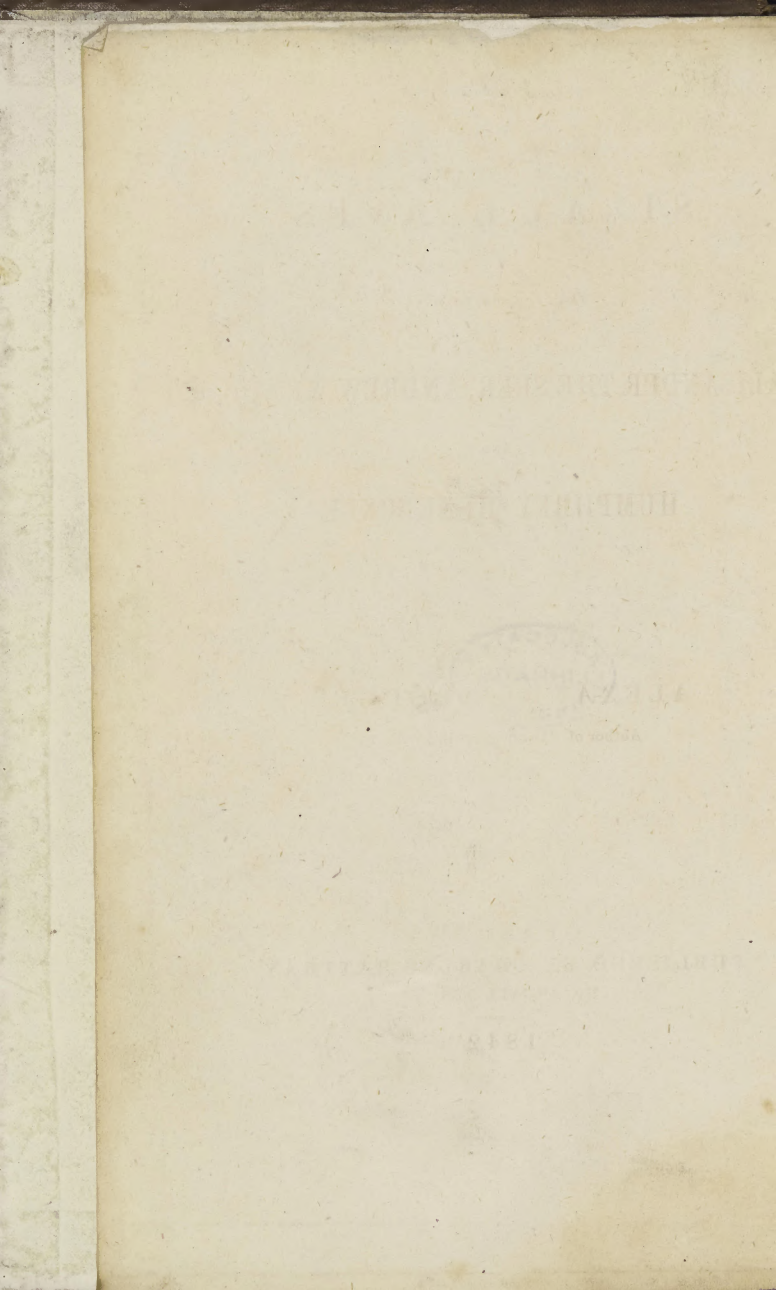
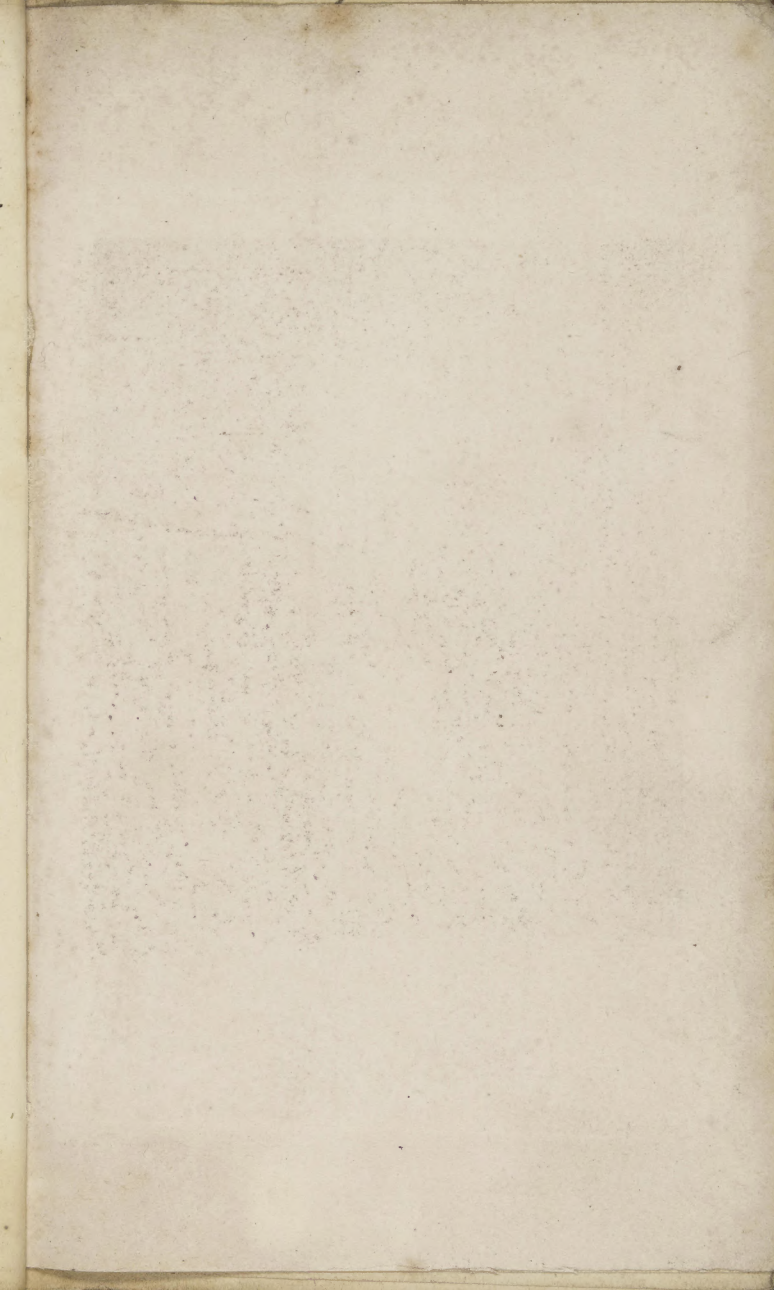
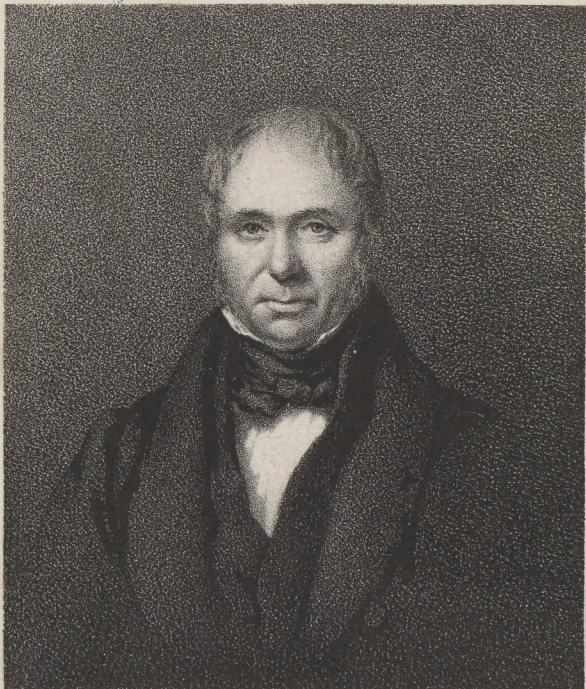


T. 15. 6.









D. James, Finc^o

Ma^riner & Co^o Sold^r 1. 25

Alex^r Rodger.

STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE PORTFOLIOS OF

ALISANDER THE SEER, ANDREW WHAUP,

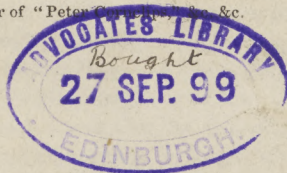
AND

HUMPHREY HENKECKLE.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER RODGER,

Author of "Peter's Grammar, &c."



GLASGOW:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES RATTRAY,

270, ARGYLL STREET.

1842.

S. AND T. DUXN AND CO., PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

P R E F A C E.

A NUMBER of the friends and admirers of ALEXANDER RODGER, considering that a great many of his pieces, which had been sent into the world from time to time under quaint signatures, and in various periodical publications, ran a great chance of being entirely lost, formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of having these pieces collected, and put into a proper shape, so that they might be preserved, and handed down to posterity. After a deal of trouble in searching out these *fugitives*, the Committee are now glad that their labours have been brought to a successful termination by the publication of these "STRAY LEAVES," which, in all probability, would have been entirely lost, had such a plan not been pursued.

Another reason which led the Committee to the step taken was, that having themselves been long delighted with the productions of Mr RODGER'S muse, they considered it but due to him to give the public an opportunity of showing that the "labourer is worthy of his hire."

The Committee, therefore, determined to take on themselves the risk of the publication,—the profits, which they hope his admirers will make respectable, being destined for Mr RODGER'S benefit.

The reader will observe that this volume is of a miscellaneous character. Consequently, it is hoped that persons of various tastes and inclinations will find something to amuse, gratify, and perhaps even instruct them, in an hour of relaxation from the toils and cares of the world. With these feelings and sentiments, the Committee launch this little barque upon the ocean of public opinion; and their fervent wish is, that it may be favoured with the gentle gales of a prosperous fortune.

To add still further to the interest of the work, the Committee have strung together a few of the "Stray Leaves" of Mr RODGER'S history, in the following "BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE."

April, 1842.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

THE life of ALEXANDER RODGER—like most persons who have to earn a subsistence for themselves and families—is no way replete with incidents either marvellous or extraordinary. Yet his name is one which has excited no small attention. His poetry has gained for it honours which will descend to posterity; and as there is a natural desire to learn something of the history of individuals whose works have afforded us amusement and pleasure, the following narrative of the life of the Author of these “STRAY LEAVES” will, we trust, be neither uninteresting nor inappropriate:—

ALEXANDER RODGER—the subject of this Memoir—was born on the 16th July, 1784, at the village of East-Calder, in the county of Mid-Lothian. At the time of his birth, his father and grandfather—both named Alexander—occupied the farm of Hags, near the small village of Dal-mahoy. The young bard was weaned at the age of six months, in consequence of the illness of his mother, from whom he was taken and consigned to the charge of two maiden sisters, of the name of Loni, with whom he re-

mained till he attained the age of seven years. His father now took his son home to his own house—an inn which he had lately opened in the village of Mid-Calder. Here he was put to school, at which he remained till the father removed to Edinburgh, after which Alexander was apprenticed to a silversmith, of the name of Mathie. The affairs of his father having become embarrassed, he left Scotland for Hamburgh, and afterwards sent for his wife and family. His mother's friends, however, objected to their little favourite being carried out of the country; so getting him into their possession, he was secretly conveyed to Glasgow. At thirteen years of age, Alexander was apprenticed to his step-father, Mr James Dunn, an intelligent and respectable weaver, residing at the Drygate Toll. Alexander was kindly treated by his step-father, of whom he still speaks with sincere respect.

In 1803-4, our Poet, animated with the patriotic feeling of the time when invasion from France was the all-engrossing topic, enlisted, with many of his youthful companions, into the "Glasgow Highland Volunteers," in which corps he remained till its disbandment, five years afterwards. A new regiment being formed, called the "Glasgow Highland Locals," Alexander joined it, and served for other four years.

The regiment was principally composed of Highlanders; and we suspect that among them the Poet first imbibed that satirical humour in which he has since so often indulged when portraying Highland character or habits. We have been enabled to rescue from oblivion a squib, satirising a custom then too much in vogue among his Celtic brethren:—

The greatest sumphs in a' our *core*
 Are sure to be promoted,
 While men of mettle are passed o'er,
 And scarcely ever noted.

This truth may seem a paradox,
But mark ye how I'll clear it,
Promotions amang Highland folks
Gang mair by *Mac* than merit.

The following is another, written about the same time :—

Though she'll pe coudna read nor write,
Will no pe meikle harm in't;
She'll kiss her Honour's Clory's *toup*
To get wee bit preferment.

The first attempts which the Bard made at writing verses were during his residence with his step-father at the Dry-gate Toll. These consisted of pieces of a satirical description, the subjects of them being individuals in the neighbourhood; and so true were they in their colouring, and so graphic in their delineation, that the likenesses were in no case mistaken. About this time, (1804,) some individual had written a piece of wretched doggerel, which was posted on the toll bar. From its being well known that he was given to scribbling, the piece was attributed to Rodger, which so much annoyed him that he consigned all his productions to the flames, and determined to rhyme no more. This resolution he kept for more than ten years, when having again begun to court the muse, he produced, as his first offering, "The Sooty Rabble." He thereafter continued to bring forward pieces as occasion offered, and contributed not only to the local press, but also to some of the most noted London Radical periodicals, such as the "Black Dwarf." As among his friends his productions were eagerly sought after, manuscript copies were widely disseminated; and the applause with which they were greeted encouraged him to perseverance as a satirist.

In 1806, the Poet married Agnes Turner, the daughter of a respectable weaver, residing in the same neigh-

bourhood. On marrying, he removed to the adjoining village of Bridgeton, where he continued to ply the shuttle, and make poetry. Being an expert twister, he was subsequently for some time almost solely engaged in that occupation, from which he frequently realised from seven to nine shillings a-day. Being musically inclined, the Bard now devoted his attention to the study of music, and succeeded so well, that in 1807, he was able to open classes for instruction in that art, which assisted him materially in rearing his now rapidly increasing family in a respectable manner.

The incidents in the Poet's career, up to 1819, are only those common to domestic life; but in that year, when Radicalism had made rapid progress in Scotland, and particularly in Glasgow, a person of the name of Gilbert M'Leod commenced a weekly paper, called "The Spirit of the Union." Rodger having contributed to this one or two political squibs, such as "The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre," he was taken into that establishment by M'Leod, who saw that his talent could be made available in the progress of the publication. His continuance there, however, was destined to be very short. He entered the office at the 5th Number of the Work, and the last Number of it which was published was the 10th; the authorities having apprehended M'Leod about the beginning of January, 1820, and broken up the establishment. M'Leod was tried for sedition, and transported. Mr Rodger afterwards returned to his loom, and continued weaving till the month of April following. On the first of that month, there appeared on the walls of the city what was called a "Treasonable address," bearing to be issued by a "Provisional Government." This gave rise to an immense number of apprehensions and imprisonments. Molehills were magnified into mountains; and the most trifling circumstances in the history of individuals who were known to possess liberal views, were laid hold of as the ground of their apprehension. Among others, Rodger became an object of suspicion to the authorities, from his

former connection with the "Spirit of the Union." He was accordingly apprehended on the 8th of April, and lodged in Glasgow Bridewell, where he was confined like a felon for eleven days. During that period he was examined by a Sheriff Bruce, as to his supposed connection with the address, but of course without affording any ground for a charge. Solitary confinement was then the order of the day; and deprived of the liberty of seeing or hearing others, he was determined to hear himself. He accordingly sang "wi' a' his birr" from morning till night, and from evening till morning; and as a punishment, he was removed into a back cell, less comfortable, but where his singing would be less heard. During his confinement, and while suffering keenly at the treatment he so unmeritedly received, he wrote with his pencil upon the wall of his cell, the piece entitled, "Lines written in Bridewell."

In 1821, through the friendship of Mr George Rodger—then manager of the extensive works of Henry Monteith and Co.—our Poet was enabled to leave the loom for a less laborious situation in that establishment, as an inspector of the printed cloth—which situation he continued to hold till the year 1832.

In 1822, when George the Fourth visited Edinburgh, our Poet's wit and pungent satire were called forth in an admirable song, "Sawney, now the King's come." A copy of this having been sent by some of his friends to the London Examiner, it was published in that paper with some laudatory remarks. The publication reached Edinburgh on or about the day of the king's arrival. Sir Walter Scott, having written a piece to welcome his majesty, beginning "Carle now the King's come," the coincidence of their appearance and measure gave the greatest annoyance to the "Great Unknown," who it is well known used every possible exertion to discover the author.

We ought not to omit stating, that in 1823, he was among the first to call the public attention to the encroach-

ment of what was then, and is still, called "Harvie's Dyke," built upon the banks of the Clyde to stop up a public foot-path; and by his exertions in writing in the public papers, in searching out evidence, in promoting subscriptions, concerts, exhibitions, &c., to raise funds for the purpose of carrying on the lawsuit against Thomas Harvie, he was a very useful instrument in bringing that long and protracted struggle to a happy termination in favour of the public, who thereby established their right to a public foot-path along the banks of the Clyde. But Rodger was a poor man, and his exertions were allowed to go unrewarded, while some who had not been half so active or successful, were rewarded with gold medals, struck for the purpose of commemorating the triumph of the public over a purse-proud aristocrat, who tried in vain to rob them of their rights.

In 1832, one of his friends, who had begun business as a pawnbroker, induced him to leave Monteith's works, and take the management of his business. But such an employment was ill-suited to the feelings of such an individual as Alexander Rodger; and at the expiration of nine or ten months, he gave up that engagement, and was, through the influence of his friend, Mr William Gardner, received into the office of the Glasgow Chronicle newspaper,—then conducted by Mr David Prentice,—as a reader and assistant reporter of local news. In this office he remained about a year, when he got a charge in the "Liberator," then under the management, as editor, of his valued and lamented friend, John Tait. Here, while Tait lived, the Poet was quite at home. He was in the midst of kindred spirits—able, intelligent, and, withal, democratic; and he felt himself in a new element. He continued to be connected with this paper, till, from the death of Mr Tait, and the subsequent embarrassments of the concern, it ceased to exist. In the course of four or five months after that event, he was engaged for a situation in the Reformers' Gazette office, which situation he stil

continues to fill, with credit to himself and advantage to his employers.

In the course of the year 1836, some of Rodger's friends and admirers, rightly judging that a substantial indication of friendship and admiration made during a man's life, is a much better mode of testifying respect than by raising a monument after his death, resolved to commence a subscription to present him with some token of their esteem for him as a poet, and as a man. So vigorously was the matter gone about, and so generally was the feeling of the originators of the proposal responded to by all who were applied to, that in a very short time they had the means of showing, that at least for once the proverb was reversed which says, that a "prophet hath no honour in his own country."

On the 6th of June, Mr Rodger was invited to dinner in the Tontine Hotel, Glasgow, where upwards of two hundred gentlemen, of all shades of politics, creeds, and professions, gave him a spontaneous and most hearty welcome. Mr James Scott, Editor of the Greenock Advertiser newspaper, was in the chair, Mr James M'Nab, now of the Constitutional, and Mr Peter Donaldson, acting as croupiers. in the course of the evening, the Chairman presented the Poet, in name of the subscribers, with a massive silver snuff-box, suitably inscribed; and containing, instead of

"Turner's snuff, sae sharp and snell,"

eighty-five sovereigns.

It may be proper to state, that the present is the third volume of Mr Rodger's productions which has been given to the world. In 1827, at the solicitation of his friends, he prepared for the press his principal poem, "Peter Cornclips," which, with a number of his songs and other pieces, was published by Messrs David Allan and Co., booksellers, then at the head of the Saltmarket. Much as this volume added to his fame, it unfortunately

added little to his purse, a variety of circumstances having conspired to render it profitless to the Poet in a pecuniary point of view. In 1837, he prepared a second volume, including the principal portion of the pieces in the former publication, with considerable additions. This volume was published by Mr David Robertson, now bookseller to her Majesty in Glasgow,—a gentleman who has ever shown a disposition to encourage genius, and whose kindness, in many respects, to our Poet, will not only secure the esteem of Rodger's friends, but we are sure will ever form a subject of grateful recollection to himself. In conjunction with this gentleman, Rodger superintended the publication of "Whistle-Binkie;" and contributed several pieces to the "Laird of Logan."

The portrait of Mr Rodger, which forms the frontispiece of this volume, is done from an excellent likeness, by Dan. M'Nee, Esq., R.A., in connection with which we may mention a circumstance that tends to show the correctness of the portrait. After it had been presented to Mr Rodger by his friend, the artist, Mrs Rodger, accompanied by her husband, called one day at the shop of Mr Robertson, where it remained some time for inspection. Mrs Rodger carried one of her children (twenty-two months old) in her arms, who, without the least attempt being made to attract its attention to the portrait, after gazing on the various objects in the shop, fixed its eyes intently on the picture for a few seconds, and then exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight, "O, my daddy, my daddy!"

The Subscribers to this volume must forgive the desultory nature of this sketch. The Committee first proposed to press on the Poet the execution of an autobiography; but this his natural modesty prevented him from doing. They had therefore to narrate the facts in their own language, as the circumstances came to their knowledge; and crude as the sketch is, they hope it will not be found altogether uninteresting.

Before concluding, however, they may be allowed to

add a few words regarding Mr Rodger's family. He has been the father of eight sons and three daughters. Of the sons, four of them are now married,—one of the four being in America. Two of them are still unmarried; and two of them are dead,—the one having died when an infant, and the other, the child already mentioned, died at four years of age, being the youngest of all the family. Of the three daughters only one is now alive.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above notice was prepared, the Committee were fortunate enough to obtain the following extract from one of a course of lectures on Literature, delivered by Mr Robert Burns Hardy, to the Gorbals Popular Institution. Mr Hardy occupies an eminent position in the walks of literature; and his opinions, as a critic, are therefore entitled to the highest respect. The following passage occurred in a lecture on the Poets of Glasgow and the West of Scotland:—

“ Alexander Rodger has spent the better part of his life in Glasgow or its immediate neighbourhood. He has long been known to the admirers of song as the author of a great number of lyrical compositions that have for years been deservedly popular all over Scotland, and they are likely to continue popular as long as humour and simple pathos are admired. Independent of his songs, and a poem of considerable length, entitled ‘Peter Cornclips’—which latter was published a number of years ago—Mr Rodger was suspected as the author of certain political satires of

extraordinary talent, point, and pungency; which had appeared in various periodicals from the days of Lord Castle-reagh up to the passing of the Reform Bill. There was a family likeness in those satires that showed them to be from one hand. Mr Rodger at length collected all his peices, and published them in a volume, which was dedicated to Lord Brougham. Here he acknowledged the authorship of the pieces I allude to, by reprinting them. Of these satires it is not enough to say that they are distinguished for their keen and pointed allusion, their lively but not wicked wit, and their faithful delineation of human character; but they are highly creditable to the man as well as the Poet, showing that he is no servile fawner upon the great, and no flatterer of their follies; but, on the contrary, that he has a deep-seated respect for the simpler virtues, and the nobler aspirations of man. As a Poet, illustrating the kindly feelings and manners of his fellow-beings—not over-refined by art and luxury—which he does in almost all his songs, Mr Rodger has wisely confined himself to the class to which he himself belongs. In these he displays an exquisite mixture of pawkie humour, and great good sense. Indeed, the distinguishing feature of this writer is his sterling good sense, untwisted or unwarped by sophistry or nonsense of any sort whatever. It is true that he sometimes indulges in a dash of extravagant absurdity, but it is evident that he enjoys this in the same spirit in which it is enjoyed by the reader. There is a plain, manly honesty about all he writes, which speaks as plainly as words can speak, ‘If this is not poetry, it is the best I can do on the subject.’ He is remarkably happy in hitting off the blundering stupidity of the Highland character. Although we can scarcely allow this to be a legitimate subject for the muse of the satirical humorist, yet there is such a quantity of clear-sighted observation brought together in his Highland sketches—so much point mingled with a dash of innocent wonderment, that we should think Highlanders themselves would be the first to enjoy them. In this species of

song-writing, there is one of his pieces that contains one or two stanzas absolutely inimitable.

“It now remains for me to say a few words, according to use and wont, of the author's character as a man. He is known to the most of our fellow-citizens, and is a general favourite with every one. He is, in the strict sense of these terms, an amiable, honest, upright, and good man. No one ever laid a mean or shabby action to his door; and no one, with such talents as he possesses, has passed through life with a more irreproachable character. He is liked by all classes of politicians.”

The Committee was composed of the following individuals:—Messrs Peter M'Donald, Henry Colquhoun, John Dobbie, Alexander Buchanan, Neil B. Dalveen, Thomas Steel, Joseph Skinner, Robert Bell, John Craig, William Cameron, and H. D. Graham.

JOHN M'KECHNIE, CHAIRMAN.

CHARLES RATTRAY, SECRETARY.

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STRAY LEAVES.

THE TWA WEAVERS.

WRITTEN 1819.

WHEN War and Taxation had fleec'd us right sair,
And made us, like scaur-craws, a' ragged an' bare,
Twa poor weaver bodies ae day chanc'd to meet,
Wi' scarcely a shoe on their stockingless feet:
Their lank ribs were seen through their cleeding to shine,
And their beards might hae pass'd for a hermit's langsyne.

' Weel, Robin,' quo' Thomas, ' what way do ye fen',
And do ye ay live yet, out-by, at Woodend ?'
' Live !—live ! I *live* naewhere ; I *starve* at Tollcross :
Gude troth, I'm owre like you, and that is our loss ;
For a' things around us against us combine,
Which mak' us look back wi' regret on langsyne.

' These three weeks a' rinnin, I've risen at *three*,
An' wrought just as lang as a body could see ;
An' a' that I've made o't, in that time, I trow,
Wad scarce get *potatoes* an' *draff* for a sow :

The Notes of the whole at the end of the Volume.

What then?—we are counted a parcel o' swine,
An' laugh'd at whene'er we look back to langsyne.

' But what need we speak o' our ain private case,
When famine and want are portray'd on ilk face ;
When thousands, whose prospects in life once were fair,
Now pine in starvation, and sigh in despair ;
When toil, and disease, and chill penury join,
To blast every comfort the poor had langsyne ?

' But what is the cause, man, o' a' this distress?
And is there nae method to get it made less ?'

' The cause!—tak' my word, there are causes enow,
And causes that lang may gar poor Britain rue,
Unless she return, (as I humbly opine,)
To the guid hamely fashions, in days o' langsyne.

' That lang, bloody *war*, enter'd into by *Pitt*,
Has burdened her sae that to move she's scarce fit ;—
Has cramp'd a' her energies—dried up her sap—
And driven her poor bairns frae her fostering lap ;
And under that burden she ever must pine,
Unless she just *do*,—as she *whiles did* langsyne.

' And that *Paper swindle*—O curse their Bank notes!
O that they were cramm'd down the bankers' ain throats,
For had it not been for their auld rotten rags,
John Bull might have still had some *wind* in his bags ;
But now he's bereft o' his good yellow *coin*,
That clinket sae sweetly in days o' langsyne.

‘ But volumes on volumes, could scarce tell the skaith
Which that paper bubble—that engine o’ death—
Has wrought to the world, by its fause guilded show,
While a’ has been hollow, and rotten below ;—
Soon, soon, may it burst! like a powder-sprung mine,
And then we may hope for good days, like langsyne.

‘ And see—we submit, like a parcel o’ slaves,
To be tax’d and oppress’d by a junto o’ knaves,
Wha buy themselves seats in our HOUSE, *up the gate*,
There laugh at our sufferings, and ca’ that debate,
Whilst at our expense, their ain pouches they line ;
L—d send them a C—ll! like C—ll langsyne.

‘ And mark! a vile, profligate, sinecure band,
Devouring by wholesale the fat o’ the land,
Which from our industry is wrung every day,
To feed and to fatten such reptiles as they ;
Whilst they, on their sofas, supinely recline,
Unlike our AULD BARONS—the pride o’ langsyne.

‘ But look nearer hame, and ye’ll see how we’re crush’d,
How toss’d about, trampled on, driven, and push’d,
And see how the working man’s substance is shar’d,
Amongst the Monopolist, Taxer, and Laird,
Who, by screwing, and squeezing, and pinching, combine,
To *ghostify* him who was *substance* langsyne.

‘ And look at machinery, the bane o’ our trade,
What thousands by it hae been reft o’ their bread,
Yet where is the man who would wish it destroy’d,
Were it for the good o’ the public employ’d,

Instead of supporting establishments fine,
O' chieles wha were scarcely worth twopence langsyne ?

' And some o' our Priesthood, (Gude bless the hale pack!)
How glibly, ilk Sunday, they lay aff their crack,
And tell their gull'd hearers, that these trying times
Are solely brought on by the poor people's crimes ;
And then, wi' their sanctified cant, how they whine
About passive obedience, like hirelings langsyne.

' But, true to their Order, their interest, and coat,
Wi' their *triple-taed fork*, in the *Kirk-and-State pot*,
They wale for themsels the best bit o' the *beast*,
On which they mak' sure ay to guttle and feast,
Whilst we and our families on tears aften dine,
And silently sigh for the days o' langsyne.

' Now, these are a few o' the ills which, I think,
Have driven auld Britain to misery's brink,
And made her *free sons*, once intrepid and brave,
To envy the lot o' the African *slave* ;
Poor Britain! how sadly thy glories decline,
How quench'd thy proud spirit—thy fire o' langsyne.'

' Hech man!—if what you now hae stated be fact,
Our prospects, indeed, are most gloomy and black ;
But do ye not think they may yet brighten up ?'
' Indeed, to be candid, I have nae siccan hope,
Unless the **BLACK BOOK** to the flames we consign,
And begin a new *score*, like our *Fathers* langsyne!"

BLACK COATS, AND GRAVATS SAE WHITE.

YE puir silly priest-ridden bodies, attend
 To ane that would caution you now as a friend
 'Gainst black coats, and gravats sae white :
 For mair kittle customers hardly exist,
 Than *some* who are dubbed wi' the title o' priest ;
 For their plan is the puir human mind to mislead,
 Whilst four or five hundred a-year is their creed,—
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

O, rare to behold ! how demurely they look,
 When, plac'd in the rostrum, they handle the book,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white :
 Pretending to solve what they care not about,
 And damning all those who their word dare to doubt,
 They tell you fine stories about this an' that,
 But would starve you on *hushs*, while they gorge upon *fat*,
 With their black coats and gravats sae white.

