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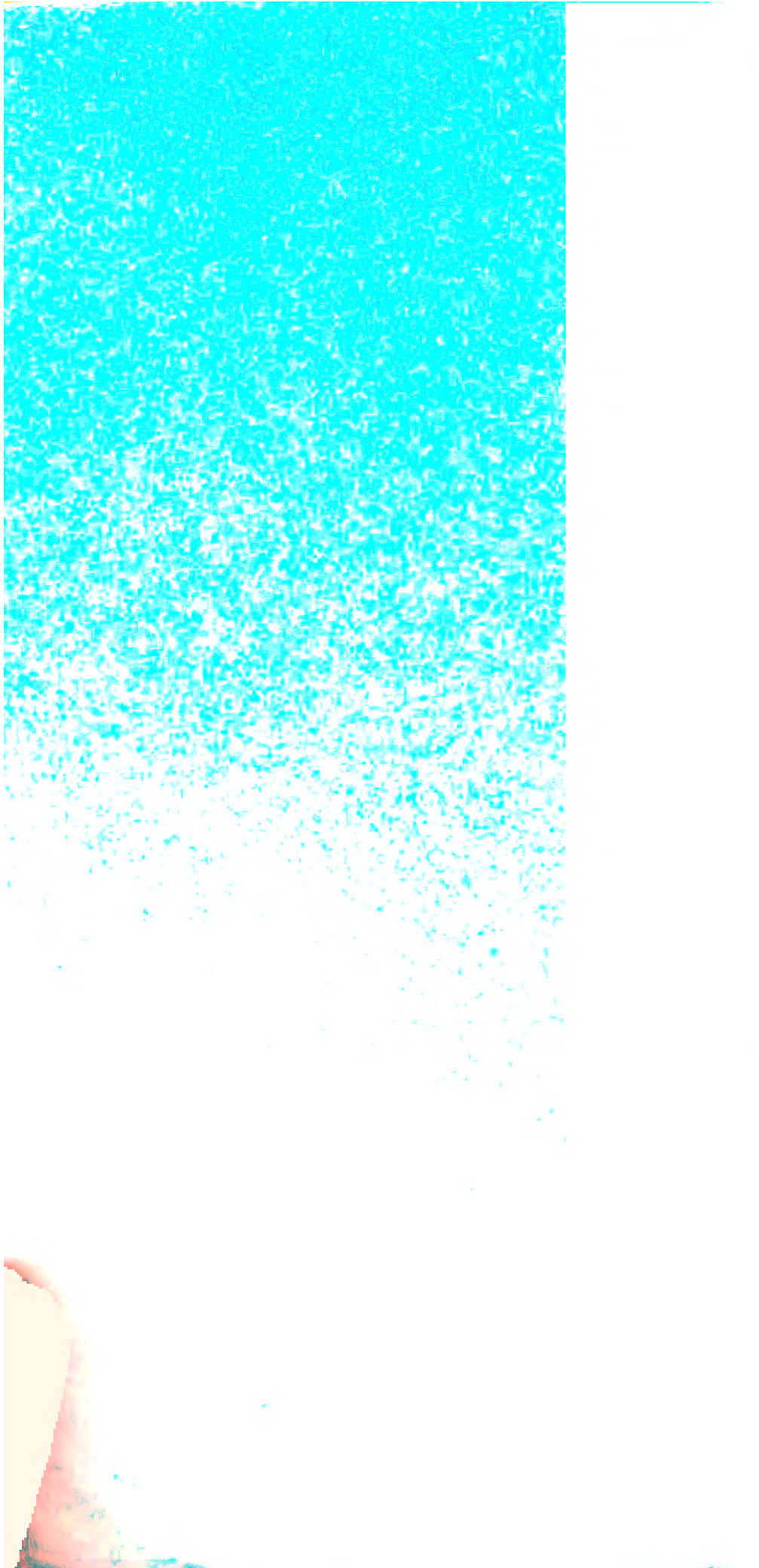
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T H E
Caledonian Miscellany.

CONSISTING OF
SELECT *and much* APPROVED

PASTORALS,

CHOICE

FABLES *and* TALES

WITH OTHER

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY; and other eminent
Northern Bards.

TO WHICH IS ADDED.

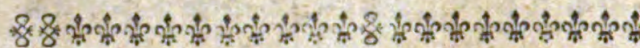
THE ADVENTURES OF A FARTHING;

Or, the HUMOURS OF LOW-LIFE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for WILLIAM CAY, Bookseller,
Newcastle.





A D V E R T I S E M E N T

AT the Request of some Friends who are admirers of Poetry, especially such as is written with Ease and Elegance in the North British Dialect, the Editor undertook the Miscellany here offered to the Public. Though several pieces have appeared in the works of some of the most eminent Northern Bards, yet as the following cannot be deemed the least deserving, and as some other much approved (though short and valuable) Poems, are herein intermixed therewith, the *Caledonian Miscellany*, he flatters himself, will not be found unworthy the notice of the Public.—The language is kept as pure as may be; and any information, or instruction tending to improve, or enlarge this Miscellany will be received with Gratitude, by

THE EDITOR



The Caledonian Miscellany

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T H E

Caledonian Miscellany.



T H E C R I T I C.

✦ T A N D, Critic and before ye read,
S Say, are ye free of party-fead ;
 Or of a faul fae scrimp and rude,
✦ To envy every thing that's good ?
And if I should (perhaps by chance)
Something that's new and smart advance,
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff ;
If that's the case, fir, spare your spite,
For faith, 'tis not for you I write :
Gae gie your censures higher scope.
And *Congreve* criticise, or *Pope* ;
Younge's satires, or *Swift's* merry smile,
These, these are writers worth your while.
On me your talents wad be lost,
And tho' you gain a simple boast ;
I want a reader wha' deals fair,
And not ae real fault will spare ;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praise whene'er 'tis justly due :
Blest be sic readers—but the rest
That are with spleen and spite opprest,
May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine
To death, which lays the maist divine,
For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

A

How

How many, and of various natures,
 Are on this globe the croud of creatures ;
 In *Mexiconian* forests fly
 Thousands that never wing'd our sky :
 'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,
 That in the music bears nae skair,
 Only an imitating ranter,
 For whilk he bears the name of taunter ;
 Soon as the sun springs frae the east,
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray
 The tunefu' throats salute the day :
 The brainless beau attacks them a',
 No ane escapes him great or sma' ;
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,
 Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,
 Turns love's soft plaint to a dull bustle ;
 A' sprightly airs to a vile whistle ;
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.
 Anes, when with echo loud the taunter,
 Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,
 Ane of them says we own 'tis true,
 Few praises to our sangs are due ;
 But pray, fir, let's have ane frae you.

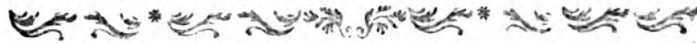


On W I T.

MY easy friends, since ye think fit,
 This night to lubricate on wit ;
 And since ye judge that I compose
 My thoughts better in rhyme than prose,
 I'll give my judgment in a sang,
 And here it comes be't right or wrang.
 But first of a'---I'll tell a tale
 That with my case runs parallel:

There was a manting lad in *Fife*,
 Wha cou'd na for his very life

But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends,
 And challenges respect where-e'er its blaze extends } }



The last Speech of a wretched MISER.

