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The Scots Abroad the Night

And other
Banquet
Poems

[MAISTLY SCOTCH]

By
HARRY H. JOHNSTON

NEIL & CO. TACOMA, PUBLISHERS



THE SCOT'S ABROAD THE NIGHT

AND OTHER BANQUET POEMS

(MAISTLY SCOTCH)

BY

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TO THE CALEDONIAN & ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY
AND TO
CLAN GORDON No. 188, OF TACOMA

Without whose kindly encouragement these verses would not have been written. The hope that they may furnish some entertainment to the reader, be to local Scots reminiscent of those delightful occasions

"When lo! A rantin' feast weel stored,
Saured sweetly on the festive board,"

and gratify a natural desire of the author to see his rhymes in print, is the excuse offered for their publication.

Tacoma, 1913.



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No. 1

TOAST TO ST. ANDREW

'Twas Shakespeare said the evil deeds
Of men in memory live beyond them
While all the good that they have done
Is buried in the ground around them;
And this the reason why, good sirs!
The toast which I am now proposing,
Is to a man whose goodness great
Is at this time past all disclosing;
Of who he was, and what he was,
The records are but scant to teach us,
But that he is oor patron saint
There's no a sinner daur impeach us;
So fill your glasses to the brim
To one who's great and good and grand, O,
We'll drink the sparkling wine to him,
The saint of all the Scots, St. Andrew.

THE SCOT'S ABROAD THE NIGHT

Hail, Scotland! Cradle of a race
Of men who've won a foremost place
Whae'er the wid'ning world's embrace
 Has called for honest nicht,
If chance the passer-by should stare
To see us a' sae free from care,
Soon would he learn that everywhere
 The Scot's abroad the nicht.

There's not a land beneath the sun
Where Scotia's sons have not well won
Their right to have some mirth and fun
 And hand to hand unite:
Let ithers, sober, hameward wend,
And with their fowk the evening spend,
We'll not our brithers thus offend—
 The Scot's abroad the nicht.

Though far from heather-crested hill,
We hae the haggis with us still,
And eke the pibroch's welcome thrill
 Shall fill us wi' delight;
We'll hear the merry pipers blow,
We'll see their ruddy faces glow,
They'll let the rest o' mankind know
 The Scot's abroad the nicht.

Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
This is nae nicht to seek your bed,
'Tis boon companionship instead
 That fondly grips us ticht;

We'll sing o' Scotland's honored name.
 We'll sing o' those we left at hame,
 We'll sing sae loud men will exclaim:
 "The Scot's abroad the night."

And Robbie Burns, dear Robbie Burns!
 Whae'er the Scot this nicht sojourns,
 At thocht o' you his heart returns
 Thanks for your wit sae bricht;
 Thanks for your songs that ring sae true—
 'Tis meet that we should sing o' you—
 We'll sing, and we'll be happy too.
 The Scot's abroad the night.

And could we lift the veil that lies
 Between this earth and Paradise,
 We'd see aboon, beyond the skies.
 Nae doot, some robes o' white;
 But few they'd be, and far between
 The Tartan plaids that would be seen,
 Showing that up in Heaven serene
 The Scot's abroad the night.

A million pipers fa' in line—
 Ah! 'Tis a sicht that's unco fine—
 They droon the harps wi' "Auld Lang Syne,"
 They blaw wi' a' their micht;
 The Scottish hosts with hearts elate
 Proceed at once to celebrate;
 St. Peter cries frae oot the gate:
 "The Scot's abroad the night."

BURNS

In every age, in every land and clime,
There has been found the poet and his rhyme,
Inspired youth to breathe the thought sublime,
 And history turns
No page but shows the bard has had his part
In what was done, but none has reached the heart
 Like Robert Burns.

Intensely human, he could deeply feel
With human kind their every woe and weal,
Voicing their thoughts with true poetic zeal,
 And this is why
No poet ever moved the world as he,
Nor is there one that to the same degree
 We glorify.

He loved the modest crimson tipped flower,
The tim'rous mouse that would frae mankind cower,
And sad his comment on the plowshare's power
 To lay them low;
He was as gentle as a summer's day,
But 'gainst Oppression's proud and lordly sway
 A fearless foe.

Not his the verse in praise of mighty kings;
He loved the lowly people, and there springs
Up from his soul fierce protest 'gainst all things
 Unjust and wrong;
Servility to power, and the pride
Of birth and station, these he did deride
 In language strong.

The Calvinism which made men despair
He swept away wi' "Holy Willie's Prayer,"
Bright'ning the world with rays of sunshine where
 All had been gloom;
E'en for the Deil he great compassion had,
Nor could he think him altogether bad,
 Or sought men's doom.

He taught anew the brotherhood of man,
So oft forgotten since the world began,
And told it so that men could understand
 How wide its scope;
He showed that honest poverty's no crime,
He roused the peasant youth to upward climb,
 And gave him hope.

"What though," said he, "on hamely fare we dine,
Gie to the fools their silks and knaves their wine,
But to the man of independent mind
 The pith of sense,
The pride of worth, the manly bearing bold,
Are better far than empty strut and gold,
 Howe'er immense."

Small wonder, too, he loved the lasses fair,
Or that his songs set to appropriate air,
Are still declared to be beyond compare,
 So sweet and true;
So sprightly, witty, winsome, bonny they,
In Love's own realm they'll lead the way
 While lovers woo.

He had his faults as who of us has not,
A victim of the times, sad was his lot,
Yet his the happy, cheerful mind that wrought
 That wondrous tale

So oft re-told, of Tam O'Shanter's mare,
 The nag that would not, flying thro' the air,
 His master fail.