So rapt up in spirit—so heavenly are they,
 So dead to the world, and its vanities gay,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white,
 That a young blooming doxy, with cheeks plump an' red,
 Can only convince them they're still flesh an' blood ;
 When snugly, unseen, a sweet kiss and a squeeze,
 Wi' *lively devotion*, bring them to their *knees*,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

When man, led by reason, demands what's his right,
 "The Kirk is in danger !" they bawl a' their might,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white ;

When they cry out, 'The Kirk!' 'tis the teinds they've in view,
 For they watch o'er their flocks just for sake o' the woo';
 Wi' oppression's sharp sheers to their hurdies applied,
 They fleece them sae bare, that they scarce leave the *hide*,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

There's glib-gabbit Tammy, that star frae the east,
 When he speaks, a' the world wonders after the beast
 With the black coat, and gravat sae white;
 He wrote a fine book, with a high-sounding name,
 But what do ye think is the hale o' its theme?
 Just burden on burden, an' tax upon tax,
 To learn the base rabble the use o' their backs,
 With his black coat and gravat sae white.

Davy Tartan grunts out, that your sins are the cause
 O' your skin-cutting ribs an' your clay-coloured jaws,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
 What double-mill'd sinners the poor folk must be,
 Since they, not the gentry, sic punishments dree;
 Nay, search the hale globe, an' my lug for't, ye'll fin'
 That priests never suffer, of course never sin,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

There's pensioner Jamie, corruption's chief tool,
 Whose tears flow as freely as whisky at Yule,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
 So keenly he feels for the suffering poor,
 That he'd willingly do what he did for Tom Muir,
 To get them sent aff to a far better state,
 By hanging or starving them out o' the gate,
 With his black coat, and his gravat sae white.

And thundering Willie, besouth o' the Clyde,
Wha'd skin a starved louse for the sake o' its hide,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
So liberal his hand is, his heart so humane,
That he deals out, to comfort all those who complain,
A dish o' content o'er a bit o' brown crust,
Yet laughs at them slyly, and pockets their dust,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

There's grave Willy Grovel, o' true loyal crouch,
Wi' three herrin' tails sticking out o' his pouch,
 With his black coat, and his gravat sae white;
Against smuggled whisky he piously rails,
And with blue damnation its drinkers assails;
Yet see the guid man at a wee Hielan' still,
Thrang trysting sax gallons, or aught, for himsel',
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

An' Johnny M'Greed, how he lashes at them
Wha gang the grey gate that brings lasses to shame,
 With his black coat, and his gravat sae white;
For into temptation himsel' is ne'er led,
But bauldly plumps into her net when it's spread,
An' when he is caught in her strait kittle mesh,
He greets, and cries out, "O, how weak is the flesh!"
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

Johnny Bishop, the kind, the humane, the belov'd,
Wi' the cries o' the starving is now so much mov'd,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white;

That when they look up to him, asking for bread,
 He gives,—not a stone,—but provides for them—*lead*;
 When they ask for a fish—not a serpent he'll grant,
 While a three-edged steel can relieve every want,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

An' Johnny M'Roarin, wi' his raree-show
 Of elegant metaphors, all in a row,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white ;
 He swears that Reform is so heinous a sin,
 That none who pursue it to heaven will get in ;
 That pigs will be seen flying thick through the air,
 And whistling like lavrocks, ere black-nebs get there,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

Now, that's but a sample o' maist o' the crew,
 Wha laugh in their sleeves while they're hoodwinking you,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.
 The gospel they preach, is the gospel of Pitt,
 Which teaches that mankind are born to submit,
 Yea, meekly to bend to the haughty behests
 Of legalized robbers and humbugging priests,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

But as, among chaff, there are pickles o' wheat,
 So there are exceptions, ilk ane maun admit,
 Amang black coats, and gravats sae white ;
 But oh ! these exceptions, how trifling ! how few !
 Compar'd wi' the mass who self-interest pursue ;
 For, were not a weel-baken bannock their aim,
 Religion might gang to the devil for them,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

Now, if you would just tak' this counsel frae me,
 Sae mony fat drones ye would soon cease to see,
 With their black coats, and gravats sae white;
 Nae langer support such a timeserving set,
 Go study the Book, where true wisdom you'll get;
 Instruct one another—practise what is right,
 An' let each pious worldling go feel his own weight,
 With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

A BUNDLE OF TRUTHS.

A PARODY.

Written about the time of Hone's Trial.

George, the Regent, 's chaste and wise,
 Castlereagh 's an honest man,
 Southey tells no fulsome lies,
 England's free—likewise Japan:
 Sidmouth's acts are all upright,
 Canning 's modest as a maid;
 Darkness can be proven light,
 So can Britain's debt be paid.
 Hey triangle, derry down,
 Doctor, old bags, wig and gown,
 O how grave a judge can tell,
 'Truth's a libel'—'false as hell.'

Johnny Bull is plump and stout,
 All his sons are fat and fair;
 Spies are worthy men—no doubt;
 Taxes are as light as air.

Ellenborough's mild and just ;
 Ministers no rights invade ;
 Prison keys are brown with rust,
 Jailors starve for lack of trade.

Hey triangle, &c.

Parsons are a liberal race,
 Noble paupers waste no cash ;
 Everything now thrives apace—
 Paper's sterling, gold is trash.
 Parliament is pure as snow—
 Vile corruption hides her head :
 Every body now must know,
Dearest grain makes cheapest bread.

Hey triangle, &c.

Trying times are fairly past ;
 Want no more dare show his face ;
 Treason is pent up at last,
 Close within a *thimble's space*.
 Wealth has banished discontent,
 Press and people both are free,
 Doctor Sadmouth—pious saint—
 Grunts 'Amen : so let it be.'

Hey triangle, &c.

COME, PADDY, REJOICE.

“When the wicked perish, there is shouting.”—SOLOMON’S PROVERBS.

Come, Paddy, rejoice—throw your cap in the air,
 For the great LONG-THONG-DERRY will lash you nae mair;
 Whirl round your shillela, and loudly huzza,
 For the back-flogging, flesh-salting cut-throat ’s awa’.
 Come join, Johnny Bull, wi’ your poor brither Pat,
 You’re as lean now as he is, but laugh and grow fat,
 For the great pauperizer, wha squeezed you sae sma’,
 The seat-selling, hole-digging cut-throat ’s awa’.

Come, Sawney, rejoice too, wi’ Paddy and John,
 For the essence and life o’ humbugging is flown,—
 In ilk town and clachan your pipes loudly blaw,
 For the brow-beating, nose-grinding cut-throat ’s awa’.
 Come, Europe and Africa, sing, too, wi’ glee,
 You now have some chance, if you wish to be free,
 For the deadliest enemy freedom e’er saw,
 The man-dealing, slave-selling cut-throat ’s awa’.

This UPAS of Freedom, with influence fell,
 Spread mair desolation than tongue can e’er tell,
 For wherever her soul-cheering blossoms would blaw,
 If his power could but reach them, they wither’d awa’.
 So prone to destroy was this demon of blight,
 That whatever he touched he destroyed it outright;
 And when nought else was left for his withering paw,
 He destroyed his vile self—cut his throat, and awa’.

The precious hole-digger at last dug a hole
 So wide, that it let out his crime-clotted soul,
 And so deep that it ne'er could be filled up ava,
 So, just like a thief, he sneaked meanly awa'.
 Stern Justice decreed, and himself struck the blow,
 That should have been dealt him twice ten years ago;
 For the strong and the terrible arm of the Law,
 Ne'er reached a delinquent like him that's awa'.

Let his friends toast his memory as oft as they please,—
 Like the Pittites of Gotham, too, *do't on their knees*.
 'Bout a' his great actions fu' loud let them crawl,
 And copy his last—'twas the best o' them a'.
 Success to the Jew-boy, good sale for his *knives*,
 They're the things can rid tyrants of guilt-loaded lives;
 And if on his tramps at *Verona* he'd ca',
 Gude send him brisk sale for a dozen or twa!

THE FATTEST OF THE FAT.

AIR—' *O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.*'

O WHELPUS! wilt thou go to sea,
 And leave the hissing, ill-bred town?
 Can *knotty brows* give pain to *thee*?
 A *severed rib*, or fractured *crown*?
 Sublimely deck't with *bags of green*,
 Sublimely waving round thy hat,
 Say, wilt thou quit each beastly scene,
 Where thou art fattest of the fat?

O Whelpus ! may thy *Milan* LEECH,
Give thee a bite full sharp and sore,
Upon thy huge protuberant breech,
Where many a leech has sat before.
Or may thy faithful COOKE prepare
A *treat* of *Milan brothel chat*,
On which with gloating eyes thou'lt stare,
Where thou art fattest of the fat ?

And wilt thou send that *costly treat*
Down to the *starred* and *mitred* race,
And order them to *swallow it*,
To give thy itching temples peace?
And wilt thou call thy wife a ——,
A strumpet, jade, and God knows what ?
As if *thysel*f wert chaste and pure,
Where thou art fattest of the fat.

But should thy wife prove spotless now,
For all that has been done and said,
And prove the *knobs* upon thy brow,
To be but brandy pimples red ;
Then say, how would'st thou scratch thy head,
Draw down thy brows, look develish flat,
Nor comfort find in Heref—d's bed,
Where *oft* thou'rt fattest of the fat ?

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

Though Freedom's day be sair o'ercast
 Wi' storms, an' clouds, an' a' that,
 Though Tyranny's terrific blast,
 Her sun enshrouds, an' a' that ;—
 For a' that, an a' that,
 He yet will shine for a' that ;
 His cheering rays will pierce the haze,
 Wi' tenfold blaze, an' a' that.

Though despot demons ride the storm,
 Howl terribly, an' a' that,
 Yet soon shall Freedom's lovely form,
 Frae heaven descend, an' a' that ;
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Her dazzling light, an' a' that,
 Shall strike wi' consternation wild,
 Their guilty hearts, an' a' that.

Down to their dens, wi' racks and chains,
 Wi' tortures, gags, an' a' that,
 They'll tak' their flight, to shun her sight,
 To dwell wi' night, an' a' that ;
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Shall happen them, an' a' that,
 When Freedom fair, wi' angel air,
 Revisits earth, an a' that.

Then shall poor gag-degraded man,
 Wha inly broods, an' a' that,
 Owre a' his wrangs,—sae faint and wan,
 Be cheered again, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His heavy heart, for a' that,
 Shall bound fu' light, when Freedom, bright,
 Breaks on his sight, an' a' that.

O, Freedom, come! resume thy reign,
 Though tyrants strive to thraw that:
 Bring ilka blessing in thy train,
 To cheer the world wi' a' that,—
 Wi' a' that, an' a' that,
 Extend thy sway, wi' a' that,
 OWRE EUROPE, AFRIC', ASIA, too,
 AMERICA, an' a' that.

SAWNEY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

AIR—' *Carle an' the King come* '

WRITTEN IN 1822.

Sawney, now, the king's come,
 Sawney, now, the king's come,
 Kneel, and kiss his gracious —,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.

In Holyroodhouse lodge him snug,
 And butter weel his sacred lug,
 Wi' stuff wad gar a Frenchman *ugg*,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Tell him he is great and good,
 And come o' Scottish royal blood,—
 To your hunkers—lick his fud,—
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Tell him he can do nae wrang,
 That he's mighty, heigh, and strang,
 That you and yours to him belang,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Swear he's sober, chaste, and wise,
 Praise his portly shape and size,
 Roose his *whiskers* to the skies,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Mak' your *lick-fud* bailie core,
 Fa' down behint him—not before,
 His great posteriors to adore,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Mak' your tribe in good *black clait*,
 Extol, till they rin short o' breath,
 The great "DEFENDER O' THE FAITH,"
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Mak' your Peers o' high degree,
 Crouching low on bended knee,
 Greet him wi' a "Wha wants me?"
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Mak' his glorious kingship dine
 On good sheep-heads and haggis fine,
 Hotchpotch, too, Scotch collops syne,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

And if there's in St James' Square,
 Ony *thing* that's fat and fair,
 Treat him nightly wi' sic ware,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

Shaw him a' your *biggings* braw,
 Your castle, college, brigs, an' a',
 Your jail, an' royal *forty-twa*,
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

An' when he rides Auld Reekie through,
 To bless you wi' a kingly view,
 Charm him wi' your "Gardyloo,"
 Sawney, now, the king's come.
 Sawney, &c.

A CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS,

TO A CERTAIN FLOCK, ON THEIR GETTING A WORTHY PASTOR.

Ye dowie flock wha've gotten sic a scatter,
 Wha starve for lack o' halesome-gospel grass—
 Wha pant an' gape for waughts o' caller water—
 As through this weary wilderness ye pass.

Lang hae ye wanted a guid herd to lead ye,
 An' keep ye frae that wily thief, the *Tod*,
 On halesome caller pasture aye to feed ye,
 And keep ye frae gaun down the *braid stey road*.

Lang hae ye wander'd through the wilds sae dreary,
 And strayed afar 'mang grassless barren tracks ;
 And aft when seeking shades to screen and cheer ye,
 The thorns hae torn the woo' frae aff your backs.

Lang hae ye suffered sair by strifes and troubles,
 Bred by some headstrong brutes amang yoursels,
 Wha took a pride in vile, contentious squabbles,
 And a' about the bearing o' the *bells*.

But cock your lugs, puir things, and quat your sadness,
Nae mair ye'll hunger, thirst, nor gang astray;
Yea, *mae* aloud, and frisk, and loup for gladness!
Ye'll hae a herd, a trusty herd, this day;

A herd wha e'idently will tent and feed ye,
And ca' ye aye to caller shades at noon,—
By bonnie, wimpling, crystal burns he'll lead ye,
And ward ye faithfully baith late and soon.

Your weak and sickly things he'll kindly foster,
And gently lead your ewies grit wi' lamb;
Your lammies young he'll carry in his oxters,
But tightly creesh ilk ramp unruly ram.

Nae mair through grassless barren muirs ye'll wander,
Nor scattered be on dark and cloudy days,—
Nae mair ye'll quake at Sinai's awfu' thunder,
But snugly feed on Zion's bonnie braes.

There ye may frisk and loup at will securely,
Nae gully formed against ye e'er shall thrive,
Nor barbarous butcher, wi' his curs sae surly,
Unto the slaughter your young lammies drive.

The clegs and wasps, indeed, may whiles annoy ye,
But wha can keep aff that mischievous brood?
Na, troth, they're ablins sent to prove and try ye,
And sic like ills can only work your good.

But mind, now, sheep, when ance ye're a' thegither,
 And feeding 'neath your Shepherd's tenty e'e,
 O strive nae mair, nor box wi' ane anither,
 But like a chosen, precious flock, agree.

Prove what ye are by lo'eing ane anither—
 By bearing ane anither's toils and cares—
 By keeping in the right road aye thegither—
 A-back frae sly Tod Lowrie's wiles and snares.

O never gie that sleekit thief occasion
 To triumph owre ye, either night or day,
 But aye keep back frae ilka sweet temptation,
 Ilk cunning trap that he sets in your way.

So shall ye thrive, and wax baith fair and lusty,
 Your herd wi' pleasure will your thriving view;
 And as his just reward for being sae trusty,
 Will only fleece ye o' your *tait o' woo'*.

EPIGRAM

ON THE "HEAVEN-BORN MINISTER."

'What!—"Heaven-born Minister" applied to Pitt?
 Sure, Tom, such epithets will never do.'
 'Not do, my friend? why, none could be more fit:
 Satan, his prototype, was Heaven-born too.
 Then why about epithets make such a pother?
 The one turned APOSTATE,—and so did the other.'

THE FAST DAY:

A SERMON

Delivered upon the 23d of July, 1835, being the day appointed by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, to be set apart as a day of Fasting and Humiliation, throughout the whole of the Church bounds.

By ALISANDER THE SEER.

'And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in his city, dwelling with Naboth. And she wrote in the letters, saying, PROCLAIM A FAST, and set Naboth on high among the people. And set two men, sons of Belial, before him, to bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king; and then carry him out, and stone him that he may die.'—*First Book of Kings*, xxi, 7-11.

THIS, I believe, my friends, is the first fast, proclaimed by royal authority, of which we have any account in the sacred volume; and, when we take into consideration the *purpose* for which it was decreed to be held, we are fully warranted to look with a jealous eye upon all such solemnities of mere human appointment. That fasts may be productive of good, when set about for a proper purpose, and in a right spirit, I am not disposed to dispute at present; but when the rites of religion are had recourse to, to sanctify or cover the worst of crimes, it is then the duty of every right-thinking man to 'Cry aloud, and spare not.'

But, in order to understand our subject properly, we will, in the first place, with the proper aid, take a short review of the verses in the context, as recording the whole transactions of the several characters connected with this fast; secondly, make a few observations upon those characters and their actions, as they occur in the historical order of the narrative; and, in the third and last place, draw some practical inferences from the whole.

In the first place, then, it appears that Ahab, one of the wicked kings of Israel, took a liking to a vineyard possessed by one Naboth, a plain citizen of the city of Jezreel, because this vineyard lay convenient to him, being hard by the palace of Ahab, the king of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near my house, and I will give thee a better vineyard than it; or if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. Naboth, however, it would appear, was not disposed to part with his property, even though sought by a king, but answered, saying, The Lord forbid it me that I should give the *inheritance* of my *fathers* unto thee.

This direct and independent answer of Naboth, it seems, displeased 'his most gracious majesty' very much; so much so that he went home in a pet, took to his bed, turned away his face, and would eat no bread. But Jezebel, his wife, (of whose wicked life and wretched end we have ample accounts recorded by the sacred historian,) came to him and said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread? Whereupon his most sacred majesty (God bless him!) related in a most doleful and piteous manner the whole

of the interview which passed between him and Naboth the Jezreelite.

And Jezebel, his wife, said unto him, What! Dost thou govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thy heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. Now, follow the words of our text, which relate how she was to accomplish her wicked end; namely, by proclaiming a *fast*. In the sequel we find that the elders and the nobles—like good and loyal subjects, no doubt—hastened to obey this mandate of royalty; for we are told they proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people. And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him; and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died. And they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead. And by this means did Jezebel put her royal husband in possession of Naboth's vineyard.

Having taken a short review of the history of this transaction, let us now, in the second place, make a few observations upon the several characters and their actions which figure in this historical narrative: and first of all, Ahab. It is plain from the whole tenor of sacred history, that he was not naturally a very wicked person, but was led astray by the evil influence of a wicked woman—that, in fact, like some modern monarchs, he was led by the nose by an artful and designing wife, who was constantly carrying on some intrigue or other, to accomplish her wicked ends: and

we are of opinion, that had Ahab been connected with a good and virtuous woman, he would have made a much better king, as well as a better man. For we are told that although he took a liking to Naboth's vineyard, he wished to possess it only upon fair and honourable terms. I will give thee a better vineyard than it, or if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. So much for the general character of Ahab; now for that of Naboth; and although there is not much said of him in the scriptures, yet from the little that is said, we are able to form a pretty correct idea of his character. And it is plain that he had been a man of a very independent mind; for we see that he would not part with the inheritance of his fathers, although the most flattering and advantageous offers had been made him, even by royalty itself. We may farther learn, that he spoke his mind very freely upon the then reigning family, and that the conduct of the queen especially did not escape his severe animadversions; for there is little doubt but the queen had heard of him before, and that she had smarted under his lash also, else the thought would not have so readily occurred to her of having the honest man accused of blaspheming God and the king,—a horrible crime, to be sure, especially when it is the *king* who is blasphemed.

We have already alluded to Jezebel; but we may be allowed to make a few observations more upon the character of this wicked woman. And the first thing that strikes us is, that she was a *foreigner*; for we are told that Ahab took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him. The taking of this *strange woman* to wife was the beginning

of Ahab's wicked career, which terminated in an ignominious death. We have already observed that she had the complete ascendancy over the poor weak monarch, else she durst not have written letters in his name, and sealed them with his seal, which was nothing less than high treason, and ought to have cost her her head. Let us now take a view of her consummate hypocrisy. She had a wicked end to accomplish—nothing less than to encompass robbery by murder—yes, and this must be done under the mask of religion. Proclaim a fast, and bring Naboth out, that he may be convicted of blasphemy, and let him be put to death, that I may get possession of his vineyard. But we have said enough of this *foreigner*—of this *strange woman*. Let us turn now to the *elders* and *nobles* of Jezreel. And we cannot help remarking what a set of poor, pitiful poltroons they must have been, thus to listen for one moment to the mandate of a wicked woman, and to sacrifice the life of a worthy and innocent man, at the shrine of her avarice and displeasure. What! was there not one high-souled nobleman? not one righteous elder in all Jezreel, to lift up his voice or to raise his arm in resistance to this wicked order, and to protect helpless innocence from oppression and death? No, not one; but every one was more ready than another to obey the behests of the queen, while the king—poor simpleton—knew nothing at all about the matter till the foul deed was done which put him in possession of the murdered man's vineyard.

As for the two sons of Belial, who perjured themselves by swearing against the innocent man, they are too contemptible, and their guilt is too glaring, for us to make

any observations upon them; only, we may just remark in passing, that such wretches as spies and informers were to be found in those days as well as in our own.

Having now made a few observations upon the several characters who figured in this tragic drama, let us conclude by drawing a few inferences from what has already been said. And in the first place, we may infer that kings ought never to go a-hunting abroad after *strange women* to make wives of—that the law which prohibits the sovereign from marrying a subject, is unnatural, unjust, and wicked—that as in scripture history many instances are recorded of kings having been led astray by strange wives, so modern history abounds with instances of the very same kind. What can a foreigner know of the customs and manners of a people among whom she is come to be a queen? Is it not rather likely that she will alienate the heart of her royal spouse from his own people, and fill his court with needy foreign favourites, to the exclusion of home-bred native worth? Is there not enough of beauty—not enough of grace—not enough of modesty—not enough of female dignity and female worth, to be found at home, but kings must always look abroad for partners of their throne and bed? Away, then, with such unnatural customs, and let kings enjoy, in this all-important matter, the same privilege as the meanest of their subjects. Strange wives and strange gods drew down the Divine displeasure upon the princes of Israel of old; and—but we do not wish to push this matter farther.

In the second place, we may safely infer, that for a man to hold independent principles—for a man to prize properly his birth-right, so that he will not part with it for

any consideration—for a man to possess plain blunt honesty in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation—for a man to avow boldly and openly his opinions either on politics or religion—that man is sure to draw down upon himself the hatred of all the venal and little-minded tribe of useless drones and wasps that bask in the sunshine of a court. Yet, although that man may suffer persecution, even to death, he is not without his reward: his name will be handed down to a grateful posterity; his memory will be embalmed in the bosoms of the virtuous, while his persecutors shall be held in everlasting execration. Naboth was stoned to death; but was not his death enviable when compared to the latter end of his murderers, of whom it is recorded that the dogs licked their blood?

In the third place, we may learn not to look upon all those who are called *nobles*, as beings of a higher order, possessing truly noble minds; neither may we expect to find all those having authority to be actuated by strictly honest and upright principles. The elders and nobles of Jezreel were but specimens of what we have seen; and the '*wha wants me?*' policy seems to regulate a great part of the conduct of many public men in our own times.

In the fourth and last place, we cannot but view with grief and pain the solemn rites of religion called into requisition to cover the designs of wicked men, when they have some selfish purpose to serve, and that the most wicked means are had recourse to, to effect their diabolical ends. Jezebel caused a *fast* to be proclaimed to cover her designs of murder and robbery,—and need we go far to find a

parallel for that wicked woman? Is not old Mother-Church moving heaven and earth, at this present moment, to accomplish an end not in strict accordance with the principles of eternal justice? Has she not proclaimed a *fast*, that she and her pampered children may put their hands into other people's pockets, and make those support her who detest her ways?—while she is crying out that it is only for the sake of the poor and the destitute that she is making this demand upon the pockets of the people, is it not evident to all, that riches and self-aggrandizement are the real objects which she is aiming at? And how does she treat those who, like Naboth, will not give up the inheritance of their fathers? Has she not proclaimed a *fast*? and has she not hired sons of Belial to vilify and slander all those who will not fall in with her ways? Has she not charged the Voluntaries with the same crimes which were falsely charged against Naboth, viz., that they are blasphemers of God and the king? And would she not, had she the power, give them the same treatment? When murder was committed, and innocent blood shed, at Rathcormac, did she, or any of her full-fed offspring, lift up their testimony against such bloody deeds? But a pretended love for religion, and zeal for the glory of God, have been the cause of more bloodshed and butchery than all the other causes put together, that ever have happened upon the face of the earth. If any man doubts this, let him read the history of the Crusades—let him read the history of South-America; in short, let him read the history of the last eighteen hundred years, and then he will find, that where a priesthood had the ascendancy, unless checked by the arm of

civil power,—there would he find wholesale murder committed, and all ‘for the glory of God.’

But let those who, under the guise of religion, try to hoodwink mankind into an approval of their measures, beware: the fate of Ahab and of Jezebel is before them. Let them read and meditate upon the words of the prophet—‘Behold, ye *fast for strife and debate*, and to smite with the *fiist of wickedness*; ye shall not fast as *ye do this day*, to make your voices to be heard on high. Is it such a fast as I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down the head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen?—to loose the bands of wickedness, to *undo the heavy burden*, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to *deal thy bread* to the *hungry*, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest thy brother, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?’

If, on this day, Mother-Church shall square her conduct by the Divine injunction here promulgated by the prophet, then we shall give her credit for her sincerity; but let her follow an opposite line of conduct, and we shall also be able to appreciate the real value of her solemn fasts, farces, and mockeries. I add no more: may this have its proper effect upon all who hear it. Amen.

A PARAPHRASE FOR THE ASSEMBLY'S FAST.

BY ALISANDER THE SEER.

‘ A Fast, a Fast ! proclaim a Fast,
 And Naboth set on high ;
Hire spies to swear his life away,
 And stone him till he die.’
 Thus wrote Queen Jezebel, of old,
 Unto a venal crew,
 Who promptly her behests obeyed,
 And righteous Naboth slew.

‘ A Fast, a Fast ! proclaim a Fast,’
 Old Mother-Church now cries,
 (For all our doings must be cloth’d
 In meek Religion’s guise,)
 That we in others’ *pots* may dip
 Our *sacerdotal prongs*,
 And feast and fatten on the *flesh*,
 Which not to us belongs.’

But, saith the JUST ONE,—‘ Lo ! ye fast
 For *strife* and for *debate*,
 To smite with fist of wickedness,
 And stir up party hate.
 Ye shall not fast as on *this day*,
 To make your voice be heard :
 ’Gainst all such solemn mockeries
 Are heaven’s pure portals barr’d.

‘ Are formal prayers, and turned-up eyes,
And bendings of the knee,
Such services as ye would deem
Acceptable to me ?

Is this the fast that I would choose,
That ye afflict your souls ?
Do I require my worshippers
To tread on burning coals ?

‘ To bow the head like bulrush down—
In sackcloth to be clad—
To mourn in ashes, all demure,
When not a heart is sad
Is rank hypocrisy and guile,
And what I will not bear ;
For none but they of contrite heart
Can shed the contrite tear.

‘ But here’s the Fast that I would choose,
If thou would’st honour me :—
That thou undo the heavy loads,
And set the fetter’d free ;
That to the hungry thou should’st deal
With lib’ral hand thy bread ;
And from the wintry winds protect
The houseless wanderer’s head :

‘ That on the poor and destitute
Warm clothing thou bestow ;
Nor from thy brother hide thy face,
But soothe him ’midst his woe.

OBSERVE THIS FAST—then shall thy light
 Break forth as doth the morn,
 And rays of glory from above
 Henceforth thy brows adorn.'

RATIONAL AMUSEMENTS

FOR CERTAIN STATESMEN, UPON THEIR RESIGNING OFFICE.

When Saintly SADMOUTH'S *gagging* reign is o'er ;
 When CAST-ILL-RAY shall *cure live stock* no more ;
 When George FITZ-HUNN, so feelingly humane,
 Shall cease to laugh at *ruptured* OGDEN'S pain ;
 When *worthless* MAN no longer is their sport,
 To what amusements will they then resort,
 To wear life's tedious, irksome hours away,
 And keep their ingenuity in play ?
 The only gentle pastimes that will please
 Those *gentle* worthies, will be such as these :
 To fry blind pups,—strip kittens of their skins ;
 To horsewhip frogs, and spit small flies with pins.

CHRONICLES OF THE CRAFTS.

CHAPTER I.—1834.

1. And it came to pass, in the third year of the reign of GUL the *mariner*, that the people which served the taskmasters were grievously oppressed, by reason of their heavy burdens.

2. And they cried aloud, by reason of the oppressions wherewith they were oppressed; and their cry reached even unto their brethren which dwelt beyond the *river*, and unto the isles afar off.

3. And their brethren, which dwelt beyond the river, and which sojourned in the isles afar off, wrote them letters, saying unto them:

4. Be of good courage, quit yourselves like men, yea, join together as one man, *be firm, be true*, and your taskmasters shall cease to oppress you.

5. And the people took counsel, and joined themselves together by a bond of love; yea, even the cunning workers in brass and in iron; the hewers of wood and the hewers of stone; the spinners of warp and of woof; the dressers and the tenters thereof; the dyers, the figurers, and the embroiderers of garments; and all they which handled the shuttle, and wrought in tapestry and fine linen.

6. Yea, all these joined themselves together, and said unto their taskmasters, Behold now, ye have hitherto ruled us with a rod of iron; yea, ye have made us to carry burdens too heavy for us to bear; make them lighter, that we may yet serve you.

7. But the taskmasters answered them roughly, (for their hearts were hardened against them,) and said unto them, Go to, ye are idle, get you to your tasks, that your burdens become not heavier.

8. Behold, have we not been your masters from your youth up? and yet ye would now strive to have dominion over us!

9. Have not we sustained you, your wives, and little ones, when ye might have perished for lack of food and raiment; and yet ye would now lift up the heel against us!

10. But the people answered boldly, saying, Nay, but it is we which have sustained you, by the sweat of our brows, and by the labour of our hands.

11. Behold, ye dwell in costly palaces, and have not we built them for you? Ye are clothed in purple and fine linen, and are not these the workmanship of our hands? Ye fare sumptuously every day, and are not the dainties of your tables also the fruits of our toil?

12. Yea, ye toil not, neither do ye spin, and yet ye have heaped up unto yourselves, and unto your children after you, stores of silver and stores of gold; ye have added house to house and field to field, nevertheless have ye despised and used despitefully those by whose labours ye are made rich.

13. But we, our wives, and our little ones, dwell in cottages of clay; our food is a morsel of meal and a little milk.

14. Yea, some of us are glad to fill our bellies with the husks which belong to the brutes that perish, and we waste our strength that ye may be fattened thereby.

15. Moreover, also, are we not accounted as nothing in your sight? and are not your dogs more kindly treated than we?

16. And the taskmasters waxed wroth at these sayings, and the pride of their hearts arose within them; so they drove the people out from their presence.

17. Howbeit, the people went and took counsel together, and they communed with Peter the *scribe*, and with John the *Liberite*; for these had shown kindness unto them, and had aforetime pled their cause.