O Dool ! and I am forc'd to die,
 And nae mair my dear filler see,
 That glanc'd sae sweetly in my eye !
 It breaks my heart ;
 My gowd ! my bands ! alackanie !
 That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day,
 For you I did my friends betray,
 For you on sinking caff I lay,
 And blankets thin ;
 And for your sake fed money a flea
 Upon my skin.

Like *Tantalus* I long have stood
 Chin-deep into a filler flood ;
 Yet ne'er was able for my blood
 But pain and strife,
 To ware ae drap on cl'aths or food,
 To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
 Wha' herd the wives of eastern knights,
 Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights
 Of lasses bony ;
 Thus did I watch lang days and nights
 My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed
 Thrice forty fowk that stood in need,
 I grudg'd myself my daily bread :
 And if frae hame,
 My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
 To please my wame.

To

To keep you cosie in a hoord,
This hunger I with ease endur'd ;
And never dought a doit afford
 To ane of skill,
Wha for a dollar might have cur'd
 Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with brushing,
Nor wrung away my farks with washing ;
Nor ever fat in taverns dashing
 Away my coin,
To find out wit or mirth by clashing
 O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abeit my pow was bald and bare,
I wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
Which takes of flower to keep it fair
 Frae reasting free,
As meikle as wad dine and mair
 The like of me.

Nor kept I servants tales to tell,
But toom'd my coodies a' my fell ;
To hane in candle I had a spell
 Baith cheap and bright,
A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
 Gives curious light.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
To live a beggar, and to die
 Sae rich in coin ?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
 Tho' *Belzie* join.

Some said my looks were groff and fowr,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull, and dow'r :
I own it was nae in my power,
 My fears to ding ;
Wherefore I never cou'd endure
 To laugh or sing.

O gear ! I held ye lang the gither ;
 For you I starv'd my good auld mither,
 And to *Virginia* fald my brither,
 And crush'd my wife ;
 But now I'm gane I kenna whither,
 To leave my life.

My life ! my god ! my spirit earns,
 Not on my kindred, wife, or bairns,
 Sic are but very laigh concerns,
 Compar'd with thee !
 When now this mortal rottle warns,
 Me I maun die.

It to my heart goes like a gun,
 To see my kin and graceless son,
 Like rooks already are begun
 To thumb my gear
 And cash that has na seen the sun
 This fifty-year.

Oh, oh ! that spendthrift son of mine,
 Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
 And like dub-water skink the wine.
 And dance and sing ;
 He'll soon gar my darlings dwine
 Down to naething.

To that same place where'er I gang,
 O cou'd I bear my wealth alang !
 Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,
 That thus caroufes,
 Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
 For breaking houses.

Perdition ! *Sathan* ! is that you !
 I sink !—am dizzy !—candle blue.
Wi' that he never mair play'd paw,
 But with a rair
Away his wretched spirit flew,
 It maksna where.

RICHY.

RICHY and SANDY, a Pastoral on the Death of
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

R I C H Y.

WHAT gars thee look sae dows, dear *Sandy* say,
Cheer up, dull fallow, take thy reed and play
My Apron Deary:—or some wanton tune:
Be merry, 'lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

Sand. Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane,
This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

R. Wow man, that's unco sad,—Is't that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the strunt? Or has some bogle bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fieg?
Or has some dauted weather broke his leg?

S. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born,
What's boggles, wedders, or what *Mausy's* scorn?
Our los is meikle mare, and past remeed,
Edie, that play'd and sang sae sweet, is dead.

R. Dead, say'st thou; oh! had up my heart,
O *Pan*!

Ye gods; what laids ye lay on feckless man!
Alake therefore, I cannot wyt ye'r wae,
I'll bear ye comp'ny for a year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent:
Blyth at the bought howaft ha' we three been,
Heartfome on hills, and gay upon the green.

S. That's true indeed! but now thae days are
gane,
And with him a' that's pleasant on the plain.
A summer-day I never thought it lang
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimpling waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* herd wha lang sinseyne
Best sung on aeten reed the lover's pine,

Had

Had he been to the fore now in our days,
 Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his bays.
 As lang's the world shall *Amaryllis* ken,
 His *Rosalind* shall echo thro' the glen;
 While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
 His fame shall last: last shall his sang of weirs,
 While *British* bairns-brag of their bauld forbears.
 We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest
 At spaining time, or at our *Lambmas* feast.
 O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard death ay reaves
 Awa' the best fowk, and the ill ains leaves.
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye springs,
 Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherds sings.

R. Then he had ay a good advice to gie,
 And kend my thoughts amais't as well as me;
 Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins fow'r,
 He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.
 Had *Rosie* ta'en the dorts,——or had the tod
 Worry'd my lamb,——or were my feet ill-shod,
 Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
 And talk of happiness like a divine.
 Of ilka thing he had an unco skill,
 He kend by moon-light how tides ebb and fill,
 He kend, what kend he no? e'en to a hair
 He'd tell, or night gin next day wad be fair.
 Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill spirit did the first mischief raise;
 Mony a time beneath the auld birk tree,
 What's bony in that sang he loot me see.
 The lasses aft flang down their rakes and pales,
 And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

S. Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be
 He's in a better case than thee or me:
 He was o'er good for us; the gods have ta'en
 Their ain but back, he was a borrow'd len;
 Let us be good gin virtue be our drift,
 Then we may yet forgether boon the lift.

But

G. Losh, man, has ony frightsome thing come
o'er ye,
Last night ye wak't the fauld to flie Tod Laurie
Or has some feckless beast lair'd in the bog,
Danner'd awa' or bit by some wood dog,
Or by some other ill mischance been wrang'd,
Blasted by some ill-eye or adder stang'd?
Or has the swine gane thro' the thing that's been
Sae lang o' making up wi' you and *Jean*?

W. Tho' a' these ills had happen'd on ae day,
Yet God forbid that e'er it should be fae,
The losh we thole is ten times greater skaith,
Can greater be to us than *Sawny's* death!

G. *Sawny*, ye say, what *Sawny* do you mean?

W. The blythest lad that e'er did tread the green,
Sawny our dearest friend, and worthiest,
Has ta'en his last fareweal; now he's at rest.

G. Is *Sawny* dead? fit and prepare us a!
Ane in his prime sae hasty pow'd awa!
Thou cruel death ne'er lets the grave be toom,
But plucks the fairest flowers in their bloom,
And snites at any age wi' sicken greed,
Spares neither feckless wean, nor fary'd head.

W. We'd need a' to be busy in our day,
Death is the debt that we ha'e a' to pay.
Our time's uncertain, short and fou o' sorrow,
Sent here the day, and ta'en away the morrow.

G. There's my dream read that fash'd me yester-
night,
When *Battie's* youling pat me in sic fright;
I never was in ae my days so fear't.

W. What was thy dream then *Gibbie*, let me hear't,

G. I dream'd " my uncles house was a' on fire,
" Frighted the ky, and gart them break the byre,
" For haste to win awa' drew down their stands,
" And bare awa' their shakles and their bands.

