

15



To

Mr James Donaldson

watchmaker

High Street

Dalkeith

1888.

Samuel Smiles Jerdan.



Original Poetry.

A PRAYER.

May HE,  
Who, through the thunder  
And the noise  
Of howling wolfish winds  
At midnight hour  
Hears, from the wave-washed deck,  
The sailor boy's  
Poor feeble cry for help  
When tempests lower,  
Protect thy little bark  
On Life's dark sea,  
And through the hurricane  
Thy helmsman be :  
Till, safe within  
The haven of the blest,  
Thy storm-toss'd soul shall find  
Eternal rest. S.

*W. S. Jordan.*

*Durkeith Herald . Feb'y 24, 1869.*  
*A. P. Magazine . Aug. 1 1869*

THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

(Translated from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.)

BOOK II.

The royal palace of the Sun appeared,  
Towering aloft, on stately columns reared ;  
Glistening with gold, and flame-like opals bright,  
While ivory crowned the roof with dazzling light.  
Its folding doors a silver radiance cast ;  
But yet the workmanship all this surpassed,  
For Vulcan there had cunningly engraven  
The earth-surrounding seas, the land, and heaven,  
Which overhangs the globe with curtain blue ;  
In ocean sport the gods of azure hue ;  
Melodious Triton, who commands the storm,  
And Proteus, with his ever-changeful form.  
Astride a whale, the deep Ægean braves,  
While Doris and her daughters grace the waves ;

Of these some swim, and some on ocean rocks  
Sitting, spread out to dry their dripping locks ;  
On fishes others voyage to and fro.  
Nor do their faces the same features show,  
And yet they are not diverse, but they share  
Such family lineaments as sisters bear.

Earth men displays, and cities great—their home,  
And sylvan shades, and beasts that in them roam ;  
And flowing streams, and guardian nymphs we  
see,

While every district has its deity.

Dalkeith.

C. J.



B R E A D.

To toil and moil,  
Early and late,  
Poor Humanity,  
This is thy fate!

Go to the town, with its noise and din,  
Look at the faces pinch'd and thin;  
Hear the tramp of hurrying feet,  
As men jostle and push on the crowded street.  
Ever, for ever, they strive and strain,  
Wearing and tearing nerve and brain,  
Selfishly each one trying to gain,—  
What? Not money, or honour, or fame,  
But a little fuel to feed the flame,  
The fire of life, which must be fed;  
And the strife is the struggle for daily bread.

Buy or sell  
Whatever you may;  
Hammer or spin  
Night and day.

Since man first fought with the sulky soil,  
Harder and harder has grown his toil,  
Till now, with the very struggle and strife  
In trying to live, men wear out life.  
See the mother attending the factory wheels,  
Trying to stifle the love she feels,  
While over her heart there gently steals  
A thought of the child in her lonely cot.  
Is it crying for food, which she has not got?  
Bread! bread! that is the cry.  
Well, work very hard and you may not die!

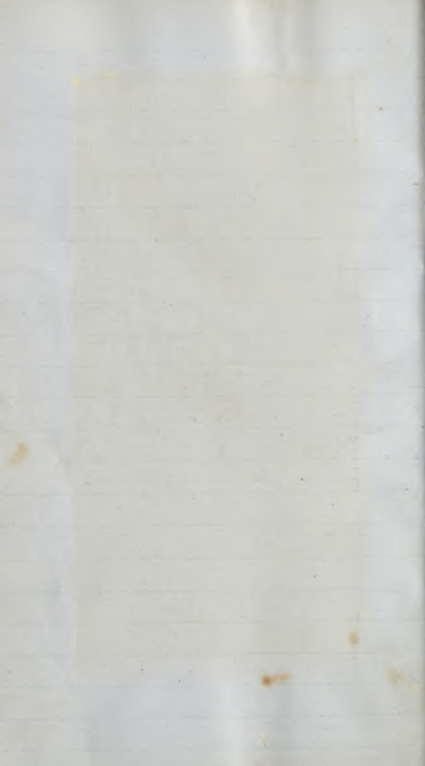
Sweat of the brow,  
Sweat of the brain—  
These are the wages  
Of Sin, the pain

Which fell on man when he fell from God,  
And was banish'd from Eden's bless'd abode.  
Trying to grasp intangible breath,  
And drive away the fear of death,  
Man labours for that *which perisheth*.  
Generations of men, they come and they go,  
Like the restless tide, with its ebb and flow;  
One passeth for ever out of the strife,  
One rises behind to fight for life;  
And the wail of the world, as it whirls through  
space,  
Ever pierces the "high and the lofty place."  
S. S. J.

Scotsman April 20 1889.

Weekly Scotsman, April 24/89  
Hawick Advertiser, April 24/89  
Dumfries Herald, April 24/89

Helso Chronicle, May 7 1889.  
Glasgow Penny Post



## Original Poetry.

### THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I was walking home in the evening,  
And quickly I hurried on,  
Through the streets of a foreign city,  
A stranger, and alone.

My thoughts to the past went backward,  
And sadly I thought of the day  
When I left the home of my childhood,  
In the old world—far away.

I thought of my weeping mother,  
As she kissed me at the door ;  
I remembered the blessing my father gave  
When parting on the shore.

And while thus I plodded, dreaming  
Of home that winter night,  
Right on the side walk streaming,  
Gleam'd a brilliant ray of light.

I thought some kindly angel,  
Had let this cheering ray  
Slip through some chink of heaven,  
To light me on my way.

I look'd through a blindless window,  
And there I saw the light,  
Which lifted away the sorrow,  
And cheer'd my heart that night.

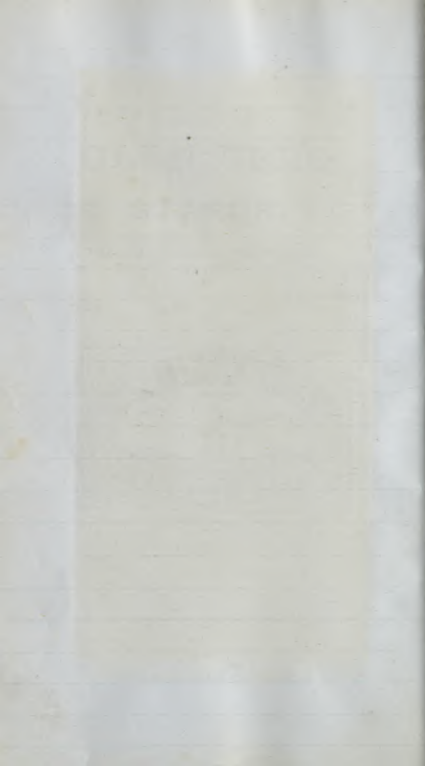
A lamp shone bright on a table,  
Amid happy faces around,  
And the faces were fair and lovely,  
Where no trace of sorrow was found.

There sat a father and mother,  
And listen'd while there sung,  
And played, one of their daughters,  
Who looked so happy and young.

And I also stood and listen'd  
To the music of her song,  
And a prayer went up from the darkness—  
"God keep them happy long."

But the blind was drawn, and passing,  
I went again on my way ;  
And the light, I thought, was an angel's light,  
Which spoke of a happier day. *B. S. T.*

*Dalkeith Herald, May 12, 1869.*



## Original Poetry.

### CALM AND STORM.

#### I.

BUOYED on the tide,  
We gently glide  
Over the glassy sea ;  
And the wavelets, rippling, break on the side  
Of the ship right merrily.  
Sailing away,  
We follow the day,  
Though we know that his work is done ;  
Behind us rises the twilight gray,  
But our goal is the setting sun.

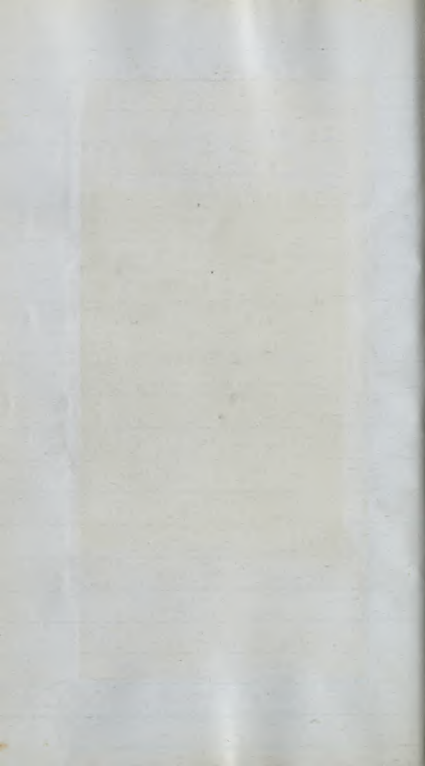
Smooth is the sea  
As sea could be,  
Cloudless the evening sky ;  
And the sunbeam flickering up on the mast  
Flirts with the pennon high.  
All is so fair,  
We may banish care  
As we gallantly sail to the west ;  
When the sunlight passes before us there,  
The sea will rock us to rest.

#### II.

Dark as the grave,  
Each hollow wave  
Rises up in the night ;  
And the night wind, taking the sea in its arms,  
Shaketh the ship in its might.  
At midnight hour  
Dark tempests lower,  
And the storm hath broken our sail ;  
But the tatter'd rag is a fitting flag  
Of the spirit who raised the gale.  
Waters flushing,  
Crashing, rushing,  
Thunder their strength on the deck ;  
And the poor ship, staggering under the weight,  
Drifteth, a broken wreck.  
Driven and toss'd,  
For ever lost,  
And no one there who could save,  
Oh, who can tell of the horror that fell  
On that ship that sunk in the wave !

S. S. J.

*Dalkiith Herald, May 26, 1869.  
Scotsman, June 11, 1869.*



### A STREET SCENE.

There, in the blinding sleet,  
In a night so cold and wild,  
Standing alone in the street,  
Singeth a little child.

His feet are red and bare,  
And the passers to and fro,  
Pity him standing there,  
Ankle-deep in the snow.

Young, but shrunk like the old,  
Wet in the snow and rain,  
Singing his grief in the cold,  
He sobbeth away his pain.

And his face was young and fair,  
Standing out in the storm,  
For under the gas-light's glare  
We saw his shivering form.

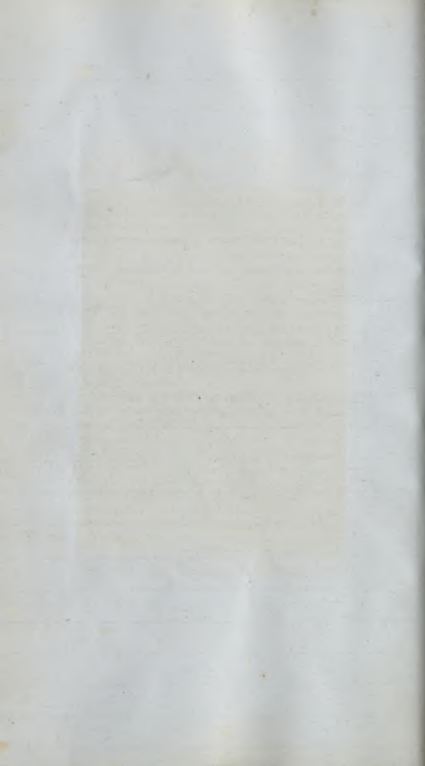
Of "Home, sweet Home" he sings,  
If such a place there be.  
To his eye a tear it brings,  
For never a home has he.

No place to lay his head,  
Fatherless must he roam,  
Wishing that he were dead,  
And pass'd through the darkness—*Home.*

SS.J.

---

*Dalkeith Herald, June 9, 1869.*





## Original Poetry.

### "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Far from the city with its ceaseless strife,  
Here, where all things are still,  
Within the shadow of the hill,  
I thought of all the clamour of our life :  
Of all the talking of poor foolish man,  
The babbling of the crowd,  
Which ever rises loud,  
Jarring God's music since the world began.  
I thought of life, with all its care and cark,  
Of man who ever cries,  
As ceaselessly he tries  
To grasp the truth while groping in the dark.  
Oh man ! let thy poor mutterings pass away,  
Let all thy janglings cease,  
And strive for lasting peace,  
And hear what golden silence has to say.  
Heed not the teaching of a thousand fools,  
Who know not wrong from right,  
Who think the darkness light ;  
Truth is not in the cavil of the schools.  
For God's own everlasting hills which stand,  
In all their giant might,  
So silent in the night,  
Teach more than all the talkers in the land.  
The silent stars call on us to rejoice ;  
Christ brooded on the hills,  
Of life and all its ills,—  
Hear ye who may, the echo of His voice !

