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Scotch Poems

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POEMS

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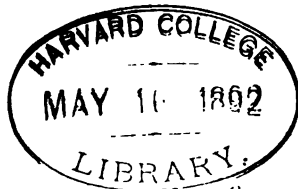
A SCOTCH DRY GOODS CLERK.

Henry *W. W. W.*



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BOSTON:
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The Author,
Henry Wagoner,
Boston

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The Field of Bannockburn.

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The writer of the following lines has attempted to bring before you in as graphic a manner as possible, a full description of one of the most important battles between the Scotch and English nations, in which his countrymen were ever engaged. Upon the result of the struggle, entered into with such fearful earnestness by both parties, depended the very existence of the Scottish people as a nation, and upon its issue arises the glorious certainty to-day, that the Scots are an unconquered race, having never, since that glorious victory, allowed themselves to become the vassal of the all-powerful English. With no spirit of hostile feeling to those living south of the Border has this poem been written, but rather as a tribute of gratitude and respect, as well as of grateful remembrance to my countrymen and forefathers, who, at the peril of their lives, fought so gallantly for the liberty and weal of the country they loved, have these effusions been penned. They may also lay claim to be written with a view to the emulation and encouragement of those patriot deeds of prowess and valour which distinguished our grandfathers on that memorable 24th of June, and which has been a characteristic of our countrymen upon innumerable occasions, ~~as~~^{as} upon the field of Waterloo, on the slopes of Alma and Inkermann, and before the trenches of Tel-el-Keber.

Bannockburn must ever remain close to the heart of the Scottish nation, as one of the grandest struggles and most magnificent of achievements accomplished by her sons, in the interest

and for the welfare of the race. It shines now as it shone a hundred years ago, as a galaxy of glittering triumph, halo'd by a blazing firmament of victory; and it will shine a hundred years hence as the same bright galaxy of full-orbed valourous actions.

Canto first of the poem, deals with the skirmish which took place with fractions of the two armies, the day preceding the main action. Canto second deals with the battle itself, while Canto third, is intended to afford an idea of the victory and the effects which it carried with it both in Scotland and England. Without further comment, the Author refers his reader to the theme of his muse.

H. URQUHART.

HOTEL MERRILL,

5 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass.

25th Oct. 1889.

CANTO I.

THE SKIRMISH.

HEARD ye the sound in Scottish glen,
Of two times fifty thousand men?
Heard ye the splash in silvery tweed,
Of armed knight and mettled steed?
Heard ye, on Cheviot's mountains grey,
The tramp of England's archery?
All marching on with heart and hand,
To subjugate our native land.

Before the army's foremost wing
*Are held the bones of England's king;
Decree'd by him whose once they were
That they should be the guiding star
To lead them to the northern coast
Against the Scottish rebel host;
Nor should they find an honored grave
Till every Scotchman was a slave.

*Edward II failed to carry out his father's wishes in this respect and the king's remains were interred at Bury-upon-Sanda.

On! On! they march, both horse and man,
Proud Edward Second leads the van.
They are the most o'erwhelming host,
That o'er the border ever crossed;
The glitter of their burnished spears,
Might fill a continent with fears ;
The grandeur of their great array
Might fill the bravest with dismay.

Meanwhile the Scots prepare to fight
For home and freedom's sacred right ;
And Caledonia's mountains ring
With sharpening swords for battle's swing.
Each county sends its little band
To swell the army of the land ;
And all their patriot footsteps turn
To Robert Bruce at Bannockburn.

On Stirling's plains the Scottish king,
Arranges out the dread campaign,
Assisted by full many a knight,
Of noble birth and armour bright.
Deep pits are dug at his command,
And made to look like level land ;
While to impede the southern horse,
Sharp staves are driven in the course.

'Tis Sunday morn, and all is still,
On smiling valley, plain and hill ;
The Bannock's crystal waters stream
Through mossy banks of verdant green ;
The Scottish army bends the knee,
To Him who rules the earth and sea ;
And all creation joins to sing
The praises of her heavenly King.

Yet in the camp of Scotland's foes,
The Sacred Day no respite knows ;
Unsaid is every prayer and creed ;
Evaded, every holy deed ;
But there is bustle to and fro,
And sound of drums and martial show ;

And at command a thousand men,
Mount their good steeds and cross the plain.

For Stirling's ancient town they press,
To help their comrades in distress ;
And by a timely aid, I wot,
Succour their brethren from the Scot ;
Relieve the men that long have stood
The brunt of war and want of food ;
And keep the flag of England's power,
On Stirling Castle's highest tower.

Along the level ground they ride,
By running brook, and hawthorn side ;
And gradually appear to view
Of sentinels in "Bonnets Blue."
Each trooper of the Scottish force,
Catches the bridle of his horse ;
And Randolph with five hundred men,
Sallies to meet them on the plain.

Now watch the conflict from afar,
And view the progress of the war ;
As you have seen the storm-clouds driven
Before the thunder-blast of heaven ;
Or watched the mighty flood's career,
Carry destruction far and near,
So rushes on with murderous hate,
Those armed men to meet their fate.

Four rows of glittering steel appears,
Which form a solid square of spears ;
'Gainst which the English horse advance,
Like veteran Chasseurs of France.
Each waving plume a foe defies,
Each sabre from the scabbard flies ;
And spurring horse with rowel heel,
They rush upon the Scottish steel.

Then there is death and many a wail,
And blows fall thick as wintry hail ;
The Scottish spearmen meet the shock

As stubborn as their granite rock ;
The wounded charger with rebound,
Pitches his rider on the ground ;
And southern knights for mercy pray,
From northern wights in hodden grey.

Again, again the English try,
To break that square of infantry ;
Again the brave dragoons advance,
To meet destruction from the lance ;
Again St. George's battle shout,
Rallies the almost rabble rout ;
But one more charge, and all is past ;
Randolph has won the field at last.

CANTO II.

THE BATTLE.

'Tis night, and many a warrior lies,
Beneath a shroud of northern skies,
Dreaming of kindred, friends and home,
From which stern duty bids them roam ;
Finding no soft and downy bed,
On which to rest the weary head ;
But where the shepherd tends his sheep,
There to indulge in troubled sleep.

His way in silence, but awake,
The cautious sentinel doth take ;
Peering the darkness of the skies,
As if to guard against surprise ;
An army's weal demands his care,
A nation's power is centered there ;
But hark ! I hear the bugle's call
Waken the drowsy slumberers all.

'Tis morning,—and the orb of day
Bursts forth betwixt the clouds of grey,
Crowning each river, plain and height
With rich, refulgent, brilliant light.
On bush and tree, and on the wing,
A thousand birds are heard to sing;

By hedge, and field, and river bed,
The old Scotch thistle shakes his head;
Up where the wild flowers find their way,
The eagle watches for his prey;
And through the deep-gorged mountain strath,
The deer pursues his perilous path.

But sterner things than nature's joy,
Her harsh, ungrateful sons employ.
To them, the opening day descries
But few delights which they can prize;
The song of lark or cushet dove,
No thoughts convey of mutual love;
Nor do the flowers with their sweet scent,
Bid them be happy and content.

The trumpet's blast or bugle's sound,
Calls not on hunter or on hound;
But from unnumbered tents pour forth,
The hardy warriors of the north;
Five hundred mounted men obey,
The mustering summons for the fray;
And forty thousand spearmen stand,
Ready to fight for old Scotland.

From royal tent the Scottish king,
Issues in haste upon the plain;
Escorted by a retinue
Of barons, knights and nobles true;
All armed cap-a-pie except
Himself, who through some strange neglect,
Wears but a doublet on his breast,
Surmounted by a royal crest;
And every other weapon lacks
Except a sturdy battle-axe,

Which dangles at his saddle-bow;
 And for a horse he has I trow,
 Naught but a spanking palfrey
 That looks ill fitted for a fray;
 And on his head a crown of gold,
 Which singles out the monarch bold
 From his more brilliant Aid-de-Camps—
 King Robert Bruce rides down the ranks,
 And sees that every man and horse
 Is rightly stationed on the course;
 Then drawing up his palfrey's rein,
 Addresses thus his fellowmen:

“Scotsmen—I feel this is a day
 Of dread responsibility.
 I feel that now the hour has come,
 When Scotland must be lost or won;
 Lost to her sons—forever lost,
 Or saved from base usurper's boast;
 Which shall it be?—shall you proud foe
 Lay claim to hurl your country low?
 Shall chains and slavery replace
 The dear-bought freedom of our race?”

Shall English hounds be left to bray,
 On Tweed, and Forth, and on the Tay?
 No, never!”—and ten thousand cries
 Growled, never! to the morning skies.
 “Then, by the bones of rich and poor,
 Who've died your freedom to secure;
 By sires, whose swords have ever plied,
 With vigour on a southern hide;
 By heaven and earth, and God above,
 And all you cherish, own and love,
 Shrink not to meet you king's decree,
 Though we be but one man to three.”

These burning words scarce from him hied,
 When turning round the monarch spied
 An English knight at full career,

Pressing upon him with his spear;
And as king Robert ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade him draw his blade,
He grasped his axe with all his might,
To wait the onslaught of the knight.

The knight came on, and those that know,
Saw, ne'er they say, such dangerous foe;
Both hands and legs, and head and heel
Were clad at every point in steel;
A sword hung loosely from his belt,
A spear his right hand firmly felt;
And on his lances' handle shone,
His name—the fierce "Sir H. DeBohun."

How came the knight to such a place
Is for the curious mind to trace;
True scribes of history always swear
Ambition sent the warrior there;
But this with certainty we know,
The king bestowed him such a blow
As crashed through helmet, head and brain,
And laid him dead upon the plain.

This was the first stroke of the fight,
And both the armies saw the sight;
To some it seemed an omen given,
As signal of the will of heaven;
While to the Scots it helped to cheer
Their spirits for the orndfiot near;
Though much they felt that Bruce's life,
Hung on the issue of the strife.

King Edward saw his courtier fall,
And ill could brook the sight at all;
His nerves were shocked—so well they might,
For Bohun was a gallant knight;
But he would make revenge repay
For such a cruel injury;
And he would make the Scottish king,
For days on Loudon Bridge to swing.

Such were his thoughts, when with surprise,
A sight unusual met his eyes;
A sight which soldiers seldom see,
Even in the nineteenth century;
Upon the greensward everywhere,
The Scots barehead'd knelt in prayer;
And in their front with a cross of black,
Stood the holy friar of Aberbrothac.

"Look how yon Scots for merey kneel,"
Said Edward to Sir Umfraville.

"Ah! yes my liege, but not of thee
They mercy ask or bend the knee;
For well I know yon Scots will fight,
With heart and soul and strength and might;
And not a man will cringe or yield,
Till we have swept them from the field."

"Then let it be," King Edward said,
"Longer we need not here abide;
Sound the advance, let bugle's sound
Convey my orders round and round;
Good will it be for knave or knight,
That does most damage in the fight;
A sovereign's hand will do him duty
And fill his lap with Scottish booty."

The attack now sounded loud and shrill,
Responsive to the mouarch's will;
An hundred trumpeters and two,
The perilous proclamation blew.
Obedient to the trumpet's swell,
The English into order fell;
And far and near, and near and far,
Each soldier sought the ranks of war.

Then slowly, surely o'er the plain,
They marched away to martial strain;
The yeoman and the halberdier,
The linesman, with his trusty spear,
The archer, with his bended bow,

The billmen marching in a row,
In one unwieldy column pressed,
With scarcely room to move abreast.

Impatient chargers snuffed the air,
Death-dealing sabres flourished bare;
A thousand waving pennons flew,
Of every shape, device and hue;
Grim bearded knights in burnished mail,
Rode forth like meteors through the vale;
And o'er the vast imperial host
St. George's banner proudly tossed.

Straight on the Scottish ranks they bore,
Straight onward, towards the northern shore;
The Scottish centre met half way,
Nor left them to commence the fray;
But with a fierce impetuous shock,
Upon their leading columns broke;
Confusing thus the initial blow
Attempted for their overthrow.

Then raged the battle far and wide,
On front and flank and every side;
Like torrents rush the clan Lochiel
Dashed down against the English steel;
Brave warriors born in Cumberland,
Up-poured to meet the Scottish brand,
Regardless of the patriot fire,
That lent those weapons mortal ire.
Wherever foeman's blade opposed,
The dense-packed columns quickly closed;
With headlong force each party rushed
To deal the blow and give the thrust;
Each charged on each with such a shock,
As storm-tossed waves assault a rock;
Now in strong columns forward bent,
Next into fragments torn and rent;
Lance you might see and axe upswung
Against each other clash and ring;
Or with sharp thrust and deadly hew,

Th' opposing lines strive to cut through.
Or one might mark those lines which made
Such a fair picture on parade,
Fast changed to crowds of shapeless form,
Struggling with every nerve and arm,
Their swords up-gleaming through the storm,
Glittering like scythes that mow down corn,
Reap from each army's wrestling van,
An awful slaughter field of man.