" I

I tauld her mine, nathing up did keep,
 A' how I was forfairn in my sleep.
 The words she said I'll mind to my last breath,
 Preserve's, quo' she, and keep the town frae
 skaith,
 Frae defolation, dearth, and sudden death.
 She shook her head, and gloured wi' her eyen
 At me, and said, young man ye've lost a frien ;
 I leugh at a' she said and ca'd it bables,
 Cause I ne'er used to credit auld wives fables ;
 But to my grief I sadly find it now,
 That Lucky's words had come to pass o'er t ue.

W. Ill news o'er soon came founding in my ears
 Which fills my saul wi' grief and eyen wi' tears :
 Dear *Sawny's* death has made my heart as sad
 As what his birth did make his mither's glad.

G. Believe me, *Wat*, 'tis bred me mair vexation,
 Than gin he'd been my nearest blood relation.
 For neighbourhood nane better e'er had we,
 Had ay good havence, couthie, kind and free.
 Poor man he's e'en awa' wha bure the vog,
 That ne'er sae meikle's wrang'd his neighbour's
 dog.

W. Hegh hey he's no poor now, for he by grace
 Has got his portion in a better place ;
 Better it is wi' him than me or you ;
 We're in the false warid, he's in the true.

G. He was a lad, it's sin to lie o' the dead ;
 Left sic few behind him in his stead ;
 Sen he and *Pennycuik* were tane awa',
 Whar hae we now a finger 'mang us a' ?

W. But very few, that we can ca' our ain,
 Amang us now belonging to our plain ;
 I whiles hear tell, of some humdrums or ither,
 That fain wad hae the name, and be ca'd brither ;
 Possess'd wi' self-conceit and wardly greed,
 That scarce can ken a note, or tune a reed ;

Wails

To friets and charms he never wad comply,
 As rawn clubs for eifning o' the ky ;
 Then he was ane, that baith could say and do,
 Whatever thing his fancy led him to ;
 Sagacious he behaved like a lord,
 For making concord where he saw discord.

G. What mean le lad by concords and discords ?
 Dear *Wat*, wha learn'd ye a' tha' kittle words ;

W. I'll warrant ye may elthy ken wham frae,
Sawny that ken'd them a', and mony mae :
 Ay when he fand us like to disagree,
 In ony thing that seem'd to breed a plea ;
 Whan ought fell in debate, unlike to cease,
Sawny was ay for making upo' peace.
 Whiles whan our thraward humours wad na jump,
 Whan *Tom* had fought a spring on *Willie's* trump :
 Whan *Willie* wad refus'd, and said, I'll no.
 Whan *Rob* wad ta'en a kifs o' *Patie's* jo ;
 Whan *Patie* wad looked like a puttín cow,
 And said to *Rob*, and hung his glooming brow,
 Well, lad, I hae a craw to pluck wi' you. }
 These, and sicklike, frae lefs to mair hae been,
 Enough to raise a quarrel on the green :
 Ye ken *Auld Nick* is sic a cunning thief,
 Can make a wie thing mither of mischief.

G. Ay he's ay seeking whom he may devour,
 The deil's ay busie whar he can get power.

W. Then *Sawny* wad bang'd out his pipe wi'
 speed, }
 Or stock and horn, and tun'd his aeten reed,
 Play'd bonny springs that did our fancy's feed. }
 And gar us a' shake hands and dance a reel.
 Gre'd a' good friends, and swith'd awa' the de'il.

G. Cou'd I speak as I wad do, I wad tell,
 How far he did in mony things excell ;
 Our laird cou'd never want him for his jests,
 At a' his blythsome banquets and his feasts ;

He

He made and dress'd his whistles right in tune,
 Play'd springs that pleas'd his honour late or soon.
 Ay whan his gossips war convey'd gain night.
 And got a cleek o' *Sawny*, a' was right.
 The blythfome boufers, thought while *Sawny* sang
 They were mair happy than the night was lang,
 When he wad act the wives in the *West Bow*,
 How lucky reel'd the yarn and span the tow :
 When he wad act the coalman, black *Jock Smirny*.
 The *Glasgow* wives, or fidler *Patie Birny* :
 Then they wad a' burst out a laughing fae,
 Ane eithly might have tied them wi' a strae,
 And some declar'd they never knew his ma tch
 Forgat to sleep; or keek upon a watch ;
 The langest winter night they thought but short,
 Slaid fastly by, while *Sawny* made them sport.

W. Well might they say they ne'er saw his make ;

G. Na, well I wat, nor nae man for his fake ;
 For taking up what he cou'd hear or see,
 Whilk mony a time a ferlie was to me.

W. Nathing gae'd cross-ways wi' him in his life
 Save his misfortune wi' a wicked wife ;
 As mony of our honest neighbours says,
 She was the mean that cutted short his days.
 Could be her cast, nae pity on him had.
 Depriv'd the world of sic a pleasant lad,

G. Ay, well I wat she bred him meikle sorrow,
 The weary while he had her for his marrow ;
 'Twas her camltairy humour, night and day,
 That brake his heart and threw him in decay.

W. Little thought I last *Wednesday* night at e'en }
 Sic sudden alteration wad be seen, }
 Whan *Sawny* sang fae merry as we hae been. }
 And blyth was I to see us a' fae fain : }
 Sae merry I shall never be again.

G. It's hard to ken, ye may, gin ye be spar'd ;
She's an auld wife can her ain fortune waird.

W. It's no i' th' pow'r of nature, e'er to part,
This grief that lies fae heavy at my heart.
O that I cou'd but utter my design ;
Or in a better language speak my mind.
My former joys now yield me nought but dust,
'Tis fair to thole, and yet 'tis what I must.
Nae hopes of comfort wi' me now remain,
A gloomy darkness overclouds the plain.
Spring time is past, pale winter fall ensuing,
To spair what youths' summer has been doing
Look how the willows droop, and hing their heads ;
Flora's withdrawn her mantle from the meads,
The flower's decay'd whereon the busy bees
Had wont to suck, and gather fresh supplies.
Nae mair we'll hear them bumming o'er the fells
Laden wi' store hame to their oozy cells.
The eastern draggs, how dolesu' like they hing,
Where *Sawny* us'd to tune his voice and sing !
Alas ! when I look d back on auld lang-sine.
Mair I think on't, the mair I do repine,
I'll never get the thoughts o't frae o' my mind. }

G. Wat, cast ne down thy heart, nor hae sic
doubts,
Wha kens what providence may bring about ?
Some canny cast may soon make a' odds even,
Why should we fret against the will o' heaven !
Wi' patience bear, howe'er the guife may fa',
A happy end will make amends for a'.
The night is darkning down, and wearing late,
Frae *Maukin's* hill, and by the broomland but,
Our flocks are gathering near the Roading-foot ;
The stars, that bid the shepherd's fauld appear,
Reik me my kent, and let us hame ward steer.

Spoken

Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, who would have
me determine which of them was the bonniest.

ME anes three beauties did surround,
And ilka beauty gave a wound,
Whilst they with smiling eye,
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maist fair?
Gi'e judgment frankly never spare.
Hard is the task, said I:

But added, seeing them fae free,
Ladies ye maun say mair to me,
And my demand right fair is;
First, like the gay celestial three,
Shaw a' your charms and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I shall be your *Paris*.