S. S. J.

*Dalkeith Herald, July 14, 1864.*

A copy of the following Verses on Jedburgh Abbey was sent by the author to the Marquis of Lothian, who acknowledged receipt in the following terms:—

" Blickling Hall,  
"Aylsham, 13th July, 1869.

" Sir,

" Lord Lothian has received your very pretty poem on Jedburgh Abbey, for which he is much obliged, and he begs me to write and thank you for it as he is not able to do so himself.

" Faithfully yours,

" C. H. M. LOTHIAN.

" Mr S. S. Jerdan,  
"Porteous Place, Dalkeith, N.B."

His Lordship's reply which was written by the Marchioness, was received on the 14th July, 1869, and on the 14th July, 1870, the remains of Lord Lothian were consigned to their last resting place in the old family vault in the north transept of Jedburgh Abbey.

## Original Poetry.

### JEDBURGH ABBEY.

Oh, grey old ruin! let me stand and gaze,  
In the fair twilight of this closing day,  
Through all the mist of time, the hallow'd haze,  
Which shrouds in gloom the ages pass'd away.

Wisdom is old, the outcome of the years,  
And these old stones have seen the ages die,  
Have seen men pass, with all their hopes and fears,  
Fade out, like stars before the morning sky.

Where are the men who shaped these goodly stones?  
Where are the monks who filled the house with  
prayer?

Through ruined aisle the night wind wailing moans,  
Sobbing through broken arch—where are they?  
—where?

Pass'd out of sight, "black-hooded and black stoled,"  
They went as they had come, their work was done;  
For Men and Time the abbey bell had tolled,  
Their day had closed, a brighter age begun.

But still their temple stands, like tombstone grey,  
The silent resting-place of many years;  
And o'er the church-yard of this later day,  
The sloping shadow hides the mourner's tears.

And when we pass, the Abbey shall remain,  
For ever standing in its lonely place,  
Bearing the scourging of the wind and rain,  
The marks of time upon its aged face.

Oh wind! when passing on thy wand'ring way,  
Sigh through the ancient nave in twilight dim,  
And through the aisles, so very old and grey,  
Pass like the echo of a monkish hymn.

Oh wasting time! send not thy blighting blast,  
Thy hand must gently touch this sacred spot,  
For 'tis thine own, a memory of the past,  
A lasting monument of ancient thought.

Oh gentle night! as thy dark curtain falls,  
Blessing, I leave the place I love so well;  
May this old ruin'd tower, these broken walls,  
In ages yet to come, their story tell.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Darkeith Herald, July 28 1869.  
Teviotdale Record.*



BY-AND-BY.

By-and-by,  
By-and-by,  
With a heigh-ho and a long-drawn sigh,  
The child is thinking of by-and-by.  
Sitting and gazing into the fire,  
He watches the flickering flame leap higher.  
And he sees the falling spark expire ;  
And he longs and he thinks, and he heaves his sigh,  
And he dreams of the golden by-and-by.

By-and-by,  
By-and-by,  
The road is steep, but the aim is high,  
And the man is working for by-and-by.  
Struggling and fighting night and day,  
Selling God's time as best he may,  
He grasps at the world as it passes away ;  
And he fights, and he strives, but he breathes no  
sigh.

He gathers the treasure for by-and-by.

By-and-by,  
By-and-by,  
Weary and worn, with a helpless cry,  
The old man waits on the by-and-by.  
His eye is dim, and the sun is cold,  
And the man is wither'd, and pale, and old ;  
His by-and-by's under the churchyard mould,  
And he waits and he longs, for his time is nigh,  
And the weary shall rest in the by-and-by.

—Scotsman.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman*, Augt. 21, 1869.

*Haddingtonshire Courier*, Aug 28, 1869.

*Kilmarnock Standard*, Aug 28, 1869.

*Darkeith Herald*, Sept. 22, 1869

*Leviendale Record*.



## HEARTS AND HANDS.

---

THE sky is clear and cloudless,  
And the earth is very fair,  
And our hearts are filled with gladness,  
There is music in the air ;  
For the marriage-bells are ringing,  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
In the grey old turret swinging,  
Their iron tongues are singing—  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
And the bride, with flowers and blushes,  
Trembling at the altar stands—  
Trembling at the joy which rushes  
At the clasping of the hands,  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
And the ring, the glistening token,  
Seals the joy the bells have spoken—  
Binds together youth and beauty,  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
Making love the strongest duty.  
Life may run in golden sands,  
    But you never  
    Can dissever  
Those so bound with loving bands—  
    Bound together  
    Now for ever,  
    *" Hearts and hands ! "*  
Loving hearts and youthful hands.

S. S. J.

*Dalkeith Herald, Oct. 13, 1869.*





Original Poetry.

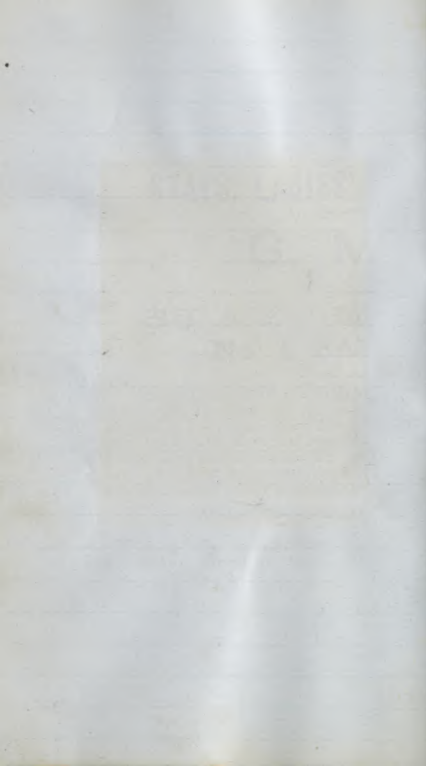
LILY.

LILY with the laughing eyes,  
Babbles nonsense all the day ;  
Runs, and trips, and laughs, and cries,  
Making all the noise she may.  
But when falls the twilight grey,  
When the daylight leaves the skies,  
Then her laughter dies away,  
All her merriment and glee,  
All her mirth-provoking ways—  
Kneeling at her mother's knee,  
Lily prays.

In her gown as white as snow,  
Whisp'ring prayer in language meet,  
With her fair head bending low,  
Kneeling at her mother's feet,  
Lisps she words in accent sweet ;  
Angels hovering to and fro  
Bear them to the mercy seat ;  
Bear them to the golden throne ;  
Seraphs hush their heavenly lays  
Listening to the childish tone—  
Lily prays.

S. S. J.

*Scotsman, October 19, 1869.  
Dulkeith Herald, Nov 10, 1869.*



## F O R S A K E N .

---

When will the wind cease sighing,  
Sobbing and crying ?  
The leaves on the trees  
Are blown about  
With the breeze,  
And the light of my life  
Has gone out.  
Oh! when will he come, my dearie ?  
The wind blows wild and dreary,  
And I am weary, weary.

When will my heart cease longing ?  
Memories thronging  
Come out from the past.  
I am alone,  
And the blast  
Of the north, with its cry  
And its moan,  
Says—" When will he come, my dearie ?"  
The wind is cold and dreary,  
And I am weary, weary.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, November 30/69.*

*Set to music by Maurice Strakosky, 7, St. James's Place, London  
by Rudolph Rose, carte v. 20, Basing Cross, London  
April 1870*



## Original Poetry.

1869.

Here in my chair before the fire,  
Within the shadows of the room,  
Here sit I watching in the gloom,  
To see a year expire.  
And as I sit and think,  
The wind comes sobbing through the window  
chink,  
And from beneath the door,  
With voice which seems to cry,  
"What though the year should die,  
As other years have died before."

There, standing on the mantel-shelf,  
The timepiece in its marble-case,  
With solemn voice and sober face,  
Is ticking to itself.  
Each tick, like long-drawn sigh,  
Seems ever saying that the year must die ;  
And it is only right,  
That with the passing day,  
The year should slip away,  
Like a prowling thief in the night.

Oh, good old year ! with many fears,  
Here must I sit and watch at last  
Thy old face vanish in the past,  
And join the bygone years.  
I hear the midnight bell  
Is slowly ringing out thy funeral knell ;  
I hear the wind's weird sigh  
Sob through the leafless trees ;  
Without, the wintry breeze  
Wails feebly like a baby's cry.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, December 27, 1864.*  
*Dulkeith Herald, Dec. 29, 1864.*



THE MERMAIDS.

Under the sea,  
Under the sea,  
What glory is hidden  
Under the sea !  
'Neath the restless tide,  
'Neath the surface foam,  
The mermaids hide  
In their coral home ;  
And the green light gleams  
Through the gentle wave ;  
And it glimmers  
And shimmers  
Down into the cave,  
On the beautiful things  
Where the seaweed clings ;  
On the pearls and coral  
And silver shells,  
As they shine in the home  
Where the mermaid dwells.

Under the sea,  
Under the sea,  
What beauty is hidden  
Under the sea !  
Down out of our sight,  
In the light so dim,  
All day and night,  
Do the mermaids swim ;  
And the moonlight shines  
On their golden hair ;  
And it shivers  
And quivers  
As it shows how fair  
Are the arms which wave  
In their hidden cave ;  
And a joy comes ringing  
Up, merrily, free,  
From the home of the mermaid  
Down under the sea.

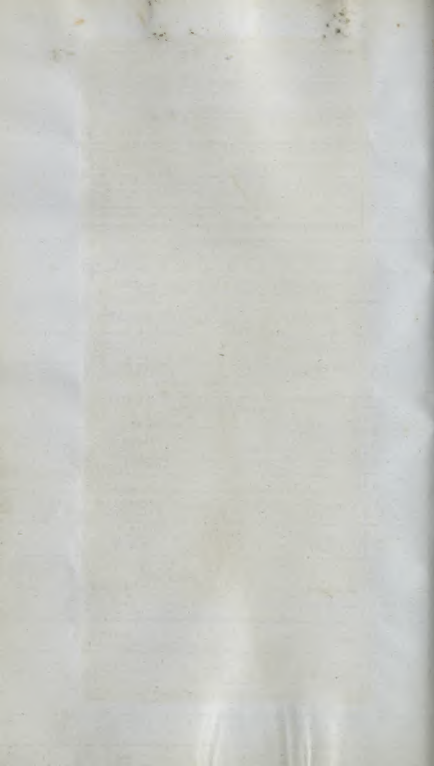
Under the sea,  
Under the sea,  
How strange that any  
Could doubt there be  
Such a lovely place  
Down under the sea !  
A home of grace,  
And of joy and glee,  
But still it is there,  
And the mermaids fair  
In their playing  
Are saying—  
" Why, we do not care,  
For man only dies  
If ever he tries  
To sport in our home  
So fair and so free ;  
In the home of the mermaids,  
Down under the sea."

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Saturday, Feb 22, 1870.*

*Civil Service Gazette, March 5, 1870.*

*As printed by Messrs. Edmunds, and published by Joseph Williams,  
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.*





## Original Poetry.

“ And He said unto the sea—“ Peace, be still.”

The sky is wild and dark,  
The waves are high ;  
Tossed is the broken bark,  
And the disciples think that death is nigh.  
Yet need they fear none ill,  
Jesus is there !  
He, answering their prayer,  
Says—“ Peace, be still.”

What though the sea should rave,  
And wind should wail ;  
His is the power to save ;  
Fear not the billows in the angry gale ;  
Obedient to his will,  
Wind, wave, and sky,  
Hear the commanding cry  
Of “ Peace, be still.”

Life is a troubled sea,  
And, tempest-tossed,  
Our souls oft fearfully  
Cry out in weak despair—“ Lord, we are lost.”  
But from God's holy hill,  
Through darkness wild,  
The cry so meek and mild,  
Comes—“ Peace, be still.”

O words, so full of power  
From gentlest voice !  
Though clouds of doubt should lower,  
We will dispel the gloom, and bid rejoice ;  
Our doubting hearts shall fill  
With joy and love,  
Hearing the voice above  
Say—“ Peace, be still !”