Such flaming wrath as scorns control,
Burned fiercely in each Scotchman's soul;
Wrath gave to each a flashing eye,
Wrath made each arm and weapon fly;
Wrath struck the key-note of each howl,
Each brow displayed its sable scowl;
Wrath forced the blade, inspired the blow,
And England's blood made freely flow.

Where'er blows rung, shouts rent the sky
"For Bruce and Scotland"—"strike or die"—
Some echoed them while sword or spear,
With bloody plunge sealed their career;
Others with axe-stroke stout, or thrust,
Hurled the English to the dust;
Shouting the while of Wallace Wight,
Their pilot chief in many a fight.

Mark how the Scottish foot assail
Yon dashing horsemen clad in mail;
How vain their rapiers stem the shocks
Of the fierce axes' heavier strokes;
Or how a spear lunge dealt with force,
Knocks a proud southern from his horse
Earthwards, where still his iron casque
Scarce serves to save him from death's grasp.

In life's red, crimson torrent drenched,
With fist on weapon firmly clenched,
With heart unstrung and eye quite glazed,
Foe on his foe unconscious gazed.

To such the battle's wrath and heat
Brought neither triumph nor defeat;
But by its tempest were they hurled
Forth on the unseen other world.

On Bannock's sides the English horse
Sped gallantly along the course,
Desirous that a splendid rush
The small Scotch forces there should crush
But sadly they mistook the way,
And sore they had to rue the day;
For stumbling on the broken ground,
That lay like honeycomb around,
Each prancing steed and horseman bold
In one disastrous phalanx rolled.

And not far from them, on a brae,
The bowmen and the archers lay,
Pouring their deadly poisoned shots
Thick, fast and heavy on the Scots.
The arrow hail fell like the sleet
That falls in winter on the street;
Or like the showers that by command,
Were sent from heaven on Egypt's land
When Pharaoh, with a stubborn heart,
Would not allow God's folk depart—
So fleet and fast the missiles flew
Among the ranks of "Bonnets Blue."

And had these showers been left to fall,
T'would have been hard for Scotsmen all;
T'would have been hard until this day
For those this side the border grey;
But Robert Bruce's eagle eye,
The danger saw, and remedy;
Quick at his beck, Keith, marshal, came,
And with him twice two hundred men,
On noble steeds with waving plumes—
Some say they were his best dragoons—
And up the hill they flew like deer

And charged each archer with the spear;
And every man made twenty run,
So easily was the contest won.

Despite the triumph of Keith's horse,
The fight still raged round Stirling course;
Both armies fought with that dislike
Which reck's no yielding in the fight;
Though met by numbers thrice their own,
The Scots still fought for hearth and home;
And ere the Saxon could prevail
Success changed northwards to the Gael.

No cannon's deafening voice was there,
To sweep the field in patches bare;
Upon the plain there was not one
Swift-firing Mitrailleuse or gun;
No "Nordenfelts" or "Gattlings" hurled
Their victims to another world;
But northern falchion, southern brand,
Crossed point to point, and hand to hand.
Towards the south—the centre wing
Was led by Robert Bruce the king;
And here—the grim historians write—
Was seen the hottest of the fight.

The Scots, encouraged by the Bruce,
Behaved like raving lions, loose,
And sounding out their war-like howl,
Like thunder's deep-mouthed angry growl,
Charged—broke—and fiercely charged again,
Among the hated Englishmen.

Brave Lennox, Murray and Maclean,
Strove hard with chiefs from Surrey's plain.
Bredalbine's chief and bold Mackay
Sought most the field where they could slay.
McLeod, McDonald and Buccleugh,*
Their trusty swords and rapiers drew,
And made them parry, thrust and spar,
On Saxon casque, and scimitar.

*The name of Buccleugh at the period of Bannockburn, was Scott.

Hard-riding Fraser's and Monroe's,
Burst down like shrapnel on their foes.
McKenzie's—Leslie's by the score,
Swung right and left the broad claymore,
McCormack's clad in tartan plaids,
Plied hard and fast their sharp steel blades
With such effect that soon the foe,
Sure signs of wavering 'gan to show.

Nor were the border race debarred
From striking fast and hitting hard;
Three thousand fighting men were there
From Bonjedward and Melrose fair.
Some on their feet and some on horse,
Engaged in combat o'er the course
With Barons fed on bread and wine,
Just new arrived from Palestine.

So too, were there from hill and glen,
The sutlers and the baggage men,
Who from a high adjoining height
Saw well the progress of the fight;
These, at a signal understood,
Came down from their positions good,
With banners flaunting to the breeze
(They were but blankets fixed on trees)
And trumpet's blare and bugle's bray,
And sounds of wild discordancy;—
And marching on the English lines,
Which now reluctantly showed signs
Of turning towards the southern shore,
From whence they had so proudly bore,
Made sure and certain their defeat
And gained a vict'ry most complete.

Then what king Edward's force befell
Our pen can ill describe or tell:
How shattered ranks forsook the strife,
Laid down their arms and fled for life,
Pursued for miles o'er Bannock's ford
By foeman's swift avenging sword,

Unable longer to sustain
Their country's honour on the plain.

Mark how yon beaten horsemen fly
Before old Scotland's chivalry;
Escaping death from spear and lance,
To meet it further in advance,
As scouring over field and plain,
Old Stirling's castle wall to gain,
In sight of kinsman's watchful eye
Lining the battlements so high,
Both man and horse find yawning grave
In the dark Forth's unpitiful wave.

Mark how the southern's with dismay,
In all directions run away,
Cut down in thousands by the blows
Of those they deemed such feeble foes;
Or falling in the man-trap holes,
That lie on every side in shoals,
Like stranded barque on reefy shore,
Stagger and sink to rise no more.

Mark too, a Poet (curse his name)
Down all the way to Scotland came
To see his friends the vict'ry gain,
And write their deeds in deathless fame —
Caught fairly — and ere getting free,
Though pleading hard on bended knee,
Has one long poem to compose,
How Bruce's army smashed its foes,
And wrecked for good the ruthless band
That sought to over-ride their land.

Mark panic-stricken England's king,
Fly off like bird upon the wing,
Pursued by Douglass and his men,
O'er moor and mountain, field and glen,
Till he has nearly reached Dunbar,
When English sentries from afar,
Beholding their poor master's plight,

Engage to hasten on his flight
By pulling down the draw-bridge high,
And as the monarch passes by
The castle moat — with all his suite —
Updraw the bridge and stop pursuit.

Mark, thirty thousand English dead,
Make Gillies' Hill a gory bed;
Among them seven hundred squires,
The flower of Edward's chevaliers;
While of the Scots there is but lost
Four thousand warriors at the most:
So fiercely does the carnage tell,
On those who had invoked its spell.

Mark, last of all, the baggage-train
Of England — scattered o'er the plain,
Together with a ponderous store
Of precious gold and silver ore;
Which to the much-robbed needy Scot
Could not have found a better lot;
Besides a wardrobe that would do
To rig an army out anew;
While o'er the field the victors find
Banners and flags of every kind;
With weapons, such a vast amount,
'Twere needless all their names recount.
Alas! the English well might mourn
That e'er they looked on Bannockburn.



CANTO III.

THE VICTORY.

[Two witches of Torryburn* sitting on the sand by the seashore
stirring a pot.]

First Witch says:

Stir them round, stir them up,
Broken bones and muscles;
Englishmen without their heads,
Englishmen all torn to shreds;
Wooden legs and trussles.

Stir them round, stir them up,
Nerves and sinews quiver;
Wheel them up in donkey carts,
Thirty thousand English hearts—
Blood flows like a river.

Stir them round, stir them up,
Tears and groans and sighing;
English war-horse wanting bridle,
Riderless and standing idle,
Running wild or dying.

Second Witch replies:

Serve them right, serve them right,
Those who sought the battle
Should on stinging nettles sit,
Should like biting dogs be bit,
Fall like slaughtered cattle.

*Torryburn, a village situate on the banks of the Firth of Forth,
fifteen miles or so from Bannockburn, once a famous place for
witches.

Pull them down, pull them down,
Pluck them plume and feather;
Cleave the southern to the dust,
Let their mail-clad champions rust,
Deep in bog and heather.

Joy and hope, joy and hope,
By the Forth's blue river,
Edward's minions fallen and slain,
Edward shall return again,
Back to Scotland—Never!

EFFECTS OF THE VICTORY.

Where waved the flag of England's power
For many a month, on Stirling Tower;
Where English garrison held sway,
From Berwick to the banks of Tay,
Behold how great a change, and trace
That change on every Scottish face;
No more the Gael hangs down his head,
Ashamed his native soil to tread;
No more the maid shrinks with affright,
At glimpse of English mail-clad knight;
No more the boys with terror scan
Th' oppressors of their kin and clan;
But boy and maid and man join hand
To clear these tyrants from the land.

For leagues around the bon-fires red,
News of the glorious victory spread;
Like fresh-broached crater each tall height,
Shoots up its furnace-floods of light;
Ben Lomond, makes the glad news rife,
Benarty heralds it all through Fife;
The Trossach's peasant knows 'tis true
From the red blaze on Ben Venue;
The Lammermoors endorse its fame,

The Eildon's flash it forth in flame;
From Pentland's brows Midlothian fair
Sees victory written in the air;
It hurries onward to Tweed side,
It gains thy shores majestic Clyde,
It scours past rock and stock and cairn,
The glorious news of Bannockburn.

List to Dunfermlines abbey grey
Ringing her bells right merrily;
Her pious monks from cells set free
Join in the universal glee.
Their long demands on heaven for aid
Need now no longer to be made,
But quit of penance, fast and prayer,
They fling their caps high in the air,
Give glory to the higher powers,
And shout, hurrah! old Scotland's ours!

Hear'st thou that clamouring noise that reigns,
Through Edinburgh's streets and lanes,
The war of tongues—the voices loud,
The surge of an excited crowd;
All eager seeking to obtain
The latest news from Stirling plain.
Mark how the mob grow still as death,
And each man stands with bated breath,
As some worn hero from the fray
Explains how Scotland won the day.
Tells how the Bruce withstood the brunt
Of the whole conflict, at the front;
Or how his axe with murderous force
Struck many a rider from his horse,
Tells how it flashed and crashed and rose
Red with the blood of Scotland's foes,
And how the English swayed and broke
Like forest trees beneath its stroke.
Ere half his tale comes to an end
Mark how the crowd approvement lend;
Three ringing cheers for Bruce they shout,
Three more for England's total rout;

And three they give for Wallace Wight,
The Polar Star of many a fight;
Who, had he lived to see the fray,
And share the honors of the day,
Among the foe with his good blade
Had many an empty saddle made;
Had like a hurricane's fierce clatter,
Borne down to ruin, wreck and scatter.

And now the crowd with dance and song,
The victory grace the whole night long;
Young maids who should be hours in bed,
By gallants through the reel are led;
Old men whose bald heads want their feathers,
Shake frisky limbs at their old lovers;
While their old loves with swift curvette
Show ankles that are agile yet.
Fast trips the fun, the mirth runs furious,
Scot blisses Scot, and shouts, victorious!!
While to make valid each feels glorious,
They all become the more uproarious;
Thus on till morn when Chanticleer
Blows his shrill pibroch in their ear.
Dunedin's worthies take their turn
In lauding Bruce and Bannockburn.

But gentle reader let's again
Go back to Stirling's hard-fought plain;
Where round the Bruce we may behold
Assembled, groups of warriors bold;
They go not home, but are agreed,
With their good king to cross the Tweed,
That England's sons may purchase dear,
The wrong they long committed here;
Thus southward ho! the pipes are sounding;
Thus south behold their chargers bounding;
Forth to the reive front, flank and rear,
With shouts they go and gallant cheer;
Now tremble all ye English swains
That near the border hold your gains;
For fast Scots are on your track,

And soon will leave you ne'er a plack;
Revenge is sweet—wrongs u' forgot,
Shall now be paid back piping hot.

The tears fresh frozen in the north,
Shall in the south burst freshly forth;
As honey bees enrich the hive,
From whence the flowers most thickly thrive,
Behold your race as on they pour,
Through fair Northumbrias wealthy shore,
Their hives refilling with rich gear,
With gold, with silver and good cheer.

Ah, many's the hog snug in its sty
Said to his owner then—good-bye.
Ah, many's the skin of English goat
Made Dougald new kilts, or a coat;
Ah, many's the fat-fed hen and duck
Obliged by fate to take pot luck,
When the staunch followers of the Bruce
Upon the southern strand got loose.

