

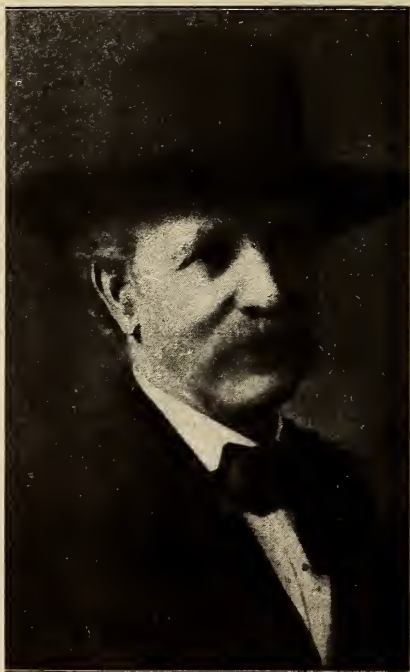


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JAMES KENNEDY.

The
Complete Scottish

AND

American Poems

OF

mackintosh
JAMES KENNEDY



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JAMES KENNEDY

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PROEM.



COME, Muse of Scotland! spread thy wing
Like wild bird seaward journeying;
Leave thy loved land, to which belongs
The riches of thy matchless songs;
Come in thy splendor, fair and free,
Like morning o'er the shining sea!
I long to see thy beauteous face,
And mark thy wild and winsome grace;
And catch, perchance, some kindling thrill
Of that divine, impassioned skill
Which flamed into immortal fire,
When Coila's minstrel tuned the lyre,
And swept its thrilling chords along
In bursts of sweet, ecstatic song.

What though fair Scotland's hills and streams
I see not but in airy dreams;
Thy glowing presence aye shall be
A joyous all-in-all to me.
By thee, as by the green-robed Spring,
The wilds shall burst to blossoming,
And silent solitudes shall be
Awake with warbled melody.
By thee, as by a vision bright,
The vacant waste of viewless night
Shall open to my wondering eyes
The glowing earth, the azure skies,
The purple mountains crowned with mist,
Isles set in seas of amethyst.
And all the artless words and ways
That mark'd the course of earlier days,
Shall come revived on Fancy's wing
All bright in fond imagining.

Nor shall we lack, as on we trip,
For gay and glad companionship;
For rosy Mirth, with beaming eyes,
Shall laugh at Folly's thin disguise;
While Truth's light, quenchless as a star,
Shines, beacon-like, where'er we are.
And thou, fair Virtue—crowning grace,
Sweet as the smile on Beauty's face—
O may the quenchless love of thee
Our master motive ever be!
While through and through each simple song,
The love of right, the hate of wrong,
Dwell with the hope that dimly sees
The dawn of broader sympathies:
Glow in the faith that faintly hears,
A far-off music in our ears,
When all the barriers that divide
The human race are swept aside,
And man with brother man shall be
Bless'd in a happy unity.

Then come, sweet spirit! Lend thy power.
Be near me in my dreaming hour!
Shed thou thy lustrous light around,
And all shall seem enchanted ground!
Inspire me and my verse shall be
A river shining to the sea!
That bears upon its bosom bright
A mirror'd world of life and light,
And adds to Nature's varied tone
A low, sweet music all its own.

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SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN POEMS.

THE HIGHLANDERS IN TENNESSEE.

“ How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest!”

—*Collins.*

INTRODUCTION.

HOW brightly through the vanish’d years
The light of Scotland’s fame appears!
Now flashed through clouds that faintly mar,
Now glitt’ring, like the Polar star
That burns in Northern glory, bright
In inextinguishable light!

In Time’s dim dawning when the world
Beheld Rome’s banner broad unfurl’d
And Cæsar’s legions proudly pass’d,
Fierce as the cyclone’s leveling blast,
O’er lands where freemen battling brave
Bent ’neath the wild, resistless wave:
O Scotland, then thy stalwart race
Defied earth’s conquerors face to face;
In vain the cohorts’ fierce attack,
Thy brandish’d broadswords beat them back,
And Rome’s proud legions learned to fear
Th’ unconquered Caledonian spear.

But darker fate awaits the bands
Of Vikings from their Northern strands
Who, lured by conquest's golden smiles,
Swarm bird-like on the Scottish isles.
In vain Norwegian maidens weep
For lovers slain beyond the deep;
In vain the blazing beacons burn
For them who never more return;
In restless sobs the lonely waves
Sigh o'er their dark, unnoticed graves.

But brighter yet thy luster shone,
O Scotland! when thy Marathon
Beheld the bold invading host
Strewn like the flowers in early frost;
Thy crystal streams with blood ran red,
Thy green fields heaped with England's dead;
While Freedom's happy wings expand
Triumphant o'er thy war-worn land;
Whilst thou in Glory's sacred height
Becom'st a high set beacon light,
To which, when angry tempests lower,
And nations grope in Fate's dark hour,
Their streaming eyes shall northward turn
And think of thee and Bannockburn!

Nor less each lurid flash that shows
The wars of fratricidal foes;
The raids of lowland cavaliers,
The feuds of martial mountaineers,
The musket flash that vainly stays
The Covenanter's psalm of praise,

The blows of force by faith defied,
The gold of Truth in battle tried,
The radiant streaks that chase away
The shadows of a darker day.

These come, and through each age there runs,
From stalwart sires to stalwart sons,—
Deep set in an eternal youth,—
The same strong love of right and truth,
The lion heart, the iron hand,
That kept intact their native land,
Until her mountains seem to be
High monuments to liberty;
Her silv'ry waters flash along
And murmur into martial song,
Her storms that sweep the rustling dales
Bring echoes of heroic tales,
And ev'n the gray cloud-mantled glades
Seem haunted by heroic shades,
And all seem vocal with the sound
Of deeds that made them hallowed ground.

Nor there alone where Scotland stands
Enwreathed by Freedom's loving hands
Has valor's royal wreath been won;
But far and near, where'er the sun
Has shone on battle's bold array,
On many a fierce and fateful day,
Have Lowland might and Highland zeal
Been writ in blood and carved with steel,
Till o'er the din of wild alarms
Had triumph crown'd their conquering arms.

Ev'n here, where Freedom's beacon light
Shines o'er Columbia broad and bright,
And gladden'd nations turn to see
The starry flag of Liberty,
Whose breezy folds in peace unfurl'd
Wave welcome to a wond'ring world:
When mad Disunion's threatening hand
Crept like a shadow o'er the land,
And hostile States in war's alarms
Rang with the clarion call to arms;
Then, mustered with the loyal North,
A thousand Scots went bravely forth;
The flash of Freedom in their eyes,
And, fierce and wild as battle cries,
The war songs of their native land
Were echoed by the gallant band
In days of battle and of toil
O'er fair Virginia's war-worn soil;
Or roused to life the listless camps
By Carolina's dreary swamps;
Or rose serene in triumph grand
Among the hills of Maryland;
And oft inspired the martial ranks
By Mississippi's reedy banks;
And swelled the anthems of the free
Among the vales of Tennessee.

By tangled brake and spreading plain,
In many a hard and wild campaign;
O'er trampled fields where grass grew red
Beside the grim and ghastly dead,
They met and fought the gallant South
Unwavering to the cannon's mouth;

Such feats as graced these years along
Were fitting for heroic song;—
For Poesy's highest aim should be
To sing of Love and Liberty;
The love that through obstruction tries
To blossom into sacrifice:
The love that burns till life expires,
With soul aflame, like altar fires.
Theirs was the high heroic zeal,
The noble love that patriots feel.
Who see beyond the present strife
The paths that lead to nobler life:
Who feel the fiery blast that brings
The truth, like gold, from grosser things;
And know however dark the sky
The stars still shine serene on high.

And theirs the cause that strongly stood
Alone for human brotherhood;
They fought that Freedom might not seem
To be but as an airy dream;
Their manly hearts and hands maintained
The peace the Puritans had gained;
They fought earth's fairest land to save,
And all men had to give they gave
That their adopted land might be
United still from sea to sea.

Their task is done—our land receives
The ripe reward—the golden sheaves
Of Peace that gladdens happy hours,
And Freedom garlanded with flowers.
Their honored lives ennobled need
No trumpet blast to tell each deed.

One flag, one people, and one land
Their monuments united stand.

But oft these martial scenes return,
In mem'ry's eye the camp fires burn;
In day-dreams oft unbidden come
The bugle call, the roll of drum,
The gleam of steel, the grand parade,
The musket flash, the cannonade,
The rallying cheer, the ringing shout,
The charge terrific and the rout,
The onward march till—perils past,
The healing calm of Peace at last.

Thus may the tuneful Muse rehearse
One brief campaign in simple verse,
And tell how, wreath'd in fire and smoke,
God's voice in battle thunder spoke.
And taught those truths more dearly prized
That are by blood and tears baptized,
And oft reverberate sublime
Along each echoing arch of time.

PART I.

THE MARCH OVER THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

WHERE Cumberland's green mountains rise
'Neath fair Kentucky's opal skies,
The hazy mist hangs ghostly white
Around each leafy covered height,
And veils the silent solitudes
Of frowning crags and solemn woods;

The towering peaks are dimly seen
Like islands looming darkly green;
But now the eastern headland's fringe
Is touched as by a fiery tinge,
And, flash'd twixt headlands far away,
The first glad gleam of dawning day
Illumes the hills of somber hue
With sudden gleams of sparkling dew;
Each tender leaflet seems afire,
Each springing spike a burnished spire,
Each bending bough, with dewdrops wet,
Seems now with silver spangles set;
And mark the varied hues that rise,
Bewildering in their dazzling dyes,
Till shrub and tree, like flow'rets, show
Fair fragments of the rainbows glow
Some clad in scarlet rich and rare,
Glow bright as watch fires here and there;
Some gayly deck'd in garnish'd gold
Their yellow wealth of leaves unfold;
There as by fairy fingers swung,
The wavy fringework tassel-hung
Links bough to bough till, grandly graced,
Tree, shrub and flower are interlaced,
And all above, around, beneath,
Is one vast variegated wreath.
Fair flow'rets, Nature's brightest gems;
Gleam star-like on their glossy stems,
The cluster'd fruit shines overhead
Rich as at royal banquet spread;
Sweet echoes catch the warbled notes
That gush from song-birds' mellow throats;

The fragrant incense of the morn
Steals on the sense by soft winds borne;
Aloft the burnish'd broad expanse
Of sapphire meets the upward glance,
Like seas by sunlit glory seen,
Far spread, resplendent and serene.

O Nature! in thy lovely moods,
Deep hid in sylvan solitudes,
How meet that Peace supremely blest
In calm content with thee should rest!
How distant seem the cares, the strife,
The ills that haunt frail human life!
How far remote seems war's red flood,
The sickening sight of human blood!
Thou in thy God-like splendor set,
Art free from care and dull regret.
No sorrow dims thy radiant eyes,
No longings vex thy soul with sighs;
Thou holdest thy unswerving course,
Still strong as from thy primal source
Thou, clad in majesty serene,
Enrob'st the earth in shining green!
What carest thou though near thy throne
Amid these mountains wild and lone,
With blare of trump and beat of drum,
The long embattled columns come?
While o'er the flower-enameled knolls
The brazen cannon rudely rolls;
And echoing far by woody ways
The foam-fleck'd war-horse wildly neighs;
While lumbering on in slow advance
The heavy-laden ambulance

Comes dust-enwrapped as in a cloud
And sorrow-freighted as a shroud.

Yet, sooth, it is a gallant sight
To mark as on from height to height
The moving squadrons, now revealed,
And now by leafy shades concealed,
March bravely onward, while the gleam
Of arms are glittering as a stream,
That ever ceaseless in its flow,
Goes flashing to the vale below,
No garish pomp or grand display,
That marks a civic holiday
With gorgeous show of bold pretence,
But resolute intelligence
Along the martial ranks is seen,
In sober manhood's modest mien.

There with the far-assembled host,
The Scots lead on in honor's post.
See how they gaze in glad surprise
As through fond memory's dreamy eyes
The scenes their happy boyhoods knew
In Scotland's Highlands rise to view!
To them that towering peak is now
The bold Ben Lomond's lofty brow,
Or high Schiehallion's rugged height,
Though tears bedim the gladsome sight.
What though fair Scotland's hills ne'er knew
Such glowing tints of rainbow hue;
In Fancy's eye the vanish'd years
Of golden youth such glory wears,
That all the iridescent sheen
Of intermingled gold and green

That gilds the mountains of the West
Is dim beside each purple crest
That looms in cloudless splendor high,
Transfigured bright in memory's eye.

Beside them in the ranks of war
Are men whose homes are distant far :
In cities, where the morning laves
Her beams among the Atlantic waves,
By fair New England's breezy dales,
Or Pennsylvania's happy vales ;
And men whose feet in peace had press'd
The broad, green prairies of the West
Are there, by one bright hope inspired,
By Liberty to valor fired.

Two weary years of battle's chance
And war's uncertain circumstance,
Had fail'd to quench the fiery zeal
That flamed within their hearts of steel.
Time's changing touch had barely cooled
The hearts in hard experience schooled,
Though less of ardor's gallant show
Shone through the silent soul below,
As rivers flowing fast and free
Grow calmer as they near the sea.

March on, brave soldiers! yours the cause
That looks not for the loud applause
That greets the victor of the hour ;
Your prize is right's unfading flower
That springs from Virtue's fruitful seeds,
And blossoms into noble deeds.

Your feet are hastening on the path
That leads where Wrong poured forth her wrath,
Because fair Tennessee abhorred
To draw Rebellion's ruthless sword.
Strong in her faith and tried her worth
She stands unfaltering with the North,
And through long hours of sorrow drawn
She waiteth for the golden dawn.
She knows the battles you have fought,
The triumphs which your arms have wrought.
Your march is music to her ears,
She hails your coming on with cheers
That echo joyous, far and free,
In every vale of Tennessee.

PART II.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN TENNESSEE.

THEY who have seen the sad, pale trace
Of sorrow on the wasted face,
When slow disease had worn away
Fair beauty's bloom to dull decay;
And mark'd the first returning gleam
Of health that, bright as morning's beam,
Which tinges with ethereal light
The gloomy shadows of the night;
And saw how sweetly, calmly fair
Hope came and dwelt serenely there,
Has seen such trace of light and shade
As rapine's ruthless hand had made,
When Hope exultant rose at last
Triumphant o'er the woeful past

And spoke of Peace that was to be
Again supreme in Tennessee.

There roofless stands in dark decay
The happy homes of yesterday;
The loyal hands are gone that made
Their dwellings 'neath the maple's shade;
The prowling fox and wild raccoon
Dwell by the lonely hearths at noon;
Uncropt the flowers whose rainbow dyes
Glow bright as beauty's radiant eyes,
Unheeded by deserted walks
They wane and wither on their stalks;
Untouched the fruit bestrews the sod,
By happy toiler's feet untrod.
Yon blacken'd waste with ashes strewn,
Tells where the waving grain had grown
Till rude Rebellion's scorching flame
Had blasted earth where'er it came.
Yon crumbling pile beside the flood
Shows where the spanning arch had stood;
And far and near on ev'ry hand
Had havoc marr'd the lovely land
Whose beauties breath'd but of distress
In sad, forsaken loneliness.

The scene is changed. Along the height
The soldiers see another sight:
The sheen of steel, the lurid glare
Of fire that rends the sulph'rous air;—
The shrieking shells that wrathful fly
Far-circling through the startled sky,
While loud and fast the cannons boom
Their thunders in the gathering gloom!

Unfurl the starry flag and march
Erect, as if yon fiery arch
Was but some fair triumphal show
That graced a happy scene below.
Ye gallant men whose stalwart sires
First lit bold Freedom's quenchless fires
In fair New England's broad domains;
Ye freemen from the Western plains,
Ye Pennsylvanians tried and true,
The Roundheads' blood that throbs in you
Is stirred with all its wonted life
When Freedom calls to armed strife!
Mark where along yon wooded height
The Scots rush headlong to the fight;
A fierce, insatiate fury whets
Their bristling line of bayonets!
Already as, like fire, they go
Resistless on th' astonished foe,
A nameless terror wildly starts
A panic in the foemen's hearts.
Charge boldly on their wavering lines!
Charge while yon sun resplendent shines!
His parting smile, ere comes the night,
Dwells like a halo round the height,
And lends the splendors of the sky
To gild the Union victory!

Onward the victors march nor pause
To count each fight in Freedom's cause;
They feel no pride in fields like these,
No charm in vict'ries won with ease.
But, bright as sunbeams through a cloud,
Joy wakes the echoes long and loud;

Each nestling hamlet seems to wake
To brighter life, and gladly make
Triumphant wreaths to grace the way
In one long, happy holiday.
Cheers rend the air; glad bells are rung;
Warm welcomes swell from every tongue.
The teeming towns send forth their throngs,
That fill the air with martial songs;
While music, with its warbled sweets,
Makes gay the march by crowded streets,
And brings to mem'ry's longing ear
Strains that the wanderer loves to hear;—
Fond echoes from the far-off Rhine
Come soft as zephyrs, warm as wine;
Blythe airs that lead the merry dance
Among the vine-clad hills of France
Are there, and sweetly, nobly grand
The music of my native land
Comes wild and high as vict'ries' cheers—
The echoes of a thousand years!

Bright days are these and happy nights
Made glad by Nature's calm delights:
The gorgeous glow of autumn woods,
The peace of sylvan solitudes,
The marchings in the golden noon,
The bivouacs 'neath the silver moon,
The civic joy, the social grace,
The sunshine of the human face,
These, dream-like, pass in bright surprise,
Before the soldier's wondering eyes,
And form, in life's beclouded sky,
A golden gleam in memory's eye.

The dream is past. The waning year
Has brought November dull and drear.
The loyal North's victorious ranks
Rest on their arms by Holston's banks,
And dream that Eastern Tennessee
From ruthless rebel hordes is free.
By day their sheltering huts they raise;
By night beside the camp-fire's blaze
They pass the merry jest and song,
The careless, happy groups among;
And war's wild ways already seem
Dim as a half-forgotten dream.

'Tis midnight, and the slumb'ring camp
Is still as death—the muffled tramp
Of cautious foemen clustering near
Falls faintly on the sentry's ear;
His rifle speaks—the foeman comes!
Roll out, ye army-rousing drums!
Ye bugles blare your wild alarms!
Haste, haste, ye loyal men to arms!
See by the camp-fire's wavering glare
The loyal ramrods spring in air!
While bright as dewdrops on the heath
Are bayonets flashing from the sheath!
In vain your serried lines ye brave,
Back—back—nor meet yon mighty wave
That comes in overwhelming force,
Far spread in its resistless course.
Back—'neath the black wings of the night
The Scots shall hold yon friendly height
Till, from the baffled foe withdrawn,
The dim eyes of the doubtful dawn

Shall see your brazen batteries crown,
The forts encircling Knoxville town.

PART III.

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

THE dark November sky droops down
Like funeral wreaths on Knoxville town,
The Holston River steals along;
Harsh, mournful murmurs mar its song,
Its hurrying tide brooks no delay,
Like one that hastes to be away;
The hollow winds in eddies meet,
And, rustling on the lonely street,
The raindrops borne on whirling wings
Sweep through the air like living things,
Or earthward rattle, tempest driven,
As' twere the volleyed wrath of Heaven.

Pale faces set in startled stare
Show in the casements here and there;
Dumb wonder waits in anxious eyes,
And fear dwells mute in sad surprise;
And well they might, for near and far,
Above the elemental war,
The cannons crash with thundering boom,
And lurid flashes light the gloom;
While through the sulphurous air the flight
Of shrieking shells appalls the sight,
Then, bursting on the riven ground,
They spread new horror all around;
Each hillside near the startled town

With brazen batteries seems to frown;
Each rocky cliff its front has lent
For bastioned tower and battlement;
The leafy vales where late the flowers
In beauty bloomed in golden hours,
The breath of battle seems to feel
And blossom into blades of steel;
And where the wild birds sweet and gay
Sang many a warbied roundelay,
Now rings the rifle loud and clear,
Incessant on the startled ear.
But mark where through the tempest shines
The nearer trace of Union lines,
There loyal hands have trenches made
And ply the busy pick and spade;
There the keen ax has felled the trees
And skillful shaped the arrowy frieze;
There cautious care has spread her plans
In firm redoubts and bold redans;
There breastworks rise and palisade
And widening embrasures are made,
Through which the level'd cannons show
Their mouths toward th' approaching foe.

The lines are thin for miles along,
The arms are but three thousand strong;
But stout in nature's best defense,
They stand in manly confidence;
From river bank to heights around
There lies no unprotected ground;
No vantage place an opening spreads
But where the cannon enfilades,

And where the western works extend,
O'er rising slopes and northward bend,
There on the frowning angle, crown'd
With crested ramparts guarded round,
While ample ditch its width expands,
A double-bastioned fortress stands.
And silent sentinels, night and day,
Watch the long, weary hours away;
Keen-eyed each soldier keeps his post
And waits the fierce, rebellious host.
Within, unwavering as a rock,
The Scots await the battle-shock;
O'erhead the starry banner streams,
Around the burnish'd bayonet gleams;
The distant bursts of smoke and flame
Are but as passing breeze to them;
The bomb flies past on rushing wings
Unheeded as familiar things;
The foemen's fire, the gleam of swords,
Are less to them than idle words;
Like runners at the starting place
They wait impatient for the race;
Before them, lit by memory's lamp,
Comes James' Island's ghastly swamp,
Where, grim before the batteries' breath,
Their comrades strewed that field of death;
And vengeance with a fierce desire
Is burning in their eyes of fire,
And hope proclaims th' approaching day
That wipes that bloody stain away.

But weary nights and direful days
Tempestuous pass their fiery ways;

Each morn the weak-eyed sickly sun
Beholds the fight again begun;
While near, in ever-narrowing ring,
The fiery Southrons closer cling.
Each day adds horrors to the storm
That gathers round War's wasting form;
Each night reveals in lurid glare
Red ruin rend the startled air:
While from the clouds the deluge keeps
Unceasing as if heaven weeps,
Till underneath the trampled grass
The earth is one black, yielding mass.
Nor tent nor shelter there is found;
The scowling skies, the seething ground,
And, ghastly as a funeral pyre,
The nearing arc of ceaseless fire
That wings in blasts of sulphurous breath
The swift-winged whizzing bolts of death.
Then famine, too, with pallid streak
Begins to mark the wasted cheek,
And hollow eye that pensive waits
Submissive to the frowning fates;
For, uncomplaining of their lot,
In silence waits each stalwart Scot;
Like cliffs that guard their native land,
Around the fateful fort they stand,
While heaven and earth is, near and far,
Convulsed in one fierce blast of war.

At last o'erhead the ethereal blue
Clear as the eye of Heaven shines through,
And Winter makes the earth his throne,
And binds his glitt'ring armor on;

Before him, spectral-like and gaunt,
The waters change to adamant;
Trees glow in crystal branches bright,
Shrubs spread in flashing frostwork white,
Earth sparkles, o'er her marble face
A wreath of rich embroider'd lace
In silvery fringework flames as free
As sunshine on a summer sea.
The guns are hushed. The air is still.
The watch-fires gleam along the hill;
Serene the radiant moon looks down
Like Pity's eye on Knoxville town;
The stars in spangling splendor bright
Illume the calm, broad brow of night;
Aloft while they their vigils keep
The wearied soldiers sink to sleep,
And fairer, fonder scenes arise
In beauty to their dreaming eyes;
Home steals around them and the charms
Of social joy their life-blood warms;
The want, the woe of war's wild days,
Is quenched in dreamland's magic maze;
Nor winter's frown, nor war's fierce power
Can rob them of this golden hour.
Sweet be your dreams as o'er each brow
Bright memories weave fair fancies now!
Peace fold you in her gentle wing
With joy beyond imagining,
Till happy thrills of gladness bless
The calm of sweet forgetfulness!
Dream not that ere to-morrow's sun
His westward, golden race has run,

Hundreds of gallant hearts shall lie
Cold as the clay 'neath winter's sky!
Dream on, for ere yon stars shall fade
In light by dawning splendor made,
The furious fires of war shall glow
In lurid lightning wrath below;
And foemen, woke to frenzied strife;
Rush in the bloom of sweet young life
To death's dull mystery dark and deep,—
That last, that long and dreamless sleep!

PART IV.

THE DEFENSE OF FORT SANDERS.

ONE flash that dims the stars' pale light,
One crash that rends the ear of night,
One shell that shrieks in fiendish sport,
Then bursts exultant near the fort!
One bugle-call whose warbled sound
Brings answering blasts from miles around;
Then all at once the startled air
Is quivering with a fitful glare,
That, quick as northern meteor runs,
Of fire on fire from answering guns
That belch their fury harsh and grim
Along the dark horizon's rim;
While thick as hail in summer skies
An iron shower tempestuous flies,
And striking, bursts in awful light
Around the fort's embattled height.
Blow strikes on blow, like steel on steel,
Till all the riven ramparts reel,

As if the forms of fort and plain
Were crumbling into dust again.

They pause—the Southern cannoneers—
And now—with ringing yells and cheers,
Dim as a cloud they form, and then
A torrent of ten thousand men
Comes onward in a threatening roar,
As some wild wave that seeks the shore,
Or some dark tempest gathering round;
Earth trembles at the awful sound;
The gray gloom glistens ghastly bright,
As glimmering in the shadowy light,
The bayonets gleam against the moon,
Thick as the fireflies flash in June.
On, on they come, as when the hills
Are furrowed by a thousand rills,
And fast the rushing waters flow
Impetuous to the vale below;
Where wild and wide they clear a path,
Uncheck'd in overflowing wrath,
Till some bold cliff whose summits show
Defiance to the waves below;
There when the warring waters meet
They pause and tremble at its feet.

Fierce from the fort the cannons crash,
Fast, fast three hundred rifles flash;
Heedless and hurrying squadrons pour
In headlong haste their maddening roar;
The frenzy spreads, the fury grows;
The ditch is filled and overflows.

Up the steep slope the tide is press'd,
The flags are planted on the crest;
Steel gleams on steel, eye glares on eye,
Shouts, yells commingled rend the sky;
Supreme the wave triumphant seems,
Aloft its crest victorious gleams.
Splendid it rises in its might
Above the flashing, bristling height,
And tremulous hangs as poised in air
It dwells but for a moment there;
Backward it rolls as ocean's waves
Against some headland vainly raves.
Backward, pierced through by shot or steel,
The fiery Southrons downward reel;
Again the war-worn crest is clear;
Loud rings the Scot's ecstatic cheer.