S. S. JERDAN.

*Dalkeith Herald, Feb. 23, 1870.*



## LUCILLE.

---

Lucille was fair,  
Lucille was sad,  
As she stood on her balcony ;  
Lucille she sighed, and she almost cried,  
For her lover she watched to see.  
And her eyes grew dim  
As she sighed for him,—  
“ Oh, when will he come to me ! ”

Mentone was brave,  
And Mentone was gay  
As he sailed o'er the moonlit wave ;  
His oars they dip, and with jewels drip,  
Where the glittering waters lave ;  
And his voice it rings,  
For joy he sings ;  
His lady he sails to save.

Lucille she gazed,  
And her head she raised,  
And she said—“ He has come to me ! ”  
And she fain would go, as she whispers low—  
“ Mentone, I am waiting on thee ! ”  
So they sailed away,  
In the moonlight grey,  
From the lady's balcony.

S. S. JERDAN.

19<sup>th</sup> March, 1870.

*Delicately Herald April 27/70.*



THE JEWEL.

UPON a bosom fair  
A jewel gleamed,  
And as it rose and fell,  
With the soft swell  
Of love,  
It seemed  
Like some fair dewdrop on a rose,  
Which, with its crown  
Of beauty  
Bendeth down  
When the wind blows.

“ Oh jewel ! rich and rare,  
Why gleamest thou  
So coldly on the throng  
Where mirth and song  
Hold now  
High carnival ? Thy place of rest  
Should warm thy beams  
Fairer  
Should be thy gleams  
From such a breast.”

“ The youth and bloom shall fade,  
The laughter die,  
The joy shall pass away,  
With sadness day  
Shall come,  
And I  
Shall gleam when all the joy is dead,  
What are the years  
To me ?  
Laughter or tears,  
My gleams I shed.”

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, June 3, 1870.*

*Essex Herald, June 8, 1870.*



ALONE.

Alone I wandered by the surging sea,  
And unto me  
In darkness drear the rising tide made moan,  
Each wave seem'd wailing to the silent stars,  
Each billow broke upon the sandy bars,  
And cried with grief and groan,—  
Cried unto me  
In sympathy—  
“Thou art alone!”

Alone, upon the city's crowded street,  
Where hurrying feet,  
Tread all day long, O man, thou art alone!  
What is the whirling of the wheels to thee!—  
A melancholy moan which seems to be  
Crying in wearied tone,  
Through all this crowd  
Which clamours loud,  
“Thou art alone.”

Alone, even 'neath the gas-light in the rooms,  
Where sweet perfumes  
Waft on the air, when youth, and joy, and love,  
And mirth, and music mingle soul with soul;  
When hand is clasped in hand, and o'er the  
bowl  
Friendship is pledged, a stone  
Is at the heart;—  
This poisoned dart,  
Thou art alone!

Alone, when tossing on the bed of pain,  
Love tries in vain  
To ease thy couch, to smooth thy pillow down;  
With falling tears friends gently press thy  
hand,  
For thee alone has come the dread command.  
Through portals wide the throne  
Gleams on thy sight:  
In death's dark night—  
Art thou alone!

S. S. J.

*Darkeith Herald, July 27, 1870.*





## TWO HARVESTS.

### I.

THERE is a music in the air,  
Soft and sweet—  
It comes from vale and hill,  
Dwells everywhere,  
Rising like incense meet,  
As if our land was still  
An Eden fresh and fair.  
The sunlight shines upon the sheaves,  
The sickle glitters in the ripened wheat,  
The swallows twitter in the eaves,  
Flowers nestle at our feet ;  
The fields are white unto the harvest now,  
And sloping up the mountain's brow  
Waveth the golden grain ;  
Then, gather in,  
Till corn and wine abound,  
Till harvest comes again,  
Till joy the year hath crowned.

### II.

A cry comes from over the sea,  
Weird and wild,  
Borne o'er the surging wave—  
What can it be ?  
It is the harvest, child—  
The harvest of the grave ;  
The harvest reaped by thee,  
Oh Death ! The air is full of moans,  
The trampled corn with blood of men is wet,  
The quivering sky is pierced with shrieks and  
And angry foes have met, [groans,  
And ranks of men are mowed like ripened wheat,  
And fall to lie beneath the feet  
Of those who reap. The wail  
Of bride or wife  
Comes, like the harvest song,  
Rising o'er all the strife—  
" How long ? oh Lord ! how long ?"

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, 27<sup>th</sup> August, 1870.  
Dunkeith Herald Sept. 4<sup>th</sup>, 1870.*

## THE LASSWADE SPOON.

---

Willie Brodie, Willie Brodie !  
What a sight it is to see  
Standing up before the body  
Of the U. P. Presbytery ;  
And admitting, quite benignly,  
He considers it a boon  
That his little flock take kindly  
To his feeding with the spoon !

Did you ever ! Did you think that  
Ever such a thing could be,  
As the U. P. Kirk would blink at  
Muscular Christianity ?  
Or does Brodie this believe in,  
As his people take their nap,  
They are nourished well, receiving  
Now and then a little pap ?

Is the shepberd not well suited  
To his little flock of sheep ?  
While he gives them truth diluted,  
For when pure 'tis rather deep.  
And he fondly doth remember,  
When he country bodies sees,  
That their stomachs are too tender  
For Hegelian mysteries.

Willie Brodie, Willie Brodie !  
You have spoken not amiss ;  
Sure your cloth would be but shoddy  
If it did not see to this ;—  
Fergus Ferguson is speaking,  
And the folk will waken soon ;  
Tired of dodges and of sneaking,  
And the water-gruel spoon !

S. S. J.

## FRANCE.

LAUGHTER-LOVING, joyous France,  
Tript it lightly in the dance,  
Mirth and madness in her glance.  
North and South, and East and West,  
Came for pleasure or for rest.  
Many a worn and weary guest.  
And she laughed their cares away—  
Mirth and music, night and day,  
Taught the saddest to be gay.  
Brought her handmaid, Art, to place  
A new glory and a grace  
Round the beauty of her face.  
But the joy of France is past ;  
Tears for laughter come at last—  
All her sky is overcast.  
Mirth and music, they are o'er ;  
All the joy she showed before,  
Vanished now for ever more.  
For the face which once was fair,  
Now is wrinkled o'er with care—  
Ashy white with mild despair.  
And her hair dishevell'd torn,  
On the wanton breeze is borne,  
Brokenhearted and forlorn.  
She who danced the livelong day,  
She who sang the hours away,  
Humbly kneeling tries to pray.  
“ Lord, thou knowest right from wrong ;  
Suffer not, nor tarry long.  
Is the battle to the Strong ? ”

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotman, Oct 11, 1870.*

*Dallas Herald, Oct 12, 1870.*

## SPIERING THE GUDEWULL.

The moon was shining bright and fair,  
 The wind blue cauld across the moor,  
 As Robbie Bell, spried up and clean,  
 Wi' weel-spun hose and buckled shoon,  
 In shepherd's plaid and bonnet blue,  
 Gaed yont to see his "cushie-doo,"—  
 A weel-faured lass, a sonsie queen ;  
 Faith he was prood o' bonnie Jean.

At kirk or market sly was she,  
 Took unco care that nane wad see  
 The look she meant for Rab himsel' ;  
 In troth the neebors couldna tell  
 Whether she liked the lad or no ;  
 The mair she'd like, the less she'd show ;  
 But Rabbie kent, and him alane,  
 That a' her heart was a' his ain.

Doon by the wimplin' burnie's side,  
 Where drooping saughs and willows hide  
 Fond lovers frae all passin' een,  
 Rab aft had courted bonny Jean :  
 Had sweetly preed her cherry mou',  
 Had ca'd her een sweet, saft, and blue ;  
 Had fum'led wi' her gowden hair  
 An' prais'd her charms in Doric rare.

But tho' Rab courted geyan slee,  
 Fair Jeanie's mother fine could see  
 How lay the land, and unco weel  
 Was pleas'd that sic a wyse-like chiel'  
 Was efter Jean. Did she no ken  
 That Rab had ta'en a but an ben ?  
 Full prood the wife was to learn  
 O' gude doon-sitting for her bairn.

Wi' anxious heart across the hill  
 Rab gaed a-spiering the gudewull ;  
 When Jeanie heard his whistle clear  
 She slippit oot. She wadna hear  
 The story he had come to tell ;—  
 Auld Tammas liket Rabbie Bell,  
 And weel she wot he's sure to tak' :  
 The offer Rabbie comes to mak.

The tale's sune tell'd ; auld Tam agrees,  
 An' Jeanie's mither laughing sees  
 Rab looking for his darling lass.  
 But bide a wee, he still maun pass  
 Another test. "The but and ben,—  
 A canty biggin' doon the glen,—  
 Is fine," says Tam ; "but has he po'er  
 O' utterance when comes the 'oor !"

The big ha' Bible frae its place  
Tam hands to Rab, looks in his face,  
An' layin't on the laddie's knees,  
Says, "Rab, ye'll take the exercise."  
Wi' reverent look the bannet blue  
Is doff'd; he reads the chapter thro';  
In tremblin' voice he tries to pray;  
Outside fair Jeanie listens tae.

Noo a' is dune, and by the han',  
Tam grippin Rab, says, "Ye're the man!"  
An' Jeanie's mither gangs to see  
"Where can that glaikit lassie be?"  
But Jeanie, wi' her heart at mou',  
Comes in to see her laddie noo;  
And Rab gangs stappin' ower the hill  
Weel satisfied he's "spier'd their wull."

O Scotland dear! I love thee well!  
Dear to my heart is hill and dell;  
Dear, rocky glen and rugged scaur;  
Dear, mountain peak;—but dearer, far,  
These annals of a bye-gone time,  
Howe'er uncouthly clothed in rhyme.  
'Tis well the poet sweetly sings  
"From scenes like these our grandeur springs!"

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Dalkeith Herald, October 26, 1870.*  
*Scotsman, December 23, 1870.*  
*Haddingtonshire Courier, Dec. 16, 1870.*  
*St. Andrews Gazette.*

## THE OLD YEAR.

1870.

---

Out of the struggle of life,  
With its troubles, and sorrows, and joys,  
Slipping away from the strife,  
Deafened with clamour and noise,  
Moveth the year,  
With trembling and fear,  
Bearing his hurden of care ;  
And the wild waves rave,  
As he moves to his grave ;  
His load it is heavy to bear.

Plodding along on his way,  
He murmurs not, neither will speak ;  
He is weary, and old, and grey,  
The wild winds huffet his cheek.  
Knowing the road,  
He beareth his load,  
And over his head in the skies  
The elements crowd,  
And they weave him a shroud  
To cover him up when he dies.

Bearing his hurden of woe,  
He will vanish away in the night ;  
Cover him up in the snow,  
Huddle him out of our sight :  
Hear ye his dole,  
'Tis the battle's roll :  
With the Year may the bloodshed cease :  
Let the New one come ;  
He shall silence the drum ;  
For he bears the sweet Olive of Peace.

S. S. J.

## SPEIRING THE GUIDWULL.

THE moon was shinin' bright and fair,  
The wind blew cauld across the muir,  
As Robbie Bell spried-up and clean,  
Wi' weel-spun hose and buckled shoon,  
In shepherd's plaid, and bannet blue,  
Gaed yont tae see "his cushie doo,"  
A weel-faur'd lass, a sonsie queen—  
Faith he was prood o' bonny Jean.

At kirk or market sly was she,  
Took unco care that nane wad see,  
The look she meant for Rab himsel' ;  
In troth the neebours couldna tell  
Whether she liked the lad or no—  
The mair she'd like, the less she'd show ;  
But weel kent Rab, and him alane,  
That a' her heart was a' his ain.

Doon by the wimplin' burnie's side,  
Where droopin' saughs and willows hide  
Fond lovers frae a' pryin' een,  
Rab aft had courted bonny Jean—  
Had sweetly pree'd her cherry mou',  
Had ca'd her een sweet, saft, and blue,  
Had fum'led wi' her gowden hair,  
An' praised her charms in Doric rare.

But tho' Rab courted gey an' slee,  
Fair Jeanie's mither fine could see  
Hoo lay the land, and unco weel  
Was pleased that sic a wiselike chief  
Should efter Jean. Did she no ken  
That Rab had taen a but and ben—  
Full prood the wifie was tae learn  
O' guid doon-sittin' for her bairn.

Wi' anxious heart across the hill,  
Rab gaed a-speerin' the guidwull,  
When Jeanie heard his whistle clear,  
She slippit out, she wadna hear  
The story he had come to tell.  
Auld Tammas liket Robbie Bell,  
An' weel she wot he's sure to tak'  
The offer Robbie comes to mak'.