18. Also, they sent letters unto Daniel the *Greek*, a man mighty in learning and eloquent of speech, beseeching him to plead their cause also, for he had likewise shown kindness unto them.

19. But Daniel the *Greek* wrote unto them after this wise: Ye are wrong in what ye have done, inasmuch as ye have joined yourselves together, that ye might compel your masters to yield unto your desires.

20. Pursue that which is right, lift not up the heel against your masters; return unto your labours, and submit unto those which have dominion over you, that you and your little ones perish not, but that your bread may be given you, and your water made sure.

21. Nevertheless, if ye hearken not unto my words, behold the silver and the gold which your masters have heaped up, shall take unto themselves wings, and flee away to other lands, and ye shall be left behind to perish in your sins.

22. But the people were not content with the words of Daniel the *Greek*, so they made John the *Liberite* put certain questions unto him.

23. And Daniel the *Greek* wrote a long letter in answer to the questions of John the *Liberite*; but he sent it unto Bennochiah the *Pressite*.

24. And Bennochiah the *Pressite* caused the letter of Daniel the *Greek* to be published, yea, also, by means of *Heralds* and of *Couriers* it was trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the land.

25. And the friends of the taskmasters, Samuel the *soncy*, and Gul, who is surnamed *Mothias*, praised the letter, and said that it was filled with sound doctrine and with wholesome words.

26. Nevertheless, the people were sore displeased with the letter of Daniel the *Greek*; and John the *Liberite* answered it boldly.

27. And behold, is not his answer recorded in the book of Bennochiah the *Pressite*, and in the book of John the *Liberite*, and is read even unto this day?

28. And all the people shouted for joy when they saw the answer of John the *Liberite*, and they lauded and praised him for the same.

29. And lo! are not these words recorded by *Alisander*, one of the scribes and sweet singers of Gotham, a chief city in the land of Gulls,—one of the islands bordering upon the uttermost parts of the earth.

CHAPTER II.—1834.

1. And it came to pass, after those things, that the taskmasters waxed very wroth against the people;

2. Yea, against all those which laboured with their hands,—the cunning workers in brass and in iron, and all

those which handle the workman's hammer; the stainers and embroiderers of garments, and those which wrought in tapestry and fine linen.

3. And the taskmasters gathered themselves together, and took counsel one with another, and reasoned after this wise, and strengthened the hearts of one another with these words :

4. Behold, now, the people are getting too wise, yea, they are becoming like ourselves, knowing good and evil ;

5. And by reason of their wisdom and their knowledge, they are joining themselves together, that they may increase their hire, and live as we upon the dainties of the earth.

6. Go to, let us sow discord among the people; yea, let us scatter jealousy among the craftsmen of the divers crafts, that so they may still be divided, and that we may yet rule over them.

7. Yea, let us drive them from their occupations and put others in their stead; men which will not, like them, lift up the heel against us.

8. So the taskmasters, as with one consent, drove the people forth from serving them, so that they might perish for lack of food; also, their wives and their little ones cast they out into the streets.

9. And they sent forth proclamations throughout the land, by means of *Heralds* and of *Couriers*; yea, they caused those proclamations to be published in the *Chronicles* of those days,

10. Calling upon all those which would live by bread, and by the labour of their hands, to come unto them and live.

11. And behold there were gathered together from the four winds of heaven, bands of lewd fellows, the scum and the offscourings of the worthless and the vile—the chaff and the siftings of the sons of men;

12. Yea, men whose hands were stained with blood and with violence, and unto whose fingers clung the substance of their neighbours;

13. Men whose mouths were filled with cursing and blasphemies, and whose lips were defiled with perjuries and lies;

14. Whose hearts were swollen with lust—so that they spared not the wife, nor the widow, nor even the virgin of tender years.

15. And they were called Nobites, after their father *NOB*, (which, being interpreted, signifieth ‘*wicked one*,’) which was the son of *Grab*, which was the son of *Grip*, which was the son of *Belial*.

16. These were the men which the taskmasters hired to bring the people under subjection, and to grind the faces of the poor, by sowing divisions among them.

17. Moreover, by means of their silver and their gold, which they had gained by the labours of the people, they hired the scribes, the lawyers, the rulers, and the judges; yea, and the mighty men of war also hired they to drive out the people.

18. Also the scribes, and the rulers, and the mighty men of war, were bidden to sit at their tables, where they fared sumptuously every day, and were fed with wine and costly delicacies;

19. So that justice was bought, judgment perverted, truth set at nought, and mercy trodden under foot.

20. For certain young men among the people, having more zeal than discretion, and being provoked by the insolence of the Nobites, laid hands upon them to chastise them.

21. And for so doing, they were hunted like the wild roe upon the mountains, and were dragged before the rulers and the judges, and condemned to lie in ward for many days.

22. But the children of Nob were kindly entreated, and were dandled upon the knees of the taskmasters; yea, moreover, if they did any violence, their sins were forgiven them.

23. And it came to pass in process of time, that the Nobites, which had been kindly dealt with, waxed fat and kicked, yea, they lifted up the heel against the taskmasters.

24. And the taskmasters sighed to get back their people, but behold many of them had gone to other lands.

25. And they were sheltered and fed by their brethren beyond the river, and by their brethren in the isles afar off, so they dwelt with their brethren.

26. And, behold, are not these things written in the books of John the Liberite, and may be seen even unto this day.

CHAPTER III.—1834.

1. And after those things Alisander the seer fell into a deep sleep, and behold he *dreamed* a dream.

2. And the Spirit of Prophecy stood before him; his face was veiled in a *thin white cloud*, and a robe of *grey* mist encompassed him round about.

3. In his left hand he held a *sealed* scroll; his right hand was stretched out before him, and his forefinger was pointed towards *things far away*, which were but dimly seen, because of their great distance.

4. And he said unto Alisander the seer, Son of the earth, Dost thou behold those things? And the seer answered, Yea, but by reason of their *great distance*, I perceive them but dimly.

5. And the Spirit of Prophecy touched the eyes of the seer with the sealed scroll, and behold, immediately, *a vapour as it were* passed off from before his eyes, and he saw clearly.

6. And the Spirit said unto him, Son of the earth, What dost thou perceive now? And the seer answered and said Behold I see a *great city*, even like unto the city of *Gotham*; a city which standeth in the land of GULLS.

7. And the Spirit said, Arise, gird up thy loins, depart, and go unto *that city*, and when thou reachest thither, break the *seal* and open this scroll.

8. And thou shalt find written therein those things which *concern* the inhabitants of that great city; and thou shalt not be slack nor backward in declaring those things unto them.

9. And Alisander the seer took the *scroll* from the hand of the Spirit, and he bowed his head in obeisance, and departed for the city;

10. And when he had entered a *sabbath-day's* journey into the city, he broke the seal, opened the scroll, and found these things written therein:

11. Son of the earth! go unto the *taskmasters* of this

great city, and unto the *taskmasters* which dwell in the *country* round about, and declare these things unto them; yea, cry aloud and spare not.

12. And Alisander the seer opened his mouth, and cried aloud, Ho! ye *taskmasters* of this *great* city; listen unto the words which are written in this scroll, and *tremble* while ye listen.

13. Behold, have ye not made yourselves *rich* by reason of the *labours* of the *people* which served you? and *trusting* in your *riches*, have ye not despised and treated contemptuously those by whose *labours* ye have become rich?

14. Yea, that ye might have grounds for a controversy with the people, did not certain among you persuade them to make equal the prices of the labours of their hands?

15. And when the people did so, by reason of your persuasions, did you not drive them out from before you, and cry out that they wanted to *rule over* you?

16. Moreover, did not certain among you conspire against *John the Lawyer* (who also had become one of yourselves) to thrust him out from among you, and to take his *traffic* unto yourselves?

17. Because, by reason of his *cunning workmen*, and of his *skilful artificers* in the *scarlets* of the East, and in the *purples* of Tyre, the profits of his traffic had been greater than yours?

18. And that ye might accomplish these your designs against the people, and against *John the Lawyer*, did ye not *hire*, and cause him to *hire* also, the sons and the daughters of Nob, that they might eat the bread of the people?

19. And are not these *NOBITES men* which have been

sinners above all that dwell on the earth; and *women* whose fingers are expert in picking up the laces and the ornaments of their neighbours, and which have sold themselves to do *evil*, so that they have brought *low* even the *hire* of the harlot?

20. And hath not the *tender virgin* been defiled? yea, hath not the blood of the *innocent* been shed in the streets?

21. And doth not the *ravisher* still go at large? and hath not the *murderer* been set free?

22. Yea, hath not the *stream* of Justice been polluted, and *judgment* turned into gall and wormwood?

23. And behold also, have ye not *hired* certain of the *trumpeters* and the *publishers* of *tidings*, even Bennochiah the Pressite, to proclaim *slanders* and *lies* against the people?

24. And to make that which was *white*, appear *black* as the ashes of Tophet; and that which was *black*, *white* as the snow upon Mount Carmel?

25. And by these, your doings, have ye not striven to make the people *perish* for lack of food and of clothing, that they might become an obedient and a willing people unto you in the *day* of your power?

26. And have ye not striven in *vain*, and warred in *vain*, against the people? for, behold, are they not more *firmly knitted* together than heretofore?

27. And do they not cheerfully *give* of their substance to *strengthen* the hands and to *comfort* the hearts of one another?

28. Yea, have not many of them gone into other lands, where they are *requited for their labour*; and left you none

to help you but the NOBITES; a race of *fugitives* and of *vagabonds*, forgotten of God, *hated* and *shunned* by the sons of men?

29. Because they have *plucked* the bread from the *mouth* of the hungry, and have become *tools* in the hands of the *oppressor* to break in pieces the *poor* and the *needy*.

30. And, verily, for all these things, unless ye speedily repent, yea, and be reconciled unto your people whom you have grievously wronged, shall *sharp judgments* come upon you, and *terrible judgments* overtake you:

31. For a day of clouds and of darkness shall come; and the tempest and the whirlwind shall be gathered against you in their strength;

32. And fear and amazement shall *seize* you; and dread and *trembling* shall make all your joints to quake.

33. For behold, your *traffic* shall depart from you, and be carried to *other lands*; yea, your silver and your gold which you have heaped up, and in which ye have trusted, shall be *scattered* to the four *winds* of heaven.

34. And ye shall become *helpless* as the sucking child; yea, *feeble* as the new-born babe.

35. Ye shall call for help from your *people*, but they shall be far away; ye shall cry aloud for mercy, but the NOBITES, whom ye have fed and nursed in your lap, shall *laugh you* to scorn.

36. Your large *possessions* of brick and of stone, which lately were full of people, shall become a howling and a desolation; the shuttle shall be staid in the midst of his course, for the *beam* of the *mighty engine* shall stand still.

37. The wheel shall cease to turn at the fountain;

and weeds and rank grass shall choke up the running stream.

38. Where the sound of the *hammer* and of the *mallet* are heard, there shall the owl and the raven take up their abode.

39. And upon your tall *brick towers*, and upon your *high places* shall the eagle *build her nest*, and the bald eagle *bring forth* her young.

40. And the rattling of your *chariot wheels* shall cease in your streets; the trampling of your horses' feet, and the cracking of the whip, shall not be heard any more.

41. Your stately palaces shall become the *haunt* of the herdsman; and his oxen shall browse upon your pleasant fields.

42. Where the rose of Sharon *bloometh*, there shall *spring* up the nettle; where the lily of the valley *spreadeth her bosom*, there shall the toad-stool *rear* his broad and loathsome head.

43. Upon your *judgment seats* shall violence be committed; and there shall the *spoiler* divide the *spoil* of the vanquished.

44. Where the sound of glad tidings is heard, and the song of praise ariseth, there shall the *yellings* of the midnight murderer, and the *groans* of the dying, disturb the stillness of night.

45. And all those things shall come upon you, unless ye repent; for the Spirit of Prophecy hath declared it.

46. And after Alisander the seer had made an end of reading the scroll, he awoke; and behold it was *not* all a dream.

JOCK PATERSON AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

EVERYBODY who has lived in Glasgow for any length of time, must know more or less of that good-natured, silly, simple *innocent*, Jock Paterson. For more than forty years Jock has been in the habit of attending on, and walking along with, Hutchison's boys upon all occasions of a public nature. Not a Sabbath passes but Jock is to be seen at the head of the Blue-coat scholars, marching along with them to church, and keeping a sharp look-out, in case any of his 'callants,' as he calls them, should be guilty of any impropriety, either by the way or in the church. And at the annual procession, when all the children belonging to the public charities of Glasgow are paraded to the church in their new dresses, no man in Glasgow is so proud as Jock upon that day, when, decked out in his new suit, he takes his place at the head of his 'callants,' and walks with them through the public streets of the city. Jock, however, with all his innocence, and all his simplicity, is as fond of a glass of whisky or a caup of yill as any guzzler in the Goosedubs; and not a day passes but by some means or other he manages to get his craving for a dram satisfied in a greater or less degree. A few years ago, and during the time that Mr Thom's celebrated figures of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny were being exhibited in Glasgow, the proprietor very generously invited all the public schools in town to a gratuitous view of his figures upon a certain day, and there was Jock among the rest, along with his 'callants.' So tickled was he at the gro-

tesque appearance of the twa drouthy cronies, that he could not contain himself, but burst out into a loud laugh, which attracted the attention of the tutor, (the Rev. Mr Ferrie, now professor of mathematics in the Academy of Belfast,) who, coming up to Jock, clapped him on the shoulder, and good-naturedly inquired, 'Weel, what do ye think of these queer chaps?' 'Think,' says Jock, 'Od, sir, I think gif I was that ane there (pointing to Souter Johnny,) I wadna sit sae lang with the caup in my hand without drinkin'.'

FIGHTING MEN.

IN the far-famed town of 'the Seestus,' it has been the custom from time immemorial, (a custom which prevails all over Scotland,) for friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, to hold merry-meetings in one another's houses during the New-year holidays, which meetings are generally designated 'New'r-day haunlins,' and at which, all the good things of this life come-at-able by the entertainers, are sure to be brought into requisition for the gratification and enlivening of the male and female guests assembled.

At one of these haunlins, not long ago, when the parties were getting pretty hearty, and after the song, the toast, the jest, and the round of Scotch proverbs, had each made their circuit of the table, the landlord, by way of variety, proposed that the company should give a round of 'fighting men.' The glasses were again charged, and each in his and her turn, gave the memory or the health of some favourite hero, dead or alive. Marlborough, Charles

XII., Moore, Nelson, Duncan, Abercromby, Napoleon, Ney, Wellington, &c. &c., were all given and loudly responded to, no matter whether the heroes were dead or living, foreign or home-bred. At last it came to a worthy woman's turn to give a toast, but she, good woman, had never read 'the history of the wars,' and was consequently unacquainted with the names and murdering merits of heroes and 'fighting men!' The toast was brought to a dead stand. 'What's the matter, Mrs Wabster?' cries one. 'Are ye gaun to stick the toast?' cries another. 'Haena ye mind o' ony fechtin' men?' cries a third. 'Weel I wat,' quoth she, 'I hae just mind o' ane, an' I'll gie ye him gin ye like. Here's to that worthless, drunken, daidlin', dyvour o' a body, Davie Drawloom, he's the only fechtin' man that I ken, for he *fechts wi' his wife* everlastingly.'

AN ABERDEEN WONDER.

JOHN BERVIE, an honest industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the 'auld toon o' Aberdeen,' had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes, as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father, from time to time, small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion he sent, by the hand of a friend,

a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would not by any means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the 'north countrie,' and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath day, and show it to his astonished neighbours, as a 'wonderfu' wonder,' for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the 'gowd guinea.' But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the churchyard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas! the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea, but John told them with a sorrowful heart and as sorrowful a countenance, that 'he could na' lat them see't ony mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, an' a sair partin' it was to him.' His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. 'Come a' back, lads,' cried John, 'come a' back, fat are ye a' gaen awa' for? gin I canna lat ye see the guinea itsel' for a penny, I'll lat ye see the *cloutie* it was rowt intee for a *baubee*.'

A HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

WHO has not heard of Duncan Dhu—the simple, honest, warm-hearted Duncan Dhu, who keeps a comfortable change-house in the High Street of Glasgow? Reader, if thou hast not heard of Duncan, we shall tell thee a little story concerning him, at once illustrative of his simplicity and goodness of heart. We had often heard of Duncan, but as we did not know him personally, and wished very much to see him, we requested a friend to introduce us to him. We accordingly called one evening, and luckily found Duncan at home, with whom we were made acquainted in due form; and after partaking of his good Highland cheer, we found him to be very communicative, and withal, very desirous to please, without wishing to engross more than his own share of the conversation. At last, our friend said, ‘Come, Duncan, this gentleman never heard you tell the story about yourself and Mrs M’Farlane—the Stockymuir affair, you know—will you be kind enough to relate that story to him and me? for though I have heard it before, I have almost forgot it now—will you tell us the story?’ ‘Inteed I will tid that,’ said Duncan, ‘an’ it’s as true a storee as ever man will made.’ But, in order to do justice to Duncan’s ‘storee,’ we will try to give it as nearly as we can in his own words. ‘Aweel, shentlemens, you will opserve, ta storee was shust this: there was maype twenty, or a *score* o’ us, I tinna mind which, coming through ta Stockymuir ae moonlicht nicht, an’ ilka ane o’ us was carrying hame a wee trappie in a *quiet way*, you will opserve,

an' we wanted ta moon till gang till hims ped before we will come into Glashgow; for you will see shentlemens, although we will tid things in a *quiet way* ourselves, we nicht maype meet wi' some will no be quiet wi' us—you will understand what I will mean, shentlemens? Weel, you'll see, as I was told you, we were coming through ta Stockymuir, an' Mrs M'Farlane, puir body, (I'm sure you will ken Mrs M'Farlane, as tecent a woman as in a' ta Priggate,) weel, she teuks very ill, ay, very ill indeed; an' some will say one thing, an' some will say anither thing, but Mrs M'Farlane was not able to get on at a'; so they will all went away an' leave Mrs M'Farlane to tid ta pest she could, an' nobody was left wi' Mrs M'Farlane but shust mysel. Now, shentlemens, was not this a great shame an' a sin poth, to leave any Christian creature so? yes, I will say it was great shame inteed. So you will opserve, when I will saw that, my very heart will pled for ta puir women, an' what you'll thocht I will tid wi' her? I will shust teuk her 'pon my ain pack, an' will carry her a' ta way for twa lang miles, till I will prought her till a house 'pon ta road, an' there I will get her coot lodgings an' kind 'tendance till she will cot petter, inteed I tid, shentlemens.' 'But, Duncan,' said our friend, 'what did you do with the poor woman's whisky? you would have to carry it too, I suppose.' 'Inteed,' said Duncan, 'I tid not carry one drop o' ta whisky, ta whisky was tie on her own pack, and when *I carry hersel, I shust thocht I carry plenty.*'

THE NEW'R-DAY CHEESE.

A CERTAIN psalm-singing wight in this city, of boozing notoriety, was lately invited, along with his wife 'Nannie,' to a tea-party in the neighbourhood. Things went off in fine style, even to the heart's content of the dealer in sweet sounds and his rib, who had seldom partaken of so many dainties; but with the man of notes the chief charm lay in the toddy-bowl, which, though often drained dry, was as often and as promptly replenished by the hospitable entertainer. In short,

'The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
An' aye the *drink* was growing better.'

Mr Semibreve got into his happiest *key*, and gave song after song, and story after story, 'till roof and rafters a' did dirl' with the shouts and laughter of the company.

The approaching New-year, and its anticipated delights, became the subject of conversation. 'Let it come when it will,' cries Semi, exultingly, 'I for ane am weel providit for't at ony rate, for I hae gotten baith my cheese an' whisky laid in—a famous muckle cheese, an' a hale pint o' real Hielan stingo, and I'll be bound it's no every ane here can tell the tale; so you'll maybe come and get a preeing o't at New'r-day.' 'Oh surely, we maun a' come and get a glass out o' our precentor's bottle, and a whang o' his cheese,' cried every one present, though by no means pleased with the insinuation which prefaced his rather cold invitation.

A sly wag present, Sam Sleekum by name, whose mind ever ran on playing tricks for his own amusement, suddenly took it into his head to pay a visit that very night to Semi's muckle cheese, without the owner's knowledge or consent. Accordingly, while Semibreve was entertaining the company with one of his own sublime ditties upon the charms of the beautiful Molendinar burn, Sleekum slips his fingers into the skirt-pocket of Semi's 'superfine black,' and slyly slips out the key of his door, and pretending to be rather incommoded by the heat of the room, begs to retire for a few minutes till he should get a little cooled. Getting out into the street, onward he pushes for the dwelling of Semibreve, pondering in his own mind what he will do with the cheese; an incident occurred which soon determined him how to act. Overtaking a poor worn-out soldier and his equally tired partner, and entering into conversation with them, he learned that they had come a great way that day, and were strangers in town, consequently were at a loss where to put up for the night. Sleekum kindly offered them accommodation, as he said, in his own house, and as he had a spare bed, the thing would put him to no trouble at all. The offer was accepted with every demonstration of joy and gratitude by the wearied pair, who, along with their kind guide, soon found themselves comfortably seated by the warm fire of Semi. The 'muckle cheese,' along with plenty of bread, was set down, and the stingo paraded; the couple ate and drank their fill, heaping blessings upon the head of their kind benefactor all the while. 'Now,' says he, 'as you are both wearied, there's your bed, and I will just retire to the next room to mine, I will therefore

now lock the door, and call on you in the morning ; in the meantime, I wish you a good night's rest.' So saying, he locks the door upon the grateful couple, and paces his way back to his company, where he finds Semi singing, or rather bawling in his own sweet style—

SANCT MUNGO.

Sanct Mungo wals ane famous sanct,
 And ane cantye carle wals hee ;
 He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
 Quhan bettere.hee culdna prie :
 Zit quhan hee culd gette strongere cheere,
 Hee neuer wals wattere dry,
 Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
 And loot ye burne rynne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,
 And merrylve hee sang ;
 Quhaneuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,
 Ye very Firre Parke rang ;
 But thoch hee weele culd lilt and syng,
 And mak sweet melodye,
 Hee chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
 Quhan pryed wi' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
 Farre-famed for godlye deedis,
 And grete delyte hee dayle took
 Inn countyngwe owre hys beadis ;
 Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
 Can count als welle als hee ;
 But ye beadis quilk I like best to count
 Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct ;
 Sa weele hee lykit gude zil,
 Thatte quhyles hee staynde hys quhyte vesture
 Wi' dribblands o' ye still ;

But I, hys maist unwordye sonne,
 Haue gane als farre als hee,
 For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,
 Through lufe o' barlye-bree.

The time had flown by so quickly during Sleekum's absence, that he was scarcely ever missed; so sitting down in his old seat as quietly as possible, he got the key conveyed into Semi's pocket unperceived by any of the company. The time for parting at last arrived, and honest Semi and rib took the road; but many a curve and zig-zag had he to perform before he got to his roosting-place, among the house-sparrows in the highest tenement in Heddle-Wynd. Arrived at last, and getting the fire stirred up to give them light, what was their surprise when they beheld hanging upon a peg, the accoutrements of the wearied soldier! 'L—d, Nannie, what's the meaning o' a' this? We've surely gane to the wrang house—or am I a sodger? whan did I list? odds my life? I'm dish'd noo, for St Mungo's fairly—— Come, come, we're a' wrang—let's awa, this is no my ain house, I ken by the—the—the devil's in't! A sodger's belts, bagonet, knapsack, and red coat a' here!—Nannie, Nannie! we're a' beglamour'd an' bedeeviled! hech me! what's to be done?' Poor Nannie, who had not dipped so deep in the bowl as her bewildered helpmate, and consequently could reason more rationally, soon found out the cause of this strange appearance by discovering a man and woman in her bed. She had no sooner imparted the intelligence to her husband than he ran to the bed roaring, 'Hallo, ye sowls! hallo! what the sorrow are ye seeking here, an' be hang'd till ye? or how had ye the im-

puddence to take up ony honest man's bed, and mak' his house ye'r ain?' The tired pair had sunk into a profound sleep, and were not to be awakened by mere hallooing; nothing therefore was left for Semibreve, but to begin pulling and hauling at them in bed. The soldier at length opening his eyes, and seeing the disturber of his rest, put on a menacing look, and ordered the fellow to be gone, else he would call the decent gentleman in the next room, who would not permit such a noise in his house by any drunken intruder; 'So, begone sirrah!' cries he, 'else I'll rise and call the landlord.' 'The landlord! the landlord?' cries Semi, 'I'll soon let ye ken wha's the landlord, sae get out o' my bed instantly, you and your hizzy there, an' let decent folk wha hae the best right get in.' While this altercation was going on, Nannie, more prudent, was looking through the house to see if nothing was amissing; so casting her eyes on the cheese, and seeing it like the moon on the wane, also the bottle greatly diminished, communicated the sad news to her husband, who bawled out, 'An' ye hae eaten a' my cheese, an' drunken my whisky too, that I was keeping for New'r-day, an' wadna sae muckle as taste it mysel! My sang, but ye hae a stock o' brass; so get up momently, or I'll call the poleesh.' 'Call the devil if you please,' said the soldier sternly, but calmly, 'but I am determined to keep my quarters till the landlord call in the morning, so begone and disturb me not.' Semibreve, although he threatened to call the police, was not very forward in doing so, as he did not like their presence; he was therefore obliged to succumb, and let the soldier and his wife keep possession of the bed till broad day-light, who, finding the landlord

did not keep his promise by calling, marched boldly away, after sarcastically bidding Semi and his wife a good morning. In two days after, Semi meeting Sleekum on the street, was accosted by him, who inquired kindly for his health since they had parted last. Semi, with a lengthened face, recounted the whole of the mysterious affair, as he called it, at which Sleekum put on a serious face too; but while parting he gave him this sage advice:—"Never brag again when ye get in your New'r-day cheese, in case it may gang awa a' thegither.'

THE ASS TURNED GENTLEMAN.

IN the year 17—, before the light of literature and science had made such progress among the peasantry of this country as it has since made,—when our less enlightened forefathers ascribed every phenomenon of nature which they did not understand to some supernatural agency, either benevolent or malevolent, as the case might be; and an avowal of disbelief in the existence of witchcraft, necromancy, the black art, hobgoblins, fairies, brownies, &c., would have subjected a person to more annoyance and persecution, than an open avowal of infidelity would do at present,—three young men of family set out from Edinburgh on a pleasure excursion into the country. After visiting Linlithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, and Glasgow, they took up their quarters at the head inn in Midcalder, on their way back to Auld Reekie. Finding a set of youthful revellers there to their mind, they spent several days and

nights in drinking and carousing, never dreaming of the heavy bill they were running up with the 'kind landlady.' The truth flashed upon them at last; and they discovered, when it was too late, that they had not wherewithal to clear their heavy score. A consultation was held by the trio, and many plans for getting rid of their disagreeable situation were proposed and rejected. At last, one of them, more fertile in expedients than the other two, hit upon the following method, which good fortune seemed to favour, of extricating both himself and his brethren:—

'Don't you see yon cadger's ass standing at the door over the way?' said he.

'Yes; but what of that?'

'Come along with me—loose the ass—unburden him of his creels—disengage him from his sunks and branks—put me in his place—equip me with his harness—hang the creels likewise upon me—tie me to the door with his own halter—get another for him—lead him away to the next town—you will get him easily sold—return with the money—pay the bill—and leave me to get out of the halter the best way I can.'

The plan was instantly put in practice; the youth was soon accoutred in the ass's furniture, and away went the other two to sell the ass.

In the meantime, out comes the honest cadger from the house, where he had been making a contract with the guid-wife for eggs; but the moment he beheld, as he supposed, his ass transformed into a fine gentleman, he held up his hands in the utmost wonder, exclaiming at the same time, 'Guid hae a care o' us! what means a' this o't? Speak

in the name o' Gude, an' tell me what ye are—are ye an earthly creature, or the auld thief himsel' ?'

' Alas!' responded the youth, putting on a sad countenance, ' hae ye forgotten your ain ass? Do ye no ken me now?—me! that has served you sae lang ane sae faithfu'; that has trudged and toiled through wat and through dry, mid cauld and hunger; hooted at by blackguard callants—lashed by yoursel'—an' yet ye dinna ken me! Waes me, that ever I becam' your ass! that ever I should, by my ain disobedience, hae cast out wi' my father, an' provoked him to turn me into a stupid creature sic as ye now see me!'

' Sic as I now see you!—instead o' an ass, I now see a braw young gentleman.'

' A braw young gentleman!—O Gude be praised that my father has at last been pleased to restore me to my ain shape, and that I can now see wi' the een, an' speak wi' the tongue o' a man.'

' But wha are ye, my braw lad, and wha is your father?'

' Oh, did you never hear o' Maister James Sandilands, the third son o' the Earl o' Torphichen?'

' Heard o' him! ay, an' kent him too, when he was a bairn, but he was sent awa' abroad when he was young, an' I ne'er heard tell o' him sin' syne.'

' Weel, I'm that same Maister James; and ye maun ken that my father learned the black art at the college, an' that I happened to anger him by makin' love to a fine young leddy, against his will, an' that, in short, when he faund out that I was still in love wi' her, he turned me into an ass for my disobedience.'

‘ Weel, weel, my man, since that is the case, gae awa’ hame, an’ gree wi’ your father, tak’ my blessing wi’ you, an’ I will e’en try to get anither ass, whether your father send me as muckle siller as buy anither ane or no; fare ye weel, an’ my blessing gang wi’ you.’

Away went the youth, released from his bondage, and soon meeting with his comrades, related, to their joint gratification, his strange adventure with the honest cadger. Suffice it to say, that the ass was sold, the bill paid, and the youths got safely back to Edinburgh.

So soon as they got matters arranged, they sent a sum to the worthy cadger, sufficient to purchase three asses. On receiving the money, he lost no time in looking out for another ass, and as next week was ‘ Calder fair,’ he repaired thither with the full intention of making a purchase. He was not long in the fair, looking about for an animal to suit his purpose, when, behold, he saw, with new wonder and astonishment, his own identical old ass. The dumb brute knew him also, and made signs of recognition in the best manner he could. The honest cadger could not contain himself, the tears gushed from his eyes, he looked wistfully in the creature’s face, and anxiously cried out, ‘ Gude hae a care o’ us, hae you and your father cuisten out again !’

SHONNY CAMMEL ; OR, THE TURN-COAT PRIEST.

WRITTEN 1819.

Shonny Cammel's my name—frae the Highlands I come ;
 I've exchanged the braw tartans that hung round my ——
 For a black coat, and gravat sae white.
 I've exchanged the oak cudgel, and brogue of Argyle,
 For the gold-headed cane, and the fine English style ;
 I've exchanged the clay-biggings, and coarse Highland cheer,
 For this braw preaching place, and some hundreds a year,—
 Wi' my black coat, and gravat sae white.