Such gentle reader long ago
Is what occurred, or nearly so,
The actors in the play—the race
Whose actions we have tried to trace;
Both factions—all have passed away,
Like some strange idle phantasy.
They are where swords no more can harm,
Nor battle's bellowing voice alarm,
Where patriot's rallying cry ne'er comes,
Nor trumpet's call, nor roll of drums
Nor war's magnificent array
Engenders pleasure or dismay.
Hallow their dust—and as the Rose
And Thistle bold, no more are foes,
But are like twin-torched Gemini
Shining in yon star-spangled sky,
So merry England let thy land
With my dear own, go hand in hand,
That, linked in friendship's loving chain,
We constant may to each remain.

THE PIPER'S CAIRN.

A TRUE BORDER STORY.

'Mong Scottish towns, from Dunse to Scone
There's few can beat old Haddington;
For here the Reverend John Brown,
Won for the place a high renown
For eloquence and pulpit lore,
Which must endure for evermore.

And in the streets was also found,
In days by gone, another sound,
Which came not from the church or pew,
Nor was by choir or organ blew—
But rung with equal might and main—
It was the Scottish bag-pipe's strain.

Bold Rab the Piper, flourished here
For many a long and happy year;
He was a miller to his trade,
And kept a little store beside;
And townfolks say he made good meal,
Assisted by his water-wheel.
But better still, he was a man
Ranked high among the Piping Clan.

Rab soon as daily work was done
Might have be'n heard hard at his drone,
Making each alley, street and lane
Musical with the stirring strain
Of highland strathpeys, rants and reels,
That made folks shake their very heels.

Or for a chance Rab might be seen
Stationed upon some meadow green,
With youths and maidens all around,
Attentive till his drone would sound:
When round with graceful sweep they'd go
Upon the light fantastic toe.

Once to a public house he went,
And there a jolly evening spent
With comrades that came far and near,
His music and his mirth to hear;
And some with him a wager took
(For a hundred pound:) then hands they shook,
That he'd not walk and play them reels,
From *Haddington to Galashiels.

Rab swore he would, and named the day
That he would undertake to play;
So it was settled, and the band
Resumed their drink, and praised the land
That never yet had bent a knee
To English yoke, or slavery.

Three days thereafter Rab was ready,
And paced the town with footstep steady,
Escorted by the betting lad,
Who had the tempting wager made,
And other three companions gay
Who wished to see him get fair play.

All Haddington was fast astir
As soon as Rab began to birr:
The old dames of the Royal Burgh,
Thronged from their dwellings in a hurry;
Each gleesome maid, even maids forlorn,
Forsook their beds in haste that morn;
While every alley, lane and close,
Poured forth onlookers by the gross.

Forthwith Rab passed, midst hopes and fears,
His fellow townsmen's ringing cheers,
And seemed the ground to lightly lilt,
Dressed in his hose and tartan kilt;
The ladies waved their kerchiefs white,
As soon as he appeared in sight,
And clapped their hands, as he played in fine order,
All the "Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border."

*A distance over 20 miles.

Once past the town, his pathway lay
 O'er many a hard and stony brae,*
 O'er moss, and moor, and boggy fell,
 Where sheep alone were wont to dwell;
 Relieved it might be by the look
 Of farmer's house in shady nook;
 Or London coach,† which then did run
 From sunrise until setting sun.

Rab cared not for the dreary road,
 Or hardness of the soil he trod;
 A hundred pounds for playing reels
 Should be his mede at Galashiels.
 Such was the prize to be secured
 If but the hardships be endured;
 And so he played with right good will,
 Till he out-distanced Soutra Hill.

And then the pathway easier grew,
 And Rab his chanter easier blew.
 Down winding glen, by rippling rill,
 Till they arrived at Carfrae Mill;
 Thence onward up another brae,
 That nearly took Rab's breath away,
 They reached the end of Lauder Town
 Full twenty miles from Haddington.

And here the folks came out to see
 The maker of such minstrelsy,
 And wondered at five stalwart fellows,
 All marking time to a piper's bellows,
 Where they came from and where they travelled
 Were things they could not get unravelled,
 But asked each other all in vain,
 Queries that none could well explain.

Turning their footsteps towards the right,
 The curious strangers passed from sight;
 Went o'er a brawling noisy brook,
 Thence many a turn and twisting took,

* Scotch for hill. † English coach—American barge.

Through woods whose foliage dark and green,
Had ne'er before a piper seen,
They reached, about the mid-day hour,
A ruin, now called Coumslie Tower.

Past there and various other places
Where strove in war the Border races
They trudged, and wished the journey done,
For Rab now feebly blew his drone;
And so they plodded weary on,
O'er dyke and style and rough whinstone;
Disturbing as they held their way,
Full many a snipe and partridge gray.

At last they reached the Gala heights,
Where of a sudden ceased the pipes;
Though but a mile from Gala* town
Rab fell and lay in death's long swoon;
The crucial efforts of the day
Had life's bright candle burned away,
And death, who often takes the tiller
When least expected—took the miller.

They made his grave just where he fell
Upon the grass—and yet men tell
The very spot where Rab doth lie
Upon the breezy muirland high;
And though his drone's forever still,
The plovers pipe him music shrill,
While lichen moss, and waving fern
Adorn the piper's lonely cairn.

*Galashiels



EDINBURGH.

All Hail! Old Edinburgh Town,
Great centre of our Scotch renown,
A city which from days of yore,
Has proved the foremost of the fore,
For Doctors, Lawyers, Warriors great,
And lofty men of high estate,
For lovely dames of high degree,
The theme of Border minstrelsy.

Proud Royalty, both bad and good,
Have had their day in Holyrood,
And round its large and ample green,
Have gorgeous gatherings oft been seen,
When ladies fair and nobles great
Met to arrange great things of state,
And mirth joined hands with revelry,
Till eyes spoke joy, and hearts beat high.
Alas! now scarce is known the day
When Queen and courtiers here hold sway.

Once from the ancient castle wall,
The Scottish standard waved o'er all,
And as the eastern breezes blew,
From far and near was seen to view.
The shepherd boy in far off field,
Could trace the Lion's trusty shield,
And mingle with his pensive hue
The music of our "Bonnets Blue,"
And as he tuned his cheerful lay,
For English union—wish nor pray.

When the celestial beams of day
Scatter the gloom of night away,
Towering their sunny gems to meet,
Behold! majestic Arthur Seat.
The daisy and the gowans vie
To climb his rocky shoulders high,

The bird that sings from morn till e'en,
Sings gaily round his forehead green,
The school-boy, maiden, man and child,
Alike enjoy his prospect wild,
And strangers from a distaut strand
His outlook term supremely grand.

Below his sides 'tis said the Clans,
One morning marched to Prestonpans,
Where in red blood they dyed their kilts,
And smeared their broadswords to the hilts;
Upon the greensward slope they stood,
A band of warriors stern and shrewd,
Who went to fight with right good will
While pipers played them round the hill.

Far to the west and northern coast
The Forth's in-rolling waves are tossed,
Bearing upon their waters blue,
The gallant ship and manly crew,
Still, while the summer breezes last,
But wild and fierce in winter's blast.
Time's withering hand can ne'er deface
The wide expanse her floods embrace.

But nearer still Dunedin's bowers,
Her stately mansions, lofty towers,
Her massive college, steeples high,
Spread out before the wondering eye;
Her streets extending far and wide,
Seem lost within the Forth's dark tide,
Or sloping towards the southern sky,
Are stopped by Pentland's mountains high;
Her gardens trim, her meadows pretty,
Add all their charms to the fair city,
And nature here, and mankind there,
Describe a scene surpassing rare.

City of Knox, whose words of power
Were brightness in a gloomy hour,
As when in language stern and deep,
He made the lovely Mary weep;

City of Allau Ramsay's fame,
Ne'er sweeter bard or Scottish name;
Long live thy songs, long live thy rhymes,
May both decend to latest times;
The city too of Walter Scott,
A name that cannot be forgot;
His greatness, goodness, worth and fame,
Shall burn for aye, a quenchless flame;
Nor did "Auld Reekie" ere refuse
To praise the Ettrick Shepherd's muse,
When with his staff from yarrows brae
He sought within her walls to stray;
She his affairs to honour guided,
And for his wants kind friends provided,
And when a ploughman came from Ayr,
To view her grandeur rich and rare,
The multitude with one consent
Made Burns a shining firmament.
Hugh Miller, too, within her found,
Always a happy camping-ground,
And from her fire-imprinted rocks
Gleaned tit-bits for his famous books.
Full many a bard has blessed the day
That first they saw her turrets grey;
Full many a sad and weary wight,
Has gladdened at her welcome sight;
Full many a traveller weary, worn,
Has blessed her shelter from the storm,
And beggars lounging on the street
Have cause to bless her bouncy mete.

And yet methinks a voice is heard,
Coming from old Grayfriars churchyard,
It tells of martyred men long dead,
Whispers of blood long since been shed,
It speaks of horrors dark and deep,
That make our inmost souls to creep;
It mentions Patriots, Heroes, bold,
Who for their country's cause were sold,
Condemned to ignominious doom:
The fire, the sword, the early tomb.

Ah Renwick, if thy mouldering clay,
Could but return in this our day,
Could once more through our homes be brought,
And see the change that hath been wrought,
Could see thy country saved and free,
The child upon its mother's knee
Lisping a prayer with hands clasped tight,
To Him who rules the day and night,
Then would thy generous heart ne'er stay
The hand that took thy life away.

And could the dauntless Cargill come,
And view the mighty victory won,
Against the hosts of sin and shame,
Against oppression's fiercest flame,
Then would his tears no longer flow
For Scotland's weal or Scotland's woe,
Nor would the sons of covenant fame,
Ere say they shed their blood in vain.
But gentle reader let us cast
A veil upon the ever lengthning past;
'Tis ours the present, ours the present time,
And thus anew we'd tune our flagging rhyme.

'Tis night! and o'er Dunedin lies
A canopy of wintry skies,
Yet lamps from every street reveal
The light which nature would conceal;
The labourer from his work set free,
Is homeward trudging full of glee,
The children gambol at their play,
Done with the lessons of the day,
Beside her tea-cups, pots, and pans,
The busy housewife ready stands,
Or frisks about as fast's she's able,
To get the supper on the table.

Outside, the crowds surge to and fro,
Over boot heads in slush or snow,
Some upon pleasure's paths intent,
Others on graver business bent;

Street-cars and cabs their burdens bear,
From Blackett Place to George's Square;
Carts and lorrys, teams and brakes,
Rattle o'er the snowy flakes,
Dogs and puppies move about,
Out and in, and in and out,
Nor has the stranger long to wait
To view the vehicles of the great.

Drummers rush to catch the trains,
Soldiers swagger with their canes,
Beggars blind sing "Scots wha hae,"
Organ grinders grind away,
Lovers meet their lovers true,
Coppers meet their cronies too,
Loungers stand at every close,
Idlers play at "Pitch and Toss,"
Shops display their stores of ware,
Theatres their Bills of Fare,
While arm in arm in ulsters strong,
Gents and ladies move along.

What a city, what a sight,
For a canny country wight;
Well we mind how strange we felt,
When within thee first we dwelt,
Climb'd a long and weary stair,
Breathed a queer and musty air,
Could not sleep for noise and din,
Noise without, and noise within,
Oftimes when we did retire,
Wakened by the cry of fire!
Bagpipes skirling rant and reel,
Fiddlers fiddling like the deil,
Drunk folks yelling in the "blues,"
Young folks yelling "Evening News,"
One a. m. would often peep,
Ere our weary eyes got sleep.

Then when early morn would break,
And the slumbering city wake,

Sunshine dawn on sleepy heads,
Duty rouse from cozy beds,
Off we'd go to George's street,
There the daily task to meet.
Humbug, bother and turmoil,
What a pity 'tis to toil.

There we played full many capers,
'Mong the lace and ribbon drapers;
Pulled the shutters up and down,
Liked to chat with Mrs. Brown,
Ran for messages and change,
Sometimes hurried to the Grange,
But never felt so free from care
As with the girls adown the stair.

The milliners knew us by the gross,
From Madam Roques to Madam Ross;
And tho' 'twas awkward for a while,
We learned soon to bow and smile,
Gave up our good old country slang,
And spoke true English with a twang;
And sure as we have breath and life,
We nearly hauled one off to Fife.

This latter maid of whom we mention,
Was specially worthy of attention,
A clear eyed dandy work of nature,
Undoubtedly a pretty creature,
With curls hanging down her back
And other charms, yet oh! alack!!
Although we wrote a poem on her
She married, faix—and cast us from her.