But louder yet the answering yell
Of furious foes the tumult swell;
Again they charge, a fierce, fresh flood,
Up the red ramparts wet with blood;
All the wild wrath of hate they bring;
Grim as the grasp of death they cling;
Mass'd on the angle see them swarm
As wild beasts roused by fierce alarm.
Throw the death-dealing grenades there;
Fire the keen rifle till the air
In thunders hush the dying cry
Of gallant men who bravely die.
Rush to the crest, ye stalwart few,
God's mighty arm shall strike with you!
Dash down the foremost in the fray,
Stand fast and keep the hosts at bay;

There let them quench their Southern zeal
On bristling blades of Northern steel!
Quick from their desp'rate hands unclasp
The flags they hold with iron grasp;
The stars and stripes alone shall be,
Above that fortress of the free!

The red blood freezes on the slope,
From dying hands the muskets drop;
Beneath—the ditch yawns deep and wide
Where comrades welter side by side;
Friends trample o'er them but in vain;—
Down headlong in the ditch again
They fall and swell the dying throng,
Bombs burst the bleeding mass among;
O'er the deep groans of dark despair
Shrieks wildly pierce the 'clamorous air;
Aloft their bravest and their best
Meet death in battle on the crest,
While ceaseless from the mass o'erhead
Drop down the dying and the dead,
Till heaped the grave grows ghastly grim
With dead uncoffin'd to the brim!

Dim dawn awakes and shadowy light
Glides ghost-like round th' embattled height;
The glow of Orient flame shines through
The sulphurous clouds of mantling blue,
And gilds the gloom and glorifies
The fading light of dying eyes,
Transfiguring with a radiant grace
The pathos of each pallid face.

Sweet, tender, tear-eyed Pity seems
Blent with the morning's golden beams;
And war's fierce front has gentler grown,
Or with the doubtful darkness flown.
The battle ceases and the dawn
Beholds the shatter'd host withdrawn;
Where grim war's fiercest bolts were hurl'd
Behold the flags of truce unfurled;
The living, charging mass is gone,
The drifts of dead are there alone.

In stricken silence, sick at heart,
The shattered Southrons now depart.
No need is there, though wing'd in haste,
Grant's conquering legions of the West,
From Chattanooga's battleground
They come victorious, laurel-crowned.
But halt! roll east like prairie fires,
Virginia's fields your flame requires,
The cleansing fires from which shall spring
The future's fulness blossoming.
Come not where peace hath now returned,
Where war's fierce furnace fires have burn'd
Till purified, fair Freedom's voice
Makes Tennessee's glad vales rejoice.
Her trampled fields will bloom again
With happy wealth of golden grain;
In nestling towns war's clangors cease
And rises now the songs of Peace.

And thou, my own heroic band,
Bold warriors of my native land,
Haste where the Northern armies press
Through green Virginia's wilderness;

Close round where madly, blindly gropes
Rebellion's last, expiring hopes;
There grasp once more the war-worn hands
Where victors and the vanquished stands
In Peace and Unity again
On Appomattox' glorious plain.

And thou, ennobled Scottish dead,
Light lie the turf on each low head!
Whether thou sleep'st thy sleep serene
In graves by loving hands kept green,
Or liest unhonored and unknown
In lonely wilds by weeds overgrown,
Thy life, thy worth in battle tried,
Has made each grave seem sanctified!
Earth clasp thee to her silent breast!
Calm in her bosom may'st thou rest:
Thy blood by faith's baptismal grace
Bedewed, like heart-wrung tears, her face;
There when the gentle hand of spring
Her em'rald wreath shall blithely bring
There let the fairest flow'rets bloom
Above, around each hallowed tomb,
Her voices murmuring your knell,
The morning cometh—All is well!



MISCELLANEOUS.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

DRAW birdie, when in brambly howes,
Whaur mony a buss entangled grows,
And bonnie flow'rs in beauty spring,
I've seen thee fauld thy quivering wing.
While rapt I stood, amazed to see
The glowing hues that gleamed on thee—
The red, the blue, the gowd, the green,
The pearly gloss, the siller sheen;
Then quick, ere yet the eager eye
Had half perceived each dazzling dye,
Awa' ye fluttered frae the sight,
Like fire-flaucht in the cloud o' night.

Sic like 's when in the day's dull thrang
Time drags the weary hours alang;
Bright fancy flashes on the mind
Some bonnie blink o' wondrous kind—
Wild glens wi' burnies bick'rin doun,
Far frae the stoury, noisy toun;
Green woods an' sweet secluded dells,
Whaur silence aye serenely dwells;
Fond faces—rare auld warks an' ways
That graced the light o' ither days—

Come sudden on th' enraptured view,
Then vanish in a blink—like you.

But speed thee on thy fairy flight,
Whaur sweetest blossoms tempt thy sight;
An' round thee may ilk gladsome thing
Light as the flaffer o' thy wing
Aye keep thee blythe, nor aught e'er mar
The bonnie, braw, wee thing ye are.
Owerjoyed am I when happy chance
But brings thee in a passing glance.

Thus come, O Poesy! grace divine!
Come wi' that kindling fire o' thine,
That lends the dull imaginings
The beauties of a thousand things;
And though thy flashing fancies flit,
Like this wee birdie's restless fit,
Thy briefest glint shall grandly glow
As bright as Iris' radiant bow.



TO THE MOSQUITOES.

LANG-NEBBIT, bizzin', bitin' wretches,
That fire my skin wi' blobs an' splatches;
Till vex'd wi' yeukie claws an' scratches,
I think I'm free
Ta say the warld has seen few matches
To Job an' me.

Sae aft you've gar't me fret an' fume,
My vera spirit ye consume
Wi' everlasting martyrdom—
Ye wicked tartars,
You've surely settled on my room
For your headquarters!

Asleep or wauken, air or late,
Like Nick himsel' ye are na blate;
But like the doom o' pendin' fate
Aboon my head,
Ye keep me in a waefu' state
O' quakin' dread.

Whiles like a fury I've been stan'in',
An' clos'd my mou to keep frae bannin,
Whiles some destructive scheme I'm plannin'
Your race to scatter—
Oh, could I ram ye in a cannon,
An' then lat blatter!

When pensive in my fav'rite neuk,
 I glow'r owre some auld-farrant beuk,
 Like leeches then my bluid ye sook,
 Then bizz and flee;
 An' then begins th' infernal yeuk
 That angers me.

When lost in mazy contemplation
 And soars supreme imagination,
 How aft on fancy's fair creation
 The curtain draps;
 Ye bizz, an' blinks o' inspiration
 At ance collapse!

O, would some towsie-headed tyke,
 Wha strives to make some new bit fyke,
 Invent a plan to sweep your byke
 Frae human dwallins,
 I'd sing his praise as heigh's ye like
 In braw, braid ballan's.

But fix'd ye are 'mang human ills—
 Whose bitter cup your bitin' fills;
 Nor auld wives' cures nor doctors' bills
 Can mend the case—
 Firm as the everlasting hills
 Ye keep your place.

But could I gain some grace or ither,
 To teach me in ilk warslin swither,
 To tak the guid an' ill thegither
 Without complaint,
 Then might we dwell wi' ane anither
 In calm content.

But sae it is—ye maun hae food,
An' I maun guard my ain heart's bluid;
But could ye scrape a livelihood
 Some ither where,
I would be yours in gratitude
 For evermair.



WHISKY'S AWA'!

WHAT news is this? I speer fu' fain,
Is this some joke o' th' printer's ain?
Na, faith, it's truth that he's been say'n':
They've pass'd a law
Through Pennsylvania, dale an' plain—
Whisky's awa'!

Weel might a pride light ilka eye,
An' ilk ane haud their head fu' high,
An' celebrate their Fourth July
Wi' mirth an' a',
An' roar o' cannon rend the sky—
Whisky's awa'!

Lang has it been your pridefu' boast,
What time the tyrant British host
Departed, like a frighted ghost,
At Freedom's crow;
A deadlier fae has left your coast—
Whisky's awa'!

Nae mair the drunkard's raggit bairns,
Like misers, live on scraps an' parin's,
An' gloomy jails, whase rusty airns
Fulfill the law,
May tumble down in shapeless cairns—
Whisky's awa'!

Good Templars now, an' bad anes baith,
 May cast aside their glitt'rin' graith;
 Nor need they paint vile whisky's scaith
 As black's a crow,
 Nor sign the pledge, nor tak the aith—
 Whisky's awa'!

Rejoice ilk mither—sorrow now
 Need never cloud your anxious brow.
 Ye lasses, when ye mak' your vow,
 Let hopes ne'er fa'—
 Your lads, like steel, will aye stand true—
 Whisky's awa'!

If sultry weather should prevail,
 To slocken drouth nae ane need fail:
 There's caller cronk an' ginger ale,
 Or, best o' a',
 In Susquehanna dip your pail—
 Whisky's awa'!

O caller water! gowd or gear
 Compared wi' thee maun tak' the rear;
 Thou never garr'd the bitter tear
 O' mis'ry fa'!
 Pure be thy fountain evermair—
 Whisky's awa'!

Now Peace, wi' Plenty on its wing,
 Contentment's sweets may swiftly bring,
 An' Truth stand up, an' Virtue spring
 As pure as snaw!
 While Universal Joy doth sing,
 Whisky's awa'!

AULD SCOTIA IN THE FIELD.

T WAS summer, and green earth's fair face
Was wreathed in vernal bloom;
Each dewy flow'ret lent its grace
And shed its sweet perfume.

The bright birds in the shady groves,
On ev'ry bush and tree,
Sang sweetly to their list'ning loves
Their songs of melody.

And from the city's busy throng
Went forth a joyous band,
To swell the universal song
That echoed through the land.

And deep within a shady wood
Joy held its sylvan court;
And thither thronged the multitude
To witness manly sport.

Again we joyed to sally forth
In tartan's plumed array;
Wild music of our native North,
Inspiring, led the way;

And Scottish banners waved above
The heads of Scottish men,
As if the Pennsylvanian grove
Were Caledonian glen.

Nor wanted there as brawny arms
As erst in days of yore
Were nobly raised in war's alarms
For old green Albyn's shore,

And won that glory which has given
A halo brightly thrown
Around her as a gleam from heaven—
A glory all her own.

And mem'ries thronged till bright there seem'd
Beneath fair Freedom's sun—
Columbia's—Scotia's luster gleam'd,
And spread their lights in one.

Thus ever may they seem to shine,
Homes of the brave and free,
Upholding manhood's right divine
Of God-like liberty;

And buoyant on the wings of fame,
Till Nature's destined plan
In thunder voices loud proclaim
The brotherhood of man.



NORAN WATER.

“ Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child look'd back to thee!”

— *Whittier.*

I STOOD where Erie's waters flow
O'er steep Niag'ra's awful brink,
And watch'd where to the depths below
The mighty torrents fold and sink;
And as my senses seemed to swim,
And quicker beat my throbbing heart,
The sounding waters sang their hymn,
More grand than music's measured art.

And I have sailed upon the flood
That laves Manhattan's busy shore,
By tangled brake and dark-green wood,—
By beetling crags moss-grown and hoar,—
By cultured fields where graceful bends
The maize's yellow-crested stalk;
And where, to swell her tide, descends
The waters of the dark Mohawk.

And I have gazed with joy untold
Where through Wyoming's valley green
The noble Susquehanna roll'd
In stately majesty serene;
While pure as that unclouded day,
Far seen in azure skies profound,
The magic of a poet's lay
Made all the scene seem hallowed ground.

But these, though happy thoughts they bring,
When clear upon the memory's eye
They glow in bright imagining
As vivid as reality;
Yet dearer memories fondly forth
Come linked with Noran's crystal stream,
That, bright as in its native North,
Oft sparkles in my fancy's dream.

O Noran! how I see thee dance
By heath-clad hills alone, unseen,
Save where the lonely eagle's glance
Surveys thee from his crag serene.
Forever joyous thou dost seem,
Still sportive as a child at play,
Who, lost in pleasure's careless dream,
Makes merry music all the day.

By fairy nooks I see thee flow,
Nor pausing in thy artless song
Till where the fir trees spreading low
Obscure thy stream their arms among.
There, sweet amid the shady gloom,
Thou hear'st the blackbird chant his lay,
Thou see'st the pale primroses bloom,
And silent ling'rest on thy way!

Then forth thy waters dazzling come
Where sweet-brier scents the balmy breeze,
And where the wild bees softly hum
Faint echo of thy harmonies.
Green spiky gorse thy banks adorn,
Gold-tassel'd broom thy fringe-work weave,
While feathered choirs from dewy morn
Make melody till dewy eve.

Then, foaming in fantastic flakes
Thou dashest down a deep ravine,
Where overhanging wildwood makes
A canopy of leafy green.

While sweet as when cathedral naves
Are filled with voices grave and gay,
Soft echoes from their hidden caves
Repeat thy ringing roundelay.

Then eddying deep by flowery dells,
Or babbling on by clovery lea,
Thou glittering glid'st, while crystal bells
Of diamond luster dance on thee,
And happy children's eager eye
Pursues them, or with tiny hands
Collect the pearly shells that lie
Begramming bright thy silvery sands.

Then on by pleasant farms that breathe
Of calm contentment's happy clime;
Or laughing where the ivy's wreath
Clings round the ruins of olden time.
And on where stately mansions rise,
Or lowly gleams the cottage hearth;
Unchanged thy smile still meets the skies,
Unchanged still rings thy song of mirth.

Till like a maid whose bridal morn
Beholds her decked to meet her love,
Thou com'st where gayest flowers adorn,
And sweetest warblers charm the grove;
And mingling with the Esk's clear stream,
In fond embrace he claspeth thee,
And smiling 'neath the sunny beam,
Rolls grandly to the German Sea.

O Noran! bright thy memory brings
My careless boyhood back to me,
When ardent hope on fancy's wings
Beheld life's future gleam like thee.
But though life's path be dull and strange,
And rare the promised joys I meet,
In thee I have, through time and change,
One golden memory ever sweet!



WEE CHARLIE.

“ I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”—II SAMUEL, xii, 23.



GIN my heart could hae its wiss
 Within this weary warld o' care,
I'd ask nae glow o' balmy bliss
 To dwell around me evermair.
For joy were mine beyond compare,
 An' O how happy would I be,
If Heaven would grant my earnest prayer,
 An' bring wee Charlie back to me.

He cam' like sunshine when the buds
 Burst into blossoms sweet and gay,
He dwelt like sunshine when the cluds
 Are vanish'd frae the eye o' day.
He passed as daylight fades away,
 An' darkness spreads owre land an' sea:
Nae wonder though in grief I pray,
 O, bring wee Charlie back to me.

When Pleasure brings her hollow joys,
 Or Mirth awakes at Friendship's ca',
Or Art her varied power employs
 To mak' dull Time look blithe an' braw,
How feckless seem they ane an' a'
 When sad Remembrance dims my e'e,—
O, tak' thae idle joys awa'
 An' bring wee Charlie back to me.

But vain's the cry; he maunna cross
Frae where he dwells in bliss unseen,
Nor need I mourn my waefu' loss,
Nor muse on joys that might hae been.
When cauld death comes to close my een,
Awa' beyond life's troublous sea,
In everlasting joy serene,
They'll bring wee Charlie back to me.



TO MY NATIVE LAND.

CALEDONIA!—brightest, rarest
Gem that shin'st on earth or sea;
Lover-like, forever fairest
Fancy paints thy charms to me.

Day by day thy mem'ries haunt me,
Rich in all things bright and rare;
Night by night sweet dreams enchant me
Of thy beauties fresh and fair;

And my spirit seems to wander,
Ever joyous, fond and free,
O'er thy hills whose purple grandeur
Glows in king-like majesty;

Through thy glens that sweetly nourish
Many a flower of bonnie bloom,
Where the spinks and blue-bells flourish
Bright among the brier's perfume;

Where the rowans hang like lusters
Red within the shady dells;
And the sweet blaeberry clusters
Blue among the heather-bells;

Where the deeds o' martial glory
Hallow ilka hill and dale;
Where the wild, romantic story
Casts its charm o'er ilka vale;

Where sweet Poesy pipes her numbers
Till the minstrels' airy dream
Haunts the wild where Echo slumbers,
Sings in ilka crystal stream;

Where true manhood dwells serenely
Moulded in heroic grace,
And fair virtue, meek but queenly,
Beams in woman's angel face.

Thus to me thy memory giveth
Joys that sweeten life's dull care;
Thus with me thy beauty liveth
Like a presence ev'rywhere.

And the years that pass but brighten
All thy graces fair and free,
As the moon-lit waters whiten
On the dim and distant sea.

So may thou dwell with me ever
Through the ceaseless flow of years,
Till the deep and dark Forever
Ends my earthly hopes and fears.

Then 'twere happy, Caledonia,
Aye to dwell serene in you,
Aye among the blythe and bonnie,
Aye among the tried and true.



ANGUS RANKIN'S ELEGY.



BRITHER Scots whaure'er ye be,
That lo'e auld Scotland's melodie,
Come join my wail wi' tearfu' e'e
An' hearts that bleed,
An' sad an' lanely mourn wi' me
For him that's dead!

Now silence haunts baith house an' ha'
Sin' Angus Rankin's worn awa';
He wha sae sweetly aye could blaw
The tunefu' reed,
The sweetest minstrel o' them a'—
Alas! he's dead!

O sirs! what glowing pictures thrang
In memory's treasured joys amang,
Whaur blithely aye his chanter rang,
A tunefu' skreed,
In warbled numbers loud an' lang—
But Rankin's dead!

How aft his sweet, inspiring strain
Wing'd Fancy owre the dark blue main,
Till heathery hill, an' grassy plain,
An' daisied mead,
Came fresh on memory's e'e again—
But Rankin's dead!

An' aft by some Columbian dell,
 In woody grove or breezy fell,
 His art divine threw sic a spell—
 It seemed indeed
 The very grund was Scotland's sel'—
 But Rankin's dead!

When Hallowe'en or blithe New Year,
 Or auld Saint Andrew's Day drew near,
 His pipes aye roused sic social cheer—
 Fowk took nae heed,
 But danced till they could hardly steer—
 But Rankin's dead!

When kilted Scots made grand parade,
 In bonnets blue an' belted plaid,
 Wi' what triumphant, martial tread
 He took the lead!
 Heroic graces round him spread—
 But now he's dead!

Ilk clansman mark'd his manly air,
 His modest mien an' form sae fair,
 The eagle eye, the raven hair
 That graced his head:
 Alas! he'll cheer their hearts nae mair—
 For Rankin's dead!

When athletes mustered on the green,
 An' feats o' strength an' skill were seen,
 What rousing blasts he blew between,
 An' pibroch's skreed!
 He was th' Apollo o' the scene—
 But Rankin's dead!

When dancers danced the Highland Fling,
How Angus made the welkin ring!
Till tune an' time an' ilka thing
 Sae fired the head,
That nimble feet amaist took wing—
 But Rankin's dead!

Come, pipers, ye wha lo'ed him weel;
Come, Cleland, famed for blithesome reel;
Come, Grant an' Laurie, true as steel—
 An' Peter Reid,
Come blaw some weird an' wild fareweel
 For Angus dead!

Come, Music, frae thy starry sphere,
Come mourn thy loss amang us here;
Gar Fame gae sound her trumpet clear,
 Till a' tak' heed,
An' mournfu' drap a kindly tear
 For Rankin dead!



ST. ANDREW AND THE HAGGIS.



At the time Saunt Andrew—honest carl,—
When on his travels through the warl',
He fand himsel' in great distress
In Macedonia's wilderness:
Grim hunger gnawed his wame within,
The cauld sleet soaked him to the skin;
An' buffeted wi' winds unruly,
He lookit like a tattie-dooly;
An' trauchled ae way or anither,
Tint cowl and bauchles a'thegither,
An' skelp'd on barefit through the gloom
In patient, perfect martyrdom.

A' shivering like a droukit mouse,
He halted at the half-way house,
An' spreading out his open palms
Fu' meekly beggit for an alms.
The landlord steer'd na frae the bit,
But e'ed the Saunt frae head to fit,
An' said: "You idle, gangrel crew,
Coarse crumbs should sair the like o' you;
I set ye down this bill o' fare—
The shakin's o' the meal-pock there,—
Some harigalds, an' sic-like trash,
That pair fowk use for makin' hash;—
Tak' them, an' mixed wi' creeshie dreep,
Boil in the stammack o' a sheep;

An' gin your greedy gab be nice,
There's ingans an' a shak' o' spice;—
Fa' to,—mak' guid use o' your time,
An' ken the rift o' stappit wame."

The Saunt in silence—shivering, cauld,
Made up the mess as he was tauld;
An' bent him canny owre the pot,
An' render'd thanks for a' he got;
An' ate his meal wi' cheerfu' grace,
An' never thraw'd his honest face!

An' aye sin' syne on Andrew's nicht
We see this extraordinar' sicht,—
How social Scots owre a' the warl'
Will leave the fu' cog an' the barrel,
An' smack their lips, an' rive like mad,
At sic a dish as Andrew had.
An' 'gainst the pangs o' flesh an' bluid
They'll roose it up an' ca' it guid,
Though feeling in their heart's ain gloom
Some pangs o' Andrew's martyrdom!



THE MONK AND THE SPECTRE.

AE morn, as ancient legends tell,
A monk cam' hirplin frae his cell,
An' far an' near a-begging went
In favor o' his patron saint,
But barely got for a' his care
An antrin bawbee here an' there;
When, as the night began to fa',
He halted at a lordly ha',
An' pray'd fu' weary an' forlorn
To grant him shelter till the morn,
An' vow'd fu' thankfu' he would be
For ony gift they had to gie.

His Lairdship owre his deevil's books
Glower'd sour an' didna like his looks,
An' said there was nae room to spare
But ane, an' bogles haunted there;
An awesome place to pass the night,
Wi' sights unfit for human sight.
"But," said the Laird, "plain truth to tell,
He looks maist like a ghaist himsel';
Nae fleshless sprite or spectre grim
Could ever be but freends wi' him:
Gae, tak' him to the eerie place—
He'll meet but marrows face to face."

Neist morning when the monk cam' doun,
Then a' the gentry gather'd roun',
An' sair they questioned ane an' a'
What sounds he heard, what sights he saw.


"Ah!" quo' the monk, "I saw a sight
 Might freeze a mortal heart wi' fright—
 A spectre clad frae head to heel
 In mouldy brass an' rusty steel,
 Whiles stalk'd about, whiles seem'd to stand,
 Whiles rax'd to me a bluidy hand,
 While sounds cam' dowff frae a' it did
 Like clods upon a coffin lid!"

"Preserve us a'!" ilk ane replied;
 "Amen to that!" his Lairdship cried.
 "An' did you raise your sad lament
 Fu' fervent to your patron saint?"
 "Na, na!" the monk said; "weel I wat
 I kent a trick worth twa o' that;
 I doff'd my cowl an' spak him fair,
 An' speer'd if he'd a plack to spare;
 But, like the feck o' Adam's race,
 He wadna look me in the face,
 Nor drap a plack, nor bide to speak,
 But vanish'd like a waff o' reek."

Weel pleas'd to hear his pawky wit,
 The braw fowk laughed till like to split,
 An' frae their purses clinkit doun
 The cheenge o' mony an orra crown;
 An' blithe the monk saw in his mind
 This unco truth o' humankind—
 That he wha hings a hungry mou'
 Will find it hard to warsle through;
 While he that catches ilka chance
 An' mak's the maist o' circumstance
 Is sure to speed the dreichest cause
 An' win his fellow-men's applause.

LAMENT

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEPARTURE OF ROBERT
BUCHANAN, THE BRITISH POET, FROM AMERICA.

Y Muse fu' dowie faulds her wing,
An' nought but sabs an' sighs she'll bring:
An' sad-eyed Sorrow bids me sing,
Her tears to draw,
How, like a wild bird journeying,
Our Bard's awa'!

O Rab was bright an' warm an' free,
Like sunlight on a simmer sea!
He aye was fu' o' mirth an' glee
An' wit an' a';
An' graced wi' gifts o' Poesy,—
But Rab's awa'!

O blythe it was I trow to trace
The sweet saul in his manly face,
His blue een sparkling kindly grace
On ane an' a':
Rab dearly lo'ed the human race,—
But Rab's awa'!

The puir newspaper chields may mourn,
If Rab should never mair return;
His words cam' like a bick'rin burn
An' filled them a':
He did them mony a friendly turn,—
But Rab's awa'!

Play-actor billies round him hung,
 An' listened to his silv'ry tongue,
 That sweet as only clair'net rung
 In house or ha':
 He was the pride o' auld an' young,—
 But Rab's awa'!

The lang-haired literary louns
 That live real pair in muckle touns,
 Will miss him for the royal boons
 He shower'd on a',—
 Bright silver bits as big's half-crowns,—
 But Rab's awa'!

O when he met wi' men o' spirit,
 Real clever cheilds o' modest merit,
 Owre oysters an' a glass o' claret,—
 O then—hurrah!
 The very earth they did inherit,—
 But Rab's awa'!

That day he gaed on board the ship,
 He gied my hand a kindly grip,
 An' while a tremor shook his lip,
 Said—"Tell them a'
 They'll never frae my memory slip
 When I'm awa'."

Quo' I, wi' heart as saft as jeel,
 "Braw be your chance in Fortune's wheel;
 May seas slip past your sliding keel
 Wi' canny jaw,
 An' may the bodies use ye weel
 When far awa'."

Sin' syne I muse on Fortune's quirk:
 She shines, then leaves me in the mirk;
 I canna sleep nor wreat nor wirk,
 Nor ought ava,—
 I'm doited as a daunder'd stirk
 Sin' Rab's awa'.

But whiles round Friendship's wreathéd urn
 Hope's vestal fires fu' brightly burn;
 An' though the vanish'd joys I mourn
 That blossomed braw,
 Wha kens but Rab may yet return?—
 Though Rab's awa'!



ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES FLEMING, THE SCOTTISH
ATHLETE.

COME, a' ye athletes crouse an' keen,
Frae Gallowa' to Aberdeen,
Wha like to loup or put the stane,
Or rin a race,
Come, let the tear-draps frae your een
Rin doun your face.

The noble Fleming's breath'd his last!
My hamely muse stands maist aghast
To mark how Fortune's cauld rife blast,
In hapless time,
Has laid him low ere barely past
His manly prime.

Oh, Jamie was a gallant chield
As ever stood in open field!
His stalwart, grand, heroic build,
And honest face,
To admiration aye appeal'd
In ilka place.

Nae pride had he like them langsyne,
When athletes maist were thought divine,
When years o' practice they'd combine,
Wi' nae sma' scaith,
For olives on their brows to twine
Or laurel wreath.