T I T for T A T.

BE-south our channel, where 'tis common
To be priest-ridden, man and woman;
A father, anes in grave procession,
Went to receive a wight's confession,
Whase sins lang-gather'd, now began
To burden fair his inner man.
But happy they that can with ease
Sling aff sic laids whene'er they please.
Lug your sins, and eke your purses,
And soon your kind spiritual nurses
Will ease you of these heavy turfes.



Cries, *Holyc*, and sighs, ah! father ghostly,
I langed anes for some jewels costly,
And staw them frae a sneaking miser,
Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,
And much had me and others wrang'd,
For which I aften wish'd him hang d

The

In entered *James*, *Hab* saw and kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him
 With sic good cheer as he could make,
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.
 The scholar thought himseil right sped,
 And gave him thanks in terms well-bred.
 Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill
 As yet;—but step ye west the kill
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :
 Gae warm you, and crack with our dame,
 'Till I set aff the mill ; syne we
 Shall tak what *Bessie* has to gi'e.
James, in return, what's handsome said,
 O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.
 Out of the house some light did shine,
 Which led him till't as with a line :
 Arriv'd, he knock'd ; for doors were seekit ;
 Straight throw a window *Bessy* keekit,
 And cries, ' Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
 ' At sic untimous time of night ;'
James with good humour, maist discreetly,
 Tald her his circumstance completely.
 ' I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
 ' And up and down the thieves are rise :
 ' Within my lane, I'm but a woman ;
 ' Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,
 ' But since 'tis very like my dow,
 ' That all ye'er telling may be true,
 ' Hae there's a key, gang in your way
 ' At the nieft door, there's braw ait strae ;
 ' Streek down upo't my lad, and learn
 ' They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.
 ' Thus after meikle clitter clatter,
James saad he coudna mend the matter ;
 And since it might na better be,
 With resignation took the key,
 Unlockt the barn—clam up the mou,
 Where was an opening near the hou,

Throu

Throu whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gave diversion to his sight :
 By this he quickly cou'd discern,
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,
 And throw this rive was in the waw,
 All done within the house he saw :
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gave credit to his een)
 The parish priest of reverend fame
 In active courtship with the dame. —
 To lengthen out description here,
 Wou'd offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
 That we by satire strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And *James* continuing still to glow'r ;
 Wha saw the wife as fast as able,
 Spread a clean service on the table,
 And seyne frae the ha' ingle bring ben
 A pyping-het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,
 Ane of strong ale and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
 Th' unwelcome miller gae a roar,
 Cry'd, *Bessy, haste ye, ope the door.*
 With that the haly letcher fled,
 And darn'd himsell behind a bed ;
 While *Bessy* huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;
 Seyne loot him in but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon ;
I come, said he, as manners chaims,
To crack and wait on master James,
Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy :
I sent him here goodwife, where is he ?
 ' Ye sent him here ! (quoth *Bessy* grumblin' ;)
 ' Kend I this *James* ! a chiel came rumbling :

But

‘ But how was I assur’d, when dark,
 ‘ That he had been nae thievish spark,
 ‘ Or some rude wench, gotten a dose,
 ‘ That a weak wife cou’d ill oppose ?’

And what came of him? speak nae langer
 Crys Halbert in a highland anger,
 ‘ I sent him to the barn,’ quoth she :
 Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

James was brought in ;—the *Wife* was bawk’d ;
 The *Priest* stood close ;—the *Miller* crack’d :—
 Then ask’d his funkan gloomy spouse,
 What supper she had in the house,
 That might be suitable to gi’e
 Ane of their lodger’s qualitie ?

Quoth she, ‘ Ye may may well ken, goodman,

‘ Your fealt comes frae the pottage pan :

‘ The stov’d or roasted we afford,

‘ Are ast great strangers on our board’

Pottage, quoth Hal, *ye senseless tawpie !*

Think ye this youth’s a gilly-gawpy :

And that his gentle stomach’s master

To worry up a pint of plaister,

Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,

Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.

Swith roast a hen or fry some chickens,

And send for ale frae Maggy Picken’s.

‘ Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,

‘ ‘Tis ill brought that’s no there ben ;

‘ When but last owk, na farder gane,

‘ The laird got a’ to pay his kain.’

Then James, wha had as good a guess
 Of what was in the house as *Best*,

With pawky smile, this plea to end,

To please himsell, and ease his friend,

Firft open’d with a flee oration

His wond’rous skill in conjuration.

Said he, by this fell art I’m able,

‘ To whop aif any great man’s table

‘ What

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
 With kittle words thrice gave command ;
 That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
 Said, *now ye'll get what ye wad have ;*
Twa bottles of as nappy liquor,
As ever ream'd in horn or bicqor,
Behind the ark that hads your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit weal.
 He said, and fast the Miller flew,
 And frae their nest the bottles drew ;
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
 Whase art had gard him feed on roasted ;
 His father's neist,——and a' the rest
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,
 On a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,
 Were blythly flockning of their drowth,
Bess fretting scarcely held frae greeting.
 The *Priest* enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

O vow! said Hab, if ane might speer,
Dear master James, wha brought our cheer?
Sic latis appear to us so awfu'
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

‘ To bring your doubts to a conclusion,
 ‘ Says *James*, ken I'm a *Rosicrucian*,
 ‘ Ane of the set that never carries
 ‘ On traffic with black deels or faries ;
 ‘ There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
 ‘ That constantly around us wheel.
 ‘ There was a sage call'd *Albumazor*,
 ‘ Whase wit was gleg as ony razor.
 ‘ Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
 ‘ To bring these gentry to our will ;
 ‘ And they appear when we've a mind,
 ‘ In ony shape of human kind :
 ‘ Now, if you'll deap your foolish fear,
 ‘ I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear.’

Hab

*I trow, quoth he, I laid well on :
But wow he's like our ain Mefs John !*



The L U R E : A Tale.

THE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,
The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,
The dogs were barking, cocks were crowing,
Night-drinking sots counting their lawning ;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his she-knight errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant ;
While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,
She breaks divine and human laws ;
Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers ;
Yet is she much esteem'd and dand'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and softly hand'd.
Reason for this need be nae wonder,
Her parasites share in the plunder.
'Thus sneaking routs about a court,
That make oppression but their sport,
Will praise a haughty bloody king,
And hire mean hackney-poets to sing
His glories ; while the deel belicket
He e'er attempt but what he sicket.