He brought to Scotland more of honest fame
 Than a' the kings and queens wha bore her name.
 He kindled every Scottish heart aflame
 With love of song;
 He made all Scotsmen to their brithers kin,
 He made them hate dishonesty and sin,
 And every wrong.

The poet, priest and prophet, aye, the king
 Aboon them a', immortal bard! We bring
 Our simple, heartfelt praise in offering
 This natal day,
 And gather here, in happy unison,
 To hear once more thy matchless poems sung,
 As well we may.

TO "BUBBLY JOCK"

He died that men might live to eat,
 Not eat to live; his death was meat
 For them most succulent and sweet;
 For him extinguishment complete:
 O'er his remains they muttered grace
 But thanks to him found nowhere place
 Who gave his all. 'Tis thus we scan
 The base ingratitude of man.

GREAT SCOT(T)!

The other day when I went out to dine
Beside me sat an old time friend of mine,
A lawyer, loving much to gain his point,
E'en though he puts one's feelings out of joint;
And thinking to have fun with me, the wag!
Says he: "The Scotch are much too fond of brag;
To hear them talk about their land and birth
You'd think they were the only folks on earth"—
With that, the waiter bringing in the soup,
Missing his footing, suddenly did stoop,
And the hot consomme, bowls and spoons,
Falling athwart my friend's new pantaloons,
He quickly rose, as he had right to do,
And shouted in a voice possessed by few:
"Great Scot!"

Gone was his disputation, and, instead,
His own involuntary cry had pled,
As laughingly I pointed out to him,
An answer so convincing, trite and trim,
It really was his duty to admit
Of all the race of men the Scotch are "it":
For men when undisturbed may use the tongue
To falsely speak, but when the soul is wrung,
When pain and anguish come to cloud the brow
Then speaks the heart in earnest, and somehow
'Tis then we have the concentrated thought,
'Tis then we have what otherwise we'd not,
The truth, from which no man should turn away.
For then it is we hear them rise and say:
"Great Scot!"

You will not hear them say: Great English, Dutch!
 Great Spanish, German, Irish! No, not much!
 To say great French would really be absurd,
 Great Swede? Great Russian? No! There's but one word
 That is akin to greatness. It brings back
 The Roman conquerors beaten in their track;
 It breathes of Wallace, lion hearted Bruce,
 And all the lusty chiefs who played the deuce
 With England's belted knights. It tells of Burns,
 And of Sir Walter and his works, where turns
 Page upon page of history, told so well
 That 'neath the brilliant witchery of the spell
 He wove, men said of this young author bold,
 E'er yet the ink upon his pen was cold:

“Great Scott!”

And so I say, what of it if we brag?
 We're not the only boasters: Where the flag
 Of any country waves there men are found
 With hearts akindle, glorying in the ground
 Of their dear native land: So here to-day
 The martial pibroch let her pipe away!
 The grand old songs! Aye, let them all be sung,
 And Scotland's flag unto the breeze be flung;
 The heather we will wear upon our coats,
 A little Scotch to moisten up our throats,
 A nicht of glad re-union let it be,
 A nicht o' mirth, and fun and jollity—
 The landlord? An' he like not scene so gay
 What can he do but raise his hands and say:

“Great Scot!”

A BREAKFAST SUPPLICATION

(On the Morning of a Raccoon Hunt)

Oh, Lord! Ye ken I seldom pray,
Or ask thy guidance on my way,
But like a sheep that's gone astray
 Go stumblin' on,
But for some friends o' mine this day,
 Hear me this one.

Wi' fowlin' piece and musketoon
They're goin' forth tae shoot a coon,
I'm sore afraid they'll fire too soon,
 And hit each other,
And so, good Lord, I crave this boon,
 Save one from t'other.

And then ye know what dangers lurk
Around about this huntin' work,
How many a gun by sudden jerk
 Is quick exploded;
Guns, too, that some book-keepin' clerk
 Said wasna' loaded.

And worse than a' my fears increased
For fear than some fierce wild-cat beast
Or prowlin' bear in search of feast
 They might come at:
Or skunk, with odor swift released,
 Lord save from that!

Like children from their tasks set free
They're goin' forth in sportive glee
As blind tae danger as can be,
 Nor prayers will say,
And so, good Lord, I ask of thee
 Hear mine this day.

WHEN DRUMMOND DONS HIS TARTAN

I love this day, the day St. Andrew came
Into the world to win a saintly fame;
How much of it he got from going forth
A fisherman o' men throughout the earth,
The trials and tribulations that he had,
And what it was that made him look sae sad,
Are matters to my subject not germane—
I love this day for reasons quite as plain,
And much more modern: First, and first the least,
It does assure me o' a right guid feast,
A scene of rare enchantment. Secondly,
I have the pleasure of your company,
And third and best, transcendent in its way,
I love it as the great and glorious day
When Drummond dons his tartan.

'Twas Joseph, son o' Jacob, who first wore
A coat o' many colors, which made sore
His brithers; yet it was a crude affair,
So I am told, nothing sae debonnair,
Nothing sae handsome as the tartan plaid
Which Drummond wears, an' which puts in the shade
My evening dress, as doth the rainbow vie
Triumphant wi' a dark and murky sky.
But I'm not jealous; nay, I'm prood o' him,
Manly o' countenance an' stout o' limb,
Nothing more brilliant does the sun shine on,
Than Drummond when he does his plaidie don,
An' e'en the moon, her rays o' silvery light,
Are said by many tae shine not sae bright
When Drummond dons his tartan.

