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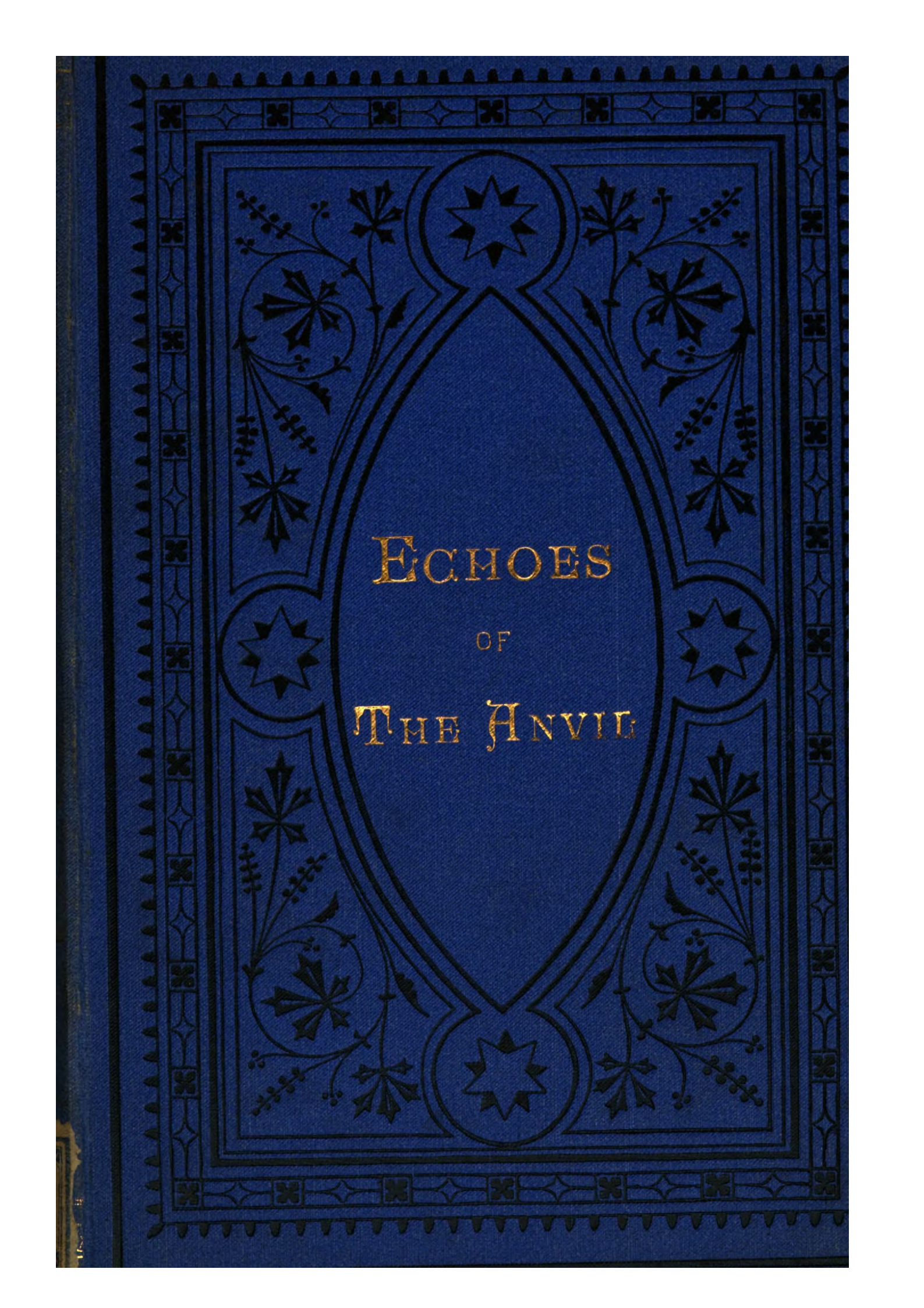
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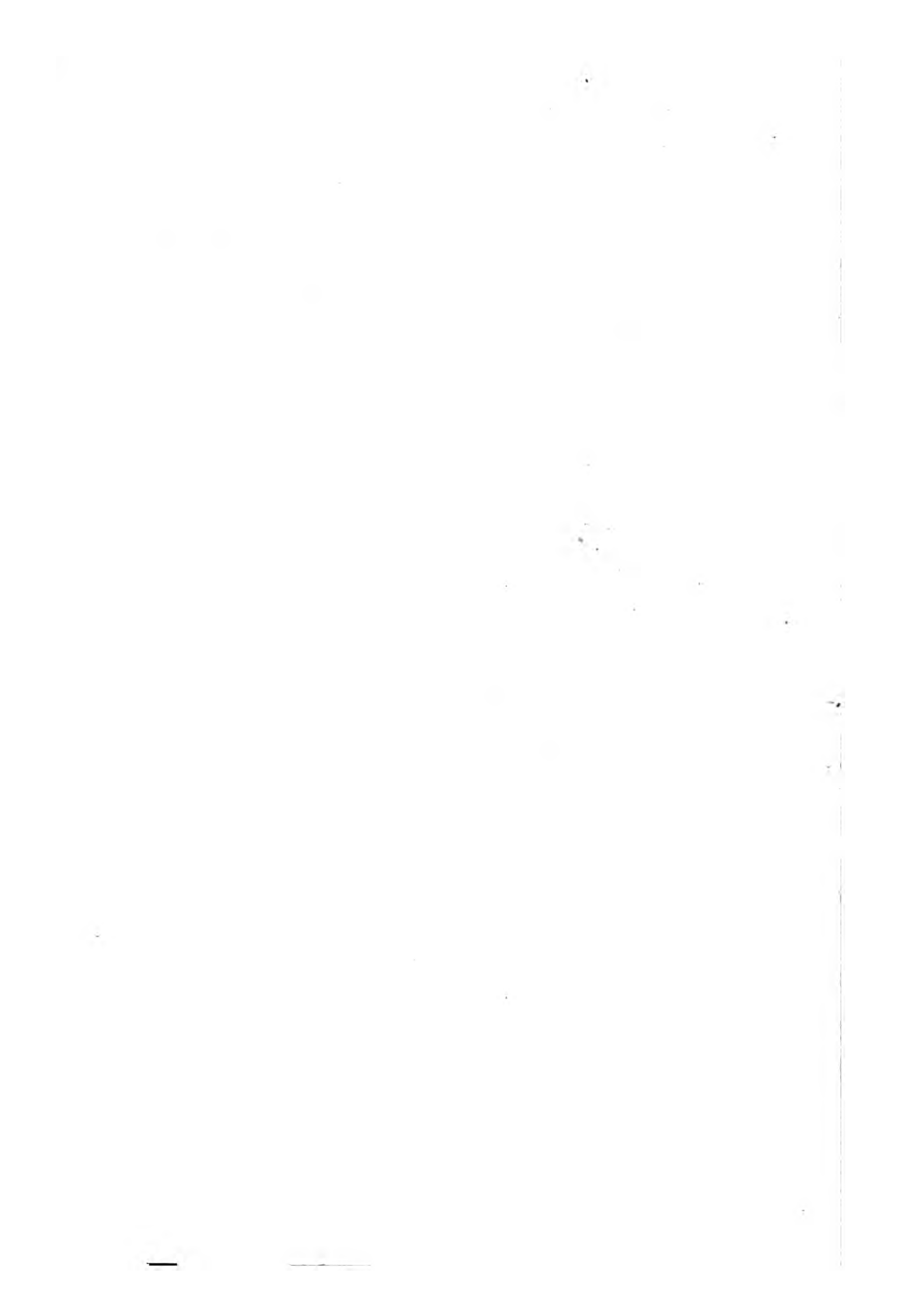
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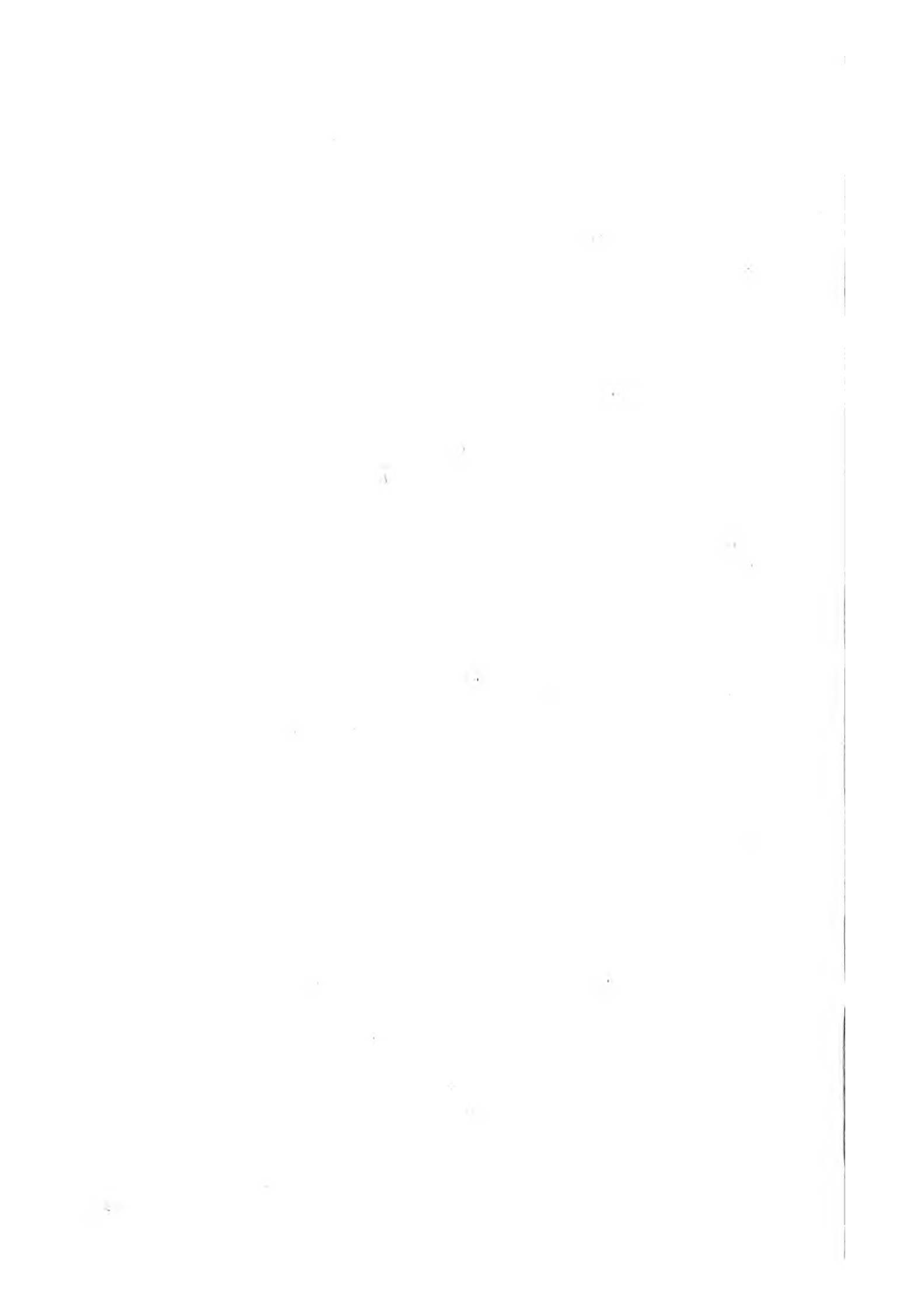
ECHOES
OF
THE ANVIL

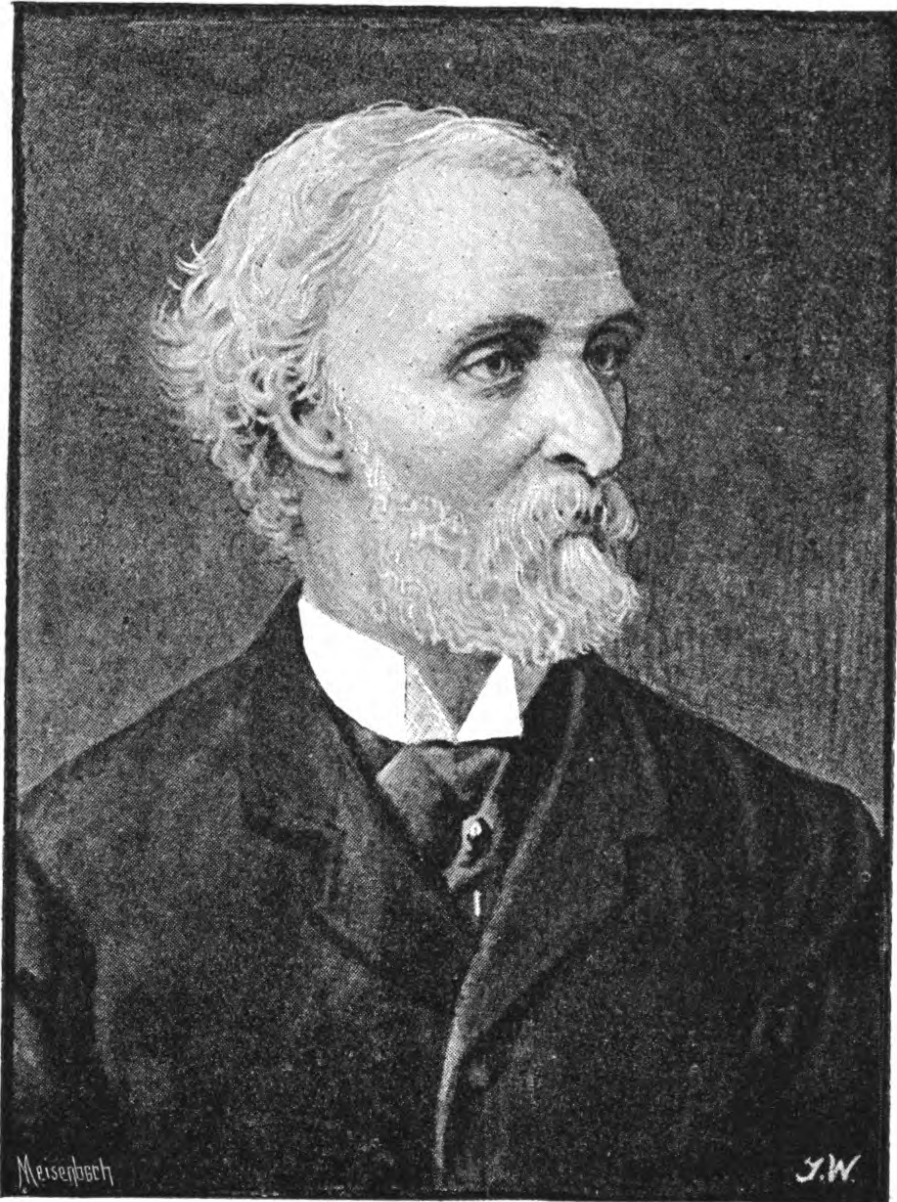






ECHOES OF THE ANVIL.





CHOICES OF THE ANNE

Songs and Poems

BY

WILLIAM WILSON,

Author of "The Laird's Daughter"

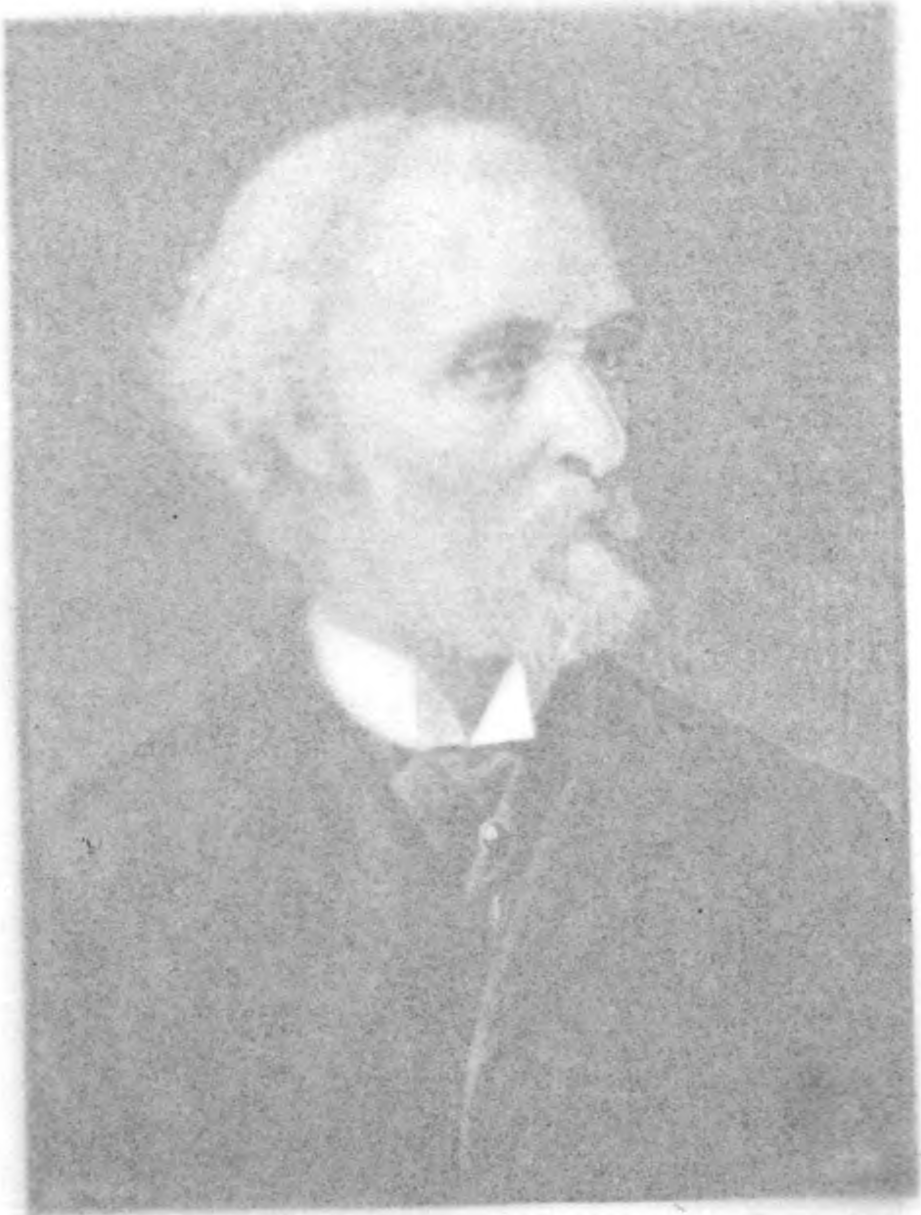
With Portrait.

Illustrated by FREDERICK WILSON.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW:
JOHN MENZIES AND CO

1875.

280.e.329



ECHOES OF THE ANVIL.

Songs and Poems

BY

WILLIAM WILSON,

Author of Prize Poem, "The Hero of Khartoum," &c.

With Portrait.

AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS WILSON.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW :
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1885.

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ECHOES OF THE ANVIL.



“ Sae loud and clear
The ring o’ thy true metal, like a sang
That lichtens labour.”



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DEDICATION.



IF the object of a dedication be an address to any particular person or place, it is imperative that I should express my esteem and affection for those separate parties with whom I have long been connected.

Therefore to the people of Burntisland, my native town, as also to those of Edinburgh, I humbly and respectfully dedicate this volume.

With regard to the "Auld Ferry toon," probably there are now very few persons who may remember me, when, as a romping lad, I ran about its fair shores, and was destined to wander at an early age to fight my way in the world.

My associations with Edinburgh are very different. At the age of thirteen she gave me a kindly welcome, and a place at the Anvil,

where I worked for seven years, and composed some rude pieces, now forgotten.

Not only did I find a kind and genial people, but amongst them one who is my life-companion, and who, as a true wife, has always been as faithful to me in adversity as in prosperity. Like the damsel of old, the reflex of her heart was truly—

“Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people *shall be* my people, and thy God my God.”

These are the reasons for this form of dedication, which I trust will be sufficient for the generous, as well as the general reader.





PREFACE.



THE various Songs and Poems in this volume have been written during the last thirty years ; and as the many objects and events narrated seem more to me like a poetic diary of my life, I trust they will be none the less attractive to the kindly reader.

Many of my friends with whom I have been long associated, as well as those of my own family circle, do not require to be told that every line throughout the book was the outcome of a sincere and spontaneous passion.

Although many of my pieces have been before the newspaper-reading public for twenty-five years, I have not, till the present time, had the least idea of publishing them in book form ; and had it not been for the oft-repeated requests of many friends and kindly editors—some of

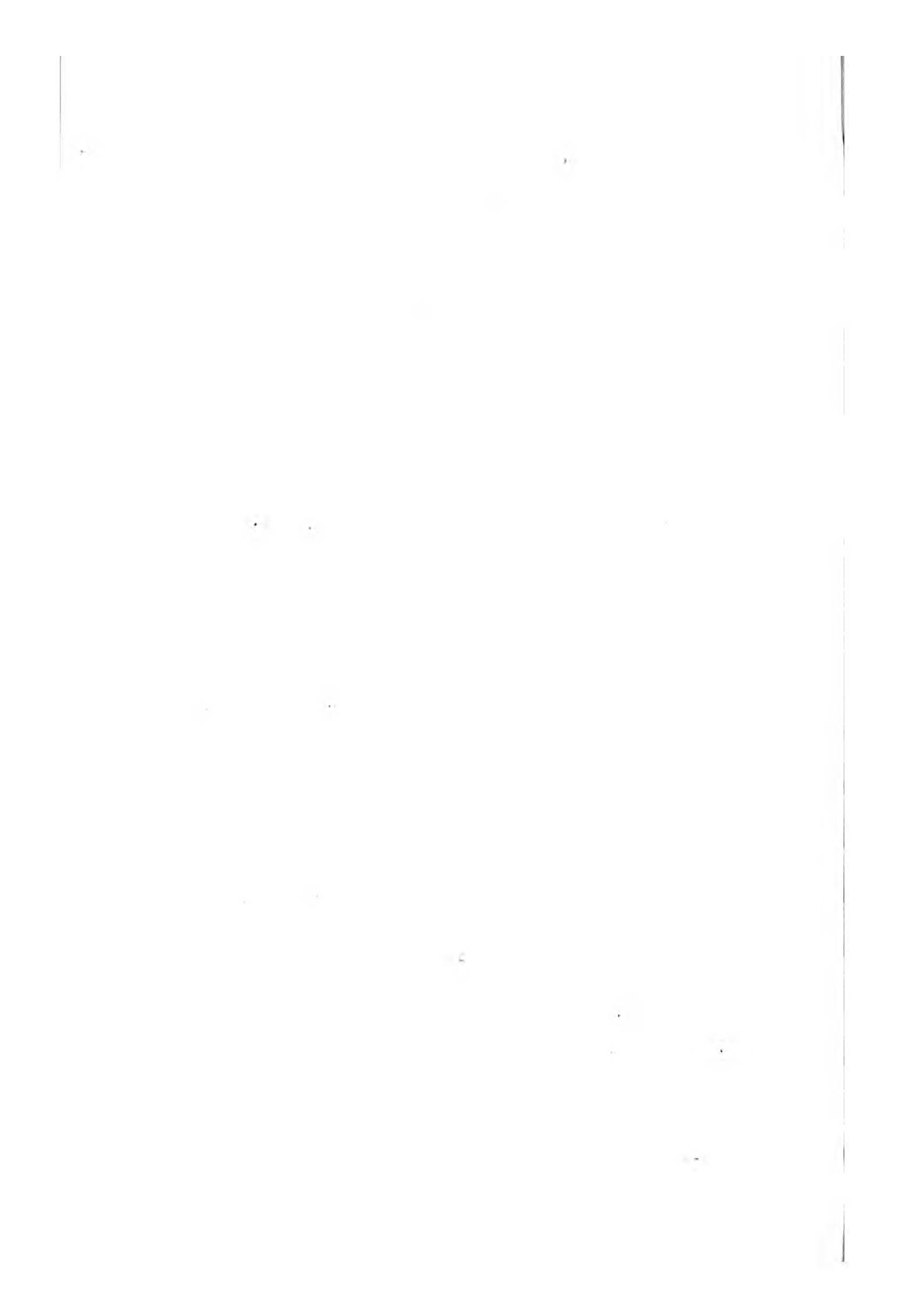
whom I have never seen—I probably never would have ventured on this enterprise, with which I am so little acquainted. I am told that every man who considers himself worthy of serving the world intellectually, ought honestly to submit the result of his labours to the wise consideration of his fellow-countrymen. My own opinion is, that the best guarantee of the merits of “modern poetry” is its ready acceptance by the Press, especially when the author has no influence behind it save his own talents.

In several of the pages will be found poems which have appeared in the *Scotsman*, *Daily Review*, and other periodicals; while many of my happiest pieces have appeared in the *People's Journal*,—a paper conducted by one of the warmest-hearted men, who (it is widely known) has never rejected the claims of true genius, from whatever quarter it may come, or whoever the person may be who happily, or unhappily, is endowed with “the gift divine.”

I sincerely trust that the world will not think me boastful in expressing my conviction that the Muse asserts her claims to sing as blithely and tenderly where hammers clang and

anvils ring, as in a seemingly more congenial and favourable *sanctum*.

Should any one be kind enough to look through my poetic history, he will easily find that policy, *with* poetry, has never been my purpose. Call this didactic if you will; albeit, the good that is in the world has always found a ready channel into my affections; while against the ills that affect humanity, I searched for the keenest lance within the armoury of the Muse, and with a strong arm I struck home to the utmost of my humble ability. I must frankly admit that I had often been advised to indulge in that dreamy, *clink-clank* kind of poetry which, though *more profitable*, only stands a single reading, and displeases nobody; but my whole nature rebelled against it. It seems to me this is the only way, mentally, destined for me to carry out a mission of intended usefulness; and I would fain trust that neither my friends nor the public generally will have any reason to regret the publishing of this volume.





*A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
WILLIAM WILSON.*



WILLIAM WILSON, blacksmith, was born at Burnt-island on the 22nd of March 1830. His father, Thomas Wilson, was a clever sailor, and “nothing ever came wrong to his hand.” His mother was a woman of clear judgment, and with a heart brimful of tenderness and sympathy for all around her,—and a brave mother withal, for many a day she fought for her five children when the hardy sailor was many thousand miles away; but suffice, they are now both anchored together in the haven of eternal rest.

The young blacksmith received his early educational training at Mount Pleasant School, not fifty yards from the cottage where he was

born. After his roving, *swimming*, and bird-nesting days were over, he crossed the Firth in a small boat, at the age of thirteen, and became an apprentice blacksmith in Edinburgh, where he remained for seven years.

The next seven years of his life were spent in the heart of Buckinghamshire, where he was a leading engine-smith with the London and North-Western Railway Company. During that period (surrounded by his devoted wife and young family) he made great mental progress, and the beautiful scenery that lay around Old Stony Stratford, Cosgrove, Hanslop, Haversham, and Newport-Pagnell, had a great charm for the young poet's heart. It was at Old and New Bradwell that his reciting and literary powers won him a wide circle of friends; and as a crowning feat to his varied abilities, amongst those happy and homely natives, was the young Scotsman's diving to find the bed of the "bottomless" river Ouse, over which Dick Turpin leapt with his "Bonny Black Bess." The traditional charm was broken, for, after all, the river was not so deep as Burntisland Harbour! We now trace the poet's footsteps to the beautiful Downs

of Brighton. There, for another seven years; in the employment of the London and South Coast Railway Company, he spent the bloom of his early manhood amidst his fellows, singing and toiling,—

“Hard as they,
Without a wish to loiter life away.”