So, sir, as I was gawn to say,
This falconer had tane his way
O'er *Calder*-moor ; and gawn the moss up,
He there forgather'd with a gossip :
And wha was't trow ye, but the de'el
That had disguis'd himsell fae well
In human shape, sae snug and wylie ;
Jude took him for a burlie-bailie :
His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,
A bonet coor'd his horns aboon :

Nor

Nor spat he fire, or brimstone rifted,
 Nor awsome glowr'd ; but cawmly listid
 His een and voice and thus began,
Good morning t'ye, honest man,
Ye're early out:—How far gae ye
This gate?—I'm blyth of company—
What fowl is that, may ane demand,
That stands sae trigly on your hand?
 ' Wow, man ! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?
 ' The like was never speer'd at me !
 ' Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good
 ' As ever flew, or wore a hood.'
Friend, I'm a stranger, quoth auld Symmie,
I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me ;
The ignorant maun ay be speering
Questions, 'till they come to a clearing.
Then tell me mair—what do ye wi't ?
Is't good to sing ? or good to eat ?
 ' For neither, answer'd simple *Juden* ;
 ' But helps to bring my lord his food in :
 ' When fools start up that I wad hae,
 ' Straight frae my hand I let her gae ;
 ' Her hood tane aff, she is not langsome
 ' In taking captives, which I ransome
 ' With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.
Trowth, quoth the de'el, that's nice ! I beg
Ye'll be sae kind, as let me see
How this same bird of yours can flee.
 ' T' oblige, ye friend I winna stand.'——
 Syne loos'd the *falcon* frae his hand,
 Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,
 While baith stood stairing after her.
But how d'ye get her back ? said Nick.
 ' For that quoth *Jude*, I have a trick :
 ' Ye see this *Lure*,—it shall command
 ' Her upon sight down to my hand.'
 Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu—
 And straight upon't the *Falcon* flew.

*As I'm a sinner! cries the de'e),
I like this pastime wonder wee!
And since ye've been sae kindly free
To let her at my bidding flee,
I'll extertain ye in my gate. —*

Mean time it was the will of fate,
A hooded friar 'ane of that clan
Ye have descri'd by father *Gavin*,
In *Master-keys* came up; good faul!
Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the spaul,
Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
Ga'e him a tofs up in the air.

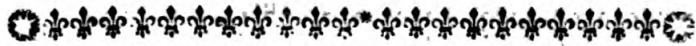
High flew the son of saint *Loyala*,
While started *Juden* gave a *Hola!*
Bombaz'd with wonder still he stood.
The ferlie had 'maist crudled his blood,
To see a monk mount like a falcon,
He 'began to doubt if he was wakin;
Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
And having master'd part o's fear,
'His presence be about us a'!

'*He cries, the like I never saw:*
'See, see! he like a lavrick tours—
'He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours!
'Is't possible to bring him back?'

For that, quoth Nick, I have a knack;
To train my Birds I want na Lures,
Can manage them as ye do yours';
And there's ane coming, bie gate, hither,
Shall soon bring down the haly brither.

This was a fresh young landwart *Lass*,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glass;
Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
And (*John come kist me now*) she lilted,
And she skift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews;
Her in his hand flee *Belsie* hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint stoup,

- For you'r not ay to be believ'd :
- Wha trusts to you may be deceiv'd.
- Be counsell'd to behave like me ;
- For when I dinna clearly see,
- I always own I dinna ken,
- And that's the way of wisest men.



The LOVELY LASS and the MIRROR.

A Nymph with ilka beauty grac'd,
 Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,
 Where the leal hearted *Looking glass*
 With *truth* address the lovely *Lass* ;——
 To do you justice, heavenly fair,
 Amairt in charms ye may compare
 With *Venus*' fell,—but mind *amaist* :
 For tho' you'r happily possess
 Of ilka grace which claims respect,
 Yet I see faults ye shoud correct ;
 I own they only trifles are,
 Yet of importance to the fair.
 What signifies that patch o'er braid,
 With which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid !
 Your natural beauties you beguile,
 By that too much affected smile :
 Soften that look—move ay with ease,
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv'd,
 And mair her monitor she lov'd ;
 'Till in came visitants a threave ;
 To entertain them, she maun leave
 Her *Looking-glass* — They flecthing praise
 Her looks—her dress—and a' she says,
 Be't right or wrang ; she's hale compleat,
 And fails in nothing fair or sweet,
 Sae much was said, the *bonny Lass* ;
 Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glass*.

Cl-

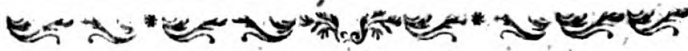
What won thou by thy shunning light?—
But time flees on;—I haste to die.

Ye'r servant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,
I likena in the dark to loup:
The by word ca's that chiel a fool,
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king,
To's aromatic nest retir'd,
Collected sun-beams with his wing,
And in a spicy flame expir'd,

Mean time there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;
The saint departed on a pile,
But the blasphemer in his hole.

He died for ever—fair and bright;
The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.
Thus wicked men sink down to night,
While just men join the glorious thrang.



The MISER and MINOS,

SHORT syne there was a wretched miser,
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton stake,
Or take a glass to comfort nature,
But scrimply fed on crumbs and water:
Inshort he famish'd, 'midst his plenty,
Which made surviving kindred cauty,
Wha scarcely for him put on black,
And only in his loof a plack,
Which even they grudg'd: sic is the way
Of them wha fa' upon the prey;
They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,
Sae scrimp they make his winding sheet.

The'

Tho' he should leave a vast estate,
And heaps of gowd like *Artur's* feat.

Well down the starving ghaist did sink,
Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink ;
Where auld *Van Charon* stood and raught
His wither'd loof out for his fraught ;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to stand and blaw.
The *Miser* lang being us'd to save,
Fand this, and wadna passage crave ;
But shaw'd the *Ferryman* a knack,
Jamp in—swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
Charon might damn, and sink and roar ;
But a' in vain—he gain'd the shore.—
Arriv'd—the three-pow'd dog of hell
Growl'd terrible a triple yell ;
Which rouz'd the snaky *Sisters three*,
Wha furious on this wight did flee,
Wha play'd the smuggler on their coast,
By which *Pluto* his dues had lost :
Then brought him for this trick so hainous
Afore the bench of justice *Minos*.

The case was new and very kittle,
Which puzzl'd all the court na little ;
Thought after thought with unco speed
Flew round within the judge's head,
To find what punishment was due
For sic a daring crime and new.
Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,
Or stented be on *Ixon's* wheel,
Or stung wi' bauld *Promethus'* pain,
Or help *Syfsiph* to row his stane,
Or sent amang the wicked rout,
To fill the tub that ay rins out ?
No, no, continues *Minos*, no,
Weak are our punishments below,
For sic a crime ;—he moun be hurl'd
Straight back again into the world.

D

I

I sentence him to see and hear
 What use his friends make of his gear.

The APE and the LEOPARD.

THE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beasts for show,
 The first a wit, the last a beau ;
 To make a penny at a fair,
 Advertis'd a' their parts sae rare.
 The tane gae out with meikle wind ;
 His beauty 'boon the brutal kind ;
 Said he I'm kend baith far and near,
 Even kings are pleas'd when I appear :
 And when I yield my vital puff,
 Queens of my skin will have a muff ;
 My fur sae delicate and fine,
 With various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lassies fast did rin
 To see the beast with bonny skin ;
 His keeper shaw'd him round about ;
 They saw him soon and soon came out.

But maister monkey with an air
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair ;
 Come gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
 I'll give ye pastime for your money :
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.
 My cousin *Spotty*, true he's braw,
 He has a curious suit to shaw,
 And nathing mair.—But fraemy mind
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.
 Sometimes I'll act a chiel that's dull,
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull ;
 Then mimic a light-headed rake,
 When on a tough my houghs I shake :
 Sometimes, like modern monks I'll seem,
 To make a speech and nathing mean.

But

By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,
Wha is't can thole to be fae us'd !