The tale's sune tell'd : Auld Tam agrees,  
An' Jeanie's mither laughin' sees  
Rab lookin' for his darlin' lass.  
But, hide a wee, he still maun pass  
Another trial : "The but an' ben,  
A canty biggin doon the glen,  
Is fine," says Tam ; "but has he poo'r  
O' utterance when comes the 'oor."

The "big ha' Bihle," frae its place,  
Tam hands tae Rab, looks in his face,  
An' layin't on the laddie's knees,  
Says, "Rab, ye'll tak' the exercise."  
Wi' reverent look the bannet blue  
Is doffed ; he reads the chapter through ;  
In trembling voice he tries to pray ;  
Outside fair Jeanie's list'nin' tae.

Noo a' is dune, and by the han'  
Tam grippin' Rab, says, "Yer the man."  
An' Jeanie's mither gangs tae see  
"Whar can that glaikit lassie be ;"  
But Jeanie, wi' her heart at mou',  
Comes in tae see her laddie uo ;  
And Rab gangs whustlin' ower the hill,  
Weel satisfied he's "speired their wull."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! Scotland dear, I love thee well,  
Dear to my heart is hill and dell,  
Dear rocky glen and ferny scaur,  
Dear mountain peak ; hut dearer far  
These annals of a bygone time,  
Howe're uncouthly shaped in rhyme.  
'Tis well the poet sweetly sings—  
"From scenes like these our grandeur springs."

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

The first part of the report  
concerns the general state of  
the country and the progress  
of the various departments.

The second part contains  
a detailed account of the  
operations of the different  
branches of the service.

The third part is devoted  
to a description of the  
state of the various  
departments of the country.

The fourth part contains  
a summary of the  
results of the various  
operations of the service.

The fifth part is devoted  
to a description of the  
state of the various  
departments of the country.

The sixth part contains  
a summary of the  
results of the various  
operations of the service.

The seventh part is devoted  
to a description of the  
state of the various  
departments of the country.

The eighth part contains  
a summary of the  
results of the various  
operations of the service.

The ninth part is devoted  
to a description of the  
state of the various  
departments of the country.



\* \* \* \* \*

OfT have we seen within some cottage small  
Black-bordered card, or sheet, in humble frame ;  
Some " IN MEMORIAM " hung upon the wall,  
" *In memory of* " — what now is but a name !

I who have tried before some truths to weave  
In humble verse,—in very simplest song ;  
Now sing of one whose loss we sadly grieve—  
Whose memory dear our hearts will cherish long.

O Dear departed MOTHER, 'tis thy death  
That fills our hearts with grief too deep for tears ;  
We mourn thee now ; and till our latest breath,  
Sweet thoughts of thee will fill the future years.

Up in my heart come memories of the past,  
In which thy cherished form most sadly blends ;  
Thou who hast gone from out our life at last,  
The dearest, kindest, best of earthly friends.

I need not try to write her virtues here,  
So dear she was ; so loving, kind, and true ;  
Let friends who knew her drop the tribute tear,—  
A Wife's and Mother's love *we only* knew.

Around we see dear traces of her hand,  
These tender touches tell the love she bore ;  
But she has gone into the silent land,  
And we must mourn her here for evermore.

Though still to us no silent land is this :  
For God is GOD ; There is a HEAVEN on high ;  
And she is there, in that far land of bliss,  
Beyond the sun, above the azure sky.

No sickness, pain, no darkness, tears, nor care,  
But joyous song doth blend with cherub's tone ;  
Thou whom the angels praise, hear now our prayer :  
Help us to find our lost one at thy throne.

S. S. J.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general  
introduction of the subject, and a description of the  
various forms of the disease, and the manner in which  
it is communicated. The second part contains a  
detailed account of the symptoms, and the progress  
of the disease, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the disease  
is cured. The third part is devoted to a  
description of the various forms of the disease,  
and the manner in which they are communicated,  
and the various methods of treatment, and the  
manner in which the disease is cured. The  
fourth part is devoted to a description of the  
various forms of the disease, and the manner  
in which they are communicated, and the  
various methods of treatment, and the manner  
in which the disease is cured. The fifth part  
is devoted to a description of the various  
forms of the disease, and the manner in which  
they are communicated, and the various  
methods of treatment, and the manner in which  
the disease is cured. The sixth part is  
devoted to a description of the various forms  
of the disease, and the manner in which they  
are communicated, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the  
disease is cured. The seventh part is  
devoted to a description of the various forms  
of the disease, and the manner in which they  
are communicated, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the  
disease is cured. The eighth part is  
devoted to a description of the various forms  
of the disease, and the manner in which they  
are communicated, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the  
disease is cured. The ninth part is  
devoted to a description of the various forms  
of the disease, and the manner in which they  
are communicated, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the  
disease is cured. The tenth part is  
devoted to a description of the various forms  
of the disease, and the manner in which they  
are communicated, and the various methods of  
treatment, and the manner in which the  
disease is cured.

WAE'S ME!

I LO'ED him weel,  
I lo'ed him weel ;  
His form was fair ;  
His curly hair  
Was black's the slae,  
Noo mine is grey ;  
But still maun I,  
Wi' sab an' sigh,  
Wi' grief an' woe  
Think o' a joe,  
Sae fair to see—  
Wae's me ! wae's me !

I lo'ed him weel,  
I lo'ed him weel ;  
His heart was leal.  
He askit me  
If I wad be  
Guidwife to him :  
My een were dim,  
My heart was fou,  
I promised true ;  
I wasna loth  
To plight my troth ;  
There's nane could be  
Sae true as he—  
Wae's me ! wae's me !

I lo'ed him weel,  
I lo'ed him weel,  
Puir Wully Steele !  
Our names were cried,  
Our hearts were tied,  
We'd fain be ane ;  
But Him abune  
Had grief decreed,—  
My laddie dee'd  
Before the day  
Could join the twae.  
A bride, ye see,  
I still maun be—  
Wae's me ! wae's me !

S. S. J.

## NEW YEAR HYMN.

---

O Lord of Light ! Eternal King,  
Who Ancient art of Days ;  
To thee our songs we humbly sing ;  
O hear our feeble praise.

With hope and love, with joy and fear,  
We wait thy heavenly will ;  
As in the past, in this New Year,  
Be thou our Father still.

And o'er Life's dark and troubled tide,  
Through all its blinding foam,  
Of our frail bark be thou the Guide,  
And steer us safely home.

Some faces lov'd have pass'd away ;  
Still we are gathered here,  
On this thy holy Sabbath Day  
To greet the glad New Year.

To praise thy name, most Holy One,  
Thou art our trust alone ;  
May we when all the years are done,  
Be gathered round thy throne.

Accept, O Lord, our humble song ;  
Hear us, thou Prince of Peace ;  
To Thee for aye shall praise belong  
When death and time shall cease.

S. S. J.

## Original Poetry.

### ABSENT FRIENDS.

HAST thou wandered in the woodland  
In the falling of the year,  
When the leaves came flutt'ring downward,  
Dead and yellow, dry and sere?  
Hast thou miss'd the friends who left thee,  
Weary-hearted and alone?  
Hast thou miss'd the *form* beside thee,  
And the arm within thy own?

Hast thou sat around the table  
When the festive board was crowned,  
When our hearts were fill'd with loving  
As the laughter circled round?  
Hast thou heard through all the talking,  
Hast thou heard through all the noise,  
Some sweet *voice* upon thee calling—  
One who shared not in thy joys?

Hast thou mused within the shadow  
When the lamp was burning low?  
Hast thou seen some dear *face* flicker  
In the firelight's ruddy glow?  
Hath a loving and a longing,  
For a love with longing blends,  
Ever fill'd thy weary spirit  
In the absence of thy friends?

S. S. J.

*Dublin Herald, Feb. 22, 1871.*



---

---

THE OWL.

Tee whit, tee whoo,  
Cries the owl from the belfry tower;  
'Tis midnight, and the hour  
Comes throbbing from the bell;  
The watchful owl, whose words are strange and few,  
Replies—Tee whit, tee whoo.

The fair moon gleams  
Upon the graves, and throws its light  
Upon the headstones white,  
Which cluster round the church;  
And on the tower where climbs the ivy green,  
It throws a silver sheen.

The sombre yew  
Rustles and shivers in the breeze  
Which sigheth through the trees,  
And like a spirit moves;  
The hamlet sleeps; sadly the stillness through  
Comes this—Tee whit, tee whoo.

Tee whit, tee whoo.  
The owl which on the belfry sits  
Where now the black bat fits,  
Will cry, when those who sleep  
In village hushed are laid beneath the yew,  
This cry—Tee whit, tee whoo.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

---

---

Scotsman, 21 March, 1871.

LUCIFER LOWE.

MR LUCIFER LOWE has proposed  
A tax the other night;  
When the Budget is fully disclosed,  
The tax it won't be light.

Financial Bob, you may know—  
A matchless Bob is he—  
Finds the funds are rather low;  
Now this should never be.

"A curious smile he smole,  
A knowing wink he wunk;"  
More money's of course his goal,  
And he has plenty spunk.

"O Lucifer, how art thou fallen!"  
Thus it once was phrased;  
But now will the boys be calling,  
The Lucifers all are raised.

On the Sun there once was a tax  
(Our window frames you know);  
To the lights, "which strike on the box,"  
Is descending rather low.

Vesuvians, tapers, fuses!  
Well, this is a ha'penny catch;  
And I'm sure the country sees  
The Chancellor hasn't a match.

Take care! Mr Lucifer Lowe,  
In case you extinguished be;  
Such cares, they won't do now,  
In the light of this century.

S. S. J.

Scotsman, April 25, 1871.  
Dun-dee Courier,

## SANDY HEW AT SEA.

### AFTER HOOD.

---

Ah! Sandy wont forget the day  
Remembered well by me ;  
Not much he'd *seen* ; one winter morn  
He started off to *sea*.  
The wind it blew a furious blast—  
A hurricane in fine ;  
And Sandy swore a dreadful oath—  
To *blackball* was not his *line*.  
A wink of sleep he never got,  
When tossing on his bunk ;  
His eyes with terror stared full-wide,  
His head was on a *trunk*.  
He toss'd and turn'd, and turn'd and toss'd,  
Nor heard the sailors shout ;  
Then still he lay : Strange malady!—  
His *inside* wanted *out*.  
The sea it poured upon the deck,  
The wind more fiercely blew ;  
The sky was black, but Sandy was  
Ah! quite another *hue*.  
His neighbour thought they would be wrecked ;  
“ I *see* a Ship ! ” cried he ;  
Alack ! Alack ! It was not so ;  
They only *shipped* a *sea* !  
But Sandy's philo-sophical  
Indifference wa- fine ;  
He faintly wished he might be *cured*  
By being thrown in brine.  
The Ship which Loyd had entered *A.*,  
Was broken with the *sea* ;  
And many wondered how it was  
That such a thing could *be*.  
The water rushed into the hold,  
Each man he seized a pail ;  
One Sandy shook, and called on him  
To come and *stand to bale*.  
It was in vain ; he heeded not ;  
One glance around he gave ;  
His eyes were very *watery*,  
His face was very *grave*.  
Then Sandy he a lesson learned ;  
For many times he swore  
He'd *see* the world : But now he vowed  
He'd never *see* it more.



## Original Poetry.

### THE YOUNG SAMARITAN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S FREE DINNERS IN  
EDINBURGH.

Cauld's the blast that blaws sae wearie,  
Through the closes o' the toon ;  
An' it sougths an' sabs sae eerie,  
As the blast comes blatterin' doon.  
Rain and sleet are baith unitin'  
At the corners wi' a swirl ;  
And the cauld's sae keenly bitin'  
That our fingers fairly dirle!

See that wee bit shilpit callant  
Wi' the laddie on his back ;  
Whare's he gaun?—he's geyan wullant,—  
Dirt an' duds he doesna lack :  
He is carrying the wee ane,  
For he canna gang his lane;—  
Gaun to get his dinner gi'ed him,  
For at hame he wad get nane.

Has he faither? Has he mother?  
If he has, what can they be?  
Is the wee ane, then, his brother?—  
Faith he kensna' wha's is he:  
But he carries him fu' gently,  
An' he sees him get his share ;  
His mother's dead; his faither drunk aye,  
An' his hame—a common stair!

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

Dalkeith, 6th April, 1871.

*Scottish Temperance Journal, April 15, 1871.  
Dalkeith Herald.*



THE MAID OF NORWAY.\*  
A BALLAD.