And here I retail out the word o' the lord,
 At a far cheaper rate than I weel can afford,
 For a black coat, and gravat sae white.
 But the lord whom I speak of—whose word I retail,
 Is the lord whose dominion extends o'er each jail ;
 Yea, even the blessed Lord Sidmouth's the lord
 Whom I piously serve, by retailing his word,
 In my black coat, and gravat sae white.

And here, too, I rule, like a Turkish Bashaw,
 To mak' the poor people look upwards wi' awe
 To my black coat, and gravat sae white.
 But, troth, I have whiles rather meikle to do,
 For some of the blockheads I canna bring to ;
 Was ever there seen sic a parcel o' fools ?
 They winna submit to be driven like mules,
 By the black coats, and gravats sae white.

I once was Reformer—though not from the heart,
 But now I have chosen the far better part,
 For a black coat, and gravat sae white.
 For lately, at ‘*Reekie*’ some *new light* I got,
 Which made me determined on *turning* my coat ;
 And the new light shone clear through a good *swinging purse*,
 So, homewards I came,—the Reformers to curse,
 In my black coat, and gravat sae white.

Now come unto me, all ye loyal and true,
 And I will instruct you in what you must do,
 Wi’ my black coat, and gravat sae white.
 Renounce all connection with Radical knaves,—
 Bow down to Lord Sidmouth,—be his willing slaves ;
 And listen to me, with devotion and awe,
 While I, from this high place, promulgate his law,
 In my black coat, and gravat sae white.

His law, then, is this, that ye spend not your cash
 In purchasing wicked and blasphemous trash
 Against black coats, and gravats sae white.
 The ‘*Spirit of the Union*’ no more you must read,
 For it is the *spirit of the devil* indeed ;
 And its publisher ought to be whippit through ——,
 For publishing *truths* unbecoming to tell,
 About black coats, and gravats sae white.

But depart ye from me, all ye Radical crew,
 With you I will henceforth have nothing to do,
 In my black coat, and gravat sae white.

Your breath is rank poison—your tongues are sharp stings,
 Directing your venom at priests and at kings ;
 You're foes to the Kirk, as you're foes to the State,
 And therefore ye merit the rancour and hate
 Of each black coat, and gravat sae white.

Ye scoff at our *gospel*, which brings us our *bit*,
 And ye wickedly point your satirical wit
 At our black coats, and gravats sae white.
 Instead of your paying us proper respect,
 Ye say that we're wolves in sheeps' clothing bedeck't ;
 That we're thieves who have slyly slipt into the fauld :
 Now these, though they're facts, yet they shouldna be tauld
 Upon black coats, and gravats sae white.

Yet rich are the comforts *our gospel* affords,
 To those *useful* playthings ca'd kings, dukes, and lords,
 And to black coats, and gravats sae white.
 It teacheth the people submission and awe
 To anything *we* are inclined to make *law* ;
 It fattens the lads at the altar who serve,
 And makes them to live who would otherwise starve,—
 Even black coats, and gravats sae white.

But the *gospel* we preach was not known to St John,
 Nor to Matthew, nor Mark, nor yet Luke,—'tis our own,
 With our black coats, and gravats sae white.
 Such *gospel* as theirs would not do now-a-days,
 For providing fine dwellings, rich food, and braw claes :

A fisherman's net, or a camel's rough hide,
 Would ill suit the dignity, splendour, and pride
 Of our black coats, and gravats sae white.

Then depart ye from me, and that quickly, I say,
 All ye who implicit respect winna pay

To my black coat, and gravat sae white.

'Twere better to want such a cross, thrawart breed,
 For never a bit will you drive nor yet lead ;

'Twere better to speak to the stanes and the sticks,
 Than to you who can see through the sly loopy tricks
 Of our black coats, and gravats sae white.

A PIOUS WAILING,

AS WAILED BY THE YIRL O' GABERDEEN, OWRE THE MISFOR-
 TUNES O' HIS DEARLY-BELOVED DESPOT, DONALD M'GILL,
 (DON MIGUEL.)

O, what will become of poor Donald M'Gill ?
 O, what will become of poor Donald M'Gill ?
 He has lost the braw *seat* he sae doucely did fill,
 And a vagabond life leads poor Donald M'Gill.

Now a wandering outcast, he gangs here and there,
 Wi' his brogues sadly torn, an' his hurdies half bare,
 Right glad o' a bite, or a drink o' sma' yill,
 For clung is the kyte o' poor Donald M'Gill.

O, what will become, &c.

'Mang decent folk, now, he can scarce show his face,
 While a young glaikit lassie louns into his place ;
 Nae wonder he taks it confoundedly ill,
 To be treated sae rudely—poor Donald M'Gill.
 O, what will become, &c.

A few breekless billies, as bad as himsel',
 Gang spulzieing wi' him owre mountain an' fell,
 Wi' scarcely a morsel their bellies to fill,—
 What a pitifu' pastime for Donald M'Gill.
 O, what will become, &c.

The *Battlings* o' Bourmont—the *prayers* o' the Pope—
 Hae lost a' their virtue, his fortunes to prop ;
 And the kind-hearted Tories, although they've the will,
 Sma' help now can gie to poor Donald M'Gill.
 O, what will become, &c.

They've done what they could, and they still wad do mair,
 To place him again in his 'ain muckle chair ;'
 But his case is sae hopeless it maks their bluid chill,
 To think on the fate o' poor Donald M'Gill.
 O, what will become, &c.

O, wad Nick o' the North his assistance but gie,
 We might yet get poor Donald propt up for a wee ;
 But while LOUIE's in league wi' that TARRY TYKE, WILL,
 There's a dowie look-out for poor Donald M'Gill.
 O, what will become, &c.

Confound a' your liberal opinions, we say ;
 Wi' us it is now the back half o' the day ;
 Our late goodly places, I fear, we'll ne'er fill,
 And may soon be as needy as Donald M'Gill.

O, what will become o' poor Donald M'Gill ?
 An' what will become o' poor Donald M'Gill ?—
 Come weel or come woe, he'll be dear to us still,
 An' we'll share our last plack wi' poor Donald M'Gill.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME,

AS HOWLED BY THE MARQUIS OF LONG-THONG-DERRY, OVER
 HIS ILLEGANT ADORABLE DAN MY-JEWEL, (DON MIGUEL.)

Come all you true right-hearted boys,
 Throughout the Irish nation,
 And join wid me, while I howl out,
 A bitter lamentation.
 For now I *mane* for to complain,
 Of fate so hard and cruel,
 How she has trick'd, and cuff'd, and kick'd
 The darlint, Dan My-jewel.
 Och smilaloo, habubaboo !
 Bad luck and bodderation !
 Poor Dan's cut up, beyond all hope,
 And knock'd to *ruination*.

Och, Dan he was the darlint boy,
 That rightly *done* the *jab*, surs,
 For wid his big shillela, why,
 He kept in awe the mob, surs.
 He was the chap upheld the Church,
 By houlding liberals down, surs,
 Till Napier and Dan *Paddy-row*, (Pedro)
 Attack'd and crack'd his crown, surs.
 Och smilaloo, hububaboo !
 Bad luck and bodderation !
 They've druve him from his rightfu' home,
 . Midst wreck and devastation.

Bormount ! the devil bore him through,
 • His late purtended friend, surs,
 And hundreds more, vile spalpeens, too,
 Have left him in the end, surs.
 Have left him in his greatest need,
 Och, how *monstracious* cruel,
 To trate a dacent fellow so—
 The pious Dan My-jewel.
 Och smilaloo, hububaboo !
 Bad luck and bodderation ;
 The precious boy, I fear, will die,
 Through want or—strangulation.

A pert young minx now fills his place,
 Bad *further* to her cause, surs,
 That she should ever dare to rule,
 By equitable laws, surs ;

That she should raise the people up,
 Whom Dan kept well *inunder*,—
 The thought is like to burst my heart,
 Blue blazes, turf, and tunder !
 Och smilaloo, hububaboo !
 Bad luck and bodderation ;
 Our cause is o'er, to rise no more,
 Our state is desperation.

A LIKENESS TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.

Know ye the man who is empty and proud?
 Know ye the man who is noisy and loud?
 Know ye the man whose stentorian lungs
 Could give motion and force to four dozen of tongues?
 Know ye the man to whom Nature, still kind,
 To make up for the want of a heart and a mind,
 Has given a visage of fifty-cheek power,
 To help him to sputter out froth by the hour,
 And talk till his audience no longer can sit,
 Quite sick of the *trash* which he passes for wit?
 Know ye the man who, to gain his own ends,
 Can wheedle, and diddle, and cozen his friends,
 And, after obtaining the favour he wants,
 Can turn round and pay them with jeers and with taunts?
 Know ye the man who, to gain him a *rib*
 Possessing the *needful*, could coin a neat fib,
 Pretending to be what he really was not,
 Till the *trusting one's* cash in his clutches he got,—

And, now that he reckons his fortune half made,
 Can laugh at the innocent dupe he betrayed,—
 Who fondles to fleece her—then treats her with scorn,
 And who yet will leave her to languish forlorn?
 Know ye the man fraught with bombast and foam,
 Who, courting applause, through the country can roam,
 Displaying the learning which others have shown,
 To make it go down, when he can, as his own ;
 Who into good company gets himself bored,
 Still making a fuss that he may be adored ;
 But if to engross the whole talk he should fail,
 Whose plan is to bully, browbeat, or turn tail ?
 Know ye the man——But I need not say more
 Than this : if you e'er meet a *terrible bore*,
 A *bore* who will pester your soul to the quick,
 And dose you with dogmas until you're quite sick,
 An ignorant dabbler in logic and law,
 A discarded fiscal, who hunts for *eclat*,
 A pompous practiser of fudge and clap-trap,
 A fopling, a fibber,—then, that is the chap.

 SONG,

COMPOSED FOR THE PUBLIC DINNER TO BE GIVEN TO THE
 EARL OF DURHAM.

AIR—“ *Ye Mariners of England.*”

Ye Patriot hearts of Scotland,
 Who prize your country's weal,
 Whose strenuous efforts still have been,
 Her woes and wrongs to heal ;

The glorious task be yours to-night,
To lay corruption low,
And tread
On her head,
While you strike the avenging blow.

That all-devouring monster,
Detested and accurs'd—
Whose thousand maws on Britain's blood
For ages have been nurs'd—
Now pale and prostrate, writhing lies,
With many a mortal thro':
Then smart,
Through her heart,
Let the sword of Justice go.

Britannia, smiling, views you
With mild and placid eye,
And Freedom looks delighted down,
From her abode on high,
Approving of the manly strains,
Which from your lips do flow—
While your sires'
Spirit fires,
Every breast with Freedom's glow.

Then hail the Noble Stranger
With gladsome welcome here;—
To Britain, and to Liberty,
May he be ever dear.

While others shrink, may DURHAM still,
 Undaunted, forward go,
 While the flame
 Of his fame,
 Bright and brighter still shall grow ;
 And ages hence revere the man
 Who was Oppression's foe.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

HAIL to thee! high-minded chieftain of Erin,
 Happy and blest be thy native 'Green Isle ;'
 Heaven give thee strength to march onward, careering,
 Curbing misrule and oppression the while ;
 Here to the 'land of cakes ;'—
 Land of pure streams and lakes,
 Blue bonnets hail thee with hearty hurrah :
 This be our watchword then,
 Echoed from hill and glen,
 'Freedom! O'Connell! and Erin go bragh!'

Hail to thee! Erin's renowned Liberator,
 Welcome to Scotland, the land of the brave ;
 Tyrants who fear thee may howl 'agitator,'
 Still thou art dear to the heart-broken slave ;—
 Lordlings may rant and rave,
 Joined by each canting knave—

Each rabid cur ope his venomous jaw,
Ours be the watchword still,
Echoed from glen and hill,
'Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh.'

Ours is no hireling—no bought adulation,
Offered to titles, to rank, or to birth,
No:—'tis the heart-felt applause of a nation,
Paid to pre-eminent talent and worth.
Lords may be pretty things,
Talk very witty things,
Simper and smile, while they *pillage by law*,
Let them their minions fee,
Our grateful theme shall be,
'Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh.'

Hail to thee, who, whilst o'er Erin's woes weeping,
Feel'st for the wrongs of the rest of mankind:—
Hail to thee, who, at thy post ever keeping,
Sleep'st not till freedom a resting-place find;
Still may'st thou grow in strength,
Till crowned with joy at length,
Freedom's last foe from his stronghold thou draw;—
Then shall the welkin ring,
While future ages sing,
'Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh.'

A MOST LOYAL PEAL,

IN HONOUR OF SIR ROBERT PEEL,

*As chanted in a Wooden Booth, at the back of Buchanan Street,
on Friday the 13th January, 1837, at the enacting of the Peel-
Tory Feed and Farce.*

WRITTEN BY ANDREW WHAUP O' HAZELKNOWE.

Welcome, mighty man of Tamworth,
To our Tory banquet here ;
Come like lion, not like lamb, forth,
Our desponding hearts to cheer.

Come in all thy pride and glory,
Come with all thy power and might ;
With thy breath to *bless* each Tory,
But to *blast* each Whiggish wight.

Prince of princely cotton-spinners,
As our chief we hail thee now ;
Who would grudge a thousand dinners
To a thousand such as thou ?

Fast our Tory cause was sinking ;
Murky clouds our hearts deprest ;
Not a star of hope was blinking,
Save the *star* on Lyndhurst's breast.

Numb'd, inert, we lay like oysters ;
All was drear as death's abode ;
Till auld Clutha's rotten cloisters
With phosphoric lustre glow'd.

Thus, by light o' rotten timmer,
 Were we made to see our way ;
While our een wi' howlet glimmer,
 Cursed the ugly glare o' day.

Monkish Greybeards, bald and hoary,
 In their plenitude of power,
With a kindness truly Tory,
 Help'd us in our needfu' hour.

Yes, as if by force of magic,
 Out o' darkness brought they light
And, by dint o' lear and logic,
 Gart their *breeklings* vote aright ;

Gied them mony a solemn lecture,
 Did their barren minds direct ;
Made them choose thee for their **RECTOR**,
 And the wily Whig reject.

Hence, ten score o' bubbly blichens,
 Like the geese that sav'd auld Rome,
By their gabbling (dear young chickens !)
 Saved us from our threaten'd doom :

Saved us from annihilation,
 Made us fix our hopes on thee ;
Who, 'midst joy and tribulation,
 Still our guiding star must be.

Wants there proof, now, of reaction !
When a batch of beardless chaps,
Peal'd out 'Peel' at thy election,
And for 'Peel' threw up their caps ?

From the mouths of babes and sucklings
Here was *wisdom* perfected ;
O, the dear young dainty *ducklings*,
What sweet *quacking* then they made.

Hence, let honours be decreed them ;
Round their necks be garlands hung ;
Out o' siller dishes feed them ;
Be their praises ever sung :

That their deeds may live in story
After they are dead and gone,
Pointing to each future Tory,
Where to rest his hopes upon.

As our sires, when we were younkers,
To Pitt's image bent the knee ;
So, on our obsequious hunkers,
Here, great Peel ! we worship thee.

Here, we lowly bend before thee ;
Here, we kiss thy *muckle tae* ;
Here, enraptured, we adore thee,
And for thy assistance pray.

Save us, then, from wheedling Whiggies ;
Save us, too, from rampant Rads ;
Save our sacred *gowns* and *wiggies*—
From those vile, rapacious squads.

Save our throne and save our altars,
Places, pensions, O preserve ;
To the Rads gie chains and halters—
Richly they such things deserve.

Save *Hereditary Wisdom*
From the rabble's wicked fangs ;
Save the *whisker'd* Duke from *his* doom,
For on him our safety hangs.

Save our Kirk and save our steeple,
Save our Poopit and our bell :
That we still may awe the people
Wi' the terrors o' a hell :

That we still may keep them under ;
Mak' them toil, that we may eat ;
Be allowed to fleece and plunder,
And tak' ease while others sweat.

Up, then, mighty man of Tamworth,
Seize again the helm o' state ;
Melbourne—poh ! he's not a d—n worth—
Mak' him quickly tak' the gate !

Drive the Whigs and Rads to ruin,
Turn them to the right about ;
Else they'll work our sad undoing,
If not smartly a' kick'd out.

O, that VICKY, some dark morning,
Wad be pleased to *cut her stick* ;
And auld WILLY get his warning,
Soon we'd send the Whigs to Nick.

By the adored *grey moustachios*
Of the *saintly* Cumberland,
Not a rascal then durst fash us,
While we ruled with mighty hand.

Every foe we'd put to rout then,
Through the land our spies should prowl ;
Not a Whig durst show his snout then,
Not a Rad durst gie a growl.

Reinstated in our places,
Then how happy should we be,
Midst a group of jolly faces,
Ruled by Cumberland and thee.

'COME, FYE, LET US A' TO THE GUZZLE.'

A SONG.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW WHAUP OF HAZELKNOWE.

AIR—'Fye, let us a' to the bridal.'

COME, fye, let us a' to the guzzle,
 For there will be munching there,
 For Peel, that *political puzzle*,
 Is come to partak' o' our fare ;
 And there will be *cod-heads* in plenty,
 And *calves'-heads* and *bullocks'-heads* too,
 Wi' store o' *stuff'd geese* (nae great dainty,)
 And rowth o' rich *white-livered* broo.

And there will be *gulls and fat gudgeons*,
 And gammon, and flummery, and froth !
 And likewise to stuff our curmudgeons,
 Some rich yellow *Carlton broth* ;
 And there will be guttling most glorious,
 And guzzling till ance we're a' fou,
 Wi' hip-hip-hurraing uproarious,
 And damning the vile Whiggish crew.

And there will be worthy LORD HARRY,
 Whase person will grace our board-head,
 As plump and as round as a berry,
 Wi' intellect brilliant as—lead ;

And there will be WEATHERCOCK SANDFORD,
 The knight wot spouts *gammon* and *Greek*;
 Vile freedom—he once made a stand for't,
 But now he's our ain Jerry Sneak.

And there will be DOCTOR STATISTICS,
 Still fash'd wi' the ghaist o' Nanse Baird,
 Wi' twenty fat clerical mystics,
 Whase creeds by state tactics are squar'd.
 And there will be EX-DEACON B——Y,
 Wi' his most vociferous lungs,
 To play us the part o' *Grimaldi*,
 Wi' sleek, *plural-paunch'd* DUNCAN RUNGS.

And there will be jolly JOHN GEORDIE,
 The king o' the *Calico Nobs*,
 Wi' ROBIN, that proud cotton lordie,
 Sae fond o' nice pickings and jobs.
 An' tere will pe NORMAN M'TARTAN,
 Wha in her nainsel' pe a host,
 Wi' face red an' round as a partan,
 To greet us wi' some yeuky toast.

And there will be braid-backit STEENIE,
 Whase *bouk* made the *Glaizert* recede,
 Ae night, when pursuing some *queanie*,
 He plumpit in, heels over head;
 (The holms and the haughs were o'erflooded,
 The hay ricks were carried awa',
 The beasts to the hills quickly scudded,
 Or else they'd been drown'd, ane an' a'.)

And there will be glib-gabbit GIBSON,
 Sae famed for his telling o' truth,
 Wham wicked Dissenters crack squibs on,
 Because his kirk's *crammed* to the mouth.

And there will be JORDANHILL STRATA,
 To gie us a nice dainty dish,
 Composed o' the *fossil potatoe*,
 And ante-diluvian fish.

And there the great *Pythagorean*,
 Half-dosed wi' his *drinking* and *sleep*,
 Wha swears that each nasty plebeian
 Was made, not to walk, but to creep.
 And there—the black KNIGHTS o' *Gartsherrie*,
 Wha ne'er did vulgarity ken,
 But soon o' *dung-wheeling* grew weary,
 To mak' themselves grit wi' great men.

And there will be *Saintly* KILLERMONT,
 Wha, though he'd exchange *Saint* for *Sir*,
 Wad yet tramp ten miles to hear *sarmont*
 Frae mighty Mike Crotty of Birr.
 And there—our wee PIGGIE o' KNOWLEDGE,
 Wi' face like a winter day's sun,
 Wha aft to the chaps in the College
 Is subject o' frolic and fun.

And there will he great Dr BELFAST,
 Our church's chief Cook, and her hope,
 Who'd fry every *Papist* in h—ll fast,
 And give each Dissenter a rope.

Och! troth, he's the broth of a bruiser,
 Can smash Dr Ritchie to pie;
 Some people say Cooke is the loser,
 But, blazes! that's all in my eye.

And there will be wee Doctor Corky,
 Wi' blinker half open, half shut,
 As pompous and proud as a turkey,
 Displaying his medical strut.
 And there—our braw gawcey Reporter,
 Wha ne'er in his lifetime got fou,
 Save ance—when he dined on a quarter
 O' coal-hunting Craig's *fossil cow*.

And tere will pe bare-hippet gillies,
 Frae Morven, frae Mull, and Tiree,
 As rampant and rough as young fillies,
 Shust cum ta great wonder to see.
 An' hoogh! how she'll grunt '*Gaelic agud*,'
 An' gie her a sneesh o' her mill,
 Tan swore if py Whigs she's attackit,
 Her tirk pe mak' very goot kill.

And there our rough Tatterdemallions,
 Wha signed the *Peel-garlic* address,
 Wha'll nicher and squeal like ramp stallions,
 For sake o' a fuddle and mess;
 For sake o' auld bauchels and hushions,
 They'll kiss our great IDOL behind—
 Wear chains, or drink oil, like the Russians,
 And roar they are free as the wind.

And there will be lang frothy speeches,
 Wi' nonsense and humbug replete,
 In praise o' State locusts and leeches,
 And ilka State-clerical cheat.
 And there we'll drink death and destruction
 To Whigs, and their damnable cause,
 Success to exclusion, restriction,
 State churches, and intricate laws.

Then, fye, let us a' to the guttle,
 For there will be gorging there,
 For the son o' the *jenny* and *shuttle*
 Will sit on the right o' the chair.
 And there will be hundreds o' asses,
 Wha loudly his praises will bray;
 Then wi' smashing and 'crashing o' glasses,
 We'll end wi' a right bloody fray.

DESCRIPTION OF A NONDESCRIFT.

Or a few Facts strung together, illustrative of the birth, life, and general character of that Creature, best known where he is by the name of

'THE LIVING SHAPE.'

DISTORTED in body, distorted in soul,
 With the heart of a demon, dark, hateful, and foul,
 And the head and the hands of a mischievous ape,
 Forth issues that *miss-shapen* thing called the 'Shape,'
 In all the malignance of impotent rage,
 'Gainst Freemen and Freedom fell warfare to wage.

But what is this Shape, doth the kind reader ask?
 Which thus undertakes so ungracious a task,
 As to vilify those, at once honest and bold,
 Who are not to be purchased, and will not be sold;
 As to stigmatise measures which wisely were planned,
 To save from perdition a fast sinking land?

I'll tell thee, my friend—'twas a terrible night,
 When this horrid Shape was first ushered to light,
 Loud pealed the deep thunder, red lightnings did glare,
 And whirlwind met whirlwind, and strove in the air.
 Hail, rain, fire, and tempest conflictingly clashed,
 And clouds against clouds in confusion were dashed;
 Huge trees were uprooted, and strewn on the ground,
 The swoln rivers deluged the country around,
 Destroying each barrier that stood in their way,
 And spreading wild havoc, and death, and dismay;
 So awful the scene was, that both man and brute
 With perfect amazement and fear were struck mute.
 As the Woman of Endor stood trembling with dread,
 When she saw that her spells brought the *Seer* from the dead,
 So Nature to this wild commotion was stirred,
 At thus bringing back again—*Richard the Third!*
 But though greatly moved at this strange creature's birth,
 Yet still she permits it to grovel on earth,
 A curious *caricature* upon man,
 To show that she sometimes departs from her plan,
 And stains her fair page once in four hundred years,
 With such a foul blot as the Shape now appears.

But the *shell* of the Shape we must try to peep through,
 And its *Proteus*-like *hernal* expose to full view,
 The soul of the thing, if a soul it may be;
 For some have their doubts on't, and why may not we?
 For our own part, we think, that instead of a soul,
 The thing is possessed by some horrible *goul*,
 Sent from its dark regions, for some horrid crime,
 And condemned to inhabit the Shape for a time;
 For we scarce can conceive that a soul would be formed,
 To inhabit a body so vile and deformed,
 Unless we suppose such a gross piece of clay,
 Had been made to imprison some soul cast away.
 But be that as it may—be it soul, be it goul,
 One thing is most certain, 'tis hideously foul;
 Being stained with each vice that can blacken a wretch,
 Who is ripening apace for the cord of Jack Ketch.
 Hypocrisy, meanness, fraud, treachery, guile,
 Venality, envy, and lechery vile,
 Malevolence, cunning, spite, falsehood, and pride;
 In short, every vice that's supposed to reside
 In man or in devil, resides in the Shape;
 Which makes it, with such a facility, ape
 Each prominent character known about town,
 From the saint to the rake, from the sage to the clown.

Just follow the thing through its sinuous track,—
 (You may know't by the mountain that graces its back:)
 Observe it wrapt up in a cloak of Religion,
 All humble in manner, and meek as a pigeon,—

So serious and saint-like in God's house of prayer ;
 Go next to the brothel, you'll find the Shape there,
 In sensual dalliance with some wanton wench,
 The fire of its lust both to kindle and quench :
 Now go to its study, and view it again,
 Drawing forth the full stores of its versatile brain,
 And penning, as moved by its caprice or whim,
 A loose sonnet—Sunday tract—prologue, or hymn.
 Now see it to temperance so strongly inclined,
 That with Cruickshanks and Kirk it behoves to be joined ;
 But, lo ! on that very same night it gets drunk,
 And is found fast asleep in the arms of a *punk*.

Long, long was the creature opposed to that plan
 Which had for its object the freedom of man ;
 And often it vented its spleen and its rage
 Against every one who would dare to engage
 In Liberty's cause—for these notions had it,
 That the mass of the people are bound to submit
 To whatever the Lords of the soil may decree,
 And that none but the great have a right to be free ;
 That Kings are appointed, by warrant divine,
 To govern their States as their hearts may incline,
 And that subjects have nothing to do but obey
 The will of their lords,—be that will what it may ;
 That the bulk of mankind are a parcel of brutes,
 Who have not the least claim to the earth's precious fruits,
 But ought to be fed on husks, acorns, and roots,—
 While nobles, and kings, and all those who command,
 Have an exclusive right to the fat of the land ;

That the poor are created for no other end
Than under huge burdens, like camels, to bend,
And that to make use of their reason or thought
They have just as much right as the ass or the goat.

This being its creed, how it fretted and fumed,
And squirted its venom at all who assumed
A different opinion, and boldly withstood
An impious faction, who, ruthless and rude,
Made every exertion to blight and destroy
The hope-buds of Freedom,—the blossoms of joy.

But down fell the faction, and round wheel'd the Shape,
And, with all the grimaces and grins of an ape,
Declared that its eyes were now opened to see
That man was a being God meant to be free ;
Especially Britons, whose high moral worth
Was greater than that of all nations on earth ;
That they were entitled above all the rest
To free institutions, the purest and best.
Moreover, the thing, in its new-kindled zeal,
And big with the project of Great Britain's weal,
Enlisted itself in the ranks of Reform,
Determined the haunts of Corruption to storm,
And drag from their nests the whole cormorant brood,
Which have fattened so long on the country's best blood.

But Liberty's atmosphere being too pure
For the putrescent lungs of the Shape to endure ;
Hence finding it could not respire without pain,
It ' returned like the dog to its vomit ' again ;

'Or the sow that was washed;' but we need not quote more,
It returned to the creed which it held by before.

Deserting its new friends, it soon found its *old*,
The keen clinging crabs which tenaciously hold
By Corruption's foul *corpus*, and therefrom derive
The nutritive filth which preserves them alive.
And having atoned for its late misbehaviour,
The thing was admitted again into favour,
Provided it used both its tongue and its pen
In aspersing the lovers of freedom again.

But the cause of the crew must be desperate indeed,
When they're forced to rely on the Shape in their need;
A proof that the day of their triumph is past,
And their villanous system approaching its last.

And now its invectives are fiercer than ever,
And truly the thing is amazingly clever
At calling foul names, and bestowing abuse,—
A habit which may be improved by long use;
And the Shape has been fixed in that habit so long
That it grows with its growth,—with its strength waxes
strong;

In fact, 'tis a passion that governs the Shape,
And its passions oft land it in some luckless scrape:
'Tis not very long since the thing lost its cloak,
('Twas a *nymph of the town* slipt it off in a joke,
Of its cloak of Religion 'twas also bereft,
And in all its own naked *deformity* left.

Though a low fawning hypocrite long it has been,
 In its own proper colours and *shape* 'tis now seen,
 And it never will manage to gull people more
 By its canting and whining, as it did before.

We therefore would warn it to keep in its den,
 Nor trouble us more, with its tongue or its pen,
 Else a sure castigation awaiteth it still,
 If it dare to persist in its courses of ill.
 This correction which we for the present bestow,
 Is nothing to what it shall yet undergo,
 If it do not repent, and its manners amend,
 And make it its study no more to offend.

To conclude, we would warn it again to beware,
 For the Lion of Britain is roused from his lair,
 And should it much longer *his* anger provoke,
 The result might be worse than the *loss of its cloak* ;
 For though he would scorn the vile creature to hurt,
 He might—on't, and—on't, and roll't in the dirt.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON:

OR,

BAULDY UNMASKED.

A True Portrait, to be exhibited to the good folks of G——.

HAVE you heard of the reptile that changes its hue,
 From the black to the white, from the red to the blue,
 From the brown to the buff, from the grey to the green,
 Yet scarcely is twice in the same colour seen ;

And by many is thought to exist upon air,
 Which, if true, we must own, is but thin enough fare?
 Even such, or such like, is that reptile so low,
 Which to the good townfolk of G—— we'd show,
 The blustering, bullying Bauldy M'Slavery,
 Well noted for low cunning, falsehood, and knavery.
 A perfect *Chameleon* in politics he,
 And in morals as changing as change can well be;
 So much so, that none can decide what he is,
 For this hour he is that, the next hour he is this.
 At one time, a red-flaming Tory he burns,
 At another, a raving Republican turns;
 Now a loud, noisy Radical, bawling Reform;
 Now a moderate—bent on allaying the storm;
 Now a stanch sturdy Whig, praising up Charles Fox;
 Now a *Courier Scribbler*, describing '*Bum Clocks*,'
 And throwing out squibs about hoarse '*Bubbly Jocks*!'
 To-day, he's a saint, if he could be believed,
 For church desecration most piously grieved;
 The next, a bold sinner, on wickedness bent,
 To every bad passion meanwhile giving vent,
 And spurning that wise admonition—'repent.'
 Now o'er the sick bed he sheds crocodile tears,
 And now at pale misery throws out his sneers;
 To-day, a philanthropist, mimicking *Howard*,
 To-morrow, a man-hater, bully, and coward;
 To-night, a lone hermit, chaste, cold, and morose,
 The next—but no matter—just look at his *nose*:
 He conceives 'tis not good, that he should be *alone*,
 So takes *flesh* of his *flesh*—aye, and *bone* of his *bone*.