One of his many pieces, circulated in manuscript form, found its way into the hands of Mr. John Ackerson Erredge, editor of the *Brighton Observer*, and author of “The History of Bright-helmston,” &c. The poem was inserted in that journal, and was the forerunner of many others, including “The Two Pavilion Rooks.” The force of this poem, with its historical interest, drew a second one, entitled “Sandy Rook and Thomas Crow.”

As many Lancashire men were employed in that district, some one sent copies of the above poems to John Critchley Prince, the “Manchester Poet,” who was then “starving for want of mere bread.” The result was a friendly intercourse between the weaver and blacksmith poets. Prince forwarded his beautiful poem, “The Darkest Hour,” in manuscript, which was printed, along with a letter, by his friend, and

sold at one penny each. This brought in a fund of £5, together with £1 from the generous and well-known Henry Catt, Esq. The whole amount was forwarded to poor Prince, who was very grateful to his blacksmith friend for this little help in the hour of need. We have seen many of Prince's manuscript pieces, together with very touching letters in his friend's possession. Alluding to our poet, one letter says: "I thank you kindly for the poem relating to myself: it exhibits great talent and generous feeling. You are yet young, and may achieve much to make your name remembered, if you are happy in your choice of subjects."

As well as contributing to the Brighton newspapers, our Author also sent to Edinburgh and Dundee journals several contributions, one of which may be here inserted, as we believe it was never intended for publication:

" A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

"Last week, in a notice to correspondents, we declined the offer of a poetical composition on the ground that it would, if of the dimensions stated, occupy too much space in our columns. We have just received the following from the author, who evidently has some of the 'pluck' of Burns about him:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'WEEKLY HERALD AND MERCURY.'

—*Edinburgh, Nov. 1859.*

Dear sir, I got the paper you
Did send the ither day ;
But bless me, man, yer lines were few
About the Blacksmith's lay.

Ye micht ha'e said, 'Juist send it doon,'
For, sir, ye maun admit,
'Tis no unlikely that a loon
Like me may mak' a hit.

But as a certain Blacksmith * says—
A wiser man than *me*—
The world its homage never pays
Till ane's half up the tree.

If it require some *sugar*, ere
Ye can put rhyme in print,
Losh man, ye micht, wi' logic queer,
Ha'e gien a gentle hint.

At this ye'll maybe sniff and snarl,
And say, 'This blacksmith's manner
Bespeaks he never should unfurl
His wild poetic banner.

'But let us gi'e him our advice,
'Twill maybe stop his clamour ;
We'll merely say—ye gowk, be wice ;
Stick closer to yer hammer. †

'Auld Scotland has her bards enew,
Her Ballantines and ithers ;
Far better men, and unlike you,
They ne'er indulge in blethers.'

* E. Burritt.

Believe me, I'm 'owre proud to snool,'
 So Mr. what's your name,
 In case ye ca' me rhyming fool,
 I'll keep my *rhyme* at hame.

'Twill please my wife the winter through,
 'Twill please my four wee bairns ;
 But why need I thus bother you,
 When you it no' concerns ?

Yet this in print I'd like to see,
 But mind, there's nae compulsion ;
 Juist please yersel', and ye'll please me,
 Yer servant,

WILLIE WILSON.

Willie would better send us his verses. Possibly there is the ring of the true metal about them."

We may observe, in passing over his aquatic achievements in the English Channel, that shortly after the death of his esteemed friend, Mr. Erredge, the poet returned to Edinburgh with his wife and family, in May 1863. For twenty-two years he has been in the service of the North British Rubber Company, Castle Mills, which is alluded to in several of his productions, and by long association the "Old Silk Mill" seemed as if it bore to him the charm of a "local habitation." In the capacity of foreman engine-smith he has always endeavoured to earn the good wishes of his fellow-workmen, as well

as to be grateful for many marks of kindness received from his employers.

His leisure hours have been much employed in fighting social and political battles along with many of his fellow-citizens. The establishing of the "short-hour system," the formation of "Annual Trades' Holidays," the re-organisation of the present Trades' Council, were in a great degree due to his efforts; and his services in connection with the extension of the Burgh Franchise were not inconsiderable. We pass over his thoughtful and eloquent speech in the Queen's Park, on November 17, 1866, which was considered, by not a few literary gentlemen, to be a masterpiece of composition. His labours of that date concluded with an able address to Mr. John Bright, M.P., which was adopted entire and delivered to that gentleman, in the Corn Exchange, by the secretary of the Edinburgh Reform League.

Since then his evening hours have been devoted to intellectual and other *skilled* mechanical work, thus conjoining a creative brain with the deft hand of the accomplished workman.

Turning from the political to the poetical, it

has afforded us much pleasure in looking over many letters which our author has received from men of high position; and at least two of these neat little epistles might be quoted with due propriety and in all fairness:—

“ROCHDALE, *Nov. 20, 1868.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have not before had time to thank you for the copy of verses you sent me. They have much force and beauty. I have read them with great interest, conscious, however, how much they are beyond any merits of mine. I thank you for your kind feeling toward and your good opinion of me.—I am truly yours,

“JOHN BRIGHT.

“Mr. William Wilson, Edinburgh.”

The second letter above alluded to was written by the late Mr. Ernest Jones, a poet of true taste, as well as an orator and political reformer:—

“47 PRINCESS ST., MANCHESTER,
August 19, 1868.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your truly beautiful lines. I assure you I feel proud of the honour you have done me.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

“ERNEST JONES.

“Mr. W. Wilson, Edinburgh.”

It is a very old and trite saying, “that com-

parisons are odious ;” yet withal the practice of comparison, though the enjoyable and hackneyed path of the critic, is not the duty of the unbiassed biographer. If originality, pathos, keen satire, rich humour, and the true lyrical powers of the city-poet be tested, each on its own merits, there is no fear of a rude foot treading through so much beauty to find *only* the vulnerable part which belongs to humanity. No doubt men do differ in their respective opinions, and sometimes on very narrow grounds ; for instance, an editor of an Edinburgh daily newspaper writes in a letter to our Author :— “ We are glad to say that our paper has been consistently pro-German all through the war, and therefore cannot insert your verses.” Another Edinburgh newspaper readily accepted the same poem ; as also did the *People’s Journal*, *Jedburgh Gazette*, and *John o’ Groat Journal*.

Of the consideration of William Wilson as a true poet, the very many pieces he has published in the newspapers are sufficient to speak for themselves. Suffice, his “ first prize poem ” in the *People’s Journal*, 1869, stood against 605 competitors. His latest production, we may here

mention, is "The Prize Poem on the Hero of Khartoum," which has been most cordially acknowledged by Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and numerous members of the nobility and learned professions.

The Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., affirms:—

"There can be no doubt whatever that there is the true power and poetic ring in 'General Gordon.' I also like 'Princes Street.' Go on!"

The Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D.D., also writes:—

"I thank you very much for kindly sending me your spirited poem on the heroic Gordon. It seems to me well worthy of the subject that called it forth, and of the *Journal* that discerned its high merit. May your 'bow abide in strength!'"

We believe that this effusion was the result of a spontaneous impulse; be that as it may, it is not slipshod work, nor can we honestly depreciate a single line of this genuine, national, and noble poem. The tasting of these flowers of poesy must be left to the press and the public with no diffident anticipation. Genuine metal ever stands the crucial test of the chemist and the workman. If the world can find the true elements of a gifted genius in the "Anvil

Sparks" here produced, the result of his busy life may prove—that with a strong desire to weld the broken links of humanity, he struck the iron while it was hot, while against the evils of his age his voice was louder than the roar of his blazing forge.

M. N. M'D.

April 1885.







*GENERAL GORDON, THE HERO OF
KHARTOUM.*

PRIZE POETICAL READING.

—*People's Journal*, April 18, 1885.

THE hero breathed :—

“ Ere yet a moon's full round the world has known
O'er desert lands, through clouds of moral
gloom ;

Not with a sword unsheathed,

But by the will of Heaven—not mine alone—

To break the manacles of old Khartoum,

To set the captive free ;

To cleanse her dungeons, stained with blood and
shame ;

To pile her records on a blazing flame,—

I go ; God witness be !”

O'er burning sands,
Through wandering tribes of savage-hearted men
The Christian soldier marched like knight of
yore,
Brave as in other lands.
No tongue of eloquence, nor vig'rous pen,
Nor threats of wrath, but gentleness he wore ;
And from his earnest gaze
The desert denizens shrank back dismayed ;
And trembling sheikhs for England's hero prayed,
And longed for better days.

Shouts rent the air ;
And as glad songs from Khartoum's heart arose
Two cities blazed in one, far down the Nile,
To welcome Gordon there !
The eventful moon might well its mission
close ;
"God on my side," he cried, "I come the while,
Yet with no sharpened sword ;
But I have truth and justice for the poor,
And now to freedom, from their dens obscure,
The wronged shall be restored !

“ But hark ! afar
An antichrist goads on his savage hordes ;
 Be brave, O men ! and still with iron wills
 The gates against him bar,
And all his Remingtons, and spears and swords,
 We shall defy, till our defiance thrills
 Through every nation’s veins ;
And only when gaunt hunger trails her shroud,
Ten thousand Outrams, like a thunder-cloud,
 Shall sweep our burning plains ! ”

Even Kordofan
Foresaw the dawning of a better day ;
 And in the Christian hero all the world
 Beheld a wondrous man !
The long-oppressed came crowding in the way,
 To kiss the feet of him who tyrants hurled
 To ignominious doom ;
And loud, by virtue of his kingly grace,
“ O Sultan, Father, Saviour of our race ! ”
 Rang out from old Khartoum.

 The inventive brain,
The ready hand of genius, raised a fleet

Of floating batteries, guardians of the Nile,
And with a proud disdain—
Even for his people's sake—he scorned retreat :
His peace with God and man to reconcile
The lonely General stood ;
Yet trusting still the Lord would help him through,
He drilled his band of warriors brave and true (?),
And prayed in solitude !

Nine moons had passed ;
Still o'er the ramparts flashed his piercing eye :
Impregnable were all his works of art
Against barbaric blast.
For "those poor people" willingly to die
He pledged the earnestness of soul and heart ;
But He whose gracious hand
Had through the desert Jacob's children led,
Would lead them still, and give the hungry bread
Within a famished land.

The cannons roared !
And all within stood bravely to their guns ;
The mailèd walls threw back the thrusts of death
Against a godless horde.

The place of peril a brave man never shuns,
And o'er the battlements with bated breath
He like a lion strode ;
And Britain trembled more for this lone man
Than he who, fearless in the foremost van,
Leaned on the arm of God !

Was Britain true ?
Then why the *laggard march* to lend him aid !
Were all her Havelocks and her Campbells
dead,
Who swift as eagles flew
To 'leaguered Lucknow with avenging blade ?
Alas ! that Cromwell-heart, above all dread,
The Alfred of our day,
Alone—who twice ten thousand spears defied,
Alone—'mid traitors only could have died,
Alone, was called away !

O England, mourn !
Weep, dear old Scotland ! plaintive be thy strain ;
And you, the noblest of the sister isle—
Who many griefs have borne—

Forget your woes! Ye *wanderers* o'er the main!
Bear vengeance with your sorrows to the Nile,
Where gentle Gordon reigned,
A pyramid of wondrous human power,
Betrayed and slain, yet from his lone watchtower
His glory shines unstained.

TO A YOUNG POET.

THOU artless beginner in Life's weary battle,
That call'st me so kindly thy "brother and
friend,"
All hail to thy banner, though critics should
prattle,—
A humble beginning may gloriously end.

From stock of proud grandeur thou art not a scion,
So have not thy heart set on human applause;
Be gentle's a lamb, yet as brave as a lion,
And keen as a sword in humanity's cause.

Be earnest and faithful in aiding thy neighbours,
And pure be thy life as a true poet's song;

A joy to the world by thy unwearied labours,—
With head and with heart in the midst of
the throng.

To sing and to weep, and to toil with the lowly,
To share in their joys thou wilt surely be found ;
And if thou canst feel that thy mission is holy,
Thy home and thy haunts may become hal-
lowed ground.

And truly the lovely in form and in feature
A gladness shall be to thy young glowing heart ;
And all that is kindly and noble in nature
Shall grow with thy manhood, wherever thou
art.

Yet fight not alone for a *name*, late and early,
But leaning to goodness thy happiness still ;
For naught in the world will reward thee so fairly
As God and thy conscience assuredly will.

Thus fairly afloat on the stream of existence,
Strike out for thyself, yet, in swimming apace,
Each poor fellow-swimmer strive never to distance
By dashing adversity's waves in his face.

Life's ocean is wide, and thyself and thy fellows
 Have sea-room sufficient, while facing the
 blast,
 So fear not the lift nor the lash of the billows,
 But stoutly and strongly swim on to the last!

And now, gentle youth, in thy life's little
 story,
 May precept with practice in harmony blend;
 And long be the love of thy labour a glory
 Transcending the favours that fortune may
 send.

TWA KINGS O' FIFE.

HAIL, crony dear, and royal brither!
 Richt nobly, lang, and sair we've focht;
 For sin' we roamed and reigned thegither,—
 Aye side by side wi' ane anither,
 We've treasured what our leal hearts socht—
 The wealth o' mony a happy thocht,
 To dignify "The Kingdom."

When first our chequered reign began,
High owre yon rocky "King's Wud End," *
Frae Nature's lore we learned to scan
A king in every honest man ;
And though we roamed for bread to fend,
We kent nae land could e'er transcend
Our happy hame, "The Kingdom."

In us the world may ne'er hae seen
The "tint o' noble bluid," forbye
Maist every gaet whaure'er we've been,
Mair than we gat we aye hae gien :
And thus we're puir ; yet you and I,
By word and deed should dignify
Baith character and kingdom.

We never dread disloyal factions,
Nor open foes, nor foreign ill,
For, truly guid and noble actions
Will aye outlive the world's detractions ;

* An ivy-covered rock, between Burntisland and Kinghorn—a great resort of school-boys ; but railway enterprise has now stripped it of much of its original beauty. It was here that Alexander III., king of Scotland, was killed while hunting in the year 1285.

And sae by birth, or worth, or will—
Though crownless—we are monarchs still,
Lang pairted frae “The Kingdom.”

Wi' labour's jewels on your brow,
How blithely still ye drive the plane;
And Heaven uphauds sic kings, I trow,
Wha, by the forge's blazing lowe,
Or at the bench, maun tug and strain
To form an empire o' their ain,
Mair free than mony a kingdom.

Forbye, our royal nature yearns
To free our hearts frae worldly care;
And sae the bread, that labour earns
For queenly wives and princely bairns,
Is sweeter far, ten times and mair,
Than a' that forms a monarch's fare,
However rich his kingdom.

Thus in our “sacred” sphere o' life,
Though unco sma's the meed we find,
We rise, like stalwart Thaners o' Fife,
Against the storms o' social strife,

To legislate for a' mankind,
And show by kingliness o' mind
The hale wide world's our kingdom.

THE BARD OF AVON.

No city bells rang through the April morn,
For all was mute around old England's throne ;
Nor knew the world a mighty bard was born
To strike the harp—three hundred years agone:
A sprightly boy whose leaping heart of joy
So freely drank the dews of native grandeur ;
A poet poor, who rose from scenes obscure
To crown Britannia with immortal splendour.

Fair Wisdom smoothed his brow of marble white-
ness,
And Nature probed his soul of living fire,
And in the glory of her angel brightness
She blessed the youth, and tuned his bosom lyre ;
And thus arrayed, the Bard of Avon strayed
Far from the echoes of his "early thunder,"

To fight for bread, where life with death is wed,—
A lonely stranger in a world of wonder.

A solemn figure in a wondrous maze,
Unmantled never by the human hand—
A friendless boy inspired to nobly raise
The ideal standard of his native land.
Hail to the king! the peerless “man of men,”
The glowing bard of bards, so heavenly human,
The boon companion of his dear friend Ben,
When health they pledged to many a lovely
woman.

With spirits, angels, and with humankind—
By some propulsion of Divinity—
His brilliant soul, his deep mysterious mind
Had strong, impassioned, strange affinity!
Nor prized he then the applause of living men,
But strung the lyre to ring through time’s
expansion;
And sought at last, when thunderstorms were past,
His childhood’s home—his hallowed, lowly
mansion.

And all philosophy can now impress,—
 Grave prose, majestic verse, or genial rhyme—
 He lived, and sang, and died in lowliness,
 Amid the glory of his dreams sublime !
 His memory dear, ye kindred bards revere,
 And still adore the slumbering sage of sages,
 The unconscious flower that shed from Nature's
 bower
 Its fragrance sweet, perfuming future ages ;
 An April shower, a drop of heavenly dew,
 That gently fell where flows the Avon river ;
 A star terrestrial, brightly beaming through
 Three hundred years, that yet shall burn for
 ever !

April 27th, 1864.

TO A. W.,

A NATURALISED NEW ZEALANDER.

HAIL! wanderin', lang-lost Thane o' Fife,
 Maist thirty years awa' ;
 And how is Kate, your couthie wife,
 And a' your Maoris sma' ?

December now wi' gowden bloom
Gilds Canterbury braes,
While here we cower beneath the gloom
O' weary winter days.

Your meadows are a' clothed in green,
While ours are red and sear ;
'Tis mornin' now wi' you, I ween,
'Tis ev'nin' wi' us here.
Our sun around the south we see
Ilk mornin' peerin' forth ;
While, paradoxical, bless me,
Yours blazes in the north.

A paradox ? there ! that's a hit,
For lang wi' ane anither
We strove, licht-hearted, fit to fit,
By labour linked thegither ;
And now though you are far awa'
Frae me, your brother " Will,"
We hammer on, a sturdy twa,
And *fit to fit* we're still !

And fit to fit we'll keep our track,
And never swerve a jot ;

E'en till we're baith laid *back to back*,
By mony a friend forgot.
Whate'er betide your bonny farm,
Dug out o' rugged braes,
Still gar your neebors feel the charm
O' a' your simple ways.

And ne'er forget while lowly acks
Wi' lofty thochts ye blend,
Though men against ye turn their backs,
The Lord will be your friend.
Still as ye speel life's chequered braise,
I trow ye'll fondly scan
A lowly plain, whaur mony a day
We twa blithe laddies ran.

For sin' the day we sighed fareweel
To friends baith leal and kind ;
Whaure'er we roam the mair we feel
Our hearts were left behind.
And *heartless* though we seem to stray,
There's still the sacred flame

That burns within us night and day,
And feeds the hope our heads to lay
Beside our hearts at hame.

ROBIN "DEIL" AND NANNIE DAY.

(Respectfully inscribed to Mr. R. Night, a genial and worthy friend.)

[“Indifference about liberty of speech betrays, in many cases, something worse than mere indifference to truth—even that worst form of scepticism which imagines that error is stronger than truth, and there is a power in darkness which makes it the master of light; that evil is mightier than good—in other words, that he that is in the world—*i.e.*, the Prince of darkness—is greater than ‘He who is in the children of God,’ contrary to Scripture, to piety, to reason, and common sense.”—*Rev. Dr. Lee on Theological Education and Religious Thought*, Nov. 8, 1866.]

“COME, Robin, lad,” quoth Nannie Day,
“In a’ the world what has been wrang?
Whaur hae ye been, what gars ye stay
Awa’ frae a’ the bairns sae lang?
Ye craik aboot men’s cherished richts,
Their great reforms in Freedom’s name,
But a’ your democratic flichts
Enthrall us aye the mair at hame.

"Your mighty rants will bring mishaps,
 Your fyke wi' books a' guid ignores,
 And a' your clubs are deevil's traps
 Wi' 'Progress' blazoned on their doors!
 Oh! seek ye wisdom now, I pray,
 To better and to bless us a',
 That Sautan an' his votaries may
 Frae us for ever bide awa'."

"Whisht, Nannie lass," said Robin now.
 "Auld serpent Self is unco blind,
 And superstition's brimstane lowe
 Is but the *wilfire* o' the mind!
 Fair Truth the world will yet pervade
 To prove how she, an angel queen,
 Had reigned in Heaven, e'er man was made,
 Whaur sinfu' strife had *never* been!"

"God's angels, Nannie, truly are
 The reflex o' His sacred will,
 Sae love, against itsel' to war,
 Could ne'er create a fiend o' ill!
 They're only gowks wha daur to say
 That Sautan soars upon the wing,"

For Lucifer, as clear as day,
Was Babylon's vile despotic king!"

"O sinner, stop!" cried Nannie Day,
"My bluid is boilin' in my veins;
O warld o' sin! I maist could say,
O hell, I hear thy very chains!
Wha sinned in heaven, wha cam' to earth,
Wha ruined Eve, come tell me, Rob?
And wha in days o' festive mirth
Did sairly tempt an' torture Job?"

"Gin ye'll no sheathe the sceptic's knife,
Nor own the *power* ye serve sae weel,
I, Nannie Day, your lawfu' wife,
Will lie my lane an' bauk the deil."
A month snooled by, and Rab and Nan
Sat *dreamin'* owre a glass o' toddy—
Yet Robin was a sober man,
And Nannie was a decent body.

At length puir Nannie silence broke,
And said she had been wonderin' how

The muckle deil had power to mock
His Maker on a mountain brow!
For she had found this unco while,
Through takin' wider, nobler views,
That Sautan merely meant the vile
And perverse nature o' the Jews.

And she fu' weel wad like to ken
How Sautan cam' to break his tether?
And how his seed, at war wi' men,
Was born an' bred without a mither?
And wha'll succeed him, wife or weans?
When he, to love and truth restored,
Shall flee the flames, *whaur darkness reigns*,
"To worship and to serve the Lord!"

Forbye her truckle bed wad be
The death o' Robin's couthy dame,
Yet she the deil o' this wad free,
Gin Robin just wad dae the same.
Kind Robin kissed his faithfu' spouse,
And in his bed that night she lay,
And vowed wi' joy-enraptured vows,
The greatest deil was Robin Day!

WILLIE ROY.

DIED DECEMBER 14, 1880.

WE served our 'prenticeships thegither,—
A tall, dark, swarthy, manly boy,—
And like his gentle, kindly mither,
We a' were proud o' Willie Roy.

A' Scott and Marryat's tales he kent,
To a' the poets open-hearted;
And mony a happy hour he spent
Owre relics o' the lang-departed.

He stood a Saul amang us a'
In towerin' thought as weel as stature;
And a' that kent him plainly saw
The merits o' his generous nature.

The very bells, the Christmas chimes,
Rang out as if inspired wi' joy,
That merry lads in happy times
Gied welcome aye to Willie Roy.

Wi' leal, warm hearts baith young and tender,
Far after Fortune's ba' we bickered ;
And though our chances were but slender,
The flame o' friendship never flickered.

In manhood's prime we met again,
When mony a friend was lying low,
Yet still we were as blythe and fain
As when twa laddies lang ago.

Blithe Christmas time draws near ance mair
To cheer us a' wi' festive joy,
But, wae is me, a cloud o' care
Hangs owre the hame o' Willie Roy !

The witherin' breath o' dark December
Fa's on his brow, nor can restore him,
While in his breast Life's wasted ember
Is burning out, and Death bends o'er him !

Nae faithfu' wife can yield relief,
Nor weepin' bairns, nor aged mither ;
His auld companion choked wi' grief,
Is broken-hearted a'thegither.

.

The willow boughs wi' snaw were wreathed,
 We laid him gently in Dalry,
 Whaur mony a mourner sadly breathed
 A lang fareweel and last guid-bye!

Gin Heaven to guidness be allied,
 Let nane that memory dear destroy
 O' him wha lived, and loved, and died
 An honest man—puir Willie Roy!

LAMENT FOR THE "EARL" OF CASTLE
 MILLS.*

AULD REEKIE lament, a true worker has perished,
 Lament ye wha sing we are brithren a';
 For mair than his ain a' your interests he cherished,
 Sae pour out your sorrow—the "Earl's" awa'.

Nae mair in yon auld *Temperance biggin*, whaur
 aften

Reformers hae met for the guid o' their kind,

* The above lines were written on the death of William Paterson, millworker, Castle Mills, Edinburgh, who died April 17, 1870. He was an ardent and well-known reformer.

Endeavourin' the heart o' the nation to saften—
The humble yet leal-hearted “Earl ” we'll find.

Wi' bulky petitions frae warkshop to warkshop,
Though deemed an intruder owre aften, I
ween,
Yet shedding a lustre on mony a dark shop,
His lordship the “Earl ” nae mair will be seen.

I would that the gods o' misrule i' the city
Were a' like the “Earl,” as honest and sound ;
And e'en 'mang oursel's it is truly a pity
Sae few o' sic “Earls ” are now to be found !

Sad Circumstance doomed him as ane o' her
creatures,
Wi' een brimmin' fu' o' Humanity's tears ;
Yet aye we perceived a blithe smile on his
features,
While Labour upraised him as ane o' her *Peers*.

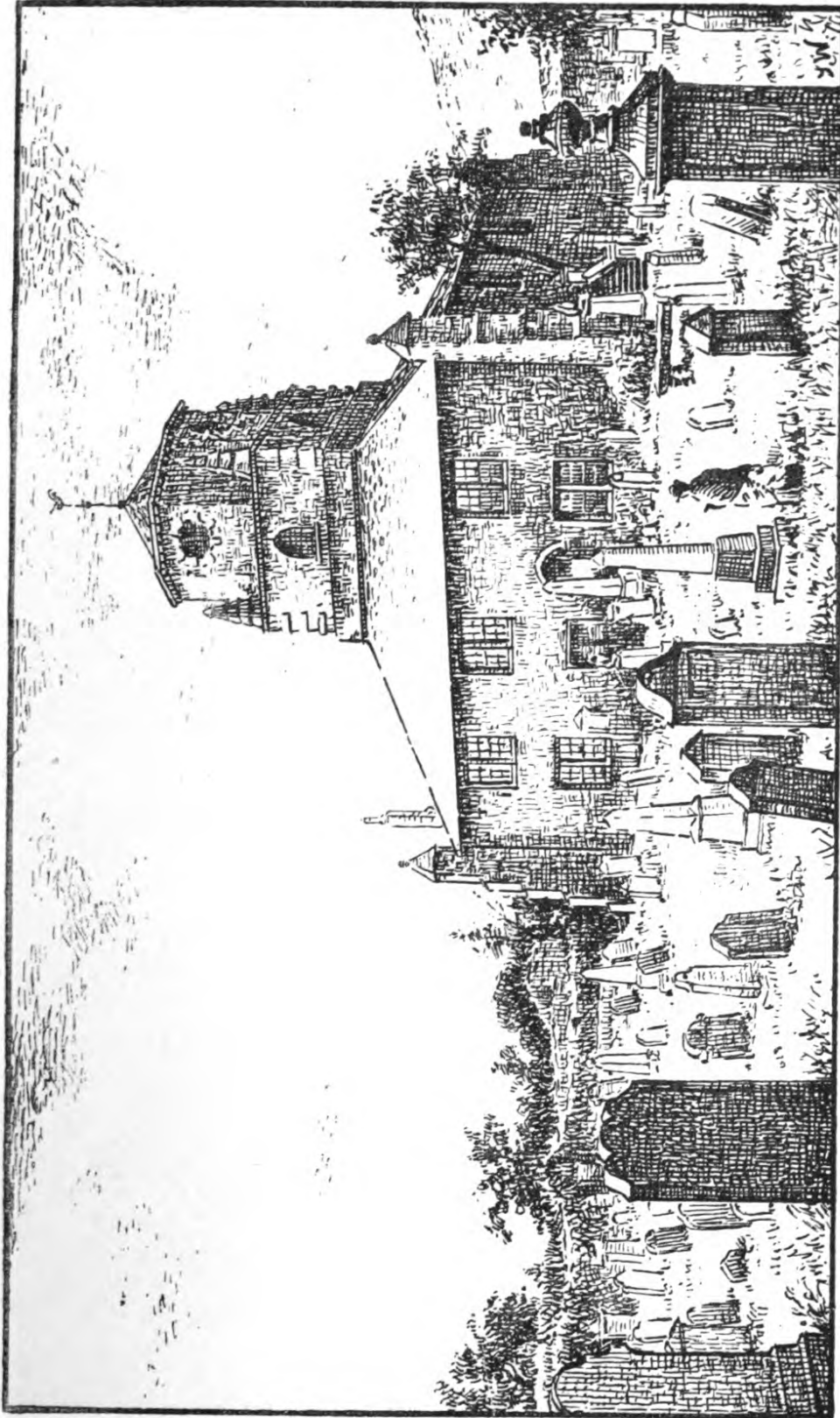
Oh weep, Castle Mills, for a brither departed,
And breathe on his grave whaur the sweet
gowan blaws :—

Here lies honest Willie, the "Earl"—warm-
hearted,
Wha aye put his shouther to every guid
cause.

