

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

22

OR,
THE HISTORY

o'
Will and Jean:

OWRE TRUE A TALE!

AND THE
WAES O' WAR;

OR,
THE UPSHOT

o' THE
HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN,
IN FOUR PARTS.

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BY HECTOR MACNEIL, ESQ.  
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A Y R :

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# WILL AND JEAN.

OWRE TRUE A TALE.

WHa was auce like *Willie Gairlace*,  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will cou'd rin' or wrastle;  
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?  
Hap what wou'd, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war.

Warni his heart, and mild as manfu',  
Wi' the bauld he bauld cou'd be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu',  
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw *Jeanie Miller*,  
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—  
'Thousands had mair brows and siller,  
But were ony hauf sac fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,  
Glinting owre *Demait's*\* brow:  
Sweet wi' opening charms, adorning  
*Streelins* † lovely plain below!

\* One of the Ochil Hills, near Stirling.—Galic,  
Du n-ma-chit.' The hill of the good prospect.—It  
is pronounced 'De-myt.'

† The ancient name of Stirling.

Kind and gentle was her nature ;  
 At ilk place she bare the bell ;  
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !  
 But her *look* nae tongue can tell !

Sic was *Jean*, when *Will* first mawing,  
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;  
 Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing,  
 Kep'd her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,  
 Cross the meadow, fragrant green ;  
 Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,  
 Watching, sad, her opening een.

Sic was *Will*, whan poor *Jean* fainting  
 Drapt into a lover's arms ;  
 Waken'd to his sad lamenting ;  
 Sigh'd and blush'd a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd and soon were buckl'd ;  
 Nane took time to think and rue.—  
 Youth, and worth, and beauty, cuppl'd ;  
 Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' cauty,  
 Jean and Will thought them but *ane* ;  
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure ;  
 Jean the hail day span and sang ;  
 Will and weans her constant treasure,  
 Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.:

Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye  
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!—  
 But at this time *News* and *Whisky*  
 Sprang-nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,  
 Hame returning frae the fair,  
 Ow'r-took *Tam*, a neebor billie,  
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair:

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;  
 Caimly smil'd the sober e'en;  
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry  
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
 Canty *hairst* was just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and *Tam*, wi' hearts a' loupin',  
 Mark'd the hale but cou'dna' bide;  
 Far frae hame nae time for stoppin';  
 Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm an' drouthy,  
 Cracking owre the news in town;  
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth  
 Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

FORTUNE, wha but seldom listens  
 To poor Merit's modest pray'r,  
 And on fool's heaps needless blessin's,  
 Harken'd to our drouthy pair,

In a howm, wha's bonny burnie  
Whimperin' row'd its crystal flood,  
Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,  
Neat and bield a cot-house stood.

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
Widow-boards just painted red ;  
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
Haffins seen and haffins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',  
Crap the clasping ivy green :  
Back owre firs, the high craigs cleedin',  
Rais'd a' round a cozey screen ;

Down below, a flowery meadow  
Join'd the burnie's rambling line ;—  
Here it was, that *Howe, the widow,*  
This sam day, set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees  
PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,  
Painted bright between twa trees.

“Gudesake! Tam, here's walth for drinkin' ;  
“Wha can this new-comer be?”  
“Hoot! (quo' Tam), there's drouth in thinkin'  
“Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.”

Nae mair time they took to speak, or  
Think o' ought but reaming jugs ;  
Till three times in humming liquor  
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd nōw, refresh'd, and talking,  
 In cam Meg, (weel skill'd to please),  
 "Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;  
 "Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks, (quo' Will); I canna' tarry,  
 "Pick-mirk night is setting in,  
 "Jean, poor thing's! her lane and eery—  
 "I maun to the road and rin."

"Hoot! (quo' Tam) what's a' the hurry?  
 "Hame's now scarce a mile o' gait—  
 "Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie;  
 "Lord! I'm sure its no sae late!"

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,  
 Baith fell to and ate their fill—  
 "Tam! (quo' Will) in mere discretion  
 "We maun ha'e the *widow's gill*."