The pipes strike up sae martial like an' loud,
 They're handled deftly by oor ain McLeod;
 The banqueters, obedient, fa' in line,
 St. Andrew's day, an' we're about tae dine.
 The Drummond, 'long wi' Charley Patterson—
 Weel mated they—adoon the hall lead on,
 And then, all standing in their proper place,
 I hear him say once mair the Selkirk grace;
 Anon, "Fair fa' yer honest sousie face!"
 Tae it: "Great chieftain o' the puddin' race."
 Each year brings back the fond remembered scene,
 Oor joy nae less, oor appetite as keen;
 How natural then that I should seek in rhyme
 To give expression to the happy time
 When Drummond dons his tartan.

The feastin' o'er, then toasts an' speeches bright,
 The Scot that canna talk is not in sight,
 The mon wha wrote a book—"The Unspeakable Scot"—
 Had he been here, would not have writ such rot;
 John Arthur, Scot by inclination,
 On Scotchmen's skulls mak's an oration,
 And, fearful less this should not be enough
 Tae prove him Scotch, he tak's a pinch o' snuff;
 While in between the songs we love are sung,
 The songs that mak' us feel we still are young,
 Bright quip an' jest an' weel told humorous story.
 Serve to round oot oor evenin's repertory;
 As Burns would say, we're feelin' glorious,
 Owre a' the ills o' life victorious,
 When Drummond dons his tartan.

So down the path o' time we jog along,
 Sometimes a vacant seat for friend who's gone.
 We who are left will ever here be found

As often as St. Andrew's day rolls round;
Here will we sit, an' eat, an' drink an' sing,
Regardless what the comin' day may bring,—
Stronger and deeper will oor kinship grow,
No frien's like auld frien's as we all weel know;
Oor time will come, an' this my humble prayer,
May God put me amang the Scotch up there,
That I may see yon gatherin' o' the clan,
That I may see them marchin' man tae man,
The pipers playin', as we stand an' wait,
'Tae see St. Peter open wide the gate
When Drummond dons his tartan.

Mr. A. S. Drummond, of Tacoma.

THE PAWKY SCOT

Sandy MacIntosh, Highlander, young, strong and spry,
Had long cherished a love for sweet Maggie McKay,
And to pay his respects in his quiet Scotch way
Would rig up in his best at the end o' the day
And over tae Maggie's, three lang lonesome Scots miles,
'Cross country side mosses and waters and stiles,
Wi' his plaidie aboot him tae keep off the chill
Would sturdily shank it, and nae think it ill,
Though the night were as dark as Auld Satan could make it,
For the path weel he knew and could never mistake it,
Having traveled along it for twelve months or more
'Till it came to an end at the fair Maggie's door.

Noo, while Sandy persistently thus came tae woo,
He knew naething at a' how tae bill or tae coo,
For while weel accounted as frugal and thrifty
In the makin' o' love he was minus the giftie,
As though followin' the ploo and mindin' the herds
Had taciturn made him and sparin' o' words,
And thus did it happen that Sandy would come
And sit by the hour as though he were dumb.

One evening when Sandy by Maggie had sat
For as much as twa hours as mute as a bat,
The lassie, tae see if her laddie had any,
Said: "For yer thochts, dear, I wad gie ye a penny";
Noo, Sandy, alert at the mention o' money,
Especially from lips that looked sweeter than honey,
Emboldened at what was sae lucky a chance
And giving Miss Maggie an amorous glance,
Replied, ere he knew it: "I was thenkin'," said he.
"A wee bit kissie ye'd be gie'n tae me."

Miss Maggie, delighted, quick gave him the kiss;
 'Twas surely a sweet one and filled him wi' bliss,
 And should anyone feel the least shocked I'll say this,
 Her aim was sae true it could not be amiss;
 Noo, Sandy he gulpit and turned him sae red
 His complexion was like tae the hair on his head,
 For being from favors like this lang preserved
 The sudden endearment had left him unnerved,
 And instead of returning the kiss that was given,
 As any man would who is worthy of heaven,
 He kept what she gave him as though 'twas his due
 And he stuck tae his chair as though stickit wi' glue,
 Which, considering he got what he hoped tae receive,
 Was conduct sufficient tae mak' a saint grieve,
 And Maggie, dumbfounded, showed deep her concern
 That the laddie she loved gave no kiss in return,
 And thinkin' things never are just as expectit
 Returned to her chair feeling sairly neglectit.

The clock on the mantel kept tickin' awa',
 As clocks do when people say naething at a',
 Most monotonously loud, and Maggie at last,
 When a guid twenty minutes had slowly gone past,
 Her mind on the kiss that had brought them thegither,
 Said: "Noo, what are ye thinkin' o', Sandy, anither?"
 "Nay, lassie," said Sandy, "It's mair serious than that."
 Here the heart of Miss Maggie went quick pit-a-pat.
 For long had she wished tae herself he'd disclose
 His intentions—in short, that the lad would propose,
 But sudden it sank 'neath the normal when he
 Said: "Is there no a penny that's comin' tae me?"

Provokit, Miss Maggie quick snatched up her broom
 Tae sweep "Mister MacIntosh" oot o' the room.
 "Gie hame tae yer siller, ye poor, pawky Scot,

F'or no penny ye'll see, neither title nor jot,
I'm sair vexed at mysel' that I gie ye that kiss
And I'll be muckle obleeged if ye'll walk oot o' this!"
"I'll not gang one step till ye have that kiss back,"
Said Sandy, and grabbed her and gave her a smack.
And he held her sae ticht and he wadna' let go,
And he gave her six more, and she couldna' say no,
And her anger, swift risin', fell doon just as fast,
And she sank in his arms quite contented at last,
For Sandy, afraid that his girl he might lose,
Proposed all at once, and she couldna' refuse.

