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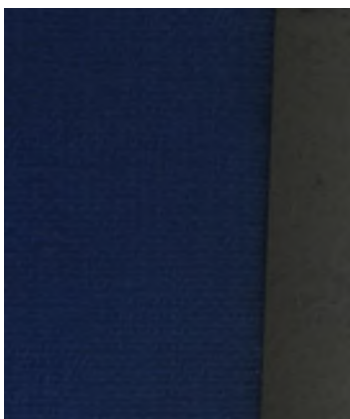
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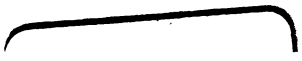
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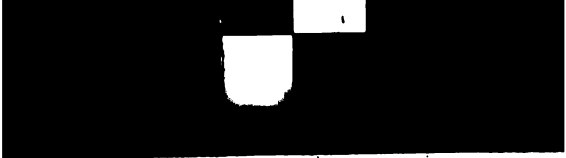
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Andrew Carnegie  
with good wishes  
from the A.K.'s.

Nov 25<sup>th</sup> 1890 }

PAISLEY POETS.

VOL. II.

V. 2.

NDP

Brown





# PAISLEY POETS,

WITH  
BRIEF MEMOIRS OF THEM,  
AND  
SELECTIONS FROM THEIR POETRY.

BY  
ROBERT BROWN, F.S.A., Scot.,  
UNDERWOOD PARK, PAISLEY.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF PAISLEY," in Two Volumes, from the Roman Period down to 1884,—  
"THE HISTORY OF THE PAISLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL," from its Foundation in 1576; and of "THE PAISLEY ACADEMY AND OTHER TOWN'S SCHOOLS,"—  
"MEMOIR OF CHARLES FLEMING, WEAVER IN PAISLEY," author of 'Poems, Songs, and Essays,'—  
"MEMOIRS OF EBENEZER PICKEN, Poet, and ANDREW PICKEN, Novelist, Natives of Paisley,"—  
"HISTORY OF THE HIGH CHURCH OF PAISLEY,"—  
"MEMOIR OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Finishing Writing-Master, Paisley," author of 'Poems and Songs,' &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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"GAZETTE" BUILDINGS, 94 HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXC.

R. R.



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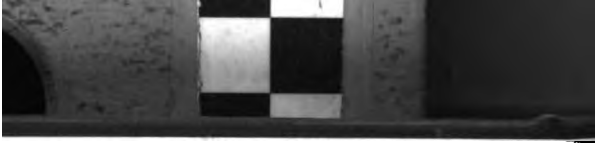
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## PAISLEY POETS.

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### REV. ALEXANDER WALLACE.

REV. ALEXANDER WALLACE is a native of Paisley, was born in 1816. His father, Saunders Wallace, was owner of the property No. 14 King Street, wherein Alexander was born. This house, which was taken down some time ago, was of one storey with attics and thatched roof. Like many other houses built in Paisley at the end of the last century, the ground floor was divided into a kitchen and a parlour on the one side of the close and a four-stanced weaving shop on the other side. It was in the weaving shop that old Saunders Wallace passed the most of his years as a silk-gauze weaver. In this shop, and under his father, Alexander, after a few years of initiatory training as a draw-boy, learned the same branch of weaving which his father followed. When the trade in this beautiful but delicate class of fabrics died out in Paisley, the father, being then advanced in years, did not attempt the heavier class of dress-shawl weaving, but commenced the weaving of silk tartans. The future clergyman in the few years of his employment at the loom, was also employed in the weaving of gauze and silk tartan.

Alexander's early education was necessarily of a very inferior kind. Although he took his full share in all kinds of games and pastimes indulged in by those in his condition of life, yet he had, even in his drawboy days, a marked predilection for books. Whatever his pockets might contain in the way of tops, peeries, marbles, or buttons, he was sure to be able to produce one or two penny chap-books or a stray



number of *Chambers's Journal*. He played on the flute, and also was able to sketch in water colour.

When he had been at the loom for five or six years, being then between eighteen and twenty years of age, an event happened which changed the whole direction of his life. An uncle (David Wallace, yarn merchant, Paisley,) died and left a considerable sum of money to his father and other two families. The money enabled the father to leave the loom, and Alexander to obtain a superior education. His ambition always soared high above his original position, and he possessed abilities sufficiently great to enable him to carry such a laudable aim to a successful consummation. He aspired to be a minister of the Gospel, and by close application and perseverance in his studies at Paisley Grammar School and Glasgow University, he overcame every difficulty. At the Paisley Grammar School in 1836, he gained the first prize in "composition and literature," and the first prize "for a well regulated mind" (Robert Brown's History of the Grammar School, p. 507). In a German University he afterwards prosecuted his studies with great vigour.

I do not know when he first commenced to write poetry, but I do know that when studying in Glasgow University in 1839, he gained "the Annual Prize Poem in the Logic class," the subject being "The Pyramids." This prize poem was printed and published in a separate volume of 56 pages duodecimo in 1841. I shall afterwards have occasion to give an extract from this poem.

In 1846, Mr. Wallace was first settled as a minister in Alexandria on the Leven, and subsequently in Bradford, Yorkshire; then in the Potterrow, Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself by useful labours among the working people, and as a determined enemy to intemperance and sloth. In 1857, Mr. Wallace was called to Glasgow by the unanimous voice of the congregation of East Campbell Street,

re he still conducts the pastorate with great zeal and  
ty. The honorary degree of D.D. has been conferred  
him since he came to Glasgow.

Then in Bradford, he delivered with great acceptance a  
es of lectures on the Bible, on the afternoon of each  
path till the course was completed. These lectures were  
ished, under the title of the "Bible and the Working  
ses," and the success of the work was so great that the  
impression of 2000 was exhausted in little more than  
e months. A second edition was published in 1862.  
1857, the reverend gentleman published a work entitled,  
he Gloaming of Life : a memoir of James Stirling." In  
2, Mr. Wallace published another work, entitled "Poems  
& Sketches," among which is "Our Scottish Peasant  
ature," sometimes delivered by him as a lecture.<sup>1</sup> In  
7, he accompanied Sir Peter (then Mr. Peter) Coats in  
extensive tour through Palestine, taking the route by  
ai and the Desert. In the following year he published a  
dsome and interesting volume, descriptive of this tour,  
itled "The Desert and the Holy Land." In 1869, Mr.  
llace published a volume of 316 pages duodecimo, en-  
ed "Sketches of Life and Character." A few years ago he  
lished in pamphlet form a book relating to Paisley draw-  
s, he having been in early life, as already mentioned,

---

This was the subject of a lecture which he delivered in the Free  
dle Church, Paisley, on the evening of 6th April, 1858. The  
rend lecturer gave a series of biographical and critical sketches of  
most prominent of the Scottish Poets who had risen into eminence  
among the peasantry, and gave some fine quotations from their  
ks. The lecture, which exhibited complete mastery of the subject,  
delivered with power and eloquence, and was listened to with  
ked attention. The funds arising from the lectures were for the  
efit of the House of Recovery. As Chief Magistrate, I had the  
our of presiding on that occasion.

one of them, showing the success in business of many of that class.

### THE PYRAMIDS.

#### AN EXTRACT.

Ye stand like everlasting hills : your age  
 Is shrouded in the misty veil of time  
 Which none has drawn aside. Could ye but speak,  
 O ! what a wondrous story would ye tell !  
 How long, how sad—a lifetime would not serve  
 To hear the half. Dwells there no voice within  
 Your vaulted labyrinths, your caverns drear ?  
 No harp, like that of Memnon's, to unfold  
 In plaintive strains the secrets of the tomb ?  
 No oracle responsive to the Muse,  
 Who seeks not knowledge of the coming times,  
 But fain would know the past ? What great events,  
 What saddening changes to this world of change !  
 (And yet ye towering stand)—what bloody wars  
 Have wasted life and gold—what tyrants base  
 Have waded seas of blood to empire vast,  
 And scattered death and ruin in their way—  
 What monstrous villainies, and fell disease,  
 Have vexed the troubled earth since first, in youth,  
 The dying glory of the setting sun  
 Fell lingeringly around your snowy sides !

Great City of the Dead ! where has the earth  
 Such ancient landmarks in the waste of time ?  
 We love to gaze upon your wrinkled face ;  
 We deprecate the hand that would be laid  
 With impious purpose on your honoured sides.  
 This has been done, but done in vain. Ye throw  
 In spite of all the violence of man,  
 The surge of ceaseless change, the angry war  
 Of wintry winds, a wide-spread shadow o'er  
 The burning sands ; and still ye tower aloft,  
 Titanian temples, which, though never seen,  
 But only read or heard of, fill the soul  
 With notions of the true sublime, and link  
 The present with four thousand years ago.

## THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

Sweet April flower, the dearest  
Of all Spring flowers to me ;  
First blossom thou appearest  
Upon our family tree.

When the crocus and the snowdrop  
Have passed their short-lived day,  
Thou camest, the first bud of hope,  
To grace the opening May.

Dear pledge of many sacred vows,  
When time was fresh and young ;  
And life was like the summer boughs  
With golden blossoms hung.

Thy little rosy liplets  
Are the nectarine of youth ;  
Thine eyes are dewy driplets,  
The purest gems of truth.

Thou wert not many hours old  
When a lovely China rose  
Its silken leaflets did unfold,  
Pure as the Alpine snows.

I plucked this earliest blossom  
Fresh from its mother earth,  
And placed it on the bosom  
Of her who gave thee birth.

A rosebud on one breast,  
Thyself upon the other ;  
Two lily hands around thee pressed—  
How happy was thy mother !

She, whispering, said—" This rose-tree  
Must grow beneath our roof ;  
It will be ever dear to me,  
With its leaves of silken woof.

But more because it marks the Spring  
 When baby dear was born,  
 And brought its early offering  
 To grace this happy morn."

I raised the rose-tree, blooming fair  
 With buds on every bough,  
 And planted it with tender care  
 Where thy cradle standeth now.

But it drooped, and every green leaf  
 Fell withering from the tree ;  
 And then we thought, with bitter grief,  
 Of early death to thee.

---

#### TO MY FIRST BORN.

Sweet bud of many youthful hopes, the harbinger of good,  
 Thou camest when the snowdrop died ; when, in the awakening wood,  
 The thrush began his mellow song, and the lark, with fluttering wing,  
 Rose merrily to greet thee with the freshest song of Spring.

There were many sad and stricken hearts on the morning of thy birth,  
 For the famine and the pestilence spread havoc o'er the earth ;  
 But to our cottage home of love thy coming was a light,  
 Which, like a star of promise, rose on a dark and troubled night.

Oh ! be not like the flowers of Spring that bloom but for a day—  
 The snowdrops and the crocus have already passed away ;  
 And, ah me ! many little graves in the " Auld Kirkyard " are green,  
 And the faces of the beautiful shall on earth no more be seen.

The fairest flowers are soonest gone ; may it not be so with thee,  
 For thou, my earliest household flower, will aye be dear to me ;  
 And I will guard most tenderly, and shelter from the storm,  
 Each blossom as it spreads to give new beauties to thy form.

God keep thee, floweret of the Vale, and shield thee from all harm,  
 In wintry tempests hold thee up by His Almighty arm ;  
 And may His blessed Spirit live within thy heart of hearts,  
 Then thou shalt bloom in Heaven above when this frail life departs.

## THOMAS DUNN.

THOMAS DUNN was a native of Barrhead, and was born on 6th June, 1810. He received the classical part of his education at Neilston Parish School. When I was a pupil in that school, he was in a younger class. After completing his education in that school in 1826, he went to Glasgow, and there served an apprenticeship with his father, Mr. John Dunn, writer. In about 1833 he went to Edinburgh, and became a clerk to Mr. William Bowie Stewart Campbell, W.S. He remained with Mr. Campbell until 1838, when he began business on his own account as an Advocate. He died on 14th December, 1863.

Mr. Dunn, like his brother, Mr. John Dunn, was a member of the "Edinburgh Angling Club," described in *Edinburgh*, at page 323, and was an enthusiast in the "gentle art." He also resembled his own brother, and many brother anglers, in that he courted the muse,—particularly in regard to angling. In the first publication for the members of that angling club, in 1858, there appear six of his songs, of which I here submit four:—

### THE CALL.

*Tune*—"Jenny Jones."

Up, up, and away, for the winter is fled,  
 With basket and rod let each angler be seen;  
 Now gaily the streamlet glides over its bed,  
 And clad are its banks in the brightest of green.  
 The sweet flowers are springing on ilk sunny spot,  
 The wee birds are singing on ilk budding tree;  
 There's music as sweet in the reel's birring note;—  
 Then up and away to the fishing with me.

I care not for honours, I care not for gain,  
 The path of ambition will never tempt me ;  
 My days I would spend, free from sorrow and pain,  
 Where Tweed pours its waters by sweet Fernielee.  
 Oh! there would I wander, from morning till night,  
 With rod and with line the bright salmon to snare  
 Then repose on its banks till the last rays of light  
 Leave in shadow and stillness the old Bridge of Yair.

The delights of the chase they can never compare  
 With the angler's pure joys, as he rambles along ;  
 His heart light and free as his own mountain air,  
 In gladness responds to the merry brook's song.  
 Then up, and away to the streams we love best,  
 With our nice-tapered rods, and tackle so rare ;  
 We'll angle all day, and at night in the " Nest,"  
 With toast and with song bid defiance to care.

---

#### A WEEL - FILLED CREEL.

*Tune*—"When the kye come hame."

Come all ye jolly anglers  
 Who handle rod and line,  
 Leave off your merry tales awee,  
 And push aside the wine ;  
 I'll tell you o' a pleasure  
 Which none but anglers feel, —  
 'Tis returnin' frae the water  
 Wi' a weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel,  
 A weel-filled creel ;  
 'Tis returnin' frae the water  
 Wi' a weel-filled creel.

What signifies to boast and blaw  
 O' this fish and o' that,  
 The muckle ane that brak' the line,  
 The nibbles that we gat ;

“The big ane—sure ’twas twenty pun’,”  
 He kent its weight fu’ weel ;  
 Gi’e me the proof that nocht can ding—  
 A weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

See yonder pawkie carle,  
 Wi’ laughter in his e’e,  
 He has nae time to tak’ his glass  
 Or crack a joke wi’ me ;  
 Sae eager to be at the sport,  
 He bolts wi’ rod and reel,  
 And smilingly frae Caddon brings  
 A weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

When Spring comes in, arrayed wi’ smiles,  
 And flowers bedeck the lea ;  
 When vernal breezes round us blaw,  
 And fill the heart wi’ glee ;  
 The Lawyer, and the Painter, too,  
 Will aff to Tweedside steal,  
 Desertin’ desks and easels for  
 A weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

Should care oppress the angler’s heart,  
 And a’ things look agee,  
 Just leave the noisy toun awhile,  
 And jog along wi’ me.  
 A’e day beside Tweed’s siller stream  
 Will drive care to the deil,  
 And send you hame rejoicin’ wi’  
 A weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

And when you’re wearied out at nicht  
 Wi’ flourishin’ your wan’,  
 A tiresome gait ’twixt you and hame,  
 Nae “Tammie Scott’s” at han’,





Ye'll ha'e the satisfaction  
 It's no wi' yill you reel,  
 But merely stachrin' wi' the load  
 O' a weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

Then leeze me on the angler's haunts,  
 There I would spend ilk day,  
 'Mang mossy glens and solitudes,  
 Where burnies wimplin' stray ;  
 And then at e'en, 'neath cosy bield,  
 I'd toast a' fishers leal ;  
 And may their sairest burden be  
 A weel-filled creel.

A weel-filled creel, &c.

---

### I'LL AWA' TO CADDON.

*Tune*—"Sally in our Alley."

Some boast the Tay, and some the Clyde,  
 And some the Tweed are mad on ;  
 For nane o' them care I a fig,  
 Sae I'll awa' to Caddon ;  
 For Caddon is the wale o' streams,  
 As frae the hills it rushes,  
 Then gently murmurs o'er its course,  
 Or jinks among the bushes.

I've fished the Leader and the Tyne,  
 The Armit and the Talla ;  
 My heart leaps up when I think on  
 The days I've spent on Gala ;  
 In Luggie, too, I've cast my flee,  
 And many a fish have had on ;  
 But tho' these streams are dear to me,  
 They ne'er can match wi' Caddon.

No hideous rocks disturb its course,  
 O'er pebbles bright it's strayin',  
 Its ripple is like music sweet,  
 As round a scaur it's playin' ;  
 Its banks are green, its pools are deep,  
 And swarm wi' fish sae bonnie ;  
 Oh ! tell na me o' ither streams,  
 It is the best o' ony.

So fair a scene will bring repose  
 To him that's aye perturbed,  
 Or gently stir the soul of him  
 Whom nothing ere disturbed.  
 Then cheer your heart, each angler dear,  
 Nor worldly things look sad on ;  
 But mount your basket and your rod,  
 And aff wi' me to Caddon.<sup>1</sup>

---

 THE SUN GLINTS OVER NEIDPATH FELL.

## EXTRACT.

*Tune* — "The Miller of Dee."

The sun glints over Neidpath Fell,  
 And lights the forest gray ;  
 The dew-drops glisten on the grass,  
 The cock proclaims the day.  
 Then up, my lads ! cast care aside,  
 Throw business to the deil ;  
 We'll fill our baskets frae yon stream  
 That winds by Ashiestiel.

Let ither toil frae day to day,  
 This warld's gear to win,  
 Or seek in pleasure's vain pursuit  
 For joys they ne'er can fin' ;  
 But gi'e to me my weel-worn creel,  
 My guid rod in my han',  
 And tho' I'm poor, I envy not  
 The noblest in the lan'.

---

<sup>1</sup>Caddon is a tributary of the Tweed, which it joins about nine miles Inverleithen.

## ALLAN STEWART.

ALLAN STEWART was not a native of Paisley, but was born at Houston, in Renfrewshire, on 30th January, 1812. He received his education at the village school, and as Mr. M'Lean, the teacher, believed that the future poet had a good memory, the 119th psalm was given him to learn by heart, and this task he performed to the great pleasure of the schoolmaster. Some years after this, he repeated all the paraphrases to one of his uncles. Allan's father, who was a sawyer to trade, went with his family to Cartsdyke, Greenock, that he might improve his circumstances; but they removed from Cartsdyke, after a short time, to Paisley. This would be about 1827. Martha Muir, Allan's aunt, who lived in the parish of Renfrew, was a very pious woman, and could express herself with much ability, took great interest in him. She died on 31st December, 1831. Her letters and addresses to her relations and friends were collected and published by the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, Renfrew, in 1833, along with a memoir written by him. Her first letter in that book was originally sent to young Allan.

The future poet worked as a drawboy, and afterwards as a weaver. In 1837, when the weaving trade was sadly depressed, his father and family suffered very severely. In the month of October in that year, one of the younger members of the family was seized with typhus fever. The father was next attacked, and the young poet also became unwell with the same disease. At his own request, he was on the 7th November taken to the House of Recovery, and died there on the 12th November, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His father died at the same time, and both were interred in the same grave in the Martyrs' burying ground.

short memoir accompanying the poetic verses published after his death in 1838, entitled the "Poetic Remains of the late Allan Stewart," of 144 pages, was, I understand, written by his acquaintance, Charles Fleming, et. He states that of Allan's first attempt at verse, it can be favourably said. But a circumstance occurred which caused a complete change. He met with a young girl, the glance of whose eye, and whose insinuating conversation, drew forth the responses of his heart. This was the foundation of his poetry. He was peculiarly the lyric poet of love. Charles Fleming, when meditating on his subject says —

"With silent step and thoughtful mood I gaze  
 Upon thy resting-place, thou gifted youth !  
 Let others laugh at life's bewildering maze,  
 I cherish much the past, its joys, its truth."

## LAVINA.

I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone,  
 And the hopes I held dearest for ever are flown.  
 The beams of her blue eyes no more will impart  
 That sweet sunny pleasure so dear to my heart ;  
 So dear to my heart, now cheerless and lone—  
 I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone.

I pine in the grotto, made desolate by her,  
 I worship her name deep-graved in yon fir ;  
 I doat on the rosebud she praised so oft,  
 Like her it is lovely, endearing, and soft ;  
 Its beauty but grieves me, 'tis so like her own ;  
 I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone.

If she had but gone to her long last abode,  
 I'd solace my sorrows while wreathing her sod ;  
 But she shines the first gem of a far foreign isle,  
 And the heart of another exults in her smile ;  
 Exults in her smile, while here I must moan  
 And sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone.

## SONNET:

## ON SEEING THE WAVES IN MACRAHANISH BAY.

Roll on, proud wave, while o'er thy stormy breast  
 The snowy gull thy march of freedom sings ;  
 Roll on, and gaily blend thy foamy crest  
 With fitful glimmerings of the setting sun.  
 To me thou art a joy—my spirit springs  
 And wantons wildly in thy fearful fun.  
 O that my life were like thee, wild and free,  
 Ranging from rock to rock, from isle to isle,  
 Spurning as nought presumptuous man's decree,  
 Subject alone to heaven's frown and smile !  
 That wish is vain. Fond fancy will outrun  
 The race of reason ; but it must recoil.  
 Roll on, proud wave, there's more of God in thee  
 Than ought on earth I've seen, or e'er will see.

## OAK OF ELDERSLIE.

Laurel of the brave and free,  
 Thou are quickly fading !  
 Spring is smiling on the lea,  
 But to thee unaiding.  
 Storm'd by many a winter's war,  
 Now thou'rt old and hoary.  
 Thou wert young when freedom's star  
 Smil'd on Scottish glory.  
 Tho' England wav'd her victor plume  
 O'er lands where slaves did let her,  
 The rugged soil that bade thee bloom  
 She could ne'er enfetters.  
 Thou must fall ! But ah ! the fame  
 Of Wallace ne'er shall perish !  
 Embers of his mighty flame  
 Scottish hearts shall cherish !

## SWORD OF WALLACE.

Sword of the mighty !  
Thy triumphs are o'er ;  
The arm that was weighty  
Can wield thee no more.

Thou flambeau of freedom,  
Thou brand of the brave,  
The terror of foemen,  
The death of the slave.

Thy Wallace hath left thee  
To rot in thy rest.  
Oh ! where is the hand that is  
Worthy thy trust ?

Thou fell'st on the foe  
Like the heav'n-shot star,  
And where was the helm  
Thy vengeance could mar ?

No more in the battle  
Thou'lt crush the proud mail,  
Nor clang with war's rattle  
When foemen assail.

The thistle, aspirant,  
Waves wildly and free  
Since the blood of the tyrant  
Is blanch'd upon thee.

## THOMAS JOHNSTONE.

THOMAS JOHNSTONE was born at Paisley in June, 1812. His father and mother were natives of Wigtonshire, and removed at an early period to Paisley. They latterly lived in Glasgow, and died there. Thomas was apprenticed to a watchmaker in Glasgow, and wrought with him till he became unsuccessful in business. Thomas enlisted in 1830 in the 79th Highlanders, and served with the regiment in America, at Gibraltar, and at home, till in 1852 he was discharged with a small pension. For about five years he was employed in a store at Liverpool, and for three years he was drill instructor to the Barrhead Volunteers. For about ten years prior to his death in Glasgow, on 29th December, 1870, he was from general debility unable to do much. He courted the muse, and many of his pieces were composed while he was in the army. It was his wish to have his thoughts in verse and prose published while alive. This was not, however, done; but they were collected after his death by his minister, the Rev. James M'Naught, Maitland Free Church, Glasgow, who had been solicited by Johnstone when alive to do so. The book is entitled "A Soldier's Thoughts in Verse and Prose," and extends to 159 pages.

### A WELCOME TO THE ROBIN.

Hail, herald of time's fleeting hours,  
 I love to hear thy pensive strain;  
 Though thou hast fled the leafless bowers  
 To warble near my cot again.

Thou'rt come, like messenger divine,  
 To tell that stormy winter's nigh;  
 At early morn, and day's decline,  
 Thy little crimson breast I'll spy.

Perch'd on the old thorn by the wall,  
 Sweet pouring forth thy mellow lay ;  
 And oft in kindness I'll let fall  
 A crumb or two for thee to stay.

But yet thou wilt not tarry long,  
 Nor sing to noon thy plaintive strain ;  
 But tranquil eve will make thy song  
 Sweet from the old thorn-tree again.