After ae gill cam anither—  
 Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,  
 Bang! cam in *Māt Smith* and's brither,  
*Geordie Brown* and *Sandie Shaw*.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,  
 Now sat down wi' double glee,  
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—  
 Will gat hame 'tween *twa* and *three*.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been grectin';  
 Will, neist mornin', blam'd *Tam Lowes*,  
 Bat ere lang an owkly meetin'  
 Was set up at *Maggie Howe's*.

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Maist things hae a sma' beginnin'  
But wha kens how things will end?  
*Owkly* clubs are nae great sinnin',  
Gin fook hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinkin'  
E'er will say that things can thrive,  
If there's spent in ougly drinkin'  
What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun ay hae *conversation*,  
Ilka social soul allows;  
But in this *reformin nation*,  
Wha can speak without the NEWS?

*News*, first meant for state physicians,  
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;  
*Now when a' are politicians*,  
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha cou'd get nae light  
On some things that shou'd be clear,  
Fand ere lang the fau't, and ae night  
Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER\*.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
Swith! by post the papers fled!  
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,  
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,——  
“*Things are no gaun right, (quo' Tam)*;

\* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4; the publication of which has been discontinued some years back.

" *Let us aftner meet thegither ;*  
 " *Twice a owk's no worth a d—n.*"

See them now in grave *Convention*,  
 To mak a' things *square and even* ;  
 Or at least wi' firm intention  
 To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Midst this sitting up and drinking,  
 Gathering a' the news that fell ;  
 Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,  
 Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand *Drink's* deadly poison  
 Bare ilk firm resolve awa' ;  
 On the ither, *Jean's* condition  
 Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow !  
 Weel he saw her bleeching cheek !  
 Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow,  
 Whan poor thing ! she cou'd na speak !

Jean, at first, took little heed o'  
*Owkly* clubs 'mang three or four,  
 Thought, kind soul, that Will had need o'  
 Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that *nightly* meetings  
 Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;  
 Whan she fand that hard-earn'd gettings  
 Now on drink ware thrown awa' ;

Saw her *Will*, wha ance sae cheerie  
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,



Now grown mauchless, douf, and sweer aye;  
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
Healthy bloom, and sprightly e'e;  
And o' luv and hame grown wearit,  
Nightly frae his family flee;

Wha cou'd blame her heart's complaining?  
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?  
Or the tears that new ilk e'ening  
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had rued and swither'd,  
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)  
Mark'd the roses as they wither'd  
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Mark'd,—and felt wi' inward rackin'  
A' the wyte lay on himsel',—  
Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin',  
D—n'd the *Club* and *News* to h—!

But, alas! when *habit's rooted*,  
Few hae pith the root to pu';  
Will's resolves ware aye nonsuited,  
*Promis'd* aye, but aye gat fou;

Aye, at first, at the convening,  
Moraliz'd on what was right,—  
Yet on clavers entertaining  
Doz'd and drank till broad day-light.

Things at length grew near an ending,  
Cash rins out; Jean, quite unhappy,

Sees that Will is now past mending,  
 Tynes a heart and taks a—*drappy!*

Ilka drink deserves a posey,  
*Port* maks men rude, *Claret* civil;  
*Beer* maks Britons stout and rosy,  
 WHISKY maks ilk wife—a devil.

*Jean*, wha lately bare affliction  
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
 School'd by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

*Jean*, sae late the tenderest mither,  
 Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean!  
 Now, heart-harden'd a' the gither,  
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

*Jean*, wha vogie, loo'd to busk ay  
 In her hamespun thrifty wark,  
 Now sells a' her braws for Whisky,  
 To her last gown, coat, and sark.

*Robin Burns*, in mony a ditty,  
 Loudly sings in Whisky's praise;  
 Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity  
 E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in Hell's black Pandemonia,  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

“ Wha was ance like *Willie Gairlacc,*  
 Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm!

When he first saw *Jeanie-Miller,*  
 Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?  
 Thousands had mair brows and siller,  
 But ware ony hauf sac fair?”