HERE'S TAE OORSELS! WHA'S LIKE US?

Mr. Toastmaster, and Fellow Scots! This toast
We have made to ourselves is clearly no boast;
Though somewhat laudatory, it is, forsooth,
Just what we think it—a self-evident truth.
Of one, an attorney, the story they tell,—
And the story carries its moral as well,—
When asked to name the best lawyer in town,
Replied: “I am he, I’m that man of renown”;
Proof being demanded, refused to submit it,
Said: “I don’t have to prove it, I simply admit it.”
’Tis so with the Scotch; we have but to confess it,—
What then? Why, “*Nemo me impune lacessit!*”

And ’tis well that ’tis so. Why put ourselves out
To reason a thing that’s been proved beyond doubt;
Auld Scotland, her deeds, her prowess, her glory,
So strongly entrenched in song and in story,
That a proverb it is: “To reach the top-notch
Is easy enough if one only be Scotch.”
’Twould be idle indeed the proof to procure,
For that which is certain cannot be more sure;
In witness whereof our seal we affix it,
’Tis far past dispute by our own *ipse dixit*;
Our own mead of praise the critics dismaying,
Cela va sans dire. That goes without saying.

But someone may question: Though this be quite true,
And it goes without saying, why all this adoo;
Why this toast to yourselves, why this beating of drum.
Why should you to all this self-praising succumb?
Let me answer him thus: One night in the year

It is given to us to congregate here;
 To gather around the ingle-nook bright,
 To muse on the land of our birth and her might;
 To honor the Saint who absolved us from sins,
 And, eating and drinking and toasting our shins,
 To live once again in the days of the past,
 And promise ourselves that her glory shall last
 And spread the world over where Scotchmen are found
 As strong and as true as her pipes shall resound;
 And since toasting our shins is no crime in law
 A toast to ourselves cannot matter at a'.

If an envious world deny us our due
 We'll speak out in meeting and tell who is who,
 We'll sing of auld Scotia, her greatness and worth,
 Her sons who've gone forth to engirdle the earth,
 We'll list to the pibroch and feel our blood stir,
 And the wild martial notes shall to us be a spur
 To do and to dare, and her fame to uphold,
 And prove to them a' we're the same hardy mold
 As our fathers who stayed the legions of Rome
 And drove back the Saxon to whence he had come.

We've right to be proud, and tho boasting and vaunt
 And brazen assurance and blustering taunt
 Are abhorrent to all of right thinking mind,
 And it's weel to our faults we should not be blind,
 Yet it's equally wrong to be tim'rous, shy,
 Overmodest in thought, to cast the "sheeps-eye"
 To cringe or to fawn: Men of worth that is true
 Never need at themselves to be looking askew,
 And though Burns declares the gift he would gie men
 'Themselves they might see as others will see them,
 'To how few is it given to judge well the rest,
 And I'm thinkin', ye ken, that we know ourselves best:

So it's up wi' the bonnet, and throw back the plaid,
Wha's like us, the toast; 'tis our own serenade,
The pipers will blaw, and we'll hear once again
The tramplin' o' heath, and the marchin' o' men;
Or, changing our mood, wander off through the braes,
With memory returning the old happy days
When as children we romped with laughter an' shout.
Or later, as lovers, went idlin' about.

'Tis a braw, braw nicht, wi' twa moons in the sky,
And what I have said must have made you all dry.
So what do you say tae a wee bit o' Scotch?
Tae oorsels, noble sirs! Tae the very top-notch!

OUR OWN UNITED STATES

Oh land where Freedom found its birth!
Land of equality!
Let tyrants pause before thy laws,
Sweet land of liberty!
Our fathers bade defiance to
All kings and potentates,
With numbers small, they built for all,
Our own United States.

The bond-oppressed of other lands
Came flocking to her shore
Resolved that they would fight alway
To break all lordly pow'r;
Allegiance swore unto the flag
The kind that nought abates,
Steadfast and true their love it grew
For these United States.

When slavery sought to spread its wings
Across a land so fair,
When civil strife took life for life
And ruin filled the air,
The spirit of old Bunker Hill,
Again defied the Fates,
And Liberty once more was free
In these United States.

Let history teach the lesson then
To those who would enthrall,
That man to man we'll take our stand
And all their schemes forestall,

The native and the foreign born
Each side by side awaits
To fight the fight 'gainst sordid might
In these United States.

And when the problems that confront
Her course adown the years,
In Freedom's light are solved aright
And smiles drive out the tears;
When what our country needs to do
With love predominates,
We'll sing the song of glory strong
In these United States.

TO JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT

Sovereign Commander Woodmen of the World

'Tis said: "Great oaks from little acorns grow,"
A proverb none can doubt, yet this I know:
Without the root the acorn first put forth
There would have been no oak, which proves the worth
Of good beginnings. The idea first,
And then the root that with much patience nursed
It into being, and with genius wrought
The vigorous tree, the tree of woodcraft, fraught
With so much real true good to humankind
That none today so ignorant or so blind
But must perceive its greatness, and its place
In history, and from root to tree-top trace
Its progress as a vital living force,
Progressing ever upward in its course;
And so I want you now to join with me
And drink a toast to him who nursed the tree,
Who gave it life when 'twas a tiny twig,
And helped it grow until it grew so big,—
The oak magnificent, mature in plan,—
Let's drink this toast as only Woodmen can
To Joseph Cullen Root, the grand old man.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

Oh, Scotland is a bonny land,
Wi' banks an' braes, an' a' that,
And mountain scenery that's grand,
Wi' heather, broom, an' a' that,
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
Wi' lasses, lads, an' a' that,
The Lord said, when he shapit it,
 "I like my wark, an' a' that."