For though, in mony a manly feat,
 Braw, buirdly chields by him were beat,
 He ne'er was fash'd wi' sour conceit
 Like mony a gowk;
 But wrought his wark an' gaed his gate
 Like ither fowk.

What visions rise on memory's e'e,
 Wi' glints o' joyous youth to me,
 When thrangin' thousands in their glee
 Cam' round the ring,
 Where Jamie in his majesty
 Was like a king!

An' aye sae blythe he took a part
 In ilka feat o' manly art,
 Nae man, however bauld or smart,
 In lith or limb,
 Could ever daunt the lion heart
 That beat in him.

O weel he liked in Lowland touns
 To warsle wi' the English loons;
 He didna play at ups an' douns—
 An idle trick—
 But garr'd their heels flee owre their crowns
 In double quick!

At running races, short or lang,
 I wat ye couldna come him wrang:
 When to the hill wi' furious thrang
 They swat an' fyked,
 The first half-mile he let them gang
 As fast's they liked—

But fleetly hameward on the track,
 When little headway they could mak',
 He led the whazzlin' stragglers back
 In proud career,
 Fu' fleetly springing and as swack
 As ony deer.

At caber-tossing, when the rest
 Had trauchled sair an' dune their best,
 Then Jamie to the final test
 Wi' power advanced—
 Fierce as a cyclone in the West—
 An' owre it danc'd!

An' grand it was to ane an' a'
 To see him poise the iron ba',
 Then send it wi' a spring awa'
 As clean's a quoit—
 While owre the lave an ell or twa
 He garr'd it skyte!

An' O, it set him aye sae weel
 At Highland fling or foursome reel;
 Fu' blithely he could cut an' wheel
 Wi' manly grace,
 An' modest smiles aye wreath'd genteel
 On Jamie's face.

But Jamie's strength and Jamie's grace—
 The pride o' Scotland's stalwart race—
 Has found a lang, last resting-place
 Beyond the deep,
 Where far Australia's headlands trace
 Their rocky steep.

An' though cauld death, the last o' ills,
Earth's weary care forever stills,
'Twere kind amo' the Athole hills
 To hae him laid,
Mourn'd by the murmur o' the rills,
 Row'd in his plaid.

But maybe 'yont the Southron seas,
Far aff at the Antipodes,
Like thistle-down upo' the breeze,
 The wandering Scot
May come, an' wi' a tear bapteeze
 The hallowed spot.

God shield his saul in Heaven's high hame!
Few earn a braver, kindlier name;
An' though he's cross'd dark Lethe's stream
 Frae human e'e,
His memory, like a gowden dream,
 Will bide wi' me.



TO THE SHADE OF BURNS,

ON THE OCCASION OF UNVEILING A STATUE TO HIS
MEMORY IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

BRIGHT spirit, whose transcendent song
Hath charmed earth's utmost bound,
Till from her solitudes among
Comes ringing back the sound.

Come where the wild Atlantic waves
Have hush'd their ceaseless roar,
And, softly as a zephyr, laves
Columbia's happy shore.

See where the thronging thousands stand
In reverence to thee;
The witching charm,—the magic wand,—
Thy matchless minstrelsy!

They see in monumental bronze
Thy manly form and face;
They hear in music's sweetest tones
Thy spirit's grander grace.

And though from many lands they came,
To brotherhood they've grown,
By thee their pulses throb the same,
Their hearts are all thy own.

And we whose childhood's home was thine,
What joy thy memory brings!
To us thou seem'st as more divine
Than earth-created things.

For all youth's fairy scenes and glee,
Loves, hopes and fancies fain,
In Poesy's art illumed by thee,
Come back to us again;

And past and present all appear
Transfigured by thy grace,
Till Hope points where in grander sphere
We'll meet thee face to face.



THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

HOW dear to ev'ry Scottish heart
Are Scotland's melodies!
They sweeten life's dull atmosphere
Like perfume in the breeze:
Blithe as the wild bird's artless notes
The greenwood groves among,
Earth's sweetest, noblest thoughts are those
That warble into song.

Their mellow music circles round
The glad earth far and free,
Like light they leap from land to land
And flash from sea to sea,
Till wakened echoes gladly ring
In ev'ry vale and hill,
And earth and air, exultant, catch
The quick electric thrill.

How bright to fancy's eye they bring
Fair Scotland's classic land!
Her hills, in purple splendor clad,
Rise cloud-like, high and grand;
Her rustling wealth of golden fields
Wave 'neath the glad'ning ray,
Her silv'ry waters flash among
Her valleys green and gay.

Fair flow'rets bloom in tints that mock
The rainbow's dazzling dyes,
And daisies ope with modest grace
Their myriad starry eyes;
While all the glow of social life
Comes group'd in living throngs,
Transfigured by the magic grace
And beauty of her songs.

And where have love's impassioned throes
E'er found so sweet a tongue?
No mimic frenzy mocks the heart
When Scotland's songs are sung:
Their artless words, their liquid notes,
In perfect tones express
The matchless might of manly grace
And woman's tenderness.

While, buoyant on the tide of time,
What glorious tales they tell
Of freemen battling for the right—
Of gallant foes that fell!
Of heroes who tempestuous rose
The tyrant's touch to spurn;
The glowing pride of Stirling Bridge—
The joy of Bannockburn!

O Scotland! raise thy crested head
Above the azure sea:
Thou art the home of worth and truth,
The cradle of the free.
Where'er the eye of Time shall see
Bold Freedom's flag unfurl'd,
Thy songs shall stamp thy sons among
The freemen of the world.

Thy voice in thunder ever pleads
The cause of human wrongs:
Thy seal is set, thy fame is fixed
Eternal as thy songs,
Whose clarion blasts shall bravely ring
In Freedom's battle van,
Until triumphant they shall hail
The unity of Man!



THE REFUGEES.

PORT ROYAL FERRY, COOSAW RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1862.

DOWN beside the Coosaw River,
'Neath the night fog's dreary pall,
Nothing stirr'd the sullen silence
Save the rebel sentry's call.

Sullenly as crouching panthers,
In the thicket, fierce and grim,
Strode the wary, watchful pickets
By the dusky river's brim.

There the Highlanders were gathered,
Who to battle had come forth,
Rank'd beneath the flag of Freedom,
Muster'd with the loyal North.

Scottish fires of valor stirred them
With the spirit of their race;
And they long'd to meet the foemen
In a battle, face to face.

But the days pass'd by unchalleng'd,
And the sickly, Southern swamp
Breath'd its fetid, foul miasma
Through the sullen, silent camp.

Fierce the lurid eye of heaven,
Seem'd to mock their mortal ills
With the furnace fires of noonday
And the damp night's sudden chills.

Here and there the low palmettos
Hung their drooping plumes of green,
Listless as the silent armies,
And the waters spread between.

Of the Scots in fancy wander'd
O'er the wide Atlantic sea,
Where the idle winds of heaven
Blew in springtime freshness free;

Where the hills in Highland heather,
On their vision high and grand,
Rose in all the purple splendor
Of their loved, their native land.

Where the scent of rainbow blossoms
Nature's incense sweet combines,
Blending all the balmy breezes
With the odor of the pines.

Where the green and golden glory,
Of the glad fields sweep along,
And the air is all melodious
With the skylark's warbled song.

Little dream'd they of the summer,
With its havoc-kindling breath,
With its fiery blasts of battle,
With its harvest fields of death;

Of the charge at James' Island,
Through the blazing batteries' smoke,—
Of the storm at dark Chantilly,
Where the heavens in thunder spoke!

Or of trampling fallen foemen
On South Mountain's ghastly ridge,
Or of charging through the tempest
At Antietam's bloody bridge.

But there came a touch of action,
One prophetic, brightening beam,
Breaking in a flash of triumph
On the Coosaw's murky stream.

When beyond the darken'd river,
Dim beside the drooping trees,
Beckoning to take them over,
Stood a band of refugees.

By the first dull dawn of morning
Eager forms they darkly trace;
Hear them faintly calling to them,
Dimly see each ebon face.

Soon the Highlanders are helping,
Soon they ply the busy oar,
Clearing fast the dusky waters
Till they reach the rebel shore.

But behold! where down the causeway,
Sloping to the river's brim,
Rebel horse and cannon coming,
Dashing onward, fiercely grim.

And ere yet each loyal oarsman
On the backward journey sets,
See the Coosaw's sedges bristling
Into glittering bayonets!

See the gleaming guns unlimber'd!
Hear the rattling ramrod's blow;
See the brazen, murd'rous muzzles
Level'd at them as they row!

Will the gallant oarsmen falter
And for mercy now implore?
Never!—silence is but broken
By the steady-striking oar.

Not a single word is spoken;
Teeth are set and tongues are dumb,
Waiting for the shower of grape-shot,
With the cannon's breath to come!

But behold! each keen eye brightens
As they hear the new alarms—
Drums are rolling—bugles warbling—
Calling Union men to arms.

There—a line of level'd rifles,
There are charges—shell and shot,—
Ramm'd by loyal cannoneers
In the cannon's brazen throat.

Fierce they aim beyond the river
At the dark, rebellious host,
Fierce they aim, but in a moment
All the embattled view is lost.

Naught is there but gray mist hanging
Low on river and on wood,
And the shrivel'd sedges standing
Where the Rebel foemen stood.

And the boat in triumph onward,
Hailed by Union Volunteers,
Strikes the happy shores of Freedom,
In a burst of ringing cheers.

While the negroes seem'd transfigured
As from Slavery's bondage then,
Freedom's rapture overcame them
In the ranks of freeborn men.

How the first glad gleam of morning
Shining in the eastern skies,
Glorified their happy faces
And illumed their grateful eyes.

Till they seemed with joy enraptured
Telling in their ecstasy,
Earth's serenest, brightest sunshine
Is the light of liberty.

So in Freedom's cause forever,
Wheresoe'er her battles be,
Thus shall Scotland's sons be ready
'Mong the valiant and the free.

Foremost in the day of peril,
Bravest in the hour of fight,
They await no proclamation
In the cause of human right.

From the past the martial story
Of their prowess boldly brings
Visions of heroic battles
Where the burnish'd armor rings.

Telling to the storied centuries,
'Mid a list'ning world's applause,
Scottish swords are ever ready
To be drawn in Freedom's cause.

Scottish hearts and hands responsive,
Battle for the highest good,
Hastening on the coming Union
Of our common brotherhood!



THE TWO BROTHERS.

AT JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 16 '62.

THEY march'd to battle, side by side,
Two brothers, young and fair;
And youthful beauty graced each brow,
Bedeck'd with golden hair;
And lion-hearted courage gleamed
In their heroic air.

And when the cannon boom'd above
The ringing Rebel yell,
And charging columns crouch'd beneath
The shower of shot and shell,
The brothers stood like demons in
The lurid fires of hell!

From right to left each flash that burst
And cleaved the midnight sky,
Revealed each bayonet's glittering gleam
And lit each flashing eye,
As forward, side by side, they strode,
Resolved to do or die.

Full well before that battle blast
The bravest heart might quail,
As thinner grew the charging ranks
Beneath the iron hail,
As sheaves are level'd to the earth
Before an autumn gale.

Till fiercely on the rampart's height
The Rebel foemen feel
The wildly grand terrific dash
Of waves of level'd steel,
And fast before that Northern charge
Their shatter'd squadrons reel.

A moment on the bristling crest
The brothers bravely stand,
A gleam of triumph on each face;
Each waves a battle brand,
But hark! the distant bugles call
A sudden, strange command.

And backward o'er the hard-won field
The gallant victors go;
Again the frowning ramparts hide
The vanquish'd Rebel foe;
Again the batteries' blasting breath
Lays many a hero low.

Till scarce beyond the battle storm
And shrieking shell and shot,
They close the riven ranks, they fling
The starry flag afloat;
One brother answers to the call,
The other answers not.

Deep from the brother's stricken heart
In pangs of dark despair,
Is breath'd in sobs of silent woe
The breath of silent prayer,
When through the serried ranks he finds
His brother is not there.

He gazes o'er that field of death
A moment, and is gone;
Back through the drifts of battle wreck
Among the dead alone,
He seeks the fallen in the field,
And views them one by one.

His eyes grow dim as comrades lie
Before his eager sight,
Full well he knows each marble face
That glimmers ghastly white
Beneath the waning moon and stars
That dim their spectral light.

At last when near the fatal fort,
Amid the carnage dire,
He sees the fallen form he loves,
He clasps his heart's desire.
The foemen see them, and—behold!
A sudden flash of fire!

And side by side the brothers fall,
Lock'd in a fast embrace;
And side by side the eye of day
Beholds them face to face,
Laid 'neath the Carolinian sod
In their last resting-place.

One flag waves free o'er all the land
For which they nobly died;
One wreath of evergreen entwines
The brave in battle tried;
And they who fall in Freedom's cause
By death are glorified!

In endless calm they dwell serene
In Fame's high Parthenon;
Their voices echo down the years
In truth's eternal tone;
To higher aims, to nobler deeds
Their souls are marching on.



AMONG THE GRAMPIAN HILLS.

LAD AND LASS.

SOMETIMES by rocky heights they stray'd,
Sometimes by deep and ferny glade,
And sometimes on by pathways green,
Along the bank of deep ravine,
While far beneath, in headlong force,
Some mountain torrent cleav'd its course,
And woke the echoes from their sleep
With wrathful brawlings loud and deep.
Sometimes the soaring falcon spread
His quivering pinions overhead,
And hung, unmoved, as if intent
To watch the wand'ers as they went;
And sometimes springing, fleet and fast,
The stately red deer bounded past,
And paused between them and the sky
To turn a soft and wondering eye.
In hollow vales by dark green woods
Sweet music charm'd the solitudes:
The blackbird led the vocal choir,
The skylark, like a flash of fire,
Seem'd glittering bright the clouds among
And pour'd his flood of fervid song;
The merry linnet, in the bush,
Sang sweetly to the answering thrush;

And to the lovers ev'rything
Proclaimed a joyous welcoming.
For them all things of earth and air
Seem'd blent in beauty bright and fair;
To them all things seem'd glad and young;
For them the woodland echoes rung;
For them a thousand dazzling dyes
Of flow'rets oped their dewy eyes.
In shady nooks the primrose lent
A golden grace where'er they went;
While laden bees, on tireless wings,
Humm'd soft their drowsy murmurings.
Beneath, the purple heather spread;
The bluebell raised its modest head
And quiver'd on its tender stem,
As if 'twere glad to look at them.
Aloft, the bright red rowans shone;
The foxglove waved the wanderers on.
The green firs spread their ample shade
By many a sweet and silent glade,
And seem'd to woo the happy pair
To look and pause and linger there.



AMONG THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

SOFTLY the mist-mantled mountains arise
Dim in the dawning of opal-hued skies;
Brighter and brighter the highlands are seen
Robed in the splendor of emerald green;
Nearer and clearer peaks burst on the view,
Lightened by silvery flashes of dew.
Valley on valley comes, hill upon hill,
Streamlet to streamlet and rill unto rill.
Gracefully garlanded foliage of vines,
Wilderness-wreaths that encircle the pines,
Clasp the dark underland, cunningly weaves
All the wild wonderland, lab'rinth of leaves.
Rainbow-hued flowerets blossom to view,
Purple and amethyst, orange and blue,
Starry-eyed, tassel-hung, fold upon fold,
Whiter than silver and brighter than gold.
Hemlock and cedar boughs, maple and beech
Crowd into clusters and whisper in speech.
Poplars majestic as sentinels stand,
Fir trees on fir trees rise solemn and grand.
Summits are laurel-crowned, each crag receives
Wonderful wealth of luxuriant leaves
Gilt with a glory where golden-rods bloom,
Redden'd where ripe berries blush in the gloom.
Hangs the fruit banquet-like, luscious and sweet,
Dropping in prodigal wealth at my feet.

Cool the dark coverts are, dim the green shades,
Lofty the leafy roofs arching the glades.
Underfoot, woven wreaths twining the stems,
Overhead, crested plumes splendid with gems.
O, to dwell ever here! Summit of bliss!
Where is the fairyland fairer than this?
Earth hath not fairer or grander to see,
Fancy not rarer that cometh to me.
Day-dreams that haunt me come fair to the sight,
Dreams that enchant me illumine the night.
Oft in the desert of life's joyless throng,
Dear as the mem'ries that echo in song,
Comes the green mountain land, fresh in its grace,
Sweet as a smile on a beautiful face,
All the white wonders of day-dawns arise,
All the bright splendors of sapphirine skies;
All the gay gladness of beauty and bloom,
All the sweet sadness of silence and gloom,
All the glad story of forest and flower,
All the red glory of sunseting hour,
Comes till I seem to lie lapp'd in bright dreams,
Lull'd by the lullaby murmur of streams!



IN MEMORIAM.

J. C. M.

HE SLEEPS; and o'er his honored tomb
Let June's enamelled verdure grow:
Earth's fairest gems no purer bloom
Than he who rests below.

He lived as lived the hallowed saints
To darker ages kindly given,
Whose presence lent life's discontents
A healing touch of heaven.

He came, and earth new beauty wore—
Ev'n care assumed a gentle grace;
And darkening doubts aye fled before
God's sunshine in his face.

I loved him; yet I grieve not now,
Though quenched that wealth of golden speech,
Nor mourn though glory gilds his brow
Beyond my little reach.

Around me still his friendship clings,
Upon my path his blessing lies,
Sweet as the light from angel's wings
That beams and beautifies.

His voice still greets me from afar,
Like anthems echoing far away;
His presence fades but as a star
That melts in perfect day.

SONGS.


THE BONNIE LASS THAT'S FAR AWA'.

SHE'S far awa' that won my heart,
The lassie wi' the glancing een;
Nor Nature's wark, nor mortal's airt,
Can bring me aught sae rare I ween;
For though the seas row deep between,
An' lanely looks baith house an' ha',
Fond recollection aye keeps green
The bonnie lass that's far awa'.

Or if at time frae mem'ry's e'e
She fades as gloaming fades to night,
If but some winsome lass I see,
Wi' jimpy waist an' een that's bright,
My heart gaes fluttering at the sight,
An' staps the breath I'm gaun to draw,
While fancy paints in glowing light
The bonnie lass that's far awa'.

Glide by, ye weary winter days;
Glide by, ye nights sae lang an' drear;
How swiftly sped time's gowden rays,
When Simmer's sang an' love were here.
Then come, sweet Spring, revive the year,
Bring verdure to the leafless shaw,
An' bring the lass that I lo'e dear—
The bonnie lass that's far awa'.

CAM' YE OWRE THE FULTON FERRY?

AM' ye owre the Fulton Ferry?
Heard ye pipers bravely blaw?
Saw ye clansmen blithe an' merry
In the Caledonian Ha'?
A' their siller brooches glancing,
A' their tartan waving green,
A' their glorious mirth an' dancing,
Were na match to bonnie Jean.

Ilka lad was glow'rin' at her,—
Vow but mony ane was fain;
Pawky rogues forgot to flatter,
Wishing Jeanie were their ain.
When she spak' they stood an' wondered,
As when subjects hear a queen;
Lasses too were maist dumfounder'd—
A' the lads were after Jean.

Lang they've wrought on plans for bringing
A' the bodies to the ha';
Some would come to hear the singing,
Some to see a friend or twa.
A' their schemes hae seen conclusion,
They may rest content I ween;
Fowk gae thrangin' by the thousan'
Just to look at bonnie Jean.

O MARY, DO YE MIND THE DAY?



MARY, do ye mind the day
When we were daffin on the green?
Sae sweet an' couthie 's ye did say
Your gentle heart was gien to nane.
The opening bloom o' seventeen,
Like violet begun to blaw,
Grac'd ilka charm, when saft at e'en
Ye bade me bide a year or twa.

An' years hae pass'd, sweet lass, sin' syne—
Lang years upon life's stormy sea,
But bright an' brighter aye ye shine
The beacon light o' memory's e'e;
An' aye my thoughts flee back to thee,
Like swallows wing'd frae far awa';
An' aye I mind ye said to me,
"O laddie, bide a year or twa."

Then, lassie, come wi' a' thy charms,
I wat I'm wearied o' mysel';
I'll clasp thee in my longing arms,
An' aye thegither we will dwell.
O gar my heart wi' rapture swell,
O dinna, dinna say me na,
For brawly do ye mind yoursel'
Ye bade me bide a year or twa.

NOW SIMMER CLEEDS THE GROVES IN
GREEN.

NOW simmer cleeds the groves in green,
An' decks the flow'ry brae;
An' fain I'd wander out at e'en,
But out I daurna gae.

For there's a laddie down the gate
Wha 's like a ghaist to me;
An' gin I meet him air or late,
He winna lat me be.

He glow'rs like ony silly gowk,
He ca's me heavenly fair;
I bid him look like ither fowk,
An' fash me sae nae mair.
I ca' him coof an' hav'rel too,
An' frown wi' scornfu' e'e;
But a' I say, or a' I do,
He winna lat me be.

My cousin Kate she flytes me sair,
An' says I yet may rue;
She rooses aye his yellow hair
And een o' bonnie blue.
Quo' she, "If e'er ye want a man,
Juist bid him wait a wee."
I think I'll hae to tak' her plan—
He winna lat me be.

MARY WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.



MARY wi' the gowden hair,
Bonnie Mary, gentle Mary;
O but ye are sweet an' fair,
My winsome, charming Mary.
Your een are like the starnies clear,
Your cheeks like blossoms o' the brier,
An' O your voice is sweet to hear,
My ain, my bonnie dearie.

But dearer than your bonnie face,
Bonnie Mary, gentle Mary,
Or a' your beauty's bloom an' grace,
My winsome, charming Mary,
Is ilka motion, void o' airt,
That lends a grace to ilka pairt,
An' captivates ilk manly heart,
Wi' love for thee, my dearie.

But Mary, lassie, tak' advice,
Bonnie Mary, gentle Mary;
Be mair than guid, braw lass,—be wise,
My winsome, charming Mary,
An' gie your heart to ane that's true,
Wha'll live to love nae ane but you;
An' blithe you'll be an' never rue,
My ain, my bonnie dearie.

BONNIE NORANSIDE.

WHEN joyfu' June wi' gladsome grace
Comes deck'd wi' blossoms fair,
An' twines round Nature's bonnie face
Her garlands rich and rare,
How swift my fancy wings awa'
Out owre yon foaming tide,
And fondly paints each leafy shaw
On bonnie Noranside!

O sweetly there the wild flow'rs spring
Beside the gowany lea!
O blithely there the wild birds sing
On ilka bush and tree!
While purple hills an' valleys green,
Array'd in Simmer's pride,
Spread lavish to the longing een
By bonnie Noranside.

Ye Powers wha shape our varied track
On life's uncertain sea,
As bright there comes in fancy back
Youth's fairy scenes to me,
Sae bring me back, I fondly pray,
To where my auld freends bide,
To spend ae lee lang Simmer's day
By bonnie Noranside.

BONNIE JEAN.

WHERE Feugh rins to the winding Dee,
 'Mang meadows fresh an' green;
 An' bluebells deck the gowany lea,
 By stately Cloch-na-Ben,
There dwells a lass fu' blithe an' gay,
 Wi' bonnie laughing een;
The balmy summer's sunny day
 Nae fairer is than Jean.

How cheery rings the shelfa's sang
 Amang the hazel howes!
An' fair the gowden tassels hang
 Upon the gay, green kowes!
Sweet blossoms tempt the wand'ring bee,
 Fair as the rainbow's sheen;
Sae shines in beauty's bloom to me
 The rosy cheeks o' Jean.

O aft on fancy's fairy wing,
 That wanders far and free,
I come in bright imagining
 Frae ower th' Atlantic sea.
While mem'ry paints ilk leafy shaw,
 Ilk meadow fair an' green;
But aye serene aboon them a'
 I mind on bonnie Jean.

I WONDER IF THE BONNIE LADDIE
THINKS ON ME.

I WONDER if the bonnie laddie thinks on me;
I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me;
There's a dimple on his chin and a sparkle in
his e'e—

And I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me!

Now June has spread her mantle green on ilka bank
and brae

An' blooms are hanging on the broom and blossoms
on the slae;

The birds are singing to their mates on ilka bush an'
tree—

And I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me!

The sun is shining in the lift sae bonnie and sae clear;
O, June's the brawest, blythest month o' a' the
happy year!

For then the flowers I like the best they bloom sae
fair and free—

And I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me!

He daurna look the airt o' me for fear his mither
frown;

I daurna look the airt o' him for fowk about the toun;

But whiles I canna help but catch the glad glance
o' his e'e—

O, I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me!

I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me;
I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me;
There's a dimple on his chin and a sparkle in his
e'e—

And I wonder if the bonnie laddie thinks on me!



LYRICAL CHARACTER SKETCHES

“Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature’s face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.”

—*Whittier.*

“**A**ND therefore every gentil wight I pray,
For Goddes love as deme not that I say
Of evil entent, but that I mote reherse
Hir tales alle, al be they better or werse,
Or elles falsen some of my matere,
And therefore who so list it not to here,
Turn over the leef, and chese another tale,
For he shall find ynow both gret and smale,
Of storial thing that toucheth gentillesse,
And eke moralite, and holinesse.
Aviseth you now, and put me out of blame;
And eke men shuld not make earnest of game.”

—*Chaucer.*

THE LECTURER.

AMBITION aften leads a chield
To unco slips and errors,
Whaur, grim as ony battlefield,
He meets wi' mony terrors,
An' sairly mourns the luckless fate
That met him ere he kent it,
Forgetting that he sought sic gate,
Nor wadna be contented.

Poor Donald, yet I mind him weel,
That time when, bauld as Hector,
He fancied till himsel', poor chiel,
He'd like to gie a lecture;
An' logically showed that mist
Aft dims a sunny radiance,
An' vow'd the only thing he wiss'd
Was juist a list'ning audience.

Now Donald was nae dosent gowk,
Tho' juist a wee conceited,
He understood the ways o' fowk,
An' kittle points debated.
Wi' hair unkamed an' een ablaze,
He was a moral study;
He didna even wear his claes
Like ony common bodie.

Some 'prentice louns, fu' fond o' fun,
 Soon laid their heads thegither,
 To bring to light that darken'd sun—
 Nor did they halt nor swither,
 But hired a ha'; an' through the toun
 Wi' muckle praise they heez'd him,
 An' in the papers up an' down
 Fu' grand they adverteesed him.

An' hermit-like poor Fraser then
 Kept close within his cloister,
 As kittle's ony clocking hen,
 An' close as ony oyster.
 Whiles through the keyhole fowk would keek
 In eager expectation,
 An' see him stamp, an' hear him speak
 In fiery declamation.