Thou'rt rarely heard when summer bright  
 Adorns fair nature's lovely charms,  
 But sports in silence, with delight,  
 'Mid scenes unknown to loud alarms.

When frosts are keen, and snow lies deep,  
 Thou'rt oft a beggar at my door ;  
 Fain would I thee in safety keep  
 Till winter's bitter blasts blow o'er.

But thou art shy to share my home,  
 To eat my crumbs scarce wilt thou stay ;  
 So sing thy song, and safely roam,  
 And come again near closing day.

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#### S ON RE-VISITING THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH.

'Tis long, long since I look'd on thee,  
 My oft remember'd natal spot ;  
 So changed the scene in all I see,  
 Remembrance seems in vain begot.

The rural charms I loved so dear,  
 No more surround the dwelling fair  
 Where first I shed the swelling tear  
 And learn'd to lisp an infant's prayer.

That dwelling, now a mart of trade,  
 Its garden fair, and lovely bounds,  
 Where flowerets grew, and sunbeams play'd,  
 Now ring with loud and bustling sounds.



'Twas but in childhood here I dwelt,  
 For fate had doom'd me far to roam ;  
 But deep impressions yet are felt  
 Of thee, dear childhood's happy home !

Here memory fondly loves to trace  
 Its birth, in charms to childhood dear ;  
 A mother's home, each sunny place,  
 The grassy banks and streamlet clear.

Sweet, spreading to my distant view,  
 Appear green hills and smiling vales ;  
 But, oh ! dear natal spot, for you  
 A treasured love o'er all prevails !

Here a kind mother fondly taught  
 My little tongue to lisp her name  
 And all her love for me was fraugh  
 With many a fond, endearing aim.

Though long a tenant of the grave,  
 Yet fancy can her form descry  
 Lone-seated where yon ash trees wave,  
 And gazing round with thoughtful eye.

Fleet time now calls my steps away  
 To other scenes ; but fancy will,  
 In peaceful times, oft raptured stray  
 'Mong scenes that charm'd sweet Tannahill.

Farewell ! I may not view again  
 Thee changed, yet my dear natal spot !  
 Still memory fondly will retain  
 The home a mother's love begot !

## JAMES SHARP.

JAMES SHARP was born at Blackford, in Perthshire, as he says—

“ Is my birth-place and home in life's morning,  
Where, far in the north, the Grampians are seen,  
At the base of the Ochils, so vernal and green.”<sup>1</sup>

After receiving his education at the school there, he came to Paisley to serve an apprenticeship under the late Mr. Peter Brough, silk mercer.<sup>2</sup> In 1832 Mr. Brough established a business in Kilmarnock under the firm of Galloway, Sharp, Coy., and Mr. Sharp was one of the partners. In 1837, Mr. Brough being anxious to be relieved of continuous attendance in a shop, gave up the business in Kilmarnock, and assumed Mr. Sharp as a partner in the concern in

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Blackford, Perthshire, in the “Captive Ring,” p. 225.

The late Mr. Peter Brough was born at Scone, Perthshire, on 23rd December, 1797. After receiving his education at the Parish School there, and serving an apprenticeship to a cloth merchant in Perth, he obtained an engagement with a silk mercer in Glasgow, who had a shop in Paisley. Mr. Brough was sent to conduct the shop in Paisley, which he shortly afterwards acquired from his employer, having received from him considerable credit to pay the amount, which was £200. On 1st October, 1816, he commenced business on his own account, the only cash he then had being £20—lent to him by his father. His first shop he had was in Wright's Land, High Street; and two years afterwards he removed to the double shop, 96 High Street, which he occupied as long as he remained in business. By assiduous attention to business and the careful preservation of his money, along with its successful investment, he amassed a large fortune, which at his death, on 18th December, 1883, amounted to upwards of £155,000. He directed by his will after making numerous private bequests to his relations, his trustees to hold the residue of his estates as a permanent fund to be called the Peter Brough Bequest Fund,” and to apply the annual income—£600 annually in employing qualified females or males, when deemed expedient, to the visiting and comforting of Christians, and to the reading to them of the Bible; (2) £500 to the Deacons' Court of the Free Church, for religious purposes; the first four annual payments, £100, in obtaining a suitable site and erecting a building to be called

Paisley, under the designation of Brough & Sharp. This copartnery continued till 1846, when it was dissolved; and Mr. Sharp then commenced alone the same line of trade at No. 13 High Street, Paisley, where he remained till 1850, when he removed to Causeyside Street, Paisley, to begin the business of a shawl manufacturer. He married Miss Holms, a sister of Mr. William Holms, who was for several years M.P. for Paisley. In 1857 Mr. Sharp removed to Glasgow, after being about thirty years in Paisley, to continue the business of a shawl manufacturer. When in Paisley, he was elected to be a Town Councillor, and afterwards was chosen to fill the position of Bailie. In Glasgow similar municipal honours were conferred upon him. He was first a Town Councillor and afterwards one of the Magistrates of the city of Glasgow. In 1887 he published a volume of poetry,

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“The Margaret Brough Memorial Hall,” in memory of his sister; (3) £200 to the Paisley Auxiliary to the National Bible Society of Scotland; (4) £500 yearly in paying 100 annual bursaries (to be given by competition) of £5 each to boys (being Protestants) between 6 and 15 years of age, who shall have resided within the Parliamentary boundaries of Paisley for at least two years; (5) £100 annually to the Directors of the John Neilson Institution, Paisley; (6) £100 annually to the Paisley Ragged and Industrial School; (7) £300 annually in establishing and maintaining a Science Lectureship; (8) £100 annually among poor and deserving widows in Paisley; (9) £100 annually to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Paisley, for purchasing coals to poor and deserving persons in Paisley; (10) £100 annually to Paisley Infirmary; and, lastly, the remainder of the income of this fund in promoting and maintenance of such other religious, educational, missionary, and charitable schemes as the Trustees may select. The Trustees are—Sheriff Cowan; Provost Clark; Rev. Thomas Gentles, of the first charge of the Abbey Church; Rev. James B. Sturrock, of the Free High Church; Rev. John Porteous, of Oakshaw Street U.P. Church; Patrick Miller Brough, nephew of the testator; Mr. Thomas Muir, Castlehead; Mr. John Neilson Gardner, Nethercommon. The continuity of the Trusteeship is to be maintained by the successors in office of the five first-named coming in their room, and in the case of the three last-named vacancies are to be filled up by the Trustees. Mr. Brough, in 1830, was chosen one of the Bailies; in 1836, a Justice of the Peace; and in 1852 he was elected by the electors of the Fourth Ward to represent them in the Town Council.

he dedicated to his brother-in-law, Mr. William Holms, P. for Paisley. It extended to 272 pages, was entitled "The Captive King and other Poems," and was beautifully illustrated by Miss Florence Holms, a sister of his wife. Mr. Sharp states in the preface that some of the poems "were written in his boyhood," and that "several of them—perhaps the most important—have been written during the last ten years," in which he has been altogether retired from business. On frequent opportunities of meeting Mr. Sharp in a social way, and also in connection with municipal affairs in Paisley, he in no way ever disclosed the secret of his being a wooer of the Muse. The great poetic ability shown by Mr. Sharp in this publication is therefore to me and many others a most agreeable surprise.

## JUBILEE ODE.

Beloved Queen Victoria ! of Britain's kingdoms three !  
 Empress of Ind, Colonial Queen, with power supreme on sea,  
 whose gladsome, globe-encircling sound salutes your royal ear—  
 three hundred million voices hail your Jubilean year.  
 'Tis not that 'mong monarchs none holds a prouder place—  
 the flag of England waving o'er one-third the human race—  
 that all within your mighty realm desire that this should be  
 mark'd, a memorable year ! your year of Jubilee !

'Tis because that never King or Queen of Albion's Isle,  
 nor Potentate of any land on which the sun doth smile,  
 hath worn the golden fillet—the diadem on brow—  
 more gracefully, more modestly, more lovingly, than thou !  
 who sway the rod of Empires is of ruling but a part ;  
 the glory thine that thou dost reign within thy people's heart.  
 O vastly greater Britain, beyond the deep blue sea,  
 hail with a love as fond as ours thy year of Jubilee !

How glorious for your empire these fifty years have been !  
 How wondrous the extension its boundaries have seen !  
 In commerce, population, wealth, how greatly hath it grown,  
 eclipsing all the monarchs the world has ever known.

In science, art, and literature, what height it hath attain'd ;  
 The light, the social comfort great, which mass and class have gain'd ;  
 And of this glory national, no mean part's due to thee ;  
 We therefore hail with grateful joy thy year of Jubilee !

Eventful for your Majesty have also been these years,  
 For life to all, both high and low, consists of smiles and tears.  
 You've seen around you olive plants spring up, and bud, and blow,  
 With all the charms which native grace and culture can bestow.  
 One grief profound a shadow threw on your effulgent day,  
 Which all the sheen of sunbeams bright can never chase away ;  
 With bleeding, but submissive heart, you bent to Heaven's decree—  
 So sadness must not now, O Queen, bedim your Jubilee !

Albert the Good ! the loved and lost—the husband of your youth—  
 The very soul of honour was—nobility and truth ;  
 We will forgive you, though, amid the shouts of joy you hear,  
 You should by times recall the past and shed a bitter tear.  
 Yet, had your gentle bosom ne'er been wrung with deep distress,  
 Could you have shared, as you have done, your people's bitterness.  
 Let this sweet thought, in moments sad, some consolation be,—  
 'Twill help to gild a passing cloud in time of Jubilee !

O ! had it pleased the King of Kings, enthroned in yonder Heaven,  
 To life so noble and so pure, lease longer to have given ;  
 O ! had the Prince been spared to see this epoch of glad time,  
 Ere wafted up, on angel wing, to regions more sublime,  
 With what a glowing rapture would his loving heart have beat,  
 To see a loyal Empire lay its honours at your feet !  
 Could he have fête and pageant graced, the glory shared with thee,  
 What lustre would it not have shed upon your Jubilee !

Long may your gracious Majesty adorn the British Throne—  
 Long yet before a nation's tears proclaim that thou art gone !  
 Much as we love the Prince of Wales, the Princess fair serene,  
 We want no other Sovereign, we want no other Queen !  
 The friend of rich and poor alike, may God prolong your reign ;  
 As Queen, as woman, never shall we see your like again.  
 An humble and unlaurell'd bard is proud his songs shall see  
 The light in fame-illumin'd year—Victoria's Jubilee !

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## MY NATIVE BRITISH ISLES.

Yes ! there are climes more genial far  
Than thine, my Fatherland !

And soft blue sunny skies there are  
More exquisitely bland.

Italia fair, and luscious Gaul,  
Bask bright in Heaven's smiles !

Yet, O ! I love above them all  
My native British Isles.

Merry England, rich in streams and lakes,  
Greenwood, and forest free ;

And thou, romantic "land of cakes,"  
Twin-sister of the sea,

Whene'er I muse upon your charms,  
The theme each care beguiles ;

And every fonder feeling warms  
To you, my native Isles.

It is not that your green fields own  
The spot which gave me birth,

Nor that in you is found the home  
Of all I prize on earth.

O ! this my "heart of hearts" doth bind  
As with a wizard's wiles ;

But claims more noble lie enshrined  
In you, my native Isles.

O'er many lands your sceptre free  
Extends its gentle sway ;

Your war-ships ride on every sea,  
Anchor in every bay ;

Your empire spans vast India o'er,  
Australia's untold miles ;

"Dominion" owns the lion-power  
Throned on the British Isles.

If vines do bloom on foreign lands,  
For you the fruits do grow ;

If waves roll down their golden sands,  
To you the wealth doth flow.

Gems of the earth and ocean blue  
 Reward your people's toils ;  
 All nature buds and blooms for you,  
 My native British Isles.

For hostile tariffs there are none  
 Debarring from your strand ;  
 The products of each clime and sun  
 Are welcome to your land.  
 Your commerce, speech, and press, are free  
 From fetters and from coils ;  
 The chosen home of liberty  
 Is in the British Isles.

The tempest and the hurricane  
 May sweep across your sky ;  
 The lowering mist, the snow and rain  
 Obscure your canopy ;  
 But hardy are your gallant sons,  
 And bright your maidens' smiles ;  
 Life with a gladsome current runs  
 In you, my native Isles.

Britannia ! Queen of Ocean thou !  
 And First Power of the world ;  
 The olive branch surrounds thy brow,  
 Thy banner 's ne'er unfurl'd  
 Till despot-power or savage pride  
 From treaty-right resiles ;  
 Then forth your dreadful thunders ride,  
 Ye stormy British Isles.

On waters smooth still onward glide,  
 Thou glorious British realm ;  
 Some Pitt or Gladstone for your guide !  
 Some Beaconsfield at helm ;  
 Then shall millennial ages pass  
 In cycled rounds and styles,  
 Ere strangers come to say, " alas " !  
 For you, my native Isles.

Ye Britons brave, defend and guard  
 Your country's bright renown ;  
 And to your children unimpair'd  
 Transmit her Church and Crown.  
 The wretch let withering blight pursue  
 Who'd mar her ancient piles ;  
 And free ! united ! loyal, true !  
 Still be the British Isles.

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## A SUMMER SUNSET.

The parting smile of Phœbus plays  
 Upon the dusky hill ;  
 The warblers chant their vesper lays,  
 And all is sweet and still.  
 Lo ! variegated streaks of gold  
 Adorn the western skies ;  
 Beneath, in loveliness untold,  
 A summer landscape lies.

The dewy diamonds sparkle clear  
 Upon the violets blue ;  
 And if a floweret drops a tear,—  
 O, sun ! it weeps for you.  
 Melodious numbers in the air  
 The ear of fancy hears—  
 Sweeter than notes of nightingales  
 Or music of the spheres.

Fair Hesper, lovely star of even' !  
 Behold ! she comes, I ween,  
 Out from the slumbering host of Heaven  
 To gaze upon the scene.  
 Lo ! everything on earth—in air—  
 Sweet, passing sweet, doth seem ;  
 The cloudlets float like islets fair  
 In yonder golden gleam.



## DAVID MITCHELL AIRD.

DAVID MITCHELL AIRD was a native of Paisley; and after assisting his mother at the clipping of shawls, and receiving his education, he served his apprenticeship as a compositor with Mr. Alex. Gardner.<sup>1</sup> He afterwards went to London, and by steadiness and intelligent industry rose to high position in that great city.

To acquire a thorough knowledge of the French language, he went to Paris, and while there carrying out his grand object, he worked as a compositor with M. Galignani. On returning to London, he determined to make the most of his knowledge of French, of which he was master both as to

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gardner was born in Paisley, and served his apprenticeship as a letterpress printer with the late Mr. Stephen Young. Mr. Gardner commenced business as a bookseller in 1829, in the shop No. 5 Moss Street, and removed to No. 3 in the same street, where he remained till his death. Mr. Gardner added to his business of bookseller that of printer and publisher; and his first publication was "Conversations with Craig and Brown in 1829, before being executed: By the Rev. John Geddes and Professor Symington." Mr. Gardner was highly respected, and upright in all his ways and actions. His shop became the rendezvous of nearly all the clergymen in the town, and many pamphlets and reprints issued from his printing press. Mr. Gardner died on 25th August, 1875, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. Gardner is the author of the following:—"Christ's Second Coming Identified with the Day of Judgment," 1833; "Defence of Infant Baptism," 1851; "On Lots," 1851; "Thoughts on the Freedom of the Will, with Remarks on the Lecture by the Rev. James Morison," 1854; "Letter to a Friend on Infant Baptism," 1854; "The Distinctive Principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church," 1862; "Thoughts on the Doctrine of Election, with Remarks on the Views of the Rev. James Morison," 1865; "A Catechism on the Lord's Supper," 1868; "Reply to the Pamphlet of David King, of Why Baptise the Little Ones?" 1875.—Mr. Gardner's son, of the same name, carries on a similar business to his father's on a much larger scale, and is a most extensive and successful publisher. About a year ago, he received the honourable appointment of Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen.

tr and pronunciation. Mr. Aird therefore fixed on an quarter, where he established, with great success, at a shilling a week. At this time, while he em his leisure hours in contributing articles to periodicals a fictitious name, the owner of the *Mirror* requested send an article to that pioneer of cheap literature. so, and was in 1843 appointed the editor.

his time he started his first periodical, entitled the , a bi-monthly magazine, which, not succeeding, was ip at the end of six months. He still, however, con- to print in his printing office, to teach French, and to e *Mirror*. By his assiduity and perseverance, the g business increased immensely ; and, having twenty at newspapers going through his machines, he consid- himself to be the largest newspaper printer in the world. Aird was the first who printed a London penny daily aper, *The Telegraph*. He started a "penny magazine," early every article in it was written by himself.

Aird also found leisure to write and publish several tic works. His dramatic compositions are : — "The Trap," a play, 1856 ; "The Stolen Kiss," a farce ; "Maid of Avenel," an operatic piece ; "Jessie of Dun-" extracts from an operetta in two acts ; "Life : or the n of a Philanthropist," a drama in three acts. His ver- genius also enabled him to become a Barrister-at-law e Middle Temple ; and he published in 1872 "Black- Economised," consisting of 300 pages. He likewise shed "The Student's Self-instructing French Gram- " "The Student's Self-instructing Latin Grammar," and atax Made Easy : or, How to Speak and Write French ectly."

r. Aird was also a poet of no mean order, and many of pieces appear in his dramatic compositions and in his biography printed by Alex. Gardner, Paisley, in 1861,

under the *nom de plume* of "Pamphilius ; or, the Head and Heart Legacy to his Son," from which we have gathered the materials for this short memoir.

I give here three samples of his poetic powers :—

#### THE BRAVE AND THE BOLD ALLIANCE.

Hurrah for brave France and bold England !  
 The glory of all who are free !  
 With their sons as brothers united,  
 With peace shall be then their decree.  
 Let their war be the war of justice,  
 Their flag, the standard of love ;  
 Their beacon, the bright star of wisdom ;  
 Their emblem, the Serpent and Dove !  
 Hurrah ! for brave France and bold England ! &c.

For with hearts and arms united,  
 What Power can them gainsay ?  
 Their voice being that of Heaven,  
 France and England mast carry the sway.  
 Long life to Victoria and Napoleon,  
 May they live in the hearts of the free—  
 In the hearts of our children's children,  
 As the glory of sweet liberty !  
 Hurrah ! for brave France and bold England ! &c.

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#### HAVELOCK TO HIS WARRIOR BAND.

" On ! on ! my Brave Band of Heroes ! "

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the shriek of the children !  
 And the wives of the brave who are slain !  
 Who in cold blood were brutally slaughtered,  
 While pleading for mercy in vain !  
 O spare, spare my wife, cries the soldier !  
 The mother, she pleads for her child !  
 But, alas ! barbarity triumphs,  
 And Cawnpore with victims is piled !

On, on, then ! cried Havelock the brave,  
 Nine battles we've fought on these plains ;  
 The tenth will hallow our glory !  
 Charge ! charge ! till no rebel remains !  
 No quarter we'll give to these tigers !  
 For they spared neither mother nor child !  
 But as Heaven's soft voice is mercy,  
 To the helpless be clement and mild !  
 When England again rules the Ganges,  
 Let a tear for the fallen be shed !  
 And the widow and orphan be sheltered,  
 Bequeath'd by the glorious dead !

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SONG. — THIS GREEN SPOT. .

On this green spot my mother sat,  
 Her heart was steeped in grief—  
 Beneath, her father slept in death—  
 Her bosom sought relief.  
 Instead of tears a mist there fell,  
 Like air and blended cloud ;  
 And from the tomb a voice she heard,  
 Angelic, sweet, yet loud.  
 “ Weep not for me, my daughter dear,  
 But weep for those who sin ;  
 Their life is only death, my child,  
 Their pilgrimages vain.  
 “ Weep not for me, my daughter dear,  
 But weep for those who sin ;  
 For tho' I'm dead, I yet still live  
 In harmony with Him,  
 With Him who died for sin.”

Aird died at his town residence, 2 Sussex Gardens,  
 Park, London, on 15th June, 1876, aged 63 years.

## JOHN CAMPBELL.

JOHN CAMPBELL was born at the Town Head<sup>1</sup> of Paisley, on the 30th April, 1814. His father was a weaver to trade, and was descended from the Campbells, who owned a property at Townhead. John Campbell, flesher, acquired the ground at No. 58 High Street. He built a house thereon, and put on the lintel of the entrance door—"I C . A . P I 1666." The first two initials represent John Campbell, and the last two would be those of his wife's name, for that was a customary thing to do at the period I refer to. I do not know what the central letter A represents. This property descended to his son, James Campbell, horse merchant, who is thus described in the poll-tax roll of Renfrewshire, taken in 1695:—"James Campbell, horse mert., worth 500 and not 5000 mks. 2 lib. 16 sh.; Agnes Lang, his spouse, 6 sh.; Agnes Campbell, child, 6 sh.; Jean Jamieson, servt., 13 lib.—fee, 6 sh. 6d. 4 . 0 . 6." This property remained in the Campbell family till 1853, a period of nearly two hundred years, when it was bought by Mr. Stewart Clark,<sup>2</sup> to enable him to improve the view from his dwelling-house in Oakshaw, and also to add to the size of his garden. This house was accordingly taken down, except the wall fronting the street, which was retained as an enclosure to the garden. But this part of the wall will soon be removed also, including the lintel with the letters and figures thereon, so conspicuous a landmark of old Paisley, to make way for the elegant church in course

<sup>1</sup> The part of the Main, or High Street, called the Townhead in ancient times, extended from the West Port to the Vennel, at present called Lady Lane, being between what is now No. 35 on the south side, and No. 85 on the north side.

<sup>2</sup> A brother of George A. Clark, who bequeathed a large sum of money to erect the present Town Hall.

hon to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas Coats, of  
 sic. I have no doubt this lintel will be carefully  
 ed.

future poet, after receiving a good education from his  
 , entered the warehouse of Mr. Robert Patison,  
 manufacturer, High Street, who was succeeded by his  
 r, Mr. James Stirrat, and there he remained till the  
 of the latter gentleman, when the business was given  
 le afterwards, for the rest of his lifetime, filled, as  
 various situations of trust in Paisley with fidelity, and  
 distinguished by the most exemplary conduct. He died  
 August, 1885, aged seventy-four years. In early life  
 Campbell devoted a portion of his leisure time to  
 al composition. His verses appeared in the local  
 pers, under the *nom de plume* of "Argyle," and in  
 "New Paisley Repository" of 1853. But they have  
 been collected and published in a volume by them-  
 . Examples of his poetic works are subjoined:—

PETER BURNET; OR, BLACK PETER.

Peter was a handsome youth some fifty years ago,  
 our scribe John has told us he was a swelling beau ;  
 as a jovial weaver when they were in their pride ;  
 a Paisley weaver in those days could swell wi' fashion's tide.

Peter came to Paisley when he was plump and young,  
 as as curious a kid as ever yet was sung ;  
 first exploit was when he cut to tip the Yankee war,  
 jump'd on board the Fencastle, a little sooty tar.

When Peter came among us first he swore the devil was white,  
 white men in Virginia did lash with devil's might ;  
 on his crown he wore a tuft of sacred reared hair,  
 the Great Spirit to lift him up to Heaven through the air.

Had you seen Black Peter when he was our Paisley buck,  
 'd think dandyism nothing now, or that it was done up ;  
 silver buckles on his knees, his ruffles great and small,  
 his nankin breeches — oh ! you'd laugh were I to tell you all.

His coat was black or brown, as the fashion then might be,  
 His velvet vest was spangled, like any lord's, d'ye see,  
 His stockings, too, of pure white thread, for that was all the go,  
 And his hat so smartly check-a-gee — all trig from top to toe.

Oh ! Peter was a gleesome chiel, good fun was all his study,  
 His wit was bright, his laugh was loud, care could not make him muddy ;  
 Had you seen him in those days playing at the ball,  
 How he jump'd and frolick'd round about the smartest of them all.

But Peter's dancing days were closed, for Peter fell in love  
 With a pretty lass, call'd Peggy, so he ceas'd at once to rove ;  
 For she turn'd him to a Christian, tho' he was always civil ;  
 But now he saw new light, and knew the colour of the devil.

Alas ! alas ! poor Peter, his pretty Peggy died,  
 And Peter was disconsolate, both day and night he cried ;  
 But time wore Peter's grief away, and he once more was gay,  
 And laugh'd or joked as he was wont, when love was out the way.