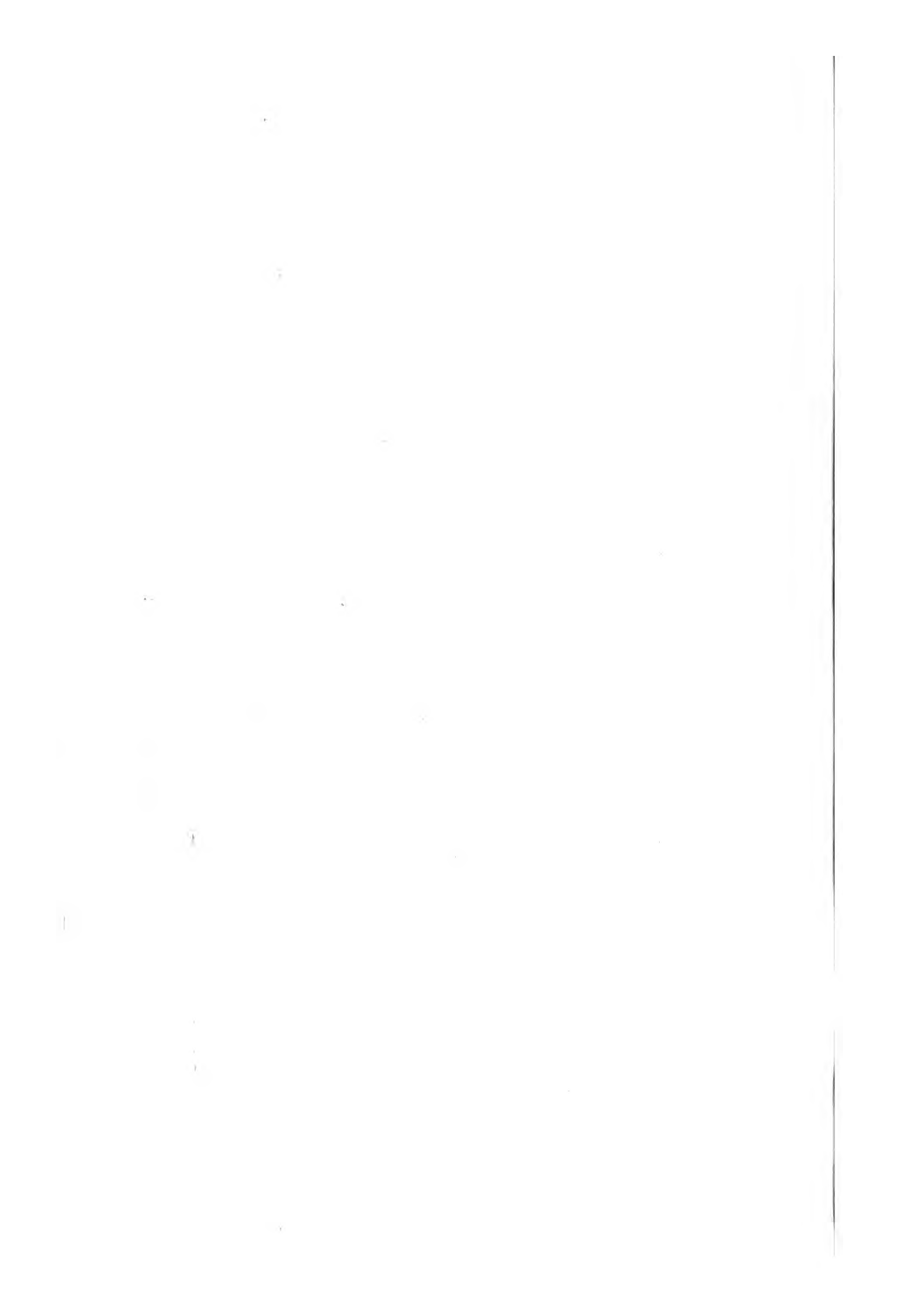
BURNTISLAND KIRKYARD.

The resting-place of two well-known worthies: the one a crude angler, the other a sturdy fellow, whose form (wheeling a barrow) and character are deftly chiselled on his tomb-stone.

WHEN gently rose the evenin' wind,
A moonlight trip engrossed my mind.
Sae o'er the Firth to yon auld toon
I sallied in a quaint balloon;
But while aboon the auld kirkyaird
In silent dread I downward stared,
And there wide-open graves I saw
Wi' rotten coffins in them a'.
My very heart within me loupit,
While owre the car I nearly coupit.
"Daft Geordie" there amang the lave
Wheeled skeletons frae ilka grave;
And lang, lean "Willie," black as coom,
Sat fishin' whaur nae fish could soom;



BURNTISLAND KIRKYARD.



Yet now and then, wi' rusty hook,
A windin' sheet and skull he *took*.
Quo' "Geordie"—"Willie, we were daft,
And mony wise folk at us laughed;
But dafter folk the toon can see
Than you or I were wont to be.
Here in this unmolested spot
Our sair-worn banes may rest and rot,
Though senseless projects, *ill discussed*,
Hae waukened us through sheer disgust.
The green grass here, bauld men maintain,
Will ne'er be clapped by spade again;
While on the slopes o' yon high Binn,
Whaur boulders fa' and torrents rin,
A new kirkyaird they'll mak fu' soon,
To bring discredit on the toon.
The mountain spates, the driftin' snaw,
Forbye the muckle stanes that fa';
Will mak' sic ruts and ravines deep,
Till a' the very dead that sleep
Will girn at men wha there hae striven
To wrang the dead and fricht the livin'!
Is there nae park that's free o' clay
A wee ahint yon Castle brae?

Or *sandy* Bents by Nature plumed,
Whaur rashes grew and roses bloomed?
There, there the echoes sweetly rang
O' ilka lintie's joyfu' sang;
But now though a' the worldly wise
Sic verdant bonny scenes despise,
The guid can there fu' weel define
What lovely Eden was langsyne.
Ah, Willie, lad! 'tis weel we twa
Frae this disgrace are now awa',
To sleep in peace, unlike our kin,
In watery graves beneath the Binn."

Loud blew the wind, my car flew owre
The mirksome woods o' Aberdour;
But when the clouds moved frae the north,
I steered again across the Forth,
And blithe was I at last to lower
My car on "Barnbogle" shore.
Yet aft I think how strife has spread
To startle e'en the very dead,
Wha—frae the living—rise to claim
The richts o' their eternal hame!

THE CHAMPIONS OF PROGRESS.

WHERE labour drives
The wheels of commerce, industry, and art—
Where Albion, from her throbbing bosom,
yields
The honey of her hives—
A robust lad, with fire within his heart,
With wisdom in his mind, and eloquence re-
fined,
Stood forth and raised his voice ;
And o'er his country many a blessing spread,
And, with great Cobden, gave the millions bread,
And bade them all rejoice.

E'en as the sun,
With mighty power, breaks through the realms
of night,
So through the region of dark human thought
His words came flashing on.
Full thirty years, triumphant in his might,
Have we beheld the changes he hath wrought ;
And still we hear the ring

Of all his deeds in Freedom's foremost van,
While Truth speaks boldly out—This honest man
Is greater than a king!

And still we greet
Another warrior of renown, who came
And proudly, for the people's sake, threw down
A fortune at his feet;
And all revered the noble patriot's name,*
And saw in him a king without a crown,
Whose reign was to defend
The struggling manhood of the sons of toil.
But ah! the spoilers of his native soil
Enchained the "People's Friend!"

Foiled in the field,
Yet worth e'en through misfortune ne'er departs;
And though denied the blessed light of heaven,
His soul disdained to yield,
For ever reigning in the people's hearts—
He suffered, conquered, and hath nobly striven
To break oppression's chains,—

* Ernest Jones.

To set his care-crushed fellow-creatures free,—
To plant the germ of glorious Liberty
 Throughout his native plains.

 Oh Heaven-blest boon !
To have these veteran soldiers with us still,
 While o'er the world a beautiful grey dawn
 Is blazing into noon !
The battle-cry resounds from hill to hill,
 And echo vibrates in the lowliest lawn :
 And warriors brave and strong,
For great humanity—for Britain's weal—
With Gladstone graven on their burnished steel—
 Will pierce the heart of Wrong.

 Each straining eye,
Long dimmed with tears in yonder sister land,
 Gleams full of hope, while loud the deafening
 cheers
 Of victory rend the sky ;
And joyful Erin grasps each patriot's hand,
 Who kindly dried her lowly children's tears ;
 And *he*, so wise and good,

Who struck at Bigotry's emblazoned throne,
O'erturned the "Church,"* made Christ the
corner-stone,

She hails with gratitude!

THE TWO PAVILION ROOKS.

A TALE OF BRIGHTON.

'Twas in September, and the rising moon
Spread o'er the Downs her loveliest autumn
beams,

When forth I strayed, for I was all in tune,
Musing and dreaming strange fantastic dreams.

And like ambitious bards of modern days,
I wooed the Muse to lend her secret might,
That I might tune the living lyre in praise
Of radiant Luna, beauteous queen of Night.

Keen Fancy came, and was my welcome guest ;
Repelling all intrusive *buts* and *ifs* ;

* Irish State Church.

Whilst Neptune groaned like some sore wounded
 beast,
 Belching his foam beneath the hoary cliffs.

My homely Muse rose gaily on the wing,
 And bade me turn, or brook her cheerless frown,
For I had scorned, she said, to humbly sing
 Of woes and wants within this lovely town.

Here now begins the wild poetic fray,
 Break forth, O Muse! though all the world
 should blame
And slight the bard who blithely sings to-day,
 And from the Downs, that lonely evening,
 came :—

Wandering homeward, over hills,
 Thro' each glen and lonely moor,
Brooding over many ills
 Felt by thousands of the poor.

Many ills! ay, say a million,
 Plodding on from street to street,
Till I reached the lone Pavilion,
 Where I found a snug retreat.

There, beneath an elm reclining,
Gazing on the moon so pale,
Wondering, scheming, and divining
How to trim an earnest "Tale."

Pondering on some brief preamble,
Deeming such would be most wise,
Curbing *that* which longed to ramble
In the jewelled cloudless skies.

Thus within my fairy nook,
Musing lonely, listening to
Leafless boughs that o'er me shook,
"Now," quoth I, "here's malt to brew."

Listening still, I heard a rook,
War proclaiming stout and staunch ;
Showing by his angry look
Strangers neared his native *branch*.

'S death ! he seemed a bird of promise,
Darker than the darkest night ;
And I learned his name was Thomas,
'Gainst "all comers" prone to fight.

Modest birds with comely features,
Thomas failed to strike with awe ;
Yet all blushless crawling creatures
Felt the keenness of his claw.

Near Sir Thomas perched a stranger,
Unassuming, blithe, and meek,
Hatched to be a hapless ranger,
Young, yet silvered 'bove the beak.

And he said his name was Sandy,
Humbly feathered, plainly fed,
For he scorned to play the Dandy,—
Honest rooks are better bred.

He had left his native glen,
Not to nestle in the dust,
Nor to moralise to men,
But to earn an honest "crust."

Yet, the world ne'er found him trustless
Unto man, or bird, or beast,
When the bloodhounds of injustice
On the blameless sought to feast.

And he knew that hostile neighbours,
 Envious hearts, and evil tongues
Strove to mar his humble labours,
 For he croaked of public wrongs !

List ! for Sandy here began
 With a bosom all aglow,
Reasoning like a sober man ;—
 Tut ! I mean a modest crow.

SANDY.

My fellow crow, what gars ye glower
So black, unbritherly, and sour ?
I'm sure I never gied ye cause
 To look on me wi' cauld disdain ;
Nor cam' I here to seek applause,
Nor indiscreetly break your laws,
 Nor gie a single creature pain.

So Tam, the humblest bird between
Far John o' Groats and Rottingdean,
Has in this town as guid a right,
 As any proud indignant crow,

To toil by day, or roost by night,
Or chatter in the pale moonlight,
 Just as he likes till morning's daw'.

THOMAS.

Peace! peace! else woe betide thy lot,
Thou clamorous, discontented Scot;
Too weak art thou with me to war,
 Too poor the world's respect to win:
Yet, if thou'dst ride in Wisdom's car,
Her golden gates go and unbar,
 To rid this grovelling world of sin.

And when o'er earth the morning flings
Her sheeny rays, outspread thy wings,
And soaring, scan the living stream
 That sweeps yon airy cliffs along;
And whose bright stole of gold doth gleam,
And glitter in each sunny beam,
 To woo your inmost soul to song.

So, sterling if thy talents be,
Employ them well and worthily;

Hush ! croak to lord, and lady fair,
 And spurn the common populace ;
 For Purity and Beauty rare
 Attend the great who truly bear
 The impress of some nobler race !

SANDY.

Faith, Tam ! your style is beautiful,
 But, Lord ! I maun be dutiful
 And true to a' the sons o' toil
 That in this bonny town reside :
 Now, hark ye, Friend, this lang lang
 while
 I've *crocodiles* seen in *this Nile*
 That you hae termed a living tide.

This simple truth ye ken, I'm sure,
 The rich hae a' sprung frae the poor ;
They ride upon the poor man's back,
 A strong and stalwart steed is he ;
 But should they come his skill to lack,—
 Constrained for bread their banes to rack,
 The world wad then their misery see.

Their knives, their forks, their spoons they use,
Their breeks, their stockings, and their shoes,
Each bite that enters in their mouth,
 Each luxury at their command :
The very wines to quench their drouth,
Exported frae the sunny South,
 Are a' prepared by Labour's hand.

'Tis true, a weel-faured race they seem,
But o' life's milk they lick the cream,
And plunge in baths each morn to scrub
 Their unsoiled bodies, white as leeks ;
While working folk—ah, there's the rub—
Can scarce afford to buy a tub
 Wherein to lave their careworn cheeks.

Now, Friend, in spite o' bird uncivil,
Or warlock wild, or fiend, or devil,
Your neebour Sandy ne'er will stray
 Frae simple truth's consoling paths ;
So *here*, betimes, by nicht and day,
He'll croak "Ye great that siller hae,
 Oh ! grant the poor folk Public Baths."

For you they rack their stately forms,
 For you they raise their strong right arms ;
 Show gratitude : their weal procure,
 And aid them in this noble cause ;
 Remember, while your bread is sure,
 The mair ye strive to help the poor
 The mair ye gain o' God's applause !

THOMAS.

Hush, hush ! thou dinsome brainless bird,
 Hacked are thy croakings, and absurd ;
 Hush ! lest *some* listener aims a dart
 Low in the dust to lay thy head ;
 For thou couldst never bear the smart
 That wounds to death a parent's heart
 When tender nestlings weep for bread.

Thou seem'st a wayward witless elf
 That canst not scan thy inner self,
 Nor gaze abroad as birds should gaze
 When meek reformers, "Tract" in hand,
 Glide through the morning's misty haze,
 Uprooting vice, disowning praise,
 T' instruct and Christianise the land.(?)

Be calm, be courteous, be content !
And turn thine eye to Parliament ;
And there behold true men and great,
 In conscience *clear*, in years mature,
Who pander not to Lords of State,
Who strangle wrong with hearts elate,
 All, all to raise the industrious poor.

Nor 'gainst the mighty rant nor rave,
But silent be e'en as the grave,
And rest assured each beauteous bud
 Of progress hath its *golden stem* ;
So have respect for gentle blood,
And never swim against the flood,
 Nor old King Custom e'er condemn.

SANDY.

Ech ! golden stems and deil kens what.
Ah ! Tam, I fear that Willie Catt *
Or some sic chield has filled ye fou,
 Or else you're some black painted goose,
For uncrawlike, you look askew
On grousome facts ; wae's me ! that you
 Should fear the purse-proud world's abuse.

* A large brewer.

Abroad perchance I dinna peer
Like many a learned gowk austere,
But, bless me, Tam, I've been abroad
 Sin' first I spread my tender wings:
And though I gaze not *à la mode*,
I ken wha bear the biggest load
 To earn what ne'er was earned by kings.

True, Labour's sons may just as weel
Expect retrenchment frae the deil,
Than trust the ambitious knave that brawls,
 And shouts, "Reform will come and soon;"
A seat within St. Stephen's walls
Is a' he craves, and *then* he drawls
 And whimpers owre anither tune.

And this is how they represent
The working man in Parliament;
Yet, there are some I maun allow
 Wha never plod in miry paths,
Nor cauldly gaze on Labour's brow,
Begrim'd by moil as black's your pow,
 And a' for want o' "Public Baths."

Pure caller water, life's supreme
Preserving balm, oh! let it stream
To feed our fountains, and to sweep
 Disease frae dingy dens o' filth,—
Then pestilential fiends may creep
And crawl 'mong demons o' the deep,—
 That Brighton's heart may glow wi' health.

Oh! gin the great would think o' this,
Our bonny town would teem wi' bliss;
For, Heaven designed that rain should fa',
 To purify and cleanse the earth,
But heartless pomp by claiming a',
Does spread what's no' *in* nature's law,
 (Disease) alack! round mony a hearth.

And Friend, though far and near I've been,
And gazed on mony a brilliant scene,
I trow 'tis not the roaming rook,
 That's bless'd wi' common sense the maist;
For, calmly round, we've just to look,
And learn frae boundless nature's book
 Great lessons ever pure and chaste.

Be honest now, and let's inure
 Oursels to scan the rich and poor,—
 The rich in plenty that regale,
 The poor wha pine in want and woe ;
 And though our jealous neebours rail,
 The ills around your native vale,
 Like zealous rooks we'll strive to know.

Now gie's your hand—I mean your claw,
 And let us prove a worthy twa ;
 But lo ! the dewy morning dawns,
 Arouse ! ye sable birds o' worth,
 To live by labour on the lawns,
 And *bathe* in dews like sportive fawns,
 For all are of an equal birth.

.

The drama closed, away they flew,
 With many a wild and strange halloo,
 Far o'er the Downs and by the " Dyke,"
 To glean or gather grubs or grain,
 And there discourse on " Baths " belike,
 Or woo their moiling clans to strike
 And break King Custom's bands in twain.

The rhyming listener breathed Amen!
Thought of his home, and blithely then
Brushed from his brow the gathering dew,
 And—from that sward where beauty
 springs—
Rose like an eaglet swift, and through
The spreading beams of morning flew;
 For bards, like birds, are blest with wings.

ANNABELLA'S EARLY JOURNEY.

WHAT! ride upon thy faither's knee?
 Then gie a spring;
For oh! I'm laith to check thy glee,
My tearless, peerless, bonny wee,
 Sweet winsome thing.

Thy trusty naig thou needna lick
 To gar him rin;
Sae haud thee fast, wee cheery-chick,
And he'll be aff in half a tick
 The race to win.

There bounds he now ; Godiva's steed—
 O' ancient date—
'Tween ilka trot could rest and feed,
But thine maun flee at lichtnin' speed,—
 He daurna wait !

Ride on, through guid and ill report,
 Nor mind outsiders ;
There's little time for idle sport,—
Drive on, my lass, life's journey's short
 To earnest riders !

The bridle's strong, fair Anna-Bell,
 Forbye the *bit*
Is deeper doon than words can tell,—
And hauds like some strange heavenly spell
 Beyond his wit !

Still, when thy steed, wi' trottin' hard,
 Breaks doon at last,
May thou his early cares regard,
And future journeys bring reward
 Mair than the past.

And think how blithe he sang to thee
When thou didst spring,
And ride upon his stalwart knee,—
A tearless, peerless, bonny wee,
Sweet winsome thing.

THE FALLEN SCULPTOR.

(A CHARACTER.)

WHAT stranger's this, sae Homer-like, that sings,
An' keenly scans yon broken clouds that drift
An' float behind the king o' day, wha flings
His fiery mantle owre the waster'n lift?
Art thou, Auld Man, a patriotic bard?
Gie me thy hand, if such thou truly be,
And rise frae aff the damp cauld dewy sward,
There's little beild owre "Samson's Ribs" for
thee.

.
"O bricht design! wark o' a restless will:
Freend," quoth the Sculptor, "gin I'm spared
a wee,

I'll raise twa statues on this noble hill
 That blithe Auld Reekie will be proud to see !
 I'm but a wee auld body, broken down,
 And though a devil wars within my brain,
 There's aye a something lifts the heart aboon
 The ills o' life, and whispers ' Rise again !'

" For he wha looks through inspiration's e'e
 Maun falter not, but work, and recollect'
 The best o' men the warst o' ills maun dree,—
 And whiles the warst command the maist respect'.
 I've been to Rome, Lord Murray lent me gold,
 I've dined wi' counts, *I've drunk* their sparklin'
 wine,
 I've swam the Tiber like a Cæsar bold,
 And reeled through Vaticans and temples fine !

" What's Rome to me ? I'd sooner dwell at hame,
 An' live an' linger on the humblest fare,
 Than drink wi' counts, or dream o' classic fame,
 Or be the god that fills St Peter's chair !
 See yonder pyramids o' glorious art,—
 Cloud-piercin' monuments, and statues fine,—

Where genius knelt to win the world's great
heart,

And carve a name on Fame's immortal shrine !

“ Yet hearken, freend ! if freend ye be o' mine,—

Nor frae your lips let fient a whisper slip,

Nae gold, nae siller, scarce a copper coin

Can merit rive frae Mammon's powerfu' grip !

Still, Heaven be thankit, wealth nor pomp can

tether

The mind that soars in labour's region dark,—

For penury and genius, linked thegither,

Are aye enraptured owre their heavenly wark !

“ O' Scotia's power, as symbols, here shall stand,—

That foreign foes our richts may ne'er traduce,

The pride and glory of our native land—

The warrior Wallace and the kingly Bruce.

Beneath the beild o' yonder hoary peak

I've heard a spirit-voice sublimely ring,

As gin 'twere Wallace, thundering 'Stranger,

speak !

Are ye frae England—are ye Scotland's king ?’

“ And Echo answered, through the gloamin’ air—
 ‘ Bruce be thy servant. Oh, for Scotland! thy
 Great spirit, Independence, let me share,
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.’
 I’ve waled a block, sae speckless, pure, and white,
 And frae its core, by nature’s true behest,
 I’ll bring the brave heroic warrior knight
 Whause valour burns in every *Scottish* breast!

“ I scorn to rest till a’ my plan’s complete:
 The nicht is cauld, but I will tak’ nae harm.
 Fareweel, my freend, though bleak is Arthur’s Seat,
 I’ve *something here* will keep my heart’s bluid
 warm,
 Yet, o’ the man view not the grousome part;
 For, still triumphant, though the world should
 frown,
 I’ll drive the chisel through the marble’s heart
 For dear auld Scotland’s glory and renown!”

.
 Fareweel, thou pillar o’ great Bacchus’ temple,
 Wi’ Genius finely sculptured on thy brow;
 And whether hewn frae gentle or frae simple,
 We trace the cause o’ thy misfortunes now.

Thus, frae the gates o' fame and fortune hurled,
 We blindly forge the bolts o' godless Fate,
Or proudly ban the big, broad-shouthered world,
 For a' the ills that we oursels create.

THE POET PEER AND HIS TRADUCERS.

YE puir detractors o' the British Bard,
 Wi' mouths mair open than your hearts, waes
 me
 That charity and love should ever be
Sic strangers worthy o' your disregard.
 Sae by your blindness gin ye fail to see
The poet's dignity, 'tis surely hard
 The world should thus be pestered; God forbid
That narrow spleen alane should dole reward
 To genius—soaring to the pyramid
O' human excellence, yet happily still—
 Though to the vilest o' traducers hid—
He lives his sacred mission to fulfil,
 And out o' nature wales the pure and guid,
While black oblivion swallows up the ill!

*THE FISHERMAN OF CASTLEFOIL.**

His name was Andrew, and in all the North
 A blither lad ne'er claimed a poet's song ;
His deeds of daring on the billowy Forth,
His generous heart, his noble Christian worth,
 Gave him the victory over many a wrong.

And if his soul no flame of genius caught,
 He spread abroad amongst his fellow-kind
The teachings which humanity had taught ;
And in the depths of thought he plunged and
 sought
 The richest jewels of the human mind.

And when, in Castlefoil, the sea-king stood
 In all the majesty of manly pride,
He carried out in practice all the good,
Great maxims of the wise, though with the rude,
 Morn, noon, and night he battled side by side.

His little bark, which industry had given,
 Braved many a tempest in the boisterous bay ;

* First Prize Poem, *People's Journal*, 1869.

Nor yielded seaward to be tossed and driven,—
As if a silver cord hung down from heaven,
 To guide her safely on her perilous way.

He sought deliverance from every lure
 On mammon and the world's unstable sands ;
And though he lived and laboured all obscure,
He would be honest though he should be poor,
 And left the issue in his Maker's hands.

Both priest and father, yea, a lamb of peace
 Within the circle of his home was he ;
Yet in the outer world, from toil's release,
He like a lion fought that gold should cease
 To be the measure of morality !

Still, perfect calms the mariner brave knew
 not,
 Save when the prattle of his children ceased,
And night's dark mantle wrapped his lowly cot,
Then love and lore, to crown his happy lot,
 Within his bosom held a glorious feast !

And there, if one small spark of heavenly fire
 These genial guests had kindled into flame,—

With God's high will, and his own warm desire,
He might have soared above th' indignant ire
Of all the proud who scorn a humble name.

But ah! for many a long and darksome day,
A lonely wife and children looked in vain,
And wept for him who, sailing far away,
Beyond the billows of the boisterous bay,
To them would surely soon return again!

The angry Forth poured out a mournful song;
That lowly prince, who loved his perilous toil,
Shall strive no more to make the feeble strong;
Yet many a mariner will remember long
The good, wise fisherman of Castlefoil.

THE COCK SPARROW.

How jolly, chirp chirp, and how busy we are
Biggin' here on thir smeekeit lums;
We're a' kings alike, on a commonwealth par,
Sae we're blithe as the lave that migrate afar,
And we aye get our daily crumbs.

There's enough in the streets for us a' to peck,
Sae a sparrow never complains;
And bauld though he seem he maun be circum-
spec',
For he has muckle need his life to protec'
Frae the missiles o' ill-gaeted weans.

Though our chafts are pale we are hardy and hale,
And *black* is our narrow neck-tie;
And our velvet broon coat, though scuffed at the
tail,
Shows how hallowed industry darkens the male,
Yet he's blithe o' the "sacred" dye!

There's glory in dust, and there's music in din,
And sae we are ever induced
To stick to our quarters, through thick and through
thin,
For man's hame is ours—Mr. Sparrow chimes in,
He maun aye be cock o' the roost!

On the tap o' the lums, when 'tis frost and snaw,
We can aye find a cosie hole;

And our wee pawkie een can peer far awa',
When a servant lass strews a crumb or twa
On the ledge o' her window sole.

But she kens na how weel, in our chirpy way,
We thank her in weather sae cauld,
Nor thinks how to birds and to bairns ilka day
Sic kindness the Lord never fails to repay
By His blessings a thousand fauld.

The leal-hearted puir aye hae something to spare,
Whilk dignifies true lowly worth,
For something aye tells them the birds o' the air,
Upheld and maintained by Omnipotent care,
Should kindness command on the earth !

A wee bit o' power and position, nae doot,
Whiles gar men their neebors despise ;
And wee birds, like us, they ken naething about,
For their only care is a constant look-oot
Whaur the prospect o' siller lies !

'Tis a glorious *business* big fortunes to seek,
But that frae our aim is apart,

Yet mony a way a gleg sparrow can keek,
And ony bit chirp that may fa' frae his beak
Interprets the truth o' his heart.

But freendly we live on thir smooky lum-taps,
And we chirp frae our hearts siccan words
That human distinction and wrang may collapse,
Blessin' a', like oursels,—though dusty auld chaps
We're couthy and kindly bit birds.

AN EVENING SUPPLICATION.

IN stately grandeur to his evening home
The Day-king marches down the glowing west ;
While pensive Night wreaths on her lofty brow
A jewelled diadem of glittering sheen.

And now to Thee, O Thou great source of
love,—
Creator, King, Controller of all good,—
We humbly kneel, Thy blessing to implore !
Thou art the Friend and Father of mankind,
And we, Thy children, to that glorious dawn

Are looking forward, when the gentle lamb
Will roam in consort with the forest king.
Fain would our eyes pierce yonder heavenly arch,
To gaze upon Thy glorious countenance ;
Yet, blind with sin, in vain for Thee we search,
And seldom list to that small voice within
Mysteriously that whispers—*God is here !*

Oh may our hearts imbibe Thy spirit pure,
As April lilies drink the morning dew ;
And as the petals of the opening rose
Send forth their blushes to the golden noon,
So let us yield the fragrance of our lives,
The bloom and beauty of our tender thoughts,
To Thee, Thou glory of paternal love,
For Thou art God, and Father of us all !

By offering up our prayers of gratitude
For all the bounteous blessings we enjoy,
By putting evil underneath our feet,
By yielding Love a throne within our hearts,
In earnest hope to meet Thy will divine,
We consecrate the labour of our lives ;
And still behold among the sons of men,

Along the war-riven battle-fields of life,
In triumph or defeat—the noblest are
The soldiers who revere and bless Thy name.
And battling thus, Lord, may we learn to live,
And live to learn that virtue brings reward ;
And in Thy own good time the slaves of sin,
With all their idols, shall be overthrown.

We, too, are sinners, wandering far astray ;
Yet as Thy mercy is for ever sure,
We supplicate Thy pardon day by day,
And to that home, from sin and suffering pure,
We gaze beyond the sepulchre of Christ ;
And fondly trust, around Thy heavenly throne,
To find the *joys* that left us long ago,—
The fond dear hearts, the hope of all our lives,—
Sweet flowers that perished in their early bloom ;
And he who clung to us but yesternight,
Our darling babe, so beautiful and young,
And in whose eyes we read a long farewell.
But *they* were Thine, not ours, O blessed Lord,
And we would follow when it is Thy will !

THE ANVIL.

RING loud and clear to ilka sturdy stroke,
And yet for a' the hammerin' thou dost bear,
Wow but thy face, amid baith fire and smoke,
Shines a' the mair! There's nocht around thee
fair

Save Vulcan's *mornin'* features; high and low
The blackened rafters and the blazin' fires,
The din o' enterprise that ne'er expires,
The energy that keeps brave hearts aglow,
And nerves strong arms to gar the hammers
clang,

And mak's thy rich, melodious music flow—
In spite o' a' the bustle and the bang
O' daily routine; still sae loud and clear
The ring o' thy true metal, like a sang
That lichtens labour, blithe's the world to hear.

AULD TAM.

AULD big burly Tam, unco muckle esteemed,
Has drapped frae the great human family awa',
And left a wide gap in the ranks whaur he seemed
The last that was likely amang us to fa'.

For twenty-five summers Tam stuck to his post—
A veteran o' toil, in the "Auld Mill" entrenched,
And tho' oot o' sicht a wee drappie he tossed,
The flame o' humanity never was quenched.

Though cautious and blate, to the backbane a Scot,
And dour-like he seemed, he was kind-hearted
still,
For in his breek pouch Tam could aye find a groat
To help a puir neighbour when needfu' and ill.

O' ilka bit frolic nae king on the earth
Was blither and prouder than Tammy could be,
And ne'er would he grudge an hour's innocent
mirth
To sweeten the cares o' life's journey a wee.

Tam never was heard to speak ill o' a brither,
For there was enough in his ain fickle heart ;
And often though tempted, yet somehow or ither
Nae slander, he thocht, had a guid counterpart.

Yet like an auld trunk that nae mortal could bend,
Lang habit had strengthened his faith in the
"dram,"

The devil's ain drug—whiles misca'd "a Godsend,"
By mony far wiser, yet waur, than auld Tam.

Frae sic human weakness fine natures may shrink,
But as we oursel's hae an unco big share,
Fu' gently we'll speak, yet we canna but think
Tam better had been had he *lo'ed himsel'* mair.

In a' body's interest Tam's happiness lay,
And throwin' his ain at the back o' the dyke,
He focht and he thocht in his ain kind o' way,
Obligin' to freends and to strangers alike.

Sae mony a crony for auld Tammy sighs,
Yet peace be as sure to his aince happy soul
As rest to his big burly body that lies
In yon bonny lawn aboon Tynecastle Toll.

“HERRIN’.”

A RUDE REPLY TO THE LETTER OF AN OLD FRIEND.*

HERRIN', herrin', nocht but herrin',
“Gills” and “guts” and “glitterin' scales,”
Big as “salmon,” Lord, preserve us!
Are *they* no young Greenland whales?

Herrin' baith by land and water;
Herrin' *is* the soul o' Wick;
Creels and crans, and boats and barrels,
Quite enough to staw Auld Nick.

Herrin', if they could but gabble,
What a Babel there would be
When the scaly Gaelic rabble
Raised their snouts aboon the sea.

If *they* could wear kilts and buckles,
If *their* fins were like broadswords,
Far mair beef would be apportioned
To creation's hungry lords!

* The Editor of the *John o' Groat Journal*.

E'en our freend, wha kens far better,
 Gars my very stamoch grou,
 For I find that his *lang letter*
 Stinks o' herrin through and through.

Whisht! I maist can hear him laughin',
 Happy soul, he kens I ween
 In sick rhymin' fits o' daffin,
 Genius whiles is plainly seen.

Could his journey through the Highlands,
 A' the way to John o' Groat's,
 Or *new friendships*, no inspire him
 Unco mair than "herrin' boats?"

Yet when ends this herrin' warfare,
 A' the North in him may find
 Merit and a mighty passion
 Burning still to bless mankind.

PREDICTIVE.

Truly as this rhyme's referrin'
 To a certain genial Scot,
 Though he swallows John o' Herrin',
 He'll be true to *John o' Groat*.

THE BIRTHDAY OF MISS K. S. W.

April 6, 1882.

WHEN frae the east the wind blew keen and
cauld,—

And show'ry April was but *six days* auld,
A London lass, lang parted frae her mither,
Brocht a' her best and dearest freends thegither
And as her years, that nicht, were twenty-twa,
Lang life and health they wished her ane and a'.
M'Duff, M'Gregor, Erskine—mighty names,
A gallant Lyon, and a Graham of Grahams,
Wi' a' the lave, were brimmin' owre wi' zeal,
To wish the fair young London lassie weel.
A blither nicht in Scotland ne'er was spent,
A finer band o' freends was never kent ;
And a' were welcome like hersel'—the flower
That bloomed sae lovely in a poet's bower !

AULD REEKIE,

AND THE POOR MAN'S UNIVERSITY.*

“AULD REEKIE!” rise to guard thy honoured name,
And grant thy sons a glimpse o’ learnin’s flame,—
Lest thou shouldst blush before a’ Scotland now,
To thy dishonour and lang-lasting shame,
While ither touns to Custom scorn to bow!

Oh keep at bay this bigot, auld and hoary,
Whase “weel enough” is aye his hackneyed story,
For there’s a voice in every heart that cries—
Nae man should live for his ain greed and glory,
While at his feet a helpless brither lies!

Thus will the brave, unspurred by human vanity,
Raise thee a bulwark, whaur nae class-insanity
Shall bend thee doun, nor thwart thy strong
desire
To weld the broken links o’ great humanity,
That every soul may burn wi’ heavenly fire.

* The Free Public Library.

Let a' thy failin's be on Virtue's side,
And Progress, bloomin' in immortal pride,
 Thy best and noblest sons will no forsake—
But still shall be thy guardian an' thy guide,
 Till owre thy hills a glorious dawn shall break.

O hill-crowned city ! gin thy sons would scan
The latent virtues o' this glorious plan,
 The ills o' ignorance would pass awa',
And man would hae a better heart to man,
 And love and truth frae skaith would shield
 us a'.

Auld Reekie, rise ! and a' thy strength reveal
For thy ain sake and Scotia's social weal ;
 And thou shalt tell, when foes hae ceased to
 frown,
How worth and wisdom rose wi' burnin' zeal
 To guard thy glory and thy fair renown.

THE MUNICIPAL "PATRIOT."

FIFE *versus* AULD REEKIE.

OUT frae amang yon bustlin' crowd,
Whaur engines snort and whistle loud,
A burly stranger speered his way
Upon a clear midsummer day.
At length he met a "leery shaver,"
Weel versed in local clishmaclaver,
Wha vowed, through a' the city wide,
To be the stranger's faithfu' guide.
Mair "wrinkles" he professed to ken
Than mony o' the shrewdest men :
Sae aff they trudged, like cronies crouse,
And scarcely *passed* a public-house ;
For he, the stranger magistrate—
At hame a *Temperance Advocate*—
Auld Reekie cheer was fain to pree,
As weel as a' her sights to see.

Ilk place o' interest and renown,
The Castle high, Mons Meg, the Crown ;
And for a wee, amid the gloom
That hangs about Queen Mary's room.

Thir reamin' worthies—prone to preach—
Gied sodger loons a temperance speech ;
And feared, forsooth, that drink had been
" A curse " to Scotland's hapless queen.
But forced by mair than drouth, 'twas meet
For them to mak' a wise retreat—
Not like King Jamie, in a box
Or muckle creel, lowered ower the rocks—
Nae mair by vulgar knaves accosted,
Ev'n though the drouthy Bailie boasted
How like a god he moved at hame,
Whaur true *Reformers* blessed his name ;
And for their sakes he cam' frae Fife
To get a swatch o' city life.
Her outward grandeur, schools, and kirks—
Whause *sheep* are scaur'd by Calvin's *stirks*,
That ilka sinner, sulphur-driven,
Should find nae ither way to heaven !
Braw Banks, Museums, eke the College
Whilk crams the mind wi' feckless knowledge ;
Grand monuments, fine burial-grounds,
Green parks and artificial *Mounds* ;
Ev'n a' the charms o' Holyruid,
Lang stained wi' gallant Rizzio's bluid,

Like a' the lave were sights that he
 Nae mair wad gie a plack to see.
 But here the Bailie minded how
 His mither straked his youthfu' brow,
 And tauld him that wi' joy replete
 She speeled the sides o' Arthur's Seat
 When first, lang syne, she did foregether
 Wi' his beloved, respected faither.
 Sae while along the "Craigs" they creepit,
 Frae out the Bailie's soul, sin-steepit,
 Dark secrets oozed as he began
 A crack anent the richts o' man.

"My friend," quoth he, "owre stalwart
 backs

I've hirsled lang, and still I rax
 To fame! amang a horde o' asses—
 To wit, the clamorous workin' classes.
 Sae gif ye wad a fortune mak',
 Gae pat them kindly on the back:
 In precept, rave! in practice, knock
 Your neebours doon like ither folk,
 Yet hide frae them your grousome spurs,
 And they to you will stick like burrs.

Pour on the world, by *wild oration*,
Deep roarin' floods against 'Taxation,'
Yet ever frae its funds contrive
To tak' a most prodigious rive!
O Freend! could ye but *roar* and bellow—
Like mony anither 'noble fellow'—
Could rich and poor thegether bring
To fecht like cats hung owre a string,—
And while wi' rage and hate they're blind,
Could preach Reform to a' mankind;
Then ye, for gain and glory baith,
May grip the world as firm as death."

"Losh man," his guide replied, "in Fife
Sic schemin' scoundrels may be rife,
But here our Rulers, honest 'bricks,'
Are far aboon sic dastard tricks;
And though the maist o' them, nae doot,
Hae sprung frae trades o' *sma' repute*,
Their Municipal blaze absorbs
The brightest glare o' kindred orbs.
How unco like the Deeside Miller
They scorn the clink o' sordid siller;
Their business *marts* a' times they leave

Some social victory to achieve ;
Their wives, their weans, their hames they
quit

At *freendly* Council Boards to sit,
That genial youths and tender lasses,
And a' the industrious working classes,
Should hae their labour-rights protected
By siccan patriots weel respected.
But ah ! my puir descriptive skill
Is now a traitor to the will,
Sae I'll pass owre that clash and clatter
Anent St Mary's drumlie water—
'Tis juist enough for me to ken
The *filterin'* fa's to *honest* men !
Nor can I tell how artisans
Matured their intellectual plans,
And nobly, for the town's repute,
Proposed a spacious *Institute* ; *
But ah, that object unachieved
Nae doot our rulers sairly grieved !

“ Now let me whisper in your lug
How in a certain howff they hug—

* Free Public Library.

Nicht after nicht, wi' fond embrace—
The champions o' the toil-worn race :
Yon street ye saw, sae like a fair,
Yon wee auld-fashioned outside stair,
Yon 'Temperance' ruckle, wide and roomy,
Whause passages are lang and gloomy ;
Rooms up and doon, whaur freendly huggin'
Helps on Reform, 'without humbuggin':'
There, workin'-class emancipation,
Trades-Union laws and legislation ;
There, aft our rulers train for battle,
The 'guid Professor's' 'vulgar cattle,'—
And wile them, *not* by Judas-smacks,
To cut their throats ahint their backs,
But, for the sake o' future glories,
To thraw the Whigs and curse the Tories."

"Gude speed them a'," the Bailie muttered,
"I'se no forget what ye hae uttered ;
And I shall speer, whan I gae North,
If e'er 'The Kingdom' banished forth
A pack o' loons wham nane could pity
To dignify ! your noble city."

Back frae the *Hill* our heroes cam',
 And spent the day owre mony a dram ;
 But how and whaur they passed the night
 Lord only knows ; nae poet's sicht
 Could ever pierce that veil unfurled
 Between them and the outer world.
 Yet oh, how sad to think a Bailie—
 Wha deaves his fellow-tounsmen daily—
 Should Labour's sacred claims extol
 While *Self's* the idol o' his soul !
 But this we ken—that siller-grabbin',
 Or hands red-stained wi' Labour-stabbin'—
 That "trips" abroad for *social* plunder,
 That hollow-soundin' bursts o' thunder,
 That precept-preachin' rants, nae doot,
 Whilk aft precede the cloven foot,
 And sic like wark, by reason clear,
 Our city has nae cause to fear !

Now ye wha like this Thane o' Fife
 Wad soom for gain through waves o' strife,
 Tak' tent lest ye be overthrown
 For a' this "glorious getting on"—
 This rising in the world, to fame, (?)

This conscience-smothering, godless game ;
But what's the sequel, whaur's the bliss
O' sic a wretched life as this ?

Oh, while for bread we're spared to fend,
May every secret thought transcend
The outward deeds o' seeming worth
We're a' sae fain to blazon forth ;
And still though poor, Heaven keep us leal
For dear Auld Reekie's social weal.

THE ABBEY VISION :

AT THE UNVEILING OF THE CARNEGIE WINDOW,
DUNFERMLINE, JUNE 20, 1884.

THREE weel-kent Provosts o' Dumfarlin' toon
Were blithe to see that on King Robert's grave
Kind Heaven had sent a flood o' glory doon
To consecrate the Auld Cathedral nave ;

Sae at the triune Magisterial ca',
Three warriors armed—wi' Margaret, radiant
still—

Burst, as a sunbeam, through the wastern wa'
Like spirits drawn to earth by *human skill*.

Fu' pleased, nae doot, to see how guidness blends
Wi' lofty genius on sic hallowed ground
And proud we're a' to think that Heaven befriends
Dumfarlin' toon, aboon a' toons renowned.

The fire o' Independence blazin' there,
The love o' hame, the memories o' langsyne,
The thrillin' echoes o' the past declare
Our soul's affinity wi' things divine.

And, as we trow, fair Scotia still enrolls
Ilk faithfu' patriot in the ranks o' fame;
The memory o' brave heroes filled our souls,
And garr'd us bless Carnegie's honoured name.

The spirit form o' Scotia glided owre
The Royal Tomb, and round her brows she
wore
A laurelled crown; while, by her winnin' power,
Sic inspiration ne'er was felt before.

Nae heart that lo'ed her Wallace Heaven would
shun :

Sae frae her soul, that brilliant afternoon,
Flowed sweet affection for a wandering son,
Erewhile returned to bless his native toon.

A thousand hearts her mission understood :
That a' wha strove to benefit mankind
Should wear the flow'r o' human gratitude,
And leave a loved and honoured name behind.

Oh ! still may three sic worthy Provosts meet,
To show their zeal in ilka noble cause ;
And be their hearts wi' guidness lang replete
Within the auld Cathedral's hallowed wa's.

THE BLIND GRANDFATHER.

HEALTHY springs the dewy barley
Owre the hills and glens o' Fife ;
And the rustlin' wheat is rarely
Peepin' forth on outer life.

Linties singin', laverocks chantin',
 Charmed and cheered by flowery June;
Cushets coo frae yonder plantin',—
 Joy's the universal tune.

Yonder stands the auld thack biggin—
 Up a wee on yon brae-side,
Whaur, beneath its spider riggin',
 Youth and age thegither bide.

Aged Willie o' Balwearie,
 Keepit cozie, tended weel:
Youthfu' Nannie maks him cheery,—
 Heaven is kind, and she is leal.

Thus she leaves her aged faither
 Reigning on that lonely brae,—
Blithe's a king, while she maun gather
 Labour's fruits the lee-lang day.

Boor-tree hedges hem the sward in
 Whaur he breathes the mornin' air,—
Wonderin' gin his bonny garden
 Still seemed like an Eden fair:

Wonderin' why his freends forgot him—
Happy in their Forth-side toon—
While sae near the weary bottom
O' Life's brae he totters doon.

Round his head his bees are hummin',
Yet he hears, far owre the lea,
Some wee rovin' laddie comin'
Blithe as ony butterflee.

Surely there's an angel leadin'
Him, whause race is nearly run,
While he quits his fragrant Eden
Greetin' thus his wee grandson:—

“Hey, Colin lad! 'tis mony a day
Sin' last ye speel'd Balwearie brae:
A twellmonth mony a change has wrocht,
For dim's your auld grandfather's e'e;
But aiblins now guid news ye've brocht.
Whaur is your hand? 'od, man, I thocht
Ye maistly had forgotten me.”

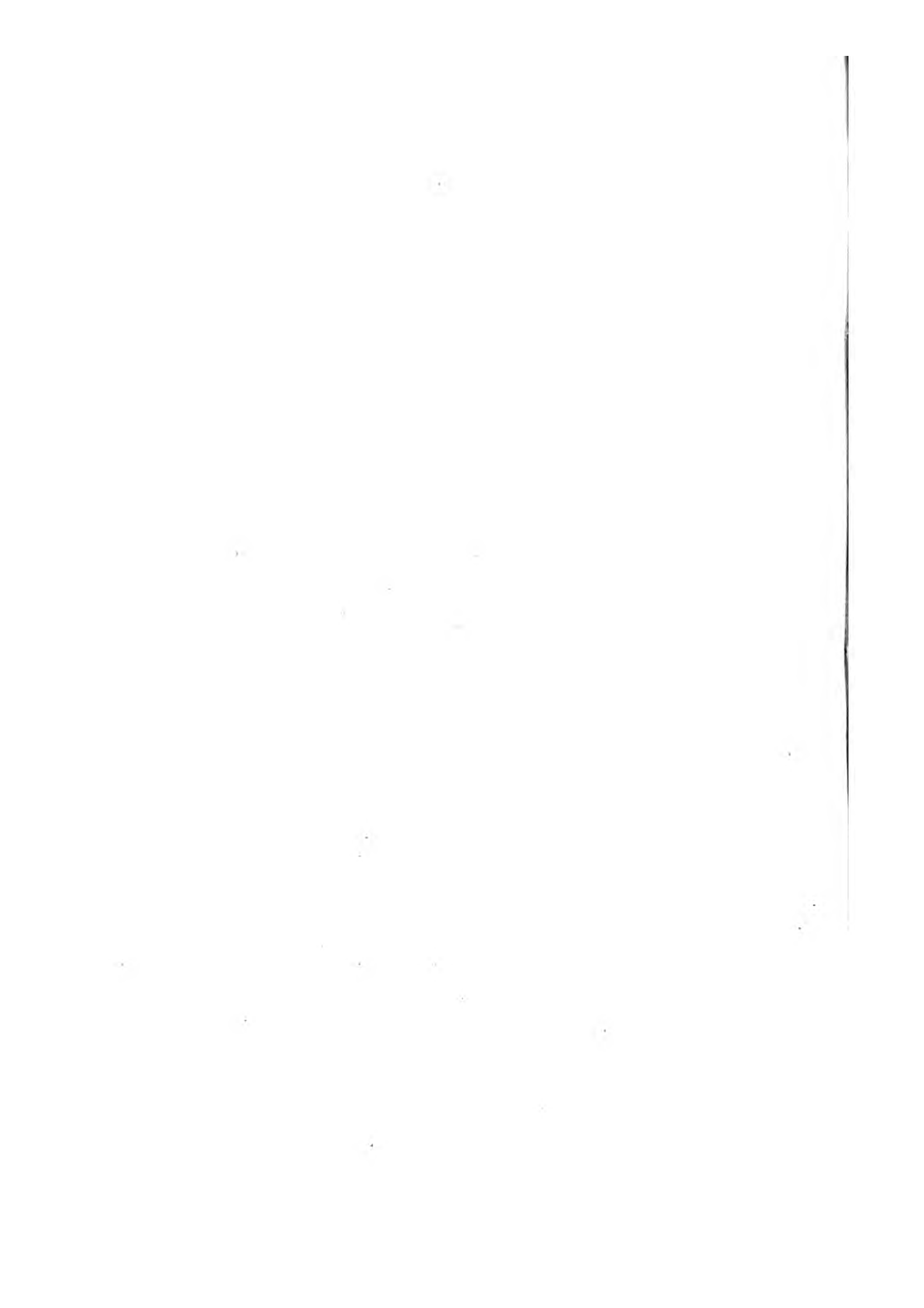
The laddie's hand the auld man grippit,
While owre his een the big tears lippit;
And when within the wee thack-cot,
 Young Colin, like a chapman bauld,
Threw doon his pack, and weel, I wot,
His teeth untied the "grannie's knot"—
 The wondrous wallet to unfauld!

Wi' gratefu' heart the grandsire blind
Thanked Colin and his mither kind,
And owre the presents, spider-like,
 His bany fingers gently creepit;
And young and auld, wi' muckle fyke,
As blithe as bees within a byke,
 Braw gifts upon the table heapit.

Sic cronies twa—what else were they?—
Fife hadna seen for mony a day;
And blithely as the hours wore round,
 And a' the news had been revealed,
Auld Willie like a sage profound—
Ev'n mair through love than duty bound—
 To Colin's listenin' ear appealed:



“ Auld Willie, like a sage profound,
To Colin’s listenin’ ear appeal’d.”



“ Now, Colin,” quoth the kind auld body,
“ Morality is man’s best study,
And sae begin that Providence
 May help you in a thousand ways ;
For Industry, wi’ carefu’ mense,
Keeps Poverty behind the fence,
 And wins a nobler meed than praise.

“ Your parents lo’e, and a’ the mair
You’ll prosper when beyond their care ;
And gin ye still respec’ God’s house
 You’ll no neglec’ His Sacred Laws.
Sae nicht nor day play fast and loose
Wi’ Heaven’s high purpose,—life’s misuse
 A curtain owre the future draws.

“ And when frae hame at last you’re led,
To fecht wi’ care and fend for bread,
Wi’ earnest heart and anxious mind,
 E’en by the forge or at the plew,—
Proud o’ the part to you assigned
By Providence to bless mankind,—
 Live to be usefu’, guid, and true.

“ Wi’ a’ its quirks and dealin’s hollow,
The *Business* world ye scarce can follow ;
Far better, Colin, still remain

 An honest lad through life to plod ;
Far better peace and knowledge gain
Than war eternal—ever fain

 To worship Mammon mair than God !

“ Row up your sleeves, and raise your arm,
The cause that’s leal will keep ye warm ;
Strike wi’ a will, reward will come,

 Though independence hinders sairly ;
Yet never rest till slander’s dumb,—
And in the world I trust that some
 Kind-hearted friend will help ye fairly.

“ At mither wit and common sense
The unco proud may tak’ offence,
But that’s their ain misfortune, when

 Leal-hearted lads like you we find
On every brae, in every glen,
Wha mak’ the best and bravest men,—
 A credit to their fellow-kind.

“ Yet vile’s the wit that daurs subvert
The impulse o’ a generous heart ;
Owre muckle o’ the scheming brain
 Misleads the world for selfish ends ;—
Ev’n though Humanity complain,
Or thousands every day be slain,
 The war for gold the deed defends !

“ But you maun strive, that labour still
May help ye up Life’s rugged hill ;
And ilka day I trust the Lord
 Your staff will be ; the love He gies,
To Him again shall be restored ;
And what’s despised, though Heaven-deplored,
 Its ain destructive fate decrees.

“ Now, gentle Colin, read to me
How He wha strayed through Galilee
Said to His ain disciples :—Lo,
 I’m with you always to the end.
Sae gin your bosom feel the glow
O’ love Divine, through weal or woe,
 I trow ye’ll never want a friend.

" Time winna bide, sae hame again
 Rin like a leveret owre the plain ;
 And may the future still reveal
 To you the ways o' simple life.
 Sae kind wee Colin, fare-ye-weel,
 God bless ye lang, and keep ye leal
 Amang the lonely hills o' Fife ! "

BATTLE ON !

" The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably : it revels in power and in wealth ; whilst at its feet—a terrible peril for its future—lies a multitude which it has neglected."—*John Bright.*

THE proud belted barons in Scotland sae fair,
 Will fecht for her glory and grandeur nae
 mair,
 For Labour is pourin' new bluid in her veins,
 And heart-burnin' words will be heard in her
 strains :—

Battle on, battle on !

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

And now sin' ilk ither fu' kindly we greet,
She throws down her broadsword to rust at her
feet;

Sae whaur's the knight-errant can wreath on her
brow

The laurels o' Progress that Labour wreathes now ?

Battle on, battle on !

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

To lo'e a' that's richt, and to hate a' that's wrang,
To aye be as blithe as a true Scottish sang,
Are signs that betoken the purest o' bluid
Which flows through the hearts o' the noble and
guid.

Battle on, battle on !

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

The brave an' the true, whiles wi' sair achin' head,
An' care-laden bosoms, maun battle for bread ;
Yet surely sic warriors, stalwart an' brave,
Shall gain due reward on their march to the grave.

Battle on, battle on !

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

The proud in their castles, frae poortith secure,
 Look callous an' cauld on the hames o' the poor;
 Yet mony sad hist'ries unprinted are there,
 Where "Still battle on" is the balm o' despair.

Battle on, battle on!

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

Battle on, battle on, like a life in our hearts,
 The *watchword* a glow to our nature imparts;
 And still while it burns in the monarchs o' toil,
 Its power will be felt in our dear native isle.

Battle on, battle on!

Sae for young Scotland's weal let us a' battle on.

WEANING WEE ANDREW.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

PUIR mannie, ye sall miss
 Sic a couthy *coo* as this;
 And my heart is wae to tell ye o' the *beastie*
 That sits and watches noo close beside my
 laddie's *coo*.

Sae sleep, dearie, sleep, and wheestie, wheestie,
wheestie,
For wee bonnie Andy's my little *lammie loo*.

Wild roguie, lie ye doon !
And no rive my wincey goon,
For anither I'll no mak' till my wee *Andy*
Shall toddle a' his lane, and be a stuffy wean ;
Sae keep awa' your little pawkie handie,
For wee bonnie Andy's my little *lammie loo*.

Toots ! no a wink he'll sleep.
Nanny, tak' him whaur the sheep
And the lammies in the meadows sport and
gambol,
And spend the afternoon wi' the waukrife little
loon,
And tell him, every gaet whaure'er ye ramble,
That wee *Andy Pandy's* his sister's *lammie loo*.

Forbye, ye'll say, I ween
Puir auld Scotland hasna seen
Sic a blithe an' bonnie prince sin' *Royal Charlie* ;

Yet soon enough, nae doot, he will find the
secret oot
That wi' care he'll hae to battle late an' early—
But haste ye awa' wi' the little *lammie loo*.

Bye, bye, my little doo !
Ye will soon forget your *coo*,
While the open air will mak' ye red and rosy ;
And when the day's awa' ye'll gang to your
beddie ba,
And cuddle in your daddie's kindly bosie,
And wee bonnie Andy sall be his *lammie loo*.

Hey ! though we tak' sic pains
Wi' our bonnie bits o' weans—
Wi' muckle health and little wealth to sair us—
We mauna wean our mind frae the lave o'
humankind,
But should think aye, while Providence shall
spare us,
That mair need our care than thir lammies
that we lo'e!

BONNY KATE.

AIR—"Gae fetch to me a pint o' wine."

WEE bonny leal kind-hearted Kate
Belanged to Falkirk or Clackmannan,
But now she wades amang the blades
O' shamrocks green beside the Shannon.
Aboon her head the laverock sings,
The lintie chants his love-sang bonny ;
But fonder still on Woodsdoun Hill
Blithe Kate is woo'd by lovers mony.

Chorus.

For Bonny Kate has left us a',
And sair we'll miss her smiles sae cheery ;
But Scottish bluid, sae pure and guid,
May bless a land o' troubles weary.

Sweet Nature tints her rosy cheek,
And though she's fair and unassumin'
A kindly heart's the noblest part
O' Bonny Kate, sae blithe and bloomin'.

The shamrock blades on ilka lawn
 Beneath her feet are only bendin',
 And yet wee Kate in worth is great
 Whaure'er misfortune needs defendin'.

Chorus.

For Bonny Kate has left us a',
 And sair we'll miss her smile sae cheery ;
 But Scottish bluid, sae pure and guid,
 May bless a land o' troubles weary.

ERNEST JONES,*

PATRIOT AND POET.

THE poet dreamt of better days to come,
 And knew, if virtue brought its own reward,
 His glorious songs would strike the proud world
 dumb,
 And generous men would recognise the bard.
 Thus, with a dauntless heart, so brave and young,
 And in a righteous cause his harp he nobly
 strung :

¹ Born January 25th, 1819 ; Died January 26th, 1869.

Renouncing fortune for his country's sake—

The blaze of pomp, where flatt'ers court re-
nown—

Proclaiming loud that manhood's arm would
break

The chains which bound the industrious millions
down.

From princely courts he strayed with sacred aims,
And heard the voice of God in labour's earnest
claims !

He followed One who wandered here on earth,

And might have worn a crown of glittering
gold—

Who toiled for brethren of the lowest birth,

That nations all his virtues might behold ;

Who scorned the pathways of the poor to shun,
And with a crown of thorns a glorious victory
won !

His tuneful harp by turns he laid aside—

For tyrants' hearts are slow to music's power—

While to the front he rushed with manly pride,—

And in the din of that eventful hour

He fell a martyr, yet the whole world viewed
The fallen patriot's soul by tyrants unsubdued !

Years passed away, and persecution failed
To crush the English Democrat, before
Whose burning eloquence the mighty quailed,
And from their brows he plucked the wreaths
they wore,—

A faithful tribune of the British race,
A better, nobler heart mankind would fail to
trace.

To where the lofty feared his scathing fire,
He prayed that "speedily" he might be borne ;
And honours came, for his prophetic lyre
Had soared above men's prejudice and scorn—
A *single splendour* in a lofty hall,—
A star of hopeful joy to labour's children all !

Hush ! messenger of ill, withhold thy breath,
God to the poor was never so unkind,
I'll strike thee to my foot !—go speak of death
To miscreant men ; the lowly still will find

ERNEST the FAITHFUL, true to God and man,—
A free-born, crownless king in freedom's fore-
most van.

Oh, darksome day! yet to a loftier House
His spirit now hath soared with Christ to dwell,
And nevermore his genial voice will rouse
The toiling millions whom he loved so well:
We sigh farewell, O bard, and warrior brave,
Thy glowing deeds shall live and flourish o'er
thy grave!

*ADDRESS TO PRINCES STREET,
EDINBURGH.*

HAIL, noble, wide, romantic street!
Thou truly art the city's pride:
Here haply prince and peasant meet
Within thy gardens, side by side.

Between thee and the blithe "Auld" toon
A fairy land o' foliage springs,
Whaur ilka wanderin' poet-loon
His city lays enraptured sings.

A lang Scotch mile or mair, I trow,
O' palaces superbly grand!
The braw resort o' wealth art thou,
Weel dignified by Labour's hand.

The auld "Wast Kirk" before thee lifts
The symbol o' her sacred wark,
Nor frae her ancient glory drifts,
But onwards floats—a heavenly Ark.

Alang thy garden-ledge we see
The sculptured forms o' genius rise,
Wha in their time had struck the key
Their mem'ries to immortalise.

There, Simpson, leal! whause labours blessed
Humanity—physician-seer—
Stands in our midst, though now at rest,
And gratefu' men his name revere.

Bauld Watty! 'neath his wondrous tower
O' architecture, wields the pen
That traced wi' sic a magic power
The deep mysterious thoughts o' men.

Here's Allan's marble form that thrills
The heart o' Scotland even now,
As when he trod the Pentland Hills,
An' sweetly sang o' "Habbie's Howe."

An' stately "North" maun tak' his stand,
Eke Livingstone, and Black is there—
A quirky editor's *richt hand*,
A Provost twice, and naething mair!

Puir Fergusson, nor Brougham we trace,
Nor Geordie Heriot's form we see;
But here some day they'll find a place—
Mark *this*, my freends, and bide a wee!

How bonnilie yon fountain plays
Low in the lawn, whaur in her pride
Blithe Nature dons her simmer claes,
And scatters fragrance far and wide.

The auld grim Castle rears its head
Aboon thy Mounds o' fair renown,
And on its ramparts kings may tread,
Yet daurna touch the Scottish Crown.

Hail! noble street, whaur fashion stalks
 Wi' a' its proud majestic airs,
 While in thy fair romantic walks
 The lowly puir throw aff their cares.

O may we prize as weel as praise
 Our hill-crowned city, grand and hoary—
 The happy hame o' early days,
 Her loyal children's pride and glory.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER AND HER
 FAMILY.

(*Written on New-Year's Eve, 1864.*)

FAST fa's the snaw, a young year's fairest token,
 And neebours now their neebours fain wad
 greet;

Sae bring the kebbuck, let the "loaf" be broken,
 For when the Tron its langest speech has spoken,
 Some "lucky fit" may wander up the street.

Be joyfu' now, though lang wi' care we've striven,
 Nor mourn for them that were sae young and
 fair,

And frae our bosoms were untimely riven,
Yet oh, if love and kindness dwell in heaven,
My bonnie darlin's will be happy there.

But wae is me ! your gentle, guileless sister,
Sae dreamless o' the spell that soon wad break,
Rose in my arms and whispered while I kissed her,
Though in the skies her kind wee Willie missed
her,
She'd tarry here for her ain mither's sake.

So fain was she to live, and lo'e her mither,
Sin' little Willie now wi' God did dwell,
And they nae mair wad fondly roam thegither,
Yet aft she sighed, her wee warm - hearted
brither,
Sair, sair in Heaven wad miss his "Alla-Bell."

But ere a dim November moon departed,
She like a lily drooped her gentle head ;
And a' my dearest, warmest hopes were thwarted,
And her sad faither, weeping, broken-hearted,
Has laid her in wee Willie's lowly bed.

My little pets! wha drooped in bleak November,
 Like tender flowers when April winds are cauld;
 Oh, blessed Lord! 'twas Thou, we should re-
 member,
 That led my lammies through their life's December
 To dwell for ever in Thy heavenly fauld.

"THE CAULD."

I'M weary o' thy wark, insidious thief,
 That robs me o' my comfort and my rest,
 And gars me shake and shiver like a leaf,
 E'en till my very banes are sair; my breast,
 Lord only knows, is torn and tortured, sae
 That, gin the open truth maun be confess'd,
 I feel mysel' mair human; a' the day
 I creep and cower beside the glowin' fire,
 Yet on my loof a thousand times I lay
 A head that's like to split; I even tire
 O' soothin' rests, as weel as soothin' drinks;
 And what avail are nauseous drugs and pills?
 For gin it's true, what every sane man thinks,
 They shorten life and lengthen doctor's bills.

THE ANGLO-TURKISH ORACLE.*

“I doubt whether torture has been practised on a great scale among an historical people, who seldom have, I believe, resorted to torture, but generally terminated their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner.”—MR. DISRAELI, *June 1876*.

“Mr. Disraeli effectually disguised the main issue, which lay in the question whether the Turkish Government, which was receiving from us both moral and virtually material support, had or had not, by its agents, and by its approval and reward of its agents, been deeply guilty of excesses than which none more abominable have disgraced the history of the world.”—MR. GLADSTONE.

MY wisdom proved that prisons were too small ;
The “expeditious way”—I stooped to tell
How brutal Turks would burn and slaughter all,
While I was *jovial* and they knew it well.

I had the power, yet lacked the will to stay
The murderer’s hand, and at his dreadful work
Unmoved I smiled, while deeper in the fray
I saw the blood-drenched banner of the Turk.

With England’s moral and material aid
Black villainy out-poured its direst flood,
Beneath the light of heaven or night’s dark shade
Till rivers ran deep-tinged with guiltless blood.

* Lord Beaconsfield’s Turkish Policy.

Yet Servian dreams of freedom are but freaks
Of "secret" folly, from my soul debarred,
And all the mournful cries and awful shrieks
Of outraged women, still I disregard.

With joke and jeer I backed the ruffian Porte,
Till wandering zealots of the Press revealed
The "Oriental" and atrocious sport,
Which *levity* so long had well concealed!

Then, on the Liberal Champion's ear the voice
Of human suffering fell, and forth he came
To curse the cause and leave for me no choice
Save universal and eternal shame.

And yet more fatal to his own renown—
More baneful are those soul-impassioned strains
Than all the villainy and ploughing down
Of sacred life on fair Bulgarian plains!

Thirsting for blood the world remembers how
Those stealthy tigers on their victims crept;
And while they traced no frown on England's brow,
All heaven trembled, and the angels wept.

Still I was "jolly" with the farmer race ;
And while their brains I crammed with slang
refined,
I slapped the nation in the very face,
And hugged the greatest butchers of mankind.

But should repentance "educate" my soul,
I'll supplicate new wisdom down from heaven,
That yon *dark waters* o'er the Turk may roll,
And each *accomplice* for his sins forgiven.

A HIGHLAND RAMBLE.

LEAVES FROM NANCY'S NOTE-BOOK.

How blithe in the kitchen the tea-kettle's sang
Brings four o'clock comforts that never come
wrang,
For lasses below, like the leddies upstairs,
Maun aye hae their pleasures to lichten their
cares ;
Sae let us be thankfu' that we can sit doon
To sic a fine "spread" on a cauld afternoon.

Here's a'thing that's nice. Lizzie, hand owre
your cup;

Kate! lassie, you're dreamin', now come, wauken
up;

Nae doot but you're thinkin' some freends that
we lo'e

May drap in upon us—I would it were true.

Ye mind in the Highlands last summer how we
Had gi'en the hale world for a guid cup o' tea.

We stray'd owre the hills and we limpit sae
lame

Wi' sair, blistered feet, far awa' frae our hame;
Yet proudly we passed whaur Monopoly dwells,
And plunders the stranger in Highland hotels;
Still onward we trauchled, like ewes on the tramp,
Nor could we sit doon, for the heather was damp;
And 'gainst the lang brackens that grew to the
chin

We fenced and we focht a' the way to Killin,
Hoo cauld was the cheer, for it seemed to us
there

The toon had *enough for itsel'* and *nae mair*;
But losh, when we cam' to yon kind widow's cot,
Our cares and our sairs we entirely forgot.

Wi' mitherly kindness the puir body grat
While liftin' doon this, and while clappin' doon
that :

Her bonny white scones we can never forget,
Nor how she displayed sic a fine "china set ;"
Nae Gilead, langsyne, e'er produced sic a balm
Mair pleasant and sweet than her jellies and jam.
"Now lasses," quoth she, "here as lang as ye bide
Juist think you're at hame at your mither's fire-
side,

And as for the kindness I'm strivin' to show,
I wish in my heart I had mair to bestow.
I've bairns o' my ain, and the Lord knows indeed
That somebody's kindness some day they may
need ;

And as we're a' sisters, by Nature akin,
'Tis the Lord that is kind to us a' in Killin !"
We buttoned our boots, and adjusted our claes,
Ere gloamin' enveloped our hame owre the braes ;
But weel can we mind when our purses we drew,
Right out o' our sicht like a spirit she flew,
And a' that we left was—the maist she would
tak'—

A promise again and again to come back.

The grass seemed to grow wi' a far greener hue,
 And miles lookit shorter as hamewards we drew.
 But whisht! there's a jingle, 'twas like the door-
 bell,

Rin, Lizzie, but stop, let me flee out mysel',—
 Come in, bonny lassie, whae'er ye may be,
 Your face, like your voice, is familiar to me.
 I'm lost a'thegether, Lord bless you, my dear!
 You're Katy M'Klare, what on earth brings you
 here?

Kate, ken ye this lass? Lizzie, weel may ye stare
 To see, frae Killin, bonny Katy M'Klare.
 Toots, let her alane, ye may crack o' her charms,
 But, guidness-sake, dinna ye shake aff her arms!
 Now, juist like oursel's, at the table sit doon,
 And no be sae strange in this big busy toon.
 And how is your mither? Puir body, you'll mind
 To Lizzie and Kate and to me was sae kind:
 She thinksna that here while a livin' you seek
 The rose-blush o' health winna bide on your cheek.
 For what is the life o' a seamstress at best—
 Starvation and care, unattended wi' rest.
 But up in the toon you will aye find a hame
 Gin I to my mither juist mention your name,

And a' her opinions my faither will share—
Gang aft as ye like you'll be aye welcomed there.
And *three* humble lasses, wi' hearts brimmin' fu'
O' kindness and love, will be faithfu' to you.

SCOTLAND'S LIBERAL ANTHEM.

STAND fit to fit for Scotland's weal,
Till comes the welcome hour,
When burghs brave and counties leal
Will show the world their power.
And far and near we're blithe to see
How local labours tend
To aid the chief wha strives to be
The nation's truest friend.
Stand fit to fit, &c.

Through youth and manhood's noble life
Bauld Radicals we've been ;
At war wi' Tories to the knife,
Though knives were never seen.
It mak's our lives seem mair sublime
Whene'er we think how fain

In guid auld Willie Gladstone's time
 We battled nicht and main.
 Stand fit to fit, &c.

For Parliaments we hae at hame,
 Whaurin, wi' earnest will,
 We legislate, and are the same
 Auld staunch reformers still.
 And while we grip Midlothian's hand,
 We'll fecht for better days,
 And loudly cheer to flood the land
 In "grand" auld Willie's praise!

Stand fit to fit for Scotland's weal,
 And hail the welcome hour,
 When burghs brave and counties leal
 Will show the world their power.

TO A NEW BRONZE PENNY.

BRIGHT idol o' the wondrous age,
 Baith lang and late for thee we plod;
 And though our wants thou dost assuage,
 Fu' soon again thou tak'st the road.

Still great is thy attractive power
In brilliant ha' or dark abode ;
And night and day, and hour by hour,
Thou'rt worshipped like a very god !

Brief is thy stay, there's little doot,
In every toon and every place,
For after thee the cloven foot
Is ever anxious on the chase ;
While honest wark and earnest zeal
In poverty may march apace,
Yet a' thy votaries ken how weel
Their bartered souls can win the race.

If Conscience here instead o' " Britt "
Had graced thy margin, haply then
A greater share o' fortune's gritt
Had aiblins come to honest men.
Mint-moulded thus, weel could'st thou preach
A sermon true, though silent, when
Philanthropy would fail to reach
The ills that lie beyond our ken.

For decent folk would grieve to witness
How ilka schemer i' the dark

Would cheat and rob, by "business fitness,"
A brither o' his very sark—
And a' for thee, thou devil's cheque,
Till manhood, shuddering at such wark,
At last becomes a total wreck,
Nor scores for guid a single mark.

Gude keep me free o' this black guilt,
Come woe, come weal, or come what may ;
And yet to me, if come thou wilt,
Come ever in an honest way ;
For those wha fain would siller save,
By mony a grovellin' fyke and fray,
May still be poor beyond the grave,
Whaur nane distinction can display.

And sae, Bronze Penny, come and gang,—
Health mair than wealth a blessin' brings,—
I part wi' thee without a pang,
As a' frae this thy value springs ;
But love that lowes and lights the mind—
Gies guidness power, afar that rings,—
The closer draws to heaven mankind,
And beggars earth's gear-gatherin' kings.

THE NEW PATHWAY TO SOBRIETY.

THOUGH drouthy "warriors" o' the street
Unvanquished are by Temperance blethers,
Yet hungry weans nae langer greet—
Cheap drink will save their drunken faithers.

If quantity can choke them aff,
If quality can beat them fairly,
Then let it flow, as cheap as draff;
I wat it canna come owre early.

And when a fa'in' aff we see
O' human ills in ilk locality,
Strong drink a quick'ning power will be
To raise again a lost morality.

Sic glorious waughts will slocken e'en
The very warst o' waifs fu' brawly,
And being guid and cheap, I ween
We'll soon forget the use o' "Crawley."

Smith, Spencer, Mill, are a' at sea,
New Wisdom cries wi' firm conviction—

Strike aff the tax, the world shall be
Mair sober when there's nae "Restriction."

And every glen shall own a *still*
To flood "the trade" throughout the nation,
And secret pantries hell will fill,
A' for the world's regeneration!

The hotter war the sooner peace—
Unmarshalled by Excise Controllers—
And as the reamin' floods increase,
Auld *warriors* will desert their colours.

An' smugglin' wights and gauger loons
Will sit and drink as fain as brithers,
And tender weans in muckle toons
Will drink it frae their very mithers.

The mair that's drunk, the less the crave!
And what though sly imbibers doubt it;
There's naething else the world will save
Till they hae learnt to live without it.

Yet, when it flows, baith strong and cheap,
In drinkin' hells whaur waifs assemble,

The problem maun be solved, drink deep!
Though heaven and earth wi' fear should
tremble!

Thus, gin we ride "Free Trade" to death,
And droon our puir and wretched neighbours,
Can we look up in perfect faith
To ask God's blessin' for sic labours?

Oh, ye wha fain to men wad preach,
Think, while their ills you're sair bewailin',
The very doctrines that ye teach
Are fraught wi' mony a human failin'!

SANDY ROOK AND THOMAS CROW.

A ROOKISH DIALOGUE ON THE BRIGHTON PAVILION
TREES.

(Humbly Inscribed to the People of Brighton.)

THOMAS.

HAIL! democratic Sandy Rook,
Come hither from thy shady nook:
High in yon heavens the moon so bright,

Now like a haftless sickle gleams,
And roams the starry hills of night,
Whilst thou, my Caledonian wight,
Art gazing on the world of dreams !

I saw thee when the spirit world
Far in the east its robes unfurled,
I watched thee hovering on the wing,
And frowning o'er King George's head ;
And thou didst croak—" He was a king
Whose orgies made the Old Steine ring,
That might have roused the slumbering dead."

Hath some dark demon now possessed
Thy burning brain and throbbing breast ?
A coming deluge dost thou mark ?
Speak, brother, speak, nor longer pause ;
Nor flee from Truth's all sacred ark,
Nor peer through ages dim and dark,
To wrong the dead without a cause.

SANDY.

Without a cause ! Lord bless thee, Tam,
Sin' here among thir trees I cam'

Wild, strange, heart-bleeding sights I've seen :
E'en yester-night appeared in swarms
Pale female shapes, so lank and lean,
Forenent yon statue on the Steine,
Wi' elfin bairnies in their arms.

A lady robed in white array
A broken sceptre seemed to sway,
And from her breast a withered heart
So tenderly she deigned to pu' ;
An' well she played her queenly part,
And o'er yon sward shot like a dart,
And weeping, vanished from my view.

The next that led the ghaistly train,
Had eke a young heart split in twain,
And round her wan wee bairnie's head
A crown she wove, and on its breast
A mouldy, grave-made star she laid,—
For a' their tinsel toys were made
Frae coffin-lids, lang earth-possessed.

I listened, yet heard not a word.
O Tam, I was an eerie bird !

But when I turned me round a wee,
A maiden's dying wail was heard ;
And then I saw, wi' straining e'e,
Death's angel set the blameless free,
On whom Pavilion gates were barred !

Apart, methought, in hopeless mood
An aged, lonely pilgrim stood ;
The angel marked his weary plight,
And whispered—" Come, here is thy child ;"
And through the gloomy shades of night
They vanished,—murmuring, " Man of might,
To God hath flown the undefiled !"

Then cam a troop o' dancing girls
As thin as air, as gleg as squirrels,
And high their fairy feet they flung,—
Just where you spied me on the wing ;
And Echo moaned wi' mournfu' tongue,
" Lost, lost, the beautiful and young,—
Polluted by a worthless king !"

The very trees and bowers below
Were fairy-haunted ; bitter woe

And wailing lingered on the scene,
And lang and sair I shook wi' fear;
And whiles, O Tam, I closed my een,
And wished mysel at Rottingdean,
For not a feathered friend was near.

The morning dawned, ye ken the rest,
The spirit tribe flew to the west;
And now, my friend, and brither crew,
Hae I complained without a cause?
To rob the poor, to spurn the law,
To squander England's wealth awa',
King Geordie's cursed doctrine was.

He raised, to suit his base desires,
This palace wi' its pigmy spires;
He nursed the *true* Belshazzar flame,
And not a rake could him surpass;
He gloried in a life o' shame,
And w——d wi' mony a high-born dame,
And ruined mony a bonny lass!

Yet flunkie loons were prone to sing
That God would "save" this precious king!

My very bluid begins to boil
Whene'er I think on sic a knave.
And sair I greet for honest Toil
Wha struggles through a life o' moil,
And yearns to find a peacefu' grave.

THOMAS.

Fie, Sandy! thou hast not, my friend,
One jot of ill to apprehend;
So let thy dreamy soul be furled
Against the shadows of the night.
By man, to earth, thou mayst be hurled;
But simple sprites harm not the world,
'Tis human ghosts alone that *bite*.

The sorry tricks of sinful man,
Vouchsafe my fellow-rook to scan:—
A king is born, yet seldom knows
The tender teachings of a mother;
And up, elate, in sin he grows,
Nor learneth through a nation's woes—
The monarch is the beggar's brother.

But fawning curs, e'en for a *bone*,
Allegiance vow before his throne;

They pander to his pliant will,
And poison with corrupted breath,
They bid his conscience slumber still ;
And pleasure's gilded cup they fill
For him to drink his soul to death.

More dangerous than traitors' swords
Are cringing knights and creeping lords ;
By such *that* Royal Heart was lost,
Who might an Alfred pure have been—
A soldier in God's chosen host,
A star of glory love-embossed,
To beam throughout this earthly scene. (?)

'Twas adulation's baneful sting
Which ruined ancient Britain's king ;
Cordelia, gentle as a dove,
'Mong forest wolves was doomed to die ;
Whilst creeping things abused the love
That freely pours from God above,
This sin-soiled world to beautify.

Thus much for kings, my rookish boy,
So, if my tale thou dost enjoy,

To Labour's ranks gaze down with me,—
'Tis not beyond our secret ken,—
And worms uplifted wilt thou see,
Who trammel poor humanity,
And wound the hearts of honest men!

There! keenly scan—to thy renown—
The chain which binds King Labour down;
Yet from the fount of Nature drink,
And soar, *by clamour uncontrolled*;
And deeper, deeper, deeper think,
Nor from thy hallowed duty shrink,
Till thy warm heart in death is cold!

Woe's me that knaves should supervise
The paths where Labour bleeding lies!
Woe's me the master and the man
Are little known to one another!
And woe that rooks are driven to ban
Creation's lords who plot and plan
To wrong and rob each toiling brother.

In such, behold vile serpent Self,
Who stings the world for sake of pelf;

A paradise this worldly god
To burning hell would dare transform ;
But sober Time prepares a rod
To crush him to his parent sod,
A worthless, weak, despisèd worm !

I've lived to learn of men the worst
Are servile slaves, and knaves accursed :
Base petty rule, O God, destroy,—
Of Industry the direst bane ;
And he who lessens Labour's joy,
Or dares the blood-stained lash employ,
Shall not escape the brand of Cain.

SANDY.

My blackaviced, courageous brither,
Thou'st clean upset me a'thegether ;
I'm blithe to think that Time prepares
A rod for ilka vile upstart ;
And yet I'm sad that man declares
His brither man (God's image) bears
Within his breast—a devil's heart !

Thou kens fu' weel 'mong rooks and craws
Nae dastard bird stoops for applause ;

There's honour in our hame o' sticks,
 By lonely wild or castle wa';
 We're true as steel, we're hard as bricks,
 And far aboon dog-hearted tricks—
 Our law is love, our love is law!

Whisht! deep and stern the hour o' twel'
 Comes booming frae St. Peter's bell;
 Our crack's been lang, but never mind,
 We'll now to roost in Nature's lap—
 Or dream perchance to bless mankind—
 Nor daft nor deaf, nor dumb nor blind,
 But dozing in a *weazel nap*.

THOMAS.

What! art thou drowsy? then good-night!
 My Anglo-Caledonian wight;—
 Yet here's a dreaming draught for thee,
 Drink, drink! to warm thy brooding soul;
 Then blood-red rivers wilt thou see,
 Where Right o'er petty tyranny
 Exults, and reigns without control.

Ten thousand birds, of carrion art,
 Will gorge on every traitor's heart;

And many an honest soul shall bound
To hail millennium beams of light;
And Labour, wounded, from the ground
Will rise with Eden jewels crowned;
And God his own shall guard,—good-night.

NELLY'S COURTSHIP.

THERE is nae lad amang us a' but lo'es young Nell,
And feels that he could flee awa' wi' fair young
Nell;

But Nelly scorned to tak' a man,
Though praised and pressed by lovin' Dan;
Yet, happy lad, the hope he had was a' in bonnie
Nell.

Oh, happy lad, the hope he had was a' in bonnie
Nell.

Though mony years he fondly woo'd his dear
young Nell,
He couldna tell how weel he lo'ed his blithe
young Nell;

And Nelly still, by mony a plan,
Strove sair to hide her love frae Dan ;
Yet, happy lad, the hope he had was a' in bonnie
Nell.

Oh, happy lad, the hope he had was a' in bonnie
Nell.

Their courtin' days so swiftly flew, like dreams,
young Nell !

And still their hearts the fonder grew ; what ailed
kind Nell ?

Till deep in Nelly's earnest een

Her love o' Dan was plainly seen.

Oh, happy lad, the love he had was a' for bonnie
Nell.

Oh, happy lad, the love he had was a' for bonnie
Nell.

We'll no forget that joyfu' nicht, sprightly young
Nell,

When love threw sic a blaze o' licht around sweet
Nell ;

And dearer than his very life

Dan made young Nell a happy wife.

And sae the lad a blessin' had wi' bonnie, blithe-
some Nell,
And sae the lad a blessin' had wi' bonnie, blithe-
some Nell.

THE GROUP.

LONG linked by labour, we, a friendly few,
To be remembered have but little claims ;
Yet, when we all bid Castle Mills adieu,
These shadows haply may revive our names.

THE POET'S DEATH-DREAM.

“Toiling amid his fellows, hard as they,
Without a wish to loiter life away.”

—*The Last Judgment.*

THE moon was up, and the stars in heaven
Were outpouring their ambient light ;
And the old church clock had struck eleven
On a beautiful midsummer night :
Then sat a youth on a lone hill-side,—
And he gazed on the home of the dead, —

And thought of his sire who fell and died
In the weary life-battle for bread.

A tear stole out of his radiant eye,
And it fell on a fair little flower,
And changed its hue to a darker dye
In that lonely and eeriesome hour !
He gazed through many a sorrow-sent tear
To a river whose deep waters bore
A ferryman grim, yet bold and sere,
And as old as the shepherd of yore.

The youth sat watching the stranger grim,
Nor sought from the scene to depart,
Till the orbs of heaven, alack ! grew dim,
And a life-string fell dead from his heart !
Around his feet the river was cold,
And a deep gloom night-mantled the land,
While near him drew the ferryman bold,
With the dagger of death in his hand !

The poor young bard, like a patriot still,
With firm-fixed eye on the face of Death,
Outstretched his limbs on the lonely hill,
And poured his plaint on the evening's breath :



Meisenbach

“While near him drew the ferryman bold,
With the dagger of death in his hand.”

“Death, Death!” he murmured, “thy raven
shroud

Wave not o'er a friendless youth who longs
To lift his head till the careless crowd
Shall pause and list to his truthful songs.

“The works of God and the ways of men
I've pondered o'er with impassioned heart,—
A wandering, wide-world citizen,
A pilgrim, proud of his humble art.
And far be that night when, reft of me,
A poor dear mother is rudely hurled—
A hopeless *one* of a happy *three*,
A kindly heart—on a callous world!

“Oh, weary life! like a tender flower
My young heart droops with the dews of death;
And years of toil like a dateless hour
Oblivion takes with my parting breath:
Lost!—all unknown, from a transient dream
I wake on a drear and pathless way,
And gaze o'er a dark, dark, doubtful stream,
To watch the dawn of eternal day!”

The Child of Nature, faithful and true,
 Cold chills of the night no more shall brave,
 For now he sleeps, and a mother weeps
 With broken heart o'er a humble grave!
 In life unheard was the local bard—
 The high-headed world his claims denied—
 But born to sing,—now his sweet songs bring
 A joy to the world that has Death defied.

L I N E S

PRESENTED TO MR. JOHN GREIG, ON HIS BIRTHDAY,
 WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER.

(September 25, 1883.)

GUID mornin', John! my grandson Tam
 Has deck'd me up wi' care;
 And gin ye say I'm true to life,
 I canna *look* for mair.

And as ye trow this canvas throws
 A weel-kent smile on you—
 My soul ye canna help but think
 Is lookin' kindly through.

Fu' lang I lived, and lo'ed ye a',
Yet happier had I been
Had I but thocht, ere ta'en awa',
My smiles wad *still* be seen.

And Barbara there, aye leal and kind,
I wat for me will say,—
How in my looks I bless ye, John,
On sic a happy day.

I *look* wi' pride, but canna list,
Yet even could I hear,
I ken nae ill could e'er assail
Your puir auld mither's ear.

Sae mony a birthday may ye see,
Wi' Barbara at your side :—
Twa happy hearts that life nor death,
Nor heaven will e'er divide.

For God enriched your heart langsyne,
And still in you discerns
The *silent widow's* auldest son,
And "faither" o' her bairns !

OUR WEE BAIRNIES.

(An Epistle to A. G.—an old Friend.)

DEAR ANDREW, should thy friend pourtray
 His fond heart in a fireside lay,
 Thy smiles his labour will repay,—
 And faithfu' still
 His pilot (Hope) shall steer the way
 Through seas o' ill.

Our wee sweet bairnies, blithe and fair,
 Maun still our joys and comforts share,
 For whiles I think remorseless care
 May keep them doon,
 And mar their mirth and grieve them sair,—
 Alas! owre soon.

Here's anxious Tam, my auldest son,
 A thochtfu' lad wha tempers fun
 Wi' muckle mense;—though soon begun,
 May guid attend him;—
 And frae life's cares, sae hard to shun,
 Kind Heaven defend him.

And rovin' Jim, my second lad,
Seems blessed by Nature to be glad :
I wat the world wad ne'er be sad,
 Gin he could mend it ;—
And on us a', if wealth he had,
 Puir Jim wad spend it.

And eke my Nannie's matchless mien
Bespeaks her Beauty's lovely queen,
For, like twa stars o' diamond sheen—
 Mair rich than pearls—
Sae bonnilie her clear blue een
 Keek through her curls.

And now, when Norlan Boreas bleak
Blaws keen and cauld on ilka cheek,—
And turns my tap as white's a leek—
 My gentle wee
Fair Anna-Bell, sae kind and meek,
 Gars sorrow flee.

And wee bit Willie, twa months auld—
Perchance a poet—crouse and bauld,

Whose banner yet, though care enthralled,
 May be unfurled
 To humanise a stubborn, cauld
 De'il-ridden world!

Heaven guard my five wee bairnies, fain
 And fond to hear me rhyme and rane,
 Or crack o' days lang past and gane,
 When Wallace brave,
 And noble Bruce, trod Scotland's plain,
 Our rights to save.

This is the way in wintry weather
 We spend the lang lang nights thegither—
 Save when their leal, kind-hearted mither
 Strikes up a sang,
 That binds us wi' a holy tether
 The hale night lang!

Here, now, the Muse maun fauld her wing—
 Daft, wayward jade, she's had her fling—
 For, Proverb howls—"Cease, partial thing!
 Maist every craw
 Considers a' its ain affspring
 As white 's the snaw."

Gin this be true, dear Andrew, spare
This grousome lot o' rhyming ware,
Yet are my wee kind bairnies fair
 Dear, dear to me :
God grant they lang may live and share
 Sic guileless glee.

*THE "INTELLECTUAL ATOMS" OF
PHILOSOPHY.*

SPRUNG out of nothing, Science knows the shape,
Developed piecemeal into some strange creature
Which bore the lordly title of an Ape,
Till countless ages smoothed each rugged
feature.

Increasing Instinct seized the mystic chain
Of matter-bondage, deeming such no treason ;
The mighty Ape snapped every link in twain,
To grasp the first crude elements of reason.

Struck by the splendour of the heavenly spheres,
He raised his form, and wagged, with joy
unflagging,

His long appendage for a million years,
Till root and all decayed through ceaseless
wagging!

And thus arose that ancient patriarch—
The pride and parent of the world's great sages,
A wondrous biped, whose *immortal spark*
From chaos peered to blaze through future ages!

Still by no sacred impulse he selected
The royal path that led to human gain,
Yet "race-refinement" blessed him, and erected
A new soul-temple in his "formless brain."

The "living air" domed up his sloping brow,
While o'er him old blind Chance had full
control,
And to his temple brought, he knew not how,
The "intellectual atoms" of a soul!

What nature was, from whence came heaven and
earth,
No small still voice imparted; no rude stone,
Nor monument, nor trace of apish worth—
Primeval footprints poor old earth had none!

The very “naught” from which his race had sprung
 Could yield him not a shadow of its hist’ry—
To which the “atoms” of his *young soul* clung
 In search of such an undeveloped mystery.

Thoughts of creation well might have enhanced
 His “moral being” in a path sublime,
But such, alas! had made him too advanced—
 Six hundred million summers—for the time.

Enough to lord o’er less developed life,
 His royal aggrandisement to secure;
And thus begin the great eternal strife
 ’Twixt—what the world now calls—the rich
 and poor.

Yet, by transgressing Nature’s sacred laws,
 He laid him down one weary winter night,
And prayed, if prayers were then the effect of
 cause,
 To wake *renewed* with heaven’s great *Source* of
 light.

The grey morn dawned, and yet so still and sound
 The biped slept for many a billion more,

Till beauteous flowers sprang from the genial
ground,

And sweet birds sang as none had sang before.

What if again the creature woke renewed

Even from the *dust*? Oh grasp it, noble Science!

For as thy Soul with "nothing" is imbued,

Both thou and I can bid the world defiance.

ROME AND "THE LIBERATOR."

A DREAM.

LONELY I mused, beneath the arch of Night,

And fain to mind my dreams I would recall,

For still the Muse, proud of her heavenly might—

And in the hope that mighty Rome will fall—

Pours on the world her soul's prophetic strain,

And thus the Soldier greets who Freedom's crown

shall gain :—

Hail, noble Heart! thy lonely dwelling quit;

Cast to the winds a king's high-sounding word;

Hie thee to Rome, forgetting not 'tis writ,

"God's heritage is like a speckled bird;"

For thou wert pecked at by a servile throng,
And wounded Italy weeps, yet weeping waxeth
strong.

Back, royal slaves, there is a Power in heaven,
Who vengeance tenfold hath for you in store ;
On, on, ye brave ! The soulless, subtle Raven *
Is weeping blood, and croaking "Nevermore."
Unsheathe your swords, ye faithful mountaineers.
Rome, glorious Rome or death, the Eternal City
hears !

And louder far than Etna's burning war
The crash of battle thunders through the morn ;
Ten thousand glittering swords uplifted are,
While from his lair the saintly Wolf † is torn.
And Freedom's voice rings through the heavens'
expanse,
To drown the godless curse he growls on listless
France.

From death and darkness Liberty shall spring,
As blooming Eden rose from chaos drear :

* Ratazzi.

† The Pope.

Hark! songs of glory hail the uncrowned king—
The God-made monarch of his country dear.
Lo! mighty Rome falls prostrate to the Brave,
Who wields the sword of death that Britons
proudly gave.

Rest, fair Italia's war-worn, weary son,
And reign where Tyranny no longer lords;
Rest in the strength thy hand and *heart* have won—
The sterling valour of a million swords!
And Rome from bigotry and bondage sever,
With liberty and labour flourishing for ever.

Emmanuel proud, where is thy kingdom now—
Thy golden sceptre and thy fair renown?
Where are the gems that would have graced thy
brow—

Where is, O King, the splendour of thy crown?
Thy glory wanes beneath the Raven's wing,
Whilst graceful love enthrones a nation's noblest
king!

Rome! beautiful Rome, rise from thy second
birth;
Joy crown thy days, and peace in thee abide;

Beam, as a bright God-guiding star of earth,
In all the fulness of thy morning pride,
True to the *King* whose will on earth be done,
Free to the spacious world, and faithful to thy
son!

KING LABOUR.

AIR—"Red, White, and Blue."

KING LABOUR, triumphant and glorious,
Has risen in his might, brave and bold,
While his armies are marching victorious,
To break down the barriers of old.
We march not with rifle nor sabre,
We swim not through blood to renown.
Hurrah, boys! to lighten our labour,
Our old King would yield up his crown.

Chorus.

Our Monarch's the bravest of all,
He reigns and he rules o'er us all;
For amongst the crown-heads of creation
Our old King's the noblest of all.

The proud world watches with sadness
The dawn of a far brighter day,
Which fills our King's bosom with gladness,
And urges the brave to the fray :
Be faithful, be firm, and united,
The flower of our manhood no more
By long weary hours shall be blighted,
That nature her laws may restore.
Our Monarch's the bravest of all, &c.

Fair Progress, the good Monarch's neighbour,
Before him has bended her knee,
And at the "Ninth Hour" of his labour
His brave, brawny children are free.
And Wealth now around him is fawning,
Right fain for the grasp of his hand ;
And while the New Era is dawning,
A loud cheer resounds through the land !

Chorus.

Our Monarch's the bravest of all,
He reigns and he rules o'er us all ;
For amongst the crown-heads of creation,
King Labour's the noblest of all.

*DAVID GIBSON.**

Now he is gone, we see his noblest parts ;
 And conscious he was good and wise and
 brave,
A thousand fellow-workers with sad hearts,
 Pour their deep sorrow o'er his humble grave.

Calm, unassuming, gentle in his ways ;
 Yet through a long year's gloom, with might
 and main,
He fought for better and for brighter days,
 That labour's children might rejoice again.

And if one feeling hostile to his kind
 Warred with his genial nature, this we know :

* The late David Gibson, Chairman of the Edinburgh Trades' Council, and of the Trades' Union Congress, was a native of Fife. As a journeyman saddler in Edinburgh he was much persecuted by being denied employment owing to the views he held on trade matters. For a short time before his decease he was employed by the Tramway Company, and was getting on well. He was Councillor Smith's chairman during the municipal election of 1879, and worked very hard every night, even to the shorter hours, to secure Mr. Smith's return. It was Mr. Smith's intention to spend £50 by way of a dinner to his committee, but he generously altered the proposal, and sent the money to the bereaved widow (a native of Stonehaven) and her four children.

He could not love, so pitied all those blind
“Imperial” workers of the nation’s woe!

His noble worth through labour’s ranks shall
swell

While now his ashes mingle with the soil;
Endeared to all we sadly breathe farewell,
Thou faithful patriot of the sons of toil.

ANNUAL EXCURSIONS.

HURRAH for the merry trip-time, my boys,
And a row on the heather hills,
And a cup brimfu’ wi’ a thousand joys
For the workers o’ Castle Mills!
To mak’ us happy and healthy and strong,
There’s freedom to roam for us a’;
And gratitude swells in our holiday song,
Till our hearts are carried awa’.

Sae men and braw lasses to Stirling run,
And join in ilk frolicsome ploy—
Whaur Wallace and Bruce for Scotland won
The freedom we proudly enjoy.

Or northward they hie far ayont the *Firth*,
As blithe as the guisers o' Yule,
To dance on the gowan-clad Inches o' Perth,
Or roam on the Hill o' Kinnoul.

Now ilka young lass, wi' her dashin' new gown,—
And sweetheart, sae jolly and free,
Is singin' in praise o' St Andrew's toun,
Or the glories o' "Bonnie Dundee."
To Berwick or Kelso they hurry awa',
And we trow, whaurever they gang,
That naething but happiness binds them a'
Wi' a tether a twellmonth lang.

Fair Melrose invites them, whaur Nature's wealth
Is strewn on the hills and the plains;
But richer by far is the stock o' health
That ilka excursionist gains.
And the dells and "Dens," the "Howes" and the
knowes,
By Roslin sae fair and renowned,
Will still draw us there, whaur the clear Esk
rows
On its course through the hallowed ground.

Still the great "iron horse," at the tap o' his speed,
 Runs aff wi' the wale o' the toun,
 And leaves them to wander and sing by the
 Tweed

As blithe as the laverocks in June.
 And when at the "Falls," ye leal-hearted folks,
 How fondly in "Wallace's Cave,"
 To your hearts you could hug the very rocks
 That sheltered the noble and brave!

For we a' lo'e the West, whaur the King o' Day
 Tak's the jewels frae his golden crown,
 And flings them to earth, as the poets say,
 Wha hunt for poetic renown.
 Sae year after year our merry trip-time,
 Unsullied wi' trouble or strife,
 We cherish the mair as upwards we climb
 The care-rugged journey o' life.

ADDRESS TO BURNTISLAND.

AULD royal burgh, whaur the rugged "Binn,"
 To watch thy welfare, lifts its lion form,
 And thou, thus sheltered frae the ills akin
 To blightin' Boreas, dread'st nae ither storm;

For rosy health to thee its blessin' brings,
An' summer owre thy braes her richest mantle
flings.

And blithe Rossend—a jewel in thy crown—
Throws down its glory on thy paths sae fair ;
But lonely splendour wins nae wide renown,
And yet for a', perchance, it shines the mair.
Still may Rossend lang be thy pride and boast,
And while it shines on thee nae charm o' beauty's
lost.

When mighty Cromwell moored his gallant fleet
Ayont thy piers, thou showed nae lack o' zeal,
For on thy shores thy sea-kings thranged to
greet
The glorious banner o' the Commonweel ;
And for the millions' guid thou didst discern
The great Protector's heart and purpose pure and
stern.

And a' thy "whalers" and their jolly crews
Hae passed awa', and scarce remembered are,
While Enterprise strides forth wi' plans profuse
Amid the dust and din o' social war ;

Yet ill-faured Change, though fraught wi' seemin'
 ills,
Aft mony a blessin' brings against our ain blind
 wills.

And when the east or wast wind grips the waves,
 And tears their crests like drifts o' scattered
 snaw,
Thy cosy harbour shields frae yawnin' graves
 A' kinds and countries—generous to them a'.
Sae lang may thou, e'en lowly though thou art,
Command the world's esteem by nobleness o'
 heart.

Let noble deeds their ain true history tell
 By flood or field, or by the stormy coast,
When through each heart a wail rang like a knell,
 And shattered barks by angry seas were toss'd.
Ah, then apace, through surf and surging wave
A pilot wherry dashed a drowning crew to save!*

But in the dark-grey dawn o' mornin' thou
 Five gallant sons in danger didst descry,

* The pilot-boat calamity in 1883.

Wi' leal warm hearts, wha kent fu' weel, I trow,
To fail in purpose only meant to die!
Weep, sad, sad toun, yet learn, though sairly tried,
That ither men might live thy children nobly
died!

Auld Ferry toun, to thee frae southern shores
Baith rich and poor resort on summer days,
Whaur Nature's breath ilk weary heart restores
On hills that weel micht claim a poet's praise;
And carefu' thrift enriches ilka hame,
Whilk gies "The Kingdom" power, and dignity,
and fame.

But when the last dark ferry we cross owre
To meet auld freends, and find a better life,
Nae waur a hame be our eternal dower
Than thou hast been to me, blest toun o' Fife.
Yet here, as lang as care our brows shall furrow,
We'll a' be leal to thee, guid, kind, auld, royal
burgh.

MAGGIE.

AIR—"Bonnie Tweedside."

OUR weary feet, Maggie, still wander afar,
But my thochts never leave ye whaurever you
are ;

And sae, my dear lassie, the langer I stray,
I lo'e ye the mair ilka hour o' the day.

And sae, my dear lassie, &c.

The love in my bosom I scarce could reveal
As blithely ye whispered ye lo'ed me sae weel ;
But our trystin' gaed wrang, and the wealth o'
your smiles

I lost in the distance o' lang, weary miles.

But our trystin' gaed wrang, &c.

How fondly, dear Maggie, when guileless and
young,

I drank in the music that fell frae your tongue,
And naething I kent o' could ever control
The love and the rapture that thrilled through
my soul.

And naething I kent o', &c.

I've strayed owre the braes whaur we parted
 lang syne,
When love frae your een looked sae sweetly in
 mine ;
And the red-rosy linties were still singin' there,
But I sighed to their sang wi' a heart that was
 sair.

 And the red-rosy linties, &c.

And still o' the auld hame, and a' that was dear,
I sing happy sangs that you never can hear !
And though in our wanderin's forget me ye may,
I'll lo'e ye, dear lassie, till life's latest day.

 And though in our wanderin's, &c.

THE TWO BRIDES.

"I COULDNA think, Jamie, o' gaun to your ball,
 When I hae sae muckle that needs to be dune ;
But there's Lizzie Lockhart, sae gallant and tall,
 Wad dance till she scarcely had soles on her
 shoon.

She promised my bridesmaid to be at the term,
 And something now tells me how blithe she
 will be

To dance at your side, and there's surely nae harm
Gin Lizzie be Lilly through kindness to me !”

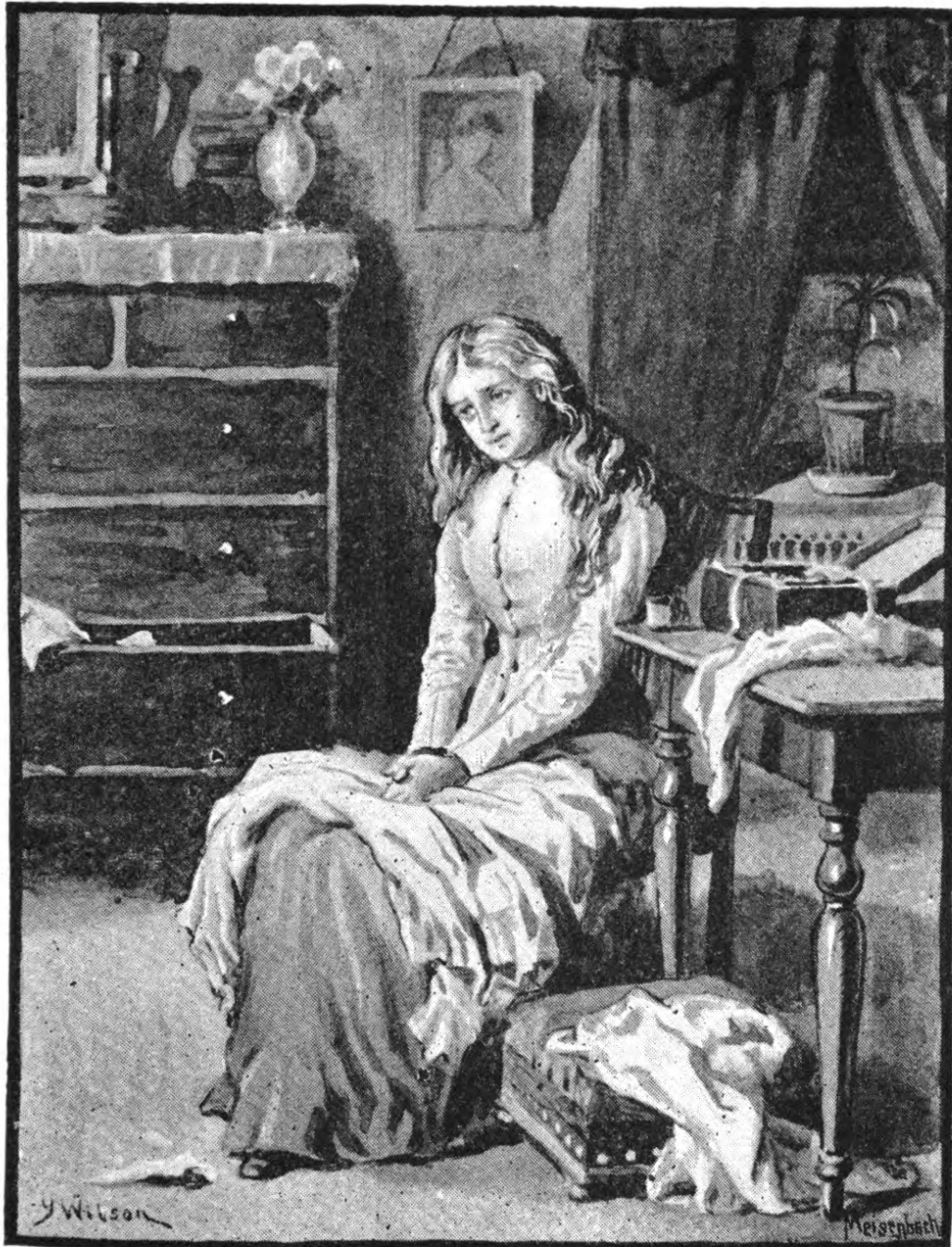
Sae puir Lilly trowed, and she trusted her lad
Wi' Lizzie, her auldest and dearest o' friends,
And bade them be happy, and she wad be glad
To pingle a' nicht at her odds and her ends !
I'm wae when I think on that nicht o' despair—
A clean ingleside and a wee peep o' gas,
A bonny bride's plenishin' strewn here and there,
The slow passin' hours and a thocht-stricken lass !

Her Jamie lo'ed mirth, but his heart was fu' licht,
And sigh after sigh she unconsciously drew,
And a' thing gaed wrang through the hale o' the
nicht,

Yet a' thing was richt if her Jamie was true.
The blink o' a bonnie spring morning appeared,
And birds carolled sweetly their happy love-
sangs,

Yet, while for her weal mony kind neibors speered,
She waited an' wearied, concealin' her wrangs.

But spring passed awa' as the fair summer cam',
And while cloudy autumn brocht torrents o'
rain,



“ A bonny bride’s plenishin’ strewn here and there,
The slow passin’ hours, and a thocht-stricken lass ! ”

A bride to the kirk plashed through dub and
through dam,

For Jamie and Lizzie were nae langer twain.

Frae craftsman to merchant the bauld Jamie
rose,

And, eager for siller, he hung owre his door

The golden "cross keys" o' his weal or his woes,

Yet hell had a grip o' his heart's very core.

Awa' frae this haunt o' destruction I turn

To watch owre the dying,—by villany woo'd,

And weep wi' a sad widow-mither, or mourn

For pair injured Lilly that a' body lo'ed.

The cause o' her wrangs while I cursed in my
heart,

Her bonnie blue een seemed to look through
my soul;

For weel she had lo'ed him, and still took his
part,

To curse him was mair than her bosom could
thole!

Sae blameless o' wrang she could ill bear a slicht,—

But fearfu' lest mair should against her be hurled,

The angels o' innocence cam' in the nicht
And bore her awa' to a far better warld.
The watchers within little trowed that without
A stranger was tryin' his face to conceal,
And speerin' frae a' the sad neibors about
For Lilly wha lo'ed him sae lang and sae weel.
But hamewards he staggered, death tidings to bear,
Whaur Lizzie, his spouse, when her lord was
awa',
Was prone by lang practice to drown every care,
Sae naething but ruin before him he saw.
Still courage he socht through the *curse o' the age*,
Yet ilka dark scene o' life's drama they fear'd;
For nicht after nicht, like a bride on the stage,
The vision o' Lilly before them appear'd!
And ravin' and reamin' in open daylight,
They quaffed wi' the furies that haunted their
hame;
And while a' humanity blushed at the sicht,
Death drew down his curtain to cover their
shame.*

* They died within a few hours of each other, and were buried in one grave, at Dalry.

But now, as their war against virtue is dune,
And *near* Lilly's grave undivided they sleep,
I ween if their souls are as near hers aboon,
How puirly they sowed for the mercy they
reap!

•

A PHOTOGRAPH'S SALUTATION.

HAIL, heaven and earth! How fain, wi' bannet
aff,
I greet creation wi' a genial rhyme,
Yet not empowered am I to photograph
A poet's heart upon the page o' time;
Sae now in me his faults or virtues scan,
If outward features serve to prove the inward
man.