Some said when rapt in lofty mood
 He utter'd awfu' sayin's,
 That blanch'd the cheek, an' chilled the blood,
 An' flegg'd the verra weans.
 It looked as if he seemed to scan
 Some elemental brewin'—
 Some dark wrang waft in Nature's plan,
 An' then the crash o' ruin.

Poor chield! he little kenn'd the end
 O' a' his preparation,
 How first his heart gied sic a stend
 An' then took palpitation.
 How choked his voice, though, truth to tell,
 He'd chow'd some sugar-candie;
 Forby he'd fortified himsel'
 Wi' twa 'r three nips o' brandy

But de'il-ma-care, as soon's he saw
 The thrang o' glow'rin faces,
 His wits an' courage fled awa',
 An' terror took their places.
 His chattering teeth an' trembling legs
 Were automatic wonder;
 An' then a show'r o' rotten eggs
 Crashed round his lugs like thunder.

In fury first he tore his hair;
 Then gaped his mou' to mutter;
 But some ane choked his wild despair
 Wi' half-a-pound o' butter—
 Then wild he sprauchled round the stage
 Like ony Jockie-blindy;
 Then dash'd his head in frantic rage
 Out through the big ha' window.

Now lat ilk honest man tak' tent,
 An' heedna vain ambition;
 But try an' dwell at hame content,
 An' mind his ain condition.
 Should love o' glory lure ye on,
 Like Hannibal or Cæsar,
 O! for a moment think upon
 The doom o' Donald Fraser.



THE PLAY-ACTOR.

LANG PETER was an unco loun,
A queer catwittit creature;
An' nought could please him up or down,
But rinnin' to the theatre.
He bore his mither's wild tirwirrs,
For sad an' sair it rack'd her,
To think that weel-born bairn o' hers
Would turn a waugh play-actor.

But Peter wadna haud nor bind,
But lived in firm adherence
That some grand chance some day would find
His lang-look'd-for appearance;
And whiles he gaed to sic a height
Wi' Shakespeare's grand creations,
That fowk were deav'd baith day an' night
Wi' skelps o' recitations.

An' sae it chanced, an orra rake
Aft gripp'd in want's cauld clutches;
Though like a Jew, aye on the make
In ilka thing he touches,
Had fa'n upon an unco ploy—
Puir chield, an unco pity—
To play the drama o' "Rob Roy"
Owreby in Brooklyn City.

Frae far an' near the show fowk cam',
 Puir hungry-looking villains,
 An' some would play juist for a dram,
 An' some for twa 'r three shillings;
 But Peter sought nae baser kind
 O' monetary clauses,
 But offered free his heart an' mind,
 In hopes to win applauses.

And had ye seen him on that night
 When on the stage thegither,
 I wat he was a gallant sight
 For marching through the heather;
 Wi' tartan kilt an' braid claymore,
 An' buckles glancing rarely,
 Like chieftains i' the days o' yore
 That fought for Royal Charlie.

But how can e'er my muse rehearse
 The sad, the sair misfortune,
 Or paint that sight in modest verse,
 How when they raised the curtain,
 A chield stood winding up the claith
 Like playing on hurdy-gurdies,
 An' in rowed Peter's tartan graith,
 An' hung him by the hurdies!

A yell broke frae th' astonished crowd,
 The very sky it rent it;
 Some glaiket lassies skirl'd fu' loud,
 An' ithers near-hand fainted.
 Puir Peter squirmed, an' lap an' sprang,
 Just like a new-catch'd haddock,
 An' kick'd his heels wi' fearfu' spang
 Amaist like ony puddock.

Some tried to free him frae his plight,
They cam but little speed o' 't,
Ane broke the handle in his might,
Juist when they maist had need o' 't.
A chield grown desp'rate i' the case
Shut aff the big gas meter,
An' brought thick darkness owre the place
An' some relief to Peter.

Daft gowk! he minds his mither now,
His stage career is ended;
An' may ilk foolish prank, I trow,
Thus be at first suspended.
Ye youths wha court the public e'e
Keep back in canny clearance,
Or some disaster ye may dree
Like Peter's first appearance.



THE PEDDLER.

KEN ye ought o' Wat the peddler?
Vow, but he's a graceless vaig;
Sic a waefu' wanworth meddler
Weel deserves a hankit craig.

Mony ane he's sair tormented,
Driven women's heads agee,
Till their dreams wi' Wat are haunted,
Peddling wi' his puckle tea.

Ilka ane wi' spite he stounds aye,
Aft their doors they'll tightly lock;
Wat, regardless, goes his rounds aye,
Reg'lar as an aucht-day clock.

Fient the rap afore he enters,
Slap the door gangs to the wa',
Bauldly in the villain ventures,
Peddler, paper-pocks, an' a'.

But the foot o' rude intrusion
Wanders whiles to sorrow's schule;
And the hand o' retribution
Wrought the peddler muckle dule.

Jean Macraw, that carefu' creature,
Cleans her house with fashious fyke,
Night and day—it is her nature—
Working aye as hard 's ye like.

Now, the chairs and stools she's drilling,
Ben the house in rankit raw;
Now she's prappit near the ceiling,
Straikin whitening on the wa'.

Little thought she, worthy woman—
Busy wi' her mixture het—
O' the waefu' peddler comin',
Or the droukin he would get.

In he bang'd, the whitening whummlet
Wi' a sclutter owre his skull;
Backlin's headlang doun he tummlet—
Buller'd maist like ony bull.

Dazed was he an' fairly doinit,
Rack'd wi' anguish o' despair,
Sprauchled up, then owre he cloitit,
Cowpit catmaw doun the stair.

Auld an' young in tumult gather'd,
Jeannie danc'd an' craw'd fu' crouse,
Wives delighted, blithely blather'd,
Roars o' laughter shook the house.

Wat, puir chield—nane did lament him—
Clear'd his een and sought the road,
Aff an' never look'd ahint him,
Rinnin' like a hunted tod.



THE INVENTOR.



YE wha 're to invention gien,
Wha work, like moudywarts, unseen
To bring to light some new machine—
Ye men o' worth,
Your handiwark 's no worth a preen
Frae this henceforth.

A chield has come o' wondrous sleight,
Whase cunning hand and deep insight
Dispels ilk film that dims the flight
O' fancy's ray,
Like vapors fleeting at the light
O' dawning day.

I doubtna some will sneer an' snarl
To hear that ae auld-farrant carl
Has flash'd like ony pouter barrel,
An' shown himsel',
Throughout the hale mechanic warl'
He bears the bell.

O could you see him in his glory—
A sma' room in an upper storey—
His rev'rend pow like winter, hoary—
His kindling een,
An' hear the deep mysterious story
O' ilk machine.

Some work wi' bauks that shog or swing,
 Some rin wi' weights that wag or hing,
 Some hum like bees, some wi' a spring
 Come thuddin' roun',
 Some whirr like partricks on the wing
 Wi' rattling soun'.

An' then what countless ends an' uses—
 What wonner-wark ilk thing produces—
 There's souters' awls an' tailors' guses
 That work their lane,
 An' rams for dingin doun auld houses
 O' brick or stane.

What polish'd cranks! what grand confusion!
 Like some fantastic wild illusion;
 What cantrip skill! what rowth o' fusion,
 That mak's nae fyke
 To hoist tons by the hunder thousan',
 As heigh's ye like!

Forby, what wrangs his skill's been right'ning!
 Nae boilers now exploding, fright'ning;
 His patent streaks o' harness'd lightning
 Does a' the wark—
 Our comfort and our power he's height'ning
 Out owre the mark.

O grant him soon a noble pension,
 And joy beyond a' comprehension;
 And may the tither new invention
 Expand his fame,
 Till fowk in rapture blithely mention
 The bodie's name.

THE CURLER.

SAW ye e'er a vet'ran curler
Mourning owre a broken stane,
When the game is at the thrangest,
Ere the hin'most shot is ta'en?

How the past comes up before him,
Like a gleam o' gowden light!
How the present gathers o'er him,
Like a stormy winter's night!

Doun he sits upon his hunkers—
Lifts the pieces ane by ane;
Mourns the day he cam' to Yonkers—
Vows he's lost a faithfu' frien'!

Doun the rink comes Davie Wallace,
Tears o' pity in his e'e,
Vex'd an' sad his very saul is,
Sic a waesome sight to see.

Weel he kens that throbs o' anguish
Wring the vet'ran's heart in twa;
Davie's feelings never languish—
Davie kens we're brithers a'.

An' he speaks him kindly—"Saunders,
Weel I wat you've fash aneuch;
But let grieving gae to Flanders—
Keep ye aye a calmer sough.

Stanes will gang to crokonition,
 Hearts should never gang agee;
 Plenty mair in fine condition—
 Come an' send them to the tee."

"Wheesht!" says Saunders, "dinna mock me—
 Cauld's the comfort that ye gie;
 Mem'ries gather like to choke me
 When ye speak about the tee.

Whaur's the stane I could depend on?
 Vow my loss is hard to bear!
 Stanes an' besoms I'll abandon—
 Quat the curling evermair.

Weel I mind the day I dress'd it,
 Five-an'-thirty years sin' syne,
 Whaur on Ailsa Craig it rested—
 Proud was I to ca' it mine.

Owre the sea, stow'd i' the bunkers,
 Carefu' aye I strave to fend,
 Little thinking here at Yonkers
 I would mourn its hinder end.

Saw ye aft how ilk beginner
 Watch 'd it aye wi' envious eye?
 Canny aye it chipp'd the winner:—
 Never fail'd to chap an' lie.

Ne'er ahint the hog-score droopin'—
 Ne'er gaed skitin past the tee;
 Skips ne'er fash'd themsel's wi' soopin'
 When they saw my stane an' me."

Round the ither curlers gather,
Some lament wi' serious face;
Some insist it's but a blether—
Aft they've seen a harder case.

Davie lifts the waefu' bodie,
Leads him aff wi' canny care,
Brews a bowl o' reekin toddy,
Bids him drown his sorrows there.

But his heart is like to brak aye,
An' he granes the tither grane,
Gies his head the tither shake aye,
Croons a cronach to his stane.

Sune the toddy starts him hoisin,
Sune he grows anither chiel—
Glorious hameward reels rejoicin'
Wi' his senses in a creel!



THE QUOIT PLAYERS.

WHAT unco chances whiles will fa'
To ony human creature;
How, kick'd about like fortune's ba',
We prove our fickle nature.
While ane will mourn wi' tearfu' e'e
Some dule right unexpectit,
Anither big wi' joy we'll see
As bright as ony cricket.

Ae time I mind, when joyfu' June
Had brought the wand'ring swallows,
An' sweet ilk feather'd sangster's tune
Rang through the leafy hallows;
An' Nature wore her richest grace,
For flow'rs and blossoms mony
Were scatter'd owre earth's smiling face,
An' a' was blithe an' bonnie.

An' thrangin frae the neib'rin toun
Cam' mony a cheery carl,
As crouse as claimants for a crown
They look'd for a' the warl'.
There mony a weel-skill'd curling skip
Cam' wi' his quoits provided;
For there, that day, the championship
Was gaun to be decided.

An' motts were placed, an' pair an' pair
 They stript them for the battle,
 An' sune the quoits glanc'd through the air,
 An' rang the tither rattle.
 An' sudden shouts and loud guffaws
 Cam' thick an' thrang thegither,
 Confused as ony flock o' craws
 Foreboding windy weather.

An' some keep pitching lang an' dour,
 Weel-match'd an' teuch 's the widdie;
 While ithers canna stand the stour,
 But knuckle doun fu' ready.
 An' till 't again the victor's fa'
 Wi' keener, prouder pleasure;
 While rowth o' joy swells ane an' a'
 Wi' overflowing measure.

O manly sport in open field,
 Life-kindling recreation!
 Compared wi' thee what else can yield
 Sic glowing animation?
 Gin feckless fules wha idly thrang
 To city balls an' theatres,
 Wad tak' to thee they'd grow sae strang,
 They'd look like ither creatures.

But see—they've feckly dune their best,
 An' mony a pech it 's ta'en them,
 Till twa are left to stand the test,
 An' fecht it out atween them;—
 Twa rare auld chaps o' muckle fame,
 I wat they're baith fu' handy;
 Ane muckle Willie was by name,
 The tither siccar Sandie.

Now Sandie had an unco kind
 O' silent meditation,—
 A gath'ring in o' heart an' mind,—
 A rapt deliberation;
 An' nane daur draw a breath while he
 Stood fierce as ony Pagan,
 Till whizz his weel-aim'd quoit wad flee
 Like ony fiery dragon!

But Willie—open-hearted chiel—
 He never liked to face it,
 Till some tried freend wad cheer him weel,
 An' tell him whaur to place it.
 An' sic a job was just the thing
 That quoiters lik'd to cherish,
 An' loud they gar'd the echoes ring
 Throughout the neib'rin parish.

An' sair they battled, baith as brave
 As game-cocks fechtin' frantic;
 The tae shot silent as the grave,
 The tither wild 's th' Atlantic.
 An' neck an' neck they ran the race,
 At ithers' heels they rattled,
 Until they reach'd that kittle place—
 The shots that were to settle 't.

An' sae it was when Sandie stood
 In breathless preparation,
 Some senseless gowk in frenzied mood,
 Owrecome wi' agitation,
 Yell'd out—"O Sandie, steady now!
 Let's see you play a ringer!"
 Distraction rack'd puir Sandie's pow,
 An' skill forsook his finger.

Awa' the erring quoit gaed skeugh
 Wi' wildly waublin birl,
 An' owre a bare pow, sure aneuch,
 It strak wi' fearfu' dirl;
 A pair newspaper chield it was,
 An' aft the fowk did wyte him
 For pawning that sad saul o' his
 In scraping up an "item."

But fegs, to gie the deil his due,
 For facts should ne'er be slighted,
 At antrin times by chance somehow
 He gar'd the wrang be righted.
 An' sae when that erratic quoit
 Maist fell'd him wi' a tumble,
 Awa' it bounced wi' bev'llin' skyte,
 An' on the mott played whumple.

Confusion seized baith auld an' young,
 Nae uproar could surmount it;
 Some vowed the quoit was fairly flung,
 Some said they couldna count it.
 The referee owned up at last
 'Twas past his comprehension;
 Quo' he, "Sic unco kittle cast
 Maun bide next year's convention."

Then Willie aimed; while some ane, seized
 Wi' wildest quointing clamor,
 Cries "Willie, raise your quoit, man, raise 't,
 An' strike this like a hammer!
 'Twill ding auld Sandie's i' the yird,
 Ne'er let mischance defy you;
 You'll win the day, yet, tak' my word,
 Gude luck will ne'er gae by you."

Encouraged, Willie wing'd his quoit
Fair as a rocket spinning,
While ilka ane in wild delight
Were to the far end rinnin';
When some rough chield, in reckless speed,
Tramp'd on his neibor's corns;
When half a dozen heels owre head
Fell like a pock o' horns.

The quoit played thud, a murd'rous yell
Proclaimed a new disaster;
Some cried for mercy whaur they fell,
Some cried for dacklin' plaister.
Ane vowed the quoit had broke his back,
'Twa spak' o' waur distresses;
Anither said he got a whack
That crack'd a pair o' glasses.

Some gabbled loud, some laugh'd like mad:
Nae wild discordant rabble
E'er sic supreme dominion had
Sin' at the Tower o' Babel.
But sweet accord cam' in at last,
An' ilka honest billie
Agreed that medals should be cast
For Sandie an' for Willie.

Like royal heroes, hame they cam'
In glorious glee thegither,
An' pledg'd their friendship owre a dram
O' punch wi' ane anither.
But nae like kings wha seldom care
For chields when they've mischieved them,
They baith watch'd weel the sick an' sair,
Till healing Time relieved them.

Lang may they thrive, while ilk ane wears
His honors nobly earn'd;
Frae persevering pluck like theirs
A lesson might be learn'd.
May quoiters' joys be mair an' mair,
Unvex'd by sorrow's harrows:
Sic hearty social chaps, I swear,
I've never met their marrows.



THE CAVALIER.

‘ Vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.’

—*Shakespeare.*

THERE was a gallant prick-the-louse,
Fu’ fond o’ martial glory,
Wha liked na sitting i’ the house
To hear an auld wife’s story;
But let him out in gaudy graith,
Then firm as famed Achates,
He’d think within himsel’—guid faith,
He was nae sma’ potatoes.

An’ when processions deav’d the place,
Wi’ fifing an’ wi’ drumming,
Amang the foremost ye might trace
That martial tailor coming.
For wark he aye had some excuse
An’ put fowk in a swither,
He might as weel hae left his goose
An’ lapbrod a’ thegither.

But whiles when things come till a height,
An’ a’ ’s as gleg’s a wumble,
Conceit will get an unco dicht
An’ pride will tak a tumble;
An’ sighs an’ sabs will wring the face,
An’ conscience turn reviler;
An’ waes me! here’s an unco case—
This military tailor.

Some grand turn out there was to be,
 Nae ane had e'er seen larger;
 An' nought could please that tailor's e'e
 But mount him on a charger;
 Though weel I wat, wi' due regard
 To sic a feckless bodie,
 He would hae been far better sair'd
 Upon a cadger's cuddie.

But fegs! when mounted firm an' fair,
 Sic unco lift it lent him
 That had his grannie seen him there,
 Poor soul! she wadna kent him—
 Wi' hat deck'd up wi' gamecock's tail
 That in the breeze was dancing,
 An' sword that swung like ony flail
 An' spangled bauldric glancing.

O had the tailor's foot been set
 Upon a nest o' vipers,
 'Twere better fate than when he met
 That squad o' Highland pipers,
 Whase drones blew out a fearfu' blast
 An' scream'd ilk piercing chanter,
 Juist as the tailor bobbit past,
 Fu' gracefu' at a canter.

Awa' the horse sprang wild wi' fright
 Like some mad spectral vision;
 An' apple cart first felt his might—
 It was a sad collision.
 Whate'er stood in his furious track
 Was knock'd amaist to flinders,
 The air was black wi' stour an' wrack,
 O' barrels fill'd wi' cinders.

The tailor prayed, the tailor yell'd,
 In dreadfu' consternation;
 But onward aye the charger held
 In awesome desperation.
 The fowk ran here, the fowk ran there,
 Wi' fear ilk lip did quiver,
 "Preserve us!" raise in wild despair,
 "He's making for the river!"

An' sae it was in wild career,
 An' galloping an' prancing,
 The puir demented cavalier
 Beheld his end advancing;
 But when they reach'd the auld dry dock
 Fill'd fu' wi' mony a sclutter,
 The horse stood still wi' sudden shock,
 An' dump'd him i' the gutter!

There let him rest his weary banes,
 In waefu'-like dejection,
 While through his mony sighs an' granes,
 Fowk hear this wise reflection:
 "Oh, sirs! on foot I'll gang my road,
 Till life's last thread be clippit,
 An' sit me doucely on my brod,
 Though I grow horny-hippit."

An' you, ye pipers, ane an' a',
 O pause an' weel consider,
 An' mak' your pipes fu' laigh to blaw,
 Or stop them a' thegither;
 Ilk fearsome groan frae ilk a drone,
 There's nought on earth that 's viler;
 Then see the dool ye've brought upon
 That military tailor.

THE MINISTER-DAFT.

JOCK WABSTER, o' Girvan, cam' owre here
to bide,

But he cared na for ferlies a flee;
But to hear a' the preachers—O that was his pride,
For an unco douce body was he.
A pillar in Zion he'd been frae his youth,
An' deep draughts o' doctrine he'd quaffed;
An' sae schuled he'd aye been in the real gospel
truth,
Ye'd ne'er thought he'd gae minister-daft.

When to Gotham he cam', preserve's what a steer!
Ilk Sabbath, at break o' the dawn,
He up an' awa' a new preacher to hear,
Whaur gowpens o' logic were sawn.
Three times i' the day, and aftentimes four,
He listen'd to clerical craft,
Till at last his een had sic an unco like glow'r,
You could see he was minister-daft.

To Beecher he gaed, wha vowed that the de'il,
Was nought but some auld-warld blether!
To Talmage he tramp'd, wha proved juist as weel
Fowk were a'gaun to Satan thegither!
Then Ormiston showed how the foreordained few
Were the only true heavenly graft.
Jock couldna' see how a' their theories were true,
Although he was minister-daft.

Then Frothingham showed him—that lang-headed
chap—

How fowk were maist gomerals a’;
How priests an’ how clergy juist baited a trap
To lead puir silly bodies awa’;
How creeds an’ how kirks an’ a’ siccan gear
Were as frail as an auld rotten raft.
Some fowk may dispute it, but ae thing was clear,
Jock Wabster was minister-daft!

Still he tramp’d an’ he trudg’d, an’ hearken’d an’
stared,

Till at last, on a day it befell,
He heard a Scotch ranter, wha bauldly declared
He had Heaven juist a’ to himsel’!
Whaur he an’ his half-dizzen bodies would bide
In spite o’ the devil’s wrang waft,
While the brunstane consumed a’ the earth in its
pride,
No forgetting the minister-daft.

How he stampit and reeng’d amang lions an’ lambs!
An’ beasts wi’ big horns an’ a’!
An’ he-goats, an’ dragons, an’ deevils, an’ rams,
An’ cantrips cuist up in a raw!
But the upshot was this, that Jock he thought shame;
Now doucely he plies his ain craft,
An’ on Sabbaths he reads owre the gude book at
hame;
So he’s nae langer minister-daft.

THE SPIRITUALIST.

Glendower—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur—Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

—*Shakespeare.*

LANGSYNE, when Tam an' me were mates,
An' wrought an' swat thegither,
O, mony kittle, keen debates
We had wi' ane anither.
An' aye Tam took a stalwart stand
On mystic speculation,
An' dwelt upo' the spirit land
Wi' muckle meditation.

'Twas strange to hear him spread his views
In unsubstantial theories;
How spirits hover'd round like doos,
Or danc'd about like peeries.
How whiles, beyond frail man's control,
They dwelt like bumbees bykit;
Or whiles they wing'd frae pole to pole,
Like thought—as fast's ye like 't.

I bade him doubt sic unco things,
Till he some proof could render;
He bade me tak' the Book o' Kings,
An' read the Witch o' Endor.

“An’ doubt ae word o’ God,” quo’ he,
 “As weel doubt a’ the rest o’t.”
 An’ facts are facts—’tween you an’ me,
 Tam rather had the best o’t.

Till ae daft nicht when Tam an’ me
 Sat cheek an’ jowl thegither,
 An’ something he would let me see
 Would clear up ilka swither.
 Quo’ he—“Juist speer if ghaists be here,
 Though nae man’s e’e can see them;
 I vow to fate I’ve learned the gate.
 To haud a parley wi’ them.”

“Ah, Tam,” quo I, “I’ve mourned the loss
 O’ freends baith guid an’ mony;
 Some worn wi’ age an’ warldly cross,
 Some young, an’ blithe, an’ bonnie.
 But nane e’er bravelier took my part,
 Nae freendship blossom’d riper;
 Nane had a warmer, kindlier heart
 Than Donald Roy, the piper.

“O, aft when weary wark was dune
 Among the woods a-roaming,
 Fu’ mony a sweet an’ blithesome tune
 Waked echoes i’ the gloaming.
 An’ rapt was ilka list’ning ear,
 While Donald piped his numbers;
 Now green’s the sod that haps his bier
 Sin’ cauld in death he slumbers.

"But ere he dee'd he left to me
 A tune that ne'er was printed;
 It struck a wild, heroic key,
 But, like a gowk, I tint it.
 O, will ye speer if he be here—
 I'll never dare to doubt it—
 If ye'll wreat doun that martial tune
 Or tell me where I put it."

Tam tried to look like some auld seer,
 As weel as he was able,
 An' mummlet something laigh an' queer,
 Then grippit at the table.
 An', O preserve 's! I'm juist as sure
 As that my heart gaed thumpin',
 It raised its hint legs aff the floor,
 An' syne began a-jumpin'!

Sometimes it quiver'd i' the air,
 Wi' mony an eerie wobble,
 Sometimes it shoggled here an' there
 Like ony saumont cobble!
 An' aye Tam spelt his A, B, C's,
 An' marked them doun in batches;
 An' spun a screed out by degrees,
 Like telegraph dispatches.

"He's here," quo' Tam, "but deil tak' me
 If I can weel command him:
 He spells sae unco queer, ye see,
 I dinna understand him.
 His words are like some droll hotch-potch
 O' Hebrew or Italic;
 An' are ye sure he crackit Scotch,
 Or did he jabber Gaelic?"

"O wheesht!" quo' I; "gin he be here
 I'll speak an invocation:
 O, Donald, if this earthly sphere
 Is now thy habitation,
 O dinna wing your airy flight
 Back through the blissful portals
 Before you throw some glint o' light
 On poor unhappy mortals.

"O gin thy voice, that aye was sweet
 An' gentle as a woman's
 Could some celestial news repeat,
 I'd hail the heavenly summons;
 Or gin thy pipes are still in tune,
 An' still thy pride an' pleasure,
 O bring the echoes frae aboon
 In some seraphic measure!"

Like thunder-claps whase sudden shock
 Aft rattles a' the dwallin',
 Wild, weird, unearthly shrieks out-broke
 Aneath the very hallan!
 Wi' piercing screams an' awesome groans
 The very air wa' bizzin';
 It sounded like a hundred drones,
 An' chanters by the dizzen!

Tam's hair stood up, an' strange to see,
 Ilk e'e sprang frae its socket;
 He glower'd an awesome glower at me,
 Then darted like a rocket.
 Then three times round the room he ran,
 The chairs an' stools a' coupin';
 Then for the window sprang, puir man,
 As if he thought o' loupin'.

I tauld puir Tam the hale affair
 How it was a' pretenses;
 How twa 'r three pipers hearkened there,
 To bring him to his senses.
 An' lang they blethered owre a dram,
 An' cheered Tam up wi' toddy;
 But fowk remarked frae that day Tam
 Was quite an altered bodie.

Nae mair his mind is in the mirk,
 Wi' ghaists he doesna daidle;
 He's grown a deacon o' the kirk,
 An' passes round the ladle.
 An' though some think that Calvin's creed
 Is cauld an' warsh as drammock,
 Tam kens it clears his gloomy head,
 An' suits his thrawart stammack.

O ye wha your ain gates would gang
 On this truth keep reflectin'—
 The wayward will aye wanders wrang,
 Dool comes ye're no expectin'.
 O, keep the faith that mony a Scot
 Won noble martyr's wreath in;
 The covenanted kirk ye've got
 Aye place your 'biding faith in.



THE FEAST OF MACTAVISH.



MERRY were the feasts at hame,
Unmixed wi' care or dool,
Lany syne in Angus braes when we
Were laddies at the schule;
An' aye the blithest o' them a'—
The merry feast at Yule.