THE King is dead in Auld Scotland,  
And never a son has he,  
For they are dead, and he is dead,  
Dool comes fu' pittifullie,

The knights they lookit at the crown  
And wondered whaes 'twad be ;  
Sir Michael† said, " There is Margaret  
In Norroway over the sea."

" Woe to the land whose ruler's a child,"  
The lang-faced priest doth say ;  
" But she maun hae her ain, she maun sit on the throne,  
Betide us it weel or wae."

So they got them a ship, and they sailed away,  
Away to a distant land,  
To fetch them a Queen they had not seen  
To rule in Auld Scotland.

The gude knights hied them to Norroway  
For the maiden sae fair to see ;  
And they bore her gently into the gude ship,  
And treated her tenderlie.

Sir Michael, the wizard wierd and auld,  
Wi' heard like drifted snaw,  
He watched the night when the moon was bright,  
To see where the wind did blaw.

Sir Michael he looked at the stars  
And then he made his grane ;  
For the King was dead, and his sons were dead,  
And this maiden was left alane.

This maiden he loved so weel,  
As he watched her sport and play  
At the good ship's side, as they crossed the tide  
From the land of Norroway.

But a cauld wind blew from the north ;  
Black grew baith sky and sea ;  
And the little maid, sweet Margaret,  
She laid her doon to die.

As flower nipped in the hud  
When the north comes cauld and wild,  
The wind blew ere the good knights knew,  
And killed the bonnie child.

They stood a' round her bed,  
And watched the bairnie fair ;  
Wi' tender grace, they kissed her face,  
And stroked her gowden hair.

Sir Michael, he streakit her out  
As still and pale she lay ;  
The king, and his sons, and the maid were dead,  
And his heart was fou o' wae.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

\* Margaret, daughter of the King of Norway, and grand-daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland. 1290 A.D.

† Sir Michael Scott, Balwearie.

*Scotsman, April 21, 1877.*  
*Glasgow Daily Mail, May 6, 1877.*



THE SONG OF THE REDS.

We are free !  
We are free !  
We are free as the wind, as the fetterless wind,  
The wild mad wind, which doth howl  
Like a ghoul ;  
Which can blow as it lists, and is strong :  
Which can fell at a stroke  
The gnarled old oak  
The forest hath cherished long.

We are free  
As the sea !  
As the moon-struck sea, as the pitiless sea,  
When its rolling breakers roar  
On the shore ;  
Which can break what it likes in its joy ;  
For the mightiest ship  
Is but a chip  
To be crushed like a baby's toy.

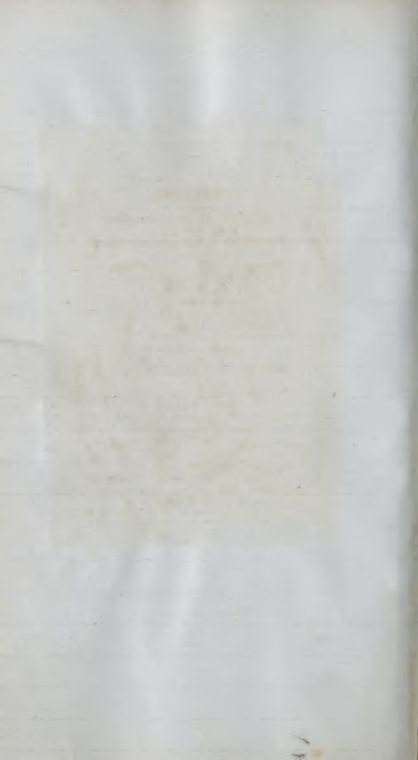
We are free !  
Float the flag -  
Republican red - kick the crown in the mud.  
Here's a cap for the head,  
Bloody red.  
The white banner of Peace, be it stained  
'Neath the filth of the street,  
Under trampling feet,  
For with bloodshed is liberty gained.

We were free  
Once before !  
When the good guillotine poured its blood on the street,  
When Reason was crowned by the crowd,  
Shouting loud,  
Vanished law both of God and of man ;  
And the people were free  
Who bowed the knee  
To a deified courtesan.

They were free ;  
So are we,  
As the wind and the sea : who can fetter our reign ?  
Float the flag which is red  
Overhead,  
For our might is the sword and the flame ;  
We have leave now to shoot,  
This is freedom to boot,  
And we'll do it in Liberty's name.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

Scotsman, May 16, 1871.  
Dundee Advertiser.  
Montrose Standard.  
Glasgow Herald.



### UNDERTONE.

---

THROUGH the old cathedral swelling  
Music floats ;  
Through the ancient nave are welling  
Organ notes ;  
Through the aisle, so old and dim,  
Comes the holy evening hymn ;  
And the voices of the choir,  
As they rise  
To the groined roof, expire.  
Song like that of paradise,  
Surely truest praise is this :  
*Gloria in excelsis !*

Music dieth, but its soul,  
Undertone,  
Floats immortal to its goal,  
Heaven's throne,  
Through the still and silent night,  
To the realms of joy and light.  
As our heart-throb beats the time,  
Wells our praise ;  
And our spirits' song doth chime  
With the angels' holy lays  
As they chant in realms of bliss,  
Where the home of music is.

S. S. J.

---

*Dorchester Herald July 12, 1871.*





## GOOD NIGHT !

---

THE darkness now is falling,  
The parlour gas is lit ;  
And nursie's on me calling  
To go to bed : 'Tis fit.  
And Mamma dear will kiss me,  
Her little cherub bright ;  
Though dear Papa should miss me,  
I still must say, Good Night !  
Good Night, Mamma, Good Night !

The birds have ceased their winging,  
The sun now hides his head ;  
When birdies are not singing,  
'Tis time for me to bed.  
I'll hide me snug and cosie  
Till comes the morning light ;  
Till gleams the sunlight rosy,  
I'll bid you both, Good Night !  
Papa, Mamma, Good Night !

S. S. J.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HERE will we rest us in this hazel wood,  
Within the shadow of the leafy trees ;  
To muse awhile alone in thoughtful mood,  
Lull'd by the murmur of the summer breeze.  
The shallow streamlet rippling at our feet  
Maketh sweet music, babbling soft and low ;  
The fluttering leaves reply in accents meet,  
While song-birds' throbbing notes in thrilling trebles  
flow.

Far from the city, with its toil and strife,  
And noise of trampling feet, and dust and din ;  
Its streets and crescents with their pride of life,  
Its lanes and alleys with their vice and sin :  
Here, far from these, we view the purple hills,—  
Old Scotland's hills, by Scotsmen ne'er forgot ;  
One look of these with pride the patriot fills ;—  
He thinks of Wallace, Bruce, of Burns, and Walter  
Scott !

And is it then a hundred years since he,  
The latest, greatest " minstrel of the north,"  
Did clap his little hands in childish glee  
At a great thunderstorm, when, belching forth,  
The livid lightning wrapped the hills in flame ?  
Crowing and kicking in his Scottish plaid  
Lay " Wattie Scott," when those who left him came  
And found there safe and sound the babe where he'd  
been laid.

There was a wizard once, both weird and old,  
Whose magic charms could split the hills in three ;  
Of whom, in bated breath, strange tales were told :  
Another wizard rose, more great than he !  
We speak of him with love ; his powerful wand  
Touched hill, lake, river, glen, and barren scaur ;  
It blazed a glory on our native land  
Which spread its fame and his to countries near and  
far.

O Scott, with thy enchanting wand—the pen,—  
Well couldst thou conjure spirits strange and rare ;  
The ruined castle clangs with armed men ;  
In broken bower we find the lady fair ;  
In lonely glen resounds the staghound's bay ;  
In ancient hall still harps the minstrel old ;  
Or through some ruin'd nave of abbey grey ;  
We hear the monks' sad chant when "*Dies iræ*"  
rolled !

But not to scenes like these he led alone,—  
Times past and present were alike portrayed;  
He shows us "fickle Bess" upon her throne,  
And then in colours true a beggar maid;  
He knew our little life with all its fears,  
Its laughter, sadness, joy, its good and ill,  
His page inspir'd anon draws silent tears,  
Or with true mirth and joy does saddest bosom fill.

We've followed where he led to strangest scenes,  
Some grave, some sad, some tender, many gay;  
We've been at Mushat's Cairn with Jeanie Deans,  
Or caught with Cuddie Headrigg "scaldin' broo!"  
We've seen sweet Amy Robsart's fatal fall;  
Or heard Brown knocking at Rough Dandie's door;  
"Doon, Mustard, doon!" we hear the farmer call,  
Then comes mad Norna's chant when northern tem-  
pests roar.

Auld Eadie Ochiltree, we know him well,  
So rich in wit, in gear, however poor;  
Adown our cheek the silent tear-drop fell  
For yon sweet, ill-starred "Bride of Lammermoor."  
The Dominie croaks loud "pro-di-gious!"  
Then comes a lullaby, sweet, soft, and low;  
We hear old Bailie Jarvie's frighten'd fuss;  
Romance immortal lives preserved in Ivanhoe!

Those household names Scott's mighty power may  
prove,  
And men unborn shall cherish still his name;  
As long as time shall last, or woman love,  
Succeeding ages shall increase his fame.  
The book lives long although the author dies,—  
Lives to be loved by peoples yet to be;  
Though Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey lies,  
His name is still kept fresh by "Old Mortality."

O grey old Scotland! rocky, barren, wild,  
For thee has warrior borne the battle's brunt;  
For thee, "meet nurse," has sung poetic child:  
Long mayest thou proudly rear thy craggy front!  
Long may thy hardy sons, both near and far,  
Still love the land which ne'er can be forgot;  
More rich than pampas wild is barren scaur,  
For Scotland, old and grey, is still the Land of  
Scott!

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

August, 1871.

*Dunblair Herald Aug. 11, 1871.*  
*Kelso Chronicle Aug. 15, 1871.*



### HER WAY O' HER AIN.

Is't why dae I loe ye? my dearie!  
Is't hoo dae I loe sae weel?  
Faith! I'm half vexed I ever cam' near ye;  
Ye dinna ken right hoo I feel.  
What gars ye sic questions be speirin'?  
The answer I'm no very fain;  
Come near, and I'll tell in yer hearin'—  
I like that bit way o' yer ain—  
That laughin' wee way o' yer ain.

Ye ken that the rose o' the simmer,  
Is red when it blooms on the tree:  
I ken that your cheek gars't look dimmer,  
Than ever I thought it to be.  
But its no that ye'r bonny, my lassie,  
Tho' a fairer I ken there is nane;  
I loe ye where nane can surpass ye,  
For that darlin' wee way o' yer ain—  
That cauty bit way o' yer ain.

Ye lily sae snaw-white an' slender,  
Is bonny an' gracefu' and tall;  
But you are more lovely and tender,  
An' fairer an' sweeter than all.  
The glint o' yer blue e'e is bonny,  
E'en that my heart's love couldna' gain;  
But o' lasses wha ever saw ony,  
That had sic a way o' their ain—  
Sic a canny sweet way o' their ain.

Noo, Leezie! my coorin' wee dooie,  
Here, listen! let naebody ken,  
Sae weel, my dear lass, dae I loe ye,  
I've ta'en a bit but an' a ben.  
Will ye share my we biggin, my Leezie?  
I'm tired noo w' livin' my lane;  
I ken ye'll say "Ay" just to please me,  
Ye've got sic a way o' yer ain—  
Sic a charmin' wee way o' yer ain.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, August 11, 1871.*



## Original Poetry.

### THE OLD PIANO.

UPSTAIRS in a room which is never used,  
The old piano stands ;  
Its case is good, but the strings are loosed,  
And the music which loving hands  
Could draw from its keys, so yellow and old,  
Has vanished for ever and fled :—  
A music whose sweetness can never be told  
Has passed with the years which are dead.

Still a vision of jewelled hands I see,  
Flit over its ivory notes ;  
Sweet snow-white hands which were dear to me ;  
And a liquid melody floats  
Through the darkened room where I stand alone ;  
The echoes for ever remain  
Of the songs *she* sang in such a tone,  
And the music is still in my brain.

Ah, many a year has passed away,  
Still the old piano stands,  
In a room which is veiled from the light of day ;  
No longer her gentle hands  
Touch these weak strings, but a richer chord  
She strikes on her harp, I deem,  
In a sweet voice praising her blessed Lord,  
In the midst of the cherubim.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

October, 1871.