Now he turned to fortune-hunting, and when on the scent for game,  
 Two thousand pounds was in the wind, with a spruce Mulatto dame ;  
 But, oh ! ho ! Peter reckoned without his precious host,  
 For somehow, tho' we never knew, this precious hit was lost.

To tell all Peter's rigs and loves would take a whole night's chatter,  
 For after this he married twice, 'twas all for love, no matter ;  
 And now, alas ! for Peter, he's grown old and poor also,  
 But he's still a fine old fellow, as ever you saw go.

Our gifted "Duncan Grant," whose name is here "scribe John,"  
 Has written Peter's life in full,<sup>1</sup> for threepence 'tis your own ;  
 Poor Peter is the vendor, and when calling at your door,  
 He looks like an old gentleman, and laughs away tho' poor.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This refers to John Parkhill, who, as already stated, wrote, in 1841, a biographical sketch of Peter, extending to twenty-four pages. When Peter became too feeble to work at the loom, and the weaving trade was bad, Peter, to aid him in earning a livelihood, went about the town and sold this publication.

<sup>2</sup> It was Peter who took the dead body of Tannahill out of the Canal tunnel of Maxwellton burn, on the morning of the 17th of May, 1810. Peter died on 1st August, 1847, aged 83 years.

## SONG.

*Air—"Shouter to Shouter."*

Come on, ye worthies, here and there,  
 That love our dear auld Jeems-Day Fair ;  
 Forget dull care, and dance or sing,  
 Good fun and friendship is the thing.  
 Let's haud oor auld St. Jeems-Day Fair,  
 For auld langsyne, when we were young ;  
 'Tis oor ain fair — the best to us  
 Was ever held or ever sung.

See Glasgo' billies thronging in  
 In thousan's, a' sae clean an' trim ;  
 The dust will rise ere they gae hame —  
 But what altho', gin't dinna rain ?  
 Anon the tents begin to fill ;  
 Some prize the dram, some quaff the yill ;  
 The pipe is lit, and social fun  
 Is fairly on, and wit begun.

Come, gie's a sang, my worthy frien',  
 "Begone, Dull Care" 's the very thing ;  
 Weel dune, auld Tam ! ye're just the man  
 That can dae justice to a sang.  
 They're aff ! they're aff ! oh, what a tussle !  
 An aul' wife's faun amid the bus'le ;  
 "Blue jacket has it ! that's my man,  
 You'll lose yer bet," says sly auld Tam.

The Glasgo' dandies, wi' their glass,  
 Are quizzing every bonnie lass ;  
 My certes ! but they ha'e a cheek,  
 But Paisley belles are very sweet.  
 The strangers praise our bonnie coorse,  
 As weel they may, for it is fine ;  
 E'en every thing about the place  
 Is quickly coming up to time.

Noo, lads, ye've heard my Jeems-Day sang,  
 Gif no ower short, it's no ower lang ;  
 Let's make the most of life's short day,  
 For love and life fleet fast away.  
 Let all go home and happy be,  
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day  
 To sing our sangs, and jolly be.  
 Hooray ! hooray ! hooray ! hooray !



## ANDREW FOULDS.

ANDREW FOULDS was a native of Paisley, and was born on 17th October, 1815. His father, of the same name, who was also a native of Paisley, was a cooper to trade, and had, at his death, his place of business at No. 95 High Street, Paisley. His son received a good education; and after leaving school, he learned the trade of a cooper, under his father, who died in 1830. The son, although then only fifteen years of age, girding himself with firm resolution, carried on the business with energy and success. He managed besides, by his zeal and perseverance, and the cultivation of his natural talents, to be a prolific writer and essayist, and one of the leading members of the literary youthful associations in town. Unfortunately, his life was not of long duration; for in the height of the enjoyment of good health and high hopes and spirits, he was attacked with that virulent disease, typhus fever, which is so frequently fatal; and after an illness of only twelve days, he died on 13th November, 1841, aged 26 years. His companions and acquaintances, while mourning the death of their genuine friend, whom they regarded as a young man of superior mind and promise, and an eminently gifted son of Song, erected a memorial-stone where his remains were interred in the Gaelic Church Burying-ground, having the following inscription on it:—"To the memory of Andrew Foulds, who died 12th November, 1841, aged 26 years. Erected by a few friends in recognition of his moral worth and literary attainments." The youthful Andrew Foulds was beloved and respected by everyone who knew him for the great abilities he possessed and for his genuine worth.

ng the numerous poetical emanations from the pen of Andrew Foulds, is one he contributed to the *Renfrewshire* of 1841, entitled "Lines to an unco wee Laddie." In the issue of the same periodical for the following year, also appeared from his pen a poetical piece, "On a Sister's Marriage." A melancholy event is connected with the latter, which is thus explained by the editor of that publication (p. 317):—"These verses, written by a young man of promise, derive no little interest from the fact that he died himself on the eve of being united in marriage to one he had long loved, died of fever only a few days after he made us this contribution." Both of these, along with other poetical effusions by Mr. Foulds, are here given. The length of his pieces, in 143 verses, which has as yet only been preserved in manuscript, is entitled "The Begunk: a Halloween Tale." I give an extract, illustrative of the author's style, of a female beauty. His pieces have not yet been collected and published in book form.

#### THE BEGUNK: A HALLOWEEN TALE.

##### EXTRACT.

A lovely, bonnie queen she was  
 Whilk noo before the two did pause,  
 Her form it gied the purest laws  
     O' every grace ;  
 Nane wad hae said that cantrips fause  
     E'er there got place.

Her beauteous brow sae meekly shaded,  
 A' round her hair lay neatly braided,  
 Ye nicht hae thocht a sculptor made it,  
     Wi' Grecian taste ;  
 Nae villain could it hae degraded  
     An' laid it waste.

Her twa dark e'en were maistly hid,  
 Ilk wi' a sinking pearly lid,

Like twa bricht suns aneath a clud,  
     A glorious tint ;  
 They kendl't wad the cau'lest bluid  
     Wi' ae sweet glint.

Her lovely cheek ! O ! nane can tell  
 What raptures wad his bosom swell,  
 Wha had the richt within himsel'  
     There to impress,  
 Wi' mad'ning feelings nought could quell,  
     Love's fondest kiss.

Her mouth ! her lips ! the reddest rose  
 A purer, deeper leaf ne'er blows ;  
 Through their pure portals sweetly flows  
     The silvery sang,  
 While roun' the thrilling music glows  
     Wi' cadence lang.

Her bosom heaved—sae spotless, fair—  
 Wi' mony a sigh and sabbing sair ;  
 The waving ringlets o' her hair  
     Strayed ower its space,—  
 An angel's form could shawn nae mair  
     Than that sweet face.

---

LINES TO AN UNCO WEE LADDIE.

Wee squechin', spurrin', helpless thing,  
 Thy sweet wee face e'en gars me sing,  
 As hearty welcome as would bring  
     Thy first saft smile,  
 As on thy mither's breast ye cling,  
     Unskaited wi' guile.

Whaur come ye frae, wee stranger carle ?  
 Or saw ye ought o' licht or warl'  
 Till ance ye gied your first loud skirl  
     On this auld yirth,  
 And made wi' joy our hearts to whirl,  
     That hailed thy birth ?

Vain queries ! but we fain would ken,  
 Noo that ye've come, hoo ye're to fen'  
 Amid the strife and stour o' men—  
     Their quirks and wiles,  
 Whaur rogues aft warsle far'est ben  
     Wi' lichtest toils.

Wee baneless chap, it grieves me sair  
 To think on a' the fortunes queer  
 That wait thee in this new career  
     Through life's fell brussle—  
 Griefs, broken taes, schules, crabbed lair,  
     An' wark's hard strussle.

Dark thochts like thae aft gar me think  
 Sweet things like thee had better jink  
 'This wae'fu' life, nor farer sink  
     'Mang a' its care,  
 Noo that ye breathe on heaven's brink,  
     An' maistly there.

But hoot, awa ! I wish ye weel—  
 Lang life hae thee, my brisk wee chiel ;  
 That's richt—come, gie's anither squeel,  
     An' lauchin' loup ;  
 An' aff through life begin to spiel—  
     Thy parents' houp !

---

THE VOICE OF MELODY.

Tis sweet, when all is mirthful in life's early morn,  
 When eyes are laughing bright with youthful glee,  
 To feel our bosoms leap, with their own gladness borne  
 To ecstasy with notes of merry melody.

And oh ! 'tis sweet to weary bosoms torn with grief,  
 Wounded, and bleeding, with a deadly flow,  
 To find a soothing, though a mournful, sad relief  
 In dark communion with the strains of woe.

And who shall speak the glow, the gladness that will rise  
 Within an exile's bosom, when the swell  
 The living tones of young life's long-lost harmonies  
 Steal on his senses with enchantment's spell.

But oh ! there's moments dearer to the human soul,  
 Of joy, which tastes of holiness and Heaven,  
 When all a poet's fervour mocks the mind's control,  
 Wild with the passion by those moments given.

They come, when with the twilight we are left alone  
 In love's seclusion, when the clear still air  
 Lists to love's softest music, when that dullest time  
 Pours a new rapture on the lover's ear.

All nature seems to listen, the soft-sleeping birds  
 Awaken, for there's something in love's voice  
 So thrillin', yet so tender, that the proudest words  
 Of eloquence seem vain when rapt amid its joys.

---

#### ON A FRIEND'S MARRIAGE.

Long let them love together ! for their lips have spoken  
 The dear confession, and their lives are one,  
 Knit by the vowings that can ne'er be broken  
 Till the fleet memory of life's love is gone.

All, all is joyfulness, and eyes are speaking  
 Loudly the whisperings of the secret breast ;  
 And warm affection's tones come sweetly breaking  
 The tenderer silence, and now both are blest.

Oh ! why is all this blessedness and loving ?  
 Did their young bosoms guilelessly grow dear  
 'Mid childhood-moments, when the heart is moving  
 With the light gleasomeness stern time may scar

And did he touch in innocence her fingers  
 In the light wanderings of life's sinless days,  
 O'er which the soul in backward yearning lingers  
 To save one gleaming of their long-lost rays ?

By ne'er might wander thus ; but each had dreamings,  
Untold imaginings, of kindred hearts,  
Gleaming like heaven-thoughts, when their hope-fraught beamings  
Soothe the worn spirit that this earth departs.

And well might rapture thrill through those fond bosoms,  
When the bright readings of their day-dreams came—  
When each gave up to each, love's untouched blossom,  
And fancy wondered if it still did dream.

For there are lonely ones whose hearts ne'er lighted  
Love's burning sympathy, whose once warm breath  
Was chilled with broken hopes, whose gay breasts, blighted,  
Court the cold bridal and embrace of death.

And lonelier still, who smile but in their sleeping,  
When the dear visions of dead forms arise,  
Fighting the eyeballs darkened o'er with weeping,  
For the sad sundering of earth's tenderest ties.

When let him guard her well, that meek one clinging  
With child-simplicity around him now ;  
And let his love give back her glad heart's singing,  
The priceless offering of her bosom's flow.

## MRS. TAYLOR.

MRS. TAYLOR, whose maiden name was Jessie Mitchell, a daughter of Mr. John Mitchell, the poet, was born in 1815. She married Mr. James Taylor, a flower-lasher to trade, and a son of the late Bailie James Taylor, manufacturer, Paisley. When the weaving trade became so much depressed about 1840, Mr. Taylor ceased to be a flower-lasher, and had a fruit and seed shop in the Cross Steeple, and afterwards in Moss Street. About the middle of the century they left for America, and after remaining there for some years, they returned to England. Mrs. Taylor died on 12th September, 1880, in the house of her daughter, who was married to William Gill, commander, Cunard Royal Mail S.S. "Algeria," and resided at Bootle, near Liverpool. Mr. Taylor some time afterwards went to New Zealand.

Mrs. Taylor inherited from her father all his best poetical qualifications, and cultivated the muse very successfully. Several of her pieces appeared in the local newspapers, and also in the book entitled, "Lays of St. Mungo; or, the Minstrelsy of the West," which was published in 1844. When her father published, in 1840, his volume of poems and songs, entitled, "The Wee Steeple Ghaist," he stated at the end of the book (p. 205) that, "The three following pieces were written by my daughter at an early age, and I hope their insertion in this place will not be objected to by my readers.—J. M." This refers to the first three pieces.

### TO A SNOWDROP.

Welcome ! sweet messenger of Spring,  
 Thy slender form  
 Looks lovelier 'mid the storm  
 Than aught that Summer suns will bring ;

No gentle hand did tend thy birth,  
 Or guard thy little spot of earth,  
 Yet thou wilt live thy little span  
 Without the aid of selfish man.

Live on, then, little flower,  
 Tho' wild and drear  
 Thy mountain home appear,  
 Fear not, tho' tempests lour ;  
 No little elfin, mad with play,  
 Will wander here to shorten thy brief stay ;  
 And the wild briars that round thee grow,  
 Will shelter thee when rude winds blow.

Ah ! would my lot like thine had been  
 On the mountain's side,  
 Where, at evening's tide  
 I might have wander'd, all unseen,  
 Afar from where false friends intrude,  
 To break the heart's fond solitude,  
 And where love's madness ne'er could chain  
 A heart that must not love again.

One little boon I'll ask of thee  
 Ere from thy mountain home I flee ;  
 It is to kiss from off thy snowy breast  
 The frozen tear that there finds rest ;  
 Bending thy slender stem, that bears to heaven  
 The sweetest snowdrop e'er from earth was given.

---

IMPROMPTU :

ON SEEING THE LEAVES OF A ROSE DROP FROM THE BUSH.

Thy leaves are scatter'd round me,  
 Thy blooming life is o'er ;  
 And the tenure frail that bound thee  
 To thy stem, exists no more ;  
 Thou wert too pure and fair for earth,—  
 Go, bloom in heaven, it gave thee birth.



## THE SISTERS.

Ours was a happy home, Mary,  
 And children gay were we ;  
 No care was on our brows, Mary,  
 When by our mother's knee.

Or wandering up the glen, Mary,  
 To pu' the scented thyme ;  
 Alas ! these days are gone, Mary,  
 The days for which I pine.

Nor will they come again, Mary,  
 For altered sair are we ;  
 Nor will we smile again, Mary,  
 Around our mother's knee.

To a brighter world than this, Mary,  
 Her gentle spirit's gone ;  
 Our griefs, too, and our cares, Mary,  
 Now we maun share alone !

Ye canna feel like me, Mary,  
 The past by you's forgot ;  
 Ye're happy wi' your bairns, Mary,  
 Tho' humble be your lot.

We were of different mould, Mary,  
 You were the gentler star ;  
 My spirit roamed abroad, Mary,  
 And sighed for things afar.

Life is of transient stay, Mary,  
 A smile, and all is o'er ;  
 A burning tear, and then, Mary,  
 Our voice is heard no more !

And mine will soon be still, Mary,  
 But, oh ! ere I depart,  
 With all thy former love, Mary,  
 O, press me to thy heart !

And when the restful eve, Mary,  
 Spreads silence o'er the plain,  
 And the stars are twinkling low, Mary,  
 Come to my grave alane.

Recall there all our loves, Mary,  
And o'er my silent grave  
Shed the warm tears of love, Mary,  
No dearer boon I crave.

---

## THE DECEIVER.

Thy dreams of fond, of happy love,  
Thy dreams, dear maid, are o'er ;  
Nor simmer's smile, nor aught that's gay,  
Will ever charm thee more.  
Thy pale, pale cheek, and tearfu' e'e,  
Thy bosom's aching thro'e,  
The half suppress'd but bursting sigh,  
Bespeak thine inward woe.  
Nae mair adown life's pleasing stream  
Wilt thou wi' pleasure glide,  
For love nae langer wafts thy bark  
On hope's delusive tide ;  
While he, whose smile won thy young heart,  
Unmindfu' o' thy tears,  
Amid the thoughtless an' the gay  
The gayest far appears.  
Ah, man ! can pleasure fan thy breast,  
While she, who deemed thee true,  
'Neath sorrow's shade the tears let fa',  
That ha'e their source in you ?  
True love wreathes flowers on life's rough path,  
And soothes the bed o' care,  
But falsehood ne'er, wi' a' her art,  
Love's heartfelt joys will share.

## ALEXANDER HARDIE.

ALEXANDER HARDIE was born in Calton, Glasgow, on 11th December, 1825. When only one year old, he was removed, with his parents, to reside in Paisley. His father was a shoemaker to trade, who enlisted in the 90th Light Infantry, and rose to be Quartermaster-Sergeant. He retired, after many years' service, with a good pension. Alexander received a good deal more than the usual amount of education given to children in his class of life. After leaving the Seedhill School, which was the last he attended, when fourteen years of age, he tried to get a situation of the better sort, but failing to obtain one, he was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade. About 1843, when eighteen years of age, he commenced to compose poetry. In 1849 he collected all his poetical pieces, none of which had been printed, and published them in pamphlet form. They consisted of 114 pages, and were entitled, "A Selection of Songs and Sentiments." In 1854 he published verses, extending to sixteen pages, entitled, "Freedom: a Poem." In after years he contributed largely to the newspapers, both in verse and prose, but these pieces have never been collected and published separately. Some time prior to 1881 his eye-sight commenced to fail, and in that year he altogether lost his sight through a gradual decay of the optic nerve, which could not be cured. Alexander Hardie, after living for a long time, with his family, at No. 128 George Street, died on 4th March, 1888.

### THRO' THE HAWKHEAD WOODS I'VE STRAY'D.

Thro' the Hawkhead woods I've stray'd  
When summer sun shone bright, lady,

And with the wild birds notes I've play'd,  
 To muse with heart so light, lady.  
 I heard the thrush its charm display,  
 The linnet, sweet, pour'd forth its lay ;  
 But, ah ! the sweetest of the day  
 Was welcomed aye to thee, lady.

By the mill there runs a stream  
 In foaming love to thee, lady ;  
 Its bonny braes disclose a dream  
 Of flowery scenes to thee, lady.  
 Bounding forth, with mighty speed,  
 The deer and roe together lead,  
 Undaunting, with the joyous head  
 Of royalty, to thee, lady.

Fain would the meanest insect tell  
 That homage due to thee, lady ;  
 The laden snowdrop's bonny bell,  
 It opes its smile to thee, lady.  
 Weary thoughts dissolve as snow,  
 Dreary nights to mirth do bow,  
 Constant loves with ardour glow,  
 When join'd in heart with thee, lady.

Then come, let all unite to praise  
 The Hawkhead's bonny woods and braes ;  
 Its glens, its knowes, and flowery ways,  
 Combined with love to thee, lady.  
 Constant as the heart is true,  
 Brilliant as the sun to view ;  
 When death its beauteous path shall strew,  
 We'll mourn its loss and thee, lady.

---

 THE BANKS O' CLYDE.

'Twas in a time when flowers in June  
 Had spread their blossoms on the lea,  
 When birds began their notes to tune,  
 To welcome Summer's opening e'e.

I wander'd out one evening fine,  
 Down by the bonny banks o' Clyde ;  
 The moon and stars did brilliant shine,  
 While gently ran the flowing tide.

And as I mus'd on nature's scene,  
 My heart fill'd fu' o' sorrow's care,  
 For many hours I, wi' my Jean,  
 In courting mood had sported there.

But now she's far fra' bonny Clyde,  
 And from my bosom ever torn ;  
 She's wrapt in death's cauld earthy plaid,  
 And I am lanely left to mourn.

I'll wander still where my true love  
 With me had spent the happy hours,  
 And where our vows oft faithful prov'd,  
 Within yon bonny scented bower.

But, O ! nae mair I'll Jeanie meet  
 Within that lovely bower again,  
 To kiss her rosy lips so sweet,  
 That oftimes free'd my heart from pain.

That grave to me will be a hame,  
 Where Jean in silence mould'ring lies ;  
 'Twill a' my comfort seem again,  
 To cheer my life, that swiftly flies.

And, O ! that spot design'd to me  
 I'll lo'e as Jeanie for my bride,  
 'Twill breathe to me her memory,  
 The flowering sweets o' bonny Clyde.

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#### SUSAN'S BOUGHT A TARTAN PLAID.

Susan's bought a tartan plaid,  
 A tartan plaid fu' braw and bonny ;  
 She's cast her auld ane now aside,  
 Nae mair to court in't wi' her Johnny.

This plaid is of the brightest hue,  
Wi' fringes hanging deep and massy,  
Weel stain'd wi' pink and royal blue,  
And a' to deck the bonny lassie.

When on her gaucy shoulders laid,  
There's room in't plenty for a crony ;  
And, wat ye, this the lassie said,  
Its biggest half she'd share wi' Johnny.

There's flowers to deck the mountain side,  
Baith hill and dale wi' verdure grassy ;  
But a', tho' strew'd wi' nature's pride,  
Nae richer seem than that dear lassie.

Her e'en like blue-bells wet wi' dew,  
Her cheeks like roses blooming bonny ;  
But a' the foremost sweets o' Sue,  
Is the plaid she bought to woo wi' Johnny.

She's row'd the plaid around her dear,  
And shar'd it wi' her shoulders gaucy ;  
Awa' to court by moonlight clear,  
The kind and loving bonny lassie.

The winter winds may raging blaw,  
The pelting rain may be its crony,  
But Susan disregards them a'  
When in the plaid along wi' Johnny.

## EDWARD POLIN.

EDWARD POLIN, whose father was a native of Ireland, was born in New Street, Paisley, on the 29th December, 1816. After leaving the school, he first worked as draw-boy, and afterwards was a hand-loom weaver. He was latterly engaged in the business of a pattern-setter in connection with the weaving trade of the town. During the discussions and agitation in Paisley in connection with Parliamentary and Burgh reform, he took an active part at the different public meetings, and always persistently advocated the extreme views held by the Radical party. He gave up his ordinary business, and for a time was connected with the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*. In 1843 he accepted the editorship of the *Newcastle Courant*. This situation he held for a few months only; and on leaving it, resolved to try his fortune in the London literary field. He sailed from Newcastle in August, 1843. While the vessel on the passage was at anchor, he left it, swimming but for a few yards, when his hands were observed by one of the sailors to sink into the water. A man belonging to the vessel had him quickly rescued and raised on deck; but although every effort was made to restore animation, all proved unsuccessful. This somewhat mysterious occurrence took place on the 22nd August, 1843. His remains were interred in St. George's Churchyard, Cripplegate, London.

The greater portion of his poetical pieces, which are not without some merit, first appeared in the periodical called the *Chartist Circular*, but they were never collected and published separately. He published anonymously in Paisley, in a pamphlet of 24 pages, in 1842, in prose and verse, a

tirical sketch called "Councillors in their Cups ; or, Formed Transformed : a lyrical laughter - piece." Of the language used was very personal and offensive.

### A LASSIE'S WONDERS.

A' kin's o' lads an' men I see—  
 The youngest and the auldest—  
 The fair, the dark—the big, the wee—  
 The blatest and the bauldest ;  
 An' mony a laughin', canty ane,  
 An' mony a coxin', sly man—  
 Hech, sirs ! 'mang a' the lads that rin,  
 I won'er wha'll be my man !

I won'er whar he is the noo,  
 I won'er gin he's near me ;  
 An' whar we'll meet at first, an' hoo  
 An' whan he'll come to speir me.  
 I won'er gin he kens the braes,  
 The bonnie braes whar I ran ;  
 Was't there he leaved his laddie days ?  
 I won'er wha'll be my man !

O, guidsake ! hoo I wish to ken  
 The man that I'm to marry,  
 The ane amang sae mony men—  
 I wish I kent a fairy,  
 Or onybody that can see  
 A far'er gate than I can ;  
 I won'er wha the chiel's to be—  
 I won'er wha'll be my man !

But losh na ! only hear to me !  
 It's neither wise nor bonnie  
 In asking wha the lad may be—  
 I'll maybe ne'er get ony.  
 But if for me indeed there's ane,  
 I think he's but a shy man  
 To keep me crying late and sune  
 " I won'er wha'll be my man ! "

E



## A GOOD OLD SONG.

I have wander'd afar 'neath stranger skies,  
 And have revell'd amid their flowers ;  
 I have lived in the light of Italian eyes,  
 And dreamed in Italian bowers ;  
 While the wondrous strains of their sunny clime  
 Have been trill'd to enchant mine ears ;  
 But, O ! how I longed for the song and the time  
 When my heart could respond with its tears.

