
And that the horses on the brae
Their girths would gnaw their sides in tway,
How Michael Scott, wi' warlick skill,
Did cleave in twain the Eildon hill,
And kindred topics without stint
Which I refrain to put in print.

Her faults were great and very grievous;
To reason's voice she was oblivious;
Yet this I say in her defense,
Arose from lack of common sense,

And from the superstitious fire
 Of words from her deluded sire ;
 From youth to age, in part or whole,
 These words were graven on her soul ;
 E'en like the Ivy round the tomb
 That nurtures an eternal gloom.

Tait was a man of sober mind,
 And to his wife was byous kind,
 Although her faults he sair lamented,
 Yet still he wasna' discontented ;
 He flung aside his carking care
 And strove to bear and to forbear.
 Her faults he could noways uproot them,
 So he thought less and less about them.
 His mind was nowise framed like Nancy's,
 He courted facts and scowled at fancies ;
 All kinds of cant he would deride,
 The light of reason was his guide.

My muse, why tarry on the wing ?
 Come thou with zealous unction sing—
 How on a bonnie morn in May,
 Unto the hill Tait took his way.
 Now, let it here be understood
 All nature was in glorious mood ;
 The dew on heather-bells were hingin',
 The lav'rocks in the lift were singin',
 But what 'bove a' was most surprising,
 The sun 'yont Lammer-law was rising,
 O'er these and thunder-blasts uproarious,
 The god of day was now victorious.
 For days by-past, I am assured,
 His golden face had been obscured ;
 Clouds at ilk ither had been lashing,
 In torrents rain had down been dashing ;
 Down the hill-side streams had been sweeping,
 And brush and brake were bent wi' weeping ;
 The birds had been in waefu' plight,
 In holes had chittered day and night,
 And sheep, nae doubt, in bielled places,
 Saw misery in ilk ither's faces.

Tait looked the picture o' dejection,
 Snuff brought him then nae satisfaction,

Yea, further, e'en his very collie
 Seemed dozed and drenched wi' melancholy,
 But now the midge and fly were festive,
 In consequence the sheep were restive ;
 They formed instinctive an alliance
 And set Tait's collie at defiance ;
 For ance poor Tait his temper lost it,
 In wrath the sheep he thus accosted :
 " Ye wretches, fain I'd shear your fleeces,
 And hew ye in ten thousand pieces ;
 Wi' joy my bannet I'd be swingin'
 If by the heels I saw ye hingin'.
 Ye black-faced brutes, ye needna stare,
 This day ye've filled me with despair ;
 Losh, mercy me ! wi' might and main,
 They're off ; the brutes are off again !
 Sic sheep, I truly do opine,
 Are fifty times far worse than swine !
 This thought stands tapmost in my thoughts,
 I'd sooner herd a gang o' goats ;
 It's my belief sheep are symbolical
 Of all that's base and diabolical ;
 Some senseless folk ha'e written books
 'Bout sheep and lambs and shepherd's crooks,
 If they had sic a flock as I
 They wadna' rouse them up sae high ;
 I'd wad my mull filled fu o' sneeshin',
 They'd soon consign them to perdition."

The glomin' came; how calm and still
 The shadows gather'd on the hill,
 Tait bade a short farewell to care,
 The midge no longer filled the air,
 His flock lay snoosing on the brae,
 And hameward now he took his way,
 But grief and joy will come and go
 So long as mortals dwell below.
 The Fastney burn, he tried to jump it,
 He missed his fit and in he plumpit;
 Oh, wae betide the Fastney water,
 How Tait did splash and choke and swatter,
 He gained the bank, but 'mang the rocks
 He lost his friend, his auld snuff-box !

His heels went up, his head down knockit,
 And it played wallop out his pocket;
 He felt his pouch, he gave a groan,
 "My comforter," he cried "is gone;"
 As grief within his brain was whirlin',
 His bonnet down the stream was birlin'—
 Sweeping away with edient motion
 To sail about the German Ocean.
 Though fast it went, the thought came fleeter,
 'Bove box or bonnet life is sweeter.
 His dog stood watching the disaster,
 It looked wi' pity on its master,
 And when upon dry land it found him,
 Wi' joy it leap'd and gambol'd 'round him.
 Ance mair for hame Tait took a start,
 Just dripping like a water-cart;
 Wi' shorkin' feet, when near his door,
 Nancy cam' out wi' a great roar,
 And cried, "Guid, ha'e a care o' me,
 Oh, what on earth is that I see?
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'll gi'e my aith,
 It is a great big water wraith
 A-comin' here to burke and clour me,
 And then in turn to devour me."
 To live is the first law o' life;
 She seized a hedious gully-knife,
 With firm foot and hand she stood
 In this defensive attitude,
 Without a groan, a tear, or sneevil
 Prepared to kill hog, dog or deevil;
 But Tait cried, "Nancy, what's the matter?
 It's me; I fell in Fastney water,"
 She cried, "Oh, dear, I do declare,
 I've seen your wraith this month or mair;
 Your fate's set forth in words precise
 In Mr. Peden's Prophecies!"
 Tait cried, "Oh, Nancy, stop your din,
 And to the house let me gang in,
 And with all speed, I do insist,
 Ye'll bring dry cleedin' out the kist.
 When Tait got dried and clothed and fed,
 He said, "I think I'll gang to bed;

And, Nancy, up upon the cleeks
Be sure and hang my mole-skin breeks."

Next morn Tait rose with little din,
And left his wife the bed within ;
As darkness in the house prevailed,
To find his breeks he fairly failed.
" My breeks ! " he cried ; " I canna get them,
Nancy, guidwife, where did ye pit them ? "
Quo' she, " I soon will tell ye that,
They're o'er the fire in the kail-pat ;
Ye'll find them just as dry's a bone,
And unco pleasant to pull on."
He raised the lid, put in his hand,
And statue-like he took his stand ;
He stood spell-bound, amazed, surprised,
His throne o' reason was capsized,
His wits cam' back, and o'er his shouter,
" Nancy," he cried, " they're burnt to pouter."
She yelled, " Oh, dear ! oh, mercy on us,
What's this o't now that's come upon us !
I'll faint ! I'll swarf, I'm mair than glad
That I will die upon my bed ;
Frae off this bed I'll never rise,
Oh, bring me Peden's Prophecies !
My last leaf frae life's tree is pluckit,
The tow may now gang wi' the bucket ;
Our road through life is dark and murky,
We're now as poor as Job's ae turkey ;
Poor beast, 'bout it we weel may wail,
It had ae feather in its tail,
And it was supple as a docken,
Guid man ! it was baith bent and broken !
Here Nancy's eyes began to dance,
She lay as in a dismal trance,
Then wildly cried, " Mang cluds o' gloom
Up there I see a weaver's loom,
And David, I must let ye know it,
I must flee up and hide below it ;
And, oh ! there can be nae deceivin',
I see my fayther weavin', weavin',
He looks like ane in deep disgrace,
How grim and gruesome is his face ;

The wab he weaves, I plainly see,
 Is just as black as black can be,
 It has nae thread o' brightness in it.
 Oh! David, come this very minit,
 And see that sign abune his door --
 'This man must weave for ever more.'
 There Satan sits 'mang coom and smoke,
 Pointing his finger at the clock,
 And glow'ring at his kith and kin,
 While young and auld are swarming in!
 Poor things, I'd gi'e a world's riches
 Could I but free them frae his clutches.
 The flood o' life gangs rolling, rolling,
 The bell is ever tolling, tolling,
 The imps o' darkness, ghastly, rife,
 Sit winding up the pirns o' life.
 Ah, me, yon dungeons, dykes and fences,
 Are like to drive me out my senses.
 David, alas, my race is run,
 My hindmaist thread o' life is spun!"
 Here Nancy opened up her eyes,
 She look'd the picture o' surprise;
 She cried, "I see a Maid in white,
 She's filled my heart wi' strange delight;
 Her face, her form is past compare,
 Truth nestles in her golden hair,
 She beckons me unto her side,
 She says, 'Let reason be your guide,
 Forget the ghouls and myths of ages,
 And turn the leaf to nature's pages.'
 Come! Come!" she cries, "There, there I see
 'Mang bowers of love she waits for me."
 Then David said, "I see it plain,
 The myths are flitting from your brain."
 He smiled, then on his knees he clankit,
 And loud he cricd, "May heaven be thankit."

 THE BANKS O' DOON.

To JOHN Y. REID, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR—The second version of the song "Ye
 Banks o' Doon" was written by Burns for "Johnson's

Museum," and in a letter to George Thompson, of Edinburgh, dated November, 1794, he makes mention of the song, and how his friend Clarke composed an air to it. The first version was first published in "Cromek's Reliques," the MSS. of which was found among the poet's papers. In a letter to Ballantyne, in January, 1787, Burns quotes the first verse of the first version :

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !"

The second version, but not the first, also may be found in Dr. Currie's edition of Burns, published in 1800. None of the versions, however, appear in the Kilmarnock, first Edinburgh edition, second Edinburgh edition in two volumes, published in 1793, nor in the Falkirk edition printed by T. Johnston. Regarding this last work, which is very rare, I am unable to give the date of publication, as my copy unfortunately lacks the title page. While lately on a visit to Toronto I secured a volume in good preservation, entitled, "Musical Repository ; a collection of favorite Scotch, English and Irish Songs, set to music—Glasgow. Printed by Alex. Adam, for A. Carrick, bookseller, Saltmarket, 1799." It is a work I had never seen or heard of, and it contains a curious collection of lyrics prior to Burns' day. In this I discovered a third version of the song in question, which I transcribe verbatim :

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doun,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
While I'm so wae and fu' o' care ?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flowering thorn ;
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doun
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
 And cheerfully I joined wi' mine.
 Wi' heartsome glee I pull'd a rose,
 A rose out of yon thorny tree ;
 But my false love has stolen the rose,
 And left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonny blooms,
 And draw the wild birds by the burn,
 For Luman promised me a ring,
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
 Ah ! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,
 My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
 Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,
 For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs
 At dawn of day by Doun ye'se hear,
 And mid-day, by the willow green,
 For him I'll shed a silent tear.
 Sweet birds, I ken you'll pity me,
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
 While echo wakes, and joins the mane
 I mak' for him I lo'ed sae lang.

Sir, you will observe that in the above version "Doon" is spelled "Doun." I am inclined to think that this is the original song from which Burns obtained his two versions, and that it is more of an English song than a Scotch one. The name "Luman," if my memory serves me right, I have never found in any Scottish song or ballad. It appears to me, from internal evidences, that this song emanated from the heart and pen of a female song-writer. Instead of Ayrshire, I am constrained to believe that the scene of the song is laid in Perthshire. The baronial castle of "Doun" or "Doune" is surrounded with romantic scenery, and connected with many interesting associations. It was for some time the residence of Mary Stuart, the unfor-

tunate Queen of Scotland ; and Prince Charles Stuart made it his headquarters, for a time, in 1745. Under these circumstances, I have no doubt that the tale of true and false love was frequently told.

Regarding these three versions of "Ye banks and braes," Sir, permit me to say that you have a perfect right to draw your own conclusions.

MR. AND MRS. TAMSON.

[Inscribed to T. H. ROBERTS, Esq., Detroit.]

John Tamson and his guidwife, Jean
Took notions in their brain
To gang and see Jean's aged Aunt
Out at the town of Wayne.*
Now, they were just as fine a pair
As e'er took hold o' hands;
In fact they strove in deed and word
To keep the ten commands.

Now, John drew on his overcoat,
Which buttoned to his neck,
And Jean put on her tartan plaid,
Also her seal-skin sacque.
And she did wisely keep in mind
Her mitts and overshoes;
And on the road, to post John up,
She took "The Evening News."

To please her Aunty, she resolved
That it would be befitting
To take her out a pair of hose
She had for weeks been knitting.
Now, when they reached the ticket door,
Quo' John: "We'll take a sleeper,"
"No, no," quo' Jean. "Now, take my word
A cushioned seat is cheaper.

*To those not conversant with "Appleton's Standard Higher Geography," I may state that Wayne lies, as the crow flies, about 20 miles due west from Detroit, Michigan, United States of America, Lat. 42° 17', Lon. 6° 30'.

"It doesna' do to sleep on straw,
 And breakfast on pretenses,
 But, John, it's best on every hand
 To throttle the expenses."
 When they were seated in the car,
 Quo' Jean, " John, keep in mind
 That though we'll soon be on the wing,
 That Providence is kind.

"So sit ye still, and nurse content,
 And faith, ye may depend,
 The engine soon will pu' us through
 Unto our journey's end."
 Wi' this the whistle gave a blast,
 Quo' Jean: " John, take the hint,
 And soon ye'll see that off we'll flee
 As fast as fire from flint.

"The steam is up, oh, John ! oh John !
 I feel so calm, so glad;
 I feel as safe as if I was
 At hame in my own bed."
 She lookit through the window, and
 Upon the landscape spying,
 She cried: " Oh, John, look out, look out,
 The very trees are flying."

John keekit out and said it seems
 As if the earth was loupin';
 Then instantly he grasped Jean's hand
 And held it in his gouden.
 Now, from her reticule she drew
 Bread, cheese, and twa three eggs;
 She sprang ! she roared ! " Oh, John, a bolt
 Has struck me on the legs !"

Pale grew her cheek, how pale, how wan,
 Pale as the silvery light
 That shimmers on the silent pool
 Upon the lull o' night.
 John lookit down and there he saw
 One of the rooster race;
 It raised its head, it clapped its wings,
 And crowed right in his face.

John said, "Ye brute, what tempted ye
 To gliff my wife like that ?
 I wish I had you at our hame
 Deep down in our kail-pat.
 They changed their seats, it wasna' lang
 Till Jean cried: " Mercy, my,
 From out the lum a cinder's come
 And struck me in the eye."

John's mind with agony was struck;
 His handkerchief he drew,
 And with it took the cinder from
 Her eye, so bonnie blue.
 They rolled along, and all the road
 Jean sorely did complain,
 Until a man flung wide the door
 And tenderly cried, " Wayne."

Now, when on reaching Aunty's door
 Their welcome was but scant,
 As she had gone to Battle Creek
 Upon her marriage jaunt.
 When Jean heard this she wrung her hands,
 And cried: " Oh, did ye ever ?
 The toothless jade, she should be drown'd
 Deep in the deepest river.

"My goodness, me, that's news indeed
 That takes my breath away;
 The senseless ass ! She's saxty-nine
 Come next St. Andrew's day."
 Quo' John: "This queer outlandish ploy
 Is past my comprehension;
 She's in her dotage, by my soul
 She's in her last declension.

"Bout ship," he cried, and then he said
 Some words that I'll not name;
 Then Jean cried out: "Come, John, my dear,
 There is no place like hame !"
 Now, when they reached their own snug hame,
 John thus to Jean did speak:
 "I hope your Uncle and your Aunt
 Are hame from Battle Creek."

At this remark Jean laughed outright,
 Then said: "O, did ye ever!
 I dinna care though they should stay
 In Battle Creek forever!"
 Now, Widow Gunn cam' hirplin' in
 And unto Jean she says:
 "I thought ye would stay wi' your aunt
 The feck o' twa three days."
 Quo' Jean: "She's wed;" when this I heard
 I couldna' weel defend her,
 Yet from my heart I fondly hope
 That good may aye attend her,
 "And should she bring her bridegroom here,
 My certy, me and John
 Will point to them racks, pegs and pins
 Their clothes to hang upon."
 Now, Widow Gunn cried, "Mercy me,
 Your Aunty might think shame,
 She's had three men, but look at me,
 I've no ane to my name!
 But heaven may send me yet a man,"
 And then she gave a sneevil;
 And then she said, "My faith, they are—
 A necessary evil!"

I WONDER TO HEAR YE.

John Bathgate was a substantial manufacturer. In his youthful years, a callant o' the name o' Willy Shaw, was his great cronie. As before stated, John had prospered, but Willy, on the contrary, had gane back in the warld. Now, John, remembering their former friendship, took compassion on Willy, and took him into his ain house, and clothed him and fed him on the very best. Now, John was an auld bachelor, and had nae wife in his house to sae to him, "John, do this," or "John, do the other thing." The result was, the twasome cracked awa, unmolested, to their heart's content. Ae day Willy disappeared, and when he came back Mr. Bath-

gate said, "Losh, man, Willy, where in a' the earth ha'e ye been? Guid guide us a', your breath smells like a whiskey-barrel wi' the bung oot." "Tuts, get awa wi' ye," quo' Willy. "I wonder to hear ye. I ha'e aften felt your ain breath smelling like a whiskey-still, but I didna' think it worth ma while to say onything about it."

BITE ABOUT.

[Inscribed to MISS JEANIE BELL, Toronto, Ont.]

An auld man sat at his bower door
 Upon a simmer's day,
 And watched a little lad and lass
 Sae merry at their play.

At length the little lass ran in,
 And she said to her mither,
 "Ma, ma, I want a buttered scone
 For me and my wee brother."

When out the little lassie cam',
 How sweet she look'd, I ween,
 And then the twa wi' ae accord
 Sat down upon the green.

She laugh'd sae kindly in his face,
 Sae cunning and sae cute
 When she cried out, "O Tam! we'll eat—
 We'll eat it bite about."

How pleased they sat, contentment smil'd—
 Nae selfishness was there;
 The auld man raised his eyes and said,
 "God bless this little pair."

A lesson from this may be drawn,
 Which some will draw nae doot,
 Mair kindly words were never said—
 "We'll eat it bite about."

"We'll eat it bite about," she said,
 "We'll eat it bite about,"
 Mair kindly words were never said—
 "We'll eat it bite about."

McCALLUM AND THE WITCH.

[Inscribed to STEWART MARKS, Esq., Detroit.]

Scotland, as well as other countries, was at one time greatly infested with Witches, so much so that numbers of people kept certain articles in their houses, and on their persons, as a fancied protection against their evil machinations. These Witches are generally represented to have been miserable old withered hags, decrepit in stature and brimful of spite, spleen and malignant mischief and bedevilment. They were more abundant than Warlocks, for the reason it is said that Satan has more power over the sex on account of Eve's blundering weakness in the Garden of Eden. They were divided into three classes, Black, White and Grey—the first could hurt, the second could help, and the last could both help and hurt. It was the general belief that they made a contract with Satan—selling him their souls and bodies for which he gave them the power to change themselves into cats, dogs, or any other animal that suited their purpose or inclination. The common Black Witch had the power of flying through the air mounted on a broomstick, branch of the hemlock, or, according to James Hogg, they sometimes “saddled their nags on the moonfern leaf.” They frequently met in church-yards, and one woman confessed that Satan went before them dancing in the shape of a dog and playing on a pair of bagpipes! A great number of methods were adopted to prove that a Witch was a Witch. One plan was to put her in a pair of scales and weigh her against the Church Bible, and if she was heavier, she was immediately found guilty. Another method was to make them attempt to repeat the Lord's prayer, which few of them were able to do correctly. But the general plan was to

bind them crosswise, viz: the right thumb to the left toe, and the left thumb to the right toe, and then throw them into a pond or river, and if innocent they would swim, and if guilty they would sink. It was also the common belief that a Witch could not weep more than three tears, and that only out of the left eye, and this lack of weeping was considered by the seekers-out of Witches, and by the ignorant and superstitious judges, as a decided proof of guilt. It is revolting to human nature to read the diabolical accounts of the trials and persecutions that these poor, miserable weak-minded creatures were subjected to. When suspected of being a Witch, and when put to the torture, they frequently confessed that they were in league with Satan; but it mattered little whether they made a confession or not, for, without either the "why or the wherefore," they were pronounced guilty. In many places in Scotland the "Witches' knowe" is pointed out where they were burned to death. In the reign of James I. an act was passed against Witchcraft, one clause of which runs thus: "Any person who shall practice or exorcise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof, such offender, duly and lawfully convicted, shall suffer death." And no later than the reign of George I. was this statute repealed. Since the schoolmaster is abroad the bogles, ghosts, witches, warlocks, fairies, brownies, aspyodes, water-wraiths, and kelpies have entirely disappeared.

The following tradition illustrates the once common belief in Witches in general, and the Grey Witch in particular:

There was a man and his name was John McCallum, and he resided at Ballachlavan, Island of Islay, Argyleshire. One day he went to Balligrant for the purpose of getting some horse harness repaired by a saddler whose name was Duncan McDermaid, and who resided in that place. After the harness was mended, the two being old friends, and believing that the bands of friendship could not be tightened without a dram, they paid a visit to the inn kept by Peter Douglas. One glass followed another, and they sat until midnight singing songs with great glee, telling strange and queer stories and drinking to one another's good health.

Care's lugs were cuff'd, nae hole had he to hide in,
Sae off he sulk'd and joy was left presidin'.

When John McCallum at length rose to go home, the landlord and John McDermaid prayed upon him, as he valued his life, not to go, but to remain until daylight, as a Witch and Warlock at a place called Imara Conard would allow no one to pass after regular hours. McCallum was, however, of a stubborn and foolhardy disposition, and turned a deaf ear to their urgent solicitations. In a moment of bravado he called for another gill by way of *deochan deraish*, or stirrup-cup, and as a toast he gave "Here's to the old Warlock!" which toast made the blood of his two companions curdle in their very veins. He then took his staff, shook hands with his friends and started on his homeward journey, but little, little did he know the troubles that were before him. As he was going through a wild and dreary spot he beheld two unearthly objects suddenly approach, and by the faint light of the moon he saw that one was the Grey Witch and the other the Grey Warlock of the glen! The Witch looked with fury at the man, she raised her

hand and she said, "Where goest thou, McCullum? You shall not go any further! There shall be weeping and wailing at Ballachlaven to-morrow! You drank the health of the Grey Warlock and you slighted me, the Grey Witch of Imara Conard." She gave a scream and flew at McCullum, and would have torn out his heart had not the Grey Warlock sprang between the two. She flew round and round, while flames of fire issued out of her nostrils, and ever and anon she muttered words of nameless vengeance! At every breath she blew, the lightnings flashed and the thunder bellowed amongst the hills! With trembling steps, under the protection of the Warlock, McCullum at last reached his own door. The Warlock then said, "Farewell, McCullum! and know that under your own roof, from the rising to the setting of the sun, you are safe from the Grey Witch of Imara Conard; but remember, if you are found out of doors when darkness shrouds the mountains, your days on this earth are ended!"

Night after night there were strange noises heard round McCullum's house, and after sunset he never ventured forth unless accompanied by a friend, as the Grey Witch was ever hovering near. At length he became so annoyed at her presence, that with the view of getting rid of her, he consulted several old women who were well versed in the ways and manners of spirits, visible and invisible. They came to the conclusion that his wisest course was to consult Donald McLellan, commonly known as the Red Warlock of Eskinish. Accordingly McCullum laid his case before him, but he replied, "I can do nothing, as these matters are too near my own door, but get a boat and sail to the Island of Mull, between sunrise and sunset, and then go to the house of the Witch

of Mull. Take these tokens,"—and the Red Warlock gave him two cat's claws and two pair of dog's tusks, packed in a goat's horn,—“and when you get to the door, rattle the horn and cry out, ‘Peace be here,’ and the Witch will immediately appear.” McCallum then proceeded home and made preparations for his journey. He found little rest that night, as the Grey Witch made such unearthly noises, which made him groan and moan and start at every breath he drew. Yet when the sun rose next morning he was ready to venture. He launched his boat, and the wind being favorable, he soon crossed the channel and reached his destination in safety. With little trouble he found the door of the Witch's cabin, and he cried “Peace be here.” He rattled the horn, and before the last rattle ceased the Witch appeared, and she said, “I am at your service, McCallum.” “How do you know my name is McCallum?” he inquired. “I know by the horn that you hold in your hand,” she replied, “I also know the place you came from, the one who sent you, and likewise your errand. McCallum! the sun is about to sink in the west, repair to that hut, the Blacksmith is there and in the act of kindling a fire, but first leave me one of the cat's claws, and a pair of the tusks of the dog and then I will be able to protect myself against the Witch of Imara Conard, and when you go to the door of the hut shake the horn, and the Blacksmith will beckon you to come in, and do whatever he says, but for the life of you make no answer.” True to the words of the Witch, he found the Blacksmith, who said, “Draw near and take hold of the bellows, McCallum!” Then the Blacksmith took hold of a rod of steel, and, after placing it in the fire, he took a well-

worn horse-shoe and nailed it over the door to prevent the entrance of the evil spirits of the air. When this was accomplished, he cried, "Blow, McCallum!" and McCallum, blew, but uttered never a word. As the steel was getting hot a noise was heard in the air, and the Grey Witch of Imara Conard appeared at the door, but dared not venture past the horse-shoe! At this moment a large black dog came from one corner of the hut, and lay down close to the anvil. When the steel was taken out of the fire burning hot, and, although the sparks flew over the dog in all directions, he lay as still as death. The Blacksmith again placed the steel in the fire, and again he cried, "Blow, McCallum!" and at the door the Witch screamed in agony, as she knew the spell she had cast upon McCallum was about to be broken!

When the spear was fashioned to the satisfaction of the Blacksmith, he held it over his head and cried, "This must be tempered in the body of a man or the body of a dog," and McCallum saw death staring him in the face, but the Blacksmith, with the arm of vengeance, dashed it through the body of the dog! When this was done, the Grey Witch gave an unearthly yell and vanished as suddenly as she appeared! Next day McCallum set sail with the spear in his possession, with the injunction that he should never be without it after sunset, otherwise the Witch would put an immediate end to his days! He reached home the next evening, about 10 o'clock, in great glee and without molestation. For years after he carried on his farming operations in safety, till one harvest evening he left his vest, containing the spear, at one end of the field, and heedlessly remained at work after the shearers had gone home. The sun went down! He saw the Grey Witch appear

with the spear in her hand! He tried to evade her, but with a howl she cried, "McCallum, you are mine!" and she hurled the spear through McCallum's heart!

The spear was found next day in his body and was carefully preserved for many generations. It was brought to this country in the year 1851, and is now in the possession of Mr. Niel Taylor, Piper to the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit. Little more remains to be said, with the exception of this, that one of the bards wrote McCallum's epitaph in Gaelic, which is thus freely translated for the first time into English:

Here lies the body of John McCallum,
An awful death did once befall him,
The Grey Witch came and with wicked art
She plunged a spear through his vital part;
He is dead! he is gone! he lies at rest,
He died in the field without his vest;
If the spear had been *out* of the Witch's way
His breath would have been *in* his body this day.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE STOVE.

[Inscribed to JUDGE BARTLET, Windsor, Ont.]

One night I sat devoid o' care,
A-humming o'er an auld Scotch air,
When in my wife rushed wi' despair,
And me she much surpris'd;
She cried "Oh, dear! oh, mercy me,
I'm ready to lie down and dee—
The kitchen stove's capsiz'd!"

My goodness, I did get a fright;
My hair stood up, then turned white;
I rose, I ran wi' a' my might
On hearing her sad story;
I looked, a tear drop filled my e'e,
For, oh, the wreck reminded me
Of Sodom and Gomorrah!

Our kitchen stove, our joy and pride !
Lay whommled up upon its side,
And, mercy me, oh, woe betide,
 I swore, while my wife grumbl'd;
For, when the wretched pipes fell down,
She got a whack upon the crown,
 And down, woes me, she tumbl'd.

Quo' she, "That pipe's concussed my brain,
But it is needless to complain;
We'll set our auld friend up again,
 Wi' little toil or fash;
And then, guidman, 'tween you and me,
I will infuse a cup o' tea,
 And warm up the hash."

Wi' that I soon threw off my coat,
A fulcrum and a lever got,
Then on its feet, I weel, I wot,
 The stove made its appearance,
And then quoth I, "Guidwife, I pray,
Remember this both night and day—
 There's naught like perseverance."

Quo' she "The stove stands brawly there,
The pipes must now demand our care;"
Quo' I, "Guidwife, just say nae mair,
 My heart's as light's a feather,
For something's whispered in my ear—
Sir, sir, ye need not stove pipes fear,
 Ye'll soon put them together."

I failed to find their kith and kin,
I pulled them out, I pushed them in,
I hammered them wi' mickle din,
 When up my temper rose,
I struck a length wi' mad despair,
It gave a bound up in the air,
 And struck me on the nose.

Quoth I, "My dear, my love, my sweet,
There's sometimes wisdom in retreat,"
So out I ran and down the street,
 My faith I did not tarry;

I cried "Ho! boatman, seize your oar
And row me to the other shore,
Oh! row me o'er the ferry."

When o'er the stream I did not fail
To tell Judge Bartlet my sad tale,
Who sent me down to Sandwich jail
An errand with a letter,
And when they saw my scarts and scars,
They placed me in behind the bars,
Until my nose grew better.

And now behind these bars, I swear
I'll handle stove pipes never mair,
They've brought on me a world o' care—
The deevil tak' them a';
And this opinion I'll maintain
Though I should live as lang again
As that auld man Methuselah,

APPLICATION.

And now to young and old, I send
This sad and doleful wail,
Keep from Judge Bartlet and the road
That leads to Sandwich jail.

THE MINISTER AND THE MAN.

Oor minister had a man o' wark, and his name was Auld Tammie Anderson. He was a kind o' conceited body, yet he meant well enough as far as his gumption would allow. He was cross-grained and stubborn, and though his mistakes were pointed out and laid before him, yet he would find excuses, and argue that he was right and everybody else in the wrong. One day the minister went into the stable and found that Tammie had cut every individual hair from off his horse's tail. In fact, it was as bare as a beard newly shaven. The minister reproached him and reprov'd him. He said, "Thomas, how did it enter into your head to do that? I can never ride out on that horse till his tail grows. Were I to do so I would be a laughing-stock to all the people in

the country-side." "Tuts," replied Tammie, "ye dinna seem to tak' into consideration that the winter has set in, and that the horse has now nae use for a single hair on his tail. For ye ken, sir, the horse-clegs and midges, sir, are a' gane to the deevil."

MY BONNIE BAIRN.

[Inscribed to MRS. WANLESS.]

In my auld hame we had a flower,
 A bonnie bairnie, sweet and fair ;
 There's no a flower in yonder bower
 That wi' my bairnie could compare.
 There was nae gloom aboot our house,
 His merry laugh was fu' o' glee ;
 The welfare o' my bonnie bairn
 Was mair than world's wealth to me.

And aye he'd sing his wee bit sang,
 And, O, he'd make my heart sae fain,
 When he would climb upon my knee
 And tell me that he was my ain.
 The bloom has faded frae his cheek,
 The light has vanished frae his e'e ;
 There is a want baith but and ben,
 Our house nae mair is fu' o' glee.

I'll ne'er forget the tender smiie
 That flitted o'er his wee bit face,
 When death came on his silent wing,
 And clasp'd him in his cold embrace.
 We laid him in the lonesome grave,
 We laid him doon wi' mickle care ;
 'Twas like to break my heart in twain
 To leave my bonnie darling there.

The silent tears unbidden came,
 The waefu' tears o' bitter woe ;
 Ah ! little, little did I think
 That death would lay my darling low.
 At midnight's lone and mirky hour,
 When wild the angry tempests rave,
 My thoughts—they winna bide away—
 Frae my ain bairnie's wee bit grave.

THE SARNIA TUNNEL REVISITED.

[Inscribed to MAJOR WATSON, Sarnia, Ont.]

I didna feel just unco weel,
 Sae after sage opinions,
 I thought I'd gang and set my foot
 Upon the Queen's dominions.
 Sae after taking the hand-shaking,
 And after life insurin',
 I found mysel' in Sarnia toon,
 Right opposite Port Huron.

I slept a' night till mornin' light,
 And after breakfast rations,
 I started doon the road to view
 The tunnel excavations.
 Some gormandizers love to see
 A sheep-head or a sausage,
 But as for me I'd sooner view
 A subterraneous passage.

The bairns were playing 'bout the doors,
 The bonnie birds were singin'
 And in the orchards on the trees
 The apples red were hingin'.
 The mighty river rolled along,
 By many a streamlet fed,
 Unmindful of the diggers who
 Were digging 'neath her bed.

And when I reached the tunnel warks,
 I rappit at the door,
 When twa three brutes o' senseless dogs
 Set up an unco roar.
 And soon a man cried out, "Wha's there?"
 And when he drew the pin,
 He said, "Just gang the road ye cam':
 I canna' let ye in."

Quoth I, "Guidman, below the ground
 We are uniting nations,
 But 'bove the ground I trow ye've got
 Unfriendly regulations.

"I represent our Uncle Sam,
 And I ha'e come to see ye,
 And our intentions are to keep
 On social footings wi' ye.

"Now let me in," but faith wi' this
 He grew a wee thought bolder,
 Sae on my heel I turned about
 And gave him the cold shoulder.
 And then I hurried doon the toon
 Wi' breast-bone on expansion,
 And soon I found mysel' within
 The Mayor's friendly mansion.

I look'd around, I saw a man
 Upon a muckle chair,
 And then I said, "Sir, may I ask
 If ye're Port Sarnia's Mayor?"
 He answered "Yes," and soon I saw
 He had nae spark o' pride,
 And then I told him I belonged
 Unto the other side.

I told him 'bout the tunnel man
 Which I above have stated,
 And then desired that he forthwith
 Should be incarcerated.
 He then replied, "I know the man,
 He has both sons and daughters,
 And for their sakes I'll throw some oll
 Upon the troubled waters.

"Take my advice and say no more;
 His act might lead to war,
 We'll smoke the pipe o' peace," he bow'd,
 And I took a cigar.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

Jenny Clapperton was a servant-lass at the manse and she was considered by the minister, the elders and others, as a great cook. She got tired of service, and took a notion into her head to get married to George

Blair. One Sunday evening George said to her "Jenny ye ha'e just half hungered me this blessed day." Wi' this Jenny lifted up her hands and said, "Mercy me, George, hoo in a' the warld can ye say that? This mornin' ye had a bicker o' parritch and a pint o' milk to yere breakfast, and after that ye had three cups o' tea, without saying ony thing aboot the flour-scones. After that ye had yere nocket, consistin' o' bread and cheese and a bowl o' lapped milk. Then ye had to yere dinner sheep-head kail, and a sheep-head, together wi' the trotters. To yere fourours ye had 'taties and herrin', and to yere supper ye had cauld kail het again. Now, after a' that, I wad like to ken what mair do ye want?" "Want," quo' George, "Ma face is just the very picture o' want, but I will say nae mair, as Jenny, my dear, ye are a faithful wife, and a faithful wife is the medicine of life."

ORD, THE CIRCUS-MAN.

[Inscribed to CAPTAIN JAMES MORRISON, Detroit.]

There cam' a man to our gate-end,
 Who was with heat oppress'd,
 He saw a public house, so he
 Went in to take a rest.
 His coal-black hair was mixed with grey,
 Yet he stood up erect:
 His looks betokened him a man
 That would command respect.

He gave a glance around the room,
 He saw a quiet nook,
 He sat, then from his pocket he
 Drew forth a 12mo. book.
 He read a passage here and there,
 Then 'gan to ruminate.
 And then he cried: "Ho, Landlord, bring
 A speldron on a plate.

“ Your whisky’s good, I have heard say,
And I do well believe it,
So you may also bring to me
A dram of your Glenlevit.”
He took the speldron in his hand,
And he began a-munchin’.
When in there came a Bully-man
Who saw him at his luncheon.

This Bully-man, the great George Combe,
Once very plain did tell him,
That all the brains that he possess’d
Were in his cerebellum.
Now to descant on George’s words
Is foreign to my plan,
As he more fitly could describe
This base, degraded man.

He grabbed the whisky, drank it down
Without an observation,
Which act brought from the elder man
No words of indignation.
But in a calm and peaceful strain
Cried “ Landlord,” when he came,
He said, “ Be pleased to bring to me
Another of the same.”

The Landlord brought another dram,
And just as quick as wink
Again the Bully seized the stoup
And swallowed down the drink.
The man looked at the Bully-man,
And a long breath he drew,
And then he said, “ I don’t propose
To buy more drink for you.”

The Bully roared, “ Come out, come out,
And I’ll knock out your brains,
And then I’ll shower ten thousand tears
Above your cold remains.”
The elder man rose up and said,
“ I cannot say you nay:”
Then to the Landlord he spoke thus:
“ Come out and see fair play.”

The Landlord said, "I'll e'en do that,"
 And as the story goes,
 To see fair play he quickly placed
 His specs upon his nose.
 Then out they went upon the green;
 Before the Bully wist,
 He got a whack behind the ear,
 Another on the chest.
 Headlong he fell! As up he rose,
 With bated breath, he stated
 That from the quickness of the round,
 He felt humiliated.
 The elder man stood like a rock,
 And then he cried "Beware!"
 Then quick as thought the Bully's heels
 Were flickering in the air.
 He slowly gathered himself up,
 As down the road he ran;
 The victor said, "He'll fight no more
 With Ord, the Circus-man."
 The Landlord laughed a merry laugh,
 His mouth wide open flew;
 The tears rolled down, and his red nose
 More red and redder grew.
 And then he cried: "And are ye Ord?
 Come in and for your pains,
 And ye shall get the very best
 My public house contains.
 "And 'tent ye, sir, I hope that knave
 Will never more neglect
 To speak to elder people with
 Due kindness and respect."
 Now his guidwife heard these remarks
 As she cam' round the gable,
 She smiled and then she sweetly said:
 "The dinner's on the table."

Ord, the Circus-man, was well known throughout the length and breadth
 of the three kingdoms. He was born in the parish of Longformacus, Ber-
 wickshire, Scotland, where his father was parochial minister. He was des-
 tined for the ministry, but preferred the circus to the pulpit. I may here
 state that when in my early years, though he was then past middle age, I
 saw him at one tremendous bound leap over 16 horses.

A FINE SENSATION.

[Inscribed to ROBERT SWAN, Esq., Toronto, Ont.]

Ae day John Tod cam' doon the road,
 And he was in a flurry,
 'Twas easy seen that he was in
 A most confounded hurry.
 Auld Sandy Duncan met him, and
 Quo' he, "What's a' the bicker?
 I dinna think that for your life
 Ye could gang muckle quicker."

"I'm gaun," quo' he, "I'm gaun awa',
 To where the goodness kens,
 But I'll ne'er stop until I reach
 Earth's very utmost ends.

"Wi' Nan I've lived for forty years,
 And I may say wi' truth,
 She has a tongue—the vilest tongue
 That e'er hung in a mooth.

"This day she opened out on me,
 Just like a raging bear,
 But faith I made her comprehend
 She'd never see me mair."
 Quo' Sandy, "What did Nannie say,
 When ye cam' aff for good?"
 Quo' John, "She didna' say ae word,
 But like a statue stood.

"Thank heaven! her tongue did come at last
 To a complete stagnation;
 If she no got a red-hot shot,
 She got a fine sensation!"
 But Sandy didna gang sae far,
 A'maist afore he kent,
 He ga'e a groan upon a stone,
 Syne hame to Nannie went.

REV. JOHN BROWN AND FERGUSSON, THE POET.

When in Canada, some time ago, my friend Mr. Dick handed me an old funeral letter. It was thus addressed to his grandfather. "Mr. Wm. Dick, Gosford

Mains.” It was the original letter of invitation to the funeral of Dr. John Brown, author of the “ Dictionary of the Bible.” It read thus:

“SIR,—Mr John Brown. my father, died on Tuesday evening, and is to be buried in the church-yard here, on Saturday the 23d current, at eleven o'clock forenoon. The favor of your presence to accompany the funeral will much oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BROWN.

Haddington, 21st June. 1787.

Please to acquaint Robert Marshall, James Deans, John White, James Shearer, and the hour is punctually kept at Haddington.”

In connection with the above letter, I may state that I have in my possession a rare edition of “Fergusson’s Poems,” edited by James Bannington and printed by Oliver & Co., Edinburgh, 1809. Facing the title-page is a portrait of the poet, engraved on steel, and underneath it the words “Ogburn Sculp.” In the biographical sketch it is stated that poor Fergusson, when in a melancholy state of mind, met the Rev. John Brown in Haddington church-yard. I quote from the biography, leaving the reader to decide whether the words of gloom are better than the words of cheerfulness. “Mr. Brown, when taking a walk in Haddington church-yard, met with a disconsolate gentleman, whom he did not know, walking in the same place. They accosted one another, and Mr. Brown made a few remarks, observing, that in a short time they would soon be laid in the dust, and that therefore it was wise to prepare for eternity.” This disconsolate gentleman was Fergusson, and the above encounter happened in 1772. The biographer philosophically remarks, “A very trifling circumstance will, in particular situations and states of the mind, produce extraordinary consequences.”

How different, how sympathetic was the conduct of Robert Burns. In the year 1787, when in Edinburgh, he visited the Canongate church-yard. When he came to poor Fergusson's grave, he uncovered his head, and while the tear of compassion rolled down his cheek, he kneeled upon the grave, and with a fellow-feeling kissed the clay-cold ground.

WIVES CAN DO NO WRONG.

[Inscribed to THOS. BECK, Esq. Marshall, Va.]

There was ane wife wha had ane man,
 And when he took ane glass,
 She'd do her best to bottle up
 The tears o' her distress.
 She'd say when he reeled to the door,
 "My dear, I am so glad."
 Then wi' a smile and canty word
 She'd pack him off to bed.

There was ane wife wha had ane man,
 And she wad speak unceevil,
 When he cam' hame she'd make a din
 Enough to scare the deevil.
 She'd look at him wi' cauld disdain
 And wish she ne'er was wed,
 Syne wi' the porridge spurtle, she
 Wad steer him into bed.

Now Tammie Trotter has ane wife,
 Wha looks e'en like a wraith,
 Whene'er she smells the faintest smell
 O' whiskey on his breath.
 My faith, her tongue when she begins,
 Gets supple as a docken,
 But what she says or what she does
 Had better not be spoken.

Now Tammie, 'gainst his own guid wife
 Would scorn to be rebelling,
 Although he often wished some day
 She'd loose her sense o' smelling.

Ae day a thought struck Tammie's head,
 That he awa' would wend
 To Dr. Gunn, and see if he
 Some cure would recommend.

He laid afore him his complaints,
 He told him 'bout his breath;
 He told him how his wife's ill tongue,
 Was like to be his death.
 The doctor said: "Take my advice,
 And that will strike her dumb,
 If ye above the whiskey take—
 A glass or twa o' rum!"

Then Tammie cried: "That winna do,
 That winna do ava,
 When I gang hame I'm sure she'd knock
 My head against the wa'."
 The doctor smiled, and then he said:
 "It is the old, old song,
 Your wife is right, and right is might,
 So wives can do no wrong."

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It has been frequently thrown in the teeth o' Scotchmen that they are more patriotic abroad than they are at home. I am somewhat inclined to believe this, for, in evidence, at a debating club at Jackson, Mich., the question under debate was, "Which is or Was the Greatest People in the World?" Mackey Neilson rose and said, "We ha'e a' heard this night a blast o' wandering wind in praise o' the auld bletherin' Greeks and Romans, and aboot that auld ass Deogenis sittin' in a wash-tub. I am sure the auld fool wad ha'e sat far mair comfortable in an arm chair, but it just shows that he had nae mair brains than a moudiwort. We ha'e also heard aboot Plato, Virgil, Horace and Homer. Just a pack o' mongrels, bark, barkin', and naebody kens what they are barkin' aboot. If ye wad tak' every ane o'

them and row them a' thegether ye wadna' mak' a Sir Walter Scott out o' the hale batch. We ha'e also heard about some o' the ancient women—just a cleekin' o' randies and dirty drabs. What ane o' them can compare wi' oor ain Grace Darling, Flora McDonald, Grizel Cochrane, or Jeannie Deans? Puir Jeannie! I wadna' gi'e oor Scotch Jeannie for a' the women recorded in history. O, she was the queen o' womankind. She wadna' tell a lee to save the life o' her ain sister. Scotland is a grand nation. A' the rest o' the nations may be compared to spunks, but she is like a beacon set on a high hill gi'en light to a' the world. My certy, she is the ane that wears the breeks. She's the ane that can cock her nose and keep the cantle o' the causey. The mair I read her history the mair I believe that her uncles and aunts and her sons and daughters are twin-brithers and sisters o' the angels."

HOW CHANGED ARE THE TIMES!

[Inscribed to JAMES H. MUIR, Esq., Detroit]

How changed are the times since I lived wi' my mither,
 How changed are the times! they are changed a' thegether;
 We have engines o' steam, and it's true, I dare say,
 They can bowl us five hundred lang miles in a day.
 What wi' lolling in cars, there's a prevailing notion,
 That we'll soon lose the art o' leg locomotion,
 There are few walking now to the kirk or the mart,
 Or driving o'er hills and down dales in a cart.

How changed are the times!

'Twas grand in the cart! in the cart 'mang the strae,
 To sit wi' our lass on a braw simmer's day,
 And while the auld horse wad gang jogging alang,
 We wad cheer up our dear wi' a psalm or a sang.
 'Twas even-doon bliss! aye, 'twas blythsome and cheerie,
 To sit 'mang the strae wi' our ain bonnie dearie!
 And when in our plaidie fu' kindly we'd roll her,
 She'd cry, "Have a care, oh, take care o' my collar!"

How changed are the times!

How aften she'd say, and try hard to still us:
 " If ye ruffle ma collar my mither will kill us,
 Her tongue will e'en gang like the clash o' a mill.
 Losh man ! guide us a' the cart's standin' still ! "
 " Preserve us ! " we'd say, and afore she wad wiss
 Frae her red rosy lips we wad steal a bit kiss,
 When this was obtained the auld horse we wad wallop,
 Then off we wad gae at the trot or the gallop !
 How changed are the times !

'Fore the advent o' steam, and the engines and cars,
 The country was fu' o' brave young Lochinvars;
 How rarely we now spin in carts or in carriages,
 Or put on our spurs to stop runaway marriages,
 We get married at hame, and like birds oot o' jail,
 We loup into a car and flee off on the rail,
 But when we come off, how our cantle's we claw,
 And we wish that we ne'er had got marrit ava.
 How changed are the times !

How grand were the times afore steam was invented,
 How happy we lived; and we a' died contented !
 We rejoiced a' the day, and at night we were glad
 To lay oursel's doon on a braw heather bed.
 We're now civilized ! since we lived with our mithers,
 We now try to sleep on a bed fu' o' feathers;
 We kick and we plunge, and we wish frae our heart,
 For the auld heather bed, and the straw in a cart.
 How changed are the times !

To the kirk, on the Sundays, we a' gade sedate,
 And the auld and the young would clank doon in a sate.
 But look at them noo, no a lass in the toon,
 But will fyke half an hour afore she sits doon.
 We gade to the kirk to hear prayers and preachin',
 We now gang to the kirk to hear skirlin' and screechin';
 In my auld grannie's days, when I was a youth,
 We prayed and we sang wi' our ain word o' mouth.
 How changed are the times !

O, where, and O, where is the auld spinnin' wheel ?
 And where, and O, where is the rock and the reel ?
 They are either in garrits, or broken to flinders,
 Or they're thrown in fires and a' burnt to cinders.

O, where are the Hecklers?—where, where are they noo,
 And the Swinglers o' lint and the Carders o' woo'?
 They are gone, they are gone, and they've left us a stock
 That will ne'er fill the shoon o' the thrifty auld folk.

How changed are the times!

Our braw linen sarks we ne'er see them ava,
 Hinging out on the hedges as white as the snaw,
 And gone are our moleskins and corduroy jackets,
 And shoon wi' their heel-plates, and tae-plates, and tacketts,
 But what I miss warst when life's at its close,
 Is a bannock, a scone, or a bicker o' brose;-
 My faith it pits me in an even-doon passion,
 To think that the brose has gane clean out o' fashion.

How changed are the times!

The bowies and bickers, how well we ance knew them,
 The auld horn spoons, we will never mair view them;
 Nae mair wi' the frizzle and flint we'll strike fire,
 Or carry the bouet at night to the byre.
 Alas! and alas! never mair in our lives,
 We will see comin' round the auld crippled Spunk-wives,
 Nae mair they will creep into barns and bunks,
 Or mix up their brimstone to dip on their spunks.

How changed are the times!

Our lassies are no like the lassies langsyne,
 Wi' their silks, and their satins, and ribbons sae fine;
 I freely assert it would add to their graces,
 If they'd burn their feathers, their frills and their laces,
 And ply at the wark like their grannies afore them,
 And then, by my faith, we wad fairly adore them;
 I've been tauld—and it fills me clean fou' wi' amaze—
 That some o' them ne'er pit a stitch in their claes.

How changed are the times!

We're up in the buckle! We have sofas and lounges,
 We've baths, and we're splashin' and washin' wi' sponges,
 And it's freely affirmed that our beaus and our belles
 Spend half o' their time ornamentin' theirsels,
 There's ma grannie, wha's dead, and e'en my ain mither,
 Ne'er looked in the glass frae ae week to the ither;
 It's the steam! it's the steam! 'tis our curse auld our bane,
 And the cure is the auld simple notions again.

How changed are the times!

NELL PROUDFOOT.

[Inscribed to GEORGE L. HULL, Esq., Detroit.]

Nell Proudfoot was a Scottish maid,
Sweet as the heather honey;
Though countless were her heavenly charms,
She'd precious little money.
One day her grannie said to her,
Whom she loved with affection,
That those who lived an idle life
Dined in the devil's kitchen.

She ruminated on these words,
And then with nimble feet,
She went and found employment with
A wife on Prospect street.
She lived contented with this wife,
Who had got lots o' siller,
And night and day Nell did her best
To be real good until her.

She'd wash the wife and comb her hair,
And when her work got slack
She'd sit down blythly by her side,
And sing and ea' the crack.
To tell the truth and shame the deil,
She was a canty queen;
'Twould even cheered up dark despair
To crack wi' her at e'en.

She had long hours, but about that
Sweet Nell did ne'er complain;
She found that labor pleasure brought,
While idleness brought pain.
In proof of this, in the lang-syne,
I had a worthy aunt
Who often said, "the sluggard is
The slave of woe and want."

One night the wife said, "Nell, I'm sure
That Providence has sent ye,
And on the day ye're wed I will
With some grand gift present ye.

“But, Nell, beware, take care and ne'er
 Get buckled to a stranger,
 As ten to one ye will be forc'd
 To hoist the flag of danger.”

Nell blushed and said “ I have a lad,
 And his first name is Johnnie,
 He is a butcher to his trade,
 And he's baith guid and bonnie.”
 The wife raised up her hands, then placed
 Her feet upon the fender,
 And then she cried “ that is the cause
 Our beef is now so tender.

“The beef I got afore ye cam'
 Most killed me a' thegether;
 When it was stewed, upon my soul,
 It was as tough as leather.
 “If he should ask your hand, just look
 With lamb-like resignation,
 And tell him that ye'll weigh his words
 With due consideration.”

One morn all in the month of May,
 Nell went with her own Johnnie,
 And Mr. Dickie yoked them in
 The cart of matrimony.
 Then off they ran to the auld wife,
 And when they told their story,
 Quo' she: “ There's fifty dollars, and
 I'll give ye more to-morrow.”

Ring out, ring out, ye marriage bells,
 Ring till your tongues are reeking;
 Ring out and tell that Handsome Nell
 Next week will start house-keeping.

OUTS AND INS OF MATRIMONY.

[Inscribed to Mrs. JESSIE WANLESS BRACK.]

Auld Nannie Dunn lay on her bed,
 And wow, but she was unco ill.
 For oh, a thought ran through her head
 That she was far past mortal skill.

'Twas midnight, and her guidman, John
 Fast by her side serenely slumber'd,
 She cried, "Oh, John, in mercy rise.
 For oh, I doubt my days are number'd."

John rose and said, "What do ye want?"
 She answered and the words maist choked her,
 "I want—ye weel ken what I want—
 Oh, dear, oh, dear, I want a doctor."
 John's claes were hung on a chair back,
 According to his usual plan;
 He put them on, unbarred the door,
 And for the doctor off he ran.

He rappit at the doctor's door,
 The doctor cried "Wha's there?" "John Dun
 Oh, come wi' me, my wife is ill,
 I doubt her thread o' life is spun."
 The twasome soon got on the trot,
 My faith they hurried up the street,
 They hurried sae they didna' let
 A blade o' grass grow 'neath their feet.