But mony years hae pass'd sin' syne,
And unco feasts I've seen:
I've dined where gowden chandeliers
Hae dazzled baith my een;
An' supp'd beneath the moon an' stars
Far in the forest green.

But a' the feasts that e'er I had,
At hame or far awa',
Or ever thought or dream'd about
Or heard about or saw,
That unco feast MacTavish made
I think it crown'd them a'.

Lang had MacTavish wrought and tramp'd
Owre mony a drumlie dub,
To start in some wee Western toun
A Caledonian Club,
An' gather clansmen round himsel',
Like spokes around a hub.

He shed incessant owre them a'
 The light o' wit an' sense,
 An' fann'd their patriotic fires
 Without a recompense,
 Except the loud applause that hailed
 His bursts o' eloquence.

An' aye his head was pang'd sae fu'
 O' logic and o' lear,
 His brither Scots look'd up to him
 Wi' pride an' holy fear;
 An' aye the word was when they met—
 "MacTavish, tak' the chair."

At last MacTavish spread a feast
 O' dainties rich an' rare;
 An' a' the big fowk o' the toun—
 The Shirra an' the mayor,
 A Judge, sax Councilmen, forbye
 Twa editors—were there.

The ha' was deck'd in rainbow hues,
 The pipes began to play;
 An' mony a kilted Scot was there
 In tartan's grand array;—
 An' proud they were, for ye maun ken
 It was the Auld Yule Day.

The grace was said, the feast began
 Wi' kail baith het an' thin,
 An' scowder'd bannocks, birselt brown,
 An' tatties i' the skin.
 "Clean out your plates," MacTavish cried,
 "An' bring the haggis in."

Wild clamor made the welkin ring;
 The bodies seem'd as glad
 As if the promised dish had been
 The only bite they had;
 Like shipwreck'd waifs that hail a sail,
 They cheer'd an' cheer'd like mad!

I wat it was an awesome sight,
 Grim, grewsome-like, an' black:
 The skin hung flypin' doun the sides
 In wrinkles lang an' slack,
 Like Jumbo hurklin' doun to get
 The bairnies on his back.

O, then MacTavish smack'd his lips,
 An' glower'd wi' hungry e'e!
 "First pass the glorious dish amang
 Th' invited guests," said he;
 "Be thankfu', freends, there is aneuch
 For them an' you an' me.

"Gie double thanks, for there's a dish
 Might mak a sick man weel;
 Whaever eats his fill o' that
 Might dance a foursome reel;
 O grand it is when ilka sup
 Melts in your mou' like jeel!"

They mump'd like rabbits at the stuff,
 Their chafts gied mony a twine;
 The Mayor wash'd twa 'r three spoonfu's doun
 Wi' waughts o' Adam's wine;
 The editors for ance agreed,
 An' said they liked it fine.

“An’ fine it is,” MacTavish cried,
 Wi’ muckle mirth an’ glee;—
 “That’s just the kind o’ halesome food
 My mither made to me
 Langsyne, when I was herding kye
 Beside the water Dee.

“O if we had this ilka day
 We’d stand as stieve’s a dyke!
 The waefu’ weight o’ weary wark
 Would be but little fyke;
 An’ mony a creature wadna be
 Sae lantern-chafed like.

“Frae this day, henceforth, and for aye—
 Bear witness while I speak—
 I’ll eat nae skelps o’ Texan steers
 That’s frizzled i’ the reek;
 I’ll hae a haggis just like this
 Made ready ilka week.”

An’ down upon his chair at last
 The bauld MacTavish sat,
 An’ took a spoonfu’ o’ the dish;
 Then, like a cankert cat,
 His whiskers bristled i’ the air,
 He glower’d, and fuff’d, and spat!

“Preserve ’s!” MacTavish wildly cried,
 “Whaur is that dosent doilt,
 Whase idiotic want o’ sense
 Our glorious feast has spoilt?
 He’s warm’d the haggis by mistak’,—
 The ane that wasna boilt!

“O mony a haggis I hae seen,
 Baith muckle anes an’ sma’,
 Some saft as cruds, some hard as brods
 Cut by a circ’lar saw;
 But never dream’d I’d live to see
 Fowk eat a haggis raw!

“But, freends, though unco sair it is
 To bear this sad mistake,
 A gleam o’ glory gilds us yet,
 An’ fient the dool we’ll make:
 Wha wadna suffer pains and pangs
 For dear auld Scotland’s sake?”

Some cheer’d an’ lauch’d, some growl’d an’ glunch’d,
 Some said ’twas nae that ill;
 Some proved how hard it is to be
 Convinced against your will;
 But a’ agreed to droun their waes
 In stoups o’ barmy yill.

An’ ye whae’er shall hear o’ this,
 O pass na lightly by,
 But learn to bide an’ haud your weesht,
 An’ mind an’ watch your eye,
 An’ no be roosing unco things
 Before ye taste an’ try.

An’ you wha fain wad be genteel,
 O mak’ this maxim plain—
 It’s wiser whiles to mak’ an’ speak
 Opinions o’ your ain,
 Than blindly tak’ the bauldest thought
 O’ ony mortal brain.

THE WESTERN WAIF.

HE sat in the court where the prisoners sit,
And his face was haggard and grim;
And a hundred curious, eager eyes
Look'd stern and glared at him;
Nor friend had he in that motley throng
Save his sad-eyed brother Jim.

And ever as link by link they brought
The story from near and far,
And ever as darker the picture grew
With the shadow of bolt and bar,
He look'd for Jim as the mariner looks
For the light of the polar star.

At last when the Judge had turn'd to the waif
And ask'd if he'd aught to say,
He rose to his feet, nor ever a trace
Of fear did his face betray;
But he look'd at the Judge and he look'd at the throng
In a manly kind of a way.

“I won't go back on the things I've done
Or the way that they might be put;
I won't say many are worse'n me,
Or some o' you folks might scoot;
I won't squeal now that you've got me fast,—
I ain't that kind o' galoot.

“But s’pos’n’ I’d bin of a different stamp—
A tip-top kind of a lad,
That work’d like a nigger from morning to night,
And never once went to the bad,
But come to the scratch like a man ev’ry time—
I wonder what thanks I’d have had?”

“There’s Jim—look at Jim!—he’s done the square
thing,
No man can say nothing to him:
He’s just made up o’ the whitest o’ stuff,
An’ filled choke up to the brim;
You may talk an talk till the Fourth o’ July,
But there isn’t a spot upon Jim.

“When the Rebs crawled out from the old striped
flag,
Jim shouldered his gun—you bet!—
He didn’t hang back like them big bounty chaps,
That stay for all they could get:—
Why, Judge—if them Rebs a-hadn’t caved in
Our Jim would been fightin’ ’em yet!

“For down at the battle o’ Shiloh, Judge,
When Jim was a-waving his fist,
A grape shot came with a whizz an’ a bang!
An’ took it clean off by the wrist:
Jim only smiled in his ord’nar’ way,
And said it would hardly be miss’d.

“And the blacksmith made him an iron hook,
And Jim kept his place in the line,
And there wasn’t a man in the old Ninth corps
Could drop you a Reb as fine;
For Jim, you see, had an iron nerve,—
They warn’t all shook like mine.

“When Jim came back—did they give him a place—
A good, fat office, or such?
No!—Jim ain’t the kind that goes snookin’ around
To see where he’ll pick up a crutch;
And there’s nobody looks for the likes o’ Jim
To give him a lift—not much!

“But Jim don’t ask no odds off a man
Although he’s short on a limb,
And maybe Jim ain’t a-caring to hear
That I’m speakin’ this way about him;
Say, Judge you orter let up on a man
That’s gotten a brother like Jim!

“And s’pos’n’ I’ve done what I ortent a done,
And the State’s got the bulge upon me:
The State hasn’t done what it orter a done
To a good un like Jim, d’ye see;—
Say, Judge—God pardons the sinner because
Christ died upon Calvary!”

Then an angel of mercy seem’d somehow
To dwell in each pitying look,
And the Judge called out to the throng for Jim
To come from his distant nook;
And there wasn’t a man in the crowd but came
And wrung Jim by his iron hook!

And they aren’t straitlaced in those Western courts,
And nobody cared to know
If the law said this or the law said that,
But they cried to give him a show;
And so for the worth of the noble Jim
They let the wild waif go.

THE POACHER.

WHO is he that comes sedately,
Bearded, muffled, dark and stately,
With a rapid stride advancing
And his keen eyes sideways glancing,—
Glitt'ring like an unsheath'd dagger,
And a wild, defiant swagger
In his air, and all around him
Wild-like as the wilds that found him
Coming from their lone recesses—
Wanderer of the wildernesses?

Well did ev'ry rustic know him:
Many a kindness did they show him,
When from midnight watchings dreary,
He sought shelter, wet and weary.
Who that knew his wild vocation
Held him but in admiration?
Who that heard his direful doings,—
Escapades from hot pursuings,—
Saw his furr'd and feather'd plunder,—
Loved but still to gape and wonder?
Marvel at his tales, and listen
Till their very eyes would glisten.
For it seem'd as Nature meant it,
Freedom's cause he represented;
And his life's eventful story
Seem'd to them illum'd with glory.

How good fortune ne'er forsook him;
How disaster ne'er o'ertook him;
How in ev'ry clime and season
He succeeded, pass'd all reason.
Oft the sportsmen in a bevy
Volley'd at the scatter'd covey;
And for many a wasted cartridge
Home they brought a single partridge.
Tam, from some dark den or cavern,
Or from some warm, wayside tavern,
Ventur'd forth as daylight darken'd;
Felt his way and watch'd and hearken'd:
Went by lone wilds unfrequented,
Knew the place each creature haunted,
Knew their various calls, and whether
Spread apart or grouped together,
He would find his way unto them;
And, as if dumb instinct drew them,
One by one found resting places
In his greatcoat's deep recesses;
And the dawning daylight found him
With his booty strung around him,
Mix'd 'mong folks of sober paces
Walking to the market places.

Yet with all his easy gaining,
Anxious care with him remaining,
Ever in his mind ran riot
Through dark regions of unquiet,—
Regions sown with seeds of folly,
Growing weeds of melancholy.
And his life's first fond delusion
Led to labyrinths of confusion;

Law had set her eyes upon him;
Loosed her hungry beagles on him;
And for all his vain parading
Life to him was masquerading,—
Outward—bright and bravely showing
Inward—dark and darker growing.

One fond hope his fancy treasured,
Gleaming o'er life's waste unmeasured,
Radiant as a light before him
Shedding sweetest influence o'er him
Love had lit its fires within him;
Love it was alone could win him
From life's wild and wayward byways
Back to its well-beaten highways.

Oft when through the wilds he rambled,
Or by cliffs and crags he scrambled,
Or lay hid in darken'd corry,
Visions came, as if a glory
Touched the dark earth's face with whiteness;
Lit the blacken'd air to brightness;
Roused the man to hope and feeling;
While in beauty there revealing
To his ravish'd soul the splendor
Of the bright eyes, sweet and tender,
And the face that glowed serenely,
And the form so fair and queenly
Of the Deeside Lass thrill'd through him;
And the happy thought came to him
That in some calm nook together,
Some green glen beside the heather,
Love and joy and peace would bind them,
Happiness contented find them.

Never had his hopes been spoken,
Never was love's silence broken:
But he had begun to woo her
As his dark eyes soften'd to her
When they met by field or meadow,
Met and pass'd like light and shadow;
Felt her presence like caressing
Linger with him like a blessing.



THE DEESIDE LASS.

“What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?”

—*Wordsworth.*

THE lass was bonnie, and the Muse
Knows hardly how or where to choose
From things in heaven, or earth, or air,
To match a lass so bright and fair.
She was not just like heavenly things,
Whose azure eyes and pearly wings
Are only meant for realms of bliss
And not for weary worlds like this.
Yet there was something in her eyes
So sweet, so calm, so heavenly wise,
Unfathom'd in its depth it seem'd:
A ceaseless fount of joy, it gleam'd
Mysterious as the stars and free
From shadows as a sunlit sea,
Forever flashing, and the while
Lit up with an eternal smile.
Her wondrous wealth of golden hair
Was lit with sunshine here and there.
Her glowing face in rosy youth
Breath'd innocence and trustful truth.
Upon her forehead, broad and bare,
The calmness of the summer air
Seem'd resting as in perfect peace;
There mortal passions seemed to cease

Their restless fires, and, shining there,
The mind dwelt as a maiden's prayer,
All pure in cloudless innocence,
All strong in keen intelligence.
What though her shapely arm and hand
By toil 'neath summer suns were tann'd;
What though her rustic, homely dress
Showed labor's honest humbleness;
There dwelt about her noble form
The grace that grows in wind and storm,
And gathers strength from ev'ry blast,
Till fixed in stately form at last
It standeth like the waving pine,
Serenely in the calm sunshine,
Serenely when the tempests lower
It stands in beauty and in power.
A ribbon bound her flowing hair
Like Hebe bright or Juno fair.
And such her form and artless grace,
And such her sweet and noble face,
That one beholding might divine
She would have graced the fabled Nine
Who dwelt on famed Parnassus hill,
And drank Castalia's crystal rill.
Thus walk'd she on the velvet grass,
That bright-eyed, bonnie Deeside lass.



THE MOURNFU' MITHER.



LEEZE me on a mither's love,
Sae steady aye and strang;
Nae love bides deeper i' the heart,
There's nane that lasts as lang:
Clear as the ever burning light
O' some bright beacon flame,
Through langest nights, through drearest hours,
It sparkles aye the same.

I'll ne'er forget that mither yet
At Aberdeen awa'—
Quo' she, "Ye've maybe seen my son
That's in America?
His een were blue, his hair it hung
In yellow ringlets doun—
Ye wadna see a lad like him
In a' the country roun'.

"And kindly letters lang he sent,
That aye brought joy to me;
They cam as gowden glints o' light
Come owre the flow'ry lea;
Till ance we heard he wasna weel—
What ailed they didna say—
An' then we've got nae ither word
For mony a weary day.

"Ae langsome night I dreamed a dream
 I thought I saw his face,
 An' unco fowk were gather'd round,
 And in an unco place;
 They laugh'd, they sang, and blithely danc'd
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee
 But aye there cam' an unco lass
 Between my son an' me.

"But if he's dead or if he's wed,
 O tell me a' ye ken;
 I've dree'd the warst and hoped the best—
 Ay, owre an' owre again!
 An' aft the saut tears blind my een,
 An' aft my heart's been sair,
 To think that e'er a bodie's ain
 Would mind their ain nae mair.

"An' O, whaure'er his feet hae gane,
 Whate'er his luck has been,
 I'm sure he hasna met wi' freends
 Like them at Aberdeen.
 O, speak a kindly word o' them,
 An' maybe blithe he'll be
 To listen to your freendly crack,
 An' think o' them an' me.

O, wanderers frae your native land,
 How can ye bear to see
 The sunlight o' a mither's love
 Grow dim on memory's e'e?
 O bask ye in its kindly rays,
 An' fan its fervid flames
 There's nae love like a mither's love
 This side the hame o' hames!

THE WIFE O' WEINSBERG.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.



GIN I kent whaur Weinsberg was,
That toun o' muckle fame,
Whaur Woman's worth the brichtest blooms
In ilka dainty dame;
I'd choose a wife to cheer my life
An mak' the place my hame!

Langsyne King Conrad led his ranks,
As ancient legends say,
An' set them doun by Weinsberg toun
In a' their fierce array;
Wi' axe and spear an' warlike gear
They battled nicht an' day.

For weeks they never closed an e'e,
But foucht wi' micht an' main;
The air was black wi' stoure and wrack,
The arrows fell like rain;
The Weinsberg folk withstood the shock
An' bauldly held their ain.

Till worn at last wi' wastrife war
Hope glimmer'd laigh an' dim,
An' mauchtless hands let fa' the sword
An' want glower'd gaunt an' grim;
They sought for peace frae Conrad's grace,
An' mercy begg'd frae him!

The king he swore a fearsome aith,—
An' awesome king was he,—
That ilka man an' mither's son
O' high or low degree,
Baith auld and young, he'd hae them hung
Upon the gallows tree!

O mony hearts that day were sad,
An' cheeks were blanch'd wi' fear!
An' mony a weary, weary e'e
Let fa' the saut, saut tear!
For scorn an' scaith an' shamefu' death
Are unco hard to bear!

A Weinsberg wife whase wedded life
But aucht days joy had seen,
Set out wi' courage gleaming through
The love-light o' her een;
Alane she stood for womanhood
Before the king—a queen!

She pled the weary women's cause,
In words baith fair an' fain,
Since for the men sae scant o' grace
Their prayers had been in vain,
An' moved his heart to tak' their part
An' save what was their ain.

An' forth the royal mandate ran,
That by his high decree
The wives might tak' their treasures out
Whate'er their gear may be;
"The bauld and brave should serve an' save
The women-folk," said he.

What stir there was in Weinsberg toun!

What words o' joy they spak'!

As ane by ane each wife was seen

Her man upon her back!

An' out the road each took her load

Like peddler wi' a pack.

Each lad to his ain lass he clung;

The callants to their mithers;

The lassies blithely bore alang,

Their wee, wee bits o' brithers;

Maids found a mate, for bach'lors blate

Had cuist aside their swithers.

King Conrad glower'd amaz'd to see

The triumph on its way;

"Our royal word shall stand," said he,

"Let come or gang what may,

An' on my life the Weinsberg wife

Has fairly won the day!"

O tell me now whaur Weinsberg lies,

That toun o' muckle fame,

Whaur Woman's worth the brichest blooms

In ilka dainty dame,

I'll choose a wife to crown my life,

An' mak' the place my hame!



THE DOMINIE AND THE BETHERAL.

THE Dominie sat and the Betheral sat,
And stirr'd round their toddy wi' glee:
"A bonnie-like scrape," the Dominie said—
"An unco-like scrape," said he.
"I wonder how fowk canna gang the right gate
As doucely as you an' me.

"O wha would hae thought that the bonnie young
Laird,
Sae modest an' winsome an' braw,
Would e'er lost his wits wi' a jaud o' a lass
An' run wi' the hizzie awa'?
An' broken the heart o' his father, the Laird,
An' madden'd the Lady an' a'.

"An' yet wha can say that it's ill he has done?
Though youth is aft foolish an' fain;
It's little o' joy that the blithest can get
In this warld o' trouble an' pain;
An' a burden o' care grows lighter, they say,
When a lad has a lass o' his ain.

"I've skelpit the bairns an' tutor'd them weel
These thirty lang winters an' three;
An' fient the ae glint o' a happy bit blink
Has ever ance open'd on me,
Till my heart's grown as sour an' my banes are as
cauld
As the rungs o' a fusionless tree.

“An’ aften at night when sleep winna come
 I lie an’ I gaunt an’ I grane;
 An’ the wind answers back wi’ a sough i’ the lum
 Like somebody making a mane;
 An’ I wish that the years would tak’ wings an’ flee
 back,
 An’ I was a laddie again.

“O then wi’ a weel-faur’d hizzie like Jean,
 I’d awa’ to the land o’ the free,
 An’ bask ilka day in the light o’ her smiles
 An’ the bonnie blithe blinks o’ her e’e;
 An’ the carking cares o’ this wark-o’-day warl,
 Would never ance settle on me.

“Forbye,” the Dominie wisely said,
 As he smack’d and smack’d at a sip,—
 “The lass was right when she stuck to the lad,—
 She was wise that keepit the grip;
 They seldom get twice the chance o’ a lad
 If ever they let him slip.

“An’ the lad did weel when he stuck to the lass,—
 A braw strappin’ quean an’ a trim;—
 She hasna left ane in the parish, I wat,
 Sae clean an’ sae straught in the limb;
 Nae wonder I think on her beauty an’ grace,
 Nae wonder I wish I was him.

“But bide till the bairns come thrangin’ around—
 For poor fowk never hae few—
 Like a cleckin o’ birds a’ sraighin for meat,
 An’ ilka ane gaping its mou’:
 Poor Donald will think o’ the fool that he was,
 An’ wish he was single, I trow.”

Then the Dominie laugh'd and the Betheral laugh'd,
 As if they would never have done.
 When one piped loud the other piped loud,
 Like chaffinches whistling in June;
 When one squeak'd low the other squeak'd low,
 Like two old fiddles in tune.

Then the Dominie finished his wandering speech,
 And said with a flash in his eye:
 "O bide till a fortnight has sober'd them down,
 An' bide till the fever gae by,—
 The lad will be back to his father again
 An' Jean will be milking the kye.

"Cauf-love's weel kent as a canny complaint
 That bides i' the heart nae mair
 Than the bonnie bit blink when a sunshiny shower
 Gars a rainbow glow i' the air;
 It's up like a flash an' awa' in a wink,
 As if it had never been there.

"But here's to oursel's! May the comfort that comes
 Frae a drap o' the barley bree
 Aye cheer up our hearts in this warld o' change,
 Whatever the changes may be:
 Be they beddings, or burials, or flittings, or feasts,
 They're a' ane to you an' to me."



THE AMERICANIZED SCOT;

OR,

JEM WILSON AND THE QUEEN.

JEM WILSON was siccar, Jem Wilson was
dour,

Jem never let anything slip;
Through thick an' through thin, through storm and
through stoure,

Jem Wilson he keepit the grip.
Though he dwelt mony years in the wilds o' the
West,

Where the prairie spreads bonnie and green,
He ne'er shook the auld yird frae his feet like the
rest,

For Jem couldna gae back on the Queen!

“I ken na how fowk can be ae thing this day
And anither the morn,” said he,

“But fools like a cheenge, an' gowks say their say,
And they winna be guidit by me;

Some chields turn out bauld Republican loons,
And forget what their forebears hae been,

But there's heads that's ordained to be wearers o'
crowns,

And I canna gae back on the Queen!”

Some lauch'd at his notions, some pitied his plight,
Jem cared na for daffin or jeers,
Some said that his mind would let in the daylight
In the course o' a dizzen o' years.
But the days slippit by and his heart beat in truth,
To a lady he never had seen;
He forgot the maist feck o' the freends o' his youth,
But he aye keepit mind o' the Queen!

Some said that the day when he left his auld hame
Was the day he gaed back on them a';
How the auld country fowk and their ways like a
dream,
Were worth naebody's notice ava;
How the present is more than the past, and a man
Is more than the laddie he's been;
Jem stood like a rock where his childhood began!
Jem stuck like a clam by the Queen!

When ithers gaed wud in political war,
An' grappled in fiery debate,
Jem sat like a boulder on bleak Lochnagar,
As lifeless as meat on a plate.
Wi' ithers the sky was aft murky an' black,
Wi' Jem it was calm and serene,
They dwelt in the wrack o' the hurricane's track,
Jem bask'd in the grace o' the Queen.

When billies fu' pawkily hinted that Jem,
Would mak' a grand Shirra or Mayor;
How the fowk were juist waiting for stalwarts like
him,
To keep the young State in repair.

“Ye ’ll hae to keep waiting,” said Jem, “if that’s so,
 But ye needna blaw stoure in my een,
 Come weal or come woe wherever I go,
 Till death I’ll be leal to the Queen!”

At last—wha can tell what fortune or fate,
 Will some day bring as our shares,—
 Some far awa’ freend had left an estate,
 An’ Jem—he was ane o’ the heirs!
 But the law o’ the State sae craftily stood,
 Jem couldna lay hands on a preen,
 Till he swore aff allegiance to a’ royal blood,
 An’ save us! especially the Queen!

Poor Jem never dream’d that the time would come
 round

To test what his metal was worth;—
 How sudden his braggin’ was a’ empty sound
 When he gaed to inherit the earth
 He ran an’ he swore—on the Bible he swore—
 Wi’ a terrible gleam in his een,—
 Jem Wilson was subject to princes no more,
 Renouncing forever the Queen!—

But the warst o’ ’t was this, when Jem reached the
 spot,

Wi’ mony lang mile o’ a tramp,
 Twa sandy bit hillocks stood guard owre a lot
 That measured ten acres o’ swamp!
 The crap o’ mosquitoes an’ puddocks was grand,
 But never a leaf that was green,
 A neuk o’ a desert poor Jem had in hand,
 In exchange for the loss o’ the Queen!

Now friends tak' a thocht and keep mind in your
mirth,

Though we lauch at the frailty o' Jem,
When the Queen gets a chance o' some neuk o' the
earth

She winna be speerin' at him.

When we vow that we'll stick by the things that we
like,

Juist think what the vanish'd has been,
Fond fancies aft fade like the snaw aff a dyke,
As fickle as Jem wi' the Queen!



THE ROYAL SCOT.

“The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN through the mist o' vanish'd years
The past shines bright an' bonnie, O!
The gowden glow the vision wears
I hardly share 't wi' ony, O!
But there is ane, fu' crouse an' keen,
I like to mak' the sharer, O!
His honored name's weel kent to fame—
The leal MacGregor Crerar, O!
I ken there's Duncan Crerar, O!
Ah, then, there's Duncan Crerar, O!
The freend I've got 's a Royal Scot—
The noble Duncan Crerar, O!

I canna bide the bleezin' halls,
The haunts o' haverin' asses, O!
Whaur senseless fools at blithesome balls
Are oexterin at the lasses, O!
I'd rather gae whaur I could hae
A joy serenely dearer, O!
Some cozy place whaur, face to face,
I'd sit and crack wi' Crerar, O!
There's worth in Duncan Crerar, O
There's mirth in Duncan Crerar, O!
There's hamely sense, without pretence,
In dainty Duncan Crerar, O!

When Memory spreads her wandering wings,
 An' Crerar tells his stories, O!
 And bright in graphic grandeur brings
 Fair Scotland's glens an' corries, O!
 The heather hills, the wimplin' rills,
 In fancy's e'e flash fairer, O!
 Ilk hallowed place, an' form, an' face,
 Come at the call o' Crerar, O!
 He's rare! MacGregor Crerar, O!
 God spare MacGregor Crerar, O!
 He cracks sae fine that Auld Langsyne
 Is here again wi' Crerar, O!

What couthy kirns! What gatherings blithe!
 What partings, sad and tender, O!
 What light an' shade thegither kythe
 In panoramic splendor, O!
 What glowing health! What wondrous wealth
 O' life each seems the bearer, O!
 How brisk and bright in living light
 They dwell wi' Duncan Crerar, O!
 There 's heart in Duncan Crerar, O!
 There 's art in Duncan Crerar, O!
 The Scottish men frae hill an' glen
 Live in the brain o' Crerar, O!

When kirkyard tales come in his head,
 The light grows dim an' dimmer, O!
 The dead claes rustle round the dead;
 The ghaist lights glance an' glimmer, O!
 The mouldy banes, the sculptured stanes
 Are tragic wonders rarer, O!
 Than actors' arts, whase weirdest parts
 Are no a match to Crerar, O!