But although the Chameleon he's very much like,
 There are two points of difference, must every one strike.
 The one—though he changes, and changes at will,
 His heart's *sable hue* is unchangeable still,
 The other—he always takes very good care
 To live upon *something* more solid than air,
 As witness the '*ring due*' and such things as that,
 On which *honest* Bauldy contrived to get fat.

Now he's plotting 'mong friends, and he's plotting
 'mong foes,
 Like a *Pat* at a fair dealing right and left blows.
 And he means by his plotting to make such a job,
 As that he may slyly replenish his fob,
 With that needful thing, in plain English called *pelf*,
 For Bauldy has ever *one eye* towards *self*.

Now, he cringes to this one, and fawns upon that,
 With all the low cunning and art of a cat;
 But should you deny him your favour and grace,
 Like that selfish beast, he will fly in your face,
 And with blackest ingratitude strive to defame
 The man who has hitherto borne a good name:
 Although, notwithstanding, that man may have been
 His best benefactor, his stay, and his *screen*.

But his right-and-left plotting would soon come to nought,
 Did the good folks of G—— but act as they ought,
 And hang up this *portrait* in hovel and hall,
 That the same might be seen and acknowledged by all;

And simple folks thereby be put on their guard,
 Nor fall into the trap which the wretch has prepared.
 For a net he has woven of falsehood and guile,
 And he foolishly thinks 'tis unseen all the while:
 But let him beware,—for so closely he's watch'd,
 That in his own snare he'll most surely be catch'd,
 And get himself laughed at, and jeered for his pains,
 For his want of good tact, and his pure lack of brains.
 However, 'tis proper, that all should take care,
 And not be too simply entrapt in his snare:
 For though it be coarsely and clumsily wrought,
 There is reason to fear that a dupe might be caught,
 And ruined outright, by becoming the tool
 Of him who is both a great knave and big fool.

Now, Bauldy, if e'er this same picture you see,
 Don't startle,—'tis like you as likeness can be:
 Don't startle,—but try to leave off your vile tricks,
 Or never, in future, with honest men mix;
 For each honest man from your presence should run,
 And the vilest of rogues your vile company shun;
 Nay, Satan himself, with his horrible crew,
 Should be curst if they'd have any dealings with you.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY THE LATE BARON SMITH, OF THE IRISH EXCHEQUER.

FEAR me not, butterfly; harm will I none
 No—poor little fluttering thing;
 Let me see but those colours that glance in the sun:

Let me see them—and when my inspection is done,
Away, on thy gossamer wing.

Fear me not, butterfly; I will not seize
Thee, poor little frolicsome thing;
Thou art liberty's heir—thou art child of the breeze,
Go—roam to what blossom, what bower you please,
Away, on thy gossamer wing.

Yes, fly to the rose—it is breathing perfume;
Away, little wandering thing.
Every sunbeam is stealing a tint from its bloom;
Go—wait not till day-light has faded to gloom,
For time is, like thee, on the wing.

Not gone yet, fair butterfly? why then so still?
Art weary? thou frail little thing!
Ah, hasten—nor wait, silly insect, until
Thou art marked by some bird for his ravenous bill;
Away, on thy gossamer wing.

I have noted each freckle and shade of thy coat,
Ev'ry spot on thy beautiful wing;
And I hear from yon ivy a twittering note;
Go—hide in the cup of some blossom remote;
Adieu, little fluttering thing.

How gaily you ramble across the blue sky,
Expanding a delicate wing;
I mark your vagaries—and think, with a sigh,
'Tis a pity how soon, very soon, you must die,
Poor innocent, perishing thing.

TO SIMEON CLYDE.

DEAR SIMEON,—Far be it from me to say, or yet to insinuate, that the Hon. Baron who wrote the beautiful piece of poetry ‘To a Butterfly,’ which I hereby send thee, ever treated a beggar in the harsh manner described below. No. All I mean to insist on is, that too many professed admirers of the beauties of nature, who will speculate on the tints of a butterfly’s wing, or descant in rapturous terms on the various properties of a bit of stone, will, nevertheless, pass by a fellow-creature in distress, nor so much as deign him a look of sympathy, far less contribute to relieve his necessities—in short, who will view him as a being not belonging to the same species with themselves.

Thine,

ANDREW WHAUP.

 A PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

NOT WRITTEN BY A BARON OF ANY EXCHEQUER, BUT BY
PLAIN ANDREW WHAUP O’ HAZELKNOWE.

A BARON a butterfly met on his way,
And thus did the bold Baron sing,—
‘Stop, beautiful flutterer, pr’ythee now stay;
I don’t mean to harm thee, but just to survey
The tints of thy neat little wing.

‘If good uncle Toby could spare the big fly,
That gave his red nose such a sting,

Think'st thou I would hurt thee, poor devil? not I,
I'd sooner be hang'd—so, frail insect, good bye,
 Away, on thy gossamer wing.

'How delightful it is to be thus so humane
 To each creeping—each flying thing.
I would not for kingdoms inflict needless pain,
The mercy I show I may need it again.
 Adieu, then—go spread thy bright wing.'

A Baron a beggarman met in his path,
 With arm buckled up in a sling;
His thin shrivell'd cheeks wore the paleness of death,
He totter'd, he trembled, he panted for breath,
 While led by his dog with a string.

'O! pity, good people, have mercy, I pray,
 Your mite to a poor creature fling;
With fourscore of winters these locks are bleach'd grey,
I am cold, naked, blind, and have fasted all day,
 While anguish my bosom doth wring.'

'Be off, whining rascal,—get out of my way;
 By Jove, I'll not give thee a ring;
I'll warrant that arm has been broke in some fray,
When thou and such rebels your tithes would not pay,
 For which, like a dog, thou shouldst swing.

'I hate all such beggarly trash, 'pon my soul;
 I cannot endure such a thing.
Provoking!—a gentleman can't take a stroll
But he meets with such sights as would sicken a foal—
 I'll bear it no longer, by Jing.'

Off strutted the Baron in baronly pride,
 To the sweets of his office to cling.
 The beggar sunk down by the lonely wayside ;
 He utter'd a prayer, gave a shudder, and died,
 While his spirit to heaven took wing.

The Baron died likewise—not all his red gold
 Could avert the last enemy's sting ;
 He lies now as lowly, as lonely, and cold,
 As the poor abject beggar, so helpless and old,
 While his pamper'd-up carcase now fattens the mould
 Where the rank grass and nettle upspring.

How odd, that a being so charm'd with the dyes
 And the specks of a butterfly's wing,
 Should thus over man, fellow-man, tyrannize—
 Thus spurn his own flesh,—yea, God's image despise—
 God's image, too, formed to inherit the skies,—
 What a strange unaccountable thing !

SONG,

BY W. H. BELLAMY, ESQ. OF BREINTON LODGE, HEREFORD.

' True in the sunshine, and tried in the storm.'

A WREATH, twine a wreath for our country's defender,
 The last to destroy, yet the first to reform,
 Who proudly can stand, and disdain to surrender,—
 True in the sunshine, and tried in the storm.

When the voice of his King and his countrymen found him
 Reposing awhile on a far foreign shore,
 He flung, like the Roman, his mantle around him,
 And flew to his post to protect her once more.

A wreath, twine a wreath for our country's defender,
 The last to destroy, yet the first to reform,
 Who proudly can stand, and disdain to surrender,—
 True in the sunshine, and tried in the storm.

Every emblem of faction unblushingly wearing,
 The foe stood before him in fearful array;
 Yet calm was his brow, and undaunted his bearing,
 When rush'd the wild phalanx to sweep him away.
 Though, again and again, by their numbers defeated,
 He bore, like a hero, the brunt of each blow;
 Unappall'd to the last, when he calmly retreated,
 His honour untarnish'd, his face to the foe.
 A wreath, &c.

The hope of his country, in all her distresses,
 Well, well may beat proudly the heart in his breast;
 For, of all the brave patriots that England possesses,
 She holds HIM the dearest, the noblest, the best:
 Long, long may he live, with his laurels unfaded,
 Our fears to dispel, and our discords to heal;
 Long, long may the land that his counsels have aided,
 Be blest with her statesman—her PATRIOT PEEL!
 A wreath, &c.

A PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW WHAUP O' HAZELKNOWE.

A WHIP, twine a whip for our country's enslaver,
 The friend of abuses, the foe of reform,
 Who still against freedom spouts forth his palaver,—
Jay in the sunshine, and *crow* in the storm.
 When the page of the DUKE, and his Tory tribe found him,
 A-sculking *incog.* on a far foreign shore,
 He flung the sly hypocrite's mantle around him,
 And flew to 'the loaves and the fishes' once more.
 A whip, twine a whip for our country's enslaver,
 The friend of abuses, the foe of reform,
 Who still against freedom spouts forth his palaver,—
Jay in the sunshine, and *crow* in the storm.

Every emblem of faction unblushingly wearing,
 He stood by the Tories in hostile array,
 With bold brazen brow, and with BOB-*adil* bearing,
 To sweep every right of the people away.
 But again, and again, by their guardians defeated,
 He still tried to rally, and ward off each blow ;
 At last, like a bully, he, blustering, retreated,
 His *honour's seat* slapping, in front of his foe.
 A whip, &c.

The bane of his country, in all her distresses,
 O ne'er be she more by his policy curst :
 For all the dire enemies England possesses,
 She holds him the deadliest, direst, and worst.

Soon, soon may he sink, with his laurels all faded,
 No more to oppose the community's weal ;
 Soon, soon may the land, by his counsels degraded,
 Be freed from such state quacks, as *poisonous P*—
 A whip, &c.

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED ON PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE OF JOHN
 TAIT, 31ST JULY, 1837.

We pulled the wild weeds off thy grave,
 And planted flowerets there,
 Whose balmy blossoms bright might wave,
 To scent the summer air.
 Let no rude thoughtless hand presume
 To pull these flowerets from thy tomb.

On every flower we placed in earth
 We let a tear-drop fall—
 A crystal tribute to thy worth—
 'Twas friendship's holy call.
 We dropt a tear—we heaved a sigh
 O'er thee we saw too early die ;
 Thou died'st amid the blaze of fame
 And hope of victory ;
 Thou died'st !—but no : thy dear-loved name
 Can never, never die ;
 Kings, conquerors, heroes' names may rot—
 JOHN TAIT's shall never be forgot !

The violet here shall yearly bloom,
 And here the primrose too,
 And plants of odorous perfume,
 And of the loveliest hue.
 For why should beauty be denied
 To deck the grave of SIMEON CLYDE?
 Then let affection's flowerets wave
 For ever o'er thy honoured grave!

KNOWLEDGE BEING POWER,

OUGHT NOT, ACCORDING TO THE MINISTERIAL PAPERS, TO BE
 COMMUNICATED TO THE BULK OF THE PEOPLE.

'Tis not that Lord Althorp cares aught for the cash,
 That's derived from the stamps upon Newspaper trash;
 'Tis not that it yieldeth a revenue good,
 To feed pauper peers, and such cormorant brood,
 Which always keep croaking, and never are full,
 Though devouring the vitals of poor Johnny Bull.
 No:—'tis not for the money Lord Althorp needs care,
 For still, 'twould appear, he has plenty to spare;
 Or if he a few paltry millions should want,
 He has only to ask of the Commons a grant;
 And the Commons, good souls, ever prompt to bestow,
 Are never so rude as to answer him 'No!'
 But obedient as puppets, when wrought by the wires,
 Move this way, or that, as his Lordship desires;
 And eager at all times to heap on him plenty,
 They vote him at once from 'one million' to 'twenty.'

To give to the Church for the loss of her tithes,
Or the Planters, to make them remove the soft withes,
That wreath round the limbs of their thrice-happy blacks,
While the cart-whip is gently applied to their backs.
The Commons, thus docile and ready to grant,
Pray, how should my Lord feel the bother of want?
It ne'er can intrude, his exertions to cramp,
Then why should he care for the Newspaper stamp—
A low paltry duty of fourpence per sheet?
He values it less than the dust on the street.
'Then why not forego it,' cries each stupid dunce,
'And let us have duty-free knowledge at once?
'We want to be knowing—we want to get wise—
'Then why clap a pair of tax-blinds on our eyes,
'That keep us still groping as blind as a stone,
'And wont let us see how the world's getting on?'
'Aye, there's the rub,'—truly you've hit it at last,
But just have some patience, and don't be so fast;
These blinds are your safeguards, as well as they're ours:
For if you could see to put forth all your powers,
Your 'destructive opinions' would send us adrift,
And, wanting our guidance, pray how would you shift?
You'd be ruined and lost were we driven away—
Curs'd with your own stupid anarchical sway—
Each low wretched scribbler would set up a press,
And, pretending to teach you your wrongs to redress,
Would only increase your 'innate thirst for evil,'
And make you tenfold more the sons of the devil,
Till, losing all sense of what's right and what's wrong,
You'd set up a republican system ere long;

And, wanting in reverence for Kings, Lords, and Dukes,
 Would be governed by Tailors, by Coblers, and Cooks.
 Nay, worse, let me tell you, you infidel dogs,
 You'd care less for Bishops than you'd do for hogs,—
 The Church you'd destroy, as established by law,
 Till down on your heads Heaven's vengeance you'd draw ;
 And, bereft of each temp'ral and sp'ritual guide,
 At last go to h—ll in your ignorant pride.
 Then bore us no more with your bother and cant,
 That 'cheap untax'd knowledge' is just what you want ;
 Such lore would but dazzle to lead you astray,
 Till you'd lose, in the maze of false reason, your way ;
 Be therefore content with your too happy lot,
 And seek no more 'knowledge' than what you have got.

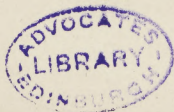
ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

To our beloved brethren down the Clyde,
 Where stately ships at anchor safely ride ;
 Grace, mercy, peace, contentment, joy of mind,
 And every comfort—we, the undersigned,
 Send greeting ; and would fain know, if ye wot,
 What has become of honest FATHER SCOTT.
 Not FATHER SCOTT, the celebrated Bishop,
 Who spiritual food for Cath'lic souls doth dish up ;
 But Father James Scott, intellectual *cook*,
 Who used to dish up in the shape of *book*,

Broad sheet, or pamphlet, food of various kinds,
 To suit the different tastes of different minds.
 Who, whilom was at Montreal the HERALD,
 Proclaiming tidings through the western world ;
 And who, but lately, on the banks of Clyde,
 Instructed and amused by *his* 'FIRESIDE,'
 But who, 'tis now supposed, has settled down
 In some snug corner, about Greenock town.

Then, wot ye where the said James Scott can be ?
 Is he in '*durance vile*,' or is he free ?
 Is he 'mong reams on reams of paper hid,
 Like Egypt's dead kings, in a Pyramid ?
 Or does he daily walk the streets, disguised
 So deeply that he can't be recognised ?
 Is he engaged in *manufacturing* news ?
 Or writing criticisms and reviews ?
 Or does he haunt some solitary dell,
 To woo the muse, and take at rhyme a spell ?
 Is he—but no ; it cannot be,—that's flat,—
 He's *married now*, so there's an end to *that*.

The said James Scott in age is thirty-two,
 His face not pale, nor yet of florid hue ;
 High-cheek'd, hawk-beak'd, hawk-eyed, and raven-haired,
 Fine-lipp'd, white-teeth'd, out-chinn'd, with little beard ;
 Full-brow'd, and pleasant-featured on the whole,
 Where may be seen, at times, his inmost soul,
 Sweet voiced, and having a most witching tongue,
 As ever in a human head was hung ;



In height he may be about five feet eight,
 Stout made, and has a slight stoop in his gait ;
 Had on, 'tis thought, the last time he was seen,
 A high-crowned hat, a coat of olive green,
 A black silk neckcloth, linen shirt, well dressed,
 A figured double-breasted brown silk vest,
 A pair of boots, most elegantly made,
 And trousers of the Ayrshire shepherd's plaid.

Whoever, then, the said James Scott can find,
 In any street or lane, or close, or wynd,
 Shall be entitled to a GREAT REWARD,
 Provided he do send a timely card.
 Either by Post, or CARRIER KING, the *Great*,
 With proper signature, address, and date,
 Informing any of the undersigned,
 Where they the said James Scott will also find.

SONG.

MURTAGH O'SULLIVAN.

TUNE—'Looney M'Twolter.'

Goosedub Square, Oct. 27, 1835.

MR EDITOR,—*Plase* put in print the *above* song, which you will find written *inunder*. It was *penned* by ould Mick M'Monigal, the blind piper, and as he *cul* not write it himself, *because* of his blindness, he made me sit down and pen it for him. Och! many are the good things that have

come from his fertile *pen*, (for Mick is a bit of a genius,) and this is none of the worst of them.—Hoping you will put it in print for the edification of poor Paddy, I remain, Mr Editor, with all due submission and decorum, yours,

MURTY O'FLANNERY.

Och, whack! Murtagh O'Sullivan,
 Tundering, blundering, spaech-howling Barney;
 Good lack, art thou so silly vain,
 As to suppose we'll be gulled *wid* thy blarney?
 Sure now, thy 'Raw-head and bloody-bones' stories
 That frighten ould wives,
 Almost out of their lives,
 Are just the stale fibs of the ould bloody Tories;
 Servile hack of the pack,
 Frothing their blarney?

Och, whack! Murtagh O'Sullivan,
 Tundering, blundering, spaech-howling Barney.

Yell, yell, 'gainst your *ould creed*, my boy,
 Such are the pranks of each base *renegado*;
 Well, well, Devil give you speed, my boy,
 Since you're 'black Prelacy's' brazen bravado,
 Damning poor papists redounds to your *profit*,
 Then hot in your ire,
 Deal damnation and fire,
 And send every heretic headlong to Tophet!
 You're the lad for the squad,
 Black desperado,

Yell, yell, 'gainst your *ould creed*, my boy,
 Such are the pranks of each base *renegado*.

Howl, shout, down wid 'foul Popery,'
 Send to perdition the ould 'Romish harlot ;'
 Bawl, spout, 'mummery,' 'foppery,'
 Yet deck your own *Church's champions* in scarlet ;
Bayonets and *lead* for the poor WIDOW RYAN,
 Then charge well your guns,
 And massacre her sons,
 And smear *wid* their *blood* the proud walls of *your Zion* ;
 Sacrifice Nature's ties,
 Proud, pampered varlet.
 Bawl, shout, 'mummery,' 'foppery,'
 Yet deck your own *Church's champions* in scarlet.

On, on, march all these lands throughout,
 Cumberland's orange unholy Crusader ;
 Run, run, scatter firebrands about,
 Ould haggard bigotry, needs thee to aid her.
 Rouse every dark, diabolical passion,
 That lurks 'mong the base,
 And most vile of our race,
 Wid fire and wid faggot most valiantly dash on,
 Supple birch of the church,
 Mad gasconader ;
 Run, run, scatter firebrands about,
 Ould haggard bigotry, needs thee to aid her.

THE EX-BAILIES' LAMENT.

AIR—' *O, the days are gone.*'

OH, the days are gone, when Office sweet,
 Could fill our fob :
 And from morn till night—our sole delight
 Was job, still job!
 Dark days have come,
 Of grief and gloom,
 Without one cheering gleam.
 O, there's nothing left us now in life,
 Of power's gay dream ;
 But our sun that shone so bright, has gone
 Nor left one beam.

Our cocked hats we now must doff,
 And bright gold chains ;
 Our velvet robes of state throw off,
 Nor touch job-gains,
 And cast aside,
 Official pride ;
 And even a Bailie's name :
 For Whigs and Rads have now got in,
 O grief and shame !
 And civic power, alas, no more
 Can we e'er claim.

Though the Whigs to surer fame may soar
 Than ours, now past ;
 Though they've won the mob who frowned before,
 To smile at last ;

They'll never feel
 So pure a zeal,
 In all their blaze of fame—
 As did we, when first to Pitt we knelt,
 With hearts all flame;
 And bowed our heads, and muttered o'er
 His dear-loved name.

O! his hallowed form we'll ne'er forget,
 Which our Hall graced;
 But we'll fondly muse upon it yet,
 Though now displaced.
 And though we lick
 No more the stick
 That stirred the Borough cream,
 O we still will think on bygone days;—
 And each night dream
 Of mounting yet to power and place
 By some sly scheme.

 SONG.

AIR—' *Blue Bonnets over the Border.*'

RUN, run! Tories and Tax-eaters,
 Why don't you mind 'tis the fifth of November?
 Run, run! Blackamoors' back-sweaters,
 Else Whigs and Rads will get first to the Chamber;
 Hundreds of voters, now,
 Take to their trotters now,

All for the purpose of ousting each Tory,
Who, with a heavy sigh,
Well may set up the cry,
'Ichabod!'—'now is departed our glory.'

Fly, fly, hide your diminished heads,
Shorn of their deckers, and cropt of their glory,
Fie, fie! Whigs are such finished blades,
Nobody now cares a fig for a Tory;
Into your corners, then,
Call your chief mourners, then,
Gird you with sackcloth, get ashes strewed o'er ye,
Howl out your howling, too,
Growl out your growling, too,
Gone,—and for ever, your power and your glory.

Moan, moan! all's at the devil, now,
Radical rebels have got the ascendance,
Groan, groan! what a sore evil, now,
Every low scullion bawls out independence;
What were you doing, then,
When you saw ruin, then,
Fierce as the fiery Simoom, coming o'er ye?
Well may you weep and wail,
But what will that avail,
'Ichabod!'—'now is departed your glory.'

5th November, 1833.

YE WHO MOURN DEAR FRIENDS DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG AT A CONCERT GIVEN IN AID OF THE
BRIDGETON GRAVE PROTECTING SOCIETY.—1824.

AIR—*‘Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure.’*

Ye who mourn dear friends departed,
By the hand of death laid low;
Ye who, lone and broken-hearted,
Secretly indulge your woe:
’Mid your plaintive sighs and wailings,
One sad comfort, now, you have,
Shock’d no more shall be your feelings,
O’er a plundered, empty grave.

Midnight prowlers bent on robbing,
Shall no more your dead molest;
Now, ‘the wicked cease from troubling,’
Now, ‘the weary are at rest:’
Soundly sleeps your sire or mother,
Faithful husband, virtuous wife,
Son or daughter, sister, brother,
Safe from the dissector’s knife.

O’er the hallowed green turf kneeling,
Shedding fond affection’s tear,
Soothed will be your every feeling,
With, ‘Thy dear-loved dust lies here;
Here, too, shalt thou long repose thee,
In the calm and peaceful tomb,
Till the Archangel’s trump shall rouse thee,
Radiant with immortal bloom.’

SONG.

THE SPINNING O'T.

AIR—' *The Rock and the wee pickle Tow.*'

WHEN Adam first delved in his bonnie kail yaird,
 And Eve tried her hand at the spinning o't,
 They never were troubled by factor nor laird—
 Their gear was their ain for the winning o't;
 Nae tax-grabber cross'd their bein hallan ava,
 Their goods were na pointed by limbs o' the law,
 And though their *first busking* was *scrimpitly* braw,
 They had a bit cozie beginning o't.

They pu'd their ain fruit, and they stoo'd their ain kail,
 The grund was a' their's to the gleaming o't;
 They made their ain maut, and they brewed their ain ale,
 For *gauger*, they kent na the meaning o't;
 The beasts o' the field were a' at their command:
 The hawk and the eagle wad pick frae their hand;
 The wild ass's colt at their bidding wad stand:
 Creation confessed their dominion o't.

But times took a turn, and the pair gat a fa',—
 Foul fa' the AULD THIEF for that sinning o't!
 His fause loopy tongue maistly ruined us a',
 O had it been scaum'd to the skinning o't;
 For man, ever since, has been doomed by hard toil,
 To scrape a scant meal frae a niggardly soil,
 'Mid sweat and anxiety, grief and turmoil,
 Through life, frae his very beginning o't.

And still must he labour 'mid hardship and care,
 At delving, at ploughing, or spinning o't,
 Wi' belly aft pinched, and wi' back nearly bare,
 For comfort, there's now a sad thinning o't ;
 His substance is seized on for taxes or rent,
 The priest comes and *tythes* him, then preaches content,
 Wi' sickness and sorrow his frame's sairly bent ;—
 Pale want on his face shows the grinning o't.

The farmer should fend by the fruits o' the soil,
 The wabster be warmed by the spinning o't ;
 The honey-bee sip the reward o' his toil,
 The drone suit his wame to his winning o't.
 The gluttonous cormorant, sluggard, and sot,
 Say, should they be whippit, or hangit, or shot?
 No ; hence wi' them aff to some bleak barren spot,
 There, set them, gin-horse like, a-ginning o't.

But here's to the shuttle, the spade, and the plough,
 And here's to the wheel, and the spinning o't,
 May ilk ane wha lives by the sweat o' his brow,
 Hae plenty o' wealth for the winning o't ;
 May want, discontent, and fell turbulence cease,—
 May nation with nation exchange its increase ;
 And nature still yield a rich crop, and a fleece,
 To encourage the ploughing and spinning o't.

THE LOVE LETTER.

AIR—' *This is no' mine ain house.*'

O MEET me, love, by moonlight,
 By moonlight, by moonlight,
 And down the glen by moonlight,
 How fondly will I welcome thee!
 And there within our beechen bower,
 Far from ambition's giddy tower,
 O what a heart-enthalling hour,
 My Mary dear, I'll spend with thee!
 Then meet me, love, &c.

Reclining on our mossy seat,—
 The riv'let rippling at our feet,
 Enrapt in mutual transport sweet;
 O who, my love, so blest as we?
 Then meet me, love, &c.

Our hopes and loves each sigh will speak,
 With lip to lip, or cheek to cheek,
 O who more heartfelt joys would seek,
 Than such, at eve, alone with thee?
 Then meet me love, &c.

To clasp thy lovely yielding waist,
 To press thy lips so pure and chaste,
 And be in turn by thee embraced,
 O that were bliss supreme to me.
 Then meet me, love, &c.

Not worldling's wealth, nor lordling's show,
 Such solid joys can e'er bestow,
 As those which faithful lovers know;
 When heart to heart beats fervently:
 Then meet me, love, by moonlight,
 By moonlight, by moonlight,
 And down the glen, by moonlight,
 How fondly will I welcome thee!

MY BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIE.

LET them boast of their maids on Italia's gay strand,
 Or the green 'Isles of Greece,' once so free,
 O dearer by far in my own native land,
 Is my bonnie Scotch lassie to me.
 Though England may vaunt of her daughters so fair,
 Though bland Erin's beauties may be,
 Give me the soft blush, and the heart-winning air,
 That won me, dear Jessie, to thee.

 Let them boast of their maids, &c.

In bright sunny climes many beauties I've seen,
 Of high and of humble degree;
 Yet in form or in feature, in mind or in mien,
 I've ne'er met with maiden like thee.

 Let them boast of their maids, &c.

Though the mild blushing red from thy soft cheek had fled,
 Though grief had bedimmed thy bright e'e;
 Yet thy heart and thy mind, by each virtue refined,
 Would endear thee more fondly to me.

Let them boast of their maids in Italia's gay glades,
 Or the green 'Isles of Greece,' once so free:
 Yet no more will I roam after beauty from home,
 But remain, my dear Jessie, with thee.

ANDREW WHAUP TO SIMEON CLYDE.

Hazleknowe, Dec. 25, 1834.

DEAR SIMEON,—I have been again pestered by that half-daft wandering minstrel who lately sung about the 'Airn Juk o' W———.' I wish I could get quit of him; but no—I am doomed to be crossed in my path by him at every turn. I have told him again and again, that I do not understand his nonsense; but still he comes and bothers me with his blethers. I told him I would put him in print; but that only excited his vanity the more. For any sake, do put him in print, with all his imperfections on his head, and shame the blockhead from ryhming any more. Show him up in the *Liberator*.

Yours,

ANDREW WHAUP.

THE AIRN JUK AND HONEST ROBIN.

AIR—'Bonny Jeannie Gray.'

O WHY were ye sae lang awa',
 My *honest* Robin P—?
 Our Q— has grutten, storm'd an' a',
 An' play'd the vera deil;

Our K— has f—l—d his braw new breeks,
 Na, turned a downright veal,
 Then, why awa' sae mony weeks,
 My honest Robin P—?

Ye kent ye were to be the man
 That was to tak' the helm,
 When we had got matured our plan
 That wad the Whigs o'erwhelm.
 Ye kent they couldna reef a sail,
 Nor yet direct the *wheel*;
 Then, why did you in duty fail,
 Our ANCHOR—Robin P—?

Wee Mothy is sae wondrous glad,
 He's kicking at the moon,
 An' Sam, although a *solid* lad,
 Is dancing *but* his shoon;
 An' Blackwood, too, our grand ally,
 Is big wi' fiery zeal;
 Then, why loot ye the time gae by,
 My *stoop*—my Robin P—?

Dear Arthur, sit ye down by me,
 An' list to what I say—
 I kent our *turn* would soon come round,
 But couldna guess the day.
 But since we're in, let's face the Rads
 Wi' bullet, fire, and steel,
 We'll soon disperse the churchless squads,
 As sure as I'm a P—.

For wee Buccleugh is straightway gaun
 To keep the Irish down,
 An' lift the tythes—nor let BIG DAN
 Usurp the Croppy Crown.
 'Then Church and Tythes' be still the cry;
 We'll let the Rebels feel,
 We still have power to crush the fry,
 An' gie them *orange Peel*.

 VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CORONATION OF HER MOST GRACIOUS
 MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

WHEN beauty, youth, and innocence,
 In one fair form are blent,
 And that fair form, our vestal Queen,
 The peerless ROSE OF KENT,
 Say, where's the Briton's heart so cold—
 The Briton's soul so dead,
 As not to pour out ardent prayers
 For blessings on her head?

This is the day—the joyous day,
 That sees our Lady crowned,
 Hence, may not one disloyal heart,
 In Albion's Isles be found;
 But may she find in every breast,
 An undisputed throne,
 And o'er a gallant people reign,
 Whose hearts are all her own.

For ne'er did woman's hand more fair,
The regal sceptre hold,
And ne'er did brow more spotless wear
The coronal of gold ;
And ne'er beneath the purple robe
Did purer bosom beat ;
So ne'er may truer lieges kneel
A lovlier Queen to greet.

