



" Poor Jamie ne'er was shrowded,  
But in a Tea-chest crowded ;  
With Coffin ne'er connected,  
But by the knife dissected."

## *Jamie Wilson's Mother's Dream.*

DARK, dark, and drizzly was the night,  
And lang, lang, after gloamin',  
When Jamie's Mother lonely sat,  
His absence sair bemoanin'.

What keeps ye Jamie out sae late,  
In this unwholesome weather ?  
O haste ye hame, and ease the mind  
Of your auld anxious Mother.

Dim gleams the lamp of this late hour,  
The embers faintly burning,  
Before your Mother, lone and poor,  
Wha waits on your returning.

One night I dream'd a dreary dream,  
To think on't makes me shiver,—  
I thought I heard my Jamie scream,  
O help me, help me, Mother !

Methought I ran to help my bairn,  
But never could win near him,—  
Methought his voice still weaker grew,  
Till I could scarcely hear him ;

And as he vanish'd from my view,  
Methought I heard him crying,  
Farewell ! ye cannot help me now,  
Your Jamie Wilson's dying.

*Braes of the Carse, Handsel Monday.*

I wander'd to your Father's grave,  
A place I visit often ;  
Methought I saw a corseless shroud,  
Beside an empty coffin.

I saw stern Justice fast approach,  
Dire judgment seem'd to follow ;  
I woke, and found my aching head,  
Reclin'd on my lone pillow.

Since then, my nights have sleepless been,  
My days are spent in mourning ;  
Nae longer hopes I entertain  
Of Jamie e'er returning.

My bark is on life's ocean toss'd,—  
My Jamie's safely landed ;  
I'll meet him on yon peaceful coast,  
His powers of mind expanded.

His vacant e'e, his temper mild,—  
His unobtrusive silence ;  
A general fav'rite made my child,  
And yet he fell by violence.

No curse I on yon fiends invoke,  
Reflections will torment them ;  
From giving others such a shock,  
Good Lord of Heaven prevent them.

A. GOWRIE.

N.B.—There is published by the same Editor, (the second Edition, with alterations,) a LACONIC NARRATIVE of the LIFE and DEATH of POOR JAMIE ; in which are interspersed, several Anecdotes relative to him, and his old friend BOBY AWL :—PRICE THIRPENCE. The work is embellished with a striking Portrait of Jamie.

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