See them now, how chang'd wi' *drinking!*  
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—  
 Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and bliinking,  
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,  
 (*Claise, and cash, and credit out*)  
 Cow'ring owre a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout;

Bond and bill, and debts a stoppit,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,  
 Now to pay the laird his rent:

No anither night to lodge here,  
 No a friend their cause to plead,  
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She wi' weans to beg her bread.

“ O' a' the ills poor *Caledonia*  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in *Heli's black Pandemonia,*  
 WHISKY'S ill will skaith her waist.”

THE  
WAES O' WAR ;

OR,

THE UPSHOT

O' THE

HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

INCORPORATED WITH

PART I.

OH ! that folk wad weel consider  
What it is to tyne a—NAME,  
What this world a' thegither,  
If bereft o' honest fame ?

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour ;  
Hardships ne'er breed sorrows smart,  
If bright CONSCIENCE taks upon her  
To shed sunshine round the heart.

But wi' a' that walth can borrow,  
Guilty shame will aye look down ;  
What maun then *shame, want, and sorrow,*  
Wandering sad frae town to town

JEANIE MILLER, ance sae cheerie !  
Auce sae happy, good and fair,  
Left by WILL, neist morning dreary—  
Taks the road o' black despair !

Cauld the blast!—thé day was sieeting;  
 Pouch and purse without a plack!  
 In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,  
 And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!  
 Ance sae sonsy, ance sae sweet,  
 What a change,—unhous'd and beggar'd,  
 Starving, without claise or meat.

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,  
 Skulking like a guilty thief;  
 Here and there, uncertain, daunder'd,  
 Stupified wi' shame and grief.

But soon shame for bygane errors  
 Fled owre fast for e'e to trace,  
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,  
 Cam owre ilk sweet bairnie's face.

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,  
 Baith down drapt, and down Jean sat,  
 "Daiz'd and doited" now nae langer,  
 Thought—and *felt*—and, bursting, grat.

Gloaming fast, wi' mirky shadow,  
 Crap owre distant hill and plain;  
 Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,  
 Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain.

Round and round, in wild distraction,  
 Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!  
 Round and round, for some protection!—  
 Face nor house she cou'd na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night ay ;  
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud !  
 Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie  
 Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;  
 Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair ;  
 HOPE, for ae bright moment, darted  
 Through the gloom o' dark despair.

Fast owre fallow'd lea she brattled ;  
 Deep she wade through bog and burn ;  
 Sair wi' steep and craig she hrattled,  
 Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes of simple nature,  
 Stately auld, a mansion stood  
 On a bank, wha's sylvan feature  
 Smil'd out-owre the roaring flood.

Simmer here, in varied beauty  
 Late her flowery mantle spread ;  
 Whar auld chesnut, aik, and yew-tree,  
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now, wi' Winter's ravage ;  
 A' their gaudy livery cast ;  
 Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
 Sugh and howl to ilka blast.

Darkness stalk'd wi' *Fancy's* terror ;—  
 Mountain's mov'd, and castles rock'd,  
 JEAN, hauf dead wi' toil and horror,  
 Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

“Wha this rudely wakes the sleeping?”

Cried a voice wi’ angry grane;

‘Help, oh help! (quo’ Jeanie, weeping,)

‘Help my infants, or they’re gane.

‘Nipt wi’ cauld,—wi’ hunger fainting,

‘Baith lie speechless on the lea;

· Help, (quo’ Jeanie, loud lamenting,)

‘Help my lammies, or they’ll die.’

“Wha’s this travels cauld and hungry,

Wi’ young bairns sae late at e’en,

*Beggars!* (cried the voice, mair angry,)

*Beggars, wi’ their brats, I ween.”*

*Beggars now, alas, wha lately—*

‘Helpt the beggar and the poor’—

“Fy, gudeman, (cried ane, discreetly,)

Taunt nae poortith at our door.”—

“Sic a night and tale thegither.