Then sing me a song, a good old song—  
 Not the foreign, the learn'd, the grand—  
 But a simple song, a good old song  
 Of my own dear fatherland.

I have heard with the great, and the proud, and the gay,  
 All, all they would have me adore  
 Of that music divine that, enraptured, they say  
 Can be equall'd on earth nevermore.  
 And it may be their numbers indeed are divine,  
 Though they move not my heart through mine ears ;  
 But a ballad old of the dear " langsyne "  
 Can alone claim my tribute of tears.

I have come from a far and a foreign clime  
 To mine own loved haunts once more,  
 With a yearning for all of my childhood's time  
 And the dear home-sounds of yore ;  
 And here, if there yet be love for me,  
 O ! away with these stranger lays,  
 And now let my only welcome be  
 An old song of my boyhood's days.

## IT'S WEEL IT'S NAE WAUR.

It's true friends, it's true,  
 An' I'm wae to confess,  
 That our joy might be mair,  
 An' our grief might be less ;

But we aye get a mouthfu',  
 Though we whiles kenna whaur,  
 Sae, O ! friens, be thankfu'—  
 " It's weel it's nae waur."

We've a' dreet the girmin'  
 O' cauld gloomin' care ;  
 Yet, o' hope's mornin' sang  
 Ha'e we no had our share ?  
 Though the carey be dark whiles,  
 There's aye some bit star  
 Tae keep us reflectin'  
 " It's weel it's nae waur."

We've sickened in sorrow  
 At parting to-day,  
 But the meeting to-morrow  
 Can chase it away ;  
 An' if some friens ha'e withered  
 Sin' we were afar,  
 We ken whar their banes lie—  
 " It's weel it's nae waur."

Our ills ha'e been mony—  
 We've a' had our share,  
 An' nae doubt we've whiles thocht  
 That nane could ha'e mair ;  
 But yet there are thousan's  
 Mair wretched by far ;  
 Then, O ! friens, be thankfu'—  
 " It's weel it's nae waur."

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#### MARRIED THE MORN.

*Air*—" Woo'd, an' Married, an' a'."

O Freedom ! you're muckle deservin'  
 A' the sangs that are sung in your praise,  
 An' me ye've been servin' an' servin'  
 A' the blythest an' best o' my days ;  
 But we ne'er prize our pleasures eneuch  
 Till we see that frae us they are torn  
 Sae I'm singin' o' freedom the night,  
 For I'm to be married the morn.

Married at last the morn,  
 Buckled sae fast the morn ;  
 Sae I'm singing o' freedom the night,  
 For I'm to be married the morn.

But I trow ye, I wadna be buckled  
 Gin I saw it could otherwise be,  
 For I ken that when twa folk are coupled  
 Nor ane nor the ither is free ;  
 But that deil o' a lassie has wiled me—  
 She's witched me, as sure as I'm born ;  
 W' the glamour o' love she's beguiled me,  
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

Married at last the morn,  
 Buckled sae fast the morn ;  
 Wi' the glamour o' love she's beguiled me,  
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

Already the lassie can guide me  
 To gae or to come at her ca',  
 Then whit may I guess to betide me  
 When she rules wi' baith love an' the law !  
 But gudesake ! it canna be helpit,  
 To mak' her my ain I ha'e sworn—  
 At the kirk a' the parish was telt it,  
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

Married at last the morn,  
 Buckled sae fast the morn ;  
 At the kirk a' the parish was telt it,  
 Sae I'm to be married the morn.

An' noo, sin' it canna be better,  
 We'll e'en mak' the best o't we can ;  
 An' sin' for a wife I maun get her,  
 She just maun get me for a man.  
 We dinna ken what was intended,  
 We maybe for this o't were born ;  
 An' noo, folk, my sang maun be ended,  
 For I'm to be married the morn.

Married at last the morn,  
 Buckled sae fast the morn ;  
 An' noo, folk, my sang maun be ended,  
 For I'm to be married the morn.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM.

LIAM GRAHAM, a native of County Down, was born in 1816. He was brought to Paisley by his parents about six years of age, along with the other members of the family, to obtain better employment than they had in Ireland. Before leaving Ireland, William had received very little education, but in Paisley he attended a night-school some time. Being very desirous to have his education completed, he, by close application, was, after a time, able to read, write, and even made some progress and proficiency in algebra and arithmetic.

At first of all was a drawboy to a weaver; and when he was sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to the weaving trade, at which he remained till 1835, when he joined the British Legion, and sailed from Greenock for Spain on 5th September in that year. When in Spain, with other 85 in the same regiment laid down their arms at the end of the first year, because that was the termination of the engagement, and because their pay was in arrears, they had not been provided with their full rations. For an alleged act of insubordination, they were imprisoned for five months in a convict island, and afterwards sent to Portsmouth, and landed there in February, 1837, when they received one shilling and sixpence, and was told that if he went to London he would there receive his arrears of pay from the Spanish agent. When they went to London, the Spanish agent would not give them any money; and, being entirely destitute, the Lord Mayor made arrangements for providing them with one night's lodging. The following day, they all dispersed throughout the

country to obtain relief as they best could. The future poet, after many hardships, managed to reach Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he worked for about four months at a coal work, and eventually he arrived at Paisley in the autumn of 1837. Trade at that time was very much depressed, but after a time he obtained employment.

I do not know when William Graham first commenced to write verses ; but in 1851 he published a collection of twelve pages, entitled, "The Wild Rose ; being Songs, Comic and Sentimental,"—some of which he was accustomed to sing as a professional vocalist at minor concerts—and from these I give a specimen.

#### MY AIN TOUN.

*Air*—"Johnny's Grey Breeks."

It has been my fate to roam of late,  
 And many a gate I've tried my skill ;  
 In search of trade I journeyed,  
 Observing man and manners still.  
 And this I say, from Tweed to Tay,  
 O'er all the way that I did roam,  
 I never found a place or toun  
 Could match the one I started from.

I'll lo'e thee yet, my ain toun,  
 Though fortune's sun blinks seldom there ;  
 I'll no forget my ain toun—  
 Its merry lads and lasses fair.

In Glasgow toun I first sat down,  
 And said I there would make my home ;  
 'Mid noisy glee and jollity  
 I'd live content, no more to roam.  
 To work I fell, and to dispel  
 My sombre thoughts, I humm'd a song ;  
 My mind in verse I did rehearse,  
 And thus the chorus still went on.

I'll lo'e thee yet, &c.

Auld Reekie's fame, like meteor gleam,  
 Goes through the world far and wide ;  
 The Modern Athens is a name  
 Of which its sons may boast with pride.  
 Yet, take the mass, the populace,  
 The toiling class, 'tis them I'd test,  
 And, to my mind, they're yet behind  
 The thinking men that's farther west.  
 I'll lo'e thee yet, &c.

To pleasant Ayr I did repair,  
 And 'mang its fairest scenes did dwell ;  
 Great Rabby Burns, his home was there,  
 Whom few could equal, none excel.  
 I roam'd at will, by bank and rill,  
 Yet Fancy still behind would lag  
 Where Tannahill his song did thrill,  
 Where "Watty" brave reformed his "Meg."  
 I'll lo'e thee yet, &c.

To Dumfries next I took my way,  
 I passed its streets in mournful mood ;  
 I view'd its buildings and its quay,  
 Where Nith doth pour its limpid flood ;  
 But, oh ! my heart was in the part  
 Where winding Cart does gently glide,  
 Or, dashing, spin o'er rocky linn,  
 Wi' honest worth on ilka side.  
 I'll lo'e thee yet, &c.

Was't Paisley's Cart which caused the smart,  
 Perhaps in part it was the cause ;  
 Or was't her sense ? intelligence  
 Should still be prized, and still it was.  
 Or was't the thrill which Tannahill  
 Or Wilson gave, which caused regret ?  
 I blush to say, that fair Jeannie  
 To me had more attractions yet.

For her I lo'ed my ain toun,  
 And every street where she had been ;  
 I welcome noo my ain toun,  
 Since I am welcomed by my Jean.

## NATURE'S A SYSTEM OF KIND HARMONY.

*Air*—"Banks of the Dee."

One morning reclining  
 Where hazels, entwining,  
 Their branches seemed joining  
     In fond unity ;  
 The stream did meander  
 The nodding boughs under,  
 Bright Sol rose in grandeur  
     O'er mountain and lea ;  
 The oak broadly towered, and the ivy clung round it,  
 The peasant's gay song from the green fields resounded,  
 I shouted in joy, as my heart lightly bounded,  
     "O ! nature's a system of kind harmony !"

    In rapture thus gazing  
 • On objects so pleasing,  
     And mentally praising  
         The great Deity ;  
     While flowerets were springing,  
     And choristers singing,  
     The woodland was ringing  
         In glad melody :  
 "All are happy," I cried, "in fulfilling their station,  
 Munificence reigns o'er each kindred and nation,  
 I'll join in the song of the glorious creation,  
     "O ! nature's a system of kind harmony !"

    Then I thought on the horde  
     Who our substance devoured ;  
     And said — "Creation's Lord  
         An exception must be,  
     Since villains, designing,  
     In jewels are shining,  
     While virtue sits pining  
         In sad penury.  
 'Mid foul tainted air, which the frame is unnerving,  
 How many must toil for to keep them from starving,  
 While others have plenty, though quite undeserving,  
     Can this be the system of kind harmony !"

A butterfly, sporting  
 My leafy resort in,  
 Seem'd joyously courting  
     Each flower on its way ;  
 I almost envied it—  
 A small bird espied it,  
 First crush'd and destroy'd it,  
     Then chirped full gay.  
 I look'd up in sorrow, a hawk hovered o'er it,  
 He pounced on his prey, in wild frenzy he tore it,  
 I inwardly groan'd as I saw him devour it—  
     "Can this be a system of kind harmony!"

With feelings much bruised  
 I doubtfully mused,  
 My mind was confused  
     From what I had seen,  
 When a voice, soft and pleasing,  
 Said, "Worm of a season,  
 Why combats thy reason  
     Against the Supreme?  
 Had winter come on, then their pain were much greater,  
 Ye judge them as cruel, you saw but their nature,  
 Obeying the law of the mighty Creator  
     Of them, and the system of kind harmony!"

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FROM THE TITLE PAGE OF THE WILD ROSE.

My Muse, like the wild rose just opening to view,  
     Solicits the sunshine and showers ;  
 The breath of the Critic may blanch its gay hue,  
 May check its free growth for a time, it is true,  
     Yet add a fresh tone to its powers.

But should the stern tempest of Censure come nigh,  
     Or even Neglect's chilly gale,  
 It stands so exposed to this world's drear sky,  
 Its stem is so tender, I fear it will die,  
     And its first be its final appeal.



## WILLIAM WILSON.

WILLIAM WILSON was born in Stevenson Street, Paisley, in 1817; and when able to go to school, he received an education under the late Citizen John Kennedy, Gordon's Lane,<sup>1</sup> corresponding to his station of life. He afterwards learned to be a handloom weaver. When his father, who

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<sup>1</sup> John Kennedy was born in Edinburgh on 30th January, 1794, and came to Paisley at an early period of his life, along with his parents. After leaving school, he learned the trade of a handloom weaver. By applying himself closely to literary pursuits, and being ambitious at the same time to raise himself above the filling of a seat on the loom, he became a teacher of youth during the second decade of this century. His school-room was for a long time on the north side of Gordon's Lane, near its head, with an entrance also from No. 30 Causeyside Street. He at first belonged to the Established Church of Scotland; but leaving it, he joined the Methodist body, and was for many years one of their preachers. Having received an appointment from a chapel in England connected with that body, he left Paisley altogether, but soon afterwards returned. Mr. Kennedy, besides being a teacher of youth and a preacher, directed his attention closely and successfully to the study of scientific subjects. I find that the Directors of the Paisley Philosophical Institution engaged him during their session of 1823 to give a series of lectures to their members—ten of the lectures being on astronomy, two on optics, three on the atmosphere, three on heat, three on galvanism, two on caloric, two on water, and one on gas—in all, twenty-six lectures. He also delivered lectures on scientific subjects in Glasgow and Greenock, which were all well received. I have frequently heard him speak, and he had a plain flow of language, which was well pronounced and easily understood. For the science of music he had great fondness, and he invented a musical instrument which he called the alethephon. Mr. Kennedy likewise took an active public part in favour of temperance. When he resolved in 1847 to leave Paisley to fill an important position in Glasgow as a preacher in connection with the Methodist body, he was entertained by a number of his friends, on the 9th November in that year, in Stewart's Temperance Hotel. In the absence of Provost Murray, Bailie Nairn occupied the chair. The Rev. Dr. Baird presented Mr. Kennedy with a handsome silver salver with a purse of gold. The inscription on the salver was in these terms:—"Presented to the Rev. Citizen John Kennedy by a numerous circle of friends and admirers, on the occasion of his leaving Paisley for a larger sphere of usefulness in the city of Glasgow, as a testimonial of the high esteem in which they hold his many public

also a native of Paisley, died, as much money was left to his son as enabled him to purchase a dwelling-house for himself in Elderslie, where he went to reside with his family, and his mother also along with him. He died in 1850. He began when a youth to give considerable attention to the study of verse, and I give some specimens taken from a collection of poetical pieces, extending to 12 pages, published in 1842.

### LINES ON SUMMER SABBATH MORN.

#### EXTRACTS.

'Tis Sabbath morn,—a holy calmness reigns  
 On all our hills, and over fertile plains ;  
 The sun in majesty ascends on high,  
 With all the splendour of an Eastern sky ;  
 Before him fly the less'ning shades of night  
 Swift as the courser in his swiftest flight ;  
 Stars lose their light, the moon her feeble ray—  
 All yield obedience to the king of day.  
 High up in air the soaring laverock springs  
 Light as the zephyr curling round its wings ;  
 Sweetly it carols 'mid the streaming rays  
 That downward gush from forth the sunny blaze.

s." His name was, I understand, John Kennedy, and continued in the Paisley Directory till shortly after 1820 ; but his father, who held extreme political views, prefaced it with Citizen. Mr. Kennedy's father advised him during the agitation in the Parliamentary and Burgh period to become a member of the Town Council ; but he did not long remain there, as he found the business at that board quite unpalatable to his feelings. He resigned in October, 1836. Mr. Kennedy died at 30 Causeyside Street, on 16th April, 1851. On 26th January, 1888, a generous tribute was paid to Mr. Kennedy's memory by two who had been his pupils in their youth, by their erection of a granite memorial-stone to his grave in the Abbey Church Burying-ground, with a suitable inscription thereon. Mr. Kennedy was the author of the following works:—  
*Universal Atonement Vindicated*, in Seven Letters to the Rev. John Kennedy, on the Doctrine of Universal Atonement. By John Kennedy.  
 " *Nature and Revelation Harmonious : a Defence of Scripture against its Assailed in George Combe's work on the Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects*" (1846).

Bird of the sky ! what thrilling joys are thine,  
 Superior far, if but compar'd, to mine ;  
 Few are the cares that rend thy breast with pain,  
 Few are thy wants—these thou canst soon obtain ;  
 Unknown to thee the galling scenes of strife  
 That track poor mortals through this weary life ;  
 The past, the future—what are these to thee !  
 The present is thy bright eternity.  
 Man may be happy, thou art happier still ;  
 Man is confin'd, thou hast a free, full will.  
 Man may be happy, still his happiness  
 Is stain'd with feelings that destroy his bliss ;  
 Not so with thee, 'tis thine to drain the whole  
 Of all the joys without Fate's sad control ;  
 Oh ! had I but the free-born power like thee  
 To roam at pleasure o'er yon sunny sea,  
 When no wild storms bound o'er its azure crest,  
 When no wild waves disturb its limpid breast—  
 There, robed with glory, bath'd in gleaming bliss,  
 My soul would spurn a care-bound world like this.

This is the hour to wander forth alone,  
 To climb the mountain, and to gaze upon  
 The virgin landscape stretching far away,  
 Fring'd with blue hills, where wanton zephyrs play.  
 The bushy glen, the glassy-bosom'd lake,  
 The silver stream, the stony-bedded brake,  
 The silent hamlet, and the slumbering town,  
 Like fairy gems the blazing distance crown.

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SONG.

The moon has speil'd the starry brae  
 Aboon Gleniffer's breast,  
 Sae I'll awa' to wander wi'  
 The lassie I lo'e best.

Sweet is the bonnie, balmy rose  
 That decks the flowery lea,  
 But sweeter far and dear to me  
 Is the maid of Ellerslie.  
 Is the maid of Ellerslie, &c.

I've seen upon the summer's morn  
 The floweret wet wi' dew,  
 I've heard the linnet on the thorn  
 Its sweetest songs renew.  
 The gayest bird that ever flew  
 Ne'er sang wi' sweeter glee,  
 Ne'er bloom'd a bonnier flower than she,  
 The maid of Ellerslie.

Where lone the lightsome burnie rows  
 I've stray'd wi' her unseen,  
 And wander'd 'mang the broomy knowes,  
 Or danc'd on dewy green.  
 Enraptur'd hours of happiness  
 That I hae spent wi' thee  
 I'll ne'er forget until I dee,  
 Fair maid of Ellerslie.

Yon bonnie moon that wanders owre  
 The starry-burnish'd plain  
 Will soon bring roun' the happy hour  
 That mak's her a' my ain.  
 Then welcome every blast that blows  
 Owre life's rough stormy sea,  
 I'll freely brave them a' for thee,  
 Fair maid of Ellerslie.

---

 SONG.

of the craigie, forever receive me,  
 eep in thy bosom I'll ever remain ;  
 , cruel man, no more will deceive me,  
 ever, O ! never, will I love again.

Shades that lie cradl'd in dark gloomy splendour,  
 Fear to this bosom will never impart ;  
 Scenes of the past no more I'll remember,  
 Thoughts of the future, away from my heart !

Spirits that hide through the day's beaming glory,  
 Slumbering to waken the echoes of night,  
 To you I'll unbosom the wrongs of my story  
 By the lone heathy rock, in the moon's misty light.  
 Nightly we'll stray through the dew-spangled heather,  
 Hid in the gloom that envelopes the plain ;  
 Freely we'll chant our wild anthems together,  
 Till echo reverberates their wild notes again.

Gaily I'll sing when the wild blast is shrieking,  
 Whirling in madness a-down the deep glen ;  
 And the lightning's red gleam through the thunder clouds breaking,  
 Brings pleasure to me beyond human ken.  
 Branded with shame by the wiles of a villain,  
 Spurn'd by my kindred with merciless scorn ;  
 Denounc'd as an outcast, unworthy the feeling  
 That cheers the sad bosom distractedly torn.

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LINES ON SCENERY.

I lo'e, I lo'e the mountain blue,  
 Where the eagle loves to roam ;  
 And the lonely shore, where rough winds roar  
 To the ocean's curling foam.

I love to be, when the tempest free  
 Rides on the mighty wave,  
 On the mountain's breast, where I might rest  
 Secure in the sheltered cave.

The reckless storm in its wildest form,  
 The deep, deep rolling sea,  
 The lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash,  
 Have a thousand charms for me.

The cataract's flow o'er the rocky brow,  
 With its silvery-bosom'd hue ;  
 The alpine steep and the ravine deep  
 Are scenes that I love to view.

The lonely glen, where the voice of men  
 Ne'er fell on the wand'rer's ear ;  
 And the hazy gloom that hangs o'er the tomb  
 Creates no childish fear.

My ravish'd soul bounds o'er the whole  
 Like a thing that belongs not to earth ;  
 It joins with delight in its soaring flight  
 The storm's wild reckless mirth.

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SHORT REPLY TO A LETTER RECEIVED FROM A  
 STRANGER.

Stranger, I'll quench not thy love for the muse,  
 But bid thee go woo her—she's fair and she's free ;  
 I wish thee success, nor wilt thou refuse  
 Her young maiden-favours, whatever they be.

I bid thee go wander by Cartha's lone stream  
 When the moon rides on high in her glory and pride,  
 I bid thee indulge in some poetic dream,  
 Then tell me what scenes thou would'st wish to describe.

May thy strains add to virtue ennobling charms,  
 May they cherish our hopes, may they lighten our cares,  
 May they paint the fond scenes the lover's heart warms,  
 May they breathe the bold spirit the patriot bears.

For me, I am nothing. My poor, pensive strains  
 Will never appear in the annals of fame.  
 They will die as I've liv'd ; but their ling'ring remains  
 May gain what is nothing—a rude, worthless name.

## JAMES ARCHIBALD.

JAMES ARCHIBALD was a native of Paisley, and was born in 1817. His parents in 1820 occupied the house No. 6 Queen-street, and resided there till 1845. This is the house in which the parents of Tannahill latterly had lived. James Archibald, who was a weaver to trade, slept in the same bed that Tannahill had occupied, and his loomstead was that which Tannahill had used. His admiration for Tannahill was great, and led him to frequent the same places that the poet was in the habit of visiting. James Archibald, who died, aged seventy years, on the 18th of March, 1887, aspired to be one of Paisley's minor poets; but his poetical pieces never were collected and printed, though they often graced the columns of the local newspapers. I give, along with others, as a specimen of his poetry, "Lines" that were read on the 5th of June, 1871, at the celebration in Paisley of the anniversary of Tannahill's birth.

### LINES READ AT THE TANNAHILL CLUB DINNER,

On the 97th Anniversary of the Poet's Birth, June 5, 1871.

Admiring friends of Tannahill,  
 Met to do honour to his name,  
 With loving hearts and right good will  
 Anew the pledge of love proclaim.

Gleniffer's fragrant, dewy dell,  
 The woodland burn and dusky glen,  
 The blooming crowflower's early bell,  
 And Lomond's towering, lofty Ben—

The bonnie wood of Craigielea,  
 The verdant green of Staneley shaw,  
 Glenfeoch and the birken tree—  
 Still speak of Robin that's awa'.

Where is the sweet romantic vale,  
The rural walk or winding rill,  
The ruddy rose or primrose pale,  
Unsung by Robert Tannahill?

O! Nature's sweetest bard revere,  
His living, melting strains prolong,  
Whose memory ever shall be dear  
To lovers all of Scottish song.

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## THE HAUNTS OF TANNAHILL.

I love Gleniffer's classic braes,  
The yellow broom and heatherbell,  
Where Phœbus leaves his lingering rays  
Ere he departs, and bids farewell.

I love the gurgling mountain stream,  
The rocky glen, and rowan tree,  
Where grassy banks with wildflowers teem,  
And woodland songsters whirring flee.

I love the auld grey granite fold,  
Where sheltered Robin stood alone,  
Whilst lightnings flashed and thunder rolled,  
That made yon stately oak to groan.

I love the lonely mossy rose,  
That blinks obscurely 'neath the thorn,—  
In native beauty still it grows,  
Though isolated and forlorn.

I love to see the midges dance,  
In merry glee aboon the burn ;  
On lightsome airy wings they prance,  
And never know what 'tis to mourn.

I love to wander forth unseen,  
Beside sweet flowery Craighielca,  
Where Robin met, at dewy e'en,  
Wi' Mary, near the trysting tree.



I love the homely, lowly cot,  
 Which sculptured art may laugh to scorn ;  
 For hallowed is the humble spot  
 Where Nature's sweetest bard was born.

O gentle, modest Tannahill,  
 Thy name's engraven on my heart ;  
 Though thou art gone, I love thee still,  
 With love, too, that shall ne'er depart.

---

IN MEMORIAM.

MY BROTHER, ROBERT ARCHIBALD.

Born, May 12, 1812. Died, March. 20, 1862.

The blackbird sings his evening song  
 His Maker's praises to adore,  
 While pensively I move along  
 To muse on him who is no more.

On Woodside's lovely mountain slope,  
 Where oft in boyhood I have been—  
 When life's young morn was full of hope  
 There many a happy day I've seen—

On yonder spot, O shed a tear  
 For him who is but lately gone,  
 Whose memory ever shall be dear  
 While reason sits upon her throne.

In early youth, he was my friend  
 And solacer, in many an hour  
 When cruel fate my heart would rend  
 And dark despair his arrows shower.

The opening mind he led above  
 To Him who sits in heaven high,  
 Who, in his mercy and his love,  
 Sent down His Son for us to die.

With kindly care and tender heart  
 The lisping tongue he taught to read,  
 And showed us from Immanuel's chart  
 The route that would to glory lead.

Oh ! may we all at last be found,  
 Like him, to lean on Jesus' breast,  
 And hear the glad and joyful sound  
 " Enter into thy heavenly rest."

There we shall meet with all our friends  
 And children who have gone before  
 Into the life that never ends,  
 And dwell in bliss for evermore.

1862.

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A LOVELY YOUNG MAIDEN.

*Tune*—"Afton Water."

A lovely young maiden, by Stanely Green Shaw,  
 In sorrow was musing on him that's awa :  
 Her looks were so pensive, and tearful her eye,  
 As sadly she turned and heaved a deep sigh.

" Oh ! where is my Jamie," methought she did say,  
 " Who aye was so cheery, so blithesome, and gay ?  
 No more he will meet me when gloaming comes on,  
 But cheerless and weary I wander alone.

" The streamlet still flows where we used for to roam,  
 Now murmuring gently, now dashing in foam ;  
 The primrose, the violet, and sweet heatherbell  
 Bloom freshly and fair round the bonny wee well.

" Still dear to my bosom, thou green classic braes,  
 Recalling to memory the bright happy days  
 When Jamie was faithful and vowed to be mine—  
 The joy of my heart in the days of langsyne."

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CRAIGIE LINN.

O Mary, wilt thou gang wi' me  
 To see the bonnie Craigie Linn,  
 Whaur sweetest soun's o' melody  
 Are blending wi' its ragin' din ?

O come an' see the bonnie well  
That nestles snugly on the brae,  
Whaur often Tannahill himsel'  
'Midst Nature's grandeur lo'ed to stray.

The mystic life o' cheery spring  
In every openin' bud is seen ;  
The blackbird mak's the woodlands ring  
Wi' mellow tones frae morn till e'en.

The redbreast warbles on the thorn,  
The mavis carols loud an' lang,  
The laverock hails the smilin' morn,  
And swells the universal sang.

We'll clamber to the mountain's crest,  
And wander through the rugged glen !  
When wearied, we shall gently rest  
In yonder cosy fairy den.

Reclinin' in the shaded bower,  
Whaur mortal een may not behold,  
In whispers, soft as April shower,  
My heart to you I will unfold.

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## WILLIAM WOODROW.

WILLIAM WOODROW was born on 17th February, in New Street, Paisley, where his father had a weavers' hiving shop. William obtained his education, which was of the most humble kind, in John Millar's School, in a back street at No. 59 Storie Street, the owner of which and of the land was Millar's father, who was a causewayer to trade.<sup>1</sup> After leaving the school he became a drawboy, and worked some time under a son of James King, the poet. He afterwards learned the trade of a hand-loom weaver. In 1833 he went to Dalry to live with an uncle, worked with him as a weaver for about a year, and then returned to Paisley. He afterwards lived for several years at the village of Craigenfeoch, about a mile south of Johnstone on the road leading to the western parts of Gleniffer Braes, where he worked as a weaver. Craigenfeoch is Gaelic, and means, from the high hills or craigs that surrounded it, "the raven's rock." The hiving trade was carried on in this romantic spot at a very early period. When the list of the inhabitants in Renfrewshire was taken in 1695, in connection with a Poll tax to be levied, I find there lived at that place "Andrew Robiech, in Craigenfeoch, 25 lib. val., 5 sh.; Janet Cochrane, 6 sh.; Jennet Hendersoune, 4 lib. hervest fie, 2 sh.; James Cochrane, herd, 5 lib. fie, 2 sh. 6d. — 1 6 4." William Greinlees, weaver, 40 mks. val., 12 shill.; David,

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This school was opened by Mr. Millar about the middle of the second decade of this century, and was continued for about thirty years. Mr. Millar, among his other branches of education, paid particular attention to the teaching of elocution, in which he was himself very fond of instructing. The children of many respectable parents received their education in this humble seminary. Mr. Millar died in January, 1848.

his brother, 6 sh.; and James and Thomas, his brethreine, 12 sh.; Elizabeth Stewart, 14 lib. fie, 7 sh. — 2 0 0." At the period Mr. Woodrow resided in Craigenfeoch, the number of hand-loomers had greatly increased, there being then three workshops with four looms in each, besides several weavers working in their own dwelling-houses. This village, however, does not now exist, the villagers and weavers having all left some time ago, the site being at present occupied as a reservoir for supplying the town of Johnstone with water from Rowbank. There is no doubt that it was while residing in this pretty sequestered rural spot that Woodrow was first inspired by the muse. He afterwards visited many places in Scotland, England, and Ireland, ultimately settling down in his native town, where he still lives. His poetical effusions have appeared from time to time in newspapers and periodicals. But in 1878 he collected and published what he considered the best of his "poems and songs, humorous and sentimental," which were "dedicated to his circle of friends."

#### FAREWELL TO PAISLEY.

*Written when the Author was making arrangements to emigrate to North America.*

While morning bells ring through the glen,  
 The sun shines bright o'er Craigielea ;  
 I'll never see it rise again  
 O'er scenes so fair and dear to me.  
 Now I am bound to cross the sea,  
 The good ship leaves the Broomielaw ;  
 Come drink a health with three times three,  
 Hurrah for North America !

No friend of mine may shed a tear,  
 No cause have I for grief or shame ;  
 I go a faithful pioneer,  
 True filial love in all my aim.

An honest share of earth I'll claim  
 In some primeval forest grove ;  
 I'll spread old Scotland's honoured name  
 By rearing homes for friends I love.

The British banner is unfurl'd,  
 How proud it flies above the mast ;  
 The fairest flag that decks the world,  
 O ! I'll support it to the last.  
 Where'er my fortune may be cast,  
 My father's land shall still be mine ;  
 Memorial glory gilds the past—  
 Three cheers, my lads, for auld langsyne !

The solemn league and covenant,  
 Auld Scotland's holy martyrs' seal,  
 Shall grace the banner that we plant,  
 Likewise the altar where we kneel.  
 My father's God, be gracious still,  
 Let truth glow from Thy sacred page ;  
 O ! may we do Thy holy will  
 "Through all our weary pilgrimage."

---

### THE ROBIN.

Wha's that at the window that taps on the sill ?  
 It's wee Robin Redbreast a-whetting his bill ;  
 He has flown to your cot, like the dove to the ark,  
 For he could not find rest for his feet in the dark.

From the cauld wreathing snawdrift let Robin come ben,  
 To learn you some lessons that few bodies ken ;  
 The daring invader shall seize the death-watch,  
 And other brown insects that drop from the thatch.

He kens at a glance if he's like to find grace,  
 He'll flee on your shoulder and keek in your face ;  
 Now spread your wee crumbs and you'll get your reward—  
 The blessing remains for the morsel that's shared.

The grateful wee bird shall rejoice on your board,  
 More gleesome and happy than any great lord ;  
 Langsyne he was reckoned so pious and good—  
 With brown leaves he covered the babes in the wood.

The red-breasted sexton of nursery lore  
 Shall ever be welcome to share of my store.  
 Good bairns, stan' aside and let him come in—  
 Now dinna molest him, ye ken it's a sin.

When visions of Spring glance o'er your bright eye,  
 The red-tipped gowans shall glisten out-bye ;  
 Tap loud on the glass till the window's withdrawn,  
 Then flee to the wildwood and welcome the dawn.

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PAISLEY LOVE SONG.

Bonnie lassie, leave the mills,  
 Purple gloaming, mildly coming,  
 Adorns the sylvan-crested hills—  
 'Tis now the hour for roaming.

From Hunterhill the cuckoo cries,  
 A mellow pipe the blackbird plies,  
 His latest essay to the skies  
 You see the laverock trying.  
 By hawthorn bowers and briery dykes  
 The humble bees a' seek their bykes,  
 The red-breast sings to her he likes,  
 And echoes are replying.

Swift swallows skim around Blackhall,  
 Loud croak the crows o'er Hawkhead wall,  
 And sweetly to the evening fall  
 By Crookston sings the mavis.  
 Down Darnley dell, where waters meet,  
 We'll rove Queen Mary's love retreat,  
 And charming echoes shall repeat  
 Her song and Dainty Davie's.

Among the woods where Crookston gleams,  
 We'll sit and read each other's dreams ;  
 Although the horned howlet screams,  
     Nae fairy fiend shall harm ye.  
 The sun may set beyond Duncombe,  
 Still fancy lights the lover's home,  
 By yon auld warlock-haunted dome,  
     With tales of love I'll charm ye.

What time the scene-portraying moon  
 Shall light the folding flowers of June,  
 Then "Dainty Davie" is the tune  
     To wile thee to my bosom.  
 Then I defy the Fairy Queen,  
 By charm, device, or glamour sheen,  
 To show aught fairer on the green  
     Than my own charming blossom.

---

SONG.

*Written in Gleniffer on Christmas.*

In this sweet glen a bower was reared  
 Where minstrels did their harps employ ;  
 The poet's natal day endeared  
     And hallowed all their summer's joy.  
 Sweet hawthorns breathed without alloy,  
 And throstles warbled on the pine,  
 While minstrels sang free from annoy  
     The charming songs of auld langsyne.

Now Winter wears an icy crown,  
 No flowers adorn the hoary king,  
 Gay minstrels shelter in the town,  
     No more the woodland echoes ring ;  
 Wee dowie birds no longer sing,  
 On leafless trees they sit and dwine—  
 Poor things, they cannot hope for Spring,  
     Nor sing the song of auld langsyne.



Auld Scottish songs can cheer our hearts,  
 And kindle humour, wit, and glee ;  
 How hopefully we sing our parts  
 To raise the ancient harmony !  
 Angels and men this day agree—  
 Come, pour the love-inspiring wine,  
 A King is born to set us free,  
 Foretold by bards of auld langsyne.

Though Craigie Linn is crowned with ice,  
 And sweet Gleniffer's wreathed in snow,  
 Come, take an ancient bard's advice,  
 Light up your fires and make them glow ;  
 With good-will let the goblet flow,  
 Join hands, for love's the theme divine,  
 Enjoy the bliss that angels know,  
 And sing the songs of auld langsyne.

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#### THE LASS OF GLENFEOCH.

We have roved o'er the bonnie green braes of Gleniffer,  
 Where Tannahill's songs have re-echoed sublime,  
 Where violets and roses are wooing the zephyr,  
 And linnets rejoice o'er the wild mountain thyme.  
 Yet Glenfeoch woods, with high craigs frowning o'er us,  
 Are blyther and dearer to Annie and me ;  
 For there we can join with Nature's own chorus,  
 And rove o'er the glades where true lovers are free.

I have vowed by the sun in his lingering brilliance,  
 And sealed the fond vow on thy lips in the dew ;  
 The stars of the evening are rolling in silence,  
 And nightly they'll witness I'll ever prove true.  
 Dull be this bosom, so lightsome and cheery,  
 Dim be all lustre and light o' my e'e,  
 Dumb be the lips that proclaimed thee my dearie,  
 If e'er I prove fause, bonnie Annie, to thee.

## JAMES JAMIESON LAMB.

JAMES JAMIESON LAMB was born at Underwood  
 age, Paisley, on 24th October, 1817. His grandfather  
 an architect in Paisley, so was his father, and he adopted  
 same profession himself. Mr. Lamb received a superior  
 tion, and when a pupil in the Paisley Grammar School,  
 1828 and in 1829, he obtained prizes in the Latin  
 es; and in 1830 a prize in Mr. James Peddie's Town's  
 fish School for superiority in drawing (Robert Brown's  
 istory of the Paisley Grammar School," p. 497, 498, 526,  
 ). In his fondness for reading he accumulated an  
 nsive library of books in every branch of literature. He  
 also an archæologist, and was the possessor of many  
 quarian relics. Mr. Lamb also devoted much of his  
 e to numismatics, and was the possessor of an extensive  
 l valuable cabinet of ancient and modern coins.

Mr. Lamb was an unwearied collector of autographs and  
 ers of noteworthy persons, and made them more interest-  
 ; by memoirs and additional illustrations.

In connection with the Artizans' Institution, he took a  
 at interest in forwarding a series of able, interesting, and  
 ll-attended lectures in the Old Low Church about thirty  
 ars ago. He was a frequent contributor of literary matter  
 the local newspapers; and for many years he wrote in the  
*Paisley Herald*, under the heading of "Literary Memoranda,"  
 icles which were very much appreciated. Indeed, in  
 ery sense he possessed a highly cultured mind, and he  
 as most gentlemanly at all times in his demeanour.

Mr. Lamb was elected in 1856 a member of the Town  
 ouncil as one of the representatives of the Fourth Ward,  
 and was chosen a Magistrate in 1858. He retired in 1859,

and did not seek re-election. Shortly after his retirement from the Council, he was placed on the Commission of the Peace, and discharged his duties efficiently as a Justice of Peace till his decease.

Mr. Lamb had a severe inflammatory attack, which caused his death on 27th September, 1873, after an illness of only 48 hours. His funeral on the 5th October following was a public one, and, as he was well known and greatly respected, it was numerously attended. His eldest son, Mr. James Barr Lamb, was associated with him as an architect for some time before his death, and still successfully continues the business.

Amidst the multiplicity of engagements which Mr. Lamb had, as indicated, to attend to, he succeeded in retaining as much time as enabled him to cultivate the muse, of which I will give some specimens.

Immediately prior to Mr. Lamb's death, he was engaged in writing a memoir for an edition of Tannahill. This work of 175 pages was published in 1873. The whole was entitled "The Soldier's Return: a Scottish Interlude in two acts, with other poems and songs by Robert Tannahill, with life and notes by the late James J. Lamb, Paisley."

#### TO MARY.

When the sun has sunk far o'er the hills of the west,  
And his bright rays are seeking in glory to rest  
O'er the calm, glassy bosom of loch or of sea,  
O then, dearest Mary, come wander with me.

We will stray by yon stream as it murmurs along,  
And its waters' sweet music will join in the song  
Which the blackbird pours forth from some neighbouring tree.  
O then, dearest Mary, come wander with me.

All Nature is teeming with music, Love, Hark!  
High poised in the heavens loud carols the lark;  
List, the bleat of the lambs, the buzz of the bee.  
O then, dearest Mary, come wander with me.

! come to the grotto where, sweeter than all  
 the stream's soothing strain in its silvery fall,  
 it bounds o'er the rocks so joyous and free.  
 then, dearest Mary, come wander with me.

Love be our theme in that cool, shady spot,  
 and the cares and the bustle of life be forgot ;  
 and we'll stray till the moon silvers floweret and tree.  
 then, dearest Mary, come wander with me.

at Echaig, *September, 1841.*

JACQUES.

song is taken from a small Paisley publication of 60  
 in my possession. On the first blank page there are,  
 in Lamb's handwriting—

“ All *that* was published,  
 A Paisley Book.”

lines “ To Mary,” p. 53, by J. J. Lamb, are also in his  
 handwriting. I bought this book at Mr. Lamb's sale  
 books after his death.

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#### WINTER STANZAS.

Sad, sad, is the drip, drip,  
 Drip, drip, of the falling rain ;  
 Summer is gone with her rosy lips,  
 And luscious autumn, berry-brown,  
 Has thrown the last of her red leaves down,  
 And winter has come again.

Sad, sad, is the leaden sky !  
 It hangs like a pall o'er the loaded air ;  
 It scarce can echo the crow's hard cry,  
 As wearily along it flies—  
 A dark spot on the mirky skies—  
 Over the trees so bare.

Oh ! for an hour of the glad sunshine,  
 And the song of the bird, and the bloom of flowers,  
 And the glistening leaves that intertwine

Overhead, o'er my love and me,  
 While the balmy zephyrs, fresh and free,  
     Play with the summer hours.  
 But still the monotonous rain-drops fall,  
     Drip, drip, from the clammy eaves ;  
 The ivy has lost its hold on the wall,  
 The daisy is dead, and rotting lies,  
 Nature is sick of the cheerless skies,  
     And man will fall like the leaves.

---

#### THE LOVE-PULLED ROSE.

Ah ! well do I remember that bright day, long ago,  
 When hopes were high, and years were young, and love was all aglow.  
 Ah ! well do I remember, in the sun's rich setting prime,  
 The love-pulled, gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.  
 The lily in her loveliness, the pansy in her pride,  
 The daisy in her dainty grace, grew sweetly side by side ;  
 But no flower bloom'd so sweetly at that early evening chime  
 As the love-pulled gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.  
 My love she bent her slight form o'er the little moss-rose tree,  
 While o'er her snowy neck her curls clustered wild and free,  
 And she plucked a bud, while the mavis sang his sweetest vesper hymn—  
 The love-pulled gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.  
 The rose-tree dropped a tear for the loss of the little flower,  
 Till she knew my love had plucked it as a true lover's dower ;  
 And she sighed for the rosebud of her own warm Eastern clime—  
 The loved-pulled gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.  
 Many a year has come and gone since that old, happy day !  
 Pleasures have come, and pains have come—aye, come and gone away ;  
 But should I e'er forget thee, 'twould be the saddest crime,  
 Thou love-pulled gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.  
 Then let me love thy memories, thou present of the past,  
 Thou token of affection, that ever still shall last ;  
 While reason holds I'll ne'er forget that sunset's glowing prime,  
 And the love-pulled gentle rosebud of the golden, olden time.

NOTE.—This beautiful song was set to music by Mr. James Roy Fraser, Paisley, and sung, with great acceptance, at several concerts in the winter of 1873 and afterwards.

IN MEMORIAM.

18th August, 1857.

"Whom the Gods Love, die soon."

The Summer's air, floating o'er beds of flowers,  
 Enters the silent room  
 Where a pale mother, counting the lone hours,  
 Waits her boy-infant's doom,  
 As he lies like a snow-drop on a snowy bed  
 In his pale loveliness ; while overhead,  
 Looking unseen on the dying child, are God's good Angels.

Very pale are the poor boy's thin cheeks now,  
 Paler than his pale mother's ;  
 Where, now, child of God, is the ruddy glow  
 That rivall'd your rosy brother's ?  
 The blush of beauty has begun to fade.  
 The rose droops that God's own fingers made,  
 To be gather'd soon, with loving care, by God's good Angels.

Moisten his lips, soft let his young head lie  
 As you hold his little hand ;  
 Ask him, fond mother, " Will my poor boy die  
 And go to the other land."  
 Those lips will never speak, but the dark bright eye,  
 Beneath the long fringed eye-lids, will reply :  
 Mother, your boy is waiting for God's good Angels.

Part his silken hair on his broad high brow  
 Over those lustrous eyes,  
 He never looked more beautiful than now,  
 This poor mother's best prize ;  
 Hist ! the step of the angel of death !  
 Or is it only the sweet summer's breath ?  
 It is the rustling wings of God's good Angels.

All is again silent, save the low breathing  
 Of the dying boy.  
 Weep not, mother ! Angels, Heaven's flowers  
 Are wreathing, to crown your heart's joy.  
 What a long, low sigh ; longest and last !  
 He breathes not here again, Life and Earth are past.  
 He breathes in Heaven now with God's good Angels.

## SONG.

Among the dark dells o' Gleniffer I wander,  
 Nor care whether nature looks gloomy or gay ;  
 And o'er my sad fortune I heavily ponder,  
 For my ain lovely lassie has left me for aye.

Nae mair will the walks by the auld castle's ruin  
 Enchant wi' their beauty at close o' the day,  
 When the sun's setting rays o'er its turrets are strewin',  
 For my ain lovely lassie has left me for aye.

The flowers that are nurs'd into beauty by nature  
 May shed their sweet perfume o'er bank and o'er brae ;  
 They please me nae mair by scent, colour, or feature,  
 For my ain lovely lassie has left me for aye.

Frae bush and frae tree the sweet birds may sing cheerie,  
 Till the glen echoes back in a whisper their lay ;  
 Their happiness mocks me, their strains mak me eerie,  
 For my ain lovely lassie has left me for aye.

## TO SARAH.

Years have passed o'er, my dearest wife,  
 Since first I called thee by that name ;  
 And through the joys and cares of life  
 I find thee, sweet one, still the same,  
 Dear wife.

And may kind Heaven, which holds control  
 O'er all that rules the human race,  
 Grant me the prayer of my soul :  
 In thy fond heart the dearest place,  
 Dear wife.

And on this merry Christmas Day,  
 When from the dross of care we lift  
 Our souls, do let me ask you may  
 Accept this loving little gift,  
 Dear wife.

When in the distant after year  
 Your eyes may rest upon this page,  
 Let kindly resolutions, dear,  
 Your soul for one brief time engage,  
 Dear wife.

And when, should Heaven so decree,  
 This heart of mine should beat no more,  
 From this page will our children see  
 Who loved their mother long before,  
 Dear wife.

Christmas, 1855.

## ROBERT CATHCART.

ROBERT CATHCART was a native of Paisley, and born in 1817. In early life he showed a strong liking for drawing, and made choice of the occupation of designer in connection with the production of Paisley shawls. He was modest and retiring in his manner. Mr. Cathcart died in August, 1870. Mr. Cathcart in leisure hours wooed the Muse of poetry with no ordinary success. His first publication, in pamphlet form, was entitled "Early Blossoms of Robert Cathcart." In 1868, however, he published a volume of poetry, extending to 141 pages, entitled "Gloaming," dedicated, by permission, to Thomas Coats, Esq., of Paisley.

The following is a copy of the Author's feeling poem under the heading of—

### THE BENIGHTED BAIRN.

Wi' angry sough the win' blew cauld,  
 The snaw danc't reels ben on the floor ;  
 And Winter sang his chorus bauld,  
 And whistl'd it o'er a' the moor.  
 In eerie tones, in mirkest hour,  
 We heard, 'tween gusts o' cauld bleak win',  
 A wailing voice say at our door—  
 "O ! let a puir wee wanderer in."  
 My leal guidwife she rose, I trow,  
 And led the shivering wanderer ben  
 To our bright ingle's cheering lowe  
 Wi' a' the kindness she could len'.  
 Her bonnie curly ringlets fair  
 Hung down a breast where dwelt nae sin ;  
 Fast fell the tears on her feet bare—  
 The wanderer pale we welcomed in.



My bonnie bairn, ye've wandered far  
 This stormy nicht o' win' and weat ;  
 No siller moon, no twinkling star,  
 To guide thy wee red wearied feet.  
 O ! tell us now your faither's name,  
 Or ony o' your kith or kin ;  
 O ! will ye say ye ha'e nae hame ?  
 My stray'd wee lamb we welcomed in.

She opened noo her dark blue e'e,  
 And beam'd it wistfully on us a' ;  
 And O ! her looks were sad to see,  
 They'd break the hardest heart in twa.  
 Not one lone ray o' joy was there,  
 No smile play'd on her pale wee chin ;  
 For us she breath'd a heart-felt prayer—  
 We blest the bairn we welcomed in.

She feebly noo began to speak,  
 While faster fell the pearly tear  
 In streamlets down her death-toucht cheek  
 (O ! Grief, why such a young heart sear) !  
 " Fareweel, fareweel, the haun o' death  
 Is cauld upon my heart, I fin' ;"  
 She sighed and heav'd her dying breath—  
 The wearied wand'rer welcomed in.

She sank, and gave up life's sweet boon,  
 Like rose-leaf fa'n frae thorny brier ;  
 Some watching angels hovering roun',  
 Had wing'd her soul to some far sphere.  
 We keep a bonnie ringlet fair  
 For her wee sake wha lives aboon ;  
 A beauteous rosebud blooming there,  
 The puir wee wand'rer we let in.

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## A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Sing on, ye sweet warblers, the green woods amang,  
 Your wild songs of sorrow now rave ;  
 For I am now lonely, my soul a gloom wears,  
 Since my mother sleeps sound in the grave.

And close up your downie silk folds, ye fair flowers ;  
 Oh ! grant me the sad wish I crave,  
 That ye'll weep with me in the calm gloamin' hours  
 O'er a dear mother's newly-made grave.

For ye are the riches our Maker bestows,  
 Worth all this vain world e'er gave ;  
 The tombstones of Nature that speak to the heart,  
 Sighing soft o'er a lov'd mother's grave.

In calmness and peace, in the evening of life,  
 Her longing soul wing'd o'er death's wave ;  
 Now basking in bliss in a bright sunny home,  
 She has left me to weep on her grave.

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 SPRING MORNING.

## I.

The lark is far up in the blue sunny sky,  
 A spirit of light and of life to us given ;  
 Stealing its warblings, so rich, sweet, and rare,  
 From the holy choirs of refulgent Heaven ;  
 Pouring its melody down on the earth,  
 On the beams of the sun in harmony gushes,  
 Waking the flowers from their sweet dewy sleep,  
 Breathing new life in the streams and the bushes.

## II.

The wild bee has sipped from the sweet daisy's cup,  
 The butterfly hangs from the folds of the lily ;  
 The blackbird, the mavis, the linnet, are up,  
 The lambs dot with white all the green of the valley ;  
 The zephyrs are blowing with seraphic breath,  
 As if mov'd by the wings of mysterious spirits,  
 The tears of the morning have mirrored the flowers—  
 What riches and joys for us Nature inherits !

## III.

Thy buds, lovely Spring, thy green leaves and fresh blooms,  
 Thy showers cloth'd in sunshine, all make me adore thee ;  
 Thy lights and deep shadows, thy calms and thy storms,  
 All hang round thy brow a fresh garland of glory.  
 Fair Spring, in thy majesty, beauty, and worth,  
 Thou art strewing thy riches profuse o'er the world,  
 And flinging a mantle of light over all,  
 Like a banner of hope and of freedom unfurl'd.

## IV.

O ! lovely and loving Spring, morning of life,  
 With thy buddings of hope and thy rainbows of pleasure ;  
 O ! Summer, with pearly-blown blossoms so rife,  
 And man crown'd with bliss with his heart's dearest treasure ;  
 But Autumn comes, ripening all charms for the change,  
 The glances of Winter of death all sever.  
 Time melts in eternity, boundless the range,  
 All sparkling and blossoming brighter for ever.

## SONG — THE INVITATION.

MUSIC BY J. S. WALLACE.

O ! Mary, dear Mary, the wild flowers are blooming,  
 The fields are array'd in their gay robes of green,  
 In gladness the warblers their songs are resuming,  
 And lambkins are frisking in light o'er the scene.  
 While, Mary, we're roaming the lonely green wildwood,  
 I'll gather, to deck thee, earth's loveliest flowers,  
 And sing thee, in secret, the songs of our childhood,  
 And bring back to memory life's sunniest hours.  
 All nature through sunshine in beauty is smiling,  
 And welcomes you, Mary, as skylarks the day ;  
 O ! listen, the linnets sing sweetly, beguiling—  
 Come, Mary, sweet Mary, my lov'd one away.  
 Around us, above us, the air is inviting,  
 On mountain, in valley, round flow'ret and tree,  
 A bonny sweet gem they all fondly delight in,—  
 O ! blush not, my Mary, that jewel is thee.

## HUGH MACDONALD.

HUGH MACDONALD was born in Bridgeton, Glasgow, 4th April, 1817. He received only a limited education, parents being in very humble circumstances. Indeed, he used to say, himself, that he never was in a day school, and that all the education he received was at a night school. While very young, he was apprenticed as a block-printer, in the Barrowfield Print Works, which he described in one of his poems as "The Gude Auld Field." Having managed, with a careful economy, to save a little money, he opened a provision shop in Bridgeton; but not succeeding well, he paid what he owed, and returned to his trade at the Colinslee Print Works, Paisley, in the establishment of Messrs. Harrow, M'Intyre, & Coy. For a few days he walked from and to his Glasgow home daily; but he afterwards went into lodgings with Mr. Robert M'Intyre, who resided in Orr Street, Paisley, a son of John M'Intyre, a brother of three of the partners in the Colinslee firm. Hugh Macdonald continued to lodge in that house from six to nine months, and afterwards rented a dwelling-house for himself at No. 32 Dalrymple Street, Paisley, to which he brought his wife and family from Glasgow. The ground floor, as was then usually the case, was filled with weavers' looms, and on the second and top floor Mr. Macdonald had his dwelling. At the period of his coming to Paisley, he first commenced his poetical effusions which graced the poet's corner of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and he followed this up by a series of letters in defence of the character of Burns, in consequence of an attack that had been made upon the Scottish Bard by the Rev. George Milfillan of Dundee.

Hugh Macdonald in 1846, while living in Paisley, had an interview with Professor Wilson (Christopher North) in Edinburgh, and as the account of it, by himself, is so graphic and interesting, I must give some extracts :—

“ Long and ardently had I desired to see the gifted author of the ‘ Isle of Palms,’ the ‘ Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,’ ‘ Margaret Lindsay,’ &c., the far-famed Christopher North, of Blackwood’s matchless Magazine. Happening to be on a visit to ‘ Scotia’s Darling Seat ’ about the middle of this year (1846), I determined to make an effort to have my wish gratified ; accordingly, I penned the following note, and sent it to the worthy Professor, with a copy of my verses, ‘ To the Birds of Scotland,’ enclosed :—

“ ‘ Lasswade, 21st August, 1846.—Respected Sir,—I have seen the mavis singing on the same bough with the wee wren ; I have seen the blackbird drop down from his lofty seat on the fir-tree top, to jink about the hedge-roots with the tiny hedge-sparrow ; and I have seen the lark, sweet ‘ musical mote,’ sink from the blue curtain of the sleeping stars to rest on the braided lea beside the clamorous craik ; ay, and I have marked the golden daffodil drooping her lovely head on the green lap of April, as if to hold converse with the crimson-tipped flower at her feet ; and I have also seen the queenly rose take the humble vetchling of the meadow into her fragrant bosom ; and I have fondly dared to hope, that the author of the ‘ Isle of Palms,’ the delineator of the ‘ Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,’ the generous critic of the works and the eloquent vindicator of the character of Scotia’s peasant bard, might condescend to grant half an hour of his company to a nameless individual like myself, one of Scotia’s humblest poetlings.

“ ‘ I would fain shake hands with you, and thank you for the many hours of pleasure your writings have given to me, a lowly son of toil ; for though we have never met in person, yet in fancy I have been your enraptured companion on many a glorious excursion.

“ ‘ I am a working man, yet not altogether a poor man, as, by the sweat of my brow I can support myself in decency and comfort. I ask no man’s patronage ; and though I ask

your from you, a 'monarch of the mind,' I would scorn  
age to the mere man of wealth or title.

I have come from your native town, on a two-days' visit  
Edinburgh; and, as I have no one to introduce me, I  
the liberty of sending you one of my humble pro-  
cessions, in the hope that it may open a door in your  
fish heart, and let out the little I am so anxious for.—  
I respectfully, HUGH MACDONALD.'

I handed in this note to the Professor's house, 6 Gloster  
e, about half-past eight o'clock on Friday night, and  
morning the following card was left for me at the Post-  
e, Edinburgh:—

'Saturday morning.—Professor Wilson sends his kind  
rds to Mr. Hugh Macdonald, and will be glad to see  
at any hour to-day before three o'clock, or at any hour  
orrow, except from eleven till two, in No. 6 Gloster  
te.'

'On Saturday afternoon I left a note, stating that I would  
myself the honour of waiting on him at half-past two on  
day.

'And now I must say I felt rather afraid to venture into  
presence of the redoubted Kit North; my heart beat  
her thickish when I thought of my hardihood; however,  
ere was no drawing back now, I must go on. Before  
rting I took two glass of genuine 'mountain dew,' and  
t wonderfully comforted under its inspiring influence; in  
t I felt so elevated, that I could have faced a dozen  
D.'s, let alone one Professor of Moral Philosophy, even  
hough he had a crutch that monie a dunce kens to his  
st.

"In going up the stair to the great man's study, his  
*indium sanctorum*, the palpitating symptoms threatened to  
turn on me; but the moment I was shown in, and saw his  
ble, intelligent countenance brighten with a smile of  
elcome, as he shook me warmly by the hand and led me to  
seat, saying, at the same time, that he was very glad I had  
lled, I felt myself quite at home. He was in his work-  
op among his books, which were scattered about in all  
ections in glorious confusion, none of your gay glittering

binding ranged for show, but mostly 'scuft,' and bearing the marks of having 'seen service.' He sat in his easy chair, with a good stout cudgel in his hand. Fillans's bust is very correct; I would have known him by it, although I had never been told whom I was speaking to. The long yellow hair, now silvered and thinned by time, hanging carelessly over his neck; his fine manly features, and broad high dome-like head, would have pointed him out at once as the mighty Christopher. He is becoming rather fat and corpulent; and when he threw himself back, during our conversation, in his chair, with the one leg resting on the other, he brought Shakespeare's worthy Sir John, who was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in others, forcibly to my mind. Indeed, I felt above myself, as if he had not only genius himself, but that for the time he had inspired me with a portion of his glorious spirit.

"He said that, from my letter and poetry, he had looked for an older man; that I was still a very young man, &c. Enquired very kindly after my circumstances; was very sorry to hear that I had lost a wife. Said that a great many young men sent him verses—in general, the greatest trash—that they either would not or could not think for themselves. Said that he had been pleased with both my letter and verses; had shown them to his son-in-law, Mr. Gordon, who was likewise pleased with them. Said that he had made up his mind at once, on reading them, to see me; and again said he was proud I had called. He then read over 'The Birds' verse by verse, making remarks on each. 'The lark that sings the stars asleep'; did I mean to say that the lark sung after the stars began to shine? I said no; but that this bird, rising in the early morn before the stars began to fade, and continuing to sing while they were one after the other disappearing, might, in a poetic sense, be supposed to sing them asleep. Said it was beautiful, but did not strike one at first. 'The merle that wakes their beam'; he had often admired the song of the merle while he was wandering in the saft simmer gloamin'. 'The wagtail by the forest-spring or lonely waterfall'; said that he had been once taken to see a painting of a waterfall, by a very clever artist, one Harvie, that he had noticed a bird sitting on a stone at the bottom of it; he had turned to a friend and said, this must

wagtail. This friend, who was a naturalist, said no; it was waterpyet or ousel; and that this bird was more frequently found in these situations than the wagtail. I did not agree to this; said that what I had written was an actual observation. That the ousel was a comparatively small bird, but that it was always to be seen walking about the margin of the lonely linn; and that I saw several last year when I was in Killoch Glen. Said he knew that sweet little bird, and he was glad I had stuck to my point, as his observations and mine were in accordance with each other. He said the redbreast wailing sad alone; he did not think the bird's song a sad one. When he lived last in the country, he came morning and evening, and sung sitting on the top of his pig-house, and he always thought it a very lightsome and blithe song; he used to be quite charmed with it, but when it sang alone, as it did at the fa' o' the leaf, there was no doubt but it excited melancholy feelings; this was wholly owing to the associations, however. I said it was probably so, but it appeared sad to me, and I wrote as I felt. I said I had been to see poor Ferguson's grave that morning; and while musing there, a redbreast had burst into song on a poplar tree in the churchyard, and that it had struck me as a very sad song indeed. He assented. 'Familiar as a mother's voice.' He was not sure of this; there was a familiarity in a mother's voice, but there was a great deal more; it might pass, however. 'Matchless mottled breast.' He thought it would be better without matchless. 'Wells of life' was a strong phrase, but beautiful, applying both to the rooster and merle; and he thought there was strength enough without matchless. I did not understand his objection properly; but I thought it read better with his improvement. The word 'Minstrel' occurs twice in the piece; he thought I should endeavour to alter one of them; it was a striking word, and its recurrence was apt to catch the ear. These are the principal remarks he made on the piece; it was well worth the pains of polishing, and all short poems should be attended to in this respect. When he had read it he folded it carefully up, placed it in a small rosewood box lying on the table, saying, at the same time, 'I must take care of this.'

"He asked in what part of Paisley I worked, and said he





was sorry to go to that place now—the old familiar faces were nearly all gone; even the houses, he scarcely knew them now. There were only two families that he knew—the Lowndses, in the Causeyside. He remembered the Lowndses. They came from England when boys; and he remembered very well that he envied their roast beef and plum pudding dinner, when he got his parritch and milk. When he was last in Paisley, he went to see the garden outside the town where he used to go for gooseberries and to look for birds' nests when a boy. He had gone into some old haunt of his childhood (a garden), when an old woman came out and looked after him, as much as to say—'I'm no very sure about you.' He said he was glad to walk off. He had known very little of Tannahill until quite recently. He said he had left Paisley when a boy, before Tannahill's time, and was in England for a lengthened period; and somehow, even when on visits to his native place, his friends had never spoken to him of the weaver bard."

"He said that if I came to Edinburgh again, he would like that I should give him a call; and added that whenever he came to Paisley he would endeavour to find me out: so we shook hands, and I came away with a heart rinin' ower wi' gratitude, pride, and love to the greatest mind I have ever met, or in all likelihood ever may meet in this world."

Macdonald's contributions to the *Citizen* newspaper were so much appreciated by the able editor, that he was led, in 1849, to the giving up of block-printing and becoming one of the members of the literary staff in that journal. He therefore left Paisley, after being resident in it for about four years; and some time afterwards he began his series of fascinating descriptive "Rambles Round Glasgow," which appeared in the *Citizen* under the signature of "Caleb." Other sketches, under the name "Days at the Coast," also appeared at that time. They were commenced in the *Citizen* and concluded in the *Glasgow Times*. Both of these works were very popular, and were repeatedly republished.

55 Mr. Macdonald joined the *Glasgow Sentinel* news- and soon afterwards received the appointment of of the *Glasgow Times*. In June, 1858, when the *ing Journal* was started, he agreed to be literary editor, continued at this work till his death. While holding honourable but laborious position, poetical pieces, es, essays, and reviews flowed from his pen, and among "Series of Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places." After years of exertion and labour to instruct and amuse ders in this way, he died on 16th March, 1860, at the ge of 43 years. Immediately before his death he was d in a work on "Old Folk-Lore," the purpose of was to gather "auld warld" stories of the West of id. Mr. Macdonald was held in the highest esteem lasses; and after his death a sum of £900 was raised, vested for the benefit of his widow and five children. nains were interred in the Southern Necropolis. His d pieces, along with a memoir, were published at w in 1865. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, is was the main cause of his prose works being so prized. His love of Nature was equally conspicuous songs. I knew him a little, and the last time I met is at the dinner of the Royal Potato and Herring In- ation at Renfrew, in 1856. On that occasion he sang reat effect and geniality "The Ewie wi' the Crookit '1

n the considerable time during which Mr. Macdonald l in Paisley, there is no doubt its poetical traditions

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composer of this extremely popular song was the Rev. John , born 3rd October, 1721. After ministering at Longside, nshire, for 65 years, he went to reside with his son, the Bishop een, where he died on 16th June, 1807, only twelve days after val. Mr. Skinner was also the author of the song "Tulloch- ' which Burns said was "the best Scottish song ever Scotland

and surroundings powerfully influenced him in his courting of the muse. I am therefore justified in holding him to be, if not wholly, at least to a great degree, one of our local poets. His own pen has told us how greatly he liked Paisley. "We have a warm side to Paisley and its 'bodies.' Some of our happiest days were spent in that locality, and we have never experienced more genuine kindness than among its inhabitants. Nowhere else have we such troops of friends, and nowhere else do we meet so many smiling faces and frankly-extended hands, or so many homes where we are certain of a warm and hearty welcome. Blessings be upon thee and thy denizens, old town! and may the prosperity which now shines upon thee be of long continuance! May thy trade flourish and thy comforts increase! and may the gift of song, in which so many of thy sons have excelled, still find its most faithful votaries in thee!" ("Rambles Round Glasgow: Descriptive, Historical, Traditional," p. 212). Mr. Macdonald was twice married.

Several years after the death of the genial and gifted poet, the members of the Glasgow Ramblers' Club had a stone fount erected at "the Bonnie Wee Well on the Briest o' the Brae" as a tribute of respect to their departed "Prince of Ramblers." On several occasions afterwards, the fount was maliciously injured. The Ramblers as often got it repaired; but becoming wearied of continuing this, they ultimately removed it to a site in Glasgow Green. The Paisley Old Weavers' Society resolved to erect a fount in the same place, and readily obtained subscriptions of money to carry this into effect. Plans were invited by the committee; and from thirty which were given in, that of Mr. Angus Ferguson, glazier, Causeyside, was all but unanimously selected. Mr. John Gordon, sculptor, Broomlands Street, was entrusted with the work of finishing the memorial, with the exception of the medallion, which was executed by Mr. Mossman, sculptor, Glasgow.

The memorial consists of a rustic stone fount, erected on the site of "the Bonnie Wee Well," nine feet by four, formed of rough boulders of stone found on the adjoining hills. On the top of the fount is a raised block of Rubislaw granite, in the centre of which is a medallion bust of the poet, with the simple inscription—"Hugh Macdonald. Born, 1817. Died, 1860. Erected, 1883." The ceremony inaugurating the fountain, at which I was present, took place on 8th September, 1883, in presence of an audience of about 6000 to 7000 persons—Treasurer Cochran presiding. The proceedings were further enlivened by an open-air concert given by a choir of 200 voices, conducted by James Roy Fraser. A son of the poet's was present. The weather was everything that could be desired; and, combined with the unequalled scenery stretching along the extensive valley beneath, with the range of the lofty Kilmorie Hills forming the northern background, and Gleniffer Gorge on the south, made the view from the commanding position at the "Bonny Wee Well" grand in the extreme to me, and I am sure to every other spectator that afternoon.

#### THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,  
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,  
And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel',  
As it jinks 'neath the bracken and gentle bluebell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae  
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;  
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,  
And it kisses the flowers while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae  
Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;  
For the wayworn and weary aft rest by its side,  
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae,  
 Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae gray,  
 Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,  
 And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae,  
 My mem'ry aft haunts thee by night and by day ;  
 For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane  
 Ha'e knelt by thy brim and thy gush ha'e pertain.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae,  
 While I stoop to thy bosom my thirst to allay,  
 I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,  
 And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae,  
 My blessing rests with thee wherever I stray ;  
 In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,  
 I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and noise,  
 I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice ;  
 While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,  
 And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

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### THE LASS O' COLINSLEE.

*Air* — "The Lass o' Ardentinny."

Down the dark brow o' Gleniffer,  
 Gloamin's dusky shadows fa' ;  
 Wak'ning stars noo faintly glimmer—  
 Angel-lichts o'er Heaven's blue wa'.  
 Fauldin' flowers their fragrance breathin',  
 Woodlan' birds wi' lingerin' glee,  
 Seem to woo thee forth to wander,  
 Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Down yon glen, whaur jinks the burnie  
 Blithly roun' the hazel knowe,  
 Smiles a neuk whaur, gems o' sweetness,  
 Simmer's brightest treasures grow.

Crawflowers, daisies, violets mingle  
 'Neath the blushin' wild-rose tree—  
 Emblems o' thy peerless beauty,  
 Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Through the sweet green birks o' Thornlie,  
 Rustlin' zephyrs softly play ;  
 Frae his leafy bower the mavis  
 Sings to rest the weary day.  
 Saft as e'enin's dewy zephyr,  
 Blythe as day's sweet lullaby,  
 Is thy witchin' voice o' gladness,  
 Lovely lass o' Colinslee.

Let ambition seek for pleasure,  
 Scaling glory's giddy steep ;  
 Av'rice, to his worshipp'd treasure,  
 Through the mire of meanness creep.  
 Purer joy his hame shall brichten,  
 Lowly though the hield may be,  
 On whom thy e'e of love shall lichten,  
 Peerless flower o' Colinslee.

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PRESENTED BY

HUGH MACDONALD, WITH A COPY OF "WHISTLE-  
 BINKIE," TO DAVID GRAY,

PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FROM HIS NATIVE LAND, FOR THE  
 PURPOSE OF EMIGRATING TO PORT-NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA,  
 SEPTEMBER, 1849.

Dear Friend, when in the stranger's land  
 Far 'yont the dashing brine,  
 May this wee book whiles licht your heart  
 Wi' glints o' sweet langsyne.  
 You're leaving Scotia's mountains grey,  
 You're leaving kith and kin,  
 To fecht afar the faught o' life,  
 And bit and brat to win.

You're leaving gude Sanct Mungo's town,  
 Our ain sweet winding Clyde,  
 The auld kirkyard whare faither sleeps,  
 Kind mither at his side.  
 But shadows round us a' are rife,  
 Want keeps aye at the doors,  
 While smiling plenty beckons  
 To yonder sunny shores.  
 And who would snool and drudge thro' life  
 Wi' face aye at the stane,  
 While glorious independence waits  
 Our welcome o'er the main !  
 But Davie, lad, whaure'er we gang  
 There's midges or there's stour,  
 And 'midst the joys o' yonder land  
 There's wants ye must endure.  
 Nae buttercups, nae gowans there  
 Glance through the divots green,  
 Nae jaggy red-crowned thrussel waves,  
 Nae sweet bluebells are seen.  
 Ye winna hear the lav'rock's lilt  
 At wauk'ning o' the day,  
 Nor mavis sing the woods asleep  
 In gloamin's briest and gray.  
 But Scottish hame and Scottish friends,  
 And Scottish bird and flower,  
 Within your thrilling heart shall rise  
 And own the Poet's power.  
 Sang flings a charm o'er hut and ha',  
 Makes cheery bairns and wife,  
 And lifts the hinging heart abune  
 The weary storm o' life.  
 In poortith's fetters spraughlin' low,  
 Nae gowd ha'e I to gie,  
 But this wee book ye'se tak' an' keep  
 For auld langsyne and me.  
 And may the Friend o' friends above,  
 Whose e'e is everywhere,  
 Still keep you 'neath His wing o' love,  
 And make your weal His care.

May love aye licht your heart and hame,  
 Your cup be ever fu',  
 Till in our Father's house above  
 Ye meet with

BRITHER HUGH.

The latter poetical piece may have appeared in a news-  
 paper; but it is not included in the poetical works of the late  
 Hugh Macdonald, published in 1865.

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#### THE WALLACE OAK.

Grey Oak of Elderslie ! though time  
 Thy lordly crest hast riven,  
 Till now, a shattered oak thou stand'st,  
 To mould'ring ruin given —  
 Yet o'er the patriot soul thou shed'st  
 A holier delight  
 Than noblest forms earth's woodlands wide  
 Can boast of grace or might.

When fell usurping tyranny  
 Upheld her iron sway,  
 And prostrate Scotia 'neath the gloom  
 Of dire oppression lay,  
 Among thy hollow boughs a spark  
 Of liberty was nursed,  
 Which, kindling wide o'er hill and glen,  
 With mornlike brightness burst.

Wallace; stern Freedom's darling son,  
 Her bravest and her best,  
 Found refuge from o'erwhelming foes  
 Within thy leafy breast ;  
 His was the sword, in after times,  
 That cleft old Scotia's chain,  
 And bade her drooping thistle raise  
 Its stainless crest again.

H



Hence, while that peerless thistle blooms  
 Unstained by servile dyes,  
 And yon proud hills their summit raise  
 Unconquered to the skies,  
 The name of Wallace shall be dear  
 To Scotia's inmost heart,  
 Her whispered word in danger's hour,  
 When sword and scabbard part.

Old Tree ! though thou hast battled long  
 Against Time's withering sway,  
 Like all that lives, thou yet must learn  
 To bend and kiss the clay ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Still thou shalt flourish ever green  
 In brightest realms of fame—  
 Thy memory fades not, for 'tis link'd  
 Unto a deathless name !

Paisley, July, 1845.

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<sup>1</sup> This celebrated and revered tree, which stood for centuries at Elderslie, two miles from the Cross of Paisley, was blown down by the great storm of 6th February, 1856. According to tradition, the branches at one time were so large as to be able to conceal Wallace and 300 of his followers from the enemy, who were pursuing them. In 1825 the trunk was 21 feet in circumference at the ground, and 13 feet 2 inches at 5 feet from the ground. It was 67 feet high, and the branches extended 45 feet towards the east, 36 feet west, 30 feet south, and 25 feet north,—covering, in all, nineteen poles of ground.

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## JOHN STRUTHERS MITCHELL.

JOHN STRUTHERS MITCHELL (J. S. Mitchell), a son of the late John Mitchell, the meritorious poet, is a native of Paisley, and was born on 30th June, 1818. Like his father, he learned to be a boot and shoe maker, and still continues to carry on that business. Mr. Mitchell is also like his father in another respect,—he is a poet. His poetical and prose pieces have appeared in periodicals and the local newspaper press; but they have not as yet been collected and published in a separate book. Mr. Mitchell's father being a poet of no little celebrity, and well known in Paisley, his son may be said to have been brought up among the rhymesters of his native town. In November, 1882, the members of the Paisley Liberal Club got him advised to give them a lecture relating to the Paisley Poets, and this he did in two separate lectures. These lectures were much appreciated by those who were present, and by many who had an opportunity of reading them in the newspapers. I have three of his poetical pieces, along with an extract from an ode of much merit composed for the centenary of Annahill on 3rd June, 1874.