May every blessing from above,
On Kent's fair Rose descend,
While wisdom, dignity, and grace,
On all her steps attend.
Still may she wear fair Virtue's bloom,
Throughout a happy reign,
And long be hailed the ' Queen of Isles'—
Fair Mistress of the Main !

Songs of the Kirk.

THE MOURNFUL LAMENTATION OF THE SILVER- SMITHS OF EPHEBUS,

AFTER HAVING BEEN REBUKED BY THE TOWN CLERK.

TRANSLATED FROM AN OLD GREEK MANUSCRIPT, AND DEDICATED TO THE REV.
PRESBYTERY OF AUCHTERBARDER.

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

OUR 'craft' is in danger, our calling 's at stake,
 Our temple's proud walls are beginning to shake ;
 Our darling DIANA, our hope and our all,
 Now totters, and, Dagon-like, threatens to fall.
 Her shrines—not exactly pure silver and gold—
 So tarnished have grown, that we can't get them sold,—
 While mankind, confound them, are growing so wise,
 That truly they're seeing now with their own eyes.
 The *blinds*, which for ages we made them to wear
 The guilt-hardened wretches remorselessly tear,
 And throw them behind them with pride and disdain,
 Declaring they'll ne'er be blindfolded again.
 For they've tasted the fruit of the forbidden tree
 Of Knowledge, and hence, like ourselves, they can see ;
 The good that is for them they've sense now to choose,
 While that which is evil the rascals refuse.

O! woe to that day when sound science began,
 It has made us to lose all control over man:

Our oracles, omens, our shrines and our beads,
 Our temples, our statues, our forms, and our creeds,
 And all our inventions, which ignorance prized,
 By the keen eye of reason are now scrutinised;
 While lo! her hand-writing appears on the wall,
 A dread MENE TEKEL, foredooming our fall.

O, it is with a perfect heart-hatred we hate
 These new-fangled 'crafts' which have sprung up of late,
 Invading our rights with mischievous design,
 And calling in question our Mission Divine;
 Denying our title to *Basket and Store*,
 And styling our lovely Diana a ———.
 Nay, worse; there are some grown so wickedly bold,
 As our sanctified cloth in derision to hold;
 As to laugh at our temple, to mock at our bell,
 To throttle our Pluto, and ——— out our h—l.
 Such wretches as these to perdition must go,
 And wail o'er their crimes in the regions below.
 Our Fiat is such, and we shall make it good,
 By condemning *in toto* that infidel brood;
 For while we're possessed of state temple, and bell,
 We'll carry the keys of both heaven and h—l.

Ah! such was the language we held till of late,
 But now there awaits us a far other fate;
 For lo! half our power in this world is gone,
 And *that* once away, in the next we'll have none.

O dire was the day when we bearded the laws,
 And rose in our own, and Diana's great cause;

For, blindly intent upon riches and power,
We saw not approaching our sad *trying* hour ;
But madly rushed on in the teeth of the law,
Convinced that our craft would create such an awe
In the minds of all men, as would make them afraid
To undo what we did—to unsay what we said.

But fled with the day are our arrogant dreams,
Our Bobadil boastings—our sly hidden schemes ;
All futile alike ; for, O horror and spite !
That law which we laughed at has risen in its might,
And thundered its threatenings so loud in our ears,
As to fill us with awful forebodings and fears ;
For the TOWN CLERK has told us in language most plain,
What awaits us if e'er we turn rebels again.

O, now that the charm of our calling is broke,
And the dupes whom we led are let loose from our yoke,
What arts can avail us our power to regain ?
For the veil of our temple is riven in twain,
Disclosing our craft's inmost secrets to view,
So long kept concealed from the gullable crew ;
And showing Diana, all loathsome and bare,
A spectacle sad for vulgarity's stare.

Well, well, since our snug occupation is gone,
What stay have we left us ? alas, we have none.
But downward, and downward, we fear we must fall,
Neglected, rejected, and hated by all.

Yet one consolation for us still remains,
 Though reft of our glory, our power and our gains ;
 Though sorrow and suffering be henceforth our fate,
 We'll shout till our latest, 'DIANA IS GREAT.'

OUR KIRK.

OUR kirk, as established by law,
 Our kirk, as established by law ;
 It's braw to belang to a kirk
 That's secured by a Parliament wa' :
 Secured by a Parliament wa',
 And built on a parchment rock ;
 Then how can our kirk ever fa',
 When she's law-fenced against ilka shock ?

Your heathenish vile Voluntary
 On *his* Rock of Ages may rest ;
 We *found* on a different quarry,
 Our rock of Endowment's the best :
 Our rock of Endowment's the best,
 To erect Mammon's altar upon ;
 'Tis there we have feathered our nest,
 And there we'll reign eagle alone.

The Catholic leans on St Peter ;
 The Hindoo in Vishnu puts trust ;
 The Turk, that vile opium eater,
 Pays homage to Mahomet's dust :

Pays homage to Mahomet's dust ;
 While the Jew for Jerusalem sighs ;
 But, O, his late Majesty's bust
 Upon gold, is the god which we prize.

Poh ! what were your early Apostles,
 Wi' a' their great light from above ?
 Poor innocent, tractable *dociles*,
 Their labours were labours of love,
 Their labours were labours of love :
 Our labours are labours of gain,
 Our horse-leech's cry is—' Give, give !'
 Yes, give till we cannot retain.

The poor, how they clamour for bread !
 How loud are their sighs and their moans !
 But the rogues must have something instead,
 So we'll give them a *rickle* of stones :
 Yea, we'll give them a rickle of stones,
 In *shape* of a *bonnie* bit *kirk* ;
 And we'll join in their tears and their groans,
 And gull them by each pious quirk.

Then, O, for some further Endowments,
 Our paunches and pouches to cram ;
 For wanting such earthly bestowments,
 Our *craft* would be not worth a —— ;
 Our *craft* would be not worth a ——,
 Unless we were handsomely paid.
 But hush, never blab, 'tis all sham,
 While the State is our bulwark and aid.

MIND THE BUTTER.

DURING Dr CHALMERS' late visit to the guid town of Greenock, we are assured that he, in the course of an after-dinner speech, spoke nearly as follows:—

'My brethren and beloved friends, I have been often asked, in the course of these agitations, *how much* I thought would suffice, if we were to get what we wanted in the shape of Endowments? I always replied that that was a difficult question to answer. But I happened, a few days ago, to be looking through an old book on cookery, and I saw a recipe for some dish or other, I forget the name of it just now—(Laughter)—but the recipe, I think, was a capital answer to the question, how much would suffice for Endowments. After enumerating several items necessary for the preparation of the dish, the recipe added, *any quantity of Butter*, and the cook was very particular about the Butter, for, (quothe the Doctor,) at the end of the recipe there was this injunction—mind the Butter—be sure to mind the Butter. Now, my friends, (added the Doctor at the close of this climax,) in regard to endowments, I would just tell you, as the cook did, do not be particular about the *quantity*—but just mind the Butter—be sure and mind the Butter.'—*Scotch Reformers' Gazette*, 22d December, 1838.

HAIL! chosen Champion o' the kirk,
 Endowment-hunting doughty Chalmers,
 On wi' thy great Extension work,
 Nor heed the vile Dissenters' clamours;
 While King, Heugh, Marshall (precious three,)
 Their Voluntary speeches sputter,
 Let this thy motto henceforth be—
 'Oh, mind the butter, mind the butter.'

Auld grunting, gouty Granny Kirk
 Comes hobbling on her twa State crutches,*
 Determined by ilk wily quirk
 To grab a' wi' her haly clutches;

* Patronage and Endowments.

Her bloated bouk and brandy een—
 Her staggering step and stammering stutter,
 Have made the Carlin still mair keen
 To ‘mind the butter, mind the butter.’

Then quick and cook her up a feast
 Of vile unhowkit heathens’ livers—
 The heart’s blood of a Popish Priest :
 A Deist’s cranium cracked to shivers ;
 Frae puffed-up Prelate’s pampered painch,
 A whang o’ morbid matter cut her—
 A sturdy Independent’s hainch ;
 But, oh, be sure to ‘mind the butter.’

For Granny Kirk’s not half content
 Wi’ a’ the guid things she has gotten,
 But, still on fresh Endowments bent,
 Has grown a downright greedy glutton.
 Her CORBIES through the land she sends,
 Their ever-craving screams to utter ;
 And, as each greedy throat extends,
 Their craik is still—‘ Oh, mind the butter.’

But, oh, the days when she was young !
 And free from blemish, blotch, and swelling ;
 Her muirland plaid around her flung—
 The breezy hill-side was her dwelling ;
 Plain hame-spun plaiden was her wear,
 Nae silks about her then did flutter ;
 Her drink, the mountain streamlet clear,
 And aft she lack’d baith bread and butter.

Chased like a roe from hill to dale,
 Debarred from village, town, and city ;
 Her bleeding feet and visage pale,
 Ne'er moved her wicked hunters' pity :
 To every murderous wretch a prey,
 Who chose to mangle, maim, and cut her,
 Heaven was her only hope and stay,
 In whom to trust for bread or butter.

But mark the change on Madam now !
 While silk and velvet robes bedeck her,
 Wi' greedy een and brazen brow,
 She glow'rs into the State Exchequer ;
 Though bread be given, and water sure,
 Yet these do not exactly fit her,
 Some richer thing she maun procure,
 And hence her howl, ' Oh, mind the butter.'

The ' Poor Man's Kirk ' is all her cry,
 Yet wi' the rich she fondly dallies ;
 Yea—poortith's cot she passes by,
 To banquet in the lordly Palace.
 Wi' Dukes and Lords she feasts and rants,
 Drinks smutty toasts—kicks up a splutter ;
 Then wails about her waefu' wants,
 And whining cries—' Oh, mind the butter.'

Her ' Kingdom is not of this warl',
 At least, if we may trust her story :
 But oh ! she's fond to get a haul
 O' warldly wealth, and pomp, and glory.

Her bloody sister up the gate—
 Wha lang did tramp her in the gutter—
 She fawns, now, on her air and late,
 And cries—‘ Oh, help me to the butter ! ’

But hail! redoubted Chalmers, hail,
 On in thy glorious course careering,
 Though Voluntaries rave and rail,
 Treat with contempt their gibes and jeering ;
 In pleading greedy Granny’s cause,
 Ne’er stick a rousing whid to utter,
 Till cheering echoes rend the wa’s,
 Wi’ ‘mind the butter, mind the butter.’

‘ THE REEL O’ BOGIE. ’

AS DANCED BY THE REV. DR CHALMERS, THE REV. MESSRS.
 CUNNINGHAM, CANDLISH, AND GORDON.
 DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THEIR REVERENCES, BY
 HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

There’s sour kail in Aberdeen—
 Het water in Strathbogie—
 Dunkeld is rinning red-wud clean,
 And a’ about the *cogie*.

The *cogie* O! the *cogie* O!
 The Kirk’s *capacious cogie* ;
 O waesuck, sirs, the vera girs
 They’re riving aff her *cogie*.

Parody on Old Song.

WEEL done, dear Doctor, that’s the thing,
 Wow, but you’re skeigh and vogie!
 Come, wheel about, and gie’s a fling,
 At this new ‘Reel o’ Bogie.’

While Ritchie thrums his fiddle-string,
 (That Voluntary roguie,)
 Mak' wowf wee Candlish round you swing,
 To 'Bannocks in Strathbogie.'

My certie! but ye link it weel,
 Light louping, like a frogie,
 Though whiles ye mak' an *unco wheel*,
 As if ye were half groggy;
 Sae meikle smeddum's in your heel,
 Nae yirthly weight can clog ye—
 Not even Nick can damp your zeal,
 While at your 'Reel o' Bogie.'

'Retract! no, not a single inch!'
 Part rather wi' your *cogie*;
 Nor let poor greeting Gordon finch,
 That terror-stricken doggie:
 Gar Cunningham his hurdies pinch,
 And gie his doup a brogie,
 Till round he wheels, despite the BENCH,
 And joins your 'Reel o' Bogie.'

What! heed the HOPE-ful PRESIDENT?
 That gurly surly fogie,
 Haud out—the carle may yet relent,
 And whisk you past Strathbogie.
 Or should you by his breath be sent
 To martyrdom's kiln-logie,
 Even there, 'retract not,' nor repent,
 Of your rare 'Reel o' Bogie.'

But lift your voice, and do not spare
 Ilk vile 'intruding' roguie,
 Wha'd mount up by the *Auld Back Stair*,
 Like *some folk* in Strathbogie.
 And keep an e'e on Glasgow CHAIR,
 Whilk yields a dainty cogie:
 O rare to see you wheeling there,
 Your darling 'Reel o' Bogie.'

Even should the Kirk's horizon lour,
 Wi' clouds baith mirk and foggy,
 Ne'er quail to ony *yirthly power*,
 Like crouching coward doggie;
 But help her in her *trying* hour,
 To keep her *weel-filled* cogie,
 Till rampant a' the *Queendom* owre,
 She louns your 'Reel o' Bogie.'

A CLERICAL CANTICLE,

As canted by the Rev. Reel o' Bogie Ranters, at their Secret Non-Intrusion Meetings, held in their Private Room, Presbyterian Close, Auld Reekie. Communicated, by an Ear-Witness, to

HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

It's hey for glebe, stipend, and manse,
 And hey for the kirk wi' the steeple;
 Let's try our bit clerical dance,
 To quiz and bamboozle the people.

Wi' our dancing we'll raise sic a stour,
 As will blind the intractable rabble ;
 And when they're ance mair in our power,
 How we'll silence their insolent gabble.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

We'll lecture them on their misdeeds,
 Their shortcomings, backslidings, errors,
 And gie them most terrible screeds
 About *breach* o' the *Law* and its terrors.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

We'll mak' them to kneel and obey
 The KIRK, our auld Reverend Granny ;
 And if the vile pack mutter ' nay,'
 We'll just hand them owre to AULD SAWNEY.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

Thus, while for their *spiritual good*,
 Our ' vials of wrath' we're out-pouring,
 We'll scrimp them o' *temporal food*,
 To keep them from playing JESHURAN.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

Though ' Patronage' now we decry,
 And clamour against ' Lay-Intrusion,'
 That *door* we oursels entered by,
 And not by the people's ain choosing.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

But now we maun shut up that door,
 Against wily Whig and tough Tory ;
 And, for our *ain order*, secure
 Kirk-Patronage, profit, and glory.
 Then hey for glebe, &c.

For our Kirk independent must be
 Of the State, and ilk yirthly connection,
 Except that bit *yirthly thing*—FEE,
 To which we've nae yirthly objection.

Then hey for glebe, stipend, and manse,
 And hey for the kirk wi' the steeple ;
 Let's try our bit clerical dance,
 To quiz and bamboozle the people.

A CLERICAL CANTICLE,

*As canted by the Rev. Reel o' Bogie Ranters, at their Secret Non-
 Intrusion Meetings, held in the Presbyterian Close, Auld Reekie.
 Communicated, by an Ear-Witness, to*

HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

THERE's sour kail in Aberdeen,
 And sourer in Strathbogie,
 For ilka ane's contesting keen,
 And a' about the Cogie ;

The Cogie, lads, the Cogie, lads,
 Our Kirk's capacious Cogie ;
 O dool and wae, baith frien' and fae
 Are striving for her Cogie.

They're rugging here, they're tugging there,
 Frae Irvine to Strathbogie,
 And a' to get an orra share
 O' *hail* frae out her Cogie;

Her Cogie, lads, her Cogie lads,
 Her wally weel-filled Cogie;
 Gude saff us, sirs, the vera *girs*
 They're riving aff her Cogie.

She's nurst a set o' graceless loons,
 Wha lang ha'e played the roguie,
 And wi' their crookit *carnal spoons*,
 Ha'e clautit at her Cogie.

Her Cogie, lads, her Cogie, lads,
 Our darling dish—her Cogie;
 Wi' clauting keen, they've scartit clean
 A *hole* out through her Cogie.

They've rowed her into *waters deep*,
 They've lair'd her in a bogie,
 And left her there to wail and weep,
 And howl about her Cogie.

Her Cogie, lads, her Cogie, lads,
 Her dear time-hallowed Cogie;
 The worldly knaves they'd ding in *staves*
 Her *State-begirded* Cogie.

And there's your Voluntary crew,
 Wi' minds sae dark and foggy,
 They think that we should tamely *boo*,
 And yield them up her Cogie.

Her Cogie lads, her Cogie lads,
 Our staff and stay—her Cogie ;
 While we hae breath, we'll fecht till death,
 Before we lose her Cogie.

Then let us smite the wicked jaws
 O' ilk intruding roguie,
 Wha'd daur wi' his unhallowed claws
 To touch her sacred Cogie.

Her Cogie, lads, her Cogie lads,
 Her precious dear-bought Cogie ;
 Let's form a ring, and lilt a spring,
 And dance around her Cogie.

For we, her independent sons,
 Despite ilk snarling doggie,
 Maun fettle now our swords and guns,
 And rally round her Cogie.

Her Cogie, lads, her Cogie, lads,
 Our *faith and hope*—her Cogie ;
 Wi' hand on hilt, fye let us till't,
 And loup our 'Reel o' Bogie.'

A CLERICAL CANTICLE,

*As canted by the Rev. Reel o' Bogie Ranters, &c. Communicated,
by an Ear-Witness, to*

HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

AIR—' *Brose and Butter.*'

(Chorus sung as a Quartetta.)

HEY for the loaves, loaves,
Hey for the loaves and fishes!
Gie us Lucky Kirk's massy loaves,
And nice little delicate dishes.

(Solo by Dr C——s.)

A haddock is good at a time,
A salmon is truly delicious;
But turbot and skate—O how prime!
For they are the *flats* among fishes.
(Full Chorus)—Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr C——m.)

We've anchored our boat in KIRK BAY,
And spread out our mystical meshes;
And O we've had excellent play,
At hauling in shoals o' *flat* fishes.
Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr C——ish.)

O dear to our hearts is dear corn,
 It raises the loaf to our wishes ;
 Yea, makes us exalt our proud horn,
 And brings us abundance o' fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Dr C——s.)

Elijah by ravens was fed,
 And meagre chance meals were Elisha's :
 We'll trust neither corbie nor gled,
 We've the State for our loaves and our fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr C——m.)

The Galilee fishers of yore
 Were men of such moderate wishes,
 Their weak simple minds ne'er could soar
 To the tything o' loaves or o' fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr C——ish.)

They just went about doing good,
 Cured leprosies, blindness, and issues,
 Gied famishing multitudes food,
 By dispensing their loaves and their fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Dr C——s.)

But we, their successors—ha, ha!
 Will ne'er treat the mob to sic dishes;
 The herd—they may munch at their straw,
 But we'll have the loaves and the fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr G——n.)

But, boys, should our late 'Bogie Reel'
 Ere land us 'mang Law's loopy meshes,
 Entangled, how awkward we'd feel,
 At the fate o' our loaves and our fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr C——m.)

For lo! there's a storm coming on,
 A storm that may fairly *undish* us;
 Then ply we our oars every one,
 And pull for our loaves and our fishes.
 Hey for the loaves, &c.

(Solo by Mr G——n.)

But see our twa Kirk-and-State oars
 How they're bending like fushionless rushes;
 And O how the hurricane roars,
 A-threatening our loaves and our fishes.

Hey for the loaves, loaves:
 Hey for the loaves and fishes;
 Let's haud to the last by our loaves,
 Nor yield up our delicate dishes.

THE DIVINITY CHAIR.

Ah Tam, Ah Tam, thou'st got thy fairin',
 Thou thought'st to sit the GLASGOW CHAIR IN;
 In vain thy CLIQUE await thy comin'—
 That Chair thou ne'er shalt set thy bum in.

Not ROBERT BURNS.

O WHARE hast thou a-wandering been,
 Our boy Tammy?
 We've miss'd thee sair baith morn and e'en,
 Our boy Tammy.
 I've been out owre Strathbogie braes,
 Where godless flocks wild wandering graze,
 To win them frae their wilfu' ways,
 Back to their honoured MAMMY.

Then tell us how did'st thou succeed,
 Our boy Tammy,
 Wi' that camstrairy graceless breed,
 Our boy Tammy?
 Indeed, gin I the truth maun tell,
 They still rin mad owre muir and fell,
 Determined ever to rebel
 Against their rev'rend MAMMY.

How shall we treat those brutes sae bauld,
 Our boy Tammy;
 To bring them back into the fauld,
 Our boy Tammy?

VERSES,

WRITTEN UPON THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW AND
GREENOCK RAILWAY, 30TH MARCH, 1841.

WHILE Bards of renown sing their heroes of yore,
Who marched on to fame—to the knees up in gore,
Whose chief entertainment was dying the sod,
And marring and mangling the image of God,
We'll choose a more homely, though happier theme,—
The genius of Watt, and the triumphs of Steam.

Had some gifted spirit arisen of old,
And to our great-grandfathers fearlessly told
The powers and the virtues which *vapour* contains,
They had deemed him a madman and fool for his pains;
The plain, honest, simple folks never could dream
Of the powers and the virtues inherent in Steam.

But forth came our Watt, in the strength of his mind,
Too powerful and vast for *old fetters* to bind—
He saw what was wanting—he planned what was right,
Then rose giant Steam in his fulness of might,
All vigorous and fresh as the sun's primal beam,
And darkness soon fled from the presence of Steam.

O Steam! what great wonders thou lately hast wrought,
For Time's but thy plaything, and Distance is nought;
Outstripping in fleetness the wings of the wind,
And leaving the storm-driven clouds far behind,

Thou link'st distant lands, thou o'ercom'st rock and stream,
Thou greatest of all Revolutionists—Steam.

The gentle and simple by thee both are fed,
Thou grindest their grain, thou preparest their bread,
Thou guidest the saw, and thou turnest the screw,
And things the most obdurate thou can'st subdue ;
Thy cylinder, piston, and ponderous beam,
Are the creatures of thine own creation—O Steam !

The prince and the peasant by thee, too, are drest,
The jenny and loom thy minuteness attest,
The forge and the furnace proclaim thy great power,
Fresh wonders on wonders arise every hour,
And wonders on wonders for ages may teem,
So various and vast are the workings of Steam.

What mighty achievements thou yet hast in store,
No heart may conceive, and no eye yet explore,—
The desert Sahaara may yet own thy sway,
And the huge Polar icebergs before thee give way ;
The Atlantic into the Pacific may stream,
And the whirl of the Maelstroom may yield yet to Steam.

Then fill up a bumper—yea, fill to the brim,
And drain to the bottom in memory of him
Who, wisely directing the Steam's latent powers,
Has given a new face to this planet of ours—
May his name float along upon Time's mighty stream,
Till sun, moon, and stars, be enveloped in Steam.

VERSES,

SUGGESTED ON VIEWING MR ANDERSON'S COMIC GROUP OF
FIGURES IN STONE, 'THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISE-
MAN.'

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

WEEL, Saunders, thou has made a seizure,
The Gauger's now thy siccar treasure ;
O what a smile o' fiendish pleasure
 Lurks in that leer,
While he, poor saul, beyond a' measure,
 Seems struck wi' fear :

His mouth, hands, nostrils, een, and hair,
What terror is depicted there !
What agonies o' fell despair
 Contort his face !
He'll ne'er seize cask nor caldron mair :
 O hopeless case !

I trow thou hast him tightly graspit,
Thy barbed tail about him claspit ;
Firm as a bolt securely haspit,
 There is he fixt ;
Ne'er to get loose, till down thy ash-pit
 The wretch thou kick'st.

My sang, thou art nae lazy lurdane,
 In takin' on thee sic a burden,
 Boa-Constrictor-like, a girдин'
 His worthless waist;
 But, Cloutie, let me put a word in,—
 What's a' thy haste?

Wad'st thou not let him aff again?
 Thou ken'st he'll yet be a' thine ain;
 Then, wherefore gie him needless pain
 Before his time?
 He yet might yield thee meikle gain,
 By future crime.

Fair fa' the Artist—clever chiel,
 For truly he's portrayed thee weel:
 Frae snout to tail, frae horn to heel,
 'The foul thief loon;'
 The veritable, true Scotch deil,
 The 'auld Mahoun.'

Could Burns himsel' but rise and see
 The pawkie glint o' hellish glee
 That plays about thy mouth and e'e,
 As aff thou hies,
 Wi' welcome hand he'd wish to thee
 'Luck o' thy prize.'

But, ah! 'twas hardly fair to trace
 His Dukeship's beak upon thy face;

Had Bailie P—l's but ta'en its place,
Or Chartist R—s's,
Such wad hae gi'en a *coup de grace*
To thy proboscis.

Or had the visage a' thegither,
Been lent thee o' the ane or ither,
Those wha ance saw thee ne'er could swither,
About thee mair ;
For like thou should'st be as a brither,
To that choice pair.

O had'st thou never done mair ill
Than seized the *seizer* o' a still,
Mankind, in mony a Highland gill,
Had toasted thee ;
And drank thy health wi' right good will,
In barley bree.

But O, thou auld malignant thief!
Fell origin of a' mischief ;
Thou art the author o' our grief,
Our toil and pain,
And never shall we get relief
Till thou art gane.

But though thou art the vera fiend,
Thou'rt still the Clergy's dearest freend,
By thy vast influence unscreen'd,
They might shut shop,
For, wanting thee, baith *tythe* and *tiend*,
I trow would stop.

Hence, I'd propose a vote o' thanks
 Frae them to thee, for thy d—d pranks:
 'Tis thou wha keep'st them on their shanks,
 And gi'est them bread,
 Their weel-filled aumries soon were blanks,
 Gin thou wert dead.

Therefore, just carry on thy calling,
 To keep their Reverences frae falling,
 For O they'd raise a hideous bawling,
 Wert thou to stop;
 As in the mud they lay a-sprawling,
 'Reft o' their prop.

Improve thy time, then, while thou'rt here,
 The '*Thousand Years*' will soon draw near,
 When closed will be thy curst career
 For that lang season;
 Man winna then be fool'd by fear,
 But ruled by reason.

But, Nick—gin I might ca' thee such—
 I've ae request, if not too much:
 I carena though thou sametimes clutch
 A greedy Gauger;
 But O, I pray thee, dinna touch
 THE AULD EGG-CADGER.

THE WAEFU' LAMENT OF THE AGNEWITES

OVER THEIR DEFEAT IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, GLASGOW,
ON THE 30TH NOVEMBER, 1841,

*When they were baffled in their attempt to Shut up the Public
Reading-room on the first day of the week—not on the Jewish
Sabbath. Rendered into ryhme, by*

HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

HECH! what is this come owre us now?—
Our loopy tricks are a' seen through;
In turning round Coercion's screw,
 We toil in vain,
For spite o' a' that we can do,
 Its power is gane.

Wi' a' our simpering sauntly airs,
Our turned-up een and lengthy prayers,
We find mankind a set o' bears,
 Sae curst uncivil,
That fient a ane about us cares,
 Nor yet our Deevil.

We tried to steek ilk Public Room,
And mak' *our day* a day o' gloom,
Sae dark ye couldna see your thoomb
 Before your een;
But O, the pack hae sealed our doom,
 And nail'd us clean.

We tried by ilka wily quirk
 To force the wretches to the kirk,
 Whether to hear a calf or stirk,
 It didna matter,
 If we our ends could only work,
 So much the better.

But now we're beat, Och on! Och on!
 Nor left a leg to stand upon:
 'Othello's occupation's gone,'
 'His meal's a' daigh.'
 Now we maun hurkle down and moan
 Right loun and laigh.

They've nail'd our WRIGHT, that godly chap,
 And eke our dainty douce Dunlap,
 Wha never wants for bite nor drap
 On haly days:
 An' mair than a' that, doesna stap
 To yoke his chaise.

They've pinned our prim and pious K——e,
 Wha made a grand and glorious ettle,
 To keep us a' in Jewish fettle,
 And haud us right,
 Like ane o' true Mosaic mettle,
 Baith stanch and tight.

But K——e, too, can boil his *pot*,
 And tak' his dinner piping hot;

Yea, shave his beard, and dust the coat
 That busks his body ;
 And prie a canny ' drappie o't,'
 In reeking toddy.

They've maul'd our mighty M——n,
 That gaucy, gash-like gospel gun,
 Wha ne'er left a gude cause undone,
 E'en on a Sunday,
 Nor let a weel-fledged client run
 About till Monday.

O wae befa' this graceless nation,
 Sae prone to Sabbath desecration ;
 It's perfect evendown profanation
 The way they walk,
 Their every Sunday's recreation
 And idle talk.

And foul befa' that wicked pack,
 Wha'd tatoes-boggles o' us mak',
 And paint our doings aye sae black
 In their vile papers,
 The wuddie yet their craigs may rack
 For their curst capers.

And O confound that Loyal Peter,
 Wha puts us into wicked metre ;
 May he get Moloch's hettest heater
 To birsle on,
 For lashing wi' his tawse sae bitter,
 Rab, James, and John !

SUNDAY RAILWAY TRAINS.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE REV. DR. MACKAY
OF DUNOON.

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

Has mad *Revival* BURNS broke out,
Prowling the kintra round about,
And *biting* wi' his teeth *devout*,
Baith men and women,
That now there's sic a yell and shout,
'Gainst Sunday steamin'?

Or has Saint Andrew, 'clept Agnew,
O' Sabbath keeping zeal sae fou,
Been galloping ilk clachan through,
A-convert making,
That there is sic a great ado
'Bout Sabbath breaking?

Indeed it's true—what need ye spier?
And troth ye weel may think it queer,
That ne'er a *whish* you'll ever hear
'Bout gigs or noddies,
Or gilded coaches, built to bear
Braw bailie bodies.

Drivers may drink, and swear, and battle,
Horses may reek—poor hard-wrought cattle,—
And wheels owre causey-stanes may rattle,
Wi' ceaseless birr;
But sic unhallowed wark to settle,
What tongue will stir?

The Fourth Command enjoins, at least,
 A day of rest for man and beast ;
 That a' that toil may be released
 Frae yoke and team ;
 But say, when was the *veto* placed
 Upon the *steam* ?

Whisht, whisht ; we never maun reproach,
 A great man riding in his coach,
 A vulgar, fat, unloesome *hotch*,
 Beside him lolling ;
 But should a puff o' steam encroach,
 'Twere past a' tholing.

Indeed, 'twad be an awfu' sin
 For Sunday Trains on rails to rin,
 Disturbing wi' their whizzing din
 A peacefu' nation ;
 And whirling a' that ride therein
 To red d——n.

But might the humble sons o' care,
 Wha toil and pine sax days and mair,
 Not get a breath o' callar air,
 Ae day in seven ?
 No, no ; the pack maun gang to prayer,
 If they want heaven.