Ev'n man himsel' needs high artistic art
Ere he can rise—a' worldliness above—
To photograph upon the human heart
The principles o' charity and love.
'Twas dune langsyne, but now by mony a token
The "negative," I ween, is either lost or broken.

Some stab humanity, yet brag and blaw,
 To bring their little greatness into view ;
But soon or late oblivion claims them a',
 While ilka patriot—noble, brave, an' true—
Disdains a' praise in battlin' for his neighbours,
Yet on the world's big heart he photographs his
 labours.

I'm but a shadow, yet I plainly see,
 If through sic shadows human hearts were
 seen,
Less shadow-huntin' there wad dootless be,
 And aiblins I mysel' had never been ;
Nor wad there be, among frail human creatures,
Sae muckle fyke an' fuss to polish hackneyed
 features.

And though for man, by photographic law,
 I lack the skill to either spin or toil,
Yet I can help to grace his parlour wa',
 And meet him daily wi' a pleasant smile ;
And howsoever humble I may be,
An honest, upright man I'll aye be blithe to
 see.

'Mang fellow-photographs I may be raised
 Perchance mair heavenward in some distant
 toon ;
 Yet in my upward course—the Lord be praised !—
 I'll never strive to kick my neighbours doon ;
 And when the world's *great lights* display sic
 charity,
 'Tween heaven and earth we a' shall witness less
 disparity.

But ah ! if now my *lineless* features show
 That on the ways o' man I'm peerin' blindly,
 I'll silent be, yet fain wad I bestow
 “ A wrinkle ” on *that* freend wha treats me
 kindly ;
 For kindness in humble worth's behalf
 Shall ever truly be man's noblest photograph.

 THE LILY.

A WEE sweet lily raised its tender head,
 Fair as the morn, where thorns and thistles
 grow ;

And lonely there, for some wise purpose, shed
 Its fragrant virtue to the morning's glow :
And richer far appeared its beauteous charms
Than in a garden gay secure from angry storms.

While musing thus a drop of pearly dew
 Was from its leaves, its opening leaves, exiled ;
And Nature breathed,—ev'n as in princely Kew,
 Falls heav'nly dew on heath and mountain
 wild ;—

On heath and hill, in darksome dale, will bloom
Some wee sweet bonny flower to cheer their
 lonely gloom.

A second morn I missed my lily fair :
 Some wandering foot had pressed its snowy
 head.

Like evil men the thorns and thistles there
 Seemed to rejoice the fair sweet flower was
 dead ;—

So early blighted, all its glory furl'd,
And trampled in the soil, oblivious to the world !

Yet virtue lives, while evils pass away,
 That lilies still may bloom where thistles grew ;

And vicious natures shall like weeds decay
 The more we love the beautiful and true;—
 E'en as the lily, on the rugged hill,
 In all its lovely pride blooms in the memory still.

WILLIE WALLACE.

(WRITTEN ON A POST-CARD.)

WILLIE WALLACE o' Dysart, this scrawl o' a card
 May lead you to think that I'm lazy,
 Because I should rather a lang letter write,—
 Yet poets, ye ken, are half crazy;
 For truly they've failin's, like a' ither men—
 And aiblins I've mair than the lave, man.
 Yet, Willie, a *promise!* next post may fulfil,
 And then your forbearance I'll crave, man;
 But gin ye're a' weel, like oursels here at hame,
 Nae mair need I bother your soul, man.
 Sae pass owre this joke by juist whisperin' to
 Jess—
 Losh, lassie, our cousin's a droll man!

A SAGE "MID A MILLION OF FOOLS."

(Apropos of "A Political Song" by Professor Blackie.)

ANE o' a million, the auld fouter stands,
While Pity cries out, Silly body,
He reests in a rut, on Folly's quicksands,
Like a dour political cuddy.
Erect 'mang a million o' fools,*
He pours out his slang,
And ca's it a sang,
While Wisdom gaes by,
And heaves a deep sigh
For poets reared up in Greek schools,
For britherless bards in Greek schools.

A million o' fools his wisdom pourtrays,
Yet aiblins he's king o' them a';

* Though you whip in the rabble
To bray and to gabble,
Erect I'll stand,
For truth in the land—
Alone 'mid a million of fools.—*Professor Blackie.*

For a wise man's tongue, King Solomon says,
O' his wisdom never does blaw.

His "faither," aye fain o' his berth,
Prepares a hotel
For lodgers in hell ; *
Yet there as they speak
Baith Latin and Greek,
They maun first be tutored on earth—
Maun pass their degrees upon earth.

And Johnnie, the wale o' a million fools,
Wi' great "rummlegumption" proclaims,
That ilka sinner maun swallow the rules
Ere he pass to the region o' flames.

His wit-flask is *minus* a cork ;
And now by the dint
O' his moonshine "mint"—
While Yankee loons sneeze,
Fu' glegly he sees

* All men as brethren our kinship claim ;—
Fraternity sounds very well ;
But if some are brothers whom I could name,
My father keeps lodgings in hell :
And the rent that they pay him is sin.

Blue brimstone spew up in New York ;
The breath o' the Deil in New York.*

“ Alane 'mid a million o' fools,” guid faith ;
Juist add millions mair *twenty-nine*,
And then marchin' on to truth, free o' skaith,
His “ Greek-fire ” mair brichtly will shine ;
And the gowks wha daur to rebel
Are “ liberty's ” slaves,
Vile reasonless knaves,
A mad multitude
O' Radicals rude,
Wha doun wi' his faither should dwell,
Deep doun wi' Auld Horny should dwell.

O son o' the Deil ! gin a fool, pell-mell,
Daur gie a Professor advice—

* But if you will follow your witless whim,
And let brainless multitudes sway,
You'll find yourself sitting upon the rim
Of a hot volcano some day :
And with your own hand you'll uncork
A flask of mad revelry,
Falsehood and devilry,
All the poisoned store
Of filth, foam, and gore,
That seethes up from hell in New York !
—*Professor Blackie.*

To ither folk grant what ye claim to yoursel',
And to truth ye'll come in a trice.
Then Heaven will look doun on us a';
Yet, still gif ye stand
Alane in the land,
We'll mak' nae mair fyke,
For we'll a' be alike
When the auld Greek scholar's awa'—
Frae a nation o' fools far awa'!

TO M. B., LATE OF BRIGHTON,
ON HER MARRIAGE.

BONNY, blithesome, blooming Mary,
Loved where'er thou deign'st to dwell;
Fascinating, lovely fairy,—
Flower of Durham, fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well! yet, winsome lady,—
Won and wedded though thou art,
Still beneath my Norlan plaidie
Warms to thee a kindly heart.
Live to be beloved by many,
Love thy lord, and happy be;

Win thy foes, if thou hast any,
With a loving heart and free.

Throw a charm around thy neighbours,
Emulate the good and wise,
That each bard may scan thy labours,
And thy name immortalise.

Still, sweet lady, like the lily,
Bloom upon thy native braes,
Fair to all, and dear to "Willie,"
Far beyond a poet's praise.

Heaven be kind and keep thee cheery,
To thy lord a gracious boon ;
Beauteous fairy, guileless Mary,—
Never end thy honeymoon !

*LIEUTENANT JOHN IRVING, OF H.M.S.
"TERROR." **

OUR anchor is cast, and I go to my rest
With this silver medal hugged close to my breast ;
And lay this silk handkerchief under my head,
O men of the "Terror," when I am dead.

* Died in the Arctic Regions 1848-49.

And, starving with cold and with hunger too,
You are only the ghosts of the men I knew ;
And no wrapping of head, nor rubbing of feet,
Will keep death away from this dismal retreat.
The winter that sweeps o'er this desolate realm
Has loosened for ever my grasp of the helm.
Our captain is gone, and we gave him our sorrow ;
But mourn not for me—you may follow to-morrow.
For the death-painted pallor in each seaman's
face

Is your compass alone in this terrible place !
Our flag of distress, the shred of a pennant,
You wrap gently round your dying lieutenant ;
Oh ! give me your hands while I whisper good-
bye,
You tell how with me you are ready to die.
And God knows our graves cannot be far apart,
As I give Him my soul and bequeath you my
heart ;

And all that the world of our history shall know—
We suffered and perished mid regions of snow ;
While the fond ones at home will long look in
vain

For all to return to Old England again.

Yet, wearied with waiting, men noble and true
Will search for the bones of the "Terror's" brave
crew ;

But the deep silent snow no record shall keep
Of the place where we take our eternal sleep.
But after long years if the brave who explore,
Could find but one bone on this weird, frozen
shore,

Each Briton would pour out his gratitude true,
And weep for the "Terror's" commanders and
crew.

Farewell, fellow sailors, you cannot resume
Nor trench out your way through this desert of
gloom,

Where the snow-owl hoots lone and the Frost
King reigns

(Till the very heart's blood runs chill in our veins),
Unnerving you all, and is laying me low
To rest in his pitiless bosom of snow.

Rest, weary head, rest, for it matters not where ;
God hear us and keep us, we're under Thy care,
That death and despair may no longer appal,
Where there is a harbour and home for us all !

THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Willie brewed," &c.

AULD Scotland lo'es her poet-king,
Without or wi' a drappie, O ;
Sae while his sangs we fondly sing,
Our hearts are leal and happy, O.

Chorus.

Sae happy, O, sae happy, O,
Without or wi' a drappie, O,
And while his sangs we fondly sing,
Our hearts are leal and happy, O.

We'll sing o' Ayr baith loud and lang,
That no a toon surpasses, O,
Where Robin dwelt and sweetly sang
In praise o' bonny lassies, O.
Sae happy, O, sae happy, O, &c.

On bonny Doon may blessings fa'
For raisin' sic a brither, O,
Wha lived and sang to mak' us a'
Mair kind to ane anither, O.
Sae happy, O, sae happy, O, &c.

Puir Robin's heart was warm and true ;
 And though he lo'ed the lassies, O,
 His manhood's wealth he nobly threw
 Among the toiling masses, O.

Sae happy, O, sae happy, O, &c.

And at the plough sae proud was he
 To sing o' Scotland's grandeur, O,
 That a' her sons nicht happier be
 Whaurever they should wander, O.

Chorus.

Sae happy, O, sae happy, O,
 Without or wi' a drappie, O,
 And while his sangs we fondly sing,
 We'll aye be leal and happy, O.

INVERESK.*

How strange on a holiday noon to frequent
 A lanely kirkyaird on the tap o' a hill ;
 But time, whaur there's beauty, is never misspent,
 And the mind soars aboon ilka worldly ill.

* David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, author of "Casa Wappy" and other poems, and Alexander Handyside Ritchie, the famous sculptor, are both buried in the churchyard of Inveresk, near Musselburgh.

I speer'd at a stranger, wi' age weary-worn,
Whaur "Delta" was buried, and thus he
replied :

" See, yonder's the place whaur the poet was born
To bless humankind till the hour that he died.

" And there is the spot whaur sae quietly he
rests—

Gang doon, but ye daurna approach *near his
grave :*

The blackbirds and thrushes alane are his guests,
And willows and palms in sweet harmony wave.

" But come to the sooth side o' Inveresk kirk,
There's ane buried there wha had won muckle
fame ;

Ye may tread on his grave frae morning to mirk—
To *our* sad neglec', and to Auld Reekie's shame!

" Puir Handyside's tombstane, blawn owre by the
wind,

Lies chippit and broken, and wae I'm to say,—
To sharpen his scythe the auld sexton will find
O' whet-stanes fu' plenty for mony a day.

“ He reigned like a king on his *ain* sculptured
throne,

And though in his weakness, *puir* mortal, he fell,
The marble he struck made the dead better known,
And won frae the world little meed for himsel’.

“ Some men get a name that they scarcely deserve,
And some mair deservin’ soon wear oot o’ mind;
But genius is never permitted to swerve
Frae virtue a wee, like the lave o’ mankind !

“ Gin mair local grandeur ye’re anxious to see,—
If Nature and Art ye are fain to combine,—
Gang roond by the Esk to the wast there a wee,
Whaur poet and sculptor forgethered langsyne.

“ To siccan a hame, like the roots o’ yon oak,
The ties o’ affection, wi’ strong native pride,
Cling harder ilk day sin’ the hour I awoke
To life and to light on this bonny hillside.

“ Dear, dear Inveresk ! how unsullied wi’ care
My life, like the river that runs to the sea,
Has glided alang aughty summers, or mair,
And nae place on earth is sae sacred to me.”

.

As doon by the banks o' the river I strayed,
Fair Nature to woo in ~~sweet~~ solitude, still
I thocht on the words that the auld man had said
In yonder kirkyaird on the tap o' the hill.

SANDY ROOK'S FAREWELL TO
BRIGHTON.

(May 1863.)

SIX lang years, sans proud presumption,
Here I've mused—sometimes incog.
With perchance as little gumption
As yon poet's terrier dog.
Yet my rookish lyre's been handy,—
On the high Pavilion trees,—
When the oppressèd whispered, Sandy!
Send your wild notes on the breeze.

Now, alas! there's ane * uplifted
From the dust, would o'er us ride
Devil-shod, and largely gifted,
With gross ignorance and pride.
Sun! shine out, oh let me wander!
Sandy's nae degenerate rook,

* A beggar on horseback.

Gowk, nor goose, nor worthless gander,
Insolence corrupt to brook.

Fare-ye-weel, fair land o' beauty!
Birthplace o' my tender young,
As a rook I've done my duty,—
Though my harp's been feebly strung.
When in Scotia far I'm roamin',
Soaring high and singin' clear,
Lovely Brighton through the gloamin'
Sandy's voice *again* may hear!

Fare-ye-weel! each kindly neighbour,
Bread I'll find on ilka plain;—
When yon worming bane of labour
Like a traitor shall be slain!
Fare-ye-weel! my *sable* brothers,
Never, never, put your trust
In yon petty knave that smothers
Honest labour in the dust!

Now my queen o' rook-dominions—
Though a crow, ye're fair to me;
Spread, oh spread thy gracefu' pinions,—
Blithe thegither still we'll be.

Bonnie wee things, leave me never,
Soar beneath my parent-wings.
Fare-ye-weel! my friends for ever,
Sandy here nae langer sings!

TO J. F., BURNTISLAND

*(On desiring the author's influence to obtain for him a
situation in Edinburgh).*

I LOVE the paths of my early days,
And I sing of them,—even as you
The very stones of Auld Reekie praise
With a heart as “devout as a Jew.”

And my soul shall pour, till life's curtain falls,
Its home-loving monologue:—
Like a Jew that worships the ruined walls
Of his ancient synagogue!

But changing our homes would not lessen care
In the earnest battle of life;
As my living's here, and your bread lies there,—
In the glorious “Kingdom” of Fife.

"UNSPOTTED" TAM.

"I have not met in any land such ruffian-looking men, such hags of women, such bloated wrecks and miserable victims of drunkenness; such wretched children leaning their weary heads on the foul bosoms of drunken mothers; streets so thickly planted, degraded, and cursed by public-houses, which, though opened by permission of the magistrates and the license of Government, ought to be all shut up as a curse to the community. 'Pure religion and undefiled before God, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'"—*Sunday Magazine for April 1869.*

OWRE Arthur's crest, a very lamb
 O' innocence, strayed sauntly Tam;
 His gowl dumfounded a' the toun,
 While through his e'en did flow
 Sic floods o' tears, whilk thundered doun
 Like cataracts, eneuch to droon
 The sinfu' warld below.

"Thou peerless city," quoth the saunt,
 "Sae free o' Holy Willie cant—
 Whaur stately kirks like poplars shoot
 In ilka street, forsooth—
 Whaur ministers speak freely oot;
 And deil tak' him wha daurs to doot
 Their burnin' words o' truth.

"Yet while I see, frae sic a hicht,
 Thy outward glories shinin' bricht—

Vice in thy bosom, fierce and wild,
 Thy very life's bluid chills ;
 Still, thy true saunt, *self*-unbeguiled,
 Unspotted, pure, and undefiled,
 Shall purge awa' thy ills !”

Thus Tammie blawed his tootin' horn,
 Whilk sooned through the April morn ;
 But when the “Nether Bow” he saw,
 While blithely daunderin' hame—
 “Thank Heaven,” quoth he, “though loud I blaw,
 That Brechin's unco far awa'
 Frae siccan scenes of shame!

“ Sic wretched forms, sic ragged weans,
 Whase mithers scarce can stand their lanes ;
 Lord help sic bloated, drunken hags,
 And ban, oh ban, the cause
 That dounwards aye sae mony drags
 To squalid misery, vice, and rags,
 Against Thy sacred laws !

“ Ye city kings, how daur ye cherish
 The wrangs by which your brithren perish ?
 Ye publicans, wha poison men,
 And worship sordid siller,

I'll write ye doun, and Heaven, I ken,
Will guide the glorious 'Sunday' pen
O' Brechin's bauld Distiller!

"But whisht! though now I'm rashly speakin'
O' certain things in bonnie Brechin,
I trust 'twill no set folk a thinkin',
Else wae betide my rant;
For men will then gie owre their drinkin',
Fu' blithe to see their siller jenkin'
The pouches o' a saunt!

"Yet aiblins still my glegest e'e
The blind side o' mankind can see
While like a pale horned moon the ither
Blinks through Religion's gates,
Whaur multitudes now stand an' swither,
Because a leader and a brither
Strikes doun what he creates!"

Thus, like a lamb on Arthur Seat,
A guileless pet was heard to bleat;
An' lang though he athwart the land
Had spread the nation's bane,

Yet conscience aft, wi' stern command,
Has garred him stretch a faither's hand
To mony a ragged wean.

ON THE BIRTH OF A NIECE ON
CHRISTMAS DAY.

'Twas Uncle Sandy's Christmas box!
And Auntie Maggie was the donor;—
Great day for a' the little folks,
Sic joy she brocht them, blessin's on her!
Sae fain she laid on Sandy's knee
A bonny lassie, "Beauty's" sister,
And proud wi' a' the bairns was he,
While ane and a' sae fondly kissed her!
The bells rang loud in Jordan Lane,—
That sic a Sunday o' December,
In aichteen aichty years and ane,—
A' Mornin'side micht weel remember.
Sae bless the faither, bless the mither;
And Heaven this Christmas floweret spare,—
And lang befriend them a'thegither,
Is Uncle Willie's earnest prayer!

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE arm of the brave shall be raised in the fray—
The fray not of blood, but to strike off the gyves
Which Labour endures, while his “ bees ” toil away,
That Britain’s best honey may flow from their
hives.

Their right, by their might, from the foe shall be
riven,—

Who strangles all royal behests at their birth,—
For Progress proclaimed from the bright throne
of Heaven

Shall not be subverted in courts of the earth !

And heart-stirring prayers for their chieftain are
breathed,

Who Labour and Liberty longs to increase,
That he, though his weapon of war is unsheathed,
Might weld all the world on the Anvil of Peace.

So hail to the honest, large-hearted John Bright !

The friend of the people, unchanged from his
youth,—

The noblest, the bravest, the foremost to fight

The Battles of Freedom, of Justice, and Truth

We hear from the ranks of the children of toil,
The King of the People may wear not a crown ;
Yet while the blue ocean encircles our Isle,
His name shall resound in the hall of renown.
The wealth-making millions, the toiling great race
Shall grave on his tomb, when he falls in the
strife,—
That Honest JOHN BRIGHT never pandered for
place,—
His duty to man was the crown of his life !

THE GOOD SHIP "CASTLE MILLS."

TUNE—" *My Grandfather's Clock.*"

FAREWELL to the "Trips" in the noblest of ships,
Now that *small skippers* run her ashore ;
They have lost all their charts, and their heads,
and their hearts,
And have lowered down the flag that she bore.
With a strong steady crew, who were faithful and
true,
And commanded by brave gallant chiefs,
We guided the ship on many a good trip,
And she struck not nor foundered on reefs.

Chorus.

Twenty years without foundering—
Grand old ship,
Nor lurching nor floundering—
Brave old ship;
But she's hove to, never to sail again
On a summer's cruise.

In bright summers past, at the top of her mast,
When we hoisted the old "Union Jack,"
With the "Stripes and the Stars," all unfurled
from her spars,
What a glory surrounded her track!
Then a bumper we poured to every soul on board,
Yet true as the needle to the Pole,
Never stood Neptune's sons half so close to their
guns,
As we stood man to man, heart and soul!
Twenty years without foundering, &c.

Though for trips now unfit, we will rig her out yet,
And with *stronger* and far *better* hands
She'll be steer'd on the tides as great Commerce
decides,
Bearing burdens to bless distant lands.

Through tempest and storm, may we long see
her form

Floating proudly, as good fortune wills ;
So a loud ringing cheer for the future career,
Of the gallant old ship, "Castle Mills."
Twenty years without foundering, &c.

THE BYRONIAN "ARTIST."

A FEMALE artist vows wi' muckle zeal
That Byron played on earth nae human part ;
For, skilled in a' the cantrips o' the deil,
His deeds o' darkness broke his Leddy's heart !
An' that's the reason why for mony a year,
Without a heart, this leddy was sae "cauld ;"
Yet in her sufferin', oh how unco sweer
Was she to leave the world, though frail and auld !
She kent her freend—wha ance had o' the blacks
Sent forth a tale and won a world-wide fame—
Could gi'e men's hearts the tint o' niggers' backs,
And why should not a poet's shine the same ?
And though she proved that black men, sae to speak,
Had throbbin' hearts as fair as Byron's skin,

She eke could vouch, by some newfangled freak,
That hell, at birth, had turned him outside in !

Her Leddyship's dark soul the "artist" read,
And yet her polish she resolved to save,
Till mony a daisy raised its crimson head
Ev'n on this heartless Leddy's silent grave !

Syne blithe she'll mount *Macmillan's* brilliant car,
And reign within auld Sautan's miry clutches—
The glory o' a *genius-lichtit* star,
To swallow up wi' wild sensation touches ;—

To smear the bard wha roamed our Highland hills,
And made the world familiar wi' his name ;—
Wha drank the music o' the murmurin' rills,
And trod the pathway of immortal fame ;

And woo'd *in vain*, yet won a cheerless bride,
Cauld as an "iceberg," while his heart and soul,
Replete wi' passion, fu' o manly pride,
A frozen yoke o' thraldom scorned to thole.

Sae while we're tossed on time's resistless wave
We'll lo'e him a' the mair, there's little doot ;
For nae true Briton on his hallowed grave
Will leave the impress o' the "cloven foot."

And in a fine artistic point o' view,
 His painter's ain heart aiblins may be such
 That by the sable splendour o' its hue
 'Twill scarcely need a Beecher-Byron touch!

TO TAM BUCHAN.

AN APOLOGETIC ODE.

ARE thy blue een now lost, Tam Buchan,
 Beneath thy fair brent brow wi' lauchin' ?
 Richt proud to hear a rhymin' volley
 Frae thy auld neibour, "Norlan Willie."
 Rhyme struck, and aye as blithe's a linnet,
 A month to him flees like a minute,
 Sae,—though it seem a puir excuse,—
 Devotion, Tam, clings to the Muse!
 She gars him jumble into rhyme
 His lowly thochts and dreams sublime;
 But when this flight draws to a close,
 He'll write to thee in sober prose.
 Yet though he sings,—ne'er for the penny!
 He thinks on thee and thy kind Jenny,
 And a' thy fine domestic forces,—
 Thy cats, thy dogs, thy cows and horses;

And how sae faithfu' beast and bird
Wad serve thee for a kindly word,—
For kindness seem'd to gar them feel
Thy common wealth was theirs as weel !
Dear auld Tam Buchan, thus wilt thou
The reason find—by reasonin' how
A life that's simple, guid, and kind
Sinks deep within a poet's mind !
Lang may thy worth, though whiles unseen,
Glint kindly through thy lauchin' een ;
Lang may thy ingle ring wi' glee,
And gladness blink in Jenny's e'e ;
Lang may she grace thy hamely bower,
And drive the kirn wi' muckle power :
Lang be thy stand on Wisdom's rock,
A credit to the Brighton folk ;
And plough thy way through life's lang span
An honest, kind, industrious man.
And oh ! if leal and earnest prayers
Be heard in heaven, thy daily cares
Will lessen on the lightsome road
That leads thy wanderin' feet to God.

BIRTHDAY ADDRESS.

*(March 1860.)**

BLAW loud, ye winds, owre hill and dale,
 To droon a lang, sad winter's wail;
 And wauken joy in ilka vale

As March appears,
 And owre me wags the withered tail
 O' thirty years.

Here by the forge I tak' my place,
 Wi' mair than fire and flame to face,—
 An iron king o' Vulcan's race,

Let me maintain
 My Kingdom's weal, and by God's grace
 Richt proud I'll reign.

Yet humbly in this murky sphere
 How could I look for royal cheer?
 A halesome waucht o' water clear

Is a' I claim,—
 And though the world seem less sincere,
 I drink the same:—

Here's to my friends and cronies a',
 May ills upon them never fa';

* "The year without a summer."

Here's to my wife and bairnies sma' ;
 And though I chant,
 As lang as I can wag my paw,
 They'll never want !

For livin' this blithe day to see
 I've muckle cause to thankfu' be ;
 I'm proud though puir, I'm crazed wi' glee,
 I'm hale and healthy ;
 I'm independent, bauld, and free,
 I'm wondrous wealthy !

Hail, bracin', breezy, genial Spring,
 To thee I *first* began to *sing* ;
 And to thy praise—whaur anvils ring
 At every stroke—
 My happy Muse still spreads her wing
 Mid fire and smoke !

TO TAM, AN AULD REEKIE POET,

HARSHLY USED BY CRITICS.

DEIL tak' yon tyke ayont the Tron,
 Whause fangs hae torn ye sair, man,
 But that's because your talents shone
 Owre brilliant for a puir man.

The leal he stabs behind a screen ;
 But drag him to the licht, then
The biggest coward e'er was seen
 Could fell the knave outright then !

Keep up your heart, my auld freend Tam,
 For though he tried to sting ye,
The stream o' thocht he'll never dam
 When Justice comes to king ye.
He slichts the purseless pair wha sing,
 And panders to the gentry ;
Yet lauds, *perforce*, our kindly king
 Wha sang sae weel last cent'ry.

But gin a " Rab " wad rise the morn
 Frae some wee cot that's lonely,
This dinsome tyke wad howl wi' scorn,—
 " He's *juist* a ploughman only."
And yet the ghaist o' mony a dream
 He lifts to fair transcendence ;—
For he maun aye soom wi' the stream,
 In search o' *independence*.

When ye hae climbed far up the " tree,"
 He'll come, success to wish ye,

But tell him that ye mind when he
Tried a' he could to crush ye !
And still to blind the tentless crowd—
Protesting ne'er to leave ye—
Through adulation's trumpet loud
He'll thunder like to deave ye !

But spurn him, Tam, my cantie bird,
And freends will tak' your part yet ;
For in Auld Reekie, tak' my word,
There's mony an honest heart yet.
Judge for yersel', and ye shall find
A kindly nature is, man,
The greatest virtue in mankind ;—
Sae aye remember this, man !

Pu' frae your heart the germs o' sang,
And still wi' muckle glee, man,
Transplant them whaur the busy thrang
Their beauties a' can see, man.
And whaursoe'er ye deign to dwell,
Let this ne'er be neglected :—
The less ye crack about yersel'
The mair ye'll be respected.

Strike earnestly at hoary *Use*,
Wi' prudence and discretion ;

For aye 'tis best to build your house
 Upon a guid foundation.
And envy nane, nor stoop to ban,
 Though some a cuif may ca' ye ;
But benefit your fellow man,
 And Heaven will ne'er outlaw ye.