What skill! MacGregor Crerar, O!
 To thrill! MacGregor Crerar, O!
 Play-actor fowks are maistly gowks
 Compared wi' Duncan Crerar, O!

Sometimes in verse his polished pen
 Flows on in stately measure, O!
 Whiles round his board the brightest men
 Confab in princely pleasure, O!
 How fine's the sight when genius bright
 Illumes each royal sharer, O!
 The brain and tongue o' auld an' young
 Catch fire frae Duncan Crerar, O!
 How bland i. Duncan Crerar, O!
 How grand is Duncan Crerar, O!
 It 's wealth to clasp, in kinship's grasp,
 The noble freends o' Crerar, O!

But weak 's my Muse to chant his praise,
 Or sing his graces mony, O!
 Weel worthy he o' loftier lays
 Than aught frae me, his crony, O!
 As years row by, an' age comes nigh,
 I'll stick by him the nearer, O!
 For few there be that pleases me
 Like rare MacGregor Crerar, O!
 He 's fine! MacGregor Crerar, O!
 He 's mine! MacGregor Crerar, O!
 I've straiked my loof in freendship's proof
 Wi' few like Duncan Crerar, O!

Auld Scotland's bairns hae wandered far
Owre sea an' land an' river, O!
'Neath Southern Cross or Western star,
They're Scots at heart forever, O!
By land or sea, whaur'er they be,
The auld hame seems the fairer, O!
There 's thousands ten o' Scottish men
That feel like Duncan Crerar, O!
I'm wi' ye! Duncan Crerar, O!
Here 's to ye! Duncan Crerar, O!
Abroad or hame, Scots bless the name
O' loyal Duncan Crerar, O!



THE WANDERER.

LANG SYNE on the hills, where the blaeberrics
grew,
And the laverock sang sweetly far up in
the blue,

Ilka day glided by like a lang happy dream,
Till I hear my fond mither cry, "Laddie, come
hame!

Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"

In a far awa' land, through the din o' the years,
In the sunshine o' hopes, and the shadow o' fears,
I hear a sweet echo still calling my name—
And it's "Oh, but you're lang awa', Laddie, come
hame!

Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"

Though life's fondest fancies are idle and vain,
And my feet may ne'er tread the red heather again:
In the land o' the leal, when I catch the first gleam,
May I hear the glad welcome, "Laddie, come hame!
Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame!
You're lang awa' wandering, Laddie, come hame!"

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

A Dedication.

TO HON. WALLACE BRUCE.

O THOU whose voice in crowded halls
Fond mem'ry oft-time gladly hears,
While thronging at thy clarion calls
Come echoes of a thousand years,

Wild ringing with the thrilling words,—
A noble gift to noble use,
Keen as the flashing, fateful swords
Of Scotland's Wallace or her Bruce.

Take thou these rustic random rhymes,—
Poor token of a warm regard,
Faint echoes of our tuneless times
Caught by a humble brother bard.

IN THE GOLDEN CAGE.

I.

O'ER the hills of effort lie
Fields of opportunity.
Wild ways, rank with brier and weed,
Unto happy fortune lead.
Early striving brings full soon,
Golden, gladsome afternoon.
Weary hours with labor spent
Bring the twilight's sweet content.
Earth's bright jewels shall be thine,
Delver in the darksome mine.
Effort, labor, toil and stress,
Bring full measure of success.

II.

Such vain words were counted truth
In my tame and tender youth,
Hollow, tinkling platitudes,
Learn'd in reverential moods,
Taught with fervor and believed,
Which nor years have undeceived.
Not though near me, then and still,
Horny hand and iron will
Bent my elders with life's load
Earthward on a darksome road,
Dumb as cattle, poor as slaves,
Tottering into nameless graves.

III.

Wisdom, with thy starry eyes,
Come thou from thy native skies,
Shed thy light and we shall see
All is but inconstancy.
Life moves darkly as by chance
Led by varied circumstance.
Fortune's favor rarely falls
Where the voice of merit calls.
Knaves bloom bravely in our eyes,
Goodness walks in dull disguise;
Weak are we as passing breath,
Hastening to the shades of death.

IV.

I, unthinking were and rude
If unfelt deep gratitude
That the hand of chilling age
Finds me in this golden cage,
Lifted heavenward as on wings,
Far removed from earthly things.
Here serenely set in truth,
Comes to me my vanished youth,
Graced with manhood's earlier charms,
Clasps me in his iron arms;
Soul and sense and heart and brain
Transfigured to my self again.

V.

Brightlier blooms the golden hours,
Efflorescent as the flowers;
Panoramic splendors lie
Glitt'ring 'neath a burnished sky;
Burns the City's shining spires,
Glowing into flaming fires;
Whitened miles of frescoed stone,
Splendid as the Parthenon,
Spread afar in square and street,
Like a picture at my feet,
Like a book whose storied page
Opens to my golden cage.

VI.

Here the gather'd navies rest
On the water's shining breast;
Here the great ships come and go
On their journeys to and fro;
Here the storied castles rise,
Climbing to the cloudless skies,
Where the ever-flashing waves
Of the full tide laps and laves.
Yonder buttress'd bridge towers stand,
Giants stretching hand to hand,
From their lofty shoulders down,
Firmly linking town to town.

VII.

Westward, shadow-like and dim,
On the far horizon's rim,
Opalescent mountains show
In the sunshine's golden glow.
Eastward, ever-flashing white,
Spreads the ocean, broad and bright.
Nearer, clearer, free and bold,
Headlands glitter, green and gold,
Linger till day's parting smiles
Rest upon a hundred isles.
Where can fairer vision be,
Than this city by the sea?

VIII.

Sinks in flaming fire the sun ;
Comes the twilight, pale and dun ;
Flash the myriad stars and soon
Rides aloft the silver moon,
While in splendor underneath,
Woven wonders, arch and wreath,
Cross and crescent, curve and line,
Into burnish'd beauty shine ;
Beaded brilliance, looped and hung,
Glittering garlands, twined and swung,
Flame on fretted roof and tower,
Heaven and earth one starry shower.

IX.

Rare it is, this shining show,
Glittering grace and golden glow,
Garner'd wealth from far and near
Fashions into richness here.
All the wonders of the East
Brought as to a royal feast;
All the richness of the West,
All that's brightest, all that's best,
Fragrant South and balmy North
Pour their choicest treasures forth;
Every clime and ev'ry age
Cluster round my golden cage.

X.

Here, betimes, thick-thronging, fast,
At my window moving past,
Come the men of every clime,
Some in manhood's golden prime,
Some in boyhood's sunny grace,
Shining eyes and radiant face.
Lovely ladies bright and fair,
Rosy cheeks and shining hair,
Jewell'd dame and sober nun
Pass serenely one by one,
Maiden, matron, youth and age
Moving past my golden cage.

XI.

Think not they are nought to me,
For in every face I see
Some strange tale that moves and stirs,
Writ in magic characters,
Some brief look or crumb of speech
Comes within my little reach,
Rhythmic as a soulful song,
Swiftly comes and lingers long,
Weaves in every passing glance
Fragments of a strange romance,
Visions darkly understood,
Echoing in solitude.

XII.

Here in restful ease, it seems,
Days move by like pleasant dreams;
Earth and air in sweet commune,
Like an everlasting June,
Knows no sudden check or change
Into something new and strange.
All the weary stress and strife,
All the carking cares of life,
Seem removed or gently come
Like the City's distant hum,
Sweetly softened, grave or gay,
Musical and far away.

XIII.

Here the light task passes soon,
And the drowsy afternoon
Sees me turning Chaucer's page
Till his cheery pilgrimage
Brings the traveller's lengthened line,
Numbering up to twenty-nine:
One by one, and two by two,
Pass along in bright review;
Past and present seem to blend,
Never shall their journey end:
Centuries vanish, but to-day
All his pilgrims pass'd this way.

XIV.

Ah, had I his matchless grace,
Here are ev'ry form and face,
Here ten thousand might begin
Journeys from a Tabard Inn,
Till the far extended line,
Stretching to a distant shrine,
Turned again and slowly wound
In an everlasting round,
Fortune's fav'rites lucky-starr'd,
Grizzled vet'rans battle-scarr'd,
Soul and sense and heart and mind,
Every type of humankind.

XV.

Idle thought—the poet's eye
All the varied forms descry,
Sees them in that larger view,
Comprehends them through and through,
Knows each type, and in his songs
Places them where each belongs;
High or low, or coarse or fine,
There are only twenty-nine,
Carved some type to represent,
Like a graven monument.
Chaucer knew them all and fix'd
Each his place distinct, unmix'd.

XVI.

Let us gather from his lay
We are pilgrims for a day,
Fashioned by a Hand Divine,
Travelling to a distant shrine,
Knowing that like ships are we,
Drifting on a pathless sea,
Hither blown by fate or chance,
Accident or circumstance.
Let us strive for gifts of grace,
Each to know his proper place,
And contented thereupon,
Cheer his fellow-traveller on.

XVII.

Let us learn as in our way,
Life is but an April day;
Hollow winds and sudden showers
Blast the bloom of early flowers,
Springtime's breath by winter chill'd,
Hope's fair promise unfulfilled;
Happy they whose checker'd trip,
Grac'd by fair companionship,
Learns to know in calm content
Labor is not punishment.
Toil an endless joy should be,
Idleness is misery.

XVIII.

Let us cherish as we go
They whose pace is weak and slow,
Shed the light of jocund joy
All around us, and employ
All our little skill to bring
Goodness out of everything,
And however low our lot,
We might brighten some dull spot,
Stir the fading fires of hope
And with doubt and darkness cope,
While fair wisdom's golden ray
Whiles a happy hour away.

XIX.

Envyng not the rich or great,
Whatsoever our estate,
Little boots it more or less,
Riches are not happiness,
Envy hath its hidden stings
In our vain imaginings.
Could we see with clearer eyes
Those who dwell where fortune's skies
Seem illumed with golden rays,
Could we mark their tedious ways,
We would hear each one confess
Wealth is kin to wretchedness.

XX.

Sober joys are always sweet
In the vales of low retreat;
Nature wears her gentlest mood
In the lowly solitude.
Sparkling splendors, beaming bright,
Mark the towering mountain's height,
Dazzling with a glittering glow,
Seen by longing eyes below;
Grander seem they from afar,
Than when resting where they are;
There the wild winds rave and pierce,
There the storms are cold and fierce.

XXI.

March on bravely day by day,
Like the pilgrims grave or gay.
Fret not if the motley throng
Knaves and fools are mix'd among,
Kindly cherish each and find
There are good in ev'ry kind.
Dwell not on their weaker parts,
They have only human hearts.
Strive to make life's journey seem
Pleasant as a happy dream:
Kindly words like choicest seeds
Blossom into noble deeds.

XXII.

Pales the slowly sinking sun,
And the journey nearly done.
Who would care to linger on,
When the lights of life are gone?
Shall we turn again and be
In another company?
No, the next, the coming age,
Starts upon its pilgrimage.
We have been what they shall be,
We have seen what they shall see,
We have heard what they shall hear,
We have voiced our words of cheer.

XXIII.

Fear not though the darkness falls
On the shrine's mysterious walls;
Other feet have gone before
Through the ever-open door,
Other weary feet shall come
To the shrine where all is dumb;
High or low or small or great,
None need strive with iron fate,
Come as travellers weary-worn,
Fret not of another morn,
Blest are we when falling deep
In a long and dreamless sleep.

XXIV.

If the awful change reveals
What the dark'ning day conceals,
And the doubtful darkness brings
Light beyond imaginings,
We, to larger vision grown,
All our faults and frailties known,
And with nearer, clearer view,
See each other through and through,
Brighter-visioned, we shall know
God who made us will'd it so,
Nought in nature or in art
E'er could change our destined part.

TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

NO lady fair in hall or bower,
In days when knighthood was in flower,
Or high-born dame with jewels set,
Or Tudor or Plantagenet,
E'er wore enwreath'd on form and face
Thy royal robe of richest grace.

Thou dwellest like a golden gleam
Of hill and vale and glassy stream,
Where flowery banks and leafy trees,
And song of birds, and hum of bees,
Charm eye and ear till soul and sense
Are rapt by nature's eloquence.

May love's warm sunshine round thee cling
With joys beyond imagining,
And fortune's favors, full and free,
Come fast and flowing as the sea,
While ever in each loyal heart
The royal queen of queens thou art.

TO MRS. J. M. R.

YOU'VE heard it said that different men
They canna aye agree,
An' sae there might be odds, ye ken,
Between your man an' me.

For him, he 's studied ancient art,
Auld warks wi' unco names,
Until his hand 's grown real expert
At Greek an' Roman dames.

For me, frae hame I wadna gae,
The simple truth to tell;
The only model I would hae
Would be your bonnie sel'.

And as the famous job I'd mak
To high perfection grew,
I'd slack my hand an' turn an' tak
The tither glower at you.

Then fame would keep our memories green
Among immortal names,
And wondering fowk would swear I'd seen
An angel in my dreams.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

LET the bells of London toll
For a grandly gifted soul;
Silent be the busy throng
While a peerless prince of song
Passes shrouded to his rest
With the bravest and the best.
Lay him in his honored tomb
Where the fairest flow'rets bloom;
Wreath the blossoms fresh and sweet,
Plant the daisies at his feet;
Twine the roses, white and red,
Round about his noble head.

Poet! in whose varied verse
All the muses might rehearse
All the forms and all the fire
Warbled by the tuneful lyre;
Tragic, mirthful, tender, sweet,
In a flood of fancies meet,
Swaying with thy accents strong
All the winning wiles of song,
Till each sympathetic soul,
Master'd by thy mild control,
Owns thy witch'ry and admires
Poesy's celestial fires.

Wizard! from whose cunning hand
Rose, as if from fairyland,
Magic scenes on storied page,
Stirring life on mimic stage:
Full of laughter and of tears,
Full of tender hopes and fears,
Rich in grandeur and in gloom,
Rich in beauty and in bloom:
Fired with madness, sweet with grace,
All the feelings of our race—
Passion, pathos, pity—all
Come illumin'd at thy call.

Friend! where'er thy heavenward flight,
Wing'd through realms of quenchless light,
Onward in thy glorious course,
Homeward to thy primal source,
Unimagin'd splendors be
Waiting somewhere long for thee.
Kindred souls, to greatness grown,
Greet thee gladly as their own;
Rest, that like a blessing lies
Beaming in thy radiant eyes,
Peace, indwelling like a grace,
Glow like sunshine on thy face.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CHALMERS
SKENE, M.D., LL.D.

On the Occasion of Unveiling His Monument,
May 5, 1906.

SWEET SPRING her charms to Nature yields,
And waking from her wintry tomb,
Comes freshly forth to deck the fields
In beauty and in bloom.

So we, with feelings warm and strong,
Come forth with loving hands to place
The graven shape of Skene among
The noblest of our race.

O Earth, that hold'st his honored dust!—
There dwelleth, fragrant as thy flowers,
Enshrined in Memory's treasured trust,
His wealth of princely powers.

He wrought with kindly, strong desire
To soothe the suff'rings of our kind,
With more than mortal strength and fire
And mighty heart and mind.

Men loved and praised him, for the grace
Of goodness swayed his tongue and pen,
While, more than fame or power or place,
He loved his fellow-men.

And women blessed him; for their weal
His master-hand wrought full and free,
With something of the power to heal,
Like Him of Galilee.

And ever where the hand of death
Seem'd with the fiercest force express'd,
He fought, as in the battle's breath,
Our bravest and our best.

Till, soldier-like, with soul aflame,
Undaunted when the battle lowers,
He answered, when the summons came,
In happier spheres than ours.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott.—*Luther's Hymn.*

WE wander into paths unknown,
But still the kindly ray
Of light that shineth from God's throne
Illumes our varied way.

Not to our eyes His face can be
A shadow dark and dim,
But day by day our eyes can see
A nearer view of Him.

He knows our weakness, and our ills
Are His especial care:
His bitter cup He never fills
With more than we can bear.

If Life's thick-thronging, tiresome task
A heavy burden be,
Ask of Him as a child may ask,
And He will answer thee.

If Hope's dull embers faintly glow,
And friends seem far and few,
And death's dark angel, our last foe,
Hath smote the loved and true,

Despair not, for the good await
That golden morn to be,
To meet us at the pearly gate
Beside the jasper sea.

And light or darkness, life or death,
Whate'er the future brings,
Still be our refuge underneath
The shadow of His wings.

And grace shall guide us day by day
With patience to endure,
Until the shadows flee away,
Because our trust is sure.

MISCELLANEOUS

AT BANNOCKBURN

READ ON THE HISTORIC BATTLEFIELD AT THE 600TH
ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, JUNE 24, 1914

LORD GOD to Thee our thanks we send,
That by Thy grace and sovereign will,
To Thee alone we suppliant bend,
In Freedom's sunshine basking still,
And pray that through the years to be
We own no other power than Thee.

Here on this hallowed ground we've met
Unchanged through all the changing years,
Tried, as by furnace fires, but yet
Our eyes undimmed by hopeless tears.
For through the darkest days we see
Fair Scotland still sustained by Thee.

Six hundred years have passed since they,
Our fathers, stood, in martial squares,
Embattled on that fateful day
And raised to Thee their humble prayers,
While 'midst their varied hopes and fears
Thy sunshine glittered on their spears.

O, give to us their fiery zeal,
 Their hate of wrong, their love of right,
 Their souls of fire, their hearts of steel,
 Their unity of matchless might,
 Till Wrong and Error fall before
 Our strength as in the days of yore!

On land or sea where'er we are,
 Where Scotland's children wander forth,—
 Our native land,—the Polar Star,—
 Still steadfast to the loyal North,
 Each Scottish heart doth ever turn
 And thrills to think of Bannockburn!

Still stands the Castle on the hill,
 Still flows the River to the sea,
 Still in each heart the iron will,
 The quenchless love of liberty.
 Still stand the Scots for truth and right
 Like spearmen ready for the fight.

The gray mist gathers round the height
 And wreathes each purple mountain's crown,
 The flashing waters still delight
 In silvery splendor rushing down—
 And still in memory's charmed ears
 Come echoes of the vanished years.

And Scotland's splendor ever shines
 Heroic still in face and form,
 Encircled fair in glowing lines,

Like rainbows, gathered from the storm,
And Hope still pointeth fair and free
Into the days that are to be.

The patriot's fire, the poet's grace,
Have spread the glow of Scotland's fame
Until Earth's furthest dwelling place
Hath swelled the tumult of acclaim,
And storied page the tide prolongs,
And echo revels in her songs!

So, glory-crowned, shall Scotland stand
Until in that diviner day
The sword shall fall from Rapine's hand
And dark Oppression fade away,
And, joined in Thy eternal plan,
Man shall be knit to brother Man.

Then through serener, kindlier eyes
The happy nations backward turn,
And mark the potent prophecies
Of Marathon and Bannockburn
Commingle with the golden seed
Of Pilgrim Rock and Runnymede.

Then when Earth's war-worn shields are hung
Around the halls where nations meet,
And tales are told, and songs are sung,
None shall resound more grand and sweet
Than thine, brave Scotland!—old, yet new,—
Thou cradle of the tried and true!

IN NEW ENGLAND

ON VISITING THE LAND OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I dreamed of one who stood and sung
 Outside the busy market place,
There was a sweetness in his tongue,
 A graveness in his thoughtful face.
I listened, watched, and wondered why
The heedless throng went hurrying by.

For through his songs far echoes came
 Of Nature's elemental strife,
The warring thoughts, the fiery flame
 Of deeds that mark heroic life.
The mysteries of life and death
Grew vocal with his living breath.

He gentle seemed, but whiles a flash
 Of fire would light his lustrous eye,
As when some echoing thunder crash
 Disturbs the sombre, sullen sky ;
Then words came from his quivering lips
As weird as the Apocalypse.

He loved the crowd, he watched the throngs,
And marked their diverse moods and ways,
And ever in his warbled songs
They lived again in lyric lays ;
Yet still his manner would express
His deeper love of loneliness.

About himself he never thought
Or seemed to think as others do ;
For place or power he never sought,
Yet he to larger stature grew
Till strength and wealth and pomp and pride
Grew less and lesser by his side—

Until amid the wondering throng,
He, statue-like, to greatness grown,
Rolled out the thunders of his song
Until their hearts were all his own,
And far and near they gathered round
To listen to the magic sound.

The sunshine flamed upon his brow,
Strength lent his form a god-like grace,
'And wisdom wrote in gold somehow
Her shining letters in his face ;
Yet seemed he evermore the same
Amid the tumult of acclaim.

From him the future grandly glowed,
As if an eternal youth,

The coming race sublimely showed
A stronger love of worth and truth;
And man with man serenely stood
In universal brotherhood.

Age touched him lightly as the dew
Falls in the twilight faint and dim,
He more and more angelic grew
Till time and grace transfigured him.
A whitened glory bright and fair,
Like snow, fell on his silvery hair.

At last he, marble-like, became,
And round his head a woven wreath
Green blossomed, ever more the same,
Immortal-hued, defying death,
Glowed in the sunshine and the storm
And nobly crowned a saint-like form.

ROBERT BURNS

IMPERIAL City of the West,
Far-shining at thy glittering gates,
The fires of Liberty attest
The trust that on thy worth awaits.

Thou in thy civic splendor set,
Thou in thy joyance glad and gay,
Keep bright remembrance nor forget
The memory of this hallowed day

When Burns, fair Scotland's prophet-bard,
Sprang, god-like, from the humble sod,
And, king-like, won the world's regard
Through all the paths his fancy trod.

He sang the Freeman's song that breathes
Of Nature's universal plan;
He wove the garland that enwreathes
The native dignity of Man.

He taught the common love of men,
The cloudless calm of sweet content,
And through his songs his wingéd pen
Proclaimed the foreordained event

When all the warring lands shall cease
Their rival claims on land and sea,
And, bright, the gladdening sun of Peace
Shall light the days that are to be.

O hearts grown hard with greed of gain,
O eyes with eager watching dim,
Your primal love of right retain
And learn the golden truths from him!

So lit by Poesy's heavenly flame
Behold through clearer eyes serene
The meaning of his matchless fame
And keep his blessed memory green.

IN BROOKLYN

WHAUR Brooklyn on its famous heights
Displays the charms o' yon town
Fu' braw an' bonnie are the sights
That cheer the heart in yon town.
There art combines wi' nature's grace
To charm the ee in ilka place;
It's couthy as a friendly face—
The blythesome blink o' yon town.

The freckfu' fowk are braw an' weel
That mak' their hames in yon town,
An' ilka bodie's real genteel
Ye chance to meet in yon town;
There's worth, an' wit, an' social glee,
An' billies blythe as blythe can be,
An' aye a cosy neuk for me
Whene'er I gang to yon town.

I've wandered East, I've wandered West,
I've wandered far frae yon town,
An' aft I wiss'd my lot was cast
Among the fowk in yon town,

But like a wild bird far an' free,
I'll wing my way owre land and sea
To haud anither jubilee
 Among my freends in yon town.

The Fulton Ferry used lang syne
 To float me owre to yon town,
They built a brig sae braw an' fine
 To tak' me owre to yon town,
But now it's neither boat nor brig
But lounging in an auto rig,—
Nae wonder though I whiles feel big
 Whene'er I gang to yon town.

But mark me in the by and by
 Neist time I visit yon town
Through heaven's blue vault I'll cleave the sky,
 An' drap richt down on yon town,
Nae boat or brigs or cars for me,
A winged seraphim I'll be,
An' mony years I hope to flee
 Through sapphire skies to yon town.

OUR LADY MARGARET

LET others sing the blooming charms
Of gay and gladsome youth,
And rave till fiery fancy warms
The duller tints of truth—
I sing of one who, like the sun
When lesser lights are set,
Shines ever clear our central sphere—
Our Lady Margaret.

The varying seasons come and go
In never-ending stir,
She, calmly, as the rivers flow,
Reveals no change in her.
She, Juno-like—divinely tall,
Serene beyond regret,
In grace and goodness—all in all—
Our Lady Margaret.

Our lives are like the restless tides
By changeful breezes tost.
And weary memory long abides
Around the loved and lost.
But still whate'er our paths should mar
There's golden goodness yet,
Like her, our queenly northern star—
Our Lady Margaret.

ANNIE ANDERSON

I sat at e'en on Clochnaben,
 Neist day I clamb big Benachie,
 Whaur nature's charms sae gay an' green
 Spread lavish to the longing ee;
But naething bloomed sae blythe to see,
 In gloaming gray or noonday sun,
As ae braw lass that smiled on me—
 The bonnie Annie Anderson.

Her een were star-like in their glance,
 Her lips like rose leaves wet wi' dew.
Her voice like music when the dance
 Thrills ilka bodie through an' through;
Her cheeks were like the buds that blew
 When heather bells had juist begun—
In angel choirs there maun be few
 Compared wi' Annie Anderson.

O if I live a hunder years,
 Till earthly hopes shall fade an' flee,
An' a' the weary world wears
 A cauld rife, cankert look to me.
There's ae glad memory aye shall be
 Like silvery streams that onward run
Through time unto eternity—
 The bonnie Annie Anderson!

TO MY NIECE JESSIE

“ For whom bind’st thou in wreaths thy golden
hair?” Horace, Ode V. Lib. 1.

OH, JESSIE! when I heard the news
That ye were gaun to marry,
Fu’ dowie was my hamely Muse,
I thought that ye would tarry

Until I left my freends sae crouse
An’ you would leave your mither;
Then canny in some cosie house
We’d settle down thegither.

But Fate’s decree, ah, mercy me!
My day dreams I maun banish,
An’ you an’ me in blythe Dundee
Frae Hope’s fair sky maun vanish.

I doubt if e’er I cross the sea
Ye winna speak to puir fowk,
Because I’m sure your man will be
As proud as any muir cock.

He could na look me in the face,
I hope he’ll be forgiven;
He’s robbed me o’ my resting place,
My dream o’ earthly heaven!

TO MY NIECE JESSIE.

Ye need na send your picture owre
Enrobed in bridal dresses,
Through Fancy's ee I aften glower
An' mark your wavy tresses,

Your starry een o' loyal blue,
Your smile sae blythe an' bonnie,—
The ruby rosebud o' your mou
That's sweet as heather honey!

Your noble grace, your winsome face
That maks me daft an' dafter,
An' fills my dreams o' angel themes
Baith now as weel's hereafter.

Nor need ye send me picture cards
O' Pillars or o' Steeple,
Nor couthie words o' warm regards
Frae a' the kindly people.