They reached the house, they heard Nan roar:
 "Quick, John, oh, me, oh, woe betide,"
 John struck a light and very soon
 The doctor stood at Nan's bedside.
 He felt her pulse, he saw her tongue,
 Quo' he, "'Tis needless me to see ye,
 I swear by Claudius Galenus
 That there's nae serious matter wi' ye.

"Now, Mrs. Dunn, all that ye need
 Is just a dram of guid Scotch drink,
 'Twill calm your nerves, and take my word
 Ye'll be a' better in a blink."
 The doctor went, and John went to
 The public house, with mind at rest;
 The landlord rose, and soon John got
 A mutchkin o' his very best.

When he got hame he cried: "Now, Nan,
 Drink this, and may guid luck attend ye;
 Just drink it up, and I'll be bound
 That it will very quickly mend ye."

She cried : " Oh, John, tak' it awa,
 Ae drop ye needna' offer till me ;
 Just take it off ; oh, John ! oh, John !
 Its very smell is like to kill me."

John placed the bottle to his mouth,
 He wanted neither glass nor cup,
 Without a word, he drank it down,
 He didna leave a single sup.
 Then Nannie cried, " Ye greedy wretch,
 Your conduct sorely has distressed me."
 Quo' he, " Ye wadna' take a drop,"
 Quo' she, " Ye sumph, ye might ha'e pressed me."

Quo' John, " The pressing days are gane,"
 Then he began to dance and skip,
 And loud he sang the auld refrain—
 " There's many a slip 'tween cup and lip."
 Wi' this Nan's blood began to boil,
 And up she rose, and it is said,
 She got a rung, and wi' its help
 She sent him flying back to bed.

BRING ME WHAT YE LIKE.

[Inscribed to THOMAS HISLOP, Esq., Detroit.]

Ben Nevis was a servant-man,
 And in the silent night,
 Without a warning word began
 To groan wi' a' his might.
 At times he'd spring clean oot o' bed,
 Then in again would whup,
 And the result was that he soon
 Woke everybody up.

His master rushed to his bed-side,
 And he cried out " Ben, Ben,
 What's wrang wi' you, there's mair than me
 This night wad like to ken ?"
 Ben Nevis cried " Aneath the sheets
 For me there is nae shelter,
 To end my days I wish that I
 Was hanging in a halter."

His mistress in her bed-gown cried,
 " Ben, stop, and in a minit
 I'll mask some tea, now let me ken
 What ye wad relish in it ?
 Wad ye like sugar, milk or cream,
 Plain bread or buttered toast,
 Now speak clear oot and let me ken
 What ye wad like the most ?

" But maybe ye'd prefer a scone,
 A bab or penny-row ;
 Now will ye wait till day-light comes,
 Or will ye have them now ?
 But aiblins ye wad like to ha'e
 A basin o' beef tea,
 A bowl o' brose is unco guid
 When charged wi' kitchen fee.

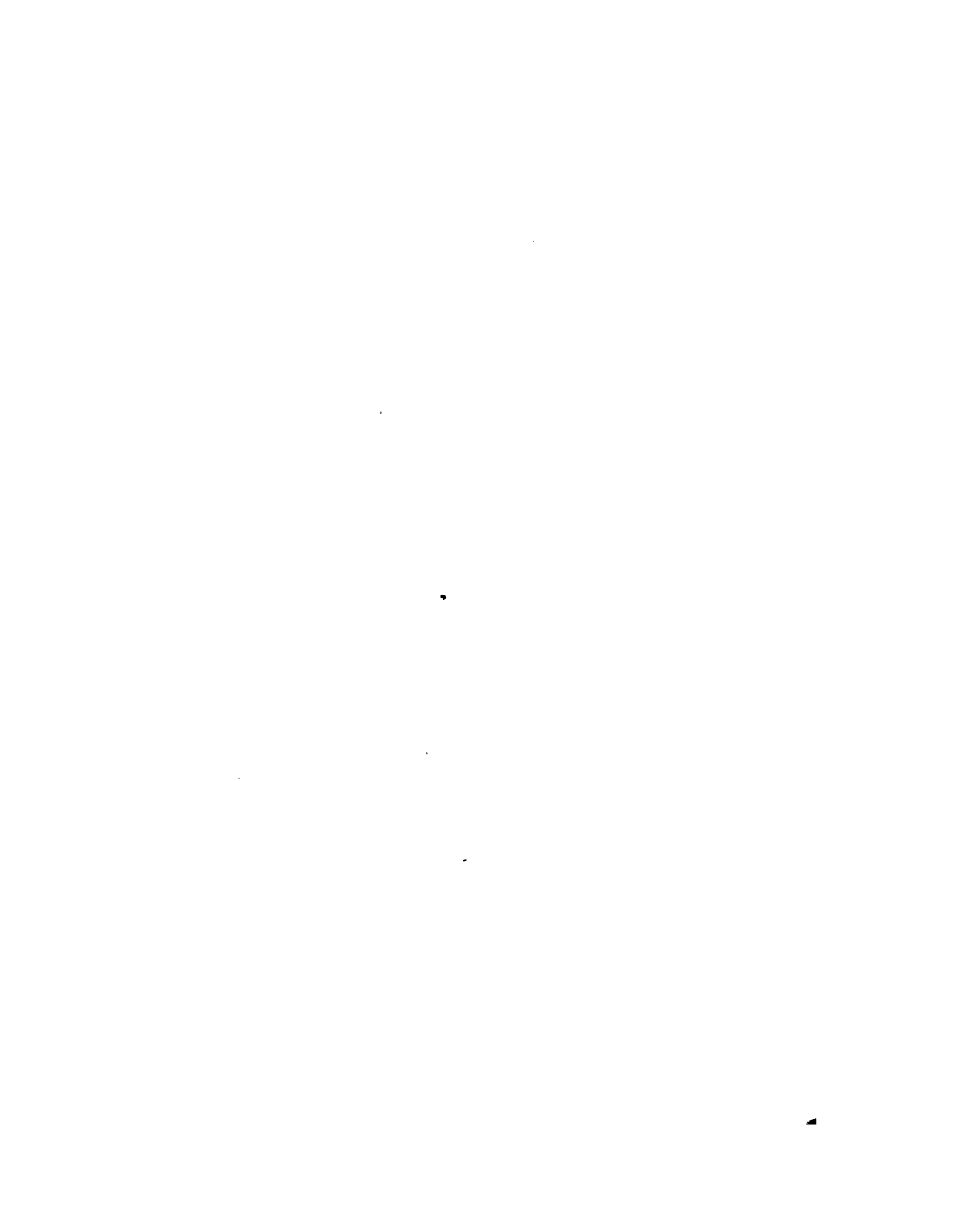
" I wish ye wad lay bare your mind,
 And ca' for what ye please ;
 If I were in your shoon I think
 I'd ha'e some bread and cheese.
 Oh, Ben, ye look as if ye had
 Crossed o'er the brig o' hope,
 Ben, will ye ha'e a brandered steak,
 Or will ye ha'e a chop ?

" If ye wad only let me ken,
 Right doon the stairs I'd whup ;
 But first, a sang frae me might cheer
 Your soul and body up."
 Ben Nevis sighed and said " Oh, dear,
 Oh, dinna make a fyke,
 Oh, gang awa and bring, Oh, bring,
 Just bring me what ye like."

The master said " Hark, now guidwife,
 Your words are most bewitchin',
 But Ben, my dear, wad sooner hear
 Some music from your kitchen."
 The wife cried, " Pit your fit to mine,
 And you and I will pettle him,
 I'll brew some drink, and soon ye'll see
 That it will quickly settle him."

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