So now "Auld Reekie" we will stay
This rambling, fragmentary lay,
Resume a quiet, sedent'ry life,
Far from thy bustle, noise and strife,
Yet linger with delight upon
The high and happy time that's gone,
And hope to find thee blithe and merry
If o'er the Atlantic e'er we ferry.

THE DEVIL AND THE RACK-RENTER.

A SATIRE UPON A SKYE LANDLORD.

As my friend Smith passed Colintogle,
 He chanced to meet His Grace, the Devil,
 Who, mounted on a Clydesdale *sporting,*
 Seemed for some scenes of mischief travelling. *sparling.*
 Quoth Smith, "hello, old sooty,
 What brings you this road for our booty?
 I'll bet you'll ride your pants threadbare
 Ere aught you'll get to suit you here."
 At this His Lordship gave a roar
 That shook Smith to the very core,
 Then groaning in a milder fashion,
 Began the following dissertation:
 "Sir, since you brave the fumes and fury,
 And all the brimstone that I carry,
 When half your chicken-hearted race
 Would fly if they but saw my face,
 I'll blithly tell you where I ride,
 And all my other news beside:
 Who digs my peats, attends my scullery,
 And fills my house, both pit and gallery.
 You've heard of that great monster, Nero,
 That once kept things in such a steer O,
 That slew his fellowmen like cattle,
 And spent his days mid brawl and battle.
 Well, Nero's now my first lieutenant,
 And in my absence flies my pennant,
 Rules all the dregs of born creation
 That's sent to me for preservation.
 He told me last week, on the sly,
 He'd caught a lord just new from Skye;
 A haughty chief, who had rack-rented
 To such a pitch that people fainted;
 What with his greed for gold and mutton,
 This man made life not worth a button;

But Death, the thin-jawed pale-faced rascal,
That many a rogue brings to my castle,
At last secured him under hatches
And flung him into Nero's clutches.
Once safely there, each fiery region
To plan his doom sent up a legion;
An awful crew they were when gathered,
Some smoked like hams, the rest half smothered;
Elves, warlocks, witches, sprites and spunkies,
With horns like sheep and tails like monkeys;
To hear them screech and growl and whistle
Would make your hair stand up like bristle.
With their sure victim in the centre
The pack eyed keen the Skye rack-renter,
Who for his past deeds now relenting
Stood with his head down and repenting.
Just then a witch caught his white semit
And tripped him up in half a minute,
Poured down his throat a scorching liquor
And left him sprawling, trying to kick her;
She then let fly a scorpion at him,
Which tried to sting his heels and bite him,
While all the band, midst blazing sulphur,
Drowned his loud yells with roars of laughter.

A live De'il then produced a spouter,
Connected with a molten crater,
And plied it on him with such vigour
He danced them hornpipes like a Nigger.
'Twas thus two hours they kept the creature
In mortal agony and torture,
Till urged by woes and pains infinite
He craved their leave to speak a minute.
At this the dire discords abated,
Down on their hunks the black squad squatted;
Nero cried, 'Hush ye sweep-faced vipers,
Sit still as death and d—n your capers.'
Then, sadly scared and sore belaboured,
His form and face with brimstone covered,
Their victim rose in desperation
And asked their leave to quit perdition.

Quoth he, 'I'll own I was misguided
When on earth's surface I resided;
I'll own my tenants lived in beggary,
That some were kept in constant slavery;
That while I ate the richest dinners,
Drank and caroused with other sinners,
My tenants scarce got meal to feed them,
Or house to hold, or clothes to clad them;
Their shelves, poor souls, were bare and empty,
While with the best mine groaned with plenty;
But gracious Nero, if you'll will it,
To let me choose a cooler billet,
I'll promise faithfully for the future
To kindlier treat my fellow-creature.'
'You promise what?' cried Nero stamping.
'You promise what?' the rest rose jumping.
'You promise what you'll ne'er perform,
This here's no place to moot reform.
Up warlocks, ho! attend your booty,
Here's a rich prize, now do your duty!'

But as he spoke, the poor rack-renter
Burst through the crowd at a full canter;
Ran like a squirrel by school-boys hounded,
Or like a fox ere it's surrounded;
Swept down an avenue arched and vaulted,
Past iron cages barred and bolted,
Ran through a cavern, doubled a turret,
Jumped o'er a lynn as clean as a ferret,
Knocked down a ghost without palaver,
Then swam across a brimstone river.
But vain were all these bold endeavors,
His foes came on like mad retrievers;
Some barking, howling, others croaking,
Bore flaming torch of sulphur, smoking,
All trying their neighbors to outdo
Joined Nero, crying 'tally ho!'
The caverns round soon got inflated
And 'tally ho' reverberated;
While harder still de'ila, sprites and witches
Jumped fiery bogs and dykes and ditches,

Showing such glee, the sooty sages
That saw them rushing past their cages
Implored the Pope to let them go
And join the cry of 'tally ho!
But never once the chase did slacken,
Their course ne'er stopped to take a breath in,
Till round the rack-renter again they gather
And flounder, head o'er heels together."
At this my friend Smith heard a screaming
And woke—to find he had been—dreaming.



A CHAT BETWIXT TWO PLANETS.

While talking lately of old mother earth
In strains sedate, as well as mixed with mirth,
Thus spoke fair Venus, Queen of morning stars
To her distinguished friend, the planet Mars.

Venus.

Illustrious cousin, source of heaven-born light,
Who hath these centuries rode the midnight skies,
Come now and cheer me with some tale to-night,
Ere yet the dawn of morning on us rise.
What if thou tell me of that world that lies
Remote beneath the sea of clouds we travel,
Whose soil thou once remarked bears rich supplies
Of men and lovely maids, both good and evil.

Mars.

Fair cousin Venus, hand-maid of the sun,
To thy esteemed request I'll gladly render
Such knowledge as my long research hath won,
Regarding yon far distant world of splendor;
Of what I know this night I'll gladly render.

But let these drizzly clouds first pass away,
Which doth our mutual hatred much engender,
Then I will say what I have got to say.
Fair Venus, when I first begun
To circumnavigate the sun,
Yon world you speak of had no place
Among the bright celestial race;
But chaos reigned where she now reigns,
And darkness there claimed his domains,
Dread silence too, set there his throne,
With one sa courtier—Death alone.
But changes came, as changes come
To you and I, and every one,
And changed became this doleful maze
Of voids and vast vacuities.

I saw them scattered at one breath,
Grim Chaos, Darkness, Silence, Death,
And in their room appeared to view
One gorgeous stretch of ocean blue;
From out that ocean I saw rise,
Hills, vales, and plains of every size,
Turf, stone and rubble, earth and rock
Rose from that watery bed like smoke;
I saw each grassy knoll and peak,
Form headland, island, bay and creek,
The beetling cliff, the mountain high,
I saw each spring from sea to sky.
These had no dress at first but grass,
Wherewith to clothe field, glen and pass,
But soon o'er every spot were seen
Fair mantles of the richest green.

The oak-tree here spread his wide arms,
The palm-tree there displayed her charms,
Birch, aspen, fir and mangrove gay,
All helped to improve the vast display;
One place the bracken bush would sprout,
Another, ferns and flowers sprung out,
While daisies prim and lilies fair,
Had many sweet companions there;
'Twas then on yonder lovely glade,

I saw the first man, Adam, made,
A marvel he—his form and face,
Time ne'er can from my mind efface;
His lovely wife, his joy and pride,
Moved like an angel at his side,
And through a fruit-filled garden they
Roamed in delight the livelong day;
Beasts of the field—fowls of the air,
I saw dwell with that amorous pair;
Wolves, tigers, leopards, young and old,
Basked under their protecting fold;
On couch of green or russet brown,
The lion with the lamb lay down,
And love ruled with her gentle sway,
All found within that garden gay.

The earth once formed, God's high behest
Ordained that it should get no rest,
But like ourselves at lightning pace
Traverse the ample fields of space.

I saw the omnific hand of God
First touch the new-made vast spheroid,—
First turn it on its axis round,
Then hurl it forward with a bound.
The primary impulse given—the sphere
Plunged madly forth on its career,
Like some swift eagle proudly bent
On sweeping round the firmament;
But fleeter far,—for the same day
A million miles behind it lay.

A million miles of ariel blue
Lay in its wake—yet on it flew,
As if it would to Sirius soar,
Or seek the milky way's far shore,
Or scale the heights where Lyra gleams,
Or cleave Orion's golden beams,
Or turning northwards shoot afar—
Up towards the glorious Polar star,
Or that it meant at one fell blow
To knock the handle from the plough.

.

But leave to play such freaks through heaven,
Was ne'er, you know, to planets given;
So that the earth, had she but tried
Such prerogations to describe,
Soon would have found her wayward course
Checked by the sun's attractive force,
Which since her natal day, has schooled
Her every move—and motions ruled,
Giving her rope enough to ride
The oceans of infinitude,
Yet mapping out the vast curvet
From which she ne'er can deviate.
But as to all such regulations
As bind great globes in their rotations,
No more we'll talk, but rather tell
About what earth's first folks befell.

I said that in a garden fair,
Heaven planted first the happy pair,
Supplied their lot with all that's good
Within the earth, or seas or flood,
Nothing they needed, or had wanted,
But what their Maker fully granted;
Fruits, flowers, and every earthly dainty
Seemed formed to fill their horn of plenty;
Yet hapless pair, when God's decree
Forbade them taste but one fruit tree,
When, to attest their rectitude,
One easy stipulation made,
Fouly, as if they sought God's ire
They flung His covenant in the fire,
Took of the tree, and brought disgrace
Both on themselves and on their race.
Ages have rolled away since then—but still
Lives the stern record of their ill;
Though could you scan the path to-night,
Where the old earth wings on her flight,
Much you could see of wonderment,
Fast whirling through the firmament,
Marvels of cities grand and fair
Built by the offspring of this pair;

Here an Aines Building and there a big hall,
Churches and palaces, costly and tall,
Now a cathedral, and now a canal,
Burring around on earth's rollicking ball.

And down amid all, where those buildings contend
Who shall the highest to heaven ascend,
Whole millions of maidens, both virtuous and fair,
To-morrow at day-break shall braid up their hair;
To-morrow at dawn shall arise for the strife,
Tripping merrily forth to the battle of life;
While to meet them an army of youths shall appear;
Who will whisper soft love-words in many an ear;
Yes, and millions of old men with heads white as snow,
Some white, and some niggers, as black as a crow,
Shall for "chips of the old blocks" be rocking the cradle,
Or trying how their old canoes now will paddle,
And a milliou old maids shall be rueing their folly,
That they did not get married, and cheat melancholy;
While myriads of school-boys wild, wise and unruly
Shall be talked to, whacked too, and flogged very truly.
Thus, thus, cousin Venus, of Earth that's my picture,
At some other time I may give you a lecture.



ADDRESS TO A BOY MUMMY

IN THE GLASGOW CORPORATION'S GALLERIES.

Speak! mummy boy, let's hear thy little tongue
Tell us the doings of five thousand years;
Speak, for thy voice too long hath been unstrung,
We wait its syllables with open ears.

When on Egyptian soil thou wast begot,
And merrily played the sacred Nile beside,
Say, didst thou in a bull-rush basket note
The infant Moses, floating on the tide?

Did great King Pharaoh's daughter speak to thee
When the strong leader of God's chosen race
She rescued—did she stop to see
Your antic tricks, and happy smiling face?

Or didst thou view the frogs in armies swarm,
Up to the palace of the stubborn king,
And witness how the Lord's almighty arm
Did plague on plague upon your country bring?

When the Red Sea was severed quite in two,
And stood like glassy walls of monstrous height,
Didst thou behold the pale affrighted Jew,
Rushing across its bed in headlong flight?

Or didst thou look on Egypt's royal king,
On Pharaoh's crowned head and brow of wrath
Saw thou his charger, heard'st his armour ring,
As following hard he faced the dangerous path?

Didst see his chariots flying in pursuit,
Dash though the gorge and press on Israel's rear;
Or his tall plumed dragoons with spur and boot,
With glittering breast-plates, jeweled sword and spear

Rushing ahead betwixt the congealed lake,
Till Moses' rod once more set free the wave?
Didst thou then see the awful fate o'ertake
Thy kindred, confined in a watery grave?

O, speak my little mummy, can't you speak
About the mighty Sphinx and Cleopatra's needle?
Or else about the Pyramids, or Rome in fiery reek,
With Nero, heedless—playing on his fiddle.

Didst thou not see our Richard and the French,
Fighting the Turks and quarrelling with themselves,
Kissing the cross, and courting every wench
That had such pretty face as pleased the elves?

Or didst thou not see Saladin the brave,
Dancing a horn-pipe with his turban on,
Begging Mahomet for some soap to shave,
Or for a pair of stilts to prop his throne?