I see them a'—the Town, the Law,
An' Tay's clear silvery river,
An' thou, the spirit o' them a',
Forever an' forever!

NEIL MAC DONALD'S ELEGY

COME thou, my Muse, an' help to bear
The pang that draws the saut, saut tear
For him that we may see nae mair—
The gifted Neil MacDonald O!

Lang syne when Neil was at his heicht,
Like Jupiter he ruled the nicht.
An' few there were that shone as bricht
As clever Neil MacDonald O!

Poor Neil, he had his ups an' douns
'Mang writer chiels in muckle touns,
The prince o' a' the lang-haired loons
Was worthy Neil MacDonald O!

A nicht wi' him was worth a week,
He kent the Latin an' the Greek.
An' Gaelic, too, there's nane could speak
As clear as Neil MacDonald O!

A bard was he o' muckle worth,
Like Ossian o' the mystic north,
Frae John o' Groat's to river Forth
There's few like Neil MacDonald O!

Ah, simple, social, noble Neil!
Though crushed by Fortune's iron wheel,
Wha kens but in some blissfu' biel
 There's room for Neil MacDonald O!

In starry spheres wi' cares unvexed,
Should spirits hae a knotty text,
How blest they'll be whae'er sits next
 To learned Neil MacDonald O!

For here, or through the ages dim—
Or journalist, or seraphim—
There was a kindly saul in him—
 Valere!—Neil MacDonald O!

THE DEPARTED

I WONDER if the happy dead
Can see us from their blissful spheres,
And if by God-like goodness led
They come to stem our rising tears.

I know not, but a burning hope
Lights up my darkest hours because
Full often when my eyelids drop
The dead fills in the peaceful pause.

They may not speak, they rarely look
Though present to the inward sense,
Quick-known as some familiar book
Replete with high intelligence.

Serene they dwell in sunny plains,
A rainbow splendor round them clings,
Care-free from fretful fears or pains
Or earth's incessant murmurings.

Perchance these visions from afar
Are but the work of Fancy's hand,
As one beneath an alien star
Dreams idly of his native land ;

Nor darksome days his vision brings,
But Nature in her sweetest tune
Comes garlanded in flowers and sings
A song of everlasting June.

Howe'er it be, O loved and lost!
I would not, knowing, do thee wrong!
O visions of the heavenly host,
Yours is the life for which I long!

IN THE WORLD WAR TIME

THE CALL OF THE WAR PIPE

I sit an' I dream in the gloamin' at hame
Fu' calm in a weel sheltered nook,
An' some maister mind the best o' our kind
Shines out frae some auld-farrant book;
But down the braid street there's a trample o' feet
An' the blast o' a bugle an' a';
Forbye there's a sound that will never be drowned
As lang as there's pipers to blaw.

O there's pipers an' drummers an' a',
An' banners an' ribbons fu' braw;
An' my dreams dance a reel at the flash o' the steel
An' I'm up wi' the lave an' awa',
An' it's "Bundle and Go" that they blaw,
An' I gie them the double hurrah,
An' there's cheers an' salutes for the gallant recruits
An' the Scots at the head o' them a'!

Then here's to the brave an' the leal,
 An' here's to the gallant an' true;
 An' here's to the kilt an' the sword to the hilt
 In the hearts o' the Kaiserized crew!
 An' here's to the bonnets o' blue
 On the heads o' the bold an' the free,
 May they cock up the crest wi' the bravest an' best
 Wherever the battle may be.

The pipers are brithers o' mine
 An' lang may their bellowses blaw,
 My Muse needs nae mair than an auld Scottish air
 To spread out her pinions an' craw
 For the guid an' the bonnie an' brow—
 To cheer honest Liberty's cause,
 An' ilk worthy Scot to stand up an' tak' note
 An' join in the kindly applause.

Awa' wi' your operas that fill
 An hour an' a half ere they're past,
 But gie me the numbers that thrill
 Clean through frae the first to the last,
 Then double it back wi' a blast
 An' repeats it wi' micht an' wi' main;
 An' we ken when the tune is finished an' dune
 An' wiss we could hear it again.

It wings me awa' to the hills
 Where the red deer rustles an' rins,
 An' I fain would lie down by the clear wimplin' rills
 An' be hid in the heather an' whins;

But here's where a lesson begins,—

At our duty we maunna rebel,
Though a man's at his best if it comes to the test
When he's left for a while to himsel'.

The war pipe's a charmer to me,
The drones an' the chanter an' a',
Like a lad for his lass there's nought can surpass
Or bring him sic pleasure ava;
There's magic in blasts that they blaw,
For things that I've heard or I've seen
Just come in a rush like the buds on the bush
When the woodlands are mantled in green.

There's a wail for the brave that's awa',
There's a lilt for the blythe that's at hame;
An' the fit o' the stave for them i' the grave
An' the tap for the summits o' fame;
But the dead or the living's the same,
Or the auld or the bauld or the youth,
For whatever they play by nicht or by day
The chanter is set for the truth.

I've wandered awa' frae my hame
An' I've met wi' the bricht an' the braw,
But woman or man or country or clan
The Scots are the pride o' them a';
I wonder I wandered awa',
For I'm never mysel' till I see
A douce honest face o' the auld kindly race,
An' a tongue that's like music to me.

An' pipers an' drummers an' a',
An' ribbons an' banners fu' braw;
An' I'm blythe an' I'm proud in the heart o' a crowd
When the kilties come on in a raw,
An' I gie them the double hurrah
An' lang may they gie us a blaw,
For there's something worth while in spirit an' style
Wi' the pipers in front o' them a'!

SCOTLAND IN THE WAR

WE hear of England's matchless might,
But let not Scotland's fame be hid—
Of those who battle for the right
We ask—"Stands Scotland where it did?"
The truth comes as a lightning flash,
And all the vision stands revealed,—
Amid the battle's thunder crash
None brighter gleams than Scotland's Shield.

In Flanders' fields, by Marne's red banks,
Where'er the eager eye may turn,
There charge the Caledonian ranks,
There shine the spears of Bannockburn!
There, crimson-dyed, the tartans wave,
And there the Highland war-pipe calls,
There floats the Scottish banner brave,
And there the stricken foeman falls!

Let Fame's green garland deck the brows
Of all who drew the vengeful sword,
Nor Envy's tongue dark thoughts arouse
Who hardest struck the Hun abhorred.
All honor to each noble race
That bravely shared the common lot,
Nor time, nor fate, nor chance, nor place
Can rob one laurel from the Scot!

HERE'S TO THE HIGHLANDS

HERE'S to the Highlands, the glens and the
islands,

That sparkle like gems on an emerald sea;
An' here's to the heather, the bonnet an' feather.

The badge o' the noble, the crest o' the free!
Nae foeman whatever, no, never an' never,
But shrank frae the onset, right willing to flee;
The pathway to glory in Britain's proud story
Is led by the clansman on land or on sea.

The fierce Huns they mustered, in millions they clustered,

Like hungry wolves loose in the fair fields o' France,
But the lads in the tartans stood firm as the Spartans
And stopped the wild tide of the savage advance.
Till, broken an' battered, an' stricken an' shattered,
The Huns, like the foxes, crept into their dens,
Till, blasted asunder by earth-rending thunder,
They crawl awa' back frae the lads frae the glens.

Then here's to the Highlands, the glens and the
islands,

That send the brave lads to the bold British line;
Though the battle is bitter, the Scots' bayonets glitter,
Like far-flashing lightning they'll shine an' they'll
shine

Till the last brutal German, like foul hunted vermin,
For pity or mercy they'll crave an' they'll whine,
An' each craven coward, by victory devoured,
Shall vanish like toads in the mud o' the Rhine.

WILLIE AN' JEAN

THE sun blinks bonnie on the links o' Aberdeen,
Where the foam-fringed sea flashes clearly
Where Willie walked at e'en wi' his lovely
lassie Jean,
An' they lo'ed ane anither unco dearly.

The moon glowers grewsome on the furrowed fields o'
France,
Where the hungry hounds o' war never weary,
An' Willie 'mong the brave lies in a hero's grave
Far awa' frae his ain bonnie dearie.

The stars glint gloomy on the green kirkyaird,
Where the blue bells their teardrops are dreepin',
An' Jeanie, sweet an' fair, like a withered lily there,
In the cauld airms o' death lies sleepin'.

The wee crusie glimmers in the ben house at hame,
Where the auld fowk are hearing the story
O' Him that bides aboon, where they'll a' foregaiter
soon
In the realms o' everlastin' glory.

What were sun an' moon or the stars that blink aboon
Or the crusie that glimmers dim an' drearer,
If it were na through life's nicht we can see the licht
o' licht
That's aye shining, nearer an' clearer?

IN MEMORIAM

K. K.

HE, charging in the shot-rent ranks
Fell nobly on the battle plain
Where Iser by its shattered banks
Rolls to the distant main.

But in my grief a kindly grace
Reveals this everlasting truth—
He, changeless, dwells in form and face
In an immortal youth!

His fame is fixed—he lives in light,
His is the watching world's applause,
For in the battle for the right,
He fell in Freedom's cause.

Where calm he lies the glad, green spring
Shall deck with flower and wreath with vine,
For him the nightingale shall sing
A sweeter song than mine.

The stars shall nightly vigils keep,
The moon her silver glory shed,
And rainbow blossoms freshly weep
Upon his lowly bed.

But not in vain he fell; for, though
Through furnace fires of sorrow, we
Behold in Hope's eternal glow
The triumph that shall be!

OVER THE TOP WITH TOMMY

OVER the top with Tommy,—
That's where I would be,
I would take care of Tommy
And Tommy take care of me.
High on the flag of honor
Place a bright blue star—
Tommy has joined the army,
Tommy's away to the war!

Over the top with Tommy,
On through the tangled wires,
Into the blaze of the bursting bombs,
Into the flashing fires;
Out of the wide-mouthed trench,
Over the shell-hole's lip;
Into the foeman's straining arms
With a collar and elbow grip.

If we should fall together—
Whatever the fates decree,
Others would fall with Tommy,
And some would fall with me.
Down in the land of darkness,
Or up in realms of light;
Into new spheres of the endless years,
Or into the quenching night,

I'll take my chance with Tommy
On through disasters dire,
And stay with him through the ages dim
At rest or lower or higher;
But chance has rent us apart
'Neath fortune's varying star;
And such is fate—I stand and wait
And Tommy's away to the war!

Youth is the golden sunshine,
Age is the twilight dim:
I wish that Tommy could change with me
And I could change with him.
Or add our years together
And break them up in two—
Then march away to the martial fray
Wherever the bugles blew!

IN MEMORIAM

R. B. K.

THE bugles blow, a martial joy
Thrills freemen mustering with the
brave,
But he, my pride, my gallant boy,
Lies in a soldier's grave.

I leave the city's busy hum,
I seek the silent solitudes,
And kindred voices bid me come
For healing in the woods.

I hear him in the wild bird's song,
I see him in each quivering tree,
Though, shadow-like, he haunts me long
He may not speak to me.

His kind face comes to me by night,
He, seraph-like, serenely stands,
I see him robed in stainless white
And healing in his hands.

He heeds me not, he waxes dim,
His love seems turned to cold neglect,
Like one whose merit raises him
By godlike intellect.

But through my weary heart to-day
This blessed truth comes strongly driven—

God never takes one gift away
But something more is given.

My other loved ones dearer seem,
Old friends come round me more and more,
And kind, as in a happy dream,
Come souls unknown before.

As in my sheltered garden grew
A sapling oak, and broad and bold
It spread its leaves of shining hue
In glistening green and gold.

I dreamed that 'neath its ampler shade,
Through waning years that were to be,
A calm retreat there might be made—
A resting place for me.

It withered, but around that spot
The sun-flowers burn, the dahlias bloom,
There springs the sweet forget-me-not,
And roses shed perfume.

The warbling songbirds ever seem
A happy choir of pure delight,
By day the wild bees hum, the gleam
Of fireflies gems the night.

The weary winds are lulled, and there
The balmy air is sweet and mild,
A peace is in the earth and air,
And I am reconciled.

IN PICARDY

WE'VE warsled through the winter wi' its
weary wreaths o' snaw,
An' we wiss'd the breath o' spring were here
to drive the frost awa' ;

But the buds are on the bush again an' a better chance
we'll get

To meet the Hun on level grun'—we're aye fechtin
yet.

Thro' mud an' mire an' frost an' fire we're aye fechtin
yet.

There's brave lads fa'n in battle, and mony mair may
dee

Whaur the cannon roar an' rattle on the road to Ger-
manie ;

But our faith it hasna falter'd for a' the dool we've
met,

An' our courage hasna alter'd, for we're aye fechtin
yet.

In hearty hope that canna stop we're aye fechtin yet.

You should see the bricht een glancin' when they let
us oot at lairge,

An' the pipers set us dancin' in the whirlwind o' the
chairge!

An' the fire o' vengeance shinin' on each burnish'd
bayonet,

An' the tremblin' Bosches whinin', for we're aye
fechtin yet;

O there's glory in the story!—we're aye fechtin yet.

So Hope keeps brichtly burnin' on the plains o'
Picardie,

An' wi' joy we'll be returnin' 'neath the flags o' vic-
torie;

An' Freedom's sun shines clearer an' never more shall
set,

An' man to man be nearer, for we're aye fechtin yet.

For truth an' licht an' human richt we're aye fechtin
yet.

THE ARMISTICE

NINE kings fell from their tottering thrones,
Their swords were red but not with rust,
Nine million soldiers' mouldering bones
Lay hidden low in the silent dust.

Nine ropes swung loose in November's breeze,
Each noozed and ready to stretch a neck;
Nine ravens sat on the leafless trees
Keen whetting their horny nebs to peck.

A white cross stood 'neath a glittering star
Where the new-made graves spread row on row,
And the shell-rent, shot-ploughed fields afar
Lay dim in the drifts of trampled snow.

A still voice came from the upper air:—
“The weary earth is ready for peace,
The hour has come for the sword to spare,
For the day has come for the strife to cease.

“The brave live on in an endless fame
And sweet is the rest of the noble dead;
The craven lives in a cloud of shame
And pines in the pangs of a gnawing dread.

“How long will the hands that were meant for toil
Make idols of clay whose heavy feet
But press man down in the miry soil
As the hoof-beats tread on the hardened street?

“Cease ye from war and look in His face
Who, stranger-like, ye have not known,
He who made you rich in His Grace—
You are His children, you are His own.

“Leave these fallen creatures to Him,
Judgment is His, He knowest best,
In the golden dawn through the shadows dim
The morning cometh, there is rest.”

THE TRIUMPH

THE humbled Hun has bent the knee
In abject supplications,
And Victory's wings o'er land and sea
Enfold the allied nations;
While Peace proclaims full loud and free
Her sweetest salutations,
And music's warbled melody
Prolongs the acclamations.

Who boastful comes in shame shall go,
In vain the rash endeavor,
Though pampered pride and gilded show
The bonds of peace may sever;
The wise and good serenely know
Vain pomp endureth never;
The moving mills of God grind slow
But they grind on forever.

Who rules the earth from pole to pole
With Truth as vindicator?
Who makes the right to bear control
As Freedom's promulgator?
Who makes it clear no human soul
But stoops a violator?
Who other than His powers extol
But He the wise Creator?

His right hand smote the erring Huns,
He mocked their boastful lying;
He hushed the thunder of their guns
The oath-bound right defying;
His eye beheld the stricken ones,
He heard Earth's woeful sighing;
His mantling pity never shuns
The hallowed heroes dying.

Be this our hope in brighter days
In Fate's unwritten pages,—
We higher climb on wisdom's ways
By His uplifting stages,
Till underneath the clearer rays
No jarring tumult rages,
But Peace shall sing her song of praise
Throughout the endless ages.

As comes the ship with broken masts
For which fond hearts were mourning;
As passed wild Winter's stormy blasts
Comes primrosed Spring returning;
As through the clouds that overcast
The golden sun comes burning,—
So comes the white-robed Peace that lasts
For which we've long been yearning!

LATER LYRICAL CHARACTER SKETCHES

PIPER MACPHEE

MACPHEE plays the bagpipe as clear as a
mavis
That wakes the sweet echoes the woodlands
amang;

It seems that his spirit gaes back to Ben Nevis
Where his wild-warbling war-pipe melodiously rang.
His mind aye engages the airs o' the ages,—
The martial, the waesome, the blythe blasts o' glee;
'Twould be grand to gang roamin' at hame i' the
gloamin'
An' list to the numbers o' Donald MacPhee.

But here owre the sea in a far, foreign country
Wi' Slovaks an' Huns an' lang-whiskered Kykes,—
Offscourings o' Europe,—a down-trodden gentry,—
Ye might as weel mingle wi' wasps in their bykes.
The black-hearted vipers hae nae ear for pipers,
There's a scowl on the face an' a fire in the ee;
They've nae sense to hearken, their dull dials darken
At the soul-stirring music o' Donald MacPhee.

He played on the roofs an' he played in the back
yards,
He played in the cellars sae darksome an' damp.
He was jeered at an' laughed at by ill-spoken black-
guards,
An' treated far waur than some ne'er-do-weel
tramp,

The fowk keepit lodgers an' fiercely as sodgers

They swore at his pipes; but fu' patient was he,
An' sought for seclusion where nae rude intrusion
Would mar the grand piping o' Donald MacPhee.

Ae day in the springtime I wandered out wi' him,

Awa' where the forest spread shady an' green,
To hae a day's piping,—'t was rapture to see him,—
The high-minded minstrel alone an' serene;
But, sadness to say it, as ill luck would hae it,
The birds an' the beasties made ready to flee,
An' din-making neibors roused up the game-keepers
Wha swore out a summons for Donald MacPhee.

But ae cheery gloamin' a keen, clever showman

Made offers to Donald if Donald would come;
A big-bearded lady,—he had her already,—
A dwarf an' a giant that beat on a drum,—
A Hindoo in curtains wha' tauld fowk their fortunes,
An' ither queer ferlies fu' unco to see;
But the hale segregation made sma' agitation
Compared to the piping o' Donald MacPhee.

At market or fair aye the piper was there aye

When dawn's rosy streamers illumined his face
Till the stars they were gleaming his chanter was
screaming,

Nae sentry mair faithfu' e'er keepit his place.
A bite o' a sausage in some gloomy passage
An' whiles a bit cupfu' o' coffee or tea;

His wants they were simple, his funds they were
ample

An' grand was the piping o' Donald MacPhee.

To greet the engagements the fowk thranged in regi-
ments,

Through the lang simmer days there was piping
galore,—

He cheered up the quorum wi' blythe "Tulloch-
gorum,"

An' saftened their hearts wi' "Lochaber No More."
Nae jeering nor curses but weel-opened purses

An' joy rich in revels an' innocent glee;

The tunes o' "Prince Charlie," the gay "Rigs o'
Barley"

Enchanted the hearers o' Donald MacPhee.

But,—spirits fraternal,—ae day an auld Colonel

Wi' his head in the air an' a visage fu' keen

Came mantled in tartan an' bold as a Spartan,

He louped like an athlete at play on the green;

His een they were star-like, his aspect was war-like,

His voice a deep basso, an' bauldly says he,—

"Come, give me a trial, I'll take no denial,"

An' he grippit the bagpipe frae Donald MacPhee.

Then he hotched an' he jerkit, his elbows he workit,

Wi' cyclonic fury he blew an' he blew;

His feet they kept beating, repeating—repeating,—

The ribbons they twisted, they fluttered, they flew;

The notes they kept coming, the drones they were
humming,

The short anes on E aye, the lang ane on G;
 The welkin was buzzin' while shakes by the dozen
 Rang true frae the bagpipe o' Donald MacPhee.

But ending the racket,—the wind-bag it crackit,
 An' sad as the sough o' a storm-beaten sea,
 A lang eerie moaning, the last waefu' droning,—
 A harsh note o' discord to muffle the glee;
 The bag, like a blether, it shrank in thegither,
 An' then the grand Colonel fu' bauldly spak' he,—
 "Ne'er heed the disaster, take me for your master,"—
 An' awa' he gaed linking wi' Donald MacPhee.

But nae need o' pity,—in country or city,—
 A big man the Colonel, a rich man an' a',—
 The noble Clanronald got new pipes for Donald
 Wi' lang ells o' ribbons an' banners fu' braw.
 An' closing my drama in fair Alabama
 In evergreen gardens o' grandeur to see,
 I'll lay you a wager there's no a pipe-major
 That pipes in the splendor o' Donald MacPhee.

Now freends within hearing be slow in your jeering,
 When a douce man's in earnest juist let him abee;
 There's hope in persistence an' whiles in the distance
 He'll come to big things like a stream to the sea;
 It needs guts an' girsle fu' lonely to warsle,
 But the bravest aye get to the tap o' the tree.
 Awa' wi' back-turning, keep hope ever burning
 An' think o' the triumphs o' Donald MacPhee.

SANDY MACQUILL

SANDY MAC QUILL was an auld farrant stock,
And an unco queer hobby had he;
His mind was wound up, like a grandfather's
clock,

Wi' a speech that he made in Dundee,
An' for forty lang years he's been at it until
We've heard the last echoes o' Sandy MacQuill.

He scanned owre the speeches that ithers had made,
An' copied baith matter an' style,
Wi' a start here an' there,—a mock masquerade—
Unfathomed as Tammas Carlyle;
But the Scots bodies took it wi' hearty good will,
An' they voted a medal to Sandy MacQuill.

An' for year after year he reeled aff his stunt,
An' to gie it a finer effect
He had big drooping spectacles flaming in front
An' lang locks o' hair in his neck,
When they munched at the haggis or swallowed a gill
They cappit the climax wi' Sandy MacQuill.

When the birkie began in club or in clan
The bauldest were mim as a mouse,
Till proudly he pictured the Scot as a Man,
Syne wi' thunders they rockit the house
Wi' cheer upon cheer an' thrill upon thrill—
Double roused by the toddy an' Sandy MacQuill.

He rampit an' reenged like a lion let loose
 An' doubled an' trebled his proof,
 Wi' flashes o' glory round Wallace an' Bruce
 He blazed till he crackit the roof;
 Till at Burns an' at Scott—fowk roared wi' a will,—
 "They're grand!—but there's only ae Sandy Mac-
 Quill!"

But at last the teetotallers carried the day,
 An' then, dark as the brim o' my hat,
 The wee warrach weakened an', waesome to say,
 His skyrockets fizzed an' fell flat,
 For sober an' mindfu' they couldna sit still
 An' heed the auld havers o' Sandy MacQuill.

An' now like a hen wi' a cleckin o' ducks
 That's taen to the water to swim,
 On the brink o' despair he scraighs an' he clucks
 An' there's nane to pay honor to him,
 For it looks as if a' bodie's gotten their fill
 O' the rantin' an' roarin' o' Sandy MacQuill.

Now freends bear in mind that the well may gae dry;
 Ye may lose though you've loaded the dice;
 An' though craft an' though chance you may hit the
 bull's eye,
 It tak's skill to be hitting it twice.
 Keep up to the minute an' dinna stand still
 Or your laurels may wither like Sandy MacQuill.

THE CHAPLAIN

JEM TAMSON the smith was a throuither chield,
A smatterin' bodie at best;
His hands they were mauchtless an' Jem could
na yield

An honest day's wark like the rest,
Some gied him advice, some gied him an aith,
Some gied him a volley o' scorn;
Some wondered how e'er sic a creature had breath,
Or how sic a bodie was born.

An' Jemmie, poor chap, had a hunted-like look,—
Like a dog that has wandered frae hame;
An', like mony mair, his trade he mistook—
An' maybe he wasna to blame;
An' aince in a while the creature would smile—
For flashes o' wisdom had he,
Like the moon glintin' bricht through a rift in the
nicht
An' lightin' the fathomless sea.

Twa pious auld ladies took pity on Jem,
An' awa' to the college gaed he,

An' a shadow o' grace came owre his bit face
 An' a minister—faith!—he would be,
 A half dizen sermons he got them by heart
 Though room in't was little to spare;
 But he gied them his best in some place in the West—
 Converting the heathen out there.

When the big war began there wasna a man
 But offered his heart an' his hand;
 The echoes rang true when the bugles they blew
 Frae the east to the west o' the land.
 They sharpened the spear, they offered their gear,
 The breath o' defiance was there,
 Some offered their sons, some offered their guns,
 But Jemmie—he offered a prayer.

But canny was Jem an' a licht cam to him,
 An' the maist unexpected befel,
 For the lad saw a chance to be preaching in France,
 So Jemmie he offered himsel'!
 They sent him awa' wi' a double hurrah,
 An' aff to the trenches he maks
 Wi' sermons pressed flat in the crown o' his hat
 Forbye a big pouchfu' o' tracts.

In the thunder o' guns ten miles frae the Huns
 Ye could hear his bit quavering voice;
 Though the sodgers looked glum they aye keepit
 mum,—
 Sma' reason had they to rejoice.

The men o' a' creeds aft shakit their heads,
An' few o' them lingered to pray;
But to him that will preach or lecture or teach
You're supposed to hae naething to say.

Ae day when a shell cam' shrieking an' fell,
Wi' a crash through the owre-arching trees,
Right near to the spot where Jemmy had got
A company down on their knees;
Somehow it was odd it didna explode,
But the maist o' them joukit an' ran;
An' the fleg that Jem got froze him stiff to the spot
An' they thought that he stood like a man.

When Jemie cam' hame there was fame to his name
An' sights that a bodie should see;
He was nae sae blunt, there was brass to his front,
Like a dollar store window was he,
Wi' medals an' stars an' wi' crosses an' bars
His presence brought thunders o' cheers,
An' dinners galore our Jemie had more
Than an alderman guzzles in years.

He rode in the park an' he wore a white sark,
The widows were thrang after Jem;
He picked out the best an' he shook a' the rest
An' a fortune was settled on him.
The lady had gear an' Jemie, they swear,
Is free frae a' warldly strife,
On foot he ne'er hikes, he can do as he likes—
For Jemie is settled for life.

Now freends bear in mind an' be couthie an' kind
When ye meet wi' a billie like Jem,
For there's angels o' grace that will find him a place,
An' your een may be dazzled by him,
For Fortune, the jaud, aft picks a puir lad
That blossoms an' ripens fu' big,
His days may be spent in canny content
As easy 's an Irishman's pig.

THE HIGHLAND CROFTER

FRAE Kenmore to Ben More
The land is a' the Marquises';
The mossy howes, the heathery knowes
An' ilka bonnie park is his;
The bearded goats, the towsie stots
An' a' the braxie carcasses;
Ilk crofter's rent, ilk tinkler's tent
An' ilka collie's bark is his;
The muircock's crow, the piper's blaw.
The ghillie's hard day's wark is his,
Frae Kenmore to Ben More
The warld is a' the Marquises'!