### MY YOUNG SON WHEN SUFFERING FROM SORE EYES.

Our wee Tam, the hale lang day,  
 He on the noisy streets did play;  
 He did not fear for horse or cart,  
 And frae the cabs he quick would dart.  
 When wan'rin' fiddlers through the town  
 Played the sad or lightsome tune,  
 The thoughtless thing through ilka lane  
 To follow them he was richt fain.

When they played, he took his stand  
 With other youngsters at his hand.  
 Till hunger drave him hame at e'en,  
 The stupid thing was never seen.  
 When the gowan he did see  
 Covering a' the grassy lea,  
 To the fields he then did roam—  
 'Mong the flowers he made his home.

When the red hip on the bush,  
 Pure as lovely maiden's blush,  
 And the haw was ripe on thorny tree,  
 And brambles dressed in colours three,  
 He kent the time to wander then  
 By the wood or up the glen ;  
 Breeks might be torn : he did not care,  
 No thought was his but to get there.

Though darkness is now o'er him cast,  
 Kind hearts have hope that will not last,  
 But pass like clouds across the sky  
 When the summer sun is high.  
 He yet will wander by the hill,  
 With hips and haws his pouches fill,  
 And when the gusty wind doth blaw  
 Will sport among the driven snaw.

March, 1881.

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#### ODE TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

Greater hands have struck the lyre  
 Than thine own, sweet Tannahill ;  
 If thine had not the poet's fire,  
 Why this bending to thy will ?  
 For hearts of Scotsmen, old and young,  
 In whatever land they're born,  
 Thy " woodnotes wild " come to the tongue  
 In many a heartfelt form.

'Twas on your own Gleniffer  
 That you sang your grandest strains ;  
 Scotsmen can forget them never,  
 Thy songs of hills and streams and plains  
 That drew from thee, in melody,  
 The beauties of thy native vale,  
 In wood and glen and dark fir tree,  
 Meet place to hear a lover's tale.

True, other lads and maidens fair  
 Now tread the scenes once dear to you ;  
 Still they're the same as when you were,  
 Your lessons are for ever true.  
 The poet-painter's art was thine,  
 And hill and glen and glancing river  
 Thou dost in thy sweet verse combine,  
 In pictures that will last for ever.

The memory of Tannahill  
 His hundredth natal day calls up,  
 And Scotsmen, with united will,  
 To's memory drain the festive cup.  
 What joy we have in our dear bard !  
 Our memory stored each gentle lay,  
 Learnt, as our mother's voice we heard  
 Sing them in years long passed away.

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A YOUNG FRIEND WHO HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP  
 IN THE HILLS AND COMPELLED TO LEAVE THEM.

JUNE, 1876.

Kilpatrick fells, that upward swell,  
 Where Clyde's proud river floweth free,  
 My thoughts will on thy beauties dwell  
 Though I should wander far from thee.  
 Each childish scene, by hill and stream,  
 Where oft my boyish steps have been,  
 By loch and lea, by bush and tree—  
 They one and all are dear to me.

On rude Glenarbuck's rocky side,  
 Where the wild hoodie-craw doth keep  
 His nest, in bold, defiant pride,  
 Above the glen both dark and deep,  
 I've often roamed till, spread around,  
 The landscape joyful was to me ;  
 And gazing through the blue profound,  
 I glimpses caught of distant sea.

Now luckless fate bids me to roam  
 From haunts that I have called by home—  
 The heatherbell with flower so bright, §  
 The blackthorn with its blossoms white,  
 The primrose on the grassy brae,  
 The songsters sweet that wake the day,  
 The heather-bush in days of spring,  
 On which the linnet rests its wing ;

And Luset glen, so dear to me,  
 Weel kent each nook, sae fair to see.  
 Where first awoke my love's young dream,  
 The tale was told by the sweet stream.  
 But all my dreams, by fancy wove—  
 My dreams of home, my dreams of love—  
 Must vanish now this mandate tells,  
 Sad now the hearth where Jamie dwells.

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THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND, JOHN YULE, ENGINEER,  
 GLASGOW.

28TH MAY, 1877.

'Tis passing strange, but a few days have passed  
 Since I was with him ; full of lusty life  
 He seemed to be, and filled with strength to last  
 For many years to battle with the strife  
 We wage to live. Amidst the hum and din  
 Of city life, he cherished dreamings bright,  
 And saw, in fancy, the proud height he'd win,  
 When midst the hills the summer shed its light.

Just four short weeks ago, he wrote to me :  
On old Dun Myatt yesterday was I,  
And saw our hills, as you'd have wished to see,  
In their white mantle, 'neath the clear blue sky  
That showed so well the deep ravines that lie,  
Amidst the wilds of Scotland's mountains high,  
From proud Ben Lawers, where classic Tay is spread,  
To grand Loch Long, where Jura rears its head.

Now all is past ! The opening spring no more  
Will wake his thoughts to distant Highland glens,  
Or heath-clad slope, or lone loch shore,  
With, high above, some proudly towering Ben.  
Plant the red heather o'er him in his sleep,  
That we may dream again, even while we weep,  
Of heights we've trod, where Grampian wilds unfold  
And Spey majestic its swift waters rolled.

A true Scot he, that loved his country's fame,  
A friend whose weaknesses were as my own,  
Who, in his wanderings, gloried in the name  
Of Scotland above all lands he'd known.  
Can I forget him ? As I wander lone  
His manly step I'll still in fancy see ;  
And oft, despite the fact that he is gone,  
In memory with him on the upland be.

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## PETER NOTMAN

PETER NOTMAN, a native of Paisley, was born in 1818. His father, I am informed, was William Notman, cowfeeder in Causeyside.<sup>1</sup> Peter was a rhymster, and published anonymously, in 1840, a short collection of his poetical pieces, under the title of "Small Poems and Songs. By Petrus," from which I give some selections.

### DAIRY SONG.

*Air—"Rowan Tree."*

O dapple cows ! O dapple cows !  
 Ye're dearer far to me  
 Than wheels ; for you and all the ewes  
 Frae ancient deils were free.  
 Your horns have turned a crescent shape,  
 Your nods my rural pride ;  
 Your match there is not, lovely four,  
 " In a' our country-side."

O dapple cows, &c.

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<sup>1</sup> William Notman was better known, from 60 to 80 years ago, as the carrier of families, in his "caravan," between Paisley and Gourrock, Largs, or Saltcoats. During that period, and before it, families that visited these watering-places for a limited period during the summer season very frequently took advantage of Mr. Notman's caravan or covered cart. Although this mode of conveyance was very slow, yet it was attended with a social family feeling which rendered it agreeable to our forefathers. Those who used this mode of conveyance never went and returned the same day—the gentlemen generally before they left arranged to remain at the coast all the time the family were there. What a contrast between the slow travelling of that time and the great speed of locomotion at the present day between Paisley and the coasting places. Mr. Notman died in 1833.

When in Canada in 1877, I called on a grandson of Mr. William Notman's, a photographic artist in Montreal and Toronto, with deservedly the most successful and extensive business in that part of the Dominion. My two daughters, with myself, had our photographs taken in a group at Mr. Notman's studio in Montreal, and they are much admired for their life-like and artistic appearance.

How bless'd am I in summer-time  
 Wi' pails o' milk so white ;  
 How rich an' sweet it is in sort—  
 Its cream a yellow bright.  
 On your bow'd horns are few, few nicks,  
 None scarcely can I see ;  
 But when in numbers they appear,  
 Remember'd your milk shall be.  
 O dapple cows, &c.

Fu' carefully I've herded you,  
 To guide you oft I ran ;  
 And kept you frae the clover-riggs  
 Wi' clever little Dan.  
 Your speckl'd mother, I mind her still,  
 Sae mild in geein' milk ;  
 Frae then I've prosper'd in my farm—  
 I've now my shawls o' silk.  
 O dapple cows ! &c.

Frae then began my husband's luck,  
 Ere then had ceas'd his wrongs ;  
 And sweet was then his charmin' voice,  
 A-singin' rural songs.  
 A great increase is ever in air,  
 Wi' you, O dapple cows !  
 And happy thoughts about you rise  
 At home and on the knowes.  
 O dapple cows ! &c.

---

#### ON THE COURAGE OF THE HORSE.

Would he for war's alarms become afraid,  
 Or like unhappy coward retrograde ?  
 Terrible his neck with strength as thunder,  
 The armed ranks his prancing drives asunder,  
 His nostrils dreadful seem and glorious,  
 Engag'd in war—his charge victorious.



Uneasy in the field to join the fight,  
 In power confiding at the battle's sight,  
 The rattling, noisy scabbard by his side,  
 With bold, intrepid rider for his guide ;  
 With glittering lance and oval shining shield,  
 He rushes forward to the battlefield,  
 While eating very earth in foaming rage,  
 Viewing the foe, impatient to engage  
 In conflict dread of bright contending arms,  
 Drums, bugles sounding his transporting charms.

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#### I'LL AWA' TO MY LASSIE.

I'll awa' to my lassie, although she be shy,  
 For cheerin' her smiles were when sorrow was nigh ;  
 How lovely and modest ! and her bonnie clear e'en  
 Sparklin' sae healthful, in chasteness were seen.  
 Sae blythe was her min', an' her voice was sae sweet,  
 That though I were cheerless an' cauld wi' the sleet,  
 I was warm'd wi' her presence—she's constant and guid,  
 Adorn'd in a comeliness, with manners not rude.

Attractive her features, for she was sae meek,  
 When wither'd my spirit lay broken an' bleak ;  
 The veil of her shyness her graces did hide,  
 Awa' wi' the storm flew, while I at her side.  
 When fortune was frownin', my soul clad in gloom,  
 An' grief passing slowly, I viewed her in bloom ;  
 Fu' bright was the simmer when far to the west  
 I gazed on her beauty and thought I was blest.

Dispos'd aye to shyness, she answers me "Nay,"  
 Yet still she delights me wi' lookin' sae gay ;  
 I'll follow my distant nymph—gallantly woo,  
 Solicit her love, and vow to be true.  
 Let fortune now on my endeavours be smilin',  
 An' lead me not aff wi' what is beguillin' ;  
 Gie not misfortune, nor alter my mind,  
 But let our affections in truth be combin'd.

## R. M'INDOE.

M'INDOE, I am informed, was a native of Paisley, I cannot supply any information regarding his career. Song of his, with the heading, "What is a Rose?" appeared in the song-book, published in 1844, entitled, "Songs of St. Mungo; or, the Minstrelsy of the West," page 21.

## WHAT IS A ROSE?

What is a rose? A fading flower,  
 A beauty of a day,  
 Blooming in lady's bower,  
 Living a meridian hour,  
 Then sinking in decay.

What is a rose? A lovely shade  
 Of nature's richest hue,  
 Pencill'd on a velvet blade,  
 Pencill'd but to smile and fade,  
 Like morning's crystal dew.

What is a rose? A relic, dear,  
 Of Eden's heavenly spot,  
 Crimson'd with a virgin tear  
 Of innocence, whose end is near,  
 And, like the past, forgot.

What is a rose? A maiden blush,  
 Reflected from the mind  
 Of truth and love! an angel's wish  
 For man to cease from sin—but hush!  
 A thorn remains behind.

## PRINCIPAL JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

PRINCIPAL JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born near the Cross of Paisley, on the 9th May, 1819. His father, Mr. Daniel Cunningham, carried on for many years the business of an ironmonger, in High Street. John Cunningham was educated first in Mr. Galbreath's School, Oakshaw Street, and afterwards in Mr. Hutchison's School, School Wynd, and in the Grammar School under Dr. Hunter. He went to Glasgow University in 1836, and studied there during four sessions, carrying off honours in almost all the classes. Being specially fond of Metaphysics, he went to Edinburgh in 1840, and studied under Sir William Hamilton and Professor John Wilson. He carried off, in the same year, the First Prize in the Logic Class, the Gold Medal in the Moral Philosophy Class, and Professor Wilson's Prize for the best poem on the subject he had prescribed, viz., "The Hearth and the Altar."

Having finished his University studies, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Paisley in the spring of 1845, and in the autumn of the same year he was presented to the parish of Crieff, where he remained for 41 years. In 1859 he published "The Church History of Scotland," the best book we have on that important subject. In 1868 he published a book, entitled, "The Quakers;" in 1874, "A New Theory of Knowing and Known." In 1885-6 he was the Croall lecturer, and his lectures are now published under the title of "The Growth of the Church in its Organisation and Institutions." He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, and the *North-British Reviews*. Three of the St. Giles' Lectures were given by him, and two of the

otch Sermons." In 1886 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and a few weeks afterwards was appointed Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in succession to Principal Tulloch. In 1860 the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of D.D. In 1886 the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D.; and in 1887 the University of Dublin conferred upon him the same honorary degree, on the same occasion on which honorary degrees were conferred on Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Bramwell, and other distinguished men. In presenting Principal Cunningham, Dr. Webb, the Orator of the University, said:—"Eadem sub formulâ presento tibi Johannem Cunningham, theologum, metaphysicum, historicum, *poetam*, Ecclesiæ Scotiæ Moderatorum, doctorem theologiæ apud Edinense, doctorem legum apud Glascuenses, hinc quoque salutamus in utroque jure apud nos."

Dr. Cunningham, like many other young men, wrote a good deal of poetry in his youth, but for many years he had abandoned the muse for more serious studies, and has always protested he is not a poet. But with the fact before us that he gained Christopher North's prize for poetry, and was saluted as a poet by the University of Dublin, I may venture to place him on our roll.

I shall give two or three extracts from his prize poem, though some of his other youthful pieces contain truer poetry.

#### THE HEARTH AND THE ALTAR.

The poem opens thus:—

When parting daylight lingers in the west,  
 And the lone sea-bird seeks her rocky nest,  
 When Hesper glitters on the brow of Even,  
 And sombre silence reigns through earth and heaven,

When peace of mind to jocund thought gives birth,  
 And happy faces smile around the hearth,  
 'Tis then there rise, before sad Memory's eye,  
 The merry days of youth and infancy ;  
 And those, perhaps, now severed far and wide,  
 Who gathered once around the same fireside.

Auspicious Eve ! thy sober season brings  
 A thousand visions on thy dusky wings ;  
 The recollection is entwined with thee,  
 Of moments dear to friendship and to me,  
 Of many an hour that swiftly glided by,  
 While they, the loving and the loved, were nigh ;  
 Hours which shall oft return, when many years are fled,  
 And some of these dear loving ones are dead,  
 By faithful recollection back be brought,  
 And mingled with some pleasing present thought.

'Tis passing sweet, at this sad silent hour,  
 To yield the soul to pensive fancy's power ;  
 To stand alone beneath the wide blue sky,  
 Unseen by all, save Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
 And, musing, gaze on flood and field, arrayed  
 In the soft drapery of twilight shade ;  
 And, greater still, in some sequestered spot,  
 To see from far the shepherd's humble cot,  
 And mark the thin blue smoke slow curling rise,  
 That tells of blazing hearths and happy families ;  
 For, if to erring man, by bounteous heaven,  
 One drop of heaven's happiness be given,  
 'Tis when a family form a circle wide  
 Around that magic spot, their own fireside.

Speaking of the father of the family with his white hairs,  
 the poem says :—

But o'er his face would smiling gladness glow,  
 Like sunny gleams on winter's waste of snow.

Referring to the church as ever standing in the middle of  
 the churchyard, the poem thus concludes :—

But stop not here, for faith can pierce the gloom  
Which hangs above the secret of the tomb.  
That Gothic pile, whose sombre shadows rest,  
In solemn silence, on the earth's cold breast,  
Proclaims that man is destined for the sky,  
An heir, through Hope, of Immortality.  
Thus even when in tearful mood we tread  
Upon the ashes of the confined dead,  
A ray of light, a star of hope, is given  
To point the fainting spirit up to heaven.

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## JEAN CLERK.

JEAN CLERK was a writer of verse. I cannot, however, find out anything relating to her life. In the *Paisley Advertiser* of 8th February, 1840, she had a piece of poetry with the heading "Victoria;" and as it is subscribed "Jean Clerk—Paisley, February, 1840," I think I may safely assume that if not a native of Paisley, the poetess was living in Paisley at that time.

## VICTORIA.

All hail, great Queen !  
 Welcome to love and wedded honour ;  
 Our hearts are thine,  
 Victoria !

Thrice happy Queen—a nation's love  
 Upheld thy virgin sway,  
 And with a parent's fond regard  
 We give thy hand away.

O, favoured Prince !  
 Welcome to claim Earth's greatest honour,  
 Thy heart must own—  
 Victoria !

Sweet maid—Britannia's fairest gem,  
 And boast of Erin's Isle,—  
 O ! happy must Prince Albert be  
 To meet thy every smile.

Hail happy pair !  
 Prince Albert and his lovely bride  
 In maiden bloom—  
 Victoria !

Go, lovely Queen, Prince Albert waits  
 To claim thy heart and hand ;  
 God save the Queen—Prince Albert bless—  
 Resound throughout the land.

Paisley, February, 1840.

JEAN CLERK.

## ALLAN GIBSON.

ALLAN GIBSON was born in Paisley on 2nd October, 1820. He received a fairly good education ; and when young showed a great desire for reading, which he very likely acquired from the example set before him by his father. His favourite books were Shelley, Byron, and Shakespere. From his youth upwards he delighted in the country, and admired the beauties of nature. He was besides an enthusiastic angler, which gave him further opportunities of becoming acquainted with lovely secluded spots on the burnsides. He was a member of the Paisley Literary and Convivial Association ; and, by speaking frequently at their meetings, he acquired great fluency and correctness of diction. For nearly two years prior to his death, which took place on 9th August, 1849, he was confined to his bed, prostrated with pain and debility.

It was only within a few years of his premature death that he commenced to cultivate the muse. It was his intention to correct the poems and songs he had composed, and add more to them, with the view of publishing a volume of them ; but he was not permitted to carry out his resolution, for death intervened. A volume of 127 pages was published of his poetical pieces in 1850, entitled "The Literary Remains of the late Allan Gibson, Paisley."

### THE LANE AULD MAN.

He sorrowfu' sat by the ingle cheek,  
 Its hearth was cauld to his weary feet ;  
 For a' were gane an' nae mair would meet  
 By the side o' the lane auld man.



To the wreck o' his hopes fond memory clung,  
 When the flowers o' his heart on his hearth-stane sprung ;  
 But death's cauld hand had cruelly wrung  
     The heart o' the lane auld man.

A leafless tree in life's wintry blast,  
 He stood alane, o' his kin the last ;  
 For ane by ane frae his side they passed,  
     An' left him a lane auld man.

His bonnie bairns, o' his heart the prize,  
 Wi' their bounding step and sunny eyes,  
 Hae left his hearth for hame in the skies—  
     Alack ! for the lane auld man.

The weel-lo'ed form o' his ain auld wife,  
 Wha soothed the cares o' a lang bleak life,  
 Has gane to rest wi' her weans, frae strife,  
     An' heeds na her lane auld man.

Owre the turf on their breast he lo'ed to weep,  
 An' sair he lang'd wi' the lost to meet,  
 Till death did close in his ain calm sleep  
     The e'en o' the lane auld man.

Whar yew trees bend owre the dark kirkyard,  
 An' gowans peep frae the lang green sward,  
 The moss-clad stanes o' the cauld grave guard  
     The last o' the lane auld man.

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#### TO THE CUCKOO.

Earth smiles in the glow of the genial spring,  
 And soft on her bosom the zephyr is singing ;  
 The sun-seeking lark, with the dew on its wing,  
     From the green spreading turf in its verdure is springing.

As high on the path of the sunbeam it sits,  
 Its carolling song through the welkin is ringing ;  
 And the light-hearted bird through the woodland that flits,  
     On echo his notes are responsively flinging.

And hark ! 'tis the cuckoo, the herald of spring,  
 Returned from the lands where the sunlight is streaming  
 On fountains where birds, on their bright golden wings,  
 Like stars on the breast of the waters are gleaming.

Sweet harbinger ! rest on thy journeying wing,  
 For Nature a bower for thy shelter is twining  
 And flowers from its verdure in beauty will spring  
 To pleasure the guest which the sunshine is bringing.

The buds will unbosom their fresh dewy folds,  
 The light sighing breath of the twilight perfuming,  
 And sunbeams will burnish their blossoms with gold  
 When joyous young summer around thee is blooming.

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#### ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

I love to gaze when o'er thy silent breast  
 The summer eves their purpling robes unfold—  
 When day, departing, bathes his burnished crest,  
 And rosy islets seem the western gold ;  
 Or when the music of thy billows sweep  
 With voice of waters on the murmuring shore,  
 Like wail of spirits from thy caverns deep,  
 Whom once in peace thy treacherous bosom bore.

Ere yonder bark may reach the sunny clime  
 Where commerce leads or art ambition guides,  
 Despair, convulsed, may to the relic cling,  
 And shriek a prayer out o'er its shatter'd sides ;  
 Though like a swan upon a breathless lake,  
 With spreading wing she flaunts her pennant proud,  
 Her giant form thou'lt for a plaything take,  
 And send it quivering through the foaming cloud.

Unchanged thou measurest the unchanging earth  
 Since Heaven's Eternal did the floods divide—  
 When through the twilight of creation's birth  
 The Spirit moved upon thy sleeping tide.



Proud empires rise whose deeds the world deface,  
And burst like bubbles on thy ebbing foam—  
On Time's grey record but their names we trace,  
And all their greatness to oblivion gone.

Thus perish all that fame or fortune hails,  
The pride of wisdom and the pomp of power ;  
At thy immensity ambition pales,  
Thou sovereign prototype of sovereign power !  
Of all the isles that gem thy boundless breast,  
Is there a spot which care has never known ?  
Where sin's primeval curse forgets to rest,  
And angel-virtue still can find a home ?

O no ! though scenes like Paradise be found,  
Whose blossom'd sweets perfume the breath of heaven,  
Where sunshine revels in luxurious round,  
And every gift that pleasure loves is given—  
There tyrant power, enthroned on freedom's grave,  
With bloody hand each hallow'd scene defiles ;  
And bigot knave, with superstition's slave,  
Deforms the land where nature sweetest smiles.

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## JOSEPH NOEL PATON.

JOSEPH NOEL PATON was born at Dunfermline on 13th December, 1821, and received his education in that town. He became a pattern-drawer, and served the firm of Brown, Sharp, & Coy., muslin manufacturers at No. 166 George Street, Paisley, from 1839 to 1842, and for the greater part of that time he lodged with Misses Blackwood, No. 6 Love Street. While living in Paisley, his leisure hours were much devoted to literature and art. To the *Renfrewshire Annual* for 1841, published by Murray & Stewart and John Neilson, Paisley, Mr. Paton contributed, it is stated, and currently believed, a poetical piece under the *nom de plume* of "Heather," entitled, "Jack Frost," accompanied with a beautiful and fantastic illustration of his subject, who is thus described :—

"Then a gaily-robed sprite,  
Like a falling star's light,  
On a fur-like clad peak of a hill did alight."

I shall afterwards give a longer extract from this poem.

In the *Renfrewshire Annual* for 1842, Mr. Paton had an illustrated poetical piece, entitled, "Sir Billy Boreas," also under the signature of "Heather." From this poem I shall likewise give an extract.

Among the numerous editions of "Silent Love," the author, Mr. Andrew Park, brought out in Paisley, in 1845, a beautiful and highly illustrated issue in quarto. The illustrations were by Mr. Paton, and the subject gave him an excellent opportunity of introducing half nude female figures, in which he so much excelled even then, and for which has become so famous since.

Mr. Paton, while living in Paisley, was noted as a tall, handsome young man. In winter time he wore a military cloak, and in his dress he was otherwise very particular. He worshipped in St. George's Parish Church. His seat was on the opposite side of the passage from my seat, and I had, therefore, frequent opportunities of seeing the artist now so eminent.