Plead for mair than anger’s din:

Rise, Jock, (cried the pitying mither,)

Rise, and let the wretched in.”

‘Beggar *now*, alas wha lately

‘Helpt the beggar and the poor:’—

“Enter, (quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,

While up flew the open door.)

Beggar, or what else, sad mourner,

Enter without fear or dread;

Here, thank God, there’s aye a corner

To defend the houseless head.

For your bairnies cease repining;  
 If in life, you'll see them soon."—  
 Aff he flew; and brightly shining  
 Thro' the dark clouds brak the moon.

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PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,  
 Leave we JEAN and weans a while,  
 Tracing WILL in ilk direction,  
 Far frae Britain's fostering isle.  
 Far frae scenes o' saftening pleasure,  
 Love's delights, and Beauty's charms,  
 Far frae Friendship's social leisure,  
 Plung'd in murdering War's alarms.  
 Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,  
 Or Ambition's feverish brain,  
 That sae aft wi' melancholy  
 Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?  
 Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,  
 (Emblems o' thy spotless life,)  
 And in War's grim look alarmin',  
 Arms thee wi' the murd'rer's knife?  
 A' thy gentle mind unharrows,  
 Hate, Revenge, and Rage uprears,  
 And for Hope and Joy—twin marrows,  
 Leaves the mourner drown'd in tears?  
 WILLIE GAIRLACE, without siller,  
 Credit, claise, or ought beside,  
 Leaves his ance loo'd JEANIE MILLER,  
 And sweet bairns, to warld wide.



Leaves his native cozy dwellin',  
 Shelter'd haughs and birken braes ;  
 Greenswaird howes, and dainty mealin',  
 Ance his profit, pride, and praise.  
 Deck't wi' scarlet, sword, and muskèt,  
 Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain ;  
 Flèetch'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,  
 Wow, but Will was wonderous fain.  
 Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,  
 How cou'd *Thought* her station keep ?  
*Drams and drumming*, (faes to thinking)  
 Doz'd reflection fast asleep.

But whan slipt to toils and dangers,  
 Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,  
 Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,  
 Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to *Battle's* blood-dy'd banners,  
 Waving to the widow's mean,  
 Will saw *GLORY's* boasted honours  
 End in *Life's* expiring groan.

Round *VALENCIENNES's* strong-wa'd city,  
 Thick owre *DUNKIRK's* fatal plain,  
 Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity  
 Briton's valiant sons lie slain.

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,  
*GALLIA* strak Death's slaughtering knell ;  
 Frae the *Scheld* to *Rhine's* deep river,  
 Briton's fought—but Briton's fell !

Fell unaided, though cemented  
 By the faith o' Friendship's laws ;  
 Fell unpity'd—unlamented,  
 Bluiding in a thankless cause.\*

\* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

In a thrang o' comrades dying,  
 Fighting foremost o' them a';  
 Swith, Fates wing'd ball cam fleeing,  
 And took Willie's leg in twa.  
 Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
 Thrice, to stand, he strave in vain;  
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
 Sigh'd—and sank, 'mang heaps o' slain.—  
 Battle fast on battle raging,  
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';  
 Day by day, fresh faes engaging,  
 Forc'd the weary back to fa'.  
 Driv'n at last frae post to pillar,  
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;  
 Trick'd by knaves, wha *pouch'd our siller*||,  
 What cou'd worn-out valour do.  
 Myraids, dark like gathering thunder,  
 Bursting, spread owre land and sea;  
 Left alane, alas nae wonder;  
*Britain's* sons were forc'd to flee.  
 Cross the WAAL and YSSEL frozen,  
 Deep thro' bogs and drifted snaw;  
 Wounded—weak—and spent, our chosen  
 Gallant men now faint and fa'.  
 On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,  
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;  
 Without cover, bed or bedding,  
 Five lang nights WILL GAIRAACE lay.  
 In a sick house, damp and narrow,  
 (Left behint wi' hundreds mair)  
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,  
 Wasting on a bed o' care.  
 Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
 || Prussian fidelity.