My certy, it wad set them weel
 To get a Sunday forenoon's wheel—

They wha can scarce get milk and meal
 To mak' their crowdie ;
 And yet they'd *steam* it to the deil,
 Baith saul and body.

But if ye'd keep the day sae holy,
 Wi' visage sour and melancholy,
 How will you stop the thochtless folly
 O' that vile gang,
 Whase motto is, 'Live and be jolly'
 The hale day lang ?

Just hing a mortclaith owre the sun,
 Mak' nature dreary, dark, and dun,
 Till even the blade upon the grun'
 Forget to grow ;
 Till mighty rivers cease to run,
 And burns to row.

Let woods and forests a' be dumb,
 Nor let the reek ascend the lum,
 Let man forget his fellow-chum,
 And faithfu' rib,
 And hurkle down, morose and glum,
 Low in his crib.

Shut up 'rude Boreas' in his caves ;
 Nor let 'old Ocean' sport his waves ;
 Mak' trees and shrubs fauld up their leaves,
 As if a-dying ;
 Stop 'Johnny Ged' frae howking graves ;
 And wives—frae *crying*.

Mak' cities solitary glens,
 Gie social creatures caves and dens,
 Put rams and ewes in separate pens,
 To bleat and fast,
 And lock the cock up frae the hens
 Till Sabbath's past.

Such is the day wad please a Jew,
 And rabid Burns, and Saint Agnew,
 And a' the sanctimonious crew,
 Wi' looks demure,
 Wha wi' the bigot's vice wad screw
 The labouring poor.

O, gin our Pastors could prevail,
 How wad they mak' us cower and quail,
 The fient a ride upon a rail
 They'd grant ava;
 For then their flocks might tak' *steam bail*,
 And skelp awa'.

To check it, then, they've right good cause,
 For some might preach to empty wa's;
 On pews unlet their lungs and jaws
 Might spend their force;
 And, therefore, mind ye, 'empty sta's'
 Mak' biting horse.'

Hence, Public Meetings now they ca',
 At which they glibly gab awa',

Wi' haly zeal denouncing a'
 Steam Sunday trips;
 But catch them hinting aught ava
 'Gainst spurs and whips.

And, look ye, how our *meeek* Leadbetter,
 The Sunday trains wad try to fetter,
 And mak' them, to the vera letter,
 The Sabbath keep,
 But 'gainst the Sunday Navigator,
 Say, will he cheep?

Nae farther gane than Sabbath last,
 Despising every surly blast,
 Did he not stand beside the mast,
 And watch his luggage,
 Till at Dunoon he fairly pass'd
 Wi' bag and baggage?

And though 'twas then the hour of prayer,
 What did his *Lowly Meekship* care?
 Stout porters had his trunks to bear
 Up through the toon;
 But *Glasgow* did nae see him there,
 'Twas just *Dunoon*.

And there's our worthy Bailie Bain,
 O how it gies the good man pain!
 To see the godless puffing train
 Swift sweep the rails;
 For weel it's kent he mak's nae gain
 By Sunday mails.

For poor horse flesh how much he feels,
 While smack—the brutes tak' to their heels;
 Loud blaws the horn, round whirl the wheels—
 Awa' they dash;
 But then their torture never yields
 The Bailie cash.

The mail arrives—what crowds convene,
 (Nae desecration, this, I ween,)
 Wi' gaping mouths and glowing e'en
 The news to swallow ;
 And wi' debating fierce and keen,
 The day to hallow.

It maun gie meikle consolation,
 To ane in our gude Bailie's station,
 To think how Sabbath desecration
 His soul abhors ;
 Nae pelfish vile consideration,
 E'er opes his doors.

It's a' to serve the cause of God,
 The Bailie's coaches tak' the road,
 Bearing along their righteous load,
 O' news and letters,
 Concerning cotton, corn, and cod,
 And sic like matters.

These are but samples o' the lave,
 Wha wi' demeanour staid and grave,

At Sabbath strollers rail and rave,
 As hardened sinners ;
 Yet aft in secret, sweet conclave,
 Munch Sunday dinners.

Wi' lengthened phiz, and sour grimace,
 They'll talk o' mercy, faith, and grace,
 Parading in ilk public place
 Their saintly airs ;
 Yet mock their Maker to his face,
 Wi' hollow prayers.

O for a robe of dazzling white,
 To clothe ilk hollow hypocrite,
 And hide his doings, dark as night,
 Frae sinfu' view ;
 For O, Sirs, 'twere an unco spite
 To be seen through !

Weel, let the rich enjoy their ride,
 Through town and kintra, far and wide,
 In a' their dignity, and pride,
 And consequence,
 While they the sons o' toil deride
 For want o' sense.

But cease to growl, ye *worthless* poor,
 Ye're born privations to endure ;
 What ! Sunday steaming, air that's pure,
 And relaxation ?
 No, mount the tread-mill, that's mair sure
 To suit your station.

THE ADVENTURES OF BILL BLARNEY,

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

OCH, Bill was a broth of a boy,
 And he wanted to make a big *fortin* ;
 Says he, 'now, my luck I'll go try,
 And be after some heiress a-courting.'
 He heard that Miss Jane had the cash,
 And off in prime style went to woo, sur,
 Och, sowl, what a wonderful dash,
 He cut wid his cane and surtout, sur.

He stapt—rung the bell—was let in,
 And into the parlour was shown, sur,
 Thinks Bill, 'If Miss Jane I could win,
 This house it would soon be my own, sur.'
 About his great *fortin* and rank,
 He *towld hur* a power of palavers,
 He had thousands of cash in the Bank,
 And a *hundred-and-thurty* fine waevers.

Now says Bill, my *swaet* Jewel, d'ye see,
 I'm *com'd* just to *ax* you in marriage ;
 And if your dear self will agree,
 Why you soon will be *druve* in your carriage.
 But och ! how astounded look'd Bill,
 The blood it run *cowld* in his *bones*, sur,
 When she *ax'd* if he wanted a *spell*,
 Wid his *friends* at the breaking of *stones*, sur.

Away flew the boy in a huff,
 Wid a flourish and twirl of his cane, sur,
 Lamenting the loss of the *stuff*,
 Much more than the loss of *Miss Jane*, sur.
 But soon he fell in wid another,
 And soon, too, wid hur got acquainted ;
 For she, not so shy as the other,
 Was everything, sure, that Bill wanted.

He gain'd her consent quite delighted,
 The names were thrice call'd on the Sunday,
 And friends and relations invited,
 To see the knot tied upon Monday.
 But och! from his summit of bliss,
 Poor Bill got a tarrible fall, sur,
 When he found her a *Jantleman's Miss*,
 Wid never a *fortin* at all, sur.

Bill left her, and wid a deep sigh,
 Declared that he fairly disclaim'd hur,
 Then wid a *swaet* ' *bowl-waever* ' boy,
 To act as his *valut-dee-chaembur* ;
 He off to the courting again,
 Rigg'd out as the spruce *Money-facturer*,
 And the *hart* of an heiress did gain,
 So *swaetly* on love did he lacture hur.

The night of the wedding came on,
 In the Parson's the folks were assembled ;
 Bill whisper'd, ' now boy, *it's my own*, '
 The blushing bride timidly trembled.

The Priest had begun to pronounce
The rite that would make them each others,
When up flew the door wid a bounce,
And in rush'd, *bad luck!* the bride's brothers.

Arrah, whack! how poor Bill stood aghast,
How *quaer* look'd his 'valut bowl waever,'
When out pop'd the truth, sur, at last,
That Bill was an arrant deceiver.
The bride, then, did fervently pray
To be taken back by her brothers,
While Bill like a fool slunk away,
Disappointed and cow'd, to his mother's.

Now all you good people, come pray
That Bill may be cur'd of his foible,
Nor go about more to betray,
And get himself duped for his trouble.
And learn, ye young couples from hence,
To keep mind of this maxim when courting,
Sincerity, Love, and Good Sense,
Make still the most durable Fortin.

ANE WAEFU' LAMENT

FOR THE LOSS O' OUR WORDIE BAILLIE'S SPEECH, QUHILK SULD
 HAE BEEN DELIVERIT AT ANE DINNER GIEN TO YE HONOUR-
 ABLE AND NOBLE YIRL GREY, BE YE GUDE FOLK O' AULD
 REEKIE, IN YE ZIER O' GRACE AUGHTEEN HUNDER AND
 THRETTIE-THREE.

O HEARD ze o' this sad affaire
 Hals happenit in Auld Reekie?
 That wordie mann, our Magistrat,
 Hals deevilit a' our CLEEKIE;
 And brocht us intil sad disgrace,
 Be stickand o' hys lesson,
 Ane waefu' pruif that Bailzies ne'er
 Suld sit wi' lords a-messin'.
 An' it's O waes me!

Quhan our gude toon's prosperitie,
 In bumpers deep wals drank,
 Our Bailzie, als in dutie bound,
 Gat up ye folk till thank;
 But, waesucks! palsie or nightmare
 Sae prest upon hys tongue,
 That dumb als ane Egyptian quhalp,
 Our wordie Bailzie sung,
 An' it's O waes me!

But tell me, wals't ye Bailzie's faut,
 Or wals't ye printer loon,
 That sett hys speech ye backward way,
 Or turned it upside doon?

Na, Gude in heaven only kens,
 Bot this they say quha see'd it,
 That thoch hee tryit it wi' hys specks,
 Ye Bailzie culdna read it.
 An' it's O waes me!

Hee leukit richt, hee leukit left,
 Hee gapit and hee glowrit,
 Bot wi' ye *dazzland* o' ye *starrs*,
 Hee wals swa overpowrit,
 Hee tynt hys tongue, hee tynt hys eyne,
 Hee culdna see ane blink;
 Na, waur,—hee gat swa doitrefiet,
 Hee walsna fitt till think.
 An' it's O waes me!

Hee sett hys specks, hee clawit hys pow,
 He gied ane *hum* and *haw*,
 Bot lyk ane tale beyond ye flood,
 Hys speech it wals awa'.
 Hee fumblit for't, hee mumblit for't,
 Alace! 'twals fairlie gane,
 Swa back hee stoiterit till hys seat,
 And gied ane awfu' grane.
 An' it's O waes me!

Ye wickit waggs o' Enbro toon,
 O wearie 'fa' ye pack!
 Quhan they beheld our Bailzie's plicht,
 Their sport began till mak'.

Sum cryit ane 'Glasgow magistrate,'
 Sum 'caller herring' sung,
 Quhat pitie bot ye wickit wordis
 Wald blysterit ilka tongue.
 An' it's O waes me!

Then henceforth let our Bailzies learn,
 To bee less proud and vaine,
 Nor rin awa' to drinke and dyne,
 Wi' jukis and lordis againe,
 For they're ane ORDER be themsels,
 Swa farr 'buve common menn,
 That honest folk suld shunn them, als
 They'd shunn ane tigger's denn,
 And it's O waes me!

EPIGRAM,

ON A LOW, GROVELLING, SELFISH FELLOW.

O, GROVELLING, gripping, greedy Willie C—se,
 The C joined to thy name is all a farce;
 Come lop it off, and then the world will see
 How well thy nature and thy name agree:
 For thou wert ne'er a rich and fertile carse,
 But just a low, unseemly, dirty ——!

A SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Hazelknowe, 10th Sept., 1834.

DEAR SIMEON,—Since you were pleased to compliment me in your letter of Saturday week, upon the great improvement I have lately made in writing, I feel doubly encouraged to try my hand again, at another little story, which I remember of hearing many years ago from a worthy neighbour of mine, who now sleeps in the dust, but who, when alive, was one of those truly amiable characters of whom the world is not worthy. But in order to give the story its proper effect, I must relate it as nearly as I can in his own simple way, deeming that any attempt on my part to improve its style would only tend to its hurt, by divesting it of its native homeliness, which I consider its greatest beauty.

Yours everlastingly,

ANDREW WHAUP.

 To SIMEON CLYDE,

Whaur wad ye hae seen, ance in a day, a mair strappin' lad, or ane that was blyther than Andrew Forsyth, wha lived, in my younger days, alang wi' his mither, a widow woman, upon the Farm o' Dunterdoup? But waes me! Andrew's mither dee't, as we maun a' do, an' left him, poor lad, e'en lanely eneuch, for wha is sae kind an' sae carefu' as ane's mither? In course o' time, hooever, Andrew be-

thocht him o' a wife, for he said to himsel', since my mither's awa', peace to her banes, it is but reasonable that I should tak' unto mysel' a helpmate. Weel, Andrew gat married at last, to Maggoty Meg, the only dochter o' Tibby Dooless; but Meg, instead o' a helpmate, turned out a sorrowfu' *hurtmate* to poor Andrew. She was wasterfu' an' extravagant, drank her tea e'enin' an' mornin', an' gart Andrew be doing wi' a drap thin brose or parritch; na, it was whispered by some o' her neebours that she drank whisky too,—Gude preserve us! Andrew's affairs sune gaed to wrack, for, poor fellow, he lost heart, an' neglectet his business. The limbs o' the law—sorrow be on them!—were after him night an' day; hunting him like terriers, plaguing him, poinding him, an' threatening him wi' jail, till Andrew gat sae weel acquaint wi' their leuks at last, that he wad hae kent a *beagle* a mile aff. Andrew, notwithstanding a' his disasters, still attendit upon the *ordinances*, and was a most regular man in the performance o' his several duties. The Beuk o' Life, too, was his favourite study, as weel as his chief comfort, an' folk said he understood it amaist as weel as the minister.

Andrew sat under the ministry o' the worthy Maister Jumblewit, a man that was mair fond o' putting kittle questions to his hearers than some folk thoct consistent wi' his duty, but it was ane o' the guid man's failin's, an' he nicht hae had a waur. At ane o' his diets o' examination, Maister Jumblewit put the following question to his little flock, gathered together upon the occasion. 'My friends, can any of you tell me what kind of a *mark* it was that the Supreme Being put upon Cain, that he might be known

from other men? William Wood, can you tell me?—
 ‘Deed no, Sir; I canna say.’—‘Thomas Taylor, what say
 you?’—‘Weel I wat, that’s ower deep for the like o’ me; I
 canna answer’t.’—‘Barbara Blair, ye could maybe tell me.’
 —‘Na, na, Sir; I ne’er met wi’ sic a question in a’ the
carritch beuck.’—‘Andrew Forsyth, can you tell me?’—
 ‘I’m just thinkin’ about it, Sir.’—‘Well, what *mark* did
 our COMMON FATHER put upon Cain, that he might be
 known from other men?’—‘I’m thinkin’ Sir, that he just
 had made him a—*Sheriff’s officer.*’

 EPIGRAM,

ON A VERY STUPID MAN, WITH A MOST UNMEANING FACE, WHO
 WAS A MOST GREEDY SNUFF-TAKER.

IF such a thing exist as real space,
 It must be, Paul, in thy unmeaning face.
 But, hold: there is another blank beside,
 I had forgot,—thy skull—thy skull’s a void.
 I’m wrong again: thy skull contains enough,—
 Of what? of brains?—yes, brains of fusty snuff.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON BOARD 'THE AYRSHIRE LASSIE' STEAMER, (CON-
SORT TO THE 'ROBERT BURNS,') DURING HER SECOND TRIP
DOWN THE CLYDE, ON MONDAY, 22D APRIL, 1839.

WELCOME, bonnie Ayrshire Lassie !
To thy native home—the Clyde ;
Wha in beauty may surpass thee,
As thou brav'st the swelling tide ?
Meet companion of thy 'Robin,'
(He who took thee first in tow,)
O'er the wavelets gently bobbin',
Beauty blooming on thy prow.

As thou glidest o'er the waters,
Like a thing of life and light,
Say, 'mang Coila's far-famed daughters,
To whose name thou claim'st a right ?
Light and lively as a fairy,
Buskit in thy robes o' green,
Art thou Burns' 'Highland Mary'—
'Handsome Nell,' or 'Bonnie Jean'?

Tell me art thou 'Charming Chloris'—
'Nancy' on the 'Banks o' Coil'—
'Darling' daughter o' 'Rob Morris'—
Or the 'Lass o' Ballochmyle' ?
Art thou 'Maggie,' proud and saucy,
Gecking at poor 'Duncan Gray' ?
Or the 'milking shiel' 'blythe Bessie,'
Lilting 'mang the new maun hay ?

Say, art thou the 'Flower of Devon,'
 'Once a Bud upon the Ayr?'
 'Anna' wi' her light locks waving,
 'Blooming Bell,' or 'Lucy fair?'
 Art thou 'Bonnie Leslie Baillie,'
 Fair as Eve in Eden's bower;
 Or the fickle, 'fair, fause Phely,'
 Wi' a 'new love' every hour?

Say, art thou the 'spotless Nanny,'
 Pure as dew-wet gowan's sheen?
 Or the fond confiding 'Annie,'
 'Mang the 'Barley rigs' at e'en?
 Or, art thou the 'artless lassie,'
 Wi' the 'lint white-locks' sae fair?
 Or the peerless, hapless 'Jessie,'
 Waking thrillings o' despair?

Art thou—but nae mair I'll query;—
 Lang may'st thou thy course pursue,
 Tight and steady—light and airy,
 O'er thy path of liquid blue.
 Leeze me on thee! 'Ayrshire Lassie,'
 Thou may'st take each name by turns;
 For these names were aft, my lassie,
 Sweetly sung by 'Robin Burns.'

THE INDIAN COTTAGER'S SONG.

FOUNDED UPON ST PIERRE'S TALE OF THE INDIAN COTTAGE,
AND ADAPTED TO AN HINDOSTAN AIR.

Arranged and Harmonised by R. A. Smith.

THOUGH exiled afar from the gay scenes of Delhi,
Although my proud kindred no more shall I see,
I've found a sweet home in this thick-wooded valley,
Beneath the cool shade of the green banyan tree ;
'Tis here my loved Paria and I dwell together,
Though shunned by the world, truly blest in each other ;
And thou, lovely boy, lisping 'father' and 'mother,'
Art more than the world to my Paria and me.

How dark seemed my fate, when we first met each other,
My own fatal pile ready waiting for me ;
While incense I burned on the grave of my mother,
And knew that myself the next victim would be.
'Twas then that my Paria, as one sent from heaven,
To whom a commission of mercy is given,
Shed peace through this bosom, with deep anguish riven,
To new life, to love, and to joy waking me.

He wooed me with flowers, to express the affection
Which sympathy woke in his bosom for me ;
My poor bleeding heart clung to him for protection ;
I wept—while I vowed with my Paria to flee.

My mind, too, from darkness and ignorance freeing,
 He taught to repose on that merciful Being,
 The Author of Nature, all-wise and all-seeing,
 Whose arm still protecteth my Paria and me.

Now safely we dwell in this cot of our rearing,
 Contented, industrious, cheerful, and free ;
 To each other still more endeared and endearing,
 While heaven sheds its smiles on my Paria and me.
 Our garden supplies us with fruits and with flowers,
 The sun marks our time, and our birds sing the hours,
 And thou, darling boy, shooting forth thy young powers,
 Completest the bliss of my Paria and me.

‘LO’E ME LITTLE, AND LO’E ME LANG.’

Awa’ wi’ your wheezing, your coaxing, and teasing,
 Your hugging and squeezing, I beg you’ll let be ;
 Your fraising sae fulsome, too sweet to be wholesome,
 Can never gang down wi’ a lassie like me ;
 Nae mair than a woman, nae higher than human,
 To Sylphs and to Seraphs I dinna belang ;
 Then if ye wad gain me, the way to attain me,
 Is ‘Lo’e me little, and lo’e me lang.’

Wi’ some silly gawkie, your fleehing sae pawkie ;
 Like sweet dozing draughts, will glide cannily down :
 Hence, seek some vain hizzy, and dose her till dizzy,
 She’ll quickly consent a’ your wishes to crown ;

But pester na me wi't, my heart canna 'gree wi't,
 I'm sick o' your cuckoo's unvarying sang:
 Cease, therefore, your canting, your rhyming and ranting,
 But 'Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang.'

The love that lowes strongest, say, lasts it the longest?
 The fires that bleeze brightest burn soonest awa';
 Then keep your flame steady—a moderate red aye,
 Or else ye may yet hae a cauld coal to blaw;
 And quat your romantics, your airs, and your antics,
 Tak' truth's honest track, and you'll seldom gae wrang;
 Then win me, and welcome, let weal or let ill come,
 I'll 'Lo'e you little, and lo'e you lang,'

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—*'For lack o' gowd.'*

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,
 Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside,
 Wi' his wifie blythe and free, and his bairnie on her knee,
 Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside.
 Nae cares o' State disturb him, by his ain fireside,
 Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside,
 In his elbow chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
 To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
 That health, content, and peace, surround his ain fireside,
 A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles,
 At their harmless pranks and wiles, around his ain fireside.

And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
 In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
 Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
 He informs ilk youthfu' mind, about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor, draws near his ain fireside,
 And seeks the friendly door, that guards his ain fireside,
 She's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
 While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
 When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,
 And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
 With joy he back surveys all his scenes of bygone days,
 While he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
 What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside?
 With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes heaven for his prop,
 Then calmly down doth drop, by his ain fireside.
 O may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside,
 Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside,
 May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,
 Then we'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

WHETHER OR NO.

Set to Music by John Turnbull.

'MANG a' the braw lads that come thither to woo me,
 There's only but ane I wad fain mak' my joe;
 And though I seem shy, yet sae dear is he to me,
 I scarce can forgie mysel' when I say 'No.'

My sister she sneers 'cause he hasna the penny,
 And cries, ' Ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,'
 My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,
 She'll just tak' the lad she likes—whether or no.

My father he cries, ' tak' the laird o' Kinlogie,
 For he has baith mailins and gowd to bestow ;'
 My mither cries neist, ' tak' the heir o' Glenbogie,'
 But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat, no ;
 And since 'tis mysel' maun be gainer or loser—
 Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe—
 I deem it but fair I should be my ain chooser ;
 To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Cauld prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,
 And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,
 But tell me, can wealth bring content to its makers?
 The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says 'No !'
 But, oh, when pure love meets a love corresponding,
 Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know ;
 It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,
 Let fate smile or scowl, it smiles—whether or no.

I HAD A HAT, I HAD NAE MAIR.

AIR—' *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*'

I HAD a hat, I had nae mair,
 I gat it frae the hatter ;
 My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,
 Ae night when on the batter ;

And sae I thocht me on a plan,
Whereby to mend the matter—
Just turn at ance a sober man,
And tak' to drinking water.

My plan I quickly put in force,
Yea, stuck till't most sincerely,
And now I drive my gig and horse,
And hae an income yearly.
But, had I still kept boozing on,
'Twa'd been anither matter,
My credit, cash, and claes had gone,
In tatter after tatter.

My wife, perhaps, a worthless pest,
My wanes half-starved and duddy ;
And I mysel', at very best,
Gaun wi' an auld coal cuddie ;
Wi' scarce a stick in a' the house,
Or spoon, or bowl, or platter,
Or milk, or meal, to feed a mouse,
Or blanket, save a tatter.

Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,
Clear head, and health o' body,
A thrifty wifie, cosh and kind,
And bairnies plump and ruddy.
Hence, I'd advise ilk weirdless wight,
Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,
To try my plan this very night,
And tak' to drinking water.

SINCE FATE HAS DECREED IT.

AIR—*'A' body's like to get married but me.'*

SINCE fate has decreed it—then e'en let her gang,
 I'll comfort mysel' wi' a canty bit sang:
 Yes, I'll sing like a lintie, and laugh at it a',
 Though the auld donnart dotard has wiled her awa'.
 O wae worth that siller! what mischief it breeds,
 Dame Fortune's pet weans, how it pampers and feeds;
 It has made them baith ane whom auld Nature meant twa,
 And has torn frae my arms, my dear lassie awa.

The neighbours will clatter about the affair,
 But e'en let them talk—that's the least o' my care,
 For the sigh will blaw by in a fortnight or twa,
 But ne'er can restore to me her that's awa.
 Come cheer up, my heart!—yet, what need'st thou be wae?
 There are thousands behint her, sae e'en let her gae;
 Yes, thousands as bonnie, as good, and as braw—
 Then why should'st thou grieve for her, now she's awa?

But ah! hapless lassie, my heart's wae for thee,
 To think what a comfortless life thou maun dree;
 How cheerless to sit in a rich splendid ha',
 'Midst desolate grandeur, when love is awa'.
 And thou, her auld mither, ah, what wilt thou say,
 When thou seest thy poor lassie heart-broken and wae?
 Ah, what will avail then her cleeding sae braw,
 When it covers a bosom that's riven in twa.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

AIR—'Guardian angels.'

HAVE you hail'd the glowing morning,
 When the sun first gilds the plain?
 Or the genial spring returning,
 After winter's dreary rain?
 Then conceive, to me how dear,
 When my Anna—faithful, fair,
 After years of lonely pain,
 Bless'd my fond eyes—my arms again.

Every charm more finely heighten'd,
 Fix'd my raptured, wondering eyes!
 Every grace divinely brighten'd,
 Held my soul in sweet surprise;
 O! I could have gazed my last,
 On her bosom heaving fast—
 Met her eyes, benignly bright,
 With ever-growing new delight.

Who'd not bear a separation,
 Thus again to fondly meet,
 And to find no alteration,
 Save the heart's more ardent beat?
 Thus, the same soft hand to grasp,
 Thus, the same fair form to clasp,
 Thus, the same warm lips to kiss—
 O, say, can heaven give more than this?

COME TO THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

AIR—' *March to the battle field.*'

COME to the Banks of Clyde,
 Where health and joy invite us ;
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,
 There waiteth to delight us ;
 Enrobed in green, she smiles serene—
 Each eye enraptured views her ;
 A brighter dye o'erspreads her sky,
 And every creature woes her.
 Come to the banks of Clyde,
 Where health and joy invite us ;
 Spring, now, in virgin pride,
 There waiteth to delight us.

Mark! how the verdant lea,
 With daisies she is strewing ;
 Hark! now, on every tree,
 The birds their mates are wooing ;
 Love wakes the notes that swell their throats,
 Love makes their plumage brighter ;
 Old Father Clyde, in all his pride,
 Ne'er witness'd bosoms lighter ;
 Mark! how the verdant lea,
 With daisies she is strewing ;
 Hark! how, on every tree,
 The birds their mates are wooing.

ROLL, FAIR CLUTHA.

AIR—'Rule Britannia.'

WHEN Nature first, with mighty hand
 Traced Clutha's windings to the main,
 'Twas then the Genii of the land,
 Assembled round, and sung this strain ;
 'Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
 And be thy banks for ever free.'

For on thy banks in future times,
 A brave and virtuous race shall rise,
 Strangers to those unmanly crimes,
 That taint the tribes of warmer skies.
 'Roll,' &c.

And stately towns and cities fair,
 Thy lovely shores shall decorate ;
 With seats of science, to prepare
 Thy sons for all that's good and great.
 'Roll,' &c.

And on thy pure translucent breast,
 Shall numerous fleets majestic ride ;
 Destined to south, north, east, and west,
 To waft thy treasures far and wide.
 'Roll,' &c.

And up thy gently sloping sides,
 Shall woods o'er woods in grandeur tower ;
 Meet haunts for lovers and their brides,
 To woo in many a sylvan bower.
 ' Roll, ' &c.

And early on each summer morn,
 Thy youth shall bathe their limbs in thee ;
 Thence to their various toils return
 With increased vigour, health, and glee.
 ' Roll, ' &c.

And still on summer evenings fair,
 Shall groups of happy pairs be seen,
 With hearts as light as birds of air,
 A-straying o'er thy margin green.
 ' Roll, ' &c.

And oft the Bard by thee will stray,
 When Luna's lamp illumines the sky,
 Musing on some heart-melting lay,
 Which fond hope tells him ne'er shall die.
 ' Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
 And be thy banks for ever free.

THE ROYAL UNION.

THERE'S joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,
 There's joy in the hut and the ha' ;
 The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands
 Is woo'd and wedded an' a' ;

She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—
 A lad that's baith gallant and braw;
 And lang may the knot be a-loosing
 That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd and wedded an' a',
 Buckled and bedded an' a';
 The loveliest lassie in Britain
 Is woo'd and wedded an' a'.

May heaven's all-bountiful Giver
 Shower down his best gifts on the twa;
 May love round their couch ever hover,
 Their hearts closer and closer to draw.
 May never misfortune o'ertake them,
 Nor blast o' adversity blaw:
 But every new morning awake them
 To pleasures unsullied as snaw.

Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,
 May happiness ay be their fa',
 May discord and sickness and sorrow
 Be banished for ever their ha'.
 So, fy let us coup aff our bicker,
 And toast meikle joy to the twa,
 And may they, till life's latest flicker,
 Together in harmony draw.

Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

LAUCHIE FRASER'S PROMOTIONS.

AIR—'Johnny Cope.'

NAINSEL she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,
 'Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, and ta whiskee stills,
 An' ta brochan, an' brogues, an' ta snuishin' mills,
 Oich! she was ta ponnie land she was porn in;
 For a' ta lads there will be shentleman's porn,
 And will wear *skean-dhu*, an' ta praw snuishin'-horn,
 An' ta fine tartan trews her praw houghs to adorn,
 And mak her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to wroughtin' at a',
 But she'll sit py ta *grieshach* her haffets to claw;
 An' pe birsle her shanks, till they're red as ta haw,
 An' a' fu' o' measles ilka mornin'.
 But her nainsel' at last to ta Lalans cam' doon,
 An' will get her a place 'mang to *mhor* Glaschow toon;
 Whar she's noo *prush-ta-poot*, an' pe *polish-ta-shoon*,
 An' pe shentleman's plunkie in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta *proud*,
 An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,
 An' she'll look wi' disdains 'pon ta low tirty crowd,
 Tat will hing 'pout ta doors ilka mornin'.
 Noo, her nainsel is go to have one merry ball,
 Whar she'll tance *Killum Callum*, hoogh! ta pest o' them all,
 For ta ponniest tancer she'll pe in ta hall,
 Ay, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lasses, hersel will have *no*,
 It pe far too expense wi' ta *lassie* to go ;
 So, she'll shust tance hersel, her fine *preedings* to show,
 Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.
 Then ta lads will cry, 'Lauchie, whar from did you'll cam',
 Tat you'll no gie ta *lassie* ta tance an' ta dram?'
 But she'll told them t'ere a' *trouster mosachs*, Cot t—m,
 They wad spulzie all her sporrان ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thochtin' she'll yet turn a praw *waiter's pell*,
 When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well ;
 An' py Shorge! ere she'll stop, she'll pe maister hersel,
 In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.
 Syne wha like ta great Maister Fraiser will pe,
 When she'll hing up ta sign o' ta 'Golden Cross Key,'
 An' will sit in her parlour, her orders to gie
 To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'?

'T WAS MORN.