Unnumbered flowers of every shade and hue,
Display their charms inviting to our view;
Nor to these prized delights alone confined,
More we would wish, and more we're sure to find;
See yon fair damsels gaily promenade,
In lively hues of silk and rich brocade;
To watch each sparkling eye and winning smile,
Might well itself an afternoon beguile;
Zounds if a week would ever go amissing,
Were time with such fair queans given up to kissing;
But hush such folly — all such thoughts exposes
The gentle sex, and makes them blush like roses;
We'd rather talk of eyes that merry twinkle,
Of rose-bud cheeks and brows without a wrinkle,
Of ringlets black, and gold and lovely hazel,
Whom painters fail to paint or sculptors chisel;
Of such this garden boasts a rich quotation,
The poet's pride, the gallant's admiration;
Fair maids whose only wish is to get married,
And toward their wedding day be swiftly carried;
But more of this anon — this garden gay
Has other features worthy of display.
Here on the green a hundred children frolic,
A hundred youngsters, jabber, shout and rolic,
While through the midst with faltering steps and slow,
Note the old sire of eighty summers go;
The household dame from household cares set free,
Joins in the fun and shares the boisterous glee;
Even too, the learned man, his labours past,
Here primes his pipe and pulls a vigorous blast;
Enjoys his weed and feels a silent yearning,
That recreation's better far than learning.
But supper comes — we must be homeward bounding,
To festive board the call's already sounding;
Though fain to go — like matrons grave who favour
The cup that cheers — so too we like its flavour;
Yet ere we go, to every flower that springs,
To every plant, to every bird that sings,
To every lovely maid and gallant swain,
A kind good-bye and may we meet again.

DUNFERMLINE ABBEY.

Where shall the antiquarian find
More toothsome feeding for the mind,
Than, rising at the dawn of day,
To view Dunfermline's abbey grey,
Go round her towers and turrets high,
Beckoning to heaven the passer by,
Or see the massive columns throw
Their shadows on the graves below.

Where shall he find in history's lore,
A richer or more varied store,
Than gazing silent and alone
Upon that ancient pile of stone;
The penciled arch by chisel traced,
With half its flowers and leaves effaced,
The shafts of stone that used to bear
Eye-witness to an abbot's prayer;
The mouldering cells and cloisters grey,
Fast tumbling, crumbling to decay,
All open to the mind's array
Strange proofs of times long passed away.

Here side by side in tranquil rest,
Lie prince and peasant, king and priest,
Who with life's irksome tumults fought,
Are now neglected and forgot;
Their wealth, their want, or aims so high,
Power, pomp and pride and pageantry;
Each generous act, each deep laid scheme
Are now all but an empty dream.

If walls had tongues, and stones good speech,
How much could this old abbey teach!
Of saintly priests and abbots shriven,
Who bivouacked here while bound for heaven;
Well could each stone recall a time

When bending at St. Margaret's shrine,
Each pious monk sought prayer and beads
To clear their souls, and aid their needs.

Nor these alone—the hero brave
Here sleeps in an immortal grave,
Bequeathing still from sire to son,
Their splendid deeds for Scotland done;
Mark where yon pulpit steps arise,
For silent, underneath them lies,
Mingling his ashes in the urn,
The patriot—Bruce of Bannockburn.

When the pale moon from clouds unveiled
Scans ocean, city, flood and field,
She turns all here to glittering coin,
And makes stone shafts like silver shine;
On mouldering slabs with cross-bones rude,
She pours profuse her radiant flood,
And from each turret scares a ghost,
Who grins to find a night's work lost.

So too, the golden orb of day,
When it has quenched the "Milky Way"
Loves here to linger, and a while
Meander through the classic pile;
O'er fretted arches, mossy towers,
On weeping willows, ferns and flowers,
By chancel, porch and altar hoary,
We've seen her shine in all her glory.

Then friend, see'er thou art, go pray,
And view Dunfermline's abbey grey;
There relics in abundant store
Shall sermons preach on days of yore;
Go east or west, thy foot shall tread
On graves of many illustrious dead;
And there in surety thou shalt scan
The measured briefness of life's span.

THE "STORM."

Lines written upon a fearful gale of wind that struck the Scottish coast Nov. 17-22, 1888.

Now watch the glass—the mercury, falling fast,
Describes disturbance in the aerial ocean,
And sighing sounds presage the coming blast—
When the wind's voice shall roar in wild commotion.
No brasses, reeds, or organ's intonation,
Shall match that orchestra. An awe-struck nation
Hears its discordant tones salute each ear,
And trembles at the fierce articulation,
Which brings such woe to men, and desolation.

Now o'er the sea it sweeps; now, o'er the land—
It makes a fleet of ironclads to stagger;
It shakes whole cities, knocks the lieges down,
And treats alike the prince, the peer, the beggar.
The very brutes imagine it a dagger—
From which they madly fly to seek a shelter;
The birds—all trembling for their little lives—
For their safe nests make homeward helter-skelter;
And Reynard seeks a hole it cannot pelt.

Upon the Forth the rolling wave runs high,
White at the crest, and snowy at the base;
The wrathful wind—the wrathful looking sky—
Breeds in its wrath, as fire makes powder blaze;
The luckless vessel pitches, rolls and sways,
The brave "Blue Bonnet" braves in vain that swell;
Her noble crew down sink to find a grave
Without a sexton, shroud, or funeral-bell,
But where the deep boils round them "like a hell."

Behold! high o'er Inchkeith, the breakers scattering,
A wild, tumultous, pale-cold mass of foam
Which looks as if it were intent on shattering

The solid rocks of that strong island home!
Or watch them rushing madly on Incheolm,
As warriors rush in battle's hottest hour;
Now do they crash on fair Dalmeny's beach;
Now, up against St. David's harbour roar,
Or on the "Bass" with thundering turmoil pour.

See yon poor schooner, like a wounded bird
Whose wings are sorely cut and cannot fly;
Her sails to ribbons rent, each mast and yard
Broken or split; her cordage twist'd 'wry;
Her deck swept by the billows rushing by;
While the resistless swoop and dreadful howl
Of the fierce hurrican for miles surround
The brave undaunted tar, who, heart and soul,
Performs his duty, heedless of its scowl.

From Crombie Point to far St. Andrew's Bay,
Behold! a writhing mass of fermentation
As white as snow! A strange grotesque array
Of phantom shapes, that break and scatter
Themselves to broken crystal, or do batter
In surging volumes vast, tangle and rock,
Charging the tidal line of either shore
With such a bold, rough, rude, impetuous shock,
As makes earth's platform shake at every stroke.

Oh! sight sublime it is to stand and watch
From shore the waves to cream-topp'd mountains churled;
To listen to the hurricane's wild roar,
Shrieking itself quite hoarse round half the world;
But when a ship is to the bottom hurled,
Or steamer loudly for assistance bellows,
'Tis sad to think how many a gallant tar—
How many a jolly crew of jolly fellows—
Sleep their last sleep beneath the raging billows.



THE ASTRONOMER.

When silence settles on the sea and shore,
And sounds of labour greet the ear no more,
When free from toil the workman seeks his bed,
There his sore limbs to rest, and weary head,
Then doth the watcher of the midnight skies,
Resume his work, and turn with wondering eyes
Up to those blue, ethereal realms of light,
Where moon and stars illumine the brow of night.

With caution marked in every move he makes,
His telescope the sky-explorer takes,
Peers through the glass and brings the lens to bear
On countless marvels of the upper air.
Then mind and eye to utmost limit strained,
The clouds surmounted and the welkin gained,
Like lightning's flash, he leaves this world behind,
Exclaims, adieu to earth and all mankind.

Ten thousand, thousand diamonds cross his view;
Ten thousand emeralds pass him in review;
Whole fleets of rubies of celestial mould,
Their heaven-born beauties to his eyes unfold;
Cut crystal gems their lustre on him cast,
His path through glowing amethysts leads past,
Unnumbered thousand worlds throw back the door,
And ask him up their wonders to explore.

Now doth he pause to view great Neptune's face,
Her form survey and all her wonders trace;
Now hath he that surperb dominion guessed
Where mighty Saturn rears her dazzling crest;
Through the wide gulf which these great suns divide
Headlong he plunges, afterwards to ride
High on the peaks of Jupiter or Mars,
Or thread the strings of Lyrae's minstrel bars.

Anon on turret high, and minaret,
The mountains of the moon, his eyes are set—
Set in surprise that such a fern so bright,
Should be like earth, composed of vale and height,
Of giant hills and mountains bare and bleak,
Round whose rough sides no tempests howl or shriek,
A globe round which no stormy oceans dash,
Though thunders loud may roar, and lightnings flash.

Once past pale Luna's light, his course he turns,
To where in splendour Venus brightly burns,
Close by the sun, from which as if in ire,
Are hurled tremendous showers of molten fire,—
Fair Venus scanned, her magnitude unravelled,
And all her gorgeous landscapes seen and travelled,
He navigates the milky way once more,
New worlds and other systems to explore.

Night spreads her raven wing o'er land and sea,
But all in vain for him, no night has he;
While others sleep, while others shut their eyes,
Still into fearful mysteries he pries;
Still on his aerial, migratory flight
He mounts the mystic cloudlands with delight,
And holds his course by many a break and turn,
Where fire-balls blaze and constellations burn.

A glorious calling his; a glorious craft,
That thus poor him like fairy's wand can waft
Up to those heights where rainbows fall and rise,
Where ice-floes weep, and dread tornado cries;
To view the meteors blood-red flag unfurled,
Or hail the comet's advent to the world;
And see from either pole to the equator,
The wonderful works of God their great Creator.

VOYAGE OF THE "VIGA"

IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.

The gallant ship "Viga" has hoisted her colours,
And set all her sails to the favouring wind;
And far on her stern, the eye can discern,
The tall cliffs of Dover dissolving behind.

Where Ocean's proud billows roll round her like mountains,
Full buoyant she rises, and floats on the tide,
Each fain would devour her, o'er-whelm, overpower her,
But swiftly she sweeps their wild currents aside.

Her crew are all lusty with life and with vigour,
They heed not the roar of the treacherous main;
Though Jack, Bill and Tom left a sweetheart at home,
Some day they'll come back to their lovers again.

Through the dark clouds of smoke that escape from her
funnel,

A hundred young sea-birds are piping their song,
And the bottle-nosed whale shakes his head and his tail,
When he hears her propeller come splashing along.

No voyage is hers, to some high-favored region,
Where luxuries lie in profusion around,
Where the gold-diggers bore for the bright glist'ning ore,
And the pearl and the diamond bestrew the rich ground.

'Tis not to some sun-lit, salubrious climate,
She seeks by the aid of her compass to gain;
Where each tree, plant, and root, gives the ripe juicy fruit,
From the clustering grape to the sweet sugar-cane.

Where the king of the forest with thundering voice,
From his long shaggy mane shakes the tropical dew,
And the palm-branches bloom round the lonely lagoon,
Where the brown, sun-burnt native propels his canoe.

But away to the bleak, barren shores of the north,
Northward ho! Northward ho! she still furrows her way,
Where the freezing ice-floe and the deep fallen snow,
Opens out to the vision in dreary array.

Where the Greenlander muffles his stout brawny limbs
In the skin of the walrus or fierce polar bear,
And pursues his career, with his sledge and reindeer,
O'er an ill-favored country, both barren and bare.

It is here all alone the good "Viga" is gone,
With her perilous flag of discovery unfurled,
To make known and revealed, the strange fact long
concealed,
That some road, never trod, still exists round the world.

Thus afloat, take and watch her, amid realms of snow,
Steaming slowly along past a desolate coast,
While her crew stamp and beat on her deck with their feet,
To preserve their poor limbs from the bite of Jack Frost.

And around them like giants of fearful dimensions,
Grim, ghostly, pale-visaged, huge mountains of glass,
The icebergs tower o'er them, behind and before them,
Giving threats of destruction and death as they pass.

Nor less strange are the sights of the blue vaulted heavens,
Where the Aurora Borealis meets the mariner's view,
Making earth's dazzling whiteness, reflect her own bright-
ness,
In etchings of every shade, colour and hue.

All appears to the eye like a wonderful dream,
As the "Viga" ship's company mark the lone way,
Here they steer through some creek, there they pass some
tall peak,
Now they flounder and stick in some fast-frozen bay.

And they search every strait and they hunt every sound,
And with sledges they scour the whole country around;
Over ice-fields they glide, slippery glaciers they slide,
But the dear old North Pole they have never yet found.

KING GEORGE'S LOVELY DAUGHTER.

The chief incidents related in the following poem are recorded in English history, and are not matters of the imagination.

King George the Third had one sweet child,
A loving, duteous daughter;
But Death came by his door one night
And from the palace sought her.

Amelia, gentlest of her sex,
Lay tossing on her pillow,
While sickness round her like a sea
Surged billow after billow.