*Darkest Herald Oct 24/71.*





### GOOD-BYE.

ALONG the lane, beneath the trees,  
They wandered in the dawning grey ;  
Poor meek-eyed Jessie, weeping, sees  
Her love a little on his way.  
Down to the turn where grows the thorn,  
She pauses there with sob and sigh ;  
Her gentle breast with grief is torn,  
As there she bids her love Good-bye.

Weeks grow to months, and months to years ;  
The town is full of maids and men ;  
And Jessie whispers through her tears,  
When wandering down the lonely glen,—  
“ Some other love has stolen from me  
My dearest love, and I will die !—  
Farewell ! Farewell ! Ah, can it be  
Yon parting was our last Good-bye ? ”

Weeks grow to months, and months to years ;  
Full oft has bloom'd the hawthorn tree ;  
Confirm'd she thought were all her fears,  
Her love she never more would see.  
One eve as gentle gloaming fell,  
She met him with a happy cry ;  
As up the lane he came to tell,—  
“ Yon parting was our last Good-bye ! ”

S.S.J.

*July, 1873.*

*Scotsman, Sept. 25 1873.*



## THE MEETING.

An incident not noticed in "*Leaves from the Journal of our life in the Highlands.*"

### I.

FAR from the town with its noise and stir,  
Where all is still  
On the Highland moors, but the plover's whirr  
And the bleating of sheep on the hill ;  
Slowly along by the mountain side, very slow,  
On the lonely road,  
Is a humble cart ; and, behind it, stooping low,  
Cometh the man who mourns for its load.  
He, and his sons, and some friends who can feel ;—  
This is it all ;—  
Only his wife in a coffin of deal,  
Laid upon straw, and no funeral pall.

### II.

Away from the Castle gates, joyous they whirl  
Through uplands green ;  
By the turn of the hill where the dust clouds swirl,—  
Light hearted and happy, the Prince and the Queen !  
" Stop ! What is this that is coming near ?—  
Draw to a side : "—  
" It is only a poor woman's humble bier,  
And a poor man trying his grief to hide."  
Slowly they pass'd, and there the Prince upstood,  
Head bent, and bare ;  
The peasant's grief the royal rank subdued ;  
God of one blood hath made His children share !

S. S. J.

July, 1873.



New Year Hymn for 1874.



STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME!

Skipping and tripping,  
With laughter light,  
The boys went scampering down to the shore ;  
Merrily, happily, plying the oar,  
They sail away, for the sun is bright :  
In capital time  
They gently dip  
Their oars in a glittering sea of gold,  
And they make for the isle with the castle old,  
There to waken the echoes with laughing lip.

Suddenly ceased they  
Their childish joys,  
When a mist came rolling up out of the west  
(For children are children, you know, at the best),  
And I set out to bring over my boys,  
The night it grew dark,  
And I could not see,  
And I missed my way in the blinding rain,  
Till a childish cry came over the main,  
"Oh Father, my Father, steer straight for me!"

'Twas Jamie that cried, sir,  
From over the sea,  
The poor little fellow is dead many years,  
But cheerfully still rings the voice in my ears,  
And it sounds more sweet than it used to be  
In the silent night,  
So soft and low,  
"Steer straight for me!" Is there mist from the west?  
Comes the voice from the haven where he is at rest,  
When around me are clouds and the hurricanes blow.

S. S. J.

*Scottsman, February 4, 1874*  
*Montrose Review, July 18/74*  
*Hills Chronicle, do*  
*Southburgh Advertiser, July 27/74*  
*Bathwick Advertiser*





THE NIGHT LAMP.

BURNING dimly every night,  
In a chamber window high,  
In a window next the sky,  
Flickers aye a feeble light,  
Gleams and shimmers when the roar  
And the whirl of traffic's o'er,  
When the cold deserted street  
Only echoes to the tramp  
Of the watchman on his beat.

When the night is dark and chill,  
And the slanting scourging rain  
Beats and blatters on the pane,  
There the light is burning still.  
When the moon is shining bright,  
Every hour of every night,  
Much more constant than the moon,  
Or the multitude of stars,  
Burns the lamp there late and soon.

Do you wonder what's the light  
In that chamber window high—  
Shining up against the sky,  
Burning dimly every night?  
'Tis a woman watching only,  
By a sick bed sad and lonely,  
Watching patiently and well—  
Oh, how gently, and how sweetly!  
Oh, how fondly! none can tell.

Dalkeith.

S. S. J.

*Scottsman, March 27, 1874.  
written by Scottsman  
Dalkeith, Edinburgh*



### AT SOMEWHERE HALL.

There, beneath ivy and rose,  
Over a door that I love,  
Seen when the wind gently blows,  
Stirring the roses above.  
A curious thing has been hid,  
By credulous people of old—  
A horse-shoe—the ivy amid,  
Put there for luck I am told.

Wonderful things it has seen,  
Hidden up there 'neath the rose ;  
How many passers have been  
Under it nobody knows.  
Some foot the threshold has passed,  
To cross it again never more :  
Some have been carried at last  
Awkwardly out at the door.

Partings and welcomings, too,  
Now and then laughter and tears ;  
Under the rusty horse-shoo,  
Much has been seen in the years.  
Lovers !—ah, well—one I know,  
She won't the secret unfold ;  
Just here where the roses blow,  
Have been partings that cannot be told.

In luck there is no one believes,  
Would it be wicked to say  
To the thing under the leaves,  
Keep every evil away.  
Guard, as you have done before,  
A maiden exceedingly fair ;  
Keep ever out at the door  
Disaster and sorrow and care.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*"People's Friend" (Dundee) June 2, 1871.*



### LOVED AND LOST.

Oh ! loved and lost ! oh ! loved and lost !  
That words were weak I never knew  
Till when thy path my footsteps crossed,  
I tried to tell my love to you,  
Oh ! breaking heart ! oh ! throbbing brow !  
That words are few it may be well,  
For surely no one knew till now  
A love—a loss—no one can tell—  
A love which in my bosom bursed,  
And grateful filled my heart and soul ;  
Blindly to thee my being turned,  
As turns the needle to the Pole.  
Oh, good and true, no fault was thine  
That for my love you did not care ;  
If blame there be 'tis only mine,  
'Twas God that made thee good and fair.  
My love was earnest, true, and deep,  
And lasted long before I told ;  
But when the secret would not keep,  
I whispered soft the story old.  
Oh, happy time ! oh, golden years !  
Oh, dream, what pain thy wak'ning cost.  
An answer came through blinding tears  
I found that I had loved and lost.

Augst 26th 1874

S. S. J. 40



A FRAGMENT FROM GOETHE'S LIFE.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—GOETHE, AMELIA, LUCINDA.

*Scene.*—*The Parlour of a House in Strasberg, enter Goethe.*

*Goethe.*—“ Amelia, my love, my dearest !  
Are you ill ? ”

*Amelia.*—“ Hush, Goethe ! gently !—no, I am not ill,  
Neither am I your dearest nor your love,  
But one who would be both—Lucinda—  
She is ill. You take my hand ! be seated here,  
For I have much to say ; you must be still,  
And listen only while I speak.”

*Goethe.*—“ What of Lucinda—is she very ill ? ”

*Amelia.*—“ You were to listen only while I spoke ;  
Speak not at all, unless you speak so low  
No ears but mine may hear. Lucinda sleeps ;  
Her bedroom is above.”

*Goethe.*—“ I will not speak at all, 'tis sweet enough  
To listen to your voice—ev'n when you chide,  
And when you whisper low, as now you do,  
Sweet music thrills me—beating on my brain.”

*Amelia.*—“ 'Tis of Lucinda that I fain would speak,  
Yes, she is ill, dear Goethe—very ill.  
You read to us of that sweet English maid  
Who sicken'd for her love, and never told,  
My sister has her 'plaint—you know it well ;  
I think she'll surely die, she loves you so ! ”

*Goethe.*—“ I never gave her cause.”

*Amelia.*—“ You made no love to her, yet cause enough  
She had to love you well. What woman can  
Resist your charms, dear Goethe ? Had not I  
Loved well my love—my sweetheart far away,  
Before you crossed the threshold of our door,  
I might have been as she, and even now  
Fearing, I tremble for my plighted troth.”

*Goethe.*—“ Be mine, then ! mine ! my darling, come with  
me !  
How often have I said, I love you well !  
Far better than——”

*Amelia.*—“ Oh hush ! hush !—there, be still ! It cannot be !  
I love my love—to him I will be true ;  
And to be true, and for Lucinda's sake,  
This day, for ever, must we say—farewell !  
Aye, even now, dear Goethe, you must go,  
How hard it is for me, I cannot tell,  
And she—my sister—surely she will die  
Heartbroken.”

*Goethe.*—“ What, in tears, Amelia ? Well, I will go.  
Perhaps 'tis better that I should.”

*Amelia.*—“ Yes, yes ; it must be so ! I lead you out.  
Oh, Goethe, Goethe, fare-thee well—farewell !  
For ever, Goethe ! I do love my love,  
But yet for once——”

[*Embracing him.*]

(*Lucinda rushes in in dishabille.*)

*Lucinda.*—“ Not only you ! not only you !  
Yes, I am mad ! I also will for once  
Take Goethe in my arms.

[*Embracing him.*]

Farewell—farewell ! Thy head between my  
hands,  
Dear Goethe, with my cheek thus close to thine,  
My dark hair laid against thy golden curls,  
My arm about thy neck—for once, just once—  
One kiss !—the first and last—farewell ! farewell !  
Goethe, I bless thee ! but my curse on her  
Who first shall touch these sweet lips after me—  
Woe, woe, unutterable !—darkness and despair.  
Sister, stand back ! Goethe, begone !—begone !

People's Friend Sept 16th 1874

"HE TURNETH THE SHADOW OF  
DEATH INTO THE MORNING."

WITHOUT, the world is bright and fair,  
The sunlight gleams upon it all ;  
Within that darkened chamber there,  
Strange shadows fall.

The eyes grow dim, O LORD of Light,  
To Thee are stretched hands pale and  
thin ;  
The shadows deepening with the night,  
Still gather in.

Darker—more dark ; a night there is,  
On which the morning ne'er shall break ;  
But we have hope—our plea is this,  
" For Jesus' sake."

*U. P. Magazine, September, 1874.*



## HOLIDAY.

WEARILY every day,  
Grinding away,

Plodding and planning for ever and aye ;  
Scheming by night and working by day,  
In the noisy town with its smoke and din,  
Trying to gather the treasure in,  
Our faces grow haggard, and pinched and thin ;  
Then Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for our holiday !  
To mountain and moor we are off and away,  
That the languid Nibs and the wearied brain  
In the breath of the heather new vigour may gain.

Joyously, happily,  
Climbing the hill,

We move no more like the horse in the mill,  
Tramping the heath, and leaping the rill,  
Breathing the mountain air fragrant and sweet,  
Crossing the bog and fen, treading the peat,  
Frighting the plover that whirs from our feet ;  
Then Hurrah ! Hurrah ! we will climb if we can  
The brows of the giant Bencruachan ;  
With our sparkling eyes, and our faces brown,  
We are far enough now from the noisy town.

Happily, merrily,  
Carelessly free,

Now at the farmer's board laughing with glee,  
Laughing and chaffing, most happy are we ;  
Then in the little kirk over the moor,  
Quietly-seriously, looking demure,  
Wondering at worship so simple and pure,  
List to the bell in the morning air !  
Sweetly tinkling its call to prayer ;  
See how the cloud-shadows float on the hill,  
The breeze seems to whisper the woods to be still.

Back again willingly,  
Holidays o'er,

To the town, where for ever with echo and roar  
Flows the Tide of Life on its stony shore,  
Pushing and jostling and scrambling, still  
Amongst men we must work, and we'll work with a will  
All the better for breathing the air of the hill,  
When we rest we can dream of the glorious Ben,  
Of lake and of mountain, of moorland and glen,  
Of our laughter light, and the farmer's cheer -  
And the tinkling bell, which the worshippers hear.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman 22nd Sept.*

*1874*

*Haddingtonshire Courier 25th Sept.*  
*Dalkeith Advertiser 24th September*



## OUR TWIN BOYS

Joy and sorrow, grief and gladness  
Mingle in this life of ours ;  
Now our hearts are filled with sadness :—  
O the weary, weary hours !  
We have sorrows more than joys,  
For we mourn our infant boys,  
And our eyes are dim with tears,  
And our hearts are sad and lonely,  
That they *visited* us only,—  
Did not stay throughout the years.