He is generally regarded as the most distinguished and successful of Scottish artists. In 1845 he gained one of the three equal premiums of £300, awarded by the Royal Commissioners at the Westminster Hall Competition; and in a similar competition, two years later, he won a prize, in the second class (£200), for his picture of "Christ Bearing His Cross," and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1850 he became an academician of the Royal Scottish Academy; in 1858 he married; and in the following year was senior officer of the First Volunteer Artillery Corps in Scotland. In 1868 he was appointed limner to the Queen for Scotland; and two years later he received from the Queen the honour of knighthood, at Windsor Castle. He is a Commissioner of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In 1876 he received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of LL.D. Sir Noel's works are numerous and very superior, but I do not require to mention them in detail.

As already stated, he courted the muse in earlier days. In 1861 he published a volume, entitled, "Poems by a Painter;" and in 1867 a second poetical volume, under the title of "Spindrift."

Paisley claims him as one of her numerous poets; for there is no doubt his long residence in this town, and his thorough knowledge of her many poetic sons, stimulated his poetic temper and genius. Every lover of Paisley rejoices in his

well-merited success as an artist and poet, and in the well-deserved honour conferred on him by Queen Victoria.

## JACK FROST.

His tricks on the farmer were many and strange,  
 And he stared not a little, so quick was the change.  
 The mischievous sprite was smother'd in fun  
 At the very queer things which his magic had done ;  
     And his boisterous prattle  
     Was loud as a rattle,  
 When he saw them *boil* food for the banquet of cattle.  
 He slipp'd to the dairy, and straight did it seem  
 That a demon had entered the milk and the cream ;  
 And he thought that the mirth of his soul ne'er would cease  
 When he fancied men selling their cream by the piece.  
     And, his farm tricks to close,  
     He drew all the rose  
 From the cheek of each maid to the point of her nose.  
 "Now," said he to himself, with a pride-bearing leer,  
 "I think I have done quite enough about here ;  
 So, without loss of time, I propose to go down  
 And visit my friends that are sleeping in town."  
     Cried the sprite — "Ho ! Ho !  
     I'll soon let them know  
 Than I can work better and swifter than Snow."  
 O'er the streets of the town soon his way he did wend,  
 A silence most perfect his steps did attend ;  
 The windows he touch'd, as he onward did pass,  
 And forestry gorgeous shone forth from the glass.  
     "Ho ! Ho !" cried he,  
     "I'll soon let them see  
 That none of their painters can paint like me."  
 But as he stroll'd onward, his eye caught a light,  
 And the sprite's curiosity rose to its height,  
 To know who it was that was really awake  
 When the rest of the natives their naps did take.  
     "I must see," said he,  
     "Who this can be  
 That is living alone at this hour with me.'

He slipp'd to the window, and peep'd within,  
 And there sat a youth who was pale and thin ;  
 His lamp burned dimly and low, and his fire  
 Appear'd to have made up its mind to expire.

Yet, tho' chilly and lone,  
 He had joys of his own,  
 And pleasure and pride in his features shone.

"Ho ! this is a Poet, it seems," cried Frost,  
 "And will die in a madhouse unless he be cross'd ;  
 I wonder what subject he hampers with rhyme—  
 It must be a warm one at such a cold time."

He slipp'd to the shelf  
 (The inquisitive elf,)

Where the first of the lines were—*address'd to himself.*

"Ho ! Ho ! Master Poet, I owe you a grudge,  
 For making me bear such a lot of your fudge ;  
 Remember me kindly,"—he stretch'd forth his hand,  
 And gave the young rhymer a taste of his wand.

He grew chilly as lead,  
 His feet became dead—

"I think I'll give o'er," said, and popp'd into bed.  
 I think he did right ;  
 And for fear that the sprite  
 Comes and freezes *me* also, I'll bid you good-night !<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The work called the "Chronicon De Lanercost," published by the Maitland Club, relating to the history of Scotland and England, from the year 1201 to the year 1346, is believed to have been written by one of the Minorites of Carlisle, and not by a Canon of Lanercost in that Abbey in Cumberland. This work, in two volumes, edited by Joseph Stevenson, was presented to the Maitland Club by Archibald Campbell of Blythswood. This MS. forms part of the Cottonian manuscripts belonging to the Trustees of the British Museum. The apparition referred to in the extract I here append from the "Chronicon De Lanercost," Vol. I., p. 163, very forcibly recalls, in this moral, the well-known passage in Scott's "Marmion," canto iv., § xxii. :—

"And yet, whate'er such legends say  
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
 On mountain, moor, or plain,  
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold  
 Those midnight terrors vain ;

## SIR BILLY BOREAS.

Soon the city was reach'd, and Sir Bill ('twas his right)  
 Climb'd the very first lamp-post and blew out the light,  
 Then they darken'd the whole of the way,—  
 Raised knockers, rang bells, and pull'd sign-boards down,—  
 The employment of nobles, they say ;  
 But there's never a Marquis in London town  
 Could do it so neatly as they.

For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, *save in the evil hour,*  
*When guilt we meditate within,*  
*Or harbour unrepented sin."*

"There happened then a hateful, and at the same time a wonderful, thing in the western parts of Scotland, in the vale of Clyde, about four miles from Paisley, at the home of a certain knight, Lord Duncan of the Isle, which was calculated to instil fear as to the condition of those condemned at the day of the final Resurrection.

"For then, some child of darkness, wearing the garb of holy religion, living wickedly, and dying very wretchedly, involved, indeed, in sentences of excommunication, on account of certain acts of sacrilege committed in his house long after his body was buried in the same monastery, disturbed many in the shades of night ; in sensible illusion betook himself to the house of the said knight, that he might exercise the faith of the simple, and might deter them from conflicting with clear light, or rather by the secret judgment of God, might show, through some sign, who was involved in his guilt.

"If, indeed, a body be assumed (whether natural or ethereal, is uncertain), nevertheless foully, grossly, and palpably, it was accustomed to come at mid-day, in the dress of a Black-friar, and to sit on the tops of the houses, and of the stores of grain which, when men either attacked it with arrows or transfix'd it with stakes, forthwith when any thing was infixed in that evil substance,—more rapidly than can be told,—it was burnt to ashes.

"Those, also, who entered into a contest with it, it threw down, and shook so violently as if it would break all their joints.

"The oldest son, indeed, of the knight, Lord Duncan, a full-grown squire, was particularly obnoxious to it in this contest ; and when, one evening, the head of the household was sitting with his servants near the fire, that fatal one came among the crowd, disturbing them with missiles and strokes ; and when the others fell in the flight, the young soldier began battle with it ; but what is very sad to tell, next morning he was found slain by it ; which, if it be truth that allows a demon power over no one unless he has lived after the manner of swine, it may very easily be conjectured why that youth ended by such a fate."



And well did they punish all stragglers, I ween,  
 Who on street, square, or alley, that night could be seen.  
 At corners they lurked, as silent as death,  
 Not even indulging themselves in a breath,  
 Till the victim arrived, when, with horrible shout,  
 In one furious body they'd rise and rush out ;  
 Stop his mouth, shut his eyes, hold him back, and (to show him  
 What strength they possess'd) knock his legs from below him ;  
 Or his hat they would steal, and with many-toned laughter,  
 Having kick'd it a mile, with the man running after,  
 At last they would dash it, a very mud ball,  
 As flat as a pancake on some crossing wall ;

Or throw it within a house railing, and leave  
 The owner, thro' striving to have it regained,—  
 To be seized by the watch, taken up and detained,  
 " Being seen with apparent intention to thieve."

They threw down the chimney-pots, tore off the slates,  
 And endeavoured to splinter the passengers' pates ;—  
 All the cats on the roofs they dropp'd down on the street,  
 Just to see (wicked things!) if they'd light on their feet.  
 Some turning the weathercocks, kept themselves busy,  
 Till even the poor leaden beings grew dizzy ;—  
 Some moved round the hands of the dials, and men  
 Who were anxious to go forth to labour again,  
 Breaking out of their slumber, and seeing 'twas 8  
 'Place of 3, did get into a terrible state ;  
 And this with such howling, and yelling, and screaming,  
 As filled all who slept with the fearfulest dreaming.  
 At last came the daylight, and Sir Billy beat  
 The order for muster preceding retreat ;—  
 Which answered, three cheers they gave, full might and main,  
 And fatigued march'd away from the city again.

## REV. WILLIAM BUCHANAN.

REV. WILLIAM BUCHANAN, son of a Paisley manufacturer, was born in 1821. After receiving the early part of his education at Paisley Grammar School,<sup>1</sup> he studied at Glasgow College with the view of becoming a member of the clerical profession. He distinguished himself there in the different classes, and obtained a prize for the best poem in the logic class. In 1843 he became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland; and, acting for a short time as assistant at Kilbirnie, received appointment to the Parish Church of Kilmaurs, where, in discharging the duties of the pastorate for several years, some social difference arose which led to his demission of the charge. Mr. Buchanan in 1857 became connected with the Press, and conducted the *Ayr Observer* with great spirit and ability; and afterwards, in 1860, he filled the important position of editor of the *Edinburgh Courier*, and subsequently served in the same capacity for the *Dumfries Herald*, and ultimately finished his career as editor of the same newspaper with which he commenced. Mr. Buchanan died very suddenly at his residence in Ayr, on the 19th July, 1866. On the day previous to his decease he apparently enjoyed his usual health. He was found lying dead on the floor of his room in undress, and it is believed that heart-disease was the cause of his death. Mr. Buchanan possessed great abilities, and was regarded as a very eloquent preacher.

He was a wooer of the muses, and published in 1866 "A

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<sup>1</sup> This important educational institution was founded and endowed by Royal Charter of King James VI. in 1576, and the first school-house was erected in School Wynd in 1586, on the site of the ancient Chapel of St. Nicholas.

Volume of Verses : Serious, Humorous, and Satirical," extending to 204 pages. Of these I give the following :—

### THE GLOAMING.

The traveller he chooses at morning to start,  
 The evening thinks best to come home in ;  
 But of the whole day I prefer, for my part,  
 The quiet hour that brings in the gloaming—  
 The calm and the beautiful gloaming !

The poet he raves of star-lit midnight skies,  
 Full moon sets his fancies a-roaming ;  
 But in my little heaven the whole stars are two eyes,  
 And they shine far most bright in the gloaming—  
 The calm and the beautiful gloaming !

The toper he sits 'mid a glare lighted up,  
 While the tankard before him is foaming ;  
 But I know a still more enrapturing cup,  
 Which intoxicates so at the gloaming—  
 The calm and the beautiful gloaming !

'Tis when Maggie meets me in our own trysting-bower,  
 As the bees cease their day's honey-combing,  
 And I sip the sweets of the loveliest flower  
 That ever shed charm on the gloaming—  
 The calm and the beautiful gloaming !

I wonder how lovers get on in the clime  
 Where night of approach gives no omen ;  
 And day disappearing at once, leaves no time  
 For the courting that's done in the gloaming—  
 The calm and the beautiful gloaming !

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### ON A YOUNG FRIEND WHO DIED AT EIGHTEEN.

Say, what shall we plant by the lowly bed  
 Of the loved and the loving—the early dead ?  
 The cypress ? Ah, no ! It can tell but the woe  
 And racking those poor human bosoms must know,

Whose affection, unaided and hopelessly brave,  
 Endeavours to pierce through the gloom of the grave,  
 And across the dull river directs its love-cry,  
 To that shore whence a question ne'er met with reply.

Plant rather the rose ! 'Tis the emblem most fit  
 For the spot where our dearest to dust we commit ;  
 The fresh life of its breath, though the leaf perisheth,  
 Will tell how the soul can survive amid death—  
 How our loving regards brook not final decay,  
 When the light leaves the eye and the lip turns to clay.  
 For the dead are not dead, but more living than we,  
 And they know, and enjoy, and they sing, and they see  
 What is all dark to us till our dreamings here close  
 And we wake in Hereafter—Saint, plant us the rose !

Plant the rose, 'twill remind of his sweet comely grace  
 Ere disease had inscribed its wan lines on his face ;  
 And in language most couth (yet how short of the truth !)  
 Tell of charms that now flush in immortal youth,  
 In that region of life and of beauty afar,  
 Where they need not the glory of sun, moon, or star—  
 Where the day without close never sinks into night,  
 And the Lamb robes His own in ineffable light !

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### SCOTTISH BALLADS.

O ! we remember well the dear loved times  
 When life and thought as yet to us were young ;  
 With what delight we listened to the rhymes  
 Which fell but from a mother's tongue :  
 The sweetly simple ballad, said or sung,  
 Of love-lorn maid or warrior clad in steel,  
 Of bloody men and dark, forbidden crimes,  
 Of high-souled honour and heroic zeal,  
 Resolved, in life or death, truth never to conceal.

And how we fondly wished ourselves were men,  
 That we might right the wrong our fellows bore ;  
 How gladly should we aid all sufferers then !  
 Joy with the joyful, with the sad deplore ;  
 The long-lost lover to his bride restore,  
 The evil from their ways of guilt allure  
 To virtue's happy path of peace ; and when—  
 But why regret the ills we cannot cure ?  
 Ours was the good at least to feel intention pure.

Greece had her Homer ; Virgil tuned in Rome,  
 For royal ears, his chaste and classic lyre ;  
 Shakespere hath writ for ages all to come—  
 He “ looked through Nature with creative fire.”  
 Great are the feelings which the great inspire,  
 Green be the laurels that to them belong ;  
 And yet, as high the thoughts in happy home,  
 What thrilled through all our little listening throng,  
 Waked by the winged words of simple Scottish song !

My native Scotland ! In thy halls are heard  
 No more the lays that oft have echoed there ;  
 The mirth, the music, and the feast seem marred ;  
 Still in those halls are lords and ladies fair,  
 And looks as blythe, and hearts as free of care ;  
 Still is the board as hospitably spread ;  
 But one alone is wanting—where's the Bard ?  
 Is it the Muses from thy shores have fled ?  
 Is it that, with thy power, thy Poesy is dead ?

Thy Bardic race has long since passed away,  
 Each sleeps in silence by his own green hill ;  
 Forgot his name, but not forgot his lay.  
 Ah, no ! Its accents yet have power to  
 And if, when all things else are stilled  
 Some stray notes fall upon the v  
 Soft as the breeze on summer  
 We think of whom we ne  
 And for that memory ble

His are the ~~...~~  
 The ~~...~~  
 To home ~~...~~  
 Orphans ~~...~~  
 So was ~~...~~  
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If beyond the mocking present  
 Stretch another, nobler sphere,  
 Whose events, less evanescent,  
 Die not as they perish here.  
 Then, amidst those transient losses,  
 Hopes so shifting and unsure,  
 Gains and pleasures, pains and crosses,  
 Teach us, Father, to endure !

From yon loom's most tangled tissue,  
 Bristle thread of light and shade—  
 Finished shapes of beauty issue,  
 In the gorgeous fabric laid.  
 So the slenderest chance that flieth  
 'Thwart the web of human fate,  
 From the Hand Divine which plieth,  
 Has its uses soon or late.

Out of all these fleeting blisses—  
 Out of all those griefs as fleet—  
 Not a thread its purpose misses,  
 None but yet its end shall meet ;  
 Till a texture, swift evolving,  
 Fit for regal men to wear,  
 All this chequered change revolving,  
 Shall endue our Being there.

How, when all Time's action over,  
 Bursts that future on our eyes,  
 'Twill amaze us to discover  
 Harshlest contrasts harmonise ;  
 And those smiles and tears heartrending,  
 Fits and fervours interwove,  
 In our scheme of wisdom blending,  
 Showing one design of love.

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## DONALD CAMERON.

DONALD CAMERON was born at Aberfeldy in May, 1822. He received the early part of his education at Aberfeldy and Madras College, St. Andrews. As it was intended he should prepare himself for the ministry, he studied also at Glasgow University. Circumstances, however, arose which caused him to abandon any idea he had entertained of becoming a clergyman. He therefore became a teacher, and taught at several places in the North of Scotland before he came to reside in Paisley, upwards of seven years ago. The school he is conducting at present in Paisley is in Argyll Street. He remains unmarried.

Mr. Cameron has turned his attention to the preparation of verse since he was twenty years of age, and his compositions have frequently appeared in the newspapers and similar publications.

### A JUBILEE LYRIC.

#### I.

Let's sing the modest maiden Queen  
 Of fifty years ago,  
 Whose love and lustre with her years  
 More brightly daily grow.  
 Let's sing the mighty matron-Queen,  
 The matron of to-day ;  
 For many decades may she live,  
 Ascendant be her sway.  
 Stronger and stronger ever grow  
 The prestige of her crown ;  
 May o'er her Empire, wide and vast,  
 No planet ever frown.

#### II.

May Tellus and Poseidon give  
 Her sceptre deathless might ;  
 Propitiate those realms which are  
 Ne'er wholly wrapt in night.

#### K



Science and Art, vouchsafe your skill  
 To sea-born Briton's cause ;  
 Blest aye be she in Senators,  
 May wisdom frame her laws.  
 For polished and for savage fiends  
 Ever prepared be she ;  
 Her arms be aye victorious  
 In wars o'er land and sea.

## III.

No dire, malignant star look down  
 Upon our Queen in wrath ;  
 Sweet smiles, prosperity, and bliss  
 Be present in her path.  
 May all the nations of the earth  
 To her real friendship show,  
 And joy to see our Isle possess  
 True glory's golden glow.  
 The world's great potentates aye be  
 United in the right ;  
 And may the blood-stained sword soon die  
 In Reason's bloodless fight.

May, 1887.

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 A R R A N .

Arran ! thy scenery how wild and grand !  
 Thy looks stern and sublimely savage be,  
 Thou stately pile, huge offering of the sea ;  
 Unique in Nature, peerless thou dost stand—  
 From Art and Science homage dost command ;  
 Thy mountains mucronate, rude, nude, and bleak,  
 Bear solemn awe and charms in every peak :  
 Bristle with spires sublimely o'er thy strand,  
 And proudly pierce the sunbeam trembling o'er  
 The chasms where eternal shadows reign—  
 Where all thy caves, now tenantless, remain—  
 By royalty deserted evermore ;  
 But to the end of ever-changing time  
 Thou wilt bring worshippers from ev'ry clime.

PRESENTATION OF "THE PRIMEVAL WORLD AND  
ITS FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE."

This token of respect accept, my friend—  
 With it, best wishes and the grateful blend :  
 Long, sir, your hard-earned ease may you enjoy,  
 With pleasures innocent of all alloy.  
 Long may you flourish on your gneissoid crag ;  
 Long, sir, may you, in plenty, raise your flag—  
 Sweeten with native tunes your native air,  
 Your native landscapes' beauties largely share.  
 My dear MacLellan, o'er these wonders look  
 Which are comprised within this brilliant book :  
 Great marvels of a former world here view—  
 Faunæ and Floræ long extinct pursue.  
 Glimpse of the earth's past glories here is seen,  
 Of stormy cycles and of scenes serene ;  
 Midst the sublime your cares you may forget,  
 And touching troubles laid on man by fate.  
 If the sublime you wish to view unfurled  
 In the birth, growth, and life of this our world—  
 Its form, frame, freight—do probe a back through æons vast,  
 In the eternity of the creative past.

May, 1886.

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AN ODE :

A SOUVENIER OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,  
 SIR JAMES KING, LL.D., BEING LORD-PROVOST.

I.

Glasgow, thou'rt blest with business men,  
 With intellects which ply the pen,  
 With great men living for thy good,  
 Workers in iron and in wood,  
 Well-skilled mechanics, artizans,  
 Engineers of gigantic plans,  
 With sons of Neptune and of Mars,  
 With sons of science—shining stars.

## II.

Thy Exhibition augurs well,  
The future will its grandeur tell,  
Thy enterprising feats relate,  
Thy commerce and resources great.  
Where are the Kelvin's fairy tales?—  
Before man's works their glory pales ;  
Here, now, their rousing wonders die ;  
Man's marvels now rule earth and sky.

## III.

Still westward will thy Harbour grow,  
Still wider be thy River's flow,  
Still huger will thy Vessels be,  
Vaster thine Empire of the sea.  
Still sweepingly shalt thou expand,  
Still more adjacent fields command,  
More villages and towns acquire,  
Through thy sons' daring, dauntless fire.

22 Argyll Street, Paisley, 1888.

## RADICAL RHYMES.

During the Radical time, between 1816 and 1822, a number of poetical pieces appeared, taking the part of those who held extreme political opinions ; but, unfortunately, the authors are at the present day unknown. As much of that poetry, however, possessed considerable merit, besides giving expression to the opinions held generally by the Radical party at that stirring time, it is proper, I think, that it should be preserved and prevented from running the risk of being altogether lost.

The first of the specimens I select was printed for its author, in pamphlet form, extending to eight pages, by J. Neilson, in 1816, and was entitled, "James Block's Lament ; or, The True Penitent. Together with the Ass's Reply." The title-page is illustrated with the figure of an ass.

### JAMES BLOCK'S LAMENT.

Sad news, indeed, I vow and swear,  
 This fills my heart with grief and fear ;  
 Yes ! forty thousand men and mair  
     Have dared to meet,  
 While my command was to forbear  
     On green or street.

And have these sinners had the face  
 Thus for to meet and part in peace ?  
 O ! what a stain to my disgrace ! —  
     Where will I fly ?  
 I'd rather seen a bloody chase,  
     And thousands die.

But now, alas ! alas ! in me  
 A second Haman here you see ;  
 I thought upon yon gallows tree  
     To stop their lungs ;  
 But now I'm forced — O ! wae is me —  
     To thole their tongues.

And nothing now for me remains  
 But a sad conscience, full of stains,—  
 For while my blood runs through my veins,  
     That swinish crowd  
 Will call me Block, in vicious strains,  
     And shout aloud.

They cry for ever, Sir, think shame !  
 You have for ever stained your name,  
 By thirsting for inglorious fame,  
     Abhorred by heaven,  
 But we our ancient rights will claim  
     When forced and driven.

They cry, Four worthy friends at court,  
 Do with our blood and treasure sport ;  
 They cry, You tax our scant support,  
     Which thousands grieves ;  
 In fact, they call us little short  
     Of plundering thieves.

What noise is this now in my pass ?  
 This cannot be a lad and lass ;  
 Good heaven ! — what ! — an ugly ass ! —  
     Call in the guard ;  
 Go, get hand-bills put to the press,  
     A large reward.

But he's perhaps of Balaam's kind,  
 Sent for to speak his Maker's mind,  
 If that's the case, these lads will find  
     We're made to rule ;  
 But if it's otherwise designed,  
     Then I'm the fool.

Pray, ass, speak out, of what degree ?  
 If you're in power, I'll bow the knee ;  
 What orders, sir, have you for me ?  
     Speak, if you can.  
 Come, speak your mind — be quick — be free, —  
     From G — or man.

What! not a word out of your throat,  
 Have you your message, sir, forgot?  
 This is some cursed deadly plot  
     I'm much afraid,  
 I see a paper there you've got  
     Imploring aid.

## THE ASS'S REPLY.

*Ass.*

Sir, you've judged right my pedigree,  
 For I'm an ass sent straight to thee,  
 To let you know your base decree  
     And slavish plan  
 Will come to nought. Man will be free,  
     Do what you can.

And though I'm not direct from heaven,  
 I've this commandment to me given,  
 To let you know the drift you've driven  
     Was black disguise;  
 But now the poor your scales have riven  
     From off their eyes.

Therefore, I say, be not so fast,  
 But slack your wicked iron grasp,  
 Too many men have breathed their last  
     Such fools to please;  
 But view these twenty years that's past  
     By land and seas.

And now, when wars are at an end,  
 And fools no more with fools contend,  
 Still in the dust the poor you bend  
     On every side,  
 For which no cause you need pretend  
     But cursed pride.

But here my message says, express—  
 "We now demand a just redress;  
 Too long we've borne this sad distress  
     Of pensioned fees,  
 While you and they, as we can guess,  
     Have lived at ease.

“ But now we’ll break this fatal chain,  
 And once again our rights regain ;  
 It is high time for to complain  
                   When hunger stares ;  
 If you the ass’s cribs but drain,  
                   They’ll grow like bears.”

Experience, sir, makes me to speak,  
 I’ve oft’ been hooked in the cleek ;  
 For if I dare a bit to seek  
                   Off the road-side,  
 Some gentle whip doth instant streek  
                   Across my hide.

And yet I never did reply,  
 Though oft’ my cheeks were far frae dry ;  
 But still I