Now she was deemed the fairest flower
In Windsor ever grafted;
Her presence round the King's fireside
A joy at all times wafted.

As honey sweet is to the bee,
In his wax-cell well planted;
So honey to the King was she,
The choicest gift he wanted.

But Death passed by Amelia's door,
And from the palace sought her;
Leaving the monarch to deplore
His loved, his cherished daughter.

Oh, what was then King George's loss,
His woe, his grief, his sadness!
His courtiers tell, how it befell
His mourning turned to madness.

Ten years a raving man was he,
His mind unhinged by trouble;
The crown of England on his brow,
Was but a big soap bubble.

The world no longer to him proved
The world of joy he wanted;

The fairest gem he cherished here,
Had been removed — transplanted.

His upmost thoughts were ever of
Amelia his lost daughter;
But though he searched the palace round,
In vain it was he sought her.

At length one night when all was still,
Death entered the King's dwelling;
A new recruit he bore away,
But gave not the Queen's Shilling.

High o'er the clouds he bore King George,
Lit by the moon's clear tresses;
Swept on past millions of the stars,
Shimmering in their night dresses.

He journeyed past Orion's Belt,
Out-ran the constellations,
Bore on for Heaven's white pearly gates,
Where rest the wearied nations.

Around the gates, in white arrayed
Bright angels for them tarried;
And gave King George a royal huzza,
As through their midst he hurried.

Still Death hied on for several miles,
Nor once his course would alter;
Though the poor King desired a halt,
Being tired and like to falter.

He bore him straight to God's great throne
Where at Christ's feet in whiteness,
He showed him where Amelia sat,
A seraph robed in brightness.

There from old Windsor's princely towers,
God's high behest had brought her;
Now George the King's a happy man,
There, with his loved, lost daughter.

A LAY UPON THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

Awake! awake! ye ocean bards awake.
Wraiths, water-sprites and fairies of the deep,
Sound your loud pipes, with me your timbrels take,
To sing the praise of the blue waves that sweep
Round the Bass Rock and o'er Inch Garvie leap;
Or laving Crombie Point, in circling eddies creep.

Ye green-scaled kelpies help me while I sing
A feeble stanza to the Forth again;
Ye finny kings do you your subjects bring,
To catch the fire that would my notes inflame,
And all her matchless, deathless charms proclaim.
He who'd refuse—let mildew blast his name.

The first fair beams of opening day,
Illumine St. Andrew's turrets gray;
Light gently on her lovely bay,
Then further west explore.
Lo, like another sky of blue,
But mixed with green and golden hue,
The sparkling Forth bursts on the view,
Low murmuring towards the shore.

Light on her bosom let us ride,
Now high, now low, upon the tide,
Here's gladness to the prospect wide
And to old ocean's roar.
Like some tall chief of noble race,
That 'mid his clan keeps honored place,
See Berwick-Law the skies embrace,
Five hundred feet and more.

Around him like a faithful band,
The Lammermoors, his sentinels stand,
And many a stream and valley grand,
And townships by the score.

His brother chief, proud Arthur Seat,
Self-conscious that he can't be beat,
Towers yet above him scores of feet,
To scan his kingdom o'er.

A glorious kingdom doth it seem,
Where flags o'er sculptured turrets stream,
And happy students sup the cream,
Of philosophic lore.
Where towering o'er the princely soil,
Rise royal home and classic pile,
And church spires circle many a mile,
Dunedin's Castle hoar.

These beauties seen, once more descrie
The Forth's broad mirror paint the sky,
While o'er the trembling waters hie
The fleets of every shore;
Like gems that deck the midnight skies,
Mark from the wave her islets rise,
Low ranged or high of every size,
And green apparelled o'er.

Around each gem's reflected rim,
Fat skate, or eels, or garvies skim,
And herrings over lobsters swim,
Or Partan's dens explore.
There too—fast rising from the foam
The sea-gull seeks his island home,
In safety there his wings to comb,
Or go to sleep—and snore.

But see—the sun in russet brown
Paints evening tints on Stirling's town,
On Forth's fair scenes the stars look down,
So we will sing no more.



BENARTY.

A fine mountain, with magnificent views, in proximity to Loch Leven and Castle where Mary Queen of Scots suffered imprisonment for some time.

High on Benarty's Hill we stood,
 To view the prospect fair and good
 Extending far below.
 Grand is the sight, and ere the eye
 Can half the charming land descry,
 The grander it doth grow.
 What though the wintry winds blow chill,
 Around the rare brow of the hill,
 And soon the coming snow
 Will whiten all the fertile soil,
 And drive the labourer from his toil,
 While howling tempests blow.
 Still may the eye with rapture scan,
 The wondrous works of God and man,
 Outstretched for miles around;
 Still see old Scotland's mountains high,
 Lift their proud foreheads to the sky,
 With heath and heather crowned.
 Still see the waves in silver break,
 Across Loch Leven's lovely lake,
 And on the shore rebound.
 Nor fail to mark amid the stream,
 The castle, on yon island green,
 Where Mary—Scotland's fairest queen,
 A lonely prison found.
 All round about in vast array,
 Earth here her choicest works display,
 Of nature wild and tame.
 Here, rugged rocks and muirlands bare,
 Towns, villages, and hamlets there—
 Alternate deck the plain.
 Dunfermline and *Dunedin too,

*Poetical name for Edinburgh.

Lend beauty to the distant view;
 While rolling 'tween them 'twain,
 The Forth's dark waters sparkle blue,
 And many a ship and jolly crew,
 Sail o'er the azure main.
 Nor these alone, nor only these,
 The thrice repaid beholder sees,
 For o'er Loch Levens tide,
 Lie fields, where in the days of yore,
 The Campbells with the broad claymore,
 Rushed down the mountain side.
 And loud and shrill the pibroch 'blew,
 And louder still and fiercer grew
 The carnage far and wide.
 Yet oh, how changed since that sad morn,
 Now ricks of hay or sheaves of corn
 Stand sentry side by side.
 Then stranger, if a sight you seek,
 Climb up Benarty's loftiest peak,
 A sight you'll surely find.
 And if you've sorrow, grief or care,
 I know the pure and bracing air
 Will drive it from your mind.



LINES ON THE MERRIMACK RIVER.

Flow on, sweet river, to the sounding sea,
 A broad, bewitching, burnished mirror bright;
 Whose name has charms and spells unsung for me;
 Whose floods, like glorious night-dreams, fill my sight.
 How fair the mantle nature round thee throws!
 Thy pine-tree banks, thy grassy sides so green;
 Thy wide-spread torrent, as it onward flows
 Past rocks and islands rich adorned between.
 Gay at the gates of morn the linnet sings
 Beside thy banks his tuneful, rousing lay;

And sparrows say, "cheer up," and spread their wings
Across thy bosom—where the lamp of day
Pours his gold beams on thy majestic tide,
Brightening with shafts of light thy onward way,
And blessing mankind nurtured at thy side,
And fleecy flocks around thy banks that stray.

Flow on, sweet stream, while I would dream once more
Of sweeping past thee in the rushing train.
Flow on, while by thy softly murmuring shore
An exile hurries—counting it high gain
To see such beauty spread before his gaze.
Well might a thousand mermaids, did they reign
Under thy flood—arise to sing thy praise.

Who that but sees the graceful curves and turns
Of thy smooth current, lit by noonday glare,
But with a bard's poetic instinct yearns
To yield applause for such a picture rare.
But when the sunset reddens on thy breast,
And purple shades descend upon thy brow;
And Venus bright, and stars, north, east and west
Jewel thy face—ah! lovelier still art thou.

In all thy windings well thou dost unfold
Thy Maker's greatness to th' admiring eye;
Stream after stream that swells thy volume bold,
Seems to acclaim with thee a God on high.
Five thousand years thy tide has sung His praise;
Five thousand more perhaps, and more to come,
Ere we were formed, and when we end our days,
Floated—and still shall float thy floods along.

Flow on sweet river, near thy tuneful brim
Are maidens dwelling—happy, bright and gay,
With eyes bedazzling—lips of cherry-plum,
Which, kissed, would make men happy many a day.
Towards thee and them 'twill be a pleasure great,
Some day again our presence to invite,
And viewing both, be thankful for our fate,
That such delightful objects ere saw light.

THE BATTLE OF THE SOUL.

I who have sung of Bannockburn's great fray,
And how King Edward's force was swept away,
Now sing the battle of the human soul,
And of temptations that around it roll;
Describe how evil, envying man's best part,
Assails her weapons at the human heart;
Acts the foul fiend and tries to make a breach
At the great bliss, which God wants man to reach.
First, of that bliss I would my muse employ,
To sing what heaven wants mankind to enjoy;
Sing of that Saviour who redemption wrought
For fallen men, and has salvation brought;
Extol that city which no sun requires,
Whose gates are diamonds, pearls and sapphires;
Along whose streets the transient sees unrolled
Bedazzling footpaths made of solid gold,
Palatial mansions, such as earth ne'er saw,
Or pencil of her architects could draw;
A river broad and wide, upon whose flood
Sail forth the holy, happy, heavenly crowd;
Music, so graceful, thrilling, trebly sweet,
As never once a human ear did greet;
Such joys as never eye, or ear, or heart,
Have in this vale of woe enjoyed a part;
For eye hath never seen, nor ear yet heard,
What God hath for his own beloved prepared;
Nor can the heart of man make right review,
Of those rewards which to God's folk are due:
Now to my theme—the soul, the priceless soul,
O'er which the powers of darkness seek control;
Come forth in black review ye hell-born foes,
That at God's image—man—thrust your rude blows,
Come envy, lust and haughty-headed pride,
With your vile consort, hatred, at thy side;
Greed, love of gold, and jealousy combined,

Three awful robbers of man's peace of mind;
Self-love another armed monster strong,
That shoots his darts the human line along;
Malice, snake-eyed, that journeys forth in quest
Of dark employment in the human breast;
Ambition, heedless howsoever she soar,
If she but grasp the prize and howl for more,
Concoct low plans for honour, self and place,
And play her game to curse the human race.

Allie' to these fell pioneers of woe;
Whose promptings every soul hath cause to know,
Behold strong drink, the cruellest foe of man,
The devil king of every race and clan,
Hell's first great battering-ram of social ill,
Invoked to ruin, shatter, wreck and kill;
The arch-fiend foul that lets loose floods of strife,
Mildews the pure and gangrenes human life;
Quintessence of what's wicked, wrong and evil,
Most subtle, and chief servant of the devil.
Of all th' assailants of the human race
Drink well may boast she holds the foremost place;
For since Lot played the fool, and Noah too,
Her dark pollutions filtered mankind through,
In all her forms, beer, brandy, gin or wine,
She's proved the deadliest plague of Adam's line.
Red war, the sea, or blizzard's fatal breath,
Ne'er fed so full as she the maw of death.
Long at the soul she's aimed her darts of fire,
Engendered thirst, or woke low-born desire;
By slow insidious process fixed the hour
When her poor slaves should wobble in her power.
Under the mask of friendship she's indited
Too oft the blow that on her prey's alighted;
Subtle as was the snake's address to Eve,
She' here Eve's race to cheat, mock and deceive.
Then soul of man take forethought and beware!
For strong drink is a mocker and a snare.
Like Nubia's heated breath where scorpions dwell,
Or boiling springs that from the earth up-well,
Mark lust, invading next the soul's high court,

Where God ne'er meant one bad thought to resort;
 Behold her vile arrangements deeply laid
 To catch the unwary youth and thoughtless maid,
 Work through the brain to set the blood on fire,
 And keep it blazing by impur- desire,
 Fling flesh the reins where mind should lead and guide,
 And mud the current of life's lucid tide;
 Now at the rich enicing, now the poor,
 A poisonous asp at every household's door;
 Even marriage is not safe from her sharp claws,
 Which try to scratch the face of God's pure laws;
 The slanderous divorce which daily spews
 Along the columns of our public news,
 Tell but too well how lust 'gainst love contends,
 And to the mire her blindfold follower sends.
 Then soul of man repel th' assaults of lust,
 Lest at the last she hurl thee to the dust.

That toe suppressed, behold another rise
 Brazen as she, and with as shameless eyes:
 Mark next ambition, discontented, vain,
 At each step seeking one more step to gain,
 Not pleased with comfort, making luxury spawn
 Unnumbered ills upon the race of man;
 White slavery's prop, its friend, its very mother,
 Carassing vile monopoly like a brother,
 And self-aggrandizement, the best playing card of all,
 How to get rich by some one else's fall;
 The tears, the groans, the sorrows of mankind
 To her are naught, to all of them she's blind;
 Strangling what's right, she seeks but place and power,
 Pleased with the bubbles of a passing hour.
 Then soul of man if thou wouldst flee perdition,
 Resist the shafts of ill-devised ambition.