Smooth the fingers gently, sweetly,  
Wrap the little limbs in white ;  
Kiss the eyelids down completely  
Bid the babes a last " Good night !"  
Though our eyes are dim with tears,  
Rises hope above our fears,  
And our hearts should joyous be  
That our babies they will never  
Know of sorrow now or ever ;  
They are happier than we.

Far away we gaze intently,  
They are now where nothing harms,  
Folded carefully and gently  
In the EVERLASTING ARMS.  
Let our hearts then beat with love  
For our infant sons above ;  
We nor murmur nor complain.  
Said the Christ of Galilee—  
" Let the children come to me."  
Has he asked from us in vain ?

S. S. J.

OCTOBER 3, 1874.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...  
... of the ...

NEW YEAR'S HYMN FOR 1875.

ONCE again, O heav'nly Father,  
To Thy presence near,  
We, Thy happy children, gather  
Round Thy footstool here,  
Still before Thee  
To adore Thee,  
In the glad New Year.

Hear our childish voices blending  
As we sing Thy praise;  
May our hymn, to heaven ascending,  
Blend with angels' lays!  
Voices raise we  
Still to praise Thee,  
Through the years and days.

Unknown future lies before us;  
Is the distance dim?  
Jesus still is watching o'er us;  
We will trust in Him.  
Sing one song, then,  
Maidens, young men,  
Child and cherubim!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Let our praises ring;  
Father, Son, and Spirit Holy,  
We with angels sing.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah!  
To our Lord and King!

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*v. 12. Juvenile Missionary Magazine,  
January 1875.*

I LOVE MY LOVE.

"I LOVE my love"—the theme is old,  
A thousand times it has been sung;  
The story has been often told  
By youth and maid since time was young.  
Tis ever old—tis ever new,  
Yet care not I how old it be,  
For every day doth prove it true—  
"I love my love, and he loves me."

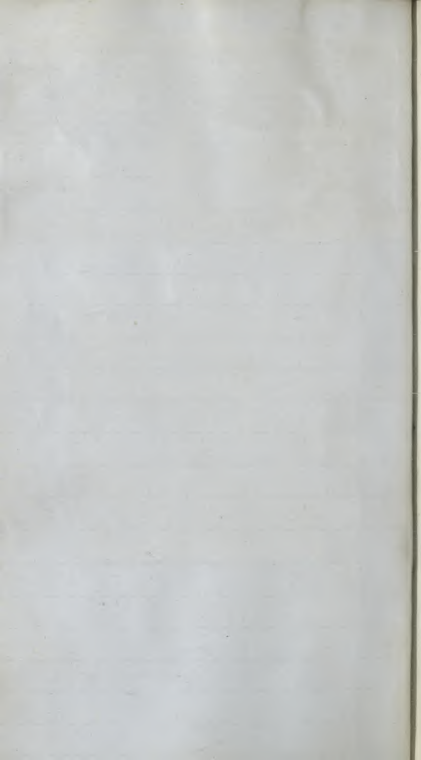
Eight little words, in one sweet row,  
Contain much more, you must agree,  
Than many volumes that you know:  
"I love my love, and he loves me."  
Of history, fable, tale, and song,  
The burden this doth still remain;  
Of letter, legend, story long,  
"I love my love" is the refrain.

I say it when the night is still,  
To my own heart I whisper low,  
When silence broods on vale and hill,  
These dear old words of long ago.  
"I love my love— I love my love"—  
What music sweet as this can be?  
A truth all other truths above—  
"I love my love, he loveth me."

S. SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, July 2, 1875  
Dalleith Advertiser,  
Galloway & Dumfriesshire Gazette  
John o' Great Journal.*

*Set to Music by Miss Bessy Palmer, London, and  
published since 1875 by Hutchinsons & Romer,  
9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, W. - April 1876.*



## INCHKEITH.

BEHIND me there the old town rears  
It's jagged front to clouded skies,  
And nestling sweet,  
By Arthur's Seat,  
Grey Holyrood in shadow lies :  
While over there,  
On street and square,  
On monument and tower and spire,  
The red sun beams  
In setting gleams,  
And all the Forth's a-glow with fire.

The river glints in gold and green,  
And emerald islands gem the wave ;  
When falls the light,  
And silent night  
Shall throw o'er all its mantle grave,  
Then o'er the sea  
Right faithfully  
The lighthouse sheds its helpful ray ;  
On heaving tides  
Its glimmer glides,  
To cheer the sailor on his way.

Though now the glittering waters lave,  
And laugh and ripple round the rock,  
Maybe ere night,  
In giant might,  
The storm will come with thunder shock,  
The angry wave  
Will leap and rave,  
But darkness can't this light eclipse—  
It still must shine,  
A lamp divine,  
A beacon-fire for drifting ships.

Year in, year out, it still revolves,  
We watch it come and disappear ;  
Like those who sail,  
We gladly hail,  
The light by which the helmsmen steer.  
It ceaseless turns,  
Still steady burns,  
Alternating the dark and light ;  
The glorious stream  
Shall ever gleam,  
And circle through the wildest night.

Ah, many an eager eye has gazed  
From rocking deck when night was still,  
If through the dark  
Would gleam the spark,  
Which now I'm watching from the hill.  
Long may the light  
Shine clear and bright,  
A joy it is by shore or sea.  
The sailor's bride  
Looks o'er the tide,  
The landsman greets it from the lee.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Scotsman, July 15, 1875.  
Kelso Chronicle,  
Weekly Scotsman.*

## A TRIBUTE.

---

With his mother's blessing,  
And his sister's caressing,  
He went away from the hamlet still,  
Into the city for good or for ill.

Ah, what a pity,  
The surging city  
Drew him into its eddying stream !  
He struggled, and fought, and dreamt his dream.

And this is the ending :  
Slowly wending  
( This is the ending now of it all )  
Back again to the hamlet small.

Into the churchyard—  
Here not a sound is heard  
But the lark's sweet song in the summer sky,  
And the grass is green, and the graves are high.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*U. R. Magazine, October, 1875.*



WINDYGOWL.

Wi' weary steps I lost my gait ;  
The night was dark as dark could be,  
As up the glen I wander'd late,  
An' stumbl'd ower the grassy lea,  
Nae siller mune  
Cam', late or sunne,  
To guide the weary feet o' me :

Till through the mirk there gleamed a spark ;  
A gentle, feehle, flickerin' lowe  
Cam' glintin' doonward through the dark,  
Frae cottage window up the knowe—  
A welcome sight,  
On sic a night,  
To weary wand'rer f' the howe.

The hearty laird o' Windygowl  
Was sittin' porin' ower his book ;  
His watchfu' collie gled a growl,  
He opes the door wi' cautious look—  
"Ye've lost yer gait?  
Ye're unco late;  
Come in, man, to the ingle nook."

A broad bright fire o' scented peat  
Threw lengthened shadows at oor back,  
The collie curled up at oor feet,  
The dishes glittered in the rack,  
As cheek by jowl,  
At Windygowl,  
The laird an' me fell on the crack,

Said I, "Guidman, what for d'ye ca'  
Yer place by sic a name sac queer?  
I've been in mony a hut an' ha'  
Less biel' than this, baith far an' near,"  
"Jist hide a wee,"  
Quoth he to me,  
"Jist hide a wee, ye're sure to hear."

A sough cam' roun' the auld hoose en',  
A weary, dreary sab an' sigh;  
It garr'd me groo, I didna ken,  
'Twas like as if a ghost were by,  
Or hainie wheengin',  
Groetin', peengin'—  
An' eerie, eldrich, waesome cry.

A' roond the house, out-ower the hyre,  
A tight wind whistled clear and free;  
A'neith the door it fanned the fire,  
The collie watched wi' blinkin' e'e;  
It sabbed and swirled,  
Grew laigh, then skirled :  
The laird aye keep't his ee' on me.

It rantit, tantit, tore, an' swore,  
An' shrieched an' scrached, a fearsome howl ;  
It dashed an' slammed, cuist wide the door,  
Gaed up the lum wi' awful growl,  
The laird he chaffed,  
An' hotched an' laughed :  
"It's no ill-named, is't, Windygowl?"

'Tis mony a year noo since the day  
Aft up the glen I liked to ca' ;  
The roof's been lang since blawn away,  
An' Windygowl's but broken wa' ;  
The guid auld laird 'a  
In the kirkyaird,  
An' winter winds still wail an' blaw.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

Scotsman, October 14 1875  
Wally Scotsman 11. O.A. "  
Dailith Advertiser 25<sup>th</sup> O.A. "  
Solm o' Groat Journal, "  
Moffat Times,



## THE MISOGAMIST.

(From the *Dublin University Magazine* for  
January, 1876.)

"I hate the women; 'tis no cant,—  
A vain, conceited, frivolous crew;  
They're only fit to dress and flaunt  
In feathers, ribbons, red and blue;  
In frill and flounce, with lace and veil,  
They love the pretty, not the true;  
They're facile, fickle, feeble, frail—  
Why need I further swell the list?  
Their foolishness is nothing new,"  
Remarked this strange Misogamist.

"They chatter, clatter, never cease  
To gossip scandal at their tea;  
They whisper mischief, break the peace,  
And kiss, and hate, and disagree,  
With sob and sigh, or smile and tear,  
The hollowness of which you see;  
Then summing up with bitter sneer,  
Their life's a trifle; they insist  
On chronicling the smallest beer;"  
So said this wild Misogamist.

I did not like his spiteful talk,  
I did not see him for a year;  
One winter night, in homeward walk,  
I heard a voice, "Cling closer, Dear!"  
Although 'twas long since last we met,  
I knew the tones; 'twas very queer;  
A husband now without regret;  
Two ruddy lips as ere were kissed,  
Remarked full low, "I thank you, pet,"  
To this same mad Misogamist.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Dublin University Magazine - January 1876*  
*Dulkeith Advertiser, Dec. 30 1875.*



UNBAPTISED.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE IDYLL.

THE woman did wait on the haughty priest ;

With a broken voice—" Oh, sir," she said,

" I only want to bury my dead."

He did not speak till the sobbing ceased ;

The weeping and wailing he did not heed ;

Callous and cold, with his pitiless creed,

What does he care for the eyes tear-wet ?

No pity has he :

" Oh, it cannot be,

But in unblest ground when the sun is set."

The night owl hoots in the old church tower—

Hear ye the wail of the wintry breeze

Through the naked arms of the creaking trees ?

The night is as dark as at midnight hour :

The sexton is busy with mattock and spade—

Ere the hour is struck must the grave be made.

The watch-dog howls to the starless sky—

Cast the spade in the mould,

Now the hour is toiled,

And the earth will be shovelled in hy and by.

Five maidens they carry a coffin there—

Slowly they move o'er the village green,

And flickering lanterns glimmer between.

The mourners are bearing their burden with care ;

Heart-broken they pass through the churchyard gate,

At unhallowed grave doth the sexton wait ;

Hurriedly will he his work complete :

" Hell corner" is this—

What business is his ?

The vicar has told him the place is most meet,

The coffin just lowered contains but a child,

Pure as the snow, or its winding sheet.

From the thorny ways of the world its feet

Have been taken away, and One more mild

Than the heartless priest has never despised

The cast-out infant—the unbaptised :

" Suffer the children to come unto Me !"

Does the priest not know

That, long ago,

It was said that of such must the kingdom be ?

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

Scotsman, March 3, 1876.

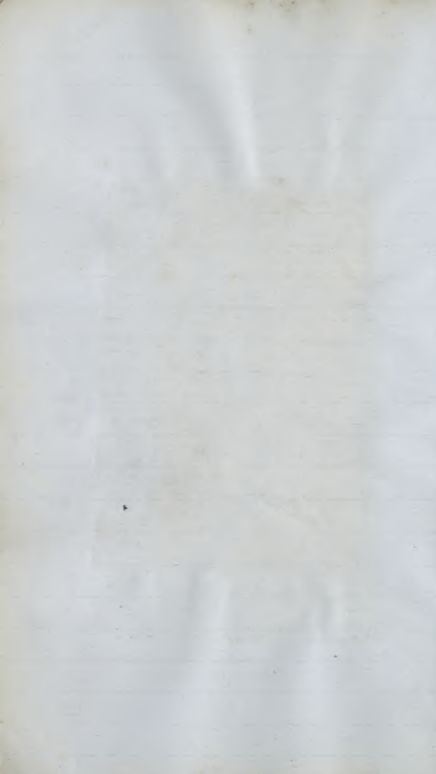
nonconformist, March 16, "

Christian Union

Sell Irishman Advertiser

Lancaster News, Lancashire, March 18, 1876.