The fish that swim, the birds that skim,
The fir, the ash, the birk is his;
The castle ha', sae big an' braw.
Yon diamond-crusted durk is his;
The roofless hame,—a burning shame,
The factor's dirty wark is his;
The poor fowk vexed, the lawyer's text,
Yon smirkin' legal shark is his;
Frae Kenmore to Ben More
The warld is a' the Marquises'!

But near, mair near, God's voice we hear—

The dawn as weel's the dark is His.

The poet's dream, the patriot's theme,

The fire that lights the mirk is His;

They clearly show God's mills are slow

But sure the handiwork is His;

And in His grace our hope we place.

Fair Freedom's sheltering ark is His.

The men that toil should own the soil—

A note as clear's the lark's is this—

Breadalbane's land—the fair, the grand—

Will no' be aye the Marquises'!

THE MILL LASSIE

“**A**N would you hire a lassie noo?
I am a weaver to my trade.”
“I could na tak the like o’ you,”
The heartless, hard-faced foreman said.

“We’re snoddin’ up the hands we hae
An’ makin’ a’ thing neat’s a preen,
We’re gaun to hae a visit frae
Their majesties the king an’ queen!

“Your bare feet would na look sae weel,
Your claes are unco thin an’ bare;
We want our fowk to look genteel
An’ busk themsels an’ kame their hair.

“In twa’s three days or maybe mair
O’ weavers we might hire a few;
We daurna lat the royal pair
Set een upon the like o’ you!”

A red flood flushed her pallid face,
Her weary eyelids filled with tears,—
“It’s naething but a real disgrace
To notice what a weaver wears.

“I hae a pair o’ shoon,” she said,
“An’ use them when the days are dark,
Forbye a gown my mither made,
An’ wear it to the Baxter Park.

“On Sabbath days too at the kirk
 I’m snod, although I say’t mysel;
 I wiss the braw fowk had to work
 An’ a’ the loafers were in hell!

“I winder whiles in Pity’s name
 How some are bare while some are braw,
 An’ wha’s to blame, an’ whaur’s the shame,
 Or if there be a God ava!

“The Bible says it’s really sae,—
 His een are neither bleared nor dim,
 But I would like to gae an’ hae
 Juist twa’s three canny words wi’ Him!”

Ah, lion-hearted lass, hold up
 Your noble head nor blame in haste,
 For many kings have drank a cup
 Your trembling lips shall never taste.

And you may walk in rich attire
 When clique and class and caste are gone,
 And God’s slow-burning, scorching fire
 May wither every earthly throne!

Farewell! Dundee,—but count not me
 A regal family worshipper,
 But yon brave lass I could not pass,
 But raised my Western hat to her.

THE FARM LAD

I dreamed I was a lad again
On Angus' breezy braes
An' heard the foreman's rough refrain—
“Ho lads! Get on your claes
An', laddie, gang an' muck the byre
An' feed the cattle weel,
Then hack the sticks an' licht the fire
An' get your milk an' meal.

“Syne to the neeps an' pou an' slash
Twa load ere ye come back.
Then to the barn, for we maun thrash
Anither barley stack.
Then you maun mak the fanners fly
Till a' the dichtin's dune,
Your hardest wark should aye be by
Before the afternoon.

“At dinner time ye winna girn
To help the lasses through,
To feed the swine an' ca' the kirn
Is exercise for you.
Then yoke the cart an' to the toun
An' walk you brisk an' smart;
It isna ilka halflin loun
That drives a tattie cart.

“When at the toun ye’ll rub hēr doun,
An’ gie the brute her due,
Although she kicks she seldom strikes
A souple loun like you.
Then feed the kye an’ clean the croo,
An’ gie the hens their crumbs,
An’ dinna leave a lot to do
Before the gloamin’ comes.”

I waukent but the meaning plain
In fancy seemed to be
Our lives but catch the same refrain
The foreman gied to me.
For aye the mair that maist fowk do
The mair there’s to be dune;
Ye’re weel aff if your wark be through
Before the afternoon.

Haud at it in the morning hour,
Keep at it a’ the day,
Haud at it, be it ne’er sae dour,
For Life’s nae bairnies’ play.
Keep at it, be it fair or sour,
An’ ye may pick Life’s plums
An’ maybe hae a golden hour
Before the gloamin’ comes.

THE PLOUGHMAN

I used to think the ploughman's days
Were dark an' dull an' unco teuch,
An' wealth lived in a gowden blaze
Wi' pleasures braw an' blythe aneuch,
I've lived to keep a calmer sough,
I've learned a truer, sweeter tune,—
Joy brightly lightens life's dull heuch
To ploughmen when their day's wark's dune.

O blythe to them the birdies sing,
An' grand to them 's the spangled sheen,
When dewy blossoms in the Spring
Adorn the earth in gold and green;
The daisied fields, the skies serene,
Bring balmy breath like happy June—
Contentment crowns nae happier scene
Than ploughmen's when their day's wark's dune!

We used to mak' the caber dance,
We used to putt the muckle stane,
We used to gar the hammers glance,
Like rockets, owre the velvet green—
Big, brawny athletes ilka ane,

An' dancers wi' the pipes in tune;
 There's pleasures owre an' owre again
 Wi' ploughmen when their day's wark's dune.

My hameowre tongue is warsh and weak,
 My foreign Muse is tired an' tame,
 O I could sing for Scotland's sake
 If I had only lived at hame!
 Her memories haunt me like a dream
 O' fairyland beneath the mune,
 An' aye the brightest, sweetest theme
 Is ploughmen when their day's wark's dune!

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd wast,
 I've crossed the wide Atlantic sea.
 Youth's bonnie, blythesome days are past
 An' age comes hirplin' owre the lea.
 Whatever else may come to me,
 Be this Life's canny closing croon—
 Sweet may my hinmost slumbers be
 Like ploughmen's when their day's wark's dune!

NOTES.

PAGE 9.

IN 1861, at the outbreak of the American Civil War, the 79th Highlanders, headquarters in New York City, consisted of about 300 men, divided into six companies, and attached to the New York State Militia. The Highland uniform, or kilt, was worn. The undress, or fatigue, uniform consisted of caps, blue jackets and Cameron tartan trousers. Their services were among the first offered to the government, and on May 13th the formal acceptance was made. Early in June, the regiment, recruited to nearly 900, proceeded to Washington. From such reports as are in the office of the Adjutant-General at Albany, it appears that there were enrolled in the regiment, from May, 1861, to May, 1864, 1,374 men.

Of these, there were killed in battle or died of wounds or disease, 190; discharged, by reason of disability caused by wounds or sickness and other causes, 747; mustered out May, 1864, 244; transferred, resigned, and dismissed previous to May, 1864, 76; term of enlistment not completed, 117; total 1,374.

The second period of the regiment's service during the Civil War dates from June, 1864, to July, 1865, during which period 609 men were attached to the regiment. Though participating in the Siege of Petersburg and the final assault on the Confederate works there, the casualties were slight. The final mustering out of the service of the government occurred on July 14, 1865.

The regiment participated in the following engagements:

1861.—July 18, Blackburn's Ford, Virginia.

July 21, Bull Run, Virginia.

September 11, Lewinsville, Virginia.

September 25, Lewinsville, Virginia.

- 1862.—January 1, Port Royal Ferry, South Carolina.
 May 28, Pocatigo, South Carolina.
 June 3-4, James Island, South Carolina.
 June 16, Secessionville, South Carolina.
 August 21, Kelly's Ford, Virginia.
 August 29-30, Second Bull Run, Virginia
 September 1, Chantilly, Virginia.
 September 14, South Mountain, Maryland.
 September 17, Antietam, Maryland.
 December 13-14, Fredericksburg, Virginia.
- 1863.—June-July 4, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
 July 10-17, Jackson, Mississippi.
 October 10, Blue Springs, Tennessee.
 November 16, Campbell's Station, Tennessee.
 November 17-December 5, Siege of Knoxville, Tennessee.
 November 29, Defense of Fort Sanders, Tennessee.
- 1864.—January 21, Strawberry Plains, Tennessee.
 January 22, Between Strawberry Plains and Knoxville, Tennessee.
 May 6-7, Wilderness, Virginia.
 May 9-13, Spottsylvania, Virginia.
 October 27, Hatcher's Run, Virginia.
- 1865.—March 25, Fort Stedman, Virginia.
 April 2, Final assault on Petersburg, Virginia.

PAGE 14.

The march over the Cumberland Mountains occurred in September, 1863. The division of the Union Army consisted of the 79th New York (Highlanders), 8th and 27th Michigan, 35th and 36th Massachusetts, 11th New Hampshire, 51st New York, 45th Pennsylvania, and Benjamin's Battery, United States Artillery. The division formed a part of the Ninth Army Corps, commanded by General Burnside. Brigadier-General David Morrison, Colonel 79th New York (Highlanders), commanded the brigade to which the Highlanders were attached.

PAGE 19.

The campaign in Eastern Tennessee began on September 21, 1863. The first encounter with the Confederate forces occurred at Blue Springs on October 10th, which resulted in completely routing the rebels. The Union Division moved southward and took up winter quarters at Lenoir. The Confederates advanced from the South in great force and the Union division withdrew to Knoxville. A sharp engagement occurred at Campbell's Station on November 16th, when the Highlanders successfully held in check the Confederate cavalry.

PAGE 24.

The Siege of Knoxville began on November 17th. The principal defensive work was a fort half a mile west of the city. The defenders of this chief work were Benjamin's Battery, Company E, 2d United States Artillery, part of Buckley's and Romer's Batteries, Volunteer Artillery and 2d Michigan Infantry on the flank. Two companies of the 29th Massachusetts Infantry and the 79th New York (Highlanders) were stationed in the Northwest bastion of the fort. The cannonade from the Confederate artillery, chiefly aimed at the fort, was continued almost incessantly from November 18th till November 28th.

PAGE 29.

The final assault on the defenses of Knoxville occurred on Sunday morning, November 29, 1863. General Longstreet's entire division, numbering over 8,000 men, was sent against the main bastion of Fort Sanders, where the Highlanders were stationed. The repulse of the Confederates was complete, with a total loss of 129 men killed, 458 wounded and 226 prisoners. Three battle-flags were captured by the Highlanders. In referring to the assault on Fort Sanders, the Southern historian, Pollard, in his "Third Year of the War," says: "In this terrible ditch the dead were piled eight or ten deep. Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war a disaster adorned with the glory of such devout courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

PAGE 40.

Albyn, an ancient name applied to Caledonia, used by Campbell in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

PAGE 44.

Noran Water rises among the Grampian Hills in the north of Forfarshire, flows south and east through that county about 20 miles, and joins the South Esk near the ancient burgh of Brechin.

PAGE 52.

Angus Rankin was Pipe-Major of the 79th Regiment (Highlanders) National Guard, State of New York, when the regiment was mustered out of the service of the State in 1876. He died in 1880.

PAGE 59.

Robert Buchanan, the well-known British poet and most genial and variously gifted man, visited America in 1884-85.

PAGE 62.

James Fleming, the celebrated Scottish athlete, was born at Tullymet, Perthshire, in 1840, and died at Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. For more than twenty years he was a competitor at the principal athletic gatherings in Scotland, and some of his performances have not been surpassed by any other athlete. He visited America in 1871 and was received with much popular favor. The following are the records made by him in some of the games: At Blair Castle Grounds, Blair Athole, in 1869, he put the 22 lb. stone backward and forward 38 feet, 7 inches; at Glenisla Gathering he put the 28 lb. stone 33 feet, 8 inches; at Stonehaven, in 1874, he put the 16 lb. stone 46 feet, 6 inches; at Tullymet, in 1877, he threw the 16 lb. hammer, standing at the mark, 125 feet, 8 inches; at Stonehaven, in 1876, he threw 56 lb. by the ring, standing at the mark, 26 feet 8 inches. He also won many prizes at running and leaping and was one of the best all-around athletes of which there is any authentic record.

PAGE 71.

One morning during the sojourn of the Highlanders at Port Royal Ferry, South Carolina, a number of negro refugees presented themselves at the end of the causeway, on the opposite side of the Coosaw River, and by signs indicated their desire to be brought over. Lieutenant Dingwall and a few others of the Highlanders jumped into a boat, captured only a few days before from the enemy's side, and rowed across the three hundred feet of rapid current. Thirteen negroes were found, men, women, and children. As the boat was about to push off the enemy discovered what was going on, and the guard sounded a general alarm. The Union side was equally alert, and the refugees were safely landed on the side of freedom. The gratitude of the negroes was unbounded. This incident occurred nearly a year before President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.

PAGE 77.

The incident related in the verses occurred as described. The assault on the Confederate works at Secessionville, James Island, was made by General Stevens' division, consisting of the 8th Michigan, 7th Connecticut, 28th Massachusetts, 48th New York, 79th (Highlanders) New York, and the 100th Pennsylvania regiments. The division advanced during the night in the order named. The 8th Michigan and the 79th New York reached the works and took possession of the batteries, but were recalled on account of the other regiments failing to advance to their support. The two brothers referred to, William and Robert Tofts, were members of the 79th. One was killed during the battle; the other, returning to look for his brother's body, was also killed.

The Charleston *Mercury*, in its account of the battle, referring to the Highlanders, used this language: "It was left to the valiant Paladins of the North, to the brave 79th Highlanders, to test the virtue of unadulterated cold steel on our Southern nerves; but they terribly mistook their foe, for they were rolled back in a tide of blood. Thank God! Lincoln has, or had, only one 79th regiment, for there is only a remnant left to tell the tale.

"The soldiers who can make such a charge, and those who can stand it, their conditions being equal, are the parties to win a war."

The total loss of the Highlanders in this engagement, in killed and wounded, was 110, about one-fourth of the strength of the regiment at that time.

PAGE 85.

James Clement Moffat was a native of Gallowayshire, Scotland, where he was born on May 30, 1811. From his tenth to his sixteenth year he was a shepherd on the hills of Galloway. He learned the printer's trade in Edinburgh, and emigrated to America in 1832. Principal Maclean, of Princeton, induced him to enter the Princeton College, where he graduated in 1835. For over fifty years he was esteemed as one of the most eminent scholars and teachers in that institution. In 1888 he was made Professor Emeritus. He was a gifted and prolific writer. He died at Princeton, New Jersey, June 7, 1890.

GLOSSARY.

The *a* in Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthongs *ea*, *ei*, and *ie* sounds like *ee* in English; *ch* and *gh* final in Scottish words have always the guttural sound as in the German; *d* and *g* final after *n* are never sounded. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is generally written *oo* or *ui*. The English sound of *oo* is marked *ou* in Scottish. The Scottish diphthong *a e*, always sounds like the French *é* acute.

A

A', all.
Aboon, above.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Afore, before.
Aft, often.
Ahint, behind.
Ain, own.
Aith, oath.
Air, early.
Airt, direction, point of the
compass.
Amang, among.
Amaist, almost.

An', and.
Ance, once.
Ane, one
Aneuch, enough.
Antrin, occasional.
Auld, old.
Auld-farrant, old-fashioned.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awesome, frightful.

B

Ba', ball.
Bairns, children.
Baith, both.
Ballant, ballad.

- Banes*, bones.
Bannock, a flat, round cake.
Bannin, swearing.
Bauchles, old shoes.
Bauks, beams.
Bauld, bold.
Bawbee, half-penny.
Ben, the spence, or parlor.
Betheral, a church officer or sexton.
Beuk, book.
Bickerin, running.
Bide, wait.
Billie, fellow.
Birdie, diminutive of bird.
Birselt, broiled.
Bittie, a small bit.
Bizzin, buzzing.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, to start off suddenly.
Blaw, to blow.
Blether, to talk idly.
Blink, to shine by fits.
Blobs, blisters.
Bluid, blood.
Bodie, a person.
Bogle, a spectre.
Bonnie, beautiful, handsome.
Bonnilie, beautifully.
Brae, slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braw, fine, gayly dressed.
Brawly, finely, heartily.
Brither, brother.
Brods, boards.
Buckie, a sea shell, a refractory person.
Buller, a loud noise.
Buirdly, stout, broad built.
Bumbees, wild bees.
Burnie, a streamlet.
Busk, to dress.
Byke, a nest or habitation.
Bykit, hived or gathered together.

C

- Ca'*, call.
Caber, a young tree after being cut down.
Caller, fresh.
Cam', came.
Cankert, ill-tempered.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle, dexterous.
Cantrip, a trick, a spell.
Canty, lively, cheerful.
Carl, an old man.
Catwittit, hairbrained.
Cauf-love, first love.
Cauld, cold.
Cauldrife, susceptible to cold.
Chafsts, the jaws.
Chiel, a young man.
Chirkit, grinding the teeth.
Chow, to chew.
Chuckie, a hen.
Claes, clothes.
Clash, idle talk.
Cleeds, to clothe.
Cleckin, a brood of birds.
Clinkit, denoting alertness.
Clocking, hatching.
Cloitet, to fail or sit down.

Cog, a wooden dish.
Coof, a blockhead.
Couthy, kind, loving.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Crack, conversation.
Craig, the throat.
Craw, to crow.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crokonation, destruction.
Cronach, a mournful song.
Croon, to sing.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Cruds, curds.
Crusie, a lamp.

D

Dacklin, sticking.
Daffin, merry.
Daft, giddy, foolish.
Daunder, to wander.
Daur, to dare.
Daurna, dare not.
Dawted, fondled, caressed.
Dearie, a sweetheart.
Deave, to annoy.
Dee, to die.
Deil, the devil.
Ding, to overcome.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a vibration.
Doilt, a stupid person.
Doitet, confused.
Dominie, a schoolmaster.
Dool, sorrow.
Doos, doves.
Dosent, stupid.
Douce, sober, prudent.

Down, down.
Dour, stubborn.
Dowff, melancholy.
Dowie, sad.
Drammack, meal and water.
Drap, drop.
Dree, to suspect, to endure.
Dreich, tedious, lingering.
Dreep, drippings.
Droukit, drenched.
Drouth, thirst, draught.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumlie, muddy, troubled.
Dub, a standing pool
Duds, rags, clothes.
Dumfounded, astonished.
Dune, done.
Duntin, beating.

E

Ee or e'e, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
Eerie, haunted, dreading
spirits
Fa', fall.
Fae, foe.
Fash, trouble.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fecht, fight.
Feckless, useless.
Feckly, mostly.
Fegs, an exclamation of sur-
prise.
Fient, never.
Fit, foot.

Flaffer, flutter
Flee, fly,
Fleg, to frighten.
Flit, to change, to remove.
Flypin, hanging loosely.
Forbye, besides.
Forfouchten, fatigued.
Fu', or *fou*, full, drunk.
Fusion, power.
Fusionless, powerless.
Fyke, trifling cares.

G

Gae, to go.
Galore, plenty.
Gaed, went.
Gane, gone.
Gaun, going.
Gangrel, a wandering person.
Gar, to compel.
Gate, way, manner, road.
Gaunt, to yawn, to long for.
Gawkie, a thoughtless person.
Gear, riches, goods.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give.
Gied, given.
Gin, if.
Girnin, grinning, fault-finding.
Glaiket, inattentive, foolish.
Glint, a glance, a transient
gleam.
Gloamin, evening.
Glower, to stare.
Glunch, to frown.
Gowd, gold.
Gowk, term of contempt, the
cuckoo.

Graith, accoutrements.
Grane, to groan.
Grat, to weep, to shed tears.
Grip, to take hold of.
Gruesome, loathsome, grim.
Guffaw, burst of laughter.
Gude, the Supreme Being.
Guid, good.
Guidman, husband or head of
a family.

H

Ha', hall.
Hae, have.
Haen, had.
Haena, have not.
Haggis, a kind of a pudding
boiled in the stomach of a
sheep.
Hale, whole.
Halesome, wholesome.
Hallan, a partition in a house.
Yame, home.
Hameowre, rustic, homely.
Hankit, tightened.
Hap, to cover.
Harigalds, heart, liver and
lights of an animal.
Harl, to drag roughly.
Haud, to hold.
Haudin, holding or habitation.
Haverel, foolish person.
Haugh, low-lying land.
Hersel', herself.
Het, hot.
Heeze, to raise up.
Heigh, high.

Hirplin, creeping, walking crazily.

Hizzie, a young woman.

Howe, a hollow or dale.

Howff, rendezvous.

Hunkers, haunches.

Hurdies, the buttocks.

Hurklin, drawing the body together.

I

I, in.

Ilk, each.

Ilka, every.

Ither, other.

Ingans, onions.

It lane, alone.

Itsel', itself.

J

Jaud, a giddy young woman.

Jaw, rush or splash of water.

Jeel, jelly.

Jockie-blindly, blindman's buff.

Joyfu', joyful.

Jimpy, small.

K

Kail', colewort, a kind of broth.

Kaimed, combed.

Ken, to know.

Kent, known, knew.

Kimmer, a young woman.

Kintra, country.

Kittle, difficult, ticklish.

Kittled, tickled.

Kittlin, kitten.

Kirnin, searching.

Kowes, broom.

Kye, cows.

Kythe, to be manifest.

L

Laddie, diminutive of lad.

Laigh, low.

Laird, a land owner.

Laith, loath.

Lang, long.

Lang-nebbit, long-beaked.

Langsome, wearisome.

Langsyne, long since.

Lap, to leap.

Lassie, diminutive of lass.

Lave, the rest, the others.

Lear, learning.

Laverock, the skylark.

Lee-lang, live long.

Leeze, a phrase of congratulation.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lift, sky, firmament.

Lightsome, gladsome, cheerful.

Lilts, cheerful songs.

Linn, a cataract.

Lintie, the linnet.

Lo'e, love.

Loof, the open hand.

Loot, let.

Loun, a young fellow.

Loupin, leaping.

Loupit, leaped.

Lowse, to unloose.

Luckie, a designation given to an elderly woman.

Lugs, ears.
Lum, the chimney.

M

Mair, more.
Mak, make.
Mane, moan.
Mauchtless, helpless.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Marrows, equals.
Mirk, dark.
Mither, mother.
Mools, earth.
Mony, many.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudywarts, moles.
Muckle, large,
Mummlet, muttered.
Mump, to mince.
Myse', myself.

N

Na, no, not.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, nothing.
Nane, none.
Neb, beak or bill.
Neuk, corner.
Nick, applied to the devil.
Nip, a small quantity.

O

O', of.
Ony, any.
Orra, useless, supernumerary.
Oursels, ourselves.
Owre, over.

Owreby, over at the other side

P

Pang, to cram.
Pawky, cunning.
Pech, to breathe hard.
Peeries, spinning tops.
Plash, to strike water forcibly.
Ploy, a frolic.
Poek, a bag.
Pouch, a pocket.
Pow, poll.
Prick-the-louse, a tailor.
Preen, a pin.
Puckle, a small quantity.
Puddock, a frog.
Puir, poor.

Q

Quo', said.

R

Rantin, noisy mirth.
Rax, to stretch.
Reek, smoke.
Rift, to belch.
Rin, to run.
Rive, to tear.
Roose, to praise.
Row, to roll.
Rowth, plenty.
Rungs, pieces of wood.

S

Sab, sob.
Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore, much.

- Sairin*, serving enough.
Scarted, scratched.
Scaith, harm.
Scutch, a lubberly fellow.
Scutter, a splash as of mud.
Scowder, to toast hastily.
Screigh, scream.
Sel, self.
Shaw, a wood.
Shelfa, the chaffinch.
Shog, to jog, to shake.
Shoggled, shaken.
Shoon, shoes.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such as.
Siccar, secure.
Siller, silver.
Sin, since.
Sin syne, since then.
Skelpit, to beat with the open hand.
Skelps, pieces, blows.
Skeugh, to move in a slanting direction.
Skirl, to shriek.
Skreed, a detached piece.
Skyte, to slide, to slip.
Slocken, to slake, to quench.
Slack, loose, wrinkled.
Slee, skillful, dexterous.
Slowth'd, neglected.
Sma, small.
Snaw, snow.
Sough, a rushing sound.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Spak, to speak.
Spang, to spring.
- Spung*, to spring violently.
Speelin, climbing.
Speer, to ask, to inquire.
Spinks, meadow-pinks.
Splatches, blotches.
Sprauchle, to scramble.
Stammack, stomach.
Stappit, stopped, filled.
Steekit, shut.
Steer, stir.
Stend, to leap.
Stieve, firm, compacted.
Stirk, a steer.
Stock, one whose limbs are stiffened by age.
Stoups, jugs.
Stour, dust in motion.
Straiokit, stroked, smoothed.
Strappin, tall, handsome, vigorous.
Straught, straight.
Streikit, stretched.
Swack, pliant, nimble.
Swat, sweated.
Swither, hesitation, wavering.
Syne, then.

T

- Tae*, one.
Taes, toes.
Tak, take.
Tattie-dooly, a scarecrow set in a potato field.
Tauld, told.
Tent, care, heed.
Teuch, tough.
Thae, these.

- Thowe*, a thaw.
Thrangen, thronging.
Throwither, confused.
Thrawart, perverse, obstinate.
Thrawed, twisted.
Thuddin, striking.
Til, to.
Tinkler, a wandering tinkler.
Tint, lost.
Tirr-wirrs, habitual complaints.
Tither, the other.
Tod or *tod-lowrie*, the fox.
Toom, empty.
Towsie, dishevelled.
Trauchle, fatiguing exertion.
Tryst, engagement.
Tumple, tumble.
Tyke, an odd or strange person.
Twa, two.
Twalmonth, twelve months.
- U
- Unco*, strange.
- V
- Vaig*, a vagrant.
Vera or *Verra*, very.
Vow, an interjection expressive of surprise.
- W
- Wa'*, wall.
Wad, would.
Waefu', woful.
Waff, a puff.
Waft, west.
Wame, the belly.
Wanworth, unworthy.
Warlock, wizard.
- Warsle*, wrestle.
Wastrife, wasting.
Wat, wet.
Waublin, unsteady motion.
Wauch, low, immoral.
Waught, a draught.
Wauken, awake.
Waur, worse.
Wean, child.
Wee, little, small.
Weel, well.
Weel-faur'd, well favored.
Weel I wat, well I wot.
Werena, were not.
Wha, who.
Whaur, where.
Whazzlin, wheezing.
Wheesht, hush.
Whumple, turn over.
Wi', with.
Widdie, a rope made of twigs
Wimplin, meandering.
Winna, will not.
Winsome, gay, attractive.
Wiss, wish.
Worn awa', passed away.
Wrang, wrong.
Wratch, wretch.
Wyte, blame.
- Y
- Yaird*, garden.
Yeuk, itch.
Yeukie, itchy.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel', yourself.
Yule, Christmas.

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