Another foe with which we must make strife
 If ere the soul should reach its higher life—
 Is greed of gold—that curse and huge disgrace,
 Of many a hopeful of the human race;
 Ah what a souls from other vices free,
 Have at her yellow shrine bowed down the knee.
 Affection, honour, love and truth disdained,

That the almighty dollar might be gained;
Youth, beauty, blushing maid and white-haired sire
Alike have failed to quench the stout desire,
But heap on heap have added to their store,
Like the full leech insatiate, wanting more.
By all such ills and more than what we've named,
Have human souls been mildewed, mocked and damned;
Trapped by the fiend whose ignominious plan,
Five thousand years has aimed to ruin man;
The leprosy of sin through generations long,
Has drenched the world in deeds of frightful wrong,
Begetting still the same incestuous brood,
That drowned a world of sinners at the flood.
To live near God—the evils to eschew,
That from sin's poisonous charnel house accrue,—
How much the need we all should seek the throne
Of Him who calls the universe His own,
To daily ask His counsel and His grace,
To flee those sins that so beguile our race,
And in the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,
To purge us from our failings every one.



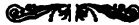
THE GREATNESS OF MAN.

See in most things beneath the vault of heaven,
Man's power displayed, his wondrous works engraven;
Wide as the globe round which he seeks to stroll,
His greatness stands disclosed from pole to pole.
The gorgeous palace resting on the plain
Pictures the triumphs of his mighty brain;
The splendid temple where his God he seeks,
Mirrors his genius, and his praise bespeaks.
See the great city where he reigns as lord,
Wealth fills his house, and luxury fills his board;
Gold at his beck and silver at his call,
He wants for naught while great trustee of all.

The ponderous steamship and the flying train,
Are both the curious products of his brain,
One o'er wide ocean moves at his command,
While at his will the other scours the land.
Man needs but speak — the world has his desire
Flashed meteor-like along the electric wire.
He needs but will — and in some diving-bell
Decend where whales and sharp-toothed monsters dwell.
Or if in upper air he seek to fly,
A good balloon will waft him mountains high.
Or through the earth — a drill hole and a blast
Will burst the solid rocks to let him past.
This wondrous being, man, supremely blest,
Heaven gives him part, and nature gives the rest;
Kind nature amply for his weal supplies,
Gives health, gives strength, gives food, gives luxuries;
While heaven a friend, his higher wants control,
Supplies a conscience, also gives a soul;
That conscience fettered oft by cruel decree,
See how it brooks its bonds, fights and gets free;
Asserts its sole supremacy to rule
The actions of the wise man — as the fool.
From conscience turn to look on many a field,
Where man, a lustrous hero, stands revealed.
See here a Moor on Spanish ground recline,
See there in India's lore a Havelock shine;
Mark here a "Chinese Gordon" passing by,
Like some great luminary through a sable sky;
Or linger there to mark with tearful eyes,
The lonely spot where General Stewart lies;
Or note amidst Columbia's civil wars,
Brave Ulysses Grant uphold the Stripes and Stars.
From man a hero crowned lets turn to find
Man born the benefactor of his kind:
See generous Howard share his golden store
With hundreds of the wretched and the poor;
Shout out ye beggars for a bit of bread,
While Howards live philanthropy's not dead;
England has hearts, and Scotland natures too,
To give their bounties grudgelessly to you;

Good happy soul art thou so'er thou art,
Who to the poor man acts a generous part;
Who for thy needy neighbor feels distress,
Allays his grief or gives his wrongs redress;
Be generous still — while we attempt again
To further note the traits of goodly men;
To call up names of patriots bold and tried,
Who for their country's welfare bled and died:
Where Lanark's plains sweet Elderslie unfold,
Let freedom's flag once more be there unrolled.
To arms! once more ye patriotic band,
That round th' immortal Wallace took your stand,
Rush, swords unsheathed, upon the dastard foe,
Rush on, and hurl unblushing tyrants low.
Come forth ye Southernns, forward front and rear,
While Wallace leads what may his country fear?
St. George's banner round the world may wave,
But ne'er in Scotland while one Scot's a slave.
Illustrious dead, great patriot of the past,
Whose deeds scarce equalled, ne'er shall be surpassed,
From thy great name with equal pride we turn
To sing the praise of Bruce of Bannockburn;
Unconquered monarch, noble, great and good,
The dread of foes by forest, field and flood,
What do we owe in our high favored land,
To thy brave heart and skillfulness of hand!
Like some strange dream thy name recalls the past,
And from the shrouded centuries cleaves the mask,
Lifts from the urn our sturdy sires who bore
The helmet barred, the targe and broad claymore,
And round thee fought on that eventful day,
When victory crowned the ranks of hodden grey,
And Edward's proud array was backward driven,
Like shattered wreck before the storms of heaven.
Round all such noble men let memories cling,
With me their praise let every minstrel sing,
Let sire to son, and dame to damsel name
Their greatness, goodness, glory, might and fame;
For had they flinched when duty bade them rise,
Scotland had groaned to-day with Ireland's sighs;

The self-same steel that pierces Erin's heart,
Had made old Scotia's sons and daughters smart.
From these my changeful muse let's turn again,
To where great good still strongly lurks in men,
My wild Pegasus, carry us back across
The gulf of time, 'twixt this and Calvary's Cross,
Unhorse us at that spot where the rash Jew
In noisy thousands stretch around to view,
Deriding at the crystal tears which fall
From God's first favorite suffering for us all.
Sublime yet awful sight it is to scan,
Heaven's best and noblest perishing for man,
The Cross uplifted that a sinning race
May in God's favour once more take their place;
Messiah mocked, maltreated and reviled,
That men may with their God be reconciled;
Out-welling kindness flowing from a heart
That bleeds for those who'd break its vital part.
Man may stand up for man the whole world o'er,
His brother's wrongs redress on every shore,
Love like the Good Samaritan's be found
Within these States as on Arabian ground,
But where on earthly sod or planet's disc,
Did ever love so rare as this exist?
Did story, ballad, legend, tune or song,
Ere paint affection half so deep or strong?
Yet this was man, the noblest of all men,
Of mortal growth the best and choicest stem,
Of human mould the most benignant chief
That ever stemmed the tide of mortal grief;
Of all our species scattered o'er the earth,
High born or low, of every blood and birth,
All are eclipsed by this poor Joseph's son,
That for frail, sinning men redemption won.



THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS.

Lines in honor of the 78th Royal Highlanders (Rosshire Buffs.)

Firm is the step of yon war-worn heroes,
Bright is the flash of their high burnished mail;
Quick beats our hearts as their war-pipes come near us,
Sounding the praise of the sons of the Gael.

Watch them pass by with the bonnet and feather,
Watch them march on in the tartan and plaid;
These are the lads of the mountain and heather,
Star of the North—may their glory ne'er fade.

Fields of fierce conflict their prowess have tested,
Battles have raged where their slogan has pealed;
High on the Alma their banners have rested,
When Cossack and Russian were swept from the field.

Far from the sight of the purple-clad heather,
Often they've battled their country to save;
Far from the spot where their countrymen gather,
Hundreds lie low in a soldier's lone grave.

Again from the muskets I see the fire flashing,
Faster and deadlier the leaden hail flows;
Headlong to glory their thin lines are dashing,
Full in the teeth of their merciless foes.

Weapons are glancing, pennons are dancing,
Louder the cannons deep thunders become;
Sabres are glistening, bayonets are bristling,
Roll upon roll peals the mustering drum.

Shrilly the pibroch their music is sounding,
Donald and Dougald have caught up the strain;
Hearts by the scores to its echoes are bounding,
For when has that war-note been sounded in vain.

Backward before them their foemen are shattered,
Tossed like the ocean when hurricanes blow;
All o'er the battlefield wrecks lying scattered
Tell of the ruin they've wrought on the foe.

Shade of an honoured race, pride of the Highlands,
Long may your scutcheon be spotless and pure;
Planted as firm as your Hebridee Islands,
So let your valour for ever endure.

Long may your Sovereign, your kindred and country,
Safety and shelter secure from your arm;
Long may the Tartan, the Kilt and the Plaidie,
Keep us from danger, and free us from harm.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE.

Lines suggested by a visit to the poet's house, Brattle Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

We went to his house—'tis a lovely spot
Where the poet lived in gladness;
But the place where the sweet-voiced rhymers dwelt
Wears now an air of sadness.
For the home that held the lovable man
Is now the home of another;
So no friendly hand stretched out to grasp
The hand of a foreign brother.

Bedecked in a garb of snowy white,—
Of snowy white and yellow,
Is the house where the muse her mantle flung
On her gifted bard, Longfellow.
Four flights of steps lead to the door,
Through a plot of greensward pretty,
From which through the charming trees around
One looks on the distant city.

A chosen spot it is for a bard
Where the birds sing blithe and merry;
Where Negro Sam might court his girl
And Kate be wooed by Harry;
Where the flag of the stars and stripes might wave
Without black smoke to soil it,
And winter's snow fall pure and white,
With few feet to defile it.

Short distance from the bard's fair home,
A statue stands to bravery,
Which was reared for a nation's noble sons
Who struck at the curse of slavery.
A warrior bold is hewn in stone,
With his rifle placed before him,
All ready to fight for the Negroe's cause,
And the weal of the land that bore him.

But round this scene so quaint and fair
These paths of leafy greenness—
Yon ivy church—these rainbow flowers—
This realm of real sereneness—
No more is seen that form of him
Who all their charms discarded;
Whose presence was a paradise,
And made the place enchanted.

For quiet in his grave the poet sleeps,
And he hears not the birdie's twitter,
Nor the grasshoppers singing close by his doorsteps,
Nor the world's wild din and clatter.
But mayhap his spirit in realms afar
Enjoys the reward of its merit,
And Longfellow shines as a glittering star
In the land which the angels inherit.

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CYPRUS.

Lines written upon the occasion of the British taking possession
of the Island of Cyprus.

Tune—"Hey Johnnie Cope."

Oh have you heard the wondrous news,
The public and the press reviews,
And Parliament with pleasure views,
'Tis that we have gotten Cyprus.

Now Cyprus is an island, bound
By air above and sea around;
In the Mediterranean may be found
This dear old island, Cyprus.

And on its surface may be seen
All nature clad in lovely green,
Just ready for the British Queen
To plant the flag in Cyprus.

Therefore the red, the white, the blue,
Was hoisted to an old bamboo,
And thousands shouted when they knew
That John Bull reigned in Cyprus.

And as the people of the isle,
Were Turks and Maltese full of guile,
We sent ten thousand rank and file,
To keep command in Cyprus.

Our Highlanders in kilted plaids,
And Lowland men with glittering blades,
Our fierce *hussars with turbaned heads,
Ten thousand went to Cyprus.

†Old Benjie sent Sir ‡Garnet bold,
So keep him warm and free from cold,
New laws to make, justice unfold,
Upon the isle of Cyprus.

*The Indian Cavalry. †Lord Beaconsfield. ‡Sir Garnet Wolsey.

Dunedin's duke upon the beach,
Stood with a helping hand to each,
Delighted that they all should reach
This newly purchased Cyprus.

And when the troops marched all away,
The pipes struck up a wild strathspey,
And the natives thought the judgment day
At last had come to Cyprus.



ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

O thou who fashioned heaven and earth,
That gave the stars and planets birth,
That made yon host whose feeble ray
Courses the midnight "milky way,"
That gave to all things time and space,
A period and appointed place,
To Thee our conscious beings raise
Anthems in Thy unceasing praise;
Whose wondrous works and ways appears
Before our eyes since childhood's years,
Whose marvels in the sacred page
Have formed a theme for every age;
Whose over-ruling hand hath wrought
In all the lessons history's taught;
Whose eye through centuries ne'er grows dim
But watches mankind still the same.
O God of grace and nature wild,
From human frailties undefiled,
High honour is it to acclaim
Our poor hosannas to Thy name;
The ocean vast, the deep blue sea,

In surging chorus sing to Thee;
 The mountains great that tower on high
 Praise Thee, their maker, in the sky.
 Meadow and river, vale and hill,
 Bespeak Thy praise, display Thy skill;
 And woods adore, and forests sing,
 To their first planter, heaven's great King.

(Unfinished.)



LOVE.