But that the land would prove owre sma'
The Lord at ance foresaw that,
"I'll make ane big eneuch for a'
A grander ane, an' a' that,"
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
The last he made, an' a' that,
The finest land in a' the warld,
 Oor Washington is a' that.

Her sna' crooned mountains tae the sky
Majestic stand, an' a' that,
Beneath, the fertile valleys lie
Wi' flowers, fruits, an' a' that;
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
The rose's bloom, an' a' that,
Oh, sic a land sae fair an' sweet
 God never made before that.

Her climate is beyond compare,
Perfection's brand, an' a' that,
A blend o' sea an' mountain air,
A zepher's kiss, an' a' that,
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
The velvet breeze, an' a' that,
A simmer land the hale year through,
 We're rightly prood o' a' that.

Her cities sparkle by the sea,
 By rivers, streams, an' a' that,
 'Mid golden grain and forest tree,
 Bright living jewels, an' a' that;
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
 The busy marts, an' a' that,
 Whaur trade and commerce thrive an' grow
 By honest means, an' a' that.

Her laws are just, her lawyers—well,
 The best there are, an' a' that,
 'Twould be no fair for me tae tell,
 There hae been worse, an' a' that;
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
 Her judges wise, an' a' that,
 Sae wise they sometimes will agree
 'Tae disagree, an' a' that.

The vary best find here a home,
 Guid northern bluid, an' a' that,
 And mony Scotch folk here have come,
 The salt o' earth, an' a' that;
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
 Frae near an' far, an' a' that,
 And all wha come find Washington
 Their heart's desire, an' a' that.

Your glasses clink then everyone
 Tae oor guid state, an' a' that,
 When she was made, His wark was done,
 Creation's best, an' a' that;
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
 God bless oor state, an' a' that,
 Sae tak' a right guid bumper Scotch
 Tae Washington, an' a' that.

THE LADIES

Mr. Toastmaster! It was Rousseau who said
To write a love letter fit to be read
One ought to begin without knowing what
One intends to write down, and then, to not
Even know, when one finishes, a word
Of what has been writ—a method absurd
You may think, and yet, how pleasant 'twould be,
At least, 'twould be very pleasant to me,
Could I speak to this toast, and never once know
A word I was saying, *a la Rousseau.*

But, sir, to arise and tremblingly feel
A state of excitement hard to conceal,
A sense of unfitness so great the thought
Of this toast to the ladies and what ought
To be said in response makes me regret
That ever I promised to speak, and yet
I've only myself to blame I confess,
'Tis hard to say "no" when urged to say "yes."
When importuned thus I never do know
Just what I am saying, *a la Rousseau.*

The ladies, God bless them! Best toast of all;
They smile, and swiftly we come at their call,
They frown, and our hearts are heavy as lead,
Without them, the world how empty and dead!
The plague and the solace, sorrow and joy,
To win them what arts will men not employ?
Tantalization of love stricken youth,
And of gray bearded men, for who, forsooth.
In offer of marriage ever does know
Just what he is saying, *a la Rousseau.*

There have been men since who sadly have said
 There must have been something wrong in their head,
 Or never would they those words have expressed
 To her whose fair hand they then fondly pressed;
 And once in a while some woman declares
 Offers of marriage are nothing but snares
 Which serves to explain how she could have been
 So badly deceived, so much taken in;
 To my way of thinking, it goes to show
 Few know what they're saying, *a la Rousseau*.

But here's to the ladies! They are my theme;
 In wit and in beauty they reign supreme;
 Their clothes, creations of infinite worth,
 The cost of the same no subject for mirth:
 Like the poet who wrote "The Old Arm Chair,"
 I love them, I love them, and who shall dare
 To chide me? (Of course, in an abstract way,
 And collectively, as any man may.)
 This *sub rosa*, that my wife may not know
 What I have been saying, *a la Rousseau*.

The toast's to the ladies, and this includes
 The rich and the poor, the gay and the prudes,
 Blondes and brunettes, if they are not *too* dark,—
 Happy the man who with Love's kindling spark
 Warms the affections of some woman true,
 And builds up a neat little home for two:
 A labor of love is a time well spent,
 There let them coo to their heart's content,
 What does it matter that they do not know
 Just what they are saying, *a la Rousseau*.

Here's to the maiden in Industry's whirl,
 That bright clever lass, the bachelor girl,—
 With a heart that's whole and a fancy free,

Oh what cares she for the masculine he!
 She earns her bread to the type-writer's click,
 At work-shop or counter, and no broom-stick
 Will she have in her's, but the time will come
 When, spite of it all, she'll sigh for a home.
 She boasts of her freedom and yet does not know
 Just what she is saying, *a la Rousseau*.

And then there's the maiden who did declare,
 That the fish in the sea were just as fair
 As any that ever were caught, and she "fired"
 Her nice young man of whom she'd grown tired;
 But the fish that had never been brought to land,
 Somehow wouldn't come out at her command,
 And the beautiful maid grew pale and sad,
 And wished she had kept the one that she had,
 And all of which proves that she did not know
 Just what she was saying, *a la Rousseau*.

