

*Chas. Jones*

THE  
H U M O R I S T ;

CONTAINING

MARGRET AND THE MINISTER,

*THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE,*

AND

THE LOSS OF THE PACK.

---

“ Where humour, taste, and sense, display  
The various follies of the day.”

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IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION

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## MARGRET and the MINISTER.



A DOUSE, religious, kintry wife,  
That liv'd a quiet, contented life,  
To show respect unto the priest  
Wham she esteem'd within her breast,  
Catch'd *two fat hens*, baith big an' plump,  
An' *butter* she pack'd up a lump;  
Which she a present meant to gie him,  
An' wi' them aff she gaed to see him,  
Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,  
Wi' *brown stuff gown*, an' *braw white bussin*;  
*A dark blue clouk* an' *hood co'erd a'*.  
Sae lade, sae clad, she marched awa';  
Thus trudg'd alang—an' hence, belyve,  
At the manse door she did arrive—  
Rapp't—was admitted by the maid;  
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade—  
Syne for the Minister enquir'd,  
Who soon came but, as she desir'd;  
When she to him a *curtchie* made,  
An' he to her thus smiling said.

MINISTER.

“ O ! my dear Margret, is this you ;  
I'm glad to see you ; how d'ye do ?  
How's Tamos, my auld worthy frien' ?  
How's Jock, your son, an' daughter, Jean ? ”

MARGRET.

“ They're gaily, Sir, we're a' meat heal,  
Yet Tamie's e'en but craz'd an' frail ;  
But here's some butter, I present ye,  
Which, wi' thir hen's, I compliment ye.”

MINISTER.

“ Howt, Margret ! this speaks t' expence,  
But thanks ye'se get for recompence—  
Wi' greatfu' heart, I freely tell,  
Ye're ever kind, an' like yoursell.”

MARGRET.

“ Whisht, Sir ! wi' thanks ; nae thanks ava ;  
Ye're worthy mair ; the gift's but sma' ;  
But this acknowledgment here from us,  
Means ye're belov'd by me an' Tamos.”

MINISTER.

“ Sic favours sure I ne'er expected,  
Yet blyth am I, I'm sae respected :

Fling aff your clouk, an' follow me ;  
 Come ben, an' rest, an' crack awee :  
 'Tis no sae aft ye come to see us,  
 Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us :  
 A's ready, waiting on my comin' ;  
 Come ben, then Margret, honest woman."

## MARGRET.

" Na, na, Sir ! dinna speak 'o' that,  
 I'll tak' nae dinner, weel I wat :  
 Wi' gentle manners, (ye will grant it,)  
 I've ever yet been unacquaintit."

## MINISTER.

" The manners that ye use at hame  
 Use here, an' banish fear an' shame.  
 The company's but few, they're wholly  
 My Wife, a Preacher, Jess, and Polly :  
 Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,  
*Just do like me, ye'll no gae wrang."*

To dine, at length, she was advis'd ;  
 Gade glowrin' ben like ane surpris'd ;  
 Spread wide her gown, her head erecked ;  
 Confused and aukwardly she becked ;  
 While rev'rend Mess John, kind and fair,

Conducted her unto a chair ;  
An' tald them wi' a knacky sentence,  
She was an intimate acquaintance.

Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd ;  
But at the table was amaz'd :  
She ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,  
Sae mony antic tirlly-whirlies !—  
How to behave, when she was eating,  
In sic a nicey, gentle meeting,  
She had great fears.—Her heart was beating ;  
Her legs did shake—her face was sweating ;  
*But still she was resolv'd, anon,*  
*To do in a' things like Mess John.*

A' ready, sitting face to face,  
His Rev'rence, gravely, said the grace ;  
Then, wi' a frank an' open air,  
Bade them fa' on, an' lib'ral share.—  
But, he being wi' the palsy troubl'd,  
In lifting spoonfu's aften dribbl'd ;  
Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,  
He prin'd to's breast the table-cloth.  
Now Margret's settl'd resolution,  
Was quickly put in execution ;

For as was said already, she did  
 Resolve *to do whatever he did.*  
 She therefore, also, like the Priest,  
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,  
 (Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least ;)  
 Which smiles frae them at table drew,  
 As far's gude breeding wad allow.