Soar blithely owre yon critic loons,
 And malice dinna bear them ;
Yet should ye pounce upon their croons,
 I wat ye winna spare them :
Their gowl assumes the garb o' sense,—
 Puffed up wi' logic queer, man ;
But when they hear the clink o' pence,
 They crawl like chanticleer, man.

To Nature they're as blind as moles,—
 Nor wit can ever win them,
For sorry tricks degrade their souls,
 If souls there be within them !
Meanwhile we'll sing wi' honest zeal—
 In spite o' yon dour tyke, Tam ;
And, bless our stars, we see and feel
 The world's no' a' alike, Tam !

"BRINN," THE BLACKSMITH'S DOG.

I'm lo'ed by *ane*, I'm hailed by a',
I'm kent by folk I never saw ;
And though to some I gie a paw,
Nae man can fail
To get a friendly wag or twa
Frae auld "Brinn's" tail.

My forehead's broad, and even yet
My muzzle is as black as jet ;
Fair in my jaws my teeth are set :
My shanks sae thin
Are "points" enough to mak' a pet
O' terrier "Brinn."

For by sic "points" the breed's defined
O' a' the rare rat-killin' kind ;
The very tail that wags behind
Completes the story,
And wi' the lave is aye combined
Wi' bull-dog glory.

Yet noble traits are whiles apart
Frae mony a *high-bred* terrier's heart :
His tail is cut to mak' him smart,
And then his stump



“BRINN.”

Seems like a rabbit's fud, by art,
Stuck on his rump.

But I've a maister, Lord be thankit,
Wi' men o' feelin' maun be rankit ;
For, saddled wi' a hatefu' blanket,
He'll ne'er parade me,
When owre the Links I blithely spank it,
As Nature made me.

On beggar's claes a faithfu' dog
Wad mak' his bed, and lie as snug
As stretched upon a royal rug—
A growlin' glutton,
To seize the leg and scorn the lug
O' savoury mutton.

Na, na, to couches lined wi' fur
A blacksmith's terrier maun demur ;
I'd rather be a usefu' cur
Whaur hammers clang,
And to my post stick like a burr
The hale day lang.

Yet, gin the truth maun be confessed,
I bear a blemish on my breast—

A blurr that mak's me whiles unblest ;
Yet, after a',
Nae outward look's the inward test
For worth ava.

Wi' naething mair than juist fair play,
Gie me a thousand rats to slay,
And by the blessed licht o' day,
I'd gar them squeal !
That, though a dog, the world micht say
I served it weel.

And sae at hame, or in the smiddy,
I'm kindly used by ilka body,
And niceties I never study,
But tak' what's gaun ;
While what I drink ne'er mak's me gidly,
Nor cross and thrawn.

I've barkit lang 'mid social din,
As if to man I stood akin ;
And surely now it's no a sin
To beg frae a'
A kindly word when puir auld " Brinn "
Shall slip awa'.

THE FLUSH OF SUCCESS

*(In answer to a question respecting under-water sentiments,
on winning from the Brighton Swimming Club the first
prize for long diving, June 29, 1861).*

LIKE arrows we plunged in the breast of a wave,
While a voice in our hearts seemed to say,—
“Strike out with a will, ‘Fortune favours the
brave ;’
There is danger and death in delay !”

Apollo was dumb, yet the roaring of tongues,
Like the ocean-bred demons in pain,
Came bursting upon us, to burden our lungs,
With a gurgling and gushing refrain.

Perchance 'twas the rolling of old Neptune's car,—
As invasion he met in the teeth,
And the wrath of his soul, and his clarion of war,
Made the whole ocean tremble beneath !

O'er sharp cutting shingle we scrambled our way,
And we felt that down under the sea
We swam for our lives—as we swim every day—
With an energy, noble and free !

Then breathless we rose, by a desperate stroke,
 To attack the Sea-god, but in vain,—
 As the foam-crested waves o'er his chariot broke,
 And he rolled down the Channel again!

"SPARKS" AT THE ANVIL.

(Written during the Franco-Prussian War.)

SING out, O Muse! by Vulcan's glowing fires,
 Thy votary—labour-riven,
 Yet brave in heart, and full of warm desires
 For poor humanity's own sake—now sings,
 And forms a little heaven
 E'en by the forge, while loud his anvil rings.

Though lucre-loving kings, with impious breath,
 Would help from Heaven implore
 To bless their murd'rous, blood-stained arms of
 death,
 The humble strains of Labour's sons, perchance,
 Weigh in the balance more
 Than German conquests over wounded France.

And when the lofty Muse with rapture wings
 Her flight through Wisdom’s bower,
 On genial hearts her heavenly music rings;
 And, striving all rude natures to subdue,
 She lifts, with wondrous power,
 From lowly paths the beautiful and true!

By finding ’midst our cares a world profuse
 With lilies blooming still;
 By freely drinking Nature’s sacred dews,
 We learn our mission is to love mankind;—
 For love inspires the will
 To trace God’s reflex in a noble mind.

’Tis then the chaste, pure breathings of the soul
 Flow sweetly, insomuch,—
 While gently yields the world to their control,
 Immortal Fame takes up her golden pen,
 To blazon with a touch
 Their latent beauty on the hearts of men.

The song of peace, more dear to every bard
 Than war’s loud thundering blast;
 The master’s hand that giveth *poor* reward

To worth and virtue, blanched with years of toil,
The poet's love goes past,—
Yet throws a stone upon the cairn of spoil!

Behold him marching with his tuneful lyre
In Thought's transcendent van;—
Piling the fuel on life's bright blazing fire;
God's glory and man's gain he strives to seek,
Unmindful still to scan
The aspect of his own care-pallid cheek!

Albeit toiling, plodding onward still,—
Hiding his hopes and fears;
Soaring, with conscience clear and earnest will,
Amid the lights and shades of social strife:
And thus he pioneers
The way that leadeth to a better life!

WEE KATE AND THE MUCKLE DUKE!

EXTEMPORE.

SHE whirled and twirled through "The Lancers,"
Like a squirrel sae little in bouk,—
For Kate, the wee Duchess o' dancers,
Shook her fit wi' a *muckle* Duke!

NOT EXTEMPORE.

Yet Kate maintains that he's "little,"
And thin, and black as a crow ;
But this point to decide's owre kittle,
As the *wee* Duke's *muckle* for a'!

THE AULD FISHERMAN.

I LEAPT in *the* boat when a lad,
And tugg'd at the oar wi' the lave ;
And nane in the world was sae glad
To be faithfu', honest, and brave.
And the "haul" I gunnel'd sae weel,
And heapit in creel after creel,
Aye tauld me the life that I led
Was ane that I spentna in vain—
As blessin's to mony it spread.
Sae I tugged at the oar again.

I sat at the helm o' *my* boat,
As onward she dashed frae the land ;
And ne'er was a skipper afloat
That could steer wi' a firmer hand :

And yet through the wild tempest's roar
Sweet voices I heard on the shore ;
And God gied me strength a' the mair ;—
Sae happy was I, and sae fain
To work and to trust to His care.
And I steered for the land again.

My lads rowed awa' to the sea,
As their faither had dune before,
And blessin's to mair than to me
They bravely brocht back to the shore ;
For as sea-kings brave they were reared,
While lang and successfu' I steered.
And the Lord in His kindness now,
By mysterious ways o' His ain,
Gangs wi' them whaurever they row.
Sae still they've a Faither again !

Now in to my blithe ingle-nook
I've drifted in dread o' the blast,
And my torch is the Sacred Book
Till my anchor in heaven be cast ;—
'Twas my faither's true Compass langsyne,
And sae by inheritance mine—

While still to the lads it may be
A Torch thro' the mirk on the main,—
A Compass to guide them to me,
And a' be united again !

ON A CHRISTMAS CARD.

(To A. M.)

CHRISTMAS cards come by the dozen,
Mindin' us o' heavenly things ;
Everywhere, my dearest cousin,
Angels soar on golden wings :

Seraph forms, and smilin' faces,
Peepin' out frae silvery bowers ;
Art wi' Nature in the race is—
What a world o' lovely flowers !

Kindly greetin's, happy meetin's,
Through our souls send sic a thrill,—
Blendin' finely joys divinely
Wi' the Saviour's sacred will !

In the midst o' kind hand-shakin'—
 Mind the poor, and Christ will send
 Blessin's till we rest,—and waken
 In His bosom at the end.

A BRAW LEVER.

A FINE loud tick ; I like yer face !
 And what a beauty ! fit to grace
 A royal pouch ; but now apace—
 No' far apart—
 To beat against yer gowden case
 Ye'se get my heart.

Nae doot that beauty was the test
 That garr'd me wale ye for the best ;
 Ye cam' in gowd and jewels dressed,
 And I, affhand,
 Proclaimed ye mine, and chanced the *rest*—
 Ye looked sae grand.

What kent I o' yer power, within
 An unco rich, braw polished skin ?

I listened to yer pleasant din,
And never thocht
When bricht appearance covers sin,
Wit's dearly bocht!

Your pivots, wheels, and pinions sma'—
Though nane o' them I ever saw—
Hard tempered, polished ane and a'
To fine perfection,—
May last for generations twa
Wi' sma' inspection.

A balance made to "compensate,"
"Escapement" true that winna grate;
Sae for a braw "Three-Quarter Plate"
Richt weel I've ettled;
And rue it soon, or rue it late,
The bargain's settled.

Yet Business Craft, keen as a knife,
Our pouches ripe when siller's rife;
We buy a watch, or tak' a wife,
By glamour blindit;
And what wad bless or sweeten life
Is seldom mindit!

Wee wonderfu', complex machine,
 Whause usefu'ness we ne'er demean,
 Ye gang yer round frae morn to e'en,
 And through the nicht,
 And little care it tak's, I ween,
 To keep ye richt.

But like oursel's, when weak and ill,
 Your pulse, or beat, is nearly still,
 Then tenderly neat-handed skill
 Effects a cure ;
 And yet *wi' us*, without God's will,
 There's naething sure !

FAREWHEEL, MY LASSIE.

AIR—" *Up in the mornin' early.*"

FAREWHEEL, my lassie, kind and true—
 Be faithfu' still and cheery ;
 And I'll return again to you,
 My ain and only dearie.
 And I shall mind how fain we strayed
 Doon by the "Wells o' Wearie,"
 Whaur first and fondly, bonny "Maid,"
 Ye vowed to be my dearie.

And sae when I am owre the main,
 Sweet lassie, dinna weary ;
 But sing the auld sang owre again—
 Come back to me, my dearie !
 And I shall mind how fain we strayed
 Doon by the "Wells o' Wearie ;"
 Or by the Loch, my bonny "Maid,"
 My ain and only dearie !

Fareweel, and tak' this ae fond kiss,
 Till I return fu' cheery ;
 And twa fond hearts shall drink the bliss
 O' faithfu' love, my dearie !
 And aye we'll mind how fain we strayed
 Doon by the "Wells o' Wearie ;"
 Or by the Loch, my bonny "Maid,"
 My darlin' and my dearie !

"TIM."

HIS faither and mither, on blithe Christmas Eve,
 Had gaen to the toon, and their bonny wee "Tib"
 Was tended by "Tim," wha the lamp had to trim,
 And rock little Willie asleep in his crib.

The sights o' the city were brilliant, nae doot,
But "Tim" was as blithe on his ain hallowed
ground,
Whaur bonny wee "Tib" he enthroned by the crib,
Mid holly-tree boughs and by mistletoe crowned.

Wi' brushes and paints that his faither had bocht,
"Tim" painted his queen wi' richt royal intent,
Till wee Willie waukened, dumfounded, and
reckoned
Anither wee "Tibbie" to him had been sent.

He looked at the ane, and he keeked at the ither,
And crawled wi' delight,—'twas a magical sound,
That fill'd "Tim" wi' pride, for in a' Scotland wide
Nae critic mair honest and true could be found!

But Christmas wore by, and sad changes were felt,
Yet "Tim" to his paintin' his hale heart applied;
And friendless, perchance, he was blate to advance,
But still the desire o' his soul never died.

The wa's o' his parlour wi' pictures were hung
O' parents, whause kindness had lang made him
glad,—

Grandfathers, grandmithers, his sisters and
brithers,

As gin they could watch the career o' the lad.

As genial Art found a hame in his heart,

Broad Nature before him her glories displayed,

And bravely he toiled, and the Beautiful smiled,

While humbly the force o' his will she obeyed.

The young silent plodder, though back in the race,

By earnest endeavour and diligence true,

May press to the front, through the sair battle's

brunt,

To claim what alane to his talent was due.

But hard is the task when the means are but sma';

Yet wonderfu' wark seemed to follow his brush

And merit wad mak' him, if critics wad back him,

Or honestly raise half as weel as they crush.

Still "Tim" in his manhood kept ploddin' alang,

Till Fortune, ae day, lookit up owre "The Line,"

And bade him Godspeed, sae the word was the
deed

That crowned him an Artist wi' "genius divine!"

THE ROD AND REEL.

AIR—" *There was a lad.*"

Now Sandy, lad, row up your traps,
 Your rod and reel and a' your straps ;
 M'Ewan's clock the signal chaps,—
 We'll a' be aff wi' Sandy.

Chorus.

Sae while we grip the rod and reel,
 We'll a' be blithe wi' happy Sandy ;
 Fair Mid-Lothian kens him weel,
 And ilka ane loe's Sandy.

The sun in a' its glory beams
 Doon by the Tweed or Leader streams ;
 And Sandy's e'e wi' rapture gleams,
 While loup the troot to Sandy.
 Sae while we grip the rod and reel, &c.

Syne hame we'll march wi' baskets fu',—
 A merry band o' anglers true,—
 Yet maistly a' the credit's due
 To happy-hearted Sandy.
 Sae while we grip the rod and reel, &c.

Though a' the toon o' us may crack,
 In freendship's name a cup we'll tak',
 And to the Tweed again gae back,
 To catch the troot wi' Sandy.

Chorus.

Sae while we grip the rod and reel,
 We'll a' be blithe wi' happy Sandy ;
 Fair Mid-Lothian kens him weel,
 And a' the toon lo'es Sandy.

A LINNET'S NEST.

WEE birdies cow'rin' a' thegither—
 Sae kind and close to ane anither,
 To bide or flee nae doot ye swither,—
 Though young, I trow,
 While sadly chirls yer kindly mither
 On yon whin-cowe ;—

Wae that a stranger should molest
 Her couthy, carefu'-biggit nest ;
 Puir timid birdie, fearfu' lest
 I come to steal
 The tender brood that 'neath her breast
 Has thriv'n sae weel.

Here, for a wee, sweet birdies, bide,
To warble at yer parents' side :
Fu' soon ye'll a' be scattered wide,
 To face the world ;
Nor mind o' hame, whaur ance wi' pride
 Ye fondly chirl'd.

Fair Innocence, to bless the earth,
Smiled sweetly owre yer lowly birth ;
For Nature sends the Lintie forth,—
 Her sweetest bard,
To seek nae mair than's due to worth,—
 Kind Heaven's reward.

Whaure'er a bonnie lintie sings,
Or nestlin's stretch their tender wings ;
Whaure'er a whin their biggin swings,
 Fain wad I stray,—
E'en till sweet gloamin' owre me flings
 Her mantle grey.

Though rudely in yer bower I keek,
Sweet Mercy's door I winna steek ;

The noblest *lives* their livin's seek,
 And *raise* a beild,—
 By feelin's strong, or failin's weak
 Their young to shield !

Farewell ! I cam'na here to scaur,
 And sae I trust ye're nane the waur ;
 But when frae hame ye flee afar,
 Strange bowers amang,
 May a'thing bless, and naething mar
 Yer joyfu' sang.

ELSPIE O' BALWEARIE.

'Twas aye at the hairst-time that auld Elspie
 dippit
 Her lang hoary locks in the Raith waters eerie,
 And whiles doon the glen in the gloamin' she
 slippit,
 To greet by the burnie that sings to Balwearie.
 Her ill-gaetit "man," for his wild poachin' ways,
 Was sent owre the sea, yet she vowed she wad
 earn—
 Without sic a helpmate the hale o' her days—
 A livin' for Hughie, her only bit bairn.

She howed in the fields, and she howkit up herbs
 To cure a' the sick in the Links o' Kirkcaldy ;
 And on her braid back—in her “mash-mallow”
 pack,

Like a craw in its nest—sat her *faitherless* laddie.
 For wow he was grim, wi' his hair like a map,
 And black were his e'en as the slaes in the wuds ;
 Yet Fife wasna blest wi' a blither wee chap
 Than Hughie, her prince, in his hamert-made
 duds.

The tinklers wha campit by Auchtertool road
 Were struck by the sable complexion o' Hugh ;
 But what made them glower at the fond mither's
 load,

Whaur nestled wee Hughie, the Lord only knew !
 The wee callant scarcely could toddle his lane,
 When—wearied wi' waddlin' a' day at her side—
 She threw doon her wallet whaur skaith there was
 nane (?)

And Hugh mounted guard to protect it wi' pride.

'Twas doon i' the glen by the auld blasted tree,
 Whause branch, hingin' low, maistly bridged
 owre the burn ;



ELSPIE O' BALWEARIE.

'Twas there where the howlet was jealous to see
The hawk and the hoodiecrow hameward return.
And the tap o' the Tower, in its rugged decay,
Looked doon on the glen, like an ominous cairn :
And up frae the burn to the whins on the brae
Puir Elspie, distracted, ran seekin' her bairn !

“ Hoy, Hughie ! ” she cried a' the weary nicht lang,
Yet nane but hersel' did the puir body blame ;
And aye as the wail o' her soul deeper rang,
The howlets, in mockery, re-echoed his name.
In mercy the branch o' the sauch seemed to dip
Its sprig-fingers doon to the sair-tattered pack ;
But naething forbye could they haud in their grip,
Sae on rushed the burn in its eeriesome track.

The mither gaed moping the lave o' her days
In search o' her laddie by ilk burnie side ;
But wild Border tinklers, to wild Border braes,
Had stown him awa' twenty summers to bide.
Heroamed wi' his tribe, like a prince brave and bauld,
Yet, spite o' his nature, sae fearless and wild,
When auld dying Mabel his origin tauld,
The stout-hearted Border King wept like a child.

He flew, as an eagle wad flee, to the Raith,
 And through the lane wuds to Balwearie he
 ran,
 Whaur puir aged Elspie sat hauding her breath,
 To see at her side sic a big buirdly man.
 He grippit her hand, and he kissed her cauld
 broo,
 And faltered, "For me, gin yer broken heart
 warms,
 O mither!" "O God, in His mercy—my Hugh!"
 She sighed, and she died in her "lost" laddie's
 arms.

PHILIP THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE very horses seem to ken
 The lowsin' time as weel as men,
 But Philip plies, doon i' the glen,
 His manly powers,
 Nor is content wi' nine or ten
 Lang weary hours.

And yet, though weary wicht he be,
 There's wealth o' wit in Philip's e'e;

And while his thochts flash owre the lea,
A brave wee laddie
Comes toddlin' fast sae fain to see
His kindly daddie.

Before him high on auld "Bell's" back
The happy wean his place maun tak' ;
And while o' "Bell" the mair they spak',
The mair she noddod,
And cocked her lugs to hear the crack,
And onward plodded.

Sae to the plew nae langer tied,
Baith men and horses hameward hied ;
"Joll" stared at slaps, "Bell" never shied
At buss or yett,
Till ance the stable door she spied,
Syne aff she set !

Weel trimmed and fed, stripped o' their reins,
Their brechams and their tracin' chains,
They tossed their tails and shook their manes,—
'Twas how they showed
Their gratitude for a' the pains
On them bestowed.

His bonny biggin, trig and clean,
His winsome, weel-faur'd wifie Jean,
His bairnies blithe, whause lauchin' een—
 Sae like their mither's—
Made Phil a happier man, I ween,
 Than mony ithers :

Phil's cheek as ruddy as a rowan,
Jean's sweeter than a bonny gowan ;
Fond hearts within their bosoms lowin',—
 Twa bairnies fair,
Seemed—Nature earnestly avowin'
 Her tenderest care !

The humble meal that labour brocht him
Cam' wi' the Lord's will, Phil bethocht him ;
And ready aye when trouble focht him
 To face the danger ;
Or when a care-crushed neibor socht him,
 He was nae stranger !

How blithely sped his e'enin' hours
Doon in his yard amang the flowers :

True wealth was there to woo his powers ;
 And carefu' diggin',
Wi' twa three genial mornin' showers,
 Micht stowe his biggin.

A faithfu' wife wi' bairnies cantie,
A hame sae fu' o' peace and plenty ;
An honest man, by Nature vantie,
 Yet free o' folly,
Revealed how God His blessin's sent aye,
 E'en to the lowly.

Whaur proud Ambition never gazed,
An independent throne he raised ;
Yet little kent, and seldom praised,
 King Philip reigned,
While fires o' joy within him blazed,
 Pure, unrestrained.

Dear Scotia ! in thy cherished howes
The laurel o' thy splendour grows,
And, though sma' grace the world allows
 To plewman chields,
The fairest wreath aboon thy brows
 Cam' frae the fields !

THE FAITHFUL HEIRESS.

WAE's me to be an heiress grand,
Wi' a the proud world at my feet,
While friendless in a distant land
The laddie roams I fain wad meet:
At hame sae puir, and lang and sair
He focht wi' unco few to shield him,
And though fu' bauld the world was cauld,
Nor scarce a kindly word wad yield him.

Sin' we were bairns my gallant lad
Has aye been kind and leal to me;
And ere a plack his lassie had,
He vowed that I his bride wad be.
I've left my hame, I've changed my name,
I've written mony a sang and story;
But wealth and rank I canna thank,—
My meed's my bread, gie them the glory!

My laddie's true though far awa',
And fortune now befriends him weel;
Yet better than our fortunes twa—
The love that keeps our bosoms leal.

O Jamie dear! ye'll soon be here,—
I lo'e ye as I lo'ed nae ither;
And joy and health, aboon our wealth,
Will bind our faithfu' hearts thegither.

PALMERSTON, PROGRESS, AND THE
PEOPLE.

(Written in 1862.)

'TwiXT Whig and Tory wha the line shall draw?
E'en though they seem to wage eternal war,
I wat there's scarce a hair atween the twa,
And sae we ken how sair befooled we are.

Yet there's the chief o' Whigdom's hopeless school—
Though broad-browed Fact wad blush to ca'
him sage—
Can strike, wi' force, blind braggarts o' misrule,
Wha fain wad swallow Britain in their rage.*

Still like a pilot stern, as poets say,
He bravely steers the guid bark "Britain"
through

* The Trent outrage.

Dark, doubtfu' waters, fearless come what may ;
But, Heaven be praised ! she has a *matchless*
crew.

Keen wisdom may, through many years to come,
Gaze and behold this wondrous pilot's fame
Dimmed by the great progressive work of some
Large-hearted Statesman, pure and free frae
blame :

Ane that micht say to ilka lowly brither,—
“ Thy labour truly is the nation's life ;
And gratefu' wealth nae mair thy worth shall
smother,
That man and maister may forget their strife.”

And sae we cry, Proud Palmerston, beware !
For if nae guidness through thy greatness flow,
The wings o' Time thy fame will cease to bear,
And *better men* we yet may live to know !

To bolster up imperfect, partial laws,
To scorn the people, and their power defy,
To hate Democracy's wide-spreading cause
Will raise a world o' Cromwells by and by !

And as the dawn comes clearer into view,
Mair equal laws shall meet the nation's will,
And British worth and power, by Britons true,
Owre a' the world will shed their glory still.

THE WEAVER POET.

(Written during the last illness of John Critchley Prince.)

"MERE bread" he lacks! it breaks our hearts
To think a starving fellow-creature
Looks in the world's once-smiling face,
And reads his fate in every feature!

Poor gifted Prince! is this the meed
For all his sweet melodious songs?
Is this the climax of a life
That to the poet's fate belongs?

The many years that he has striven
To better and to bless mankind;
The silent, sweet, long poet's hours
Their bitterness have left behind.

And while his midnight lamp grew dim,
He knew life's taper waned apace,
Yet from his path disdained to turn,
Though ruin stared him in the face!

And as the linnet warbles out
His lovely music in the glen,
He sang, amidst a world of ills,
Sweet songs to cheer his fellow-men.

'Twas Heaven that told him to be true,
And though his fate with fortune clashed,
Within the vale of labour long
His brilliant fire of genius flashed.

Ev'n he who sings of genial Prince,
And many a song has humbly breathed,
Awaits his *own reward*,—for this
The little gift to him bequeathed!

A crust of bread the poet craves!
Is pity from our bosoms driven?
Shall kindly Prince be chased from earth
To charge us with his death in heaven?

Where are the Statesmen whom he served ?
The Cotton-lords who knew his songs ?
He was their friend, even when he sang
Of Labour's rights involved with wrongs.

No friend, perchance, draws near him now,
Save one that he had seen before—
The Vision of his "Beggar Boy," *
Who perished at the rich man's door !

For *He* had seen the bard had sinned
Too long against himself on earth ;
But earth would lose and heaven would gain
A Prince of Nature's noblest birth !

TO ONE IN THE SILENT LAND

(*On visiting Burntisland, July 4, 1885.*)

O GENTLE Mother, looking down from heaven,
While here I wander o'er my native braes,
A stranger now, care-worn and labour-riven,—
Remembering still the joys of early days.

* Prince's beautiful poem, "The Beggar Boy."

Within yon lowly dwelling when a boy
I felt thy soul of kindness, knew thy heart,—
Its every pulse of sorrow or of joy
Thrilled through my being, as of thine a part.

When thou didst curb or guide my restless will,
By fair Rossend how blithe was I to stray ;
So here betimes I wander, thinking still
That thy pure spirit is not far away !

And I have not forgot thee, nor the words
That thou didst pour into my listening ear,—
Pure tender thoughts, like songs of woodland birds,
To make my boyhood's home for ever dear.

And sweetly as thy counsel cheered me on
To face the world, the better have I borne
Its worst ingratitude for *service done*,
Still, at the end, though poor, I may not mourn.

O gentle Mother ! there's a secret power
That tells me thou art looking kindly down ;
And I am happy,—even at this hour,
A stranger wandering through my native town.

THE "AULD MILL."

AULD Castle-Mills! that we a' lo'e sincerely ;
Auld Castle-Mills! at the wast o' the toon ;
Auld Castle-Mills! is forsooth mair than merely
A mill that's renowned by a puir poet loon.

Bless the "Auld Mill" that sae mony has shielded ;
Bless the "Auld Mill" that sae mony gies
bread ;

Bless the "Auld Biggin," lang years, that has yielded
Life - comforts to millions, — afar and wide-
spread.

Honour the "Auld Mill," and men wha can
guide it,

Honour the warkmen, and yet aboon a'
Honour the lasses, Gude bless them ! we've prided
Oursel's to befreend them whatever befa'.

Gladness and kindness for ever betide them,
Gladness and kindness, an auld-fashioned creed,
Gladness and guidness to cheer them and guide
them,

Whenever a puir fellow-creature's in need.

Peace and contentment when a' the wark's ended,
Peace and contentment unmingled wi' ill;
Peace and contentment, wi' guid wishes blended,
For a' the auld neibors we kent at the Mill.

Awa' frae the Mill, frae the world and its folly,
Awa' frae our freends and cronies sae fain,
Awa' to the Land that is sinless and holy,
To meet the lang-lost and be happy again.

Epitaphs! now-a-days, gin they be wanted,—
Epitaphs! seek them, they're still unco rife,—
Epitaphs,—find them 'mang flowers that we
planted
Along the roadside on our journey through life!