Here's to the lasses auld Scotland can boast,
 The sweet bonnie lasses the lads lo'e the most,
 The Jeans and Janets and Nancys an' a',
 Marys and Annies and Nells without flaw;
 No wonder Burns wrote so beautifully when
 Such charms in the fair inspired his pen;
 But alas and alack! The fault's in me,
 Should one of them chance to look up in my e'e
 I stammer and blush, and then never know
 Just what I am saying, *a la Rousseau*.

Your pardon I crave, I've rambled along
 In such a weak way, I know I've done wrong;
 A subject so choice demands that the best
 That wisdom can furnish or art suggest
 Should be spoken, and I've frittered away
 The golden moments with nothing to say;
 And now having said it I can recall
 But one consolation out of it all:
 To-morrow will come, and none of you'll know
 A word I've been saying, *a la Rousseau*.

HOGMANAY

In France, in good old days of long ago—
How good they were I really do not know,
But that's the way raconteurs, when they spin,
A tale of ancient days, do most begin—
In France on New Year's eve the urchins bold,
The youthful lovers' blushes to behold,
Whene'er they'd see them walking on the street,
Or anywhere where they might chance to meet,
Would loudly shout with mischievous gusto:
“*Au gui menez!*” “Come under the mistletoe!”

It is from such a merry custom this,
To tease the bashful swain and gentle miss,
That northward to the land of purple heather,
The land of bonnet, kilt, and plaid and feather,
Of lads and lasses unexcelled by none,
These three French words came blended into one
To meet a welcome, and to find a place
In national feeling full of inward grace—
The New Year's greeting which the Scots bestow:
Hogmanay! Come under the mistletoe!

And so tonight we gather here to watch
Old Time upon his sythe put one more notch,
To say good-bye to her who cannot stay,
And bid the year that's coming: “Hogmanay!”

THE ANTI-TREATING LAW

(Before the Woman's Club of Tacoma)

Madam Toastmaster! I rise from my seat to respond
To this toast you have offered, though I know 'tis beyond
The small reach of my power to even hope to "come through"
With anything entertaining or useful to you,
Or to this goodly company—but, since you're so kind
As to couple my name with the toast, I don't mind
Being tried and found wanting, for, much better defeat,
Than to have you accuse me of offering a treat;
Yet, with this thought so consoling, I still wonder why
You were moved to provide me a subject so dry,—
Did you think that, because it had come from a "Fawcett,"
A sort of cold water suggestion, 'twould cause it
To be the less arid and dull, or was it your view
If I'd turn on the tap I'd come swimmingly through?

I favor this ordinance, though I hope you'll not think
I am one of those tight-wads who would take a lone drink:
Nor has the law my support just because it annoys
That crusty old gentleman, Mr. L. W. Roys,
Who looked so grim and severe, and wore such a deep frown.
No one ever dreamed he could be for a wide-open town—
A thing most surprising—caused the mayor to be vexed,
And set everyone guessing what the Deil would do next.
I favor the ordinance not to spite Mr. Roys,
But because I believe 'twill save the men and the boys
From the snare of temptation—the "Come, have a drink!"
A pitfall, from whose depths, not a soul but would shrink
Could they see to the end—a sham liberality
That expects full return for its false hospitality.

I favor this ordinance, though I don't think 'twill stop
The men from drinking too much when they want "a wee drop,"
Nor have we right to expect the millenium will come
Or the drouthy lone drinkers go soberly home;
But 'twill surely help some—just how much none can say
'Till the thing has been tried out, and the mayor's had his way;
If it fails in its purpose it can do no one harm,
So there's no need to worry, no cause for alarm,
Yet, if we judge by the noise the saloon-keepers make,
The mayor has their "goat," and the goat's chained to a stake;
If a man can't treat his friend, and his friend treat in turn,
And then treat his friend's friend who has money to burn,
And who invites everybody right up to the bar
To have something on him, why the law's going too far
And should be repealed—personal liberty's the cry,
If you let this law live then our business will die!
There is woe in their wail; it was they who put out
The petitions to bring this election about;
If this law is a farce, a burlesque, a pretense,
Then the blame rests on them for this needless expense;
They are shrewd business men, wide-awake and alert,
And you'll not find them squealing unless they are hurt.

So while people take sides, and some praise, and some curse it,
Cynics say: "What's the good, if you cannot enforce it?"
If Pat Olsen asks his friend Hans MacDuff to step in
Where the lights shine so brilliant, and have two beers with him,
And they walk up to the bar, and Pat lays down the coin
For himself and his chum, and asks the bar-keep to join,
And the gent with the apron says: "Nothing doing, my friend,
Don't you know the law says treating's now at an end
Unless you're one of those men of munificent wealth
With the large hearted habit of treating yourself,"—
What's the matter with Olsen's speaking a word to MacDuff,
Saying: "Sure, Hans, 'tis a cold, hard world this, and enough

'To make a patriot weep—here's that dime that I owe,'
And Hans orders a schooner—how's the bar-keep to know
That it wasn't Hans' own money that paid for that drink,
With Pat's debt liquidated—now, what do you think?

Well, it may prove ineffective in cases like this,
But, there'll be many a time when 'twill not come amiss
To be keeping the boys from inviting each other
To come take a drink, and then come take another;
There never was law yet someone couldn't sneak by,
But it don't make it popular, this having to try;
There's a swagger and swing to the habit of treating
That is out of all concert with dodging and cheating,
While every drink a man gets from the bibulous cup
Demands a drink in return that he keep his end up;
Its this feeling of pride that so oft loads him down,
And in time makes another inebriate in town.

I shall vote for this law as one step in advance,
And if I had my own way and were given a chance
I would cast a white ballot that the State might be dry,
With my reasons so sure that none need ask me why;
As a citizen, a father, a brother, a son,
I'll be found in the fight 'till the battle is won.