AIR—' *Within a mile of Edinburgh Town.*'

'T WAS morn—and the lambs on the green hillocks played,
 The laverock sung sweetly on high,
 The dew-drops bespangled ilk green spiky blade,
 And the woods rang wi' music and joy ;
 When young Patie down the vale
 Met fair Kitty wi' her pail,

He clasp'd her hand and blythely speered,

‘ Dear lassie, where to now ?’

‘ A wee bit down the glen,’ quo’ she,

‘ To milk our bruckit cow.’

‘ O Kitty ! I’ve lo’ed you this towmond an’ mair,

And wha lo’es na you canna see,

There’s nane on our plains half sae lovely and fair,—

No ; nane half sae lovely to me :

Will you come, dear lass, at e’en,

Up the burnie’s bank sae green ?

And there beneath the beechen shade,

You’ll meet a lover true.’

‘ Na, na,’ she cried, ‘ I canna come

At e’en to meet wi’ you.

‘ My mither will flyte, and my father will ban,

Gin here meikle langer I stay ;

Come cease wi’ your daffin, and let gae my han’,

It’s daft like at this time o’ day.’

‘ Dearest lassie, ere ye gang,

Tell me, shall we meet ere lang ?

Come, say’t and seal’t wi’ ae sweet smack

O’ that enticing mou’ ;’

‘ Haud aff,’ she cried, ‘ nor think that I

Was made for sport to you.’

‘ Then, fareweel, proud lassie, for since ye’re sae shy,

Nae langer I’ll press you to bide ;

E’en show aff your airs, toss your head and look high,

Your beauty demands a’ your pride ;

I may find some ither where,
 Ane mair kind, although less fair.'
 He turned to gang—she laughing cried,
 'Stop, lad, I've ta'en the rue,
 Come back and set the tryst wi' me,
 And I will meet wi' you.'

THE TINKLER'S SONG.

AIR—'Allan-a-Dale.'

O WHO are so hearty, so happy, and free,
 Or who for the proud care so little as we ;
 No tyrants control us, no slaves we command,
 Like free passage-birds, we traverse sea and land ;
 And still to the comfort of all we attend,
 By singing out 'caldrons or kettles to mend.'

Each climate—each soil, is to us still the same,
 No fix'd local spot for our country we claim ;
 Yon lordly domain, with its castles and towers,
 We care not a pin for—the world it is ours ;
 Superiors we know not—on none we depend,
 While our business is caldrons or kettles to mend.

The law says we're vagrants—the law tells a lie,
 The green earth's our dwelling, our roof the blue sky,
 Then tho' through the earth for employment we roam,
 How can we be vagrants, who ne'er are from home ?

Our neighbours are mankind, whom oft we befriend,
While trudging about, pots or kettles to mend.

No rent, tithes, nor taxes, we're called on to pay,
We take up our lodgings wherever we may,
If people are kind, we show kindness to them,
If people are churlish, why we are the same ;
But those who are friendly, fare best in the end,
While their pots, bellows, caldrons, or kettles we mend.

Not even the parson, the squire, nor my lord,
A daintier supper than we can afford,
For nature profusely each blessing doth grant,
Then why should her children be ever in want ?
Let them share with each other whate'er she may send,
Like us—while we've caldrons or kettles to mend.

Then, fill to the stranger a cup of the best,
And when he is wearied conduct him to rest,
For the poor lonely wanderer, homeless and bare,
Should ever the wanderer's sympathy share ;
Now we've one consolation—whate'er be our end,
While the world remains wicked—we daily do *mend*.

SONG.

O JEANIE! why that look sae cauld,
And withering to me now?
And wherefore lours that cloud o' gloom
Upon thy bonnie brow?
What hae I said, what hae I done,
To draw sic looks frae thee;
Is this the love—the fond regard
Sae lately pledged to me?

O Jamie! wherefore spier at me?
Ye ken the cause yoursel',
Ye thocht yestreen, ye werena seen
Alang wi' bonnie Bell:
Your arm was claspit round her waist,
Your cheek to her's was laid,
And mony a melting kiss she gat,
While row'd within your plaid.

O lassie dear! thou wrang'st me sair,
Wi' jealous thochts and mean;
For I was twenty miles and mair,
Awa' frae hame yestreen:
I gaed to see my brither dear,
A gift he sent to thee;
And see—thou maun this necklace wear,
That day thou'rt wed to me.

And art thou, then, still true to me?
 I'll ne'er forgie mysel';
 O, what could tempt me to believe,
 Thou'd'st leave thy Jean for Bell?
 But there's my hand, I'll never mair
 Dream foolish thochts o' thee;
 But love wi' a' a woman's love,
 Till light forsake mine e'e.

 SONG.

I ANCE WAS IN LOVE.

I ance was in love—maybe no lang ago,
 And I lo'ed ae sweet lassie most dearly,
 I sought her wee hand, but her daddy growled 'no,'
 Which stung my young heart most severely;
 For he, wealthy wight, was an auld crabbit carle,
 Wha held fast the grip he had got o' the warl,
 So, the poor plackless laddie got nought but a snarl
 For lo'eing the lassie sincerely.

But love wadna hide, and the lassie lo'ed me,
 And O her black een tald it clearly,
 That she'd tak' and wed me without a bawbee,
 Although she had twa hundred yearly.
 So, ae winter night when her dad was asleep,
 And the wind made the doors a' to rattle and cheep,
 Frae out the back window she made a bit leap,
 And my arms kepp'd the prize I lo'ed dearly.

Auld GRIPSICCAR wasna to haud nor to bin' :
 He tint a' his wee judgment nearly,
 He stormed, he rampaged, he ran out, he ran in,
 And he vowed we should smart for it dearly :
 But time wrought a change, when he saw his first *oe*,
 Nae langer was heard then the growl and the 'no :'
 Our house now is GRIPSICCAR, GOODSON, & Co.,
 While our labours are prospering yearly.

COME, FILL A BUMPER.

AIR—' *Cam' ye by Athol.*'

Come, fill a bumper, dear friends and good neighbours now,
 Drink to the *right* we hae struggled for sairly ;—
 We shall enjoy the reward of our labours now :
 Clyde's bonny banks are made free to us fairly.
 Pledge me then, honest men, now since we've got our ain,
 Dearly let's prize what we've purchased so dearly ;
 Now may we tread with glee Clyde's lovely margin free,
 High as the dyke was—'tis tumbled right rarely.

Late, the abode of seclusion and dreariness,
 Still as the vale of death's shadow—or nearly,
 Clyde's bonny banks are a' life, now, and cheerines.
 Throng'd with each class that loves liberty dearly ;
 Age, with his silver hairs, youth, too, in loving pairs,
 Gladly pursuing their course, late and early,
 Childhood that scarce can run, boyhood, with noisy fun :
 Joyous that matters are now settled squarely.

Here's to the brave honest hearts of our Committee!
 Lang hae they battled and striven for't sairly;
 Wha now dare challenge, or yet cast a gloom at ye,
 While on your banks ye can go late or early?
 Come, then, our Committee, '*nine times nine*' let it be,
 They in the front stood, and fought it out rarely;
 Wha wad hae done like them, tyranny's tide to stem?
 Then let us honour them—ever sincerely.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERKIP.

O'ER Cowal Hills the sinking Sun
 Was bidding Clutha's vale good day,
 And from his gorgeous golden throne,
 Was shedding evening's mildest ray;
 As round the Cloch I bent my way,
 With buoyant heart and bounding skip;
 To meet my lass at gloaming grey,
 Among the shaws of Inverkip.

We met—and what an eve of bliss,
 A richer, sweeter, never flew;
 With mutual vow—with melting kiss,
 And ardent throb of bosoms true.
 The bees 'mid flowers of freshest hue,
 Would cease their honeyed sweets to sip,
 If they her soft sweet lips but knew,
 The lovely lass of Inverkip.

Her ebon locks, her hazel eye,
 Her placid brow, so fair and meek,
 Her artless smile, her balmy sigh,
 Her bonnie blushing modest cheek :
 All these a stainless mind bespeak,
 As pure as is the lily's tip ;
 Then O may sorrow's breath so bleak
 Ne'er blight my bud of Inverkip !

 STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON A WOMAN-HATER, WHOM THE AUTHOR HEARD
 DECLARE BEFORE A COMPANY, THAT HE WOULD RATHER
 SEE A SOW WITH A LITTER OF PIGS, THAN SEE A MOTHER
 SUCKLING HER INFANT AT HER BREAST.

He who hateth lovely woman,
 And forswears her dear embrace,
 Can lay claim to nothing human,
 Save, perhaps, an idiot's face.

Thick his skull, as blocks for wigs,
 Cold his heart as coldest metal,
 Who'd prefer the grunt of pigs
 To the smiling infant's prattle.

With the pigs, then, let him herd,
 Ne'er may smile of woman bless him ;
 And if e'er he be intered,
 None but pigs will ever miss him.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON MR JAMES P—G—N, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS
MARRIAGE.

‘ O KEN ye the man wi’ the Heathenish name?—
For P—G—N and Heathen are nearly the same;’
Come, truce wi’ your joking, though P—g—n he be,
He’s as true a Christian as mony ye’ll see.
He’s open, he’s honest, mild-tempered, and warm,
Inclined to do good, but averse to work harm :
For his motto is this—as ilk ane’s ought to be—
‘ Let me do unto others as they should to me.’

He spins a good story, he weaves a good tale,
He lirts a good sang owre a tankard o’ ale,
He cracks a good joke, too, wi’ humorsome glee ;
But nane lashes vice mair severely than he.
And ilk body likes him wherever he gangs,
Sae fond o’ his stories—his jokes and his sangs ;
But the thing he’s maist prized for by meikle and wee,
Is the generous heart, ever open and free.

He never can hear o’ a poor mortal’s woes,
But his hand’s in his pouch, while his heart overflows ;
For when the heart wills it, the hand’s sure to gi’e,
And blest are the heart and the hand—thus so free.
But P—g—n has fauts, like the rest o’ guid chiels ;
He likes to keep *oiling* Humanity’s wheels ;
But he *oils* them sae gently, when creaking awee,
That he keeps the machine aye in good working key.

He likes his bit lass, too, as ilka man should;
 And, O! that sweet lass is so fair and so good,
 And returns so his love, that in twa weeks or three,
 She *may* be prevailed on—a P-g-n to be.
 A health, then, to P-g-n—a health to his lass;
 May bright days of happiness still o'er them pass,
 And a braw fruitfu' vine may the bonnie lass be,
 Till clusters o' *P-g-n-grapes* cling round her knee.

 STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON READING IN AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS PAINE, AUTHOR OF 'COMMON SENSE,' 'THE RIGHTS OF MAN,' ETC.

TOM PAINE is dead—Satan, be on thy guard;
 Remember he's thy most inveterate foe;
 Get thy strong Pandemonian gates well barr'd,
 Nor let him enter thy dark realms below.

Else if thou do, prepare to meet thy fate,
 Nor longer vainly boast of being king,
 But quit thy throne—throw off thy robes of State,
 Thy crown and sceptre from thee quickly fling.

For if his levelling doctrines once get ground,
 Thy sooty subjects will in fact rebel,
 Pull down thy throne, spread Deism around,
 Chop off thy head, and make a—FRANCE of Hell.

AN ADMONITORY ADDRESS

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE KILMAR-
NOCK DISTRICT OF BURGHS.

*Written 1841, when Johnston was returned, and Doublecreed
rejected.*

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

YE gude folks o' Killie, and Ruglen auld toon
I rede ye beware o' that oily-tongued loon,
The smooth-lippit, white-livered, canting C——n,
Nor mair by sic harpies be pounced on;
But a' ye gude wabsters and spinners o' woo',
An' ye wha keep knittin' at bonnets o' blue,
Wale out for yoursels, now, a gude man and true,
And such ye will find Saunders Johnston.

The Saint will come down wi' his *Prelatic* face,
And whine ye a lang *Presbyterian* grace,
But kick Mr DOUBLECREED back to his place,
To preach to his rocks o' blue whinstone;—
What! trust to a man wha professes *twa* creeds,
He may adopt *three* yet, and *tell owre his beads*;
Ne'er lippen again to sic fause hollow reeds,
But trust the upright Saunders Johnston.

The Saint he will wheedle, the Saint he will fleech,
And twine you a sly jesuitical speech;
'The lammies should tremble when auld foxes preach,'
Whase breath smells sae rankly o' brimstone.

But Saunders will tell you a plain, honest crack,
And never betray you by turning his back;
Then, forward, my laddies, and dinna be slack,
In backing your friend, Saunders Johnston.

He ne'er will entrap you by fast-and-loose play,
He ne'er will cajole you to lead you astray,
But still keep consistent and straight on his way,
Nor e'er haud your nose to the grundstone.
Your een he'll ne'er dazzle by Saintly parade,
But do what he can to promote a free trade,—
To bring you cheap bannocks, and beef to your bread,
Then, up wi' your man, Saunders Johnston.

The author's will be to give a plain, honest account
of the life of the subject, and to show the
causes of his success and failure.

It is not the purpose of this book to give a
complete history of the subject, but to
show the causes of his success and failure.

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NOTES BY THE COMMITTEE.

'THE TWA WEAVERS.'

AT the time this piece was written, the condition of the handloom weavers was sufficiently deplorable; but it was nothing compared to what their sufferings have been since that period. Year after year have they been wending the downward way to misery; and if at any time a glimpse of sunshine did appear, it was so transient as only to render the darkness of their condition more visible. In fact, the tale of the 'Twa Weavers' may be looked on more as a prophetic enunciation of 'things to be,' than of things that then actually 'were.'

'BLACK COATS, AND GRAVATS SAE WHITE.'

This admirable piece, which contains so much true patriotism—such pungent satire, and truthful delineation of character—was written in 1817. At that time the voice potential of the people was beginning to be heard, at least in whispers, the consequence of the impetus given to the public mind by the Thrushgrove meeting: but the clergy, not content with using the power usurped by them, or by their creator, THE STATE, over the purses and consciences of men in what they called spiritual matters, stepped out of their legitimate (?) province, to become spies and informers in reference to political affairs. Our Author has singled out a few of the more prominent spiritual intermeddlers, and the admirable manner in which their peculiarities are touched up, needs no commendation to those who were contemporaneous with the

parties. To those who are not so versant with the history of those days, the following Key may be useful:—

‘*Glib-gabbit Tammy*’—Dr Chalmers, then of St John’s Church, Glasgow.

‘*Davy Tartan*’—Rev. David Carment, then of Duke Street Gaelic Chapel; now of Rosskeen.

‘*Pensioner Jamie*’—Rev. James Lapslie, of Campsie, celebrated for mixing *tears* with his sermons; and for being a *willing* witness against Thomas Muir, of Hunter’s Hill. For his proffered services in getting the patriot Muir expatriated, the government of that day made his reverence Chaplain to the ‘Bluegown Beggars’ in Scotland; in which capacity he received £50 a-year for preaching a sermon annually to those Eddie Ochiltrees in Stirling. Hence, ‘pensioner Jamie.’

‘*Thundering Willie*’—A preacher who still holds forth, not far from the Relief Church, Hutchesontown,—long known as ‘Roaring Willie,’ from his stentorian lungs.

‘*Willy Grovel*’—A certain ‘Principal’ of our University, who was ‘Taylor’ enough to have large pockets, the entrance to which were outside of his coat. He is said to have gone occasionally to ‘price’ herrings at the Broomielaw, and having obtained a few as samples, to put them in his pocket—*promising*, if they pleased him, to come back and purchase a barrel! An anecdote relative to this clerical ‘herring whisky’ rev. gentleman, we may perhaps be forgiven for recording: A certain Mungo Naismith was considered the best mason then in Glasgow; and the steeple of the High Church having at one time gone a little agee, it was deemed advisable to consult Mungo. It was not easy to find him, except in bed in the mornings, and he was an early riser—and the magistrates deputed the ‘Principal’ to secure him. The Principal accordingly got Mungo one morning at 5 o’clock, and walked with him towards the High Church: but knowing Mungo’s ‘drouth,’ and perhaps feeling his own, a gill was proposed in Luckie Wilson’s, in the Limmerfield. The pair accordingly housed, and a gill and a ‘bottle o’ sma’ were brought in. The Principal asked a blessing, and before it was finished, Mungo had lifted the stoup, and *finished* the whisky. On lifting the gill-stoup to give Mungo his ‘morning,’ the Rev. Principal was astonished to find the measure empty, and rated the landlady soundly for her mistake. Mungo, however, settled the dispute by remarking *dryly*, ‘I say, Principal, ye should *watch* as weel as *pray*.’

‘*Johnny M’Greed*’—This individual was perhaps better known as ‘Johnny M’Leod,’ who, at one time, was the incumbent of the Chapel of Ease, Albion Street. The allusion, ‘how weak is the

flesh,' may be illustrated, should any one be curious enough to search the records of the Glasgow Presbytery. He at one time lived in Campsie parish, and so much was he given to save—not souls, but—his purse, that he sometimes carried home in his gig, on Sunday night, from Glasgow, a quantity of oats or seed potatoes, to save the expense of sending in his cart for them! Sir Andrew Agnew was not then in vogue.

'*Johnny Bishop*'—The late Octagenarian receiver of the teinds of the Barony Parish. At one time, when the starving weavers of Calton applied to him for relief from the Parish, he requested two days to think over the matter. When the day arrived on which they expected *bread*, they found the 'Bishop' had got the town well filled with soldiers with *bayonets* and *lead*!

'*Johnny M'Roarin*.'—Rev. John M'Laurin, of the Gaelic Chapel, Ingram Street. His metaphorical explanations of what he thought difficult passages were peculiar. He told his Highland hearers, one day, when describing the Pyramids of Egypt, that they were like a cone, or like a sugar loaf. But he added, 'some of you may never knew what was a cone or a sugar loafs. The Pyramids, then, my brethers, was shust like ta bottle-house lum at ta Broomielaw's brig.' On another occasion he was thus sublime in his illustration of the heavy nature of sin. 'Sin, my dearly beloved brether, was so heavy, it made a hole in the heaven, made a hole in the earths, and knocked the *bottom* oot o' the bottomless pit.'

'A BUNDLE OF TRUTHS.'

'Treason is pent up at last,
Close within a thimble's space.'

When the treason hunters made a domiciliary visit to Frank Ward, an honest working tailor of Nottingham, they searched every hole and corner for the expected 'treason,' but without success. One of the faithful, more knowing than the rest, narrowly inspected all the *thimbles* in the house, lest, peradventure, he might find the treason lurking there.

'COME, PADDY, REJOICE.'

The deeds of this curse of Britain—Lord Castlereagh, after-

wards Marquis of Londonderry—are like the attempted blowing up of the Lords and Commons by Guy Fawkes—

Never to be forgot,
While traitors to their country
Can cut their own throat—

As, fortunately for Britain, for Europe, for the world, he did, but not soon enough. The allusions are sufficiently clear to all who read the history of their country; but one point deserves a passing remark:—At a Pit Club dinner in Glasgow, in the Town Hall, it was gravely proposed, and as gravely acceded to, that the memory of the 'Pilot' should be drunk in solemn silence, the company falling down on their knees before Pitt's statue, which disgraces that Hall.

'THE FATTEST OF THE FAT'

Was written during the time the trial of Queen Caroline was going on; and the conduct of her Royal husband (George IV., of ever blessed memory) towards her, created such a storm of indignation in the public mind, against his *sacred* person, as to cause him to exchange, for a while, the stormy town for the less stormy sea. LEECH and COOKE were two of those courtly characters who shone very prominently on that memorable trial, which ended in the acquittal of the Queen, to the great discomfort and dismay of her *chaste* and *pious* husband.

'FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT'

Was written during the darkest period of the Sidmouth-Castle-reah reign,—a reign of blood and of terror.

'SAWNEY, NOW THE KING'S COME.'

When every person was exerting himself to the utmost, in demonstrating his loyalty to the King, on his landing at Edinburgh, the author could not do less than give expression to his loyalty also,—hence, that most loyal effusion, bearing the title as above.

'Wha wants me'—a fit motto for the Melville crest.

'St James's Square'—The principal haunt in those days of the fair Cyprians in modern Athens.

'Forty-twa'—A famous Temple of Cloacina, containing forty-two altars for the numerous worshippers who attended daily in the Temple.

'Gardy loo'—See Winiford Jenkins' letters in the Tale of Humphrey Clinker, where the term is fully explained.

'CHRONICLES OF THE CRAFTS.'

These chapters were written during the time of the unfortunate dispute between the calico printer operatives and their employers, when the former were turned out of their employment, to make room for men and women who ranked among their numbers a set of the most worthless and vile that ever crawled upon the face of this fair creation.

'JOCK PATERSON AND SOUTER JOHNNY.'

And the prose pieces following, were contributions of the Author, from time to time, to the pages of the 'Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West.'

'SHONNY CAMEL.'

This rev. gentleman, who held forth not a hundred miles from Nicholson Street, was so much in the habit of denouncing the acts of the then government, that he was pulled up by the then 'powers that be.' He was accordingly sent to Edinburgh, where he had an interview with the Lord Advocate, supposed to be of a very amicable as well as of a convincing nature, for he came home a very changed man—at least in his political views. On the first Sabbath after his arrival, he gave such a lecture upon the infidel and wicked nature of Radicalism, as to disgust three-fourths of his congregation, who left him to preach to almost empty walls.

'COME, FYE, LET US A' TO THE GUZZLE.'

'*Worthy Lord Harry.*'—H—y M—n—th, Esq. of C—rs.

'*Weathercock Sandford.*'—Sir D. K. Sandford, late Professor of Greek in the Glasgow University, who, from being a stanch Radical, made a complete wheel round to the opposite extreme of politics. He was sometime M.P. for the town of Paisley, but resigned his seat in Parliament, finding it was easier to harangue boys in Greek, than to harangue men in English.

'*Doctor Statistics.*'—The late Dr Cleland.

'*Nanse Baird.*'—A clever, and rather eccentric character, who was a great annoyance to the Doctor, in as far as she often, through the medium of the public prints, controverted the statements made by the worthy Doctor.

'*Ex-Deacon B—y.*'—A very worthy Conservative gentleman, who, during the time of his Deaconship, often made a good deal of noise at the Town Council meetings.

'*Duncan Rungs.*'—A very amiable pluralist in the Kirk of Scotland.

'*Jolly John Geordie.*'—A gentleman who cut a very conspicuous figure in the unhappy strike of the calico printers in 1834.

'*Robin, that proud cotton lordie.*'—R—t D—sh, Esq., a late worthy Provost.

'*Norman M'Tartan.*'—A very worthy rev. gentleman, who at public dinners can delight his audience with toasts about cross-breeds of cattle, and other edifying subjects.

'*Braid-backit Steenie.*'—S—n D—sh, Esq.,—a very portly gentleman, who once fell into the Glaisert, and caused it to overflow its banks.

'*Glib-gabbit Gibson.*'—The Rev. James, of the firm of 'John, James, and Robert,' famous for filling kirks and keeping them full, and famous, too, for telling the truth, when the interest of his party is concerned.

'*Jordanhill Strata.*'—J— S—th, Esq., well known as an eminent Geologist.

'*The great Pythagorean.*'—The late Dr M'Nish, author of the 'Philosophy of Sleep,' and the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness.'

'*The black Knights o' Gartsherrie.*'—The Messrs B—rd,—the one now a Town Councillor—the other, an Hon. M.P.

'*Saintly Killermont.*'—The Knight of the double creed—at once an elder in the Kirk of Scotland, and a member of the Church of England, the lately rejected of Kilmarnock.

'*Mike Crotty of Bir.*'—A sort of Religious Mountebank, who, for sometime, ran from place to place preaching down the creed from which he had lately apostatised—he was a great favourite, and a welcome guest at Killermont House.

'*Wee Piggie o' Knowledge.*'—A worthy Professor in one of our Scottish Universities.

'*Dr Belfast.*'—Dr Cooke of Belfast.

'*Dr Ritchie,*' of Edinburgh.

'*Wee Dr Corkey.*'—A very little consequential gent., who is often seen strutting about Glassford Street, and very frequently appears in the witness box at the Circuit Court, to give evidence as to the cause of death, &c.

'*Our braw gaucey Reporter.*'—Mr James M'Nab, late of the Herald, now of the Constitutional Newspaper.

'*Coal-hunting Craig.*'—Mr John Craig, an eminent geologist and intimate friend of the Author, well known in the west of Scotland, who has written many able and excellent papers upon the science of geology.

DESCRIPTION OF A NONDESCRIFT.

This was a creature that strutted its brief hour upon the stage of politics, and exhibited its many fantastic tricks to the good folks of G——k, during the Reform Bill agitation. Those who did not know the creature gave it as their opinion, that the picture was rather overdrawn; but those who knew the thing best, declared the likeness was drawn to the life.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELION.

Another worthy, of the same kidney as the above, who also played his tricks before the good folks of G——k, to the great amusement of some, and annoyance of others.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr James Scott, a very kind and intimate friend of the Author. He was a number of years in the Chronicle office, Glasgow, and was afterwards editor of the Montreal Herald. After having been in

that situation for five or six years, he returned to Scotland, commenced a work of a very amusing and instructive character, the title of which was 'The Fireside Library.' He afterwards became connected with the Greenock Advertiser newspaper, and at present holds the situation of sub-editor, or rather we might say, editor. He is a worthy man, and respected by all who have the happiness of his acquaintance.

MURTAGH O'SULLIVAN.

A sort of religious firebrand, who, from a Catholic, for a certain consideration, turned a most fiery Orangeman. He was paid and hired by that party to range through the three kingdoms, and traduce and malign, not only the religion, but the professors of that religion which he had lately shaken off. In order to disguise matters the better, when he changed his creed, he changed his name also, and the poor, plain Irish *Murtagh* was superseded by the more genteel and imposing name of *Mortimer*.

'O, THE DAYS ARE GONE;' AND 'RUN, RUN, TORIES AND TAX-EATERS.'

It is but an act of justice to Mr Rodger's talent and poetical genius, to make one or two explanations in reference to these two songs; which, in fact, are applicable to a considerable number of the pieces in this volume. Mr Rodger is not one of those individuals who require to labour and study for days or weeks to produce his subjects in a dress fit for the public. A single hint drawn from his own observation or suggested by a friend is sufficient,—the hint swells into an impulse; and an hour, often only a very few minutes, are required to dress up, in poetic language, the vagrant thought. The first of these two songs, named above, was suggested to the Author, by her majesty's Bookseller, on the day when the old self-elected were obliged to vacate their snug billets in the Council Chambers, to make way for the Municipal Reformers, and was in manuscript within an hour. The other was produced under nearly the same circumstances, having been suggested by Mr Gardner—then in the Chronicle office.

‘COME TO THE BANKS OF CLYDE;’ ‘ROLL, FAIR CLUTHA;’
AND, ‘COME, FILL A BUMPER.’

These three songs were written for, and sung by, Mr Rodger, at the various concerts got up to aid the funds of the Committee for securing the ‘liberty of the Banks of the Clyde,’ when the public were likely to be deprived of that privilege, by the rapacity of ‘Tam Harvie.’ In the sketch of Mr Rodger’s life, our friend has alluded to his exertions in that case; but so valuable were they to the public, that it is but justice to him to repeat, that but for these exertions, matters might not have turned out so favourably as they did. Night and day, fair weather or foul, in the face of all difficulties and reproaches, Rodger stuck to his point; and we verily believe that, had the sacrifice been demanded, he would have yielded himself a martyr to secure ‘the liberty of the Banks of the Clyde.’ The last song was sung at the meeting for presentation of the gold medals to the Committee, when our Author’s services were most unfairly forgot.

One of Mr Rodger’s songs, ‘Behave yourself’ before folk,’ published in his other volume, and which is known and admired in the four quarters of the globe—for the Cape of Good Hope even has heard of it; and it has been printed in almost every paper in America—had as accidental an origin as many of his other productions. The Author and a friend were ‘once upon a time’ in Edinburgh, where, calling at the house of an uncle of the latter, Mr Rodger’s companion, at parting, took a ‘smack’ from the lips of his fair cousin, upon which she exclaimed, ‘Behave yourself’ before folk.’ The hint was sufficient—Rodger immortalised it. As peculiar was the origin of this song, ‘Whether or No.’ He had a friend in Leith, a Mr Tevendale, who was devoted to music, and an excellent composer. He had long urged Mr Rodger to give him words to set to music. Meeting, on one occasion with a mutual friend, Mr Gardner, he insisted on that gentleman urging Rodger to write the long-expected song. Mr Gardner gave Tevendale his choice of a subject; but Mr T. could not hit upon one to please himself. Mr Gardner at last, observing that Mr T. made frequent use of the words ‘whether or no,’ suggested that as the groundwork. It was at once assented to; the song was written by Mr Rodger; and at the same time John Tait, a poet of no mean order, and George Donald, the poet-laureate, we are happy to say, of the Teetotallers, took up the same subject, and the three effusions appeared at once in the ‘Liberator.’

‘SONGS OF THE KIRK.’

The sayings and doings of the reverend actors in the Church Extension and Non-intrusion dramas, are brought so much before the public almost daily, that it would be a work of supererogation to give any notes upon the subject. Only this we will say, if these rev. gents. feel that Patronage is so dreadful an evil as they say it is, let them, as honest men, cut all connection with that church which gives it countenance. In short, if they will obey the injunction, ‘Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins,’ then will we give them credit for their honesty and sincerity, but not till then. But Dr Chalmers cries out ‘Mind the Butter;’ and Candlish, Cunningham, and Co., are determined to mind ‘the loaves and the fishes,’ as furnished by the State.

THE INDIAN COTTAGER’S SONG.

It may not be improper here to remark, in reference to the very pretty custom which prevails in India, alluded to in this Song, of expressing the degree of affection of the lover for his mistress, by means of various flowers; that courtships are begun and even carried on by these emblematical tokens of the heart. Poppies, for instance, express the sympathy which one feels for the griefs of another. Tulips—hearts consuming themselves with a hopeless passion. A rose-bud with its thorns bespeaks hope, mixed with many fears. If the lover’s first gift is accepted, he finds the flowers watered and kept fresh by the object of his affection, at his return next day. Thus encouraged, he offers fresh proofs of the ardency of his attachment, by flowers which convey still more expressive tokens of it than those at first presented. If these, also, are favourably accepted, he finds them watered and preserved as before; and thus goes on until his suit is fairly gained. But if it should be the fate of the hapless lover to be rejected, the flowers are left to wither and to die.

‘The Indian Cottager’s Song,’ and a number which follow it, were formerly contributed by the Author to ‘Whistlebinkie,’ a neat little song book published by Mr David Robertson, Bookseller to her Majesty, and edited by the Author. A few Songs at the end of the Work have never before been in print.