Doctors cur'd wi' healing art ;  
 Cur'd—alas,—but never—never,  
 Cool'd the fever at his heart.  
 For when a' ware sound and sleeping,  
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
 Mourning owre his happless fate.  
 A' his gowden prospects vanished,—  
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame,  
 A' his glittering phantoms vanish'd,  
 Will cou'd think o' nought but—HAME.  
 Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
 Rural labour—rural ploys,  
 Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,  
 WAR, and a' its murdering joys.

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### PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden  
 WILL's return'd (exchang'd for faes),  
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,  
 Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.  
 Lang thro' country, burgh, and city,  
 Crippling on a wooden leg,  
 Gathering alms frae melting pity ;  
 See poor Gairlace forc'd to—beg.  
 Plac'd at length on CHELSEA's bounty,  
 Now no langer beg thinks shame,  
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty,—  
 Dreams o' *former joys, and hame!*  
 Hame, and a' its fond attractions  
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee ;  
 While the thoughts o' dear connections  
 Swell his heart, and blind his e'e.—

" Monster, wha could leave neglected  
 Three sma' infants and a wife,  
 Naked—starving—unprotected,—  
 Them, too, dearer ance than life.  
 Villain, wha wi' graceless folly  
 Ruin'd her he ought to save,  
 Chang'd her joy to melancholy,  
 Begg'ry, and—perhaps, a grave."  
 Starting—wi' remorse distractéd,—  
 Crush'd wi' Grief's increasing load,  
 Up he bang'd; and sair afflicted,  
 Sad and silent, took the road.  
 Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,  
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;  
 On a cart, or in a waggon,  
 Hirpling ay towards the North.  
 Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,  
 Pondering on his thiraward fate,  
 In the bonny month o' July,  
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.  
 Saft the southlan breeze was blawing,  
 Sweetly sigh'd the green aik wood,  
 Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
 Strak the ear wi' thundering thud:  
 Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting,  
 Linties sang on ilka tree:  
 Frae the wast the sun, near setting,  
 Flam'd on ROSLIN'S towers † sae hie:  
 Roslin towers, and braes sae bonny;  
 Craigs and water, woods and glen:  
 Roslin's banks, unpeer'd by ony  
 Save the Muse's HAWTHORNDEN. ‡

† Roslin Castle.

‡ The ancient seat of the celebrated William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

Ilka sound and charm delighting;  
 Will (though hardly fit to gang)  
 Wander'd on through scenes inviting,  
 List'ning to the mavis' sang.  
 Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
 On a fragrant strawberry steep,  
 Esk's sweet streams to rest composing,  
 Wearied Nature drapt asleep.  
 "Soldier, rise,—the dews o' e'ening  
 Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith,—  
 Wounded soldier, if complaining,  
 Sleep nae here and catch your death.  
 Traveller, waken,—night advancing  
 Cleads wi' grey the neeboring hill,—  
 Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—  
 A' the woods are mute and still."  
 'What hae I, (cried Willie, waking.)  
 What hae I frae night to dree?  
 Mora, through clouds in splendour breaking,  
 Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!  
 House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding,  
 WIFE nor BAIRNS hae I to see!  
 House nor hame!—nor bed nor bedding,—  
 What hae I frae night to dree?"  
 "Fair, alas! and sad and many  
 Are the ills poor mortals share,—  
 Yet, tho' hame nor bed ye hae nae,  
 Yield nae, soldier, to *Dispair!*  
 What's this life, sae wao and wearie,  
 If Hope's bright'ning beams should fail?  
 See!—tho' night comes dark and earie,  
 Yon sma' cot-light cheers the dale!  
 There, tho' Walth and Waste ne'er riot,  
 Humbler joys their comforts shed,

Labour—health—content, and quiet!  
 Mourner! here ye' se get a bed.  
 WIFE! 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,  
*Here*, alas! ye needna seek—  
 Yet here bairns, ilk care beguiling,  
 Paint-wi' smiles a mither's cheek!  
 A' her earthly pride and pleasure  
 Left to cheer her widow'd lot,  
 A' her war'dly walth and treasure  
 To adorn her lanely cot.  
 Cheer, then, soldier—m'idst affliction;  
 Bright'ning joys will aften shine;  
 Virtue ay claims Heaven's protection  
 Trust to PROVIDENCE divine."