AN ATTACHMENT

Once on a time, as all true stories run,
A gay young widow full of mirth and fun,
As pretty as the choicest rose in June,
And worshipped much by many a love-lorn loon,
Had, from that natural longing love for dress
Which ladies all seem ever to possess,
And its accompaniment, an equal skill
To get what's wanted and to run a bill,
And having now no one to scold or chide her
When prodigality would thus misguide her,
Within the finest store in Dublin town
Bought laces rare and many a handsome gown,
And scorning such a vulgar word as debit
Had all the lovely things placed to her credit.

Now Time ran on as Time is ever running,
And the shop-keeper, tired of fruitless dunning,
Went into court and there sued out a writ--
An attachment is the name that's given to it;
And while the lady long had known the word
And felt its presence, never once had heard
About its legal meaning, and no awe
Could have for it not knowing courts of law.

It chanced that Fate, which cuts such cunning capers,
And dares poke fun at even legal papers,
Had named the sheriff of that classic town
A fine young bachelor, of some renown
For bravery, and yet so bashful he
When in fair ladies' company, their glee
At seeing him so tongue-tied and distressed

Made him their most unhappy butt and jest :
 Now it fell out as often such things do
 The sheriff loved the fair young widow too,
 But he to press his suit could not begin
 Because of his great bashfulness within ;
 Imagine then how terror shook his frame
 When to his office the attachment came,
 Or, more correctly speaking, when 'twas brought
 And his official aid to serve besought.

He did not dare refuse—his duty clear,
 Before the lady he did straight appear,
 And with a boldness, which was not his own,
 But born of service to the king and throne,
 Said: “Madam, I’ve an attachment here for you” ;
 The lady, thinking he had come to woo,
 And liking much the handsome officer,
 Feeling her heart within her bosom stir,
 Smiled very sweetly at him, much elated,
 And said: “The attachment is reciprocated” :
 With strange commingling of hope and fear
 He said: “You do not understand, my dear,
 You must with me at once to court proceed !”
 Replied the lady, poutingly: “Indeed !
 From what you said, I thought *you* came to woo,
 And while 'tis leap-year, between me and you,”
 (And smiled again, his meaning not importing)
 “I much prefer that *you* should do the courting.”
 Still to his duty true he said: “My hand
 Is yours, fair lady, but the king’s command
 Is that before the justice you must go.”
 But once again the widow said: “Oh, no,
 I do not like the justice, 'tis the priest
 Whom we will welcome to our wedding feast.”

'Tis not because she is not dear to me,—
 Tacoma, thriving, beautiful to see,
 City of homes, wide avenues and trees,
 Fanned from the seaward by the velvet breeze
 Of ocean, from whose wide expansive main
 Ships of all nations come and go again—
 No subject, sir, could you to me have given
 So fair to paint this side of God's own heaven,
 And for this, sir, I thank you, yet I know,
 No matter how conservatively I'd go
 In speaking to my theme—our shibboleth,
 You'd say: “Can good come out of Nazareth?”
 For like St. Paul at Athens, I do find
 You are a superstitious people—blind
 To those things which you do not wish to know
 And hating much to “Watch Tacoma Grow.”

And so I feel discretion is my course,
 'Twould be quite sad, indeed, to make things worse:
 Would they were better, for I'd like to see
 These two great cities live in harmony,
 Rivals in business, yet unto each other,
 Striving to live as brother should with brother,
 Giving, when needed, each the helping hand,
 And pleased to note the other wide expand,
 Forming, as 'twere, one glorious brotherhood,
 With envy, hate and discord all tabooed.
 We have our faults down on Commencement Bay,
 We may outgrow them, and I hope we may,
 We may not distance you in enterprise,
 We may not be your victor as to size,
 But if we grow in grace, why then I know,
 You'll gladly join us “Watch Tacoma Grow.”

THE DAY, AND A' WHA HONOR IT

'Tis Scotland's day, and they wha honor it
May well feel proud the ties that closely knit
Them ane an' a' thegither come what may
Are ties that reach far back in history—
Back to the flood, where Noah in his ark,
Boastful, proclaimed his ship the only bark
To sail that waste o' waters, and made bold
To say he carried down within the hold
The only living group of beasties twain,
Ummindful that one Captain John MacLean.
A navigator bold, had put to sea
A week before with all his family,
Some Shetland ponies and a Collie dog
Or two, some oateakes, and some grog,
(Tae keep the chill frae oot his banes should he
Get wet, or feel he might get wet, ye see),
And driven northward by great stress of weather
Made port at last beside a bit o' heather,
A highland, dry land, promontory,
Since known to fame as Tober Mory,
And, straightway, claiming all in sight his ain.
Formed a Scotch habit and the Clan MacLean.

The Bible tells us of the Tower of Babel;
How Noah's sons as soon as they were able
Conceived the impious wish to build to Heaven
That Death's much dreaded pangs for them be riven:
How God despoiled them of the language which
He'd given their forbears, and did so bewitch
Their tongues that none o' them could understand
What said the other, and on every hand

Confusion reigned, and fear, that drove away
The builders all and let the tower decay:
But strange to say the chroniclers of old
An interesting item left untold—
And yet not strange, for now they could not speak
Their former language: They could only squeak
A made-up lingo when their tongues unbent
And not the beauteous words the Lord had sent
Downward from Heaven to Adam who would tell
His love to Eve in sounds befitting well,
And thus it was they failed to let us know
The language used ere He had smote them so;
But, recently, it gives me pleasure to relate
Some cuneiform inscriptions of most ancient date,
Even to Noah, have been from the ground
Brought forth tae light, and now it has been found
It was the Gaelic tongue those ancients spoke
Before they did the wrath of God provoke,
Carried by Captain John MacLean when he
Set forth upon his voyage of discovery,
To be preserved in sacredness and worth
By His ain much loved people o' the north.

Filled with the thought o' birthright such as this,
The Scotch folk feel it cauna come amiss,
Where'er they be, at home or gone abroad,
Tae yearly sup together, and to laud
Their patron saint, and tell of brave deeds done,
Of valiant struggles and of victories won,
Of stern resolve and fixed unyielding faith
When cause seemed lost and nothing left save Death,
Of fierce resistance 'gainst the foreign foe,
Of national pride and patriotic glow,
Of homely virtues, truth and honor bright,
Of trust in God and will to do the right,

Of education favored more than wealth,
Of oat-meal parritch and abounding health;
Tae feel once mair the thrill of "Scots wha hae"
As Bruce leads on his men tae victorie,
Sing "Scotland yet," "wi' a' the honors three"
And "Hey, to the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee";
Tae hold oor breath as Tam rides on apace
Wi' a' the imps o' Hell in maddened chase,
Or in more quiet mood tae pipe our tune
Where blooms the banks an' braes o' Bonnie Doon;
Tae let the intervening years take flight
And live again the Cotter's Saturday Night;
Tae note the pibrochs in the distant glen
As hameward comes the march o' Cameron men,
Or to the sea-coast go wi' Lady Nairne
And watch the fish-wife wi' her "Caller Herrin'";
Tae ope the book o' Scotland's wealth o' song
While swiftly glide the enchanting hours along,
Tae feel the joy of comradeship like this—
Oh warld outside! What do you know of bliss?

A REMINDER

When at Scotch banquets you will see
The Drummond in his kiltie stand,
A sicht that's guid for ony e'e,
And draw, wi' manner prood an' grand,
His dirk—the same he says he found
Amang the whitened bones and dust
O' dark Culloden's dreadful ground,
(A tale I doot; nae sign o' rust
Appear upon that trenchant blade)—
When, as I say, you see him stand
Like Roderick Dhu, all undismayed,
The dirk uplifted in his hand—
A picture which not even time
Can fade from oot oor memory,
A scene fit for a poet's rhyme—
And hear him speak in eulogy
Those famous words o' Burns' address
Unto the painch an' tripe and thairm,
There's none of us will think the less
O' him, but it will do nae hairm,
Nor could it yet be thought unkind,
That while it's fine as fine can be
It's juist as weel tae bear in mind
It was his wife, guid Mrs. D.

Wha made that haggis.

TELEGRAMS TO SISTER SOCIETIES
ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

Seattle

It is the moon, we ken her horn,
Slow risin' o'er Tacoma's crest;
She whispers to us, smiling doon,
"I like yer ain toon best."

Spokane

Brither Scots of Spokane
Are ye there tae a man
Tae eat o' the Haggis and drink tae the Saint,
The Auld Sangs tae sing,
And the welkin tae ring,
And be wi' each other the better acquaint?

Victoria, B. C.

St. Andrew sends this wireless doon:
Says he: "In that Victoria toon
Across the line,
The Scots are much too blythe and canty,
Their kilties much too short and scanty.
Their speeches much too long and ranty
For frien's o' mine."

New York

Tacoma, from the breezy west,
Her greetings sends to ane and a'
We drink yer health, and may the best
That is be yours ere cock may craw

Vancouver, B. C.

Ho! Scots of Vancouver,
 Wha love tae maneuver,
 And with single-tax mak' your city a hummer,
 We're really not jealous
 But please will you tell us
 For what will you sell us
 Your big double-jointed back-action Scotch drummer?

Portland, Ore.

Come ye a' in oot o' the wet! Ye palmipeds
 That wander amphibious in yon soggy toon;
 St. Andrew's nicht! and by the ingle-nook there spreads
 A genial warmth. A hot toddy! Come, we'll drink her doon;
 Here's tae the guid Saint!

New Westminster, B. C.

All hail, Canucks, Westminsterites
 And Scotsmen, three in one!
 Why should we care for border line
 Can kinship be undone?
 A Scotsman once, a Scot for aye
 Wherever he may roam,
 The watch-fires on a thousand hills
 All speak to us of home.

Toronto

Toronto Scots are brawny chie!s!
 Hey diddle, hi diddle!
 Wi' ample girth, the very diels
 Tae sup Scotch broth, and mak' lang spiels,
 Hey diddle, hi diddle!
 We send you this that you'll tak' home a
 Thocht of oor ain toon, Tacoma.

San Francisco

Scots wha helped to make a stricken city rise
 Resplendent from her ashes! This your nicht tae sing
 The auld Scotch sangs, tae make the welkin ring,
 To praise the Saint we all immortalize,
 To eat the Haggis—and by your mirth invite
 The warld tae know the Scot's abroad the nicht.

Montreal

Stalwart Scots of Montreal! Here's tae ye; gie's yer hand!
 Faith! It needs no second sight tae see yer lookin' grand;
 We drink your health, and may you have the gifts the gods bestow.
 And when you're West drop in a while and
 "Watch Tacoma Grow."

Los Angeles

Scots of Los Angeles! On an occasion so auspicious
 We thocht 'twould be not out of place to send you our best wishes:
 The Scot's abroad the nicht, ye ken, in every town on earth,
 Sae here's tae guid St. Andrew, his greatness and his worth,
 And here's tae ye!