Love is like a red hot coal,
 Burning out a fellow's soul;
 Giving neither sleep nor slumber,
 Turning all his brains to lumber;
 Like a bellows on the fire,
 Kindling up a mad desire,
 Which may for a season cool,—
 Grant a parley to the fool,—
 Then with fierce renewed endeavor,
 Blowing ten times worse than ever,
 Biting, scratching, stinging, nipping,
 Tearing, squeezing, scalding, whipping,
 Piercing you with Cupid's dart,
 Knawing greedily at your heart;
 Now a friend it comes to meet you,
 Next an enemy it greets you;
 It will come as if to bless you;
 Fondle, dandle and caress you,
 Lift you up in a balloon,
 Many miles above the moon;
 Then with sudden scowl and frown,
 Blast your hopes and knock you down.
 Oh thou subtle false-faced monster,
 Sung by every crack-brained songster,

Well I know how maidens fair,
 Bid thee at their becks repair,
 Send thee out with scathing power,
 Their envoy and ambassador,
 To break the peace of honest knaves,
 And make poor dupes like me their slaves.
 A million ladies with delight,
 Dispatch thee as their errant knight,
 To roam through man's imagination,
 And there produce grief and vexation.
 While every half-grown, beardless boy,
 You tease, torment, vex and annoy;
 Even children at their lessons say,
 You steal their thoughts and brains away;
 So back from me—begone! by Jove
 I'll have no more to do with Love.



THE QUEEN'S RETURN TO BALMORAL.

Hey, let us a' be merry,
 Never mind the wind and rain,
 Let us a' be blithe and merry,
 Queen Victoria's back again.

What a blank was in Balmoral,
 A' the time that she was gane;
 But up my lads an' let's be merry,
 Queen Victoria's back again.

Weel she lo'es 'oor highland heather,
 Weel she likes her heilant hame,
 Let us a' rejoice thegeither,
 Queen Victoria's back again.

Ne'er had subjects sic a sovereign
 On the British throne to reign,
 Every Scot will hear with pleasure
 Their Victoria's back again.

Donald Mac blaw up your pipes
 And make your heilant corries ring,
 Send it up Craig-gow-an heights,
 Good Victoria's back again.

Up ye birds from bush and tree,
 Sing an anthem on the wing;
 Let the chorus of it be,
 Queen Victoria's back again.

Let the roe-buck and the deer
 From Lochaber's lonely glen,
 Fill the royal boards with cheer,
 Great Victoria's back again.

Northern rivers raise your voice
 To our monarch's honor'd name,
 Hills and valleys all rejoice,
 Hail Victoria, back again.

Feather caps and tartan trews
 Bow to honor, worth and fame,
 Spread around the welcome news,
 Your Victoria's back again.

Highland lads and lasses braw,
 May ye often meet alane,
 Here's a health tae ane an' a'
 An' here's tae her that's back again.



THE BIBLE.

We have read the works of Milton,
 We have feasted on Shakespeare;
 We have gathered honey from the rhymes
 Of poets far and near.

With Sir Walter we have wandered,
 In his stories of romance,
 And in history, too, meandered
 From America to France.

John Bunyan has regaled us
 With his "Pilgrim's Progress" rare;
 Uncouth writers have assailed us,
 Though we never read Voltaire.

Astronomy in volumes,
 Has been a source of gain;
 While geology in columns,
 Has lingered on our brain.

With the best of Scottish bards
 We have laughed and wept by turns,
 And wondered at the minstrelsy
 And muse of Robert Burns.

But of all the books that we have read,
 In moments spare or idle;
 Our souls ne'er on such rich food fed,
 As what's in God's own Bible.



THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

Twa hunder years hae passed and gane,
 Since first upon a lonely moor
 Oor faithers fought wi' might and main,
 Their rights and freedom tae secure.

An' aye since we could read and think,
 Upon the noble stand they made,
 Oor hearts hae warmed for what they did,
 For actions that can never fade.

Twa hunder years hae passed since they
 Upon the moorland worshipped God,
 An' sung the psalms o' Israel,
 Among the hills o' wild Drumclog.

An' sweet the preacher's voice did ring
 Through flowery heath an' mossy dell,
 Calling upon his countrymen,
 To rise against oppression's swell.

The saints of God took courag' then,
 Although they were a feeble host;
 They knew in whom they put their trust,
 Would never let their cause be lost.

And when the watchmen on the heights
 Proclaimed the foemen drawing near,
 No man was there that sought to turn,
 Or bid his fellow comrade fear.

But on the ground they stood to arms,
 Bold Burchigh took the horse command,
 While Cleland with the infantry,
 Made stout impenetrable stand.

And *Clavers and his mad †dragoons,
 Came rushing on like angry flood,
 Confronted by the faithful few
 That erst would drain their dearest blood.

Approaching quick they opened fire;
 The Covenant host they bowed them low,
 Then rising quick, returned the fire,
 With much effect upon the foe.

And plying fast their trusty blades
 Full many an empty saddle made;
 Across the bog, across the moor,
 Dragoons lay deaf as ‡Ailsa Craig.

*Claverhouse, a great persecutor.

†1st Royal Scots Greys, the only battle ever they lost.

‡Ailsa Craig—An island lying off the middle of the Clyde.

Firm man to man an' foot to foot,
They met the royal troops, we're told,
And many a red coat met his match
And on the miry greensward rolled.

And many a trooper ran awa',
An' Claverhouse amongst the rest;
An' O, he had an awfu' day,
An' sair his sodgers were distressed.

The Covenanters chased them doon,
Through many a mile o' roadless track,
Nor did their pooder flask's get toom,
Till they cam' ridin' joyfu' back.

And now my freens since times are changed
And freedom dwells in ilk abode;
We'll drop a tear o' gratitude
For the Covenanters o' Drumclog.



LINES TO MY FREEN TAM IN GLASCA'.

O, Tam! O, Tam! I'm wearyin' sair,
Tae see your sonsy face ance mare;
I'd gie a pound tae ony cuif,
Again tae shake yer kindly loof.
What in the wide world's come upon ye,
That no a word or line's come from ye?
I'm unco feared there's something wrang,
Or else ye'd sharely written, Tam.

There's something somewhere sair tae blame,
That silence should betwixt us reign;
Us wha in youth hae clim'd thegeither,
The muir, the mountain an' the heather;
Us wham dame mischief ca'd her bairns,

An' sent upon her madcap errands;
 O Tam, ye canna hae forgotten,
 'These glorious days o' fun an' fightin',
 Or else your memory's sharely rotten.

But dear sake Tam what gars ye slight me?
 What for is it, that ye dinna write me?
 Hae ye fa'u in wi some braw queen,
 When sportin' roond by Glasca' green?
 Wha has yer twa 'een sae delighted,
 As knocked yer ither senses dighted?
 Or has auld fickle fortune found ye,
 An' strewn her gifts sae thick around ye,
 That noo ye look sae prood an' high,
 Ye think it nought tae pass folks bye,
 Nor say, "Aye man! is that you Johnny?
 Hail freend! weel met! my bosom cronie?"

If pride's the cause my canty birky,
 Yer neck needs thraving like a turkey;
 Or else a tow rope an' a noose
 Might help tae change yer lofty views;
 But faix my freen an' brither Tammy,
 O' dull conceit ye ne'er had ony;
 I'm wow but some mishap's come ower ye,
 Some beast o' prey tried tae devour ye;
 Some water-brash or scarlet fever,
 Been playing havoc roond yer liver;
 Or else the toothache has been ragin',
 An' a' throughoot yer gums rampagin';
 Or poverty—curse of 'oor race,
 Has wrapped ye in her cauld embrace.
 If that is it, h re Tam, I'm willin
 Tae share wi' you my latest shillin';
 So write me freen whate'er it be
 I'm yours, I am, till the day I dee,—
 Till the grave-digger in the dirt
 Lays, (yours forever), H. Ur-curt.

END OF THE

MY NAME IS McDONALD.

Tune—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

My name is McDonald, I'm Morayshire born,
My faither and mither belang tae Finhorn,
My forefathers fought wi' the Duke o' Montrose,
When doon through the heilants he vanquished oor foes.

It was at Fochabers I first saw the light,
An' went tae the schule o' fat Sandy McNight,
He was a fine body o' fifty years auld,
Wha' aye wore a nightcap tae keep oot the cauld.

An' there it was first I met in wi' Miss Jean,
A lass o' a' lasses, acknowledged the queen,
Wha' gird ma' slate pencil gang sadly agee,
Ilk time that I looked at her bonnie blue 'ee.

An' weel dae I mind, for it looks like a day,
Sin' doon by the banks o' the clear winding Spey,
We kissed ane anither an' pledged tae agree,
That I would love her, an' she would love me.

Bright then were oor lives for oor spirits were gay,
Kind freens stood around us by night an' by day;
Among the high hills o' the heilants sae braw,
Nae danger could threaten or hurt us ava'.

Ilk 'oor brought its pleasures, ilk season its glee,
Ilk day saw us happy as birds on a tree;
Ower moor an' ower mountain, in kilts and short hose,
We aye had 'oor health while we feasted on brose.

But life has its changes, an' we hae had 'oors,
Maist a body has them, nae doot ye've had yours;
An' twenty lang years will hae vanished in May,
Sin last we sat doon on the banks o' the Spey.

Yes twenty lang years will hae gane sin I mind,
 O' leavin the land o' my childhood behind,
 Tae seek intae London a hoose that wud dae
 For me an' for Jeanie the floor e' the Spev.

Sair then were 'oor hearts for we didna weel ken,
 If ere we might look on Fochaber again;
 A' seemed tae grow dismal an' dark as the night.
 When the Morayshire Hills sunk awa frae 'oor sight.

An' weel dae I min' o' hoo lonely we felt,
 When in London's grand city the first time we dwelt;
 Nae freens cam aroond us, for far far away,
 We had left a 'oor freens on the bunks o' the Spey.

But noo things hae altered an' prood I'm tae see,
 Sae mony kind freens frae auld Scotland roond me,
 It girs my bluid loup, an' my wee bit heart warms,
 For I ken weel enouch we're a' John Tamson's bairns.

Then here's tae the land o' the Thistle and briar,
 An' here's tae the lads o' my ain native shire,
 Guid health tae the lasses an' red cheekit dames,
 An' here's tae my kindred that live on the Thames.



MEMENTO MORI.

In Memorium of Mr. Parnell, late of the Irish National Party.

Parnell's deid — he's off an' awa',
 Gane like a ship far ow'er the sea;
 But as ships gang awa' an' ne'er come hame,
 Sae gane frae this world forever is he.

The puir man's freen' an' the cottar's stay,
 A patriot bold an' a brither true,
 He lived for the land he lo'ed the best,
 An' an abler leader it never knew.

Mong lords an' dukes an' earls sae braw,
 He fought for his country brave an' free:
 Their prisons an' chains or the lug o' the law
 Ne'er quailed the bold spirit of men such as he.

He aye thought high o' the Emerald Isle,
 For its liberty sighed, for its welfare prayed;
 For its guid he wrestled baith early and late,
 An' obstacles never his heart dismayed.

But he's aff an' awa' tae the country unseen,
 Where nae factions or feuds among mortals take place,
 Where political cock-fighters sink oot o' view—
 May the Lord show him favour an' grant him great grace.

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COPY OF A POST-CARD

Sent to an old lady friend who sent a bag of oat meal to the house.

Yer pock o' meal has just come hame,
 So parritch noo we hae fu' plenty,
 Thanks for yer kindness my good dame,
 May ye ne'er want so couth a dainty.

There's no'ught like parritch, as ye ken,
 Fer empty stammacks, want or hunger,
 It mak's baith healthy maids and men,
 An' gars folk look both fresh and younger.

Would parritch ladles stretch tae Fife,
 Ye's get a sup my kind auld hearty,
 But as sic' ladles are na rife,
 Just come you to 'oor parritch party.

The bag will make some guid oat-cakes,
 Syne a plump haggis rich an' tasty,
 So fareweel Abernethy bakes,
 Plum-duff and jam-rolls, pies and pasty.

TWA BONNIE FIFESHIRE LASSIES.

Tune—Robin Tamson's Smiddy.

Last night I took twa' lassies hame,
 Twa' sweet and bonny creatures;
 Their forms were like the stately pines,
 And handsome were their features;
 The ane was black as Jewish maid,
 With eyes of purest lustre,
 Around the other's lovely brow
 The auburn ringlets cluster.

Noo as the road was fu' o' ice
 An' very slippery wa'kin,
 Ane's bonny snow-white hand I took
 An' soon fell tae the crackin.
 An' aye she gie the ither slip,
 I pressed her han' the stronger,
 An' wished, an' wished at every step
 The road wud turn longer.

At last we reached the butt an' ben,
 Where they twa doves resided,
 I said guid ni'cht, an' blessed thought,
 Their lips an' mine collided.
 Then quick tae bed I safely sped,
 Tae dream like a fond lover,
 That I had marrit first aye lass, and then had ta'en the
 other.

CHORUS.

Then gie yellow gold tae greedy men,
 An' provender tae asses,
 But gie tae' me a frosty night
 Wi the bonnie Fifeshire lassies.

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