Sae soon as they the kail had supped,  
 To glancin' knives an' forks they gripped ;  
 Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly ;  
 Ate—took a drink—an' cracket frien'ly.  
 But Margret only was a hearer,  
 She was sae blate, nought seem'd to cheer her.  
 Sae mony things appearing new,  
 Came ilka minute in her view,  
*And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dread,*  
*Cracking was clean out o' her head.*

In course, the Pastor, *her example,*  
 That brought her there to feed sae ample,  
 She notic'd twa or three times take  
 Out o' a dish *slaik after slaik*  
 O' Mustard ;—which she judged to be  
*Gravie, or some delicious brie.*

For Margret never did peruse it,  
 Ken'd na its name nor how to use it ;  
 But now determin'd to partake o't,  
 She wi' a tea-spoon took a slaik o't !  
*Hcedless, she supped up the whole !*  
 Then ! instantly she looked droll.

Dung doited in a moment's space,  
 She hung her head and threw her face !  
 Flung down her knife an' fork displeas'd,  
 Syne wi' baith hands her nose she seiz'd,  
 While it did bite an' blin' her een ;  
 The like o't, sure, was never seen :  
 For, startin' up as fast as able,  
*The haill gear tumbld off the table !*

The crash o' crock'ry ware resounded,  
 Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded !—  
 Straight, to the door, she frantic flew,  
 An' after her, Mess John she drew ;  
 Which drave the company a' throughither  
 As they were kippl'd baith thegither.  
 But, in a crack, the prins brak' loose,  
 An' Margret, ravin', left the house.



Hameward, in haste, she hobbl'd, sweating ;  
 Tell'd Tamos the *disaster*, greeting ;  
 Wrong baith her hands, an' solemn sware,  
 To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.

### THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
 Wha ken the benefit of wine ;  
 And you wha laughing, scud brown ale,  
 Leave jinks a wee and hear a tale.

An honest Miller dwell'd in Fife,  
 That had a young and wanton Wife,  
 Wha sometimes thol'd the parish Priest  
 To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast :  
 He paid right mony visits till her,  
 And to keep in with Hab the Miller,  
 He endeavour'd aft to make him happy,  
 Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.

Such condescention in a pastor,  
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster ;  
 And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
 Hab learn'd t' preach when he was fou.

Thus all the three were wond'rous pleas'd,  
 The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd,  
 Hab ground his corn, the Priest did cherish  
 Himsell with dining round the parish.  
 Bess, the goodwife, thought it nae skaith,  
 Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
 And Ceres gives the schools the play,  
 A youth sprung from a gentle *pater*,  
 Bred at St. Andrew's *alma mater*,  
 Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,  
 And him benighted by the gate:  
 To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him,  
 He coudna see his thumb before him;  
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
 Which led him by the lugs theretill.  
 To take the thread of tale alang,  
 This mill to Halbert did belang,  
 Nor less this note your notice claims,  
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now smiling muse, the prelude past,  
 Smoothly relate, a tale shall last  
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,  
 As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,  
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
 With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,  
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.  
 The scholar thought himself right sped,  
 And gave him thanks in terms well bred.  
 Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill  
 As yet ;—but stap ye wast the kill  
 A bow shot, and ye'll find my hame :  
 Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,  
 'Till I set aff the mill, syne we  
 Shall tak what Bessy has to gi'e."

James, in return, what's handsome said,  
 O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.  
 Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him till't as with a line :  
 Arriv'd, he knock'd,—for doors were steekit ;—  
 'Straight through a window Bessy keekit,  
 And cires, " Wha's that gie's fowk a fright  
 At sick untimous time of night ?"  
 James, with good humour, most discreetly,  
 Told her his circumstance completely.  
 " I dinna ken ye," quoth the Wife,  
 " And up and down the thieves are rife ;

Within my lane, I am but a woman,  
 Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man ;—  
 But since 'tis very like my dow,  
 That all ye're telling may be true,  
 Hae, there's a key, gang in your way,  
 At the neist door,—there's braw ait strae ;—  
 Streek down upon't my lad, and learn  
 They're no ill lodg'd wha get a barn."  
 Thus, after meikle clitter' clatter,  
 James fand he cou'dna mend the matter ;  
 And since it might na better be,  
 With resignation took the key,  
 Unlock'd the barn—clamb up the mou,  
 Where was an opening near the hou,  
 Throw which he saw a glint of light  
 That give diversion to his sight :  
 By this he quickly cou'd discern  
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,  
 And through this rive was in the wa',  
 All done within the house he saw :  
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gied credit to his-een)  
 The parish priest of rëverend fame  
 In active courtship with the dame—

To lengthen out description here,  
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,  
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,  
 Which we by satire strive to tame.

Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And James continuing still to glowr :

He saw the wife as fast as able,  
 Sprade a clean servite on the table,  
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle bring ben  
 A piping-het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome Miller gied a roar,  
 Cry'd, " Bessy, haste ye open the door !"—

With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And dern'd himsell behint a bed ;  
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,

That nought the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in,—but out of tune  
 Speer'd why he left the mill sac soon ;

" I come," said he, " as maners claims,  
 To wait and crack wi' Master James,

Which I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bissy ;  
I sent him here, goodwife, where is he ?”

“ Ye sent him here !” (quoth Bessy grumbling)

“ Kend I this James !—A chiel came rumbling,  
But how was I assur'd, when dark,  
That he had been nae thievish spark,  
Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,  
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?”

“ But what came of him ? speak nae langer,”  
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.

“ I sent him to the barn,” quoth she :

“ Gae quickly bring him in,” quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawked—  
The Priest stood close—the Miller cracked—  
Syne speer'd his sulky gloomy spouse,  
What supper she had in the house,  
That might be suitable to gi'e  
Ane o' their lodger's quality ?  
Quoth she, “ Ye may well ken, good-man,  
Your feast comes frae the parritch-pan :  
The stov'd or roasted we afford,  
Are aft great strangers on our board.”

“ Parritch,” quoth Hab, “ ye senseless tawpie !  
Think ye this Youth's a gilly-gawpy ;

Or that his gentle stamock's master  
 To woory up a pint of plaster,  
 Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,  
 Whase kytes can rax out like raw plaiding,  
 Swith, roast a hen, or fry some chickens,  
 And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's."  
 & Aye, aye," quoth she, " ye may weel ken,  
 'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben ;  
 Whan but last owk, nae farder gane,  
 The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guess  
 Of what was in the house as Bess,  
 With pawky smile this plea to end,  
 To please himsell, and ease his friend,  
 First open'd with a slee oration  
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.  
 Said he,—“ By this fell art I'm able  
 To whop aff any great man's table  
 Whate'er I like to make a mail o'  
 Either in part, or yet the hail o' ;  
 And, if ye please, I'll shaw my art.”—  
 Cries Halbert,—“ Faith, with a' my heart !”—  
 Bess fain'd hersell,—cry'd “ Lord, be here !”—  
 And near hand fell a swoon wi' fear.

James leugh,—and bade her naithing dread,  
 Syne to conjuring went with speed :  
 And first he drew a circle round,  
 Then utter'd mony a magic sound  
 Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,  
 Enough to fright a very witch :  
 That done, James says, “ Now, now, 'tis come,  
 And in the boal beside the lum :  
 Now set the board ; goodwife, gae ben,  
 Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.”  
 She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd ;  
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,  
 It smell'd sae weel, short time he sought it,  
 But, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it,  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,  
 Syne wi' a gentle touch he felt it,  
 Thus ilka sense he did convene,  
 Lest glamour had beguiled his een :  
 They all, in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.  
 “ Nae mair about it,” quoth the Miller,  
 “ The hen looks well, and we'll fa' till her.”  
 “ Sae be't,” says James ; and in a doup,  
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.



"Neist," O! cries Halbert, "cou'd your skill  
 But help us to a waught of ale,  
 I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 And offer to the deil my wife,  
 To see if he'll discreeter mak her,  
 But, O I'm fleed he winna tak her!"  
 Said James, "Ye offer very fair;  
 The bargain's hadden, say nae mair."

Then thrice James shook a willow-wand,  
 With kittle words thrice gave command;  
 That done with looks baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, "now ye'll get what ye wou'd have;  
 Twa bottles of as nappy liquor  
 As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor;  
 Ahint the ark that hads your meal,  
 Ye'll find twa standing eorket weel."  
 James said, syne fast the Miller flew,  
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;  
 Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Wha's magic gart him feed on roasted;  
 His father's neist,—syne a the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
 Grately o'er langsome at this time,  
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

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

“ O wow !” said Hab, “ if ane might speer,  
 Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer ?  
 Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',  
 We hardly think your learning lawfu'”.