Dear me ! heh ! wow !—and say ye fae—
Return'd the *Brock*—I'm unko wae
To see this flood of wit break in ;
O scour about and ca't a fin ;
Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,
And ought will pass upon the crowd.

The *Ass* thought this advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his might ;
Stood on a know amang the cattle,
And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle :
Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,
While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh and made faces.
Thus a' the angry *Ass* held forth,
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.



The FOX and RAT.

THE *Lion* and the *Tyger* maintain'd
A bloody weir ; at last the *Lion* gain'd.
The royal victor strak the earth with aw,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law :
Frae ilka species *deputies* were sent,
To pay their homage due and compliment
Their sov'reign *liege*, wha'd gart the rebels cour,
And own his royal right, and princely power.
After dispute, the moniest votes agree,
That *Reynard* should address his majesty,
Ulysses like, in name of a' the lave ;
Wha thus went on—' O *prince*, allow thy slave
' To rouse thy brave atchievements and renown ;
' Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,
' Wha art like *Jove*, whase thunderbowt can make
' The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake ;
' Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,
' Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.
' Thus

The faucy *Ant* view'd him with scorn,
 Nor wad civilities return ;
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,
 Poor animal, I pity thee,
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,
 But some experiment of nature,
 Whase filly shape displeas'd her eye,
 And thus unfinished was flung by.
 For me, I'm made with better grace,
 With active limbs, and lively face ;
 And cleverly can move with ease
 Frae place to place where'er I please :
 Can foot a minnet or a jig,
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig ;
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand
 'Till his heart pittty-patty's, and—
 But laigh my qualities I bring,
 To stand up clashing with a *thing*,
 A *creeping thing*, the like of thee,
 Not worthy of a farewell ty'e.
 The airy *Ant* syne turn'd awa',
 And left him with a proud gaffa.
 The *Caterpillar* was struck dumb,
 And never answer'd her a mum :
 The humble *reptile* fand some pain
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the *Ant* came by,
 The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly* ;
 Transparent were his wings and fair,
 Which bare him flight'rin thro' the air.
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,
 And thinking on his former flight,
 Thus to the *Ant* himself addrest,
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest ?
 And notice what I now advise,
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise :
 For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,
 To raise aboon ye what ye scorn.

'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.
 The judge wha this sweet process lov'd,
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,
 'Till clients baith were weary grown ;
 And tenting how the matter went,
 Cry'd, come, come, sir, we're baith content.
 Ye fools, quoth he, and *Justice* too,
 Maun be content as well as you.
 Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,
 Till baith the haves were near hand done :
 Poor *Pousses* now the daffin saw,
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law ;
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please
 To give them the remaining *Cheese* :
 To which his worship grave reply'd,
The dues of court maun first be paid.
 Now *Justice* pleas'd—what's to the fore
 Will but right scrimply clear your score :
 That's our decret ;—gae heame and sleep,
 And thank us ye're win aff sa cheap.

The CAMELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were a wa'king,
 'Bout the *Camelon* felt a taking.
 (Sic think, it shaws them mett'd men,
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken ;)
 Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,
 Four footed, with a fish's head ;
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,
 And moves far slower than a snail ;
 Of colour, like a blawart blue ;——
 Reply'd his nibour *That's nae true ;*
For well I wat his colour's green ;
If ane may trow his ane twa een ;
For I in sun shine saw him fair,
When he was dining on the air.——
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,
 I saw him better in the shade.

And

Beeking themselves now in the beams,
 Then drinking of the cauller streams.
 Waes me, says ane of them to th' ither,
 How mean and silly live we, brither ?
 Beneath the moon is ought sae poor !
 Regardless less, or mair obscure !
 We breatheindeed, and that's just a' ;
 But forc'd by destiny's hard law,
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl :
 Curst fate to ane that has a faul !
 For by, gin we may trow report,
 In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* sport,
 Ca'd *Crocodiles* :—ah ! had I been
 Of sic a size upon the green,
 Then might I had my skair of fame,
 Honour, respect, and a great name ;
 And *man* with gaping jaws have shor'd,
 Syne like a pagod been ador'd.

Ah, friend ! replied the ither *Lizard*,
 What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard ?
 What cause have ye to be uneasy ?
 Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye ?
 We free frae trouble, toil or care,
 Enjoy the sun, the earth and air,
 The cryttal spring and green-wood shaw,
 And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.
 Why shou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
 Tho' we're contemn'd by haughty man ?
 If sae, lets in return be wise,
 And that proud animal despise.

O fy ! returns th' ambitious beast,
 How weak a fire now warms thy breast ?
 It breaks my heart to live sae mean ;
 I'd like to attract the gazer's een,
 And be admir'd.— What stately horns
 The *Deer*'s majestic brow adorns !
 He claims our wonder and our dread,
 Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.

What

Dis shook his fork, *Pallas* her shield,
Neptune his gripe began to wield.
 What plague, cries *Jupiter*, hey hoy !
 Maun this town prove an ither *Troy* ?
 What, will you ever be at odds,
 'Till mankind think us foolish gods ?

Hey ? mistress *Peace*, make haste—appear—
 But madam was nae there to hear.
 Come *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,
 And find her out with a' thy speed :
 Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and staptna short,
 But flys directly to the *Court* ;
 For sure, thought he, she will be found
 On that fair complimenting ground,
 Where praises and embraces ran
 Like current coin 'tween man and man.
 But soon, alake ! he was beguil'd,
 And fand that courtiers only smil'd,
 And with a formal flat'ry treat ye,
 That they mair sickerly might cheat ye.
Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell
 Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Nest to the ha, where justice stands,
 With sword and balance in her hands,
 He flew—no that he thought to find her
 Between the accuser and defender,
 But sure he thought to find the wench
 Among the fowk that fill the bench ;
 Sae muckie gravity and grace
 Appear'd in ilka judge's face :
 Even here he was deceiv'd again,
 For ilka judge stak to his ain
 Interpretation of the law,
 And vext themfells with *Had* and *Draw*.

Frae thence he flew straight to the *Kirk* :
 In this he proved as daft a stirk,

To

To look for peace, where never three
In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree ;
Ane his ain gate explain'd a text
Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
And teughly toiled day and night
To gar believes trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd—where can she be ?
Well thought—the university,
Science is ane, these maun agree. }
There did he bend his strides right clever,
But is as far mistane as ever :
For here contention and ill nature
Had runkled ilka learn'd feature ;
Ae party stood for ancient rules,
Anither ca'd the ancients fools ;
Here ane wad set his shanks aspar, }
And roose the *man sang Troy war*,
Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*

Weal, she's no here ;—away he flies
To seek her amangst families.
Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder ?
Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,
Where mates, some greedy, some deep-drinkers,
Contend with thriftless mates or jinkers ?
This says, 'tis black ; and that wi' spite,
Stiffly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see,
How branches with their stocks agree :
But here he fand still his mistake ;
Some parents cruel were, some weak :
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wifh their parents in the grave.

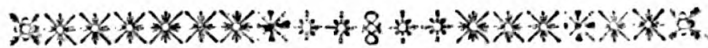
Has *Jove* then sent me amang thir fowk,
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk ?
Weal, I have made a waly round,
To seek what is not to be found.

E

Just

The DAFT BARGAIN. A Tale.

AT market anes, I watna how,
 Twa herds between them cost a cow :
 Driving her hame, the needfu' Hacky
 But ceremony chanc'd to k——.
 Quoth *Rab*, right ravingly to *Raff*,
 Gin ye'll eat that digested draff
 Of *Crummy*, I shall quat my part.—
 A bargain be't, with a' my heart,
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
 To gorble't up without a gloom :
 Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap
 His mealtith quickly up to gawp ;
 Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
 But lootna on till *Rab* strak under ;
 Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
 At his *daft bargain* did repine.
 Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was rash,
 I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash ;
 Come fa' to wark, as I hae done,
 And eat the ither haff as soon
 Ye's save ye'r part,—Content, quoth *Rab*—
 And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab :
 Now what was tint, or what was won,
 Is eithly seen.—My story's done.
 Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn
 To save the cow, and yet no eat her sharn.



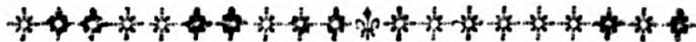
The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.

IN Borrows-town there was a fair,
 And mony a londart coof was there,
 Baith lads and lassies busked brawly,
 To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,
 And lay out ony ora bodles
 On sma gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles ;

Sic as a joctaleg, or sneers,
 Confeckit ginger plumbs, or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,
 And on their cash this plot they lay ;
 The tane, less like a knave than fool,
 Unbidden claim the high cockstool,
 And pat his head and baith his hands
 Throw holes where the ill-doer stands.
 Now a' the crowd with mouth and een
 Cry'd out, *What does this idiot mean ?*
 They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
 And never thought upon a trick,
 'Till he beneath had done his job,
 By tooming poutches of the mob ;
 Wha now posselt of fouth of gear,
 Scour'd aff as lang's the coast was clear.

But wow ! the ferly quickly chang'd,
 When throw their empty fobs they rang'd ;
 Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief,
 While some cry'd out, *fy had the thief.*
 But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
 Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
 The jip wha stood aboon them a',
 His innocence began to shaw ;
 Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry
 To hear your melancholy story ;
 But sure where e'er your tinsel be,
 Ye canna lay the wyte on me.



ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY : *A Pastoral on the
 Death of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.*

ROBERT the good, by a' the swains rever'd,
 Wise are his words, like filler is his beard ;
 Near saxty shining simmers he has seen
 Tenting his hirsle on the *Moorland-green* :

Un-

Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
 Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
 But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
 Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,
 That he may scowth to a' his mourning len:
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers
 Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears;
 Howder'd wi' hills a cryttal burnie ran,
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man.
 Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' distrest,
 And *Sandy* wha of shepherds sings the best;
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he
 mourn'd,
 He rais'd his head, and sighing thus return'd.

R O B E R T.

O *Matt*! poor *Matt*!—My lads, e'en take a skair
 Of a' my grief;—sweet singing *Matt's* nae mair.
 Ah heaven's! did e'er this lyart head of mine
 Think to have seen the cauldribe mools on thine!

R I C H Y.

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,
 His dog its lane sat yowling on a brae;
 I cry'd, *isk, isk*—poor *Ringwood*—fairy man;
 He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand;
 I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
 But soon's I gade away he youl'd again.
 Poor kindly beast. Ah, firs! how sic should be
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

S A N D Y,

Last onk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,
 And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig sell,
 And brak his leg.—I started frae my bed,
 Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream it's red.
 How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,
 Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!

E 3

Flow

Flow fast ye tears, ye have free leave for me ;
 Dear sweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thousands shall greet
 for thee.

R O B E R T.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear
 Ye shed for him : he to us a' was dear :
Sandy, I'm eas'd to see the look fae wan ;
Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

R I C H Y.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,
 Since frae our heights *Eddie* was tane aw'a :
 Fast *Matt* has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,
 To smooth our faults, alake ! wha have we left !
 Waes me ! o'er short a tack of sic is given,
 But wha may contradict the will of heaven ?
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
 Sing o'er his sangs, and tell his merry tale.
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,
 Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me ;
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae :
 But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew snell,
 Torn frae its roots, adown it foucehan fell :
 Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,
 Mixing its wither'd leaves among the clay.
 Sae flourish'd *Matt* ; but where's the tongue can tell
 How fair he grew ? how much lamented fell ?

S A N D Y.

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff looff ?
 How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,
 By auld *Purganty* and the *Dutchman's* ring ?
 And *Luck's filler ladle* shaws how aft
 Our greatest wishes, are but vain and daft.
 The wad be wits he bad them a' but pap
 Their crazy heads into *Tam Tinman's* shap ;

There

There wad they see a squirrel wi' his bells
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themfells.
 Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,
 With fancy strang, and faul as clear as day ;
 Smart were his tales : but where's the tongue can
 tell

How blyth he was ? how much lamented fell.

R I C H Y.

And as he blythfome was, sae was he wise,
 Our laird himsell wad aft take his advise.
 Ev'n cheek for chaw he'd feat 'mang them a',
 And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
 When clan *Red-yard*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
 Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood ;
 When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,
 Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house :
 Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,
 A fae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind :
 Since mony in the frae had got their dead,
 To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed.
 The very faes had for him just regard,
 Tho' fair he jib'd their formaist sing ng bard:
 Careful was *Matt* : but where's the tongue can tell
 How wise he was ? How much lamented fell ?

S A N D Y.

Wha cou'd like him, in a short sang define
 The bonny lass, and her young lovers pine !
 I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,
 Wha brang the poor blate *Synie* to his clay ;
 To gratify the haughty wench's pride,
 The silly shepherd *bow'd, obey'd and dy'd*.
 Sic constant lasses as the *nit-brown maid*,
 Shall never want just praises duly paid ;
 Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care
 With pleasing words to guide and rule the fair.
 How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
 Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new ;

Nae

Nae word flood wrang : but where's the tongue
can tell

How fast he sung ? how much lamented fell ?

R I C H Y.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A minister nae better cou'd behave ;
Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view.
Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a'
And bids us in return but tent his law ;
Wha guides us when we're-waking or asleep,
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang :
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I shou'd employ my utmost skill.
He tower'd uboon : but ah ! what tongue can tell
How high he flew ? how much lamented fell ?

R O B E R T.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha hae fae true a feeling of our skaith ;
O *Sandy*, draw his likeness in smooth verse,
As weal's ye can ;—then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sunnets out the day,
While ewes shall bleat, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three years are past,
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast :
Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care,
I dinna want a rowth of country fare, }
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair. }
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,
As good as ever wuith a shepherd's lip ; }
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain, }
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain: }
Come help me up—yon footy cloud shores rain. }

HARVEST.

Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain ;
 Oft I've resolved indeed—but all in vain :
 A springin blush spred fast ovr aither cheek,
 Down *Robin* luik'd and deuce a word cou'd speak.

Can I forget that night (I never can)
 When on the clean swept hearth the spinnels ran.
 The lassies drew their line wi' busy speed ;
 The lads as busy minded every thread.
 When, fad ! fad the line sae slender *Betty* drew,
 Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew :
 To me it meade—the lads began to gloup—
 What cou'd I de ! I mud, mud take it up ;
 I tuik it up and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
 Een reached it back, without the sweet reward.

O lastin stain ! even yet it's eith to treace
 A guilty conscience in my blushen feace :
 I fain wou'd wash it out but never can ;
 Still fair it bides like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was *Wully* bashfu'—*Wully* spy'd
 A pair offcissars at the lass's side ;
 Thar lowfed, he sleely drop'd the spinnel down—
 And what said *Betty* ?—*Betty* struive to frown ;
 Up flew her hand to fouse the cownen lad.
 But ah, I thought it fell not down ovr fad :
 What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
 My teeth aw' watter'd then, and watter yet.

Een weal is he 'at ever he was born !
 He's free frae aw this bitterment and scworn :
 What maun I still be fash'd wi' straglen-sheep,
 Wi' far-fetched sighs, and things I said a sleep ;
 Still shamefully left snafflen by my fell
 And still still dog'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell ?

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the duice ga'wi't)
 The pith I show'd when e'er we struive, to beat ;
 When a lang lownin through the cown I meade,
 And bustlin far behind the leave survey'd.

Dea

Dear heart ! that pith is gane and comes nae mair
Till *Betty's* kindness fall the lose repair ;
And she's not like (how sud she ?) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind,
Till I have learn'd to feace the maiden clean,
Oiled my flow tongue, and edged my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—them faw't :
Something o' compliments I think they caw't :
'At makes a clownish lad a clever spark,
O hed I this ! this buik wad de my wark ;
And I'm resolved to hav't what e'er it cost .
My flute—for what's my flute if *Betty's* lost ?
And if fae bonny a las but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beside.

Farewell my flute then yet or *Carlisle* fair ;
When to the stationers I'll stright repair.
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear ;
Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.

That duine—a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as e'er a country lad did write ;
A letter 'at shall tell her aw' I feel,
And aw my wants without a bluth reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin barley dry.
The lads are gawn to shear—and fae mun I.



The EPITAPH of MARGARET SCOTT, DU-
CHESS of BUCCLEUGH, who died in the Town
of Dalkeith, Feb. 9, 1738.

STOP, passenger, until my life you read,
So that the living may get knowledge by the
dead ;

Five times ten years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife
Ten times five years I was a widow chaste,
Now tired of this mortal life I rest ;
I from my cradle to my grave have seen,
Eight mighty kings in Scotland and a queen.
Four times five years the common wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law.
Twice did I see old old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Stuart's race, I saw no more,
I saw my country sold for English ore,
Such desolations in my life have been,
I have an end of all perfections seen,

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low needs no pride ;
He that is humble always shall
Have God to be his guide.

The

woman's apron : but my stay here was but short ; for a little girl soon after wanting change for two-penny-worth of nuts, I was, by her earnest intreaty, included in the exchange of prisoners. I was now the darling favourite of my mistress, who was daughter of an eminent shoe-black in Holbourn: here I remained upwards of a week ; and had not the cards induced my little mistress to try her fortune at the game of one-and-thirty, I might have lived here some time. A farthing was the stipulated sum, and I had the misfortune to see a number of my fraternity fly to and fro, like birds of passage, within the extensive limits of a joint-stool. However, tho' my mistress had one continued run of ill-luck ; yet as the splendor of my complexion by far excelled the external appearance of my brethren, on that account I was reserved until I found the whole royalty of the pocket only inhabited by myself. I was now obliged, though with the utmost reluctance, to be withdrawn from my present situation, and deposited, like the rest, under the obscurity of an iron-candlestick. The unlucky girl eager to withdraw me from my dangerous situation, and racked between hope and fear, happened in her confusion to receive two cards instead of one ; they made her out—Ah ! what a fatal incident !—Reddening with anger, and ready to burst with indignation, the cards in a moment flew from her hands, and she exclaimed with the most horrid imprecation, it was all a cheat—Her antagonists, who were none of the most reputable class, readily returned the charge with the same fluency of expressions ; and, in short, without deliberating a moment to examine into the mistake, an engagement ensued : the candlestick, which had hitherto remained in one interrupted posture, was, together with the unfortunate stool, struck on the floor ; and I, amidst the confusion of the fray, happened to be fastened to the bottom of one of her antagonists's shoes—Here was

tunity in an honest way, happened to meet here a few young tradesmen, who were dividing the shares of a lottery ticket; he accordingly bid the waiter get a cup of chocolate, and seemed entirely bent upon reading the paragraph of the King of Denmark's masquerade. One of the gentlemen, who had not a sufficiency of silver with him in order to receive his exact proportion, inquired if any gentleman in the room could favour him with a guinea's worth of silver. My master, who waited for the word, replied immediately with the greatest complaisance in the affirmative, that he believed he could do it with half a guinea in gold, if that would be of any service. The gentleman, ignorant of his scheme, very cheerfully accepted of his offer; and I accordingly, instead of a genuine half guinea, slipped into his hand, and my master into the street.

The young tradesman, as well as his companions, surprized at the sudden departure of my late master, was at a loss to conceive the reason, until by opening his hand to recount the silver, he saw the barefaced imposition, and the cause of his recession. Enraged at the impostor, and ashamed at the grossness of the imposition, he immediately went to the door, and threw me with the utmost strength into the air. Whirled from his hand with such impetuous fury, I flew through the vast expanse with the greatest celerity, and at last dropt at the door of a chandler's shop. The master himself, as it happened, was then at the door; and seeing me fall from the roof of the opposite house, stepped forth, and took me from the ground. My residence here indeed was but of short duration; for as it was now almost night, I was transmitted soon after to a poor woman in exchange for a halfpenny for a farthing candle. My poor mistress, for she was really in the greatest indigence, had not gone many steps, till by chance casting her eye upon me, she stopt, and starting at the sight, ran precipitately back

bounded thanks for his unexampled goodness, and even with the greatest reluctance received the half-guinea from his hand. The poor creature had now put me into her pocket, and I was carried through several little dark alleys, which led to her lowly habitation. But it was now night, and passing through a bye-lane, she was attacked by two men, who, with the usual address, demanded her money. Starting at the harsh expression which concluded their demand, she could scarce refrain from sinking to the ground; and putting her hand into her pocket withdrew me from my situation, and, together with the half-guinea, delivered me into their hands. She was now dismissed with a short imprecation, and I took up my lodgings in a new habitation. Here I found myself in company with a few halfpence, a number of bad shillings, a diamond ring, and a pair of stone ear rings. This pocket, I apprehend, was the general reservoir into which all prizes were conveyed as the public stock. Through a number of bye-lanes, cross streets, &c. I now travelled, and at last stopt at a little alehouse in Moorfields. Here I found was the general rendezvous; a number of the fraternity were assembled already; and as they belonged to one gang, they were all to produce their several gains, and receive equal shares. I now again made my appearance, and was produced upon the table; but as my inconsiderable worth was reckoned of no value, I was thrown aside as a piece unworthy of their notice, or acceptance. The landlord, however seeing me so neglected, scrupled not to receive me, and even with the greatest pleasure put me into his pocket. My residence here was, indeed, but till the next morning; when being sent to a baker's at the opposite side of the street for a farthing biscuit, I happened, in being thrown across the counter, to fall into a measure of flour. An odd situation I was now in, that is certain; and th