Liberator for April, 1876.



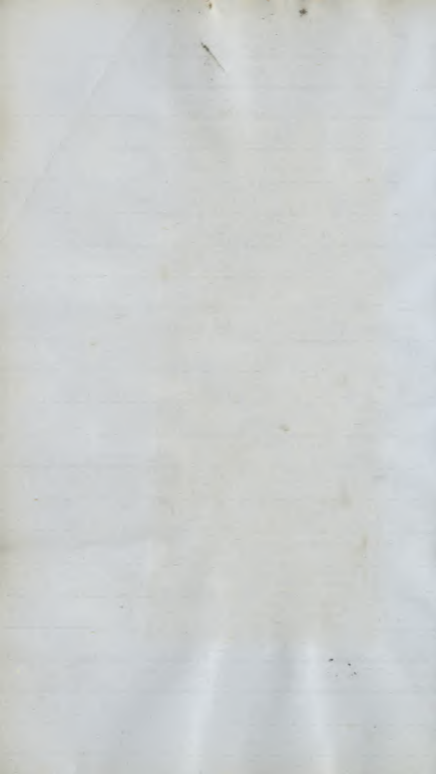
TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Over the land for miles,  
 By hamlet, village, and town,  
 By the glebe where the landscape smiles,  
 By flowery meadow and down,  
 Skirting the edge of the lake,  
 List to the music I make ;  
 For the zephyr still sings  
 Through my tremulous strings  
 As my wonderful journey I take,  
 Over the hedgerows white,  
 Under the hawthorn's spray,  
 I glitter and flash in the light  
 Which glints through the trees on my way,  
 Beeches and elms and limes,  
 Where the ivy plant clingeth and climbs ;  
 And down at my feet,  
 Nestling tender and sweet,  
 The wild flowers blossom by times  
 Along by the road so still,  
 Over the mountain's ridge,  
 Reaching from valley to hill,  
 Booming up there on the bridge,  
 In the night at the cross-roads lone,  
 In the wind do I groan and moan ;  
 By the old churchyard  
 Is the sound still heard  
 Of the telegraph's monotone,  
 Up by the railway track,  
 Still long drawn-out and fine,  
 Where the echoes are thundering back,  
 As the engine comes down the line,  
 I hum, an Æolian lyre ;  
 But the monster, with heart of fire  
 And iron bones,  
 Ne'er heedeth the tones  
 Of the miles and miles of wire.  
 Under the depths of the deep,  
 Hidden from sun and sky,  
 There where the sleepers sleep  
 Till the Day which is drawing nigh ;  
 Under the storm and swell,  
 Tangled with sea-weed and shell,  
 By the riven decks  
 Of the sunken wrecks,  
 And treasures no tongue can tell.  
 North, South, and West, and East,  
 Then over the roofs of the town—  
 Here has the journey ceased,  
 Where the lines come lowering down,  
 'Neath the ocean, or over the land,  
 Who has them all at command?  
 Flashing the fire  
 O'er the miles of wire,  
 Is a girl with the tiniest hand.

SAMUEL SMILES JORDAN.

Scotsman, May 11/76  
 Weekly Scotsman, May 13/76  
 Dublin Advertiser, May 16/76  
 Durwen News, May 20/76

Portsmouth Constitutional, May 21/76  
 Orkney Herald, May 24/76  
 John Bull Journal, May 25/76





## FLOWERS IMMORTAL.

Poets oft in song or lyric

Sing that flowers are transient things ;  
' See them fade ! ' says dull empiric,  
Echoing what the poet sings.

Kingdoms, Empires,— waxing, waning ;  
Flowers with us are still remaining,  
Stronger than the works of kings.

Streaming from its eastern portal,  
When the sun first lit the skies,  
Frailest flowers, with love immortal,  
Heavenward turned their longing eyes,  
Where within the long-lost Aiden,  
Mother Eve, like any maiden,  
Roses plucked in Paradise.

And to-day, in endless reaches,  
Where the streamlet murmurs low,  
Underneath the shady beeches,  
Still the wild flowers bloom and blow,—  
Daisies, bluebells, daffodillies ;  
And the lesson of the lilies  
Is the same as long ago.

And for us when time has ended,  
In the dark and silent tomb,  
Violets and daisies blended,  
Over us may sweetly bloom.  
History repeats its story,  
Primroses will have their glory.  
Mignonette its rich perfume.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*U.S. Magazine*  
*July 1876*



## IN THE PORCH.

WHAT does she on the street ?  
Rain-drops they patter and beat,  
Rain and the pitiless sleet  
    Cruelly pelt her.  
Slips she now into the porch,  
Into the porch of the church,  
Where she is stamping her feet,  
    Seeking for shelter.

Only a girl very fair,  
Laughing now, what does she care ?  
Hearing the voice of the prayer,  
    Casting from off her  
The glittering drops of the rain,  
Thinks she the prayer is in vain ?  
Backward now shaking her hair,  
    Is she a scoffer ?

Voices of children now raise  
Heavenward sweetly their praise ;  
Listening—how changed is her gaze !  
    Looking and longing ;  
Now are the flashing eyes dim ;  
Thoughts have been stirred by the hymn,  
Thoughts of her innocent days,  
    Memories thronging.

Still is the street dark and wet,  
The sleet and the wind they have met ;  
In the porch, with her features hard set,  
    Will she not stay ?  
Once could she sing with the band  
Of the fair and the far " Happy Land ;"  
Her heart it is echoing yet,  
    " Far away ! "

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.



THE AULD KIRK BELL.

O ye wha in the city dwells,  
I envy ye ye'er walth o' bells,  
Frae steeple, turret, belfry, toor,  
They tinkle music every 'oor.  
A hundred hammers rise an' fa',  
A hundred bells, baith big an' sma',  
    Deep toned an' low,  
Their music mingle, yin an' a'  
    Wi' measure slow.

Or ye wha in some lowland glen,  
Far frae the noisy haunts o' men,  
When sunlight glints upon the corn,  
Hear, on the silent Sabbath morn,  
The bell which beats the call to prayer,  
Come ringing in the morning air  
    Sae clear an' sweet,  
As to God's house the folk repair  
    Wi' sober feet.

'Tis sweet to hear the soonds o' bells  
That rise an' fa' wi' sobs an' swells ;  
That ring, an' peal, an' beat, an' chime,  
An' strike the music oot wi' time.  
But waesome is the soond o' oor's,  
It dunts and dunnors, clanks and cloors—  
    An awfu' din ;  
It bangs an' smashes oot the 'oors,  
    Baith late an' sune.

Oft hae ye heard it said an' sung—  
The memory o' bells which rung  
In childhood's days are dear to them  
In foreign lands wha make their hame ;  
But nae sic recollections dear  
Will fash the bairnies noo wha here—  
    Aboot do dwell :  
A melancholy clanking' drear  
    Mak's oor kirk bell.

Dalkeith.

SAMUEL SMILES JERDAN.

*Dalkeith Advertiser*  
*Nov 9, 1876.*

## THE GALLOWAY WIFE.

*An Old Ballad giving an account of the Origin of an old family, the Sprots of Urr.*

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' the Galloway wife,  
A wonderfu' woman was she,  
An' hoo she endit the bloody strife  
'Tween the King and the Sothern's three.

At first they were fechtin' three to yin,  
An' syne there was only twa,  
An' syne there was only yin to yin,  
But she didna ken wha was wha.

At last she heard the Sothern's aith,  
An' then she grippit his hair,  
An' poo'd them doon an' stoppit them baith,  
An' the King stood laughin' there.

"An' wha are ye my canty wife?"  
The guid King Robert spiered,  
"That daured to middle in this strife;  
Guid sakes ye wasna feared.

An' whar's yer hoose! is't far awa!  
(Rise Selby, there's my hand)  
I hinna tasted meat the day,  
An' this my ain Scotland."

"My hoose is here, across the burn,  
Richt welcome will ye be;  
But weel I wot this English knight  
Will get nae meat frae me."

They sat them doon by her fireside,  
She poored the scaldin' brae,  
An' a' her spoons she weel did hide,  
But the yin the King should hae.

"An' noo, guidwife, till I be dune  
I'll gar ye earn yer fee,  
An' a' the land ye can rin roond  
I'll gie in gift to thea."

She rowed her sleeves, her hair she bund,  
She kilted to the knee,  
Adoon the brae, afore the wind,  
She flew to earn her fee.

Adoon the brae, an' through the glen,  
She jumpit ower the burn,  
A wiley fox had stown her hen,  
Her head she wadna turn.

The miller's asleep on his shellin' knowe,  
The mill itsel' was on fire;  
"Aweel," says she, "jist let it lowe,"  
As she jumpit ower bush an' brier.

Four horses are lowse by the burnie's side  
Wi' saddles and bridles fine,  
For the helmet o' gold she wadna bide,  
"I will get them a' when I'm dune.

I weel I wot I've run fu' fast,  
But the King will be dune," said she,  
An' back she flew to her hoose at last  
An' keekit in to sea.

The King an' Sir Selby sat side-by-side,  
The brose it was nearly dune,  
An' there wi' the yin that she didna hide  
It was time about wi' the spoon.

An' this is the tale o' the Galloway wife,  
An' a wonderfu' wife was she,  
An' a' the land that she did run round  
The King as a gift did gie.

S. SMILES JERDAN.

*Peoples Friend, July 28, 1877.*





## A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.

---

"It is part of the old Scottish severe unsparing character—cold to calmness outside—tender to agony, burning to fierceness within.—*Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ."*

You say we Scotch are stolid, cold—  
An unimpressionable race ;  
Before you came you had been told,  
If they feel aught, you cannot trace  
Their joy or grief, for young or old  
Will show no sign upon the face.

You think our hearts are hard as steel,  
Because to all we do not show  
The joy and sorrow that we feel  
In laughter loud, or moaning woe.  
Against your statement I appeal ;  
'Tis only that you do not know.

"I love you well," an artist said  
Last season as the autumn fell,  
To one who hidden in her plaid  
Thrilled as he vowed he loved her well.  
"Can you return my love, sweet maid ?"  
The Scottish lassie would not tell.

There in that cottage up the hill,  
With gentle smile and pallid brow,  
The girl is dying, thinking still.  
Ah, no one knows he broke his vow !  
Her heart was his for good or ill,  
And it is breaking for him now.

Perhaps if you will wait a week,  
Her father there will lay her low ;  
No tear will fall upon his cheek,  
No hint of grief, no sign of woe.  
Sorrow is sacred ; he will speak  
No more of her who lies below.

. . . . .  
The shallow streamlet makes the noise,  
How silent flows the river deep !  
The tear-dimmed eye, the broken voice,  
Tell others what we fain would keep.  
We cannot talk about our joys ;  
Our hearts will break before we weep.

S. S. JERDAN.

NOV 20 1904



Roll of

James  
1850  
Oct

Name

- William Rouse  
 James Mcintosh  
 James Gray  
 \* Richard Kesterson  
 \* James Mealy  
 James Lamb  
 James Reid Sr.  
 James Reid Junr.  
 John Edward Scott Mansieff  
 John Stoddart  
 William Stewart  
 William Robertson  
 1851 ~ \* Laurence Ramsay Thomson M.D.  
 Feb ~ Robert Blair  
 " Rev William L Kortan  
 " Abraham Reid  
 " William Hartman  
 " Katherine Maxwell  
 " William Craig  
 " William Rouse Roger  
 " William Galltly  
 " Andrew Scieszall

Members

Address

White Hart St

South Street

Commercial Bank

Tobacco Close

Portico Place

Newton Group

Whitchill

do

High Street

Thornbank

do

Dalkeith Park

Revelock St Perique

White Hart St

Rock St

Edinburgh Place

South Street

Botanic Row

Gray Lane

Porlock Place (Artist)

Can of Mr. Young, Tinsmith

Emerton

Roll of

London  
1557  
Feb

Name

John Drummond

Edward Knapp

"  
" James <sup>Keith</sup> Roy

" Andrew Murray

" William Hamilton

April Samuel Chisholm

Thomas Watson

May William Morrison

Members

Addresses

Care of Mr. Stummond, Teacher

« ~~St~~ »

Care of Miss Howden No. High St

Campbell's Close. High St.

Care of Mr Wood. Newbigging

Mumblugh (Keeper of Inverton

Jan. Bar)

Mitchell Brothers

Breadma Dalkeith

High Street