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

Hab fig'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :

At last his courage wan the day,  
He to the scholar's will give way.

Bessy by this began to smell  
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell  
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
But meantime tipt young James a wink.  
James frae his eye an answer sent,  
Which made the wife right well content :  
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd :  
“ Whate'er you see be nought surpriz'd ;  
And for your saul, move not your tongue,  
But ready stand with a great rung ;  
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
Be sure to lend him a sound rout ;  
I bidna this by way of mocking,  
For nought delights him mair than knocking,”

Hab got a kent—stood by the hallan,  
And straight the wild mischievous Callan  
Cries, “ *Radamanthus Husky Mingo,  
Monk Horner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,  
Appear in likness of a Priest,  
No like a deil in shape of beast,  
With gaping chafsts to fleg us a'  
Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'.*”

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
 The Priest approach'd, right well content ;  
 With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
 'Till he was drawing near the door ;  
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,  
 But was not miss'd by the goodman,  
 Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,  
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder,  
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight ;  
 Ben flew the Miller in a fright ;  
 " *I trow,*" quoth he, " *I laid well on ;*  
*But now he's like our ain Mess John !*"

### THE LOSS O' THE PACK.

'BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pring,  
 Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.  
 Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing  
 In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this hair scoury coat,  
 Was ance a *Packman*, wordy mony a groat ;

I've carried packs as big's your meikle table ;  
 I've scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable :  
 Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance tea'en,  
 And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye ! thae were days indeed, that gart me hope,  
 Aeblyns, thro' time, to warsle up a shop ;  
 And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,  
 I kend my *Kate* wad grapple at me then.  
 O *Kate* was past compare ! sic cheeks ! sic een !  
 Sic smiling looks ! were never, never seen.  
 Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,  
 Pleadet to have the bridal-day but set :  
 Stappet her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,  
 And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three kisses.  
 Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,  
 And aften kindly in my lug wad say,  
 " Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,  
 We'll marry than, and syne set up a shop."

O Sir, but lasses words are saft and fair !  
 They sooth our griefs, and banish ilka care :  
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es ?  
 Alover true, minds *this* in a' he does.

Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,  
 And that I cou'dna get her to relent,  
 There was nought left, but quietly to resign,  
*To heese my pack for ae lang hard campaign;*  
 And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,  
 I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weat.

Cauld now the Winter blew, and deep the snaw  
 For three hale days, incessantly did fa'.  
 Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,  
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the lift  
 I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,  
 Maist dead wi' *hunger, cauld, and fright and toil*  
 Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,  
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair  
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,  
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth.  
*Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,*  
*But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew.*

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some  
 I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!  
 Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul o'er cast,  
 Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;

For ay the mair I warsl'd roun' and roun',  
 I fand my sel' ay stick the deeper down;  
 Till ance at length, wi' ae prodigious pull,  
 I drew my poor cauld carcass frae the hole.

Lang, lang, I sought and graped for my pack,  
 Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.  
 For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,  
 Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town :  
 There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate  
 A sad account of a' my luckless fate ;  
 But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,  
 Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair ;  
 Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a twomond's date  
 To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think  
 That love wad soon be lost for fa't o' *clink*.  
 The loss of fair won wealth, though hard to bear,  
 Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.  
 I trusted time wad bring things round again,  
 And Kate, dear Kate ! wad then be a' mine ain :  
 Consol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,  
 But, O ! *what sad reverse ! how thunderstruck !*

Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my  
 brither,  
 That *Kate was cried, and married on anither!*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,  
 At ance, had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;  
 Or, tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',  
 Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa'.  
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,  
 And grat—and sabbing cried—*O Kate! O Kate!*

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,  
 But drank and ran headformost to the deel.  
 My siller vanish'd; far frae hame I pin'd;  
 But Kate forever ran across my mind.  
 In her were a' my hopes,—*these hopes were vain,*  
 And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, President, that gort me start,  
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,  
 To gie my vote, frae *sad experience*, here  
 That *disappointed love is war to bear*  
 Ten thousand times, than loss of world's gear.

FINIS.