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 PART IV.

SWEET as *Rosebank's*\* woods and river,  
 Cool whan Simmer's sunbeams dart;  
 Cam ilk word, and cool'd the fever  
 That lang brunt at Willie's heart.  
 Silent stept he on, poor fallow!  
 Listening to his guide before,  
 Owre green knowe, and flowery hallow,  
 Tiil they reach'd the cot-house door.  
 Laigh it was; yet sweet, tho' humble!  
 Deck't wi' hinnysuckle round:  
 Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,  
 Deep glens murmuring back the sound.  
 MELVILLE's towers, || sae white and stately,  
 Dim by gloamin glint to view;  
 Thro' LASSWADE's dark woods keek sweetly;  
 Skies sae red! and lift sae blue!

\* The Author's place of nativity.

|| Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable  
 Henry Dundas, now Lord Viscount Melville.

Entering now, in transports mingle  
 Mither fond, and happy wean,  
 Smiling round a canty ingle,  
 Bleazing on a clean hearth-stane,  
 " Soldier, welcome!—come,---be cheery,---  
 Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed---  
 Faint—waes me! ye seem, and weary,  
 Pale's your check, sae lately red!"  
 ' Chang'd I am (sign'd Willie till her;)  
 Chang'd nae doubt, as chang'd can be!  
 Yet, alas! does JEANIE MILLER  
 Nought o' WILLIE GAIRLACE see?  
 Hae ye mark't the dews o' morning,  
 Glittering in the sunny ray,  
 Quickly fa' whan without warning  
 Rough blasts cam, and sheok the spray.  
 Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing  
 Drap, whan pierc'd by death mair fleet?  
 Then, see Jean, wi' colour dieing  
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet!  
 After three lang years affliction  
 (A' their waes now hush'd to rest),  
 Jean, ance mair, in fond affection,  
 Clasps her Willie to her breast.  
 Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!  
 How she wander'd, starving poor,  
 Gleaning Pity's scanting offerings  
 Wi' three bairns frae door to door!  
 How she serv'd, and toil'd, and fever'd;  
 Lost her health, and syne her bread;  
 How that grief, when scarce recover'd,  
 Took her brain, and turn'd her head!  
 How she wander'd round the county  
 Mony a live-lang night her lane!

Till at last an angel's bounty  
 Brought her senses back again ;  
 Gae her meat, and claise, and siller ;  
 Gae her bairnies wark and lear ;  
 Lastly, gae this cot-house to her,  
 Wi' *Four Sterling Pounds a-year!*  
 Willie, harkening, wip'd his een aye ;  
 " Oh ! what sins hae I to rue,  
 But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie ?"  
 ' Wha, (quo' Jeanie,) but **BUCCLEUGH** ! †  
 ' Here supported, cheer'd and cherish'd,  
 Nine blest months ! I've liv'd and mair ;  
 See these infants clad, and nourish'd,  
 Dried my tears, and taint despair ;  
 Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,  
 Light the lanesome hours gae round ;  
 Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning  
 Brings yon angel's helping **POUND** !  
 " *Eight pounds mair, (cried Willy, kindly),*  
 Eight pounds mair will do nae harm !  
 And, O Jean, gin some ware friendly,  
 Eight pounds soon might *stock a farm.*  
 There, ance mair, to thrive by **PLEWIN** ;  
 Freed frae a' that *Peace* destroys,  
*Idle Waste, and drunken Ruin!*  
**WAR**, and a' its murdering joys !"  
 Thrice he kiss'd his lang-lost treasure !  
 Thrice ilk bairn, but cou'd na speak:  
 Tears o' **LOVE**, and **HOPE**, and **PLEASURE**,  
 Stream'd in silence down his cheek !

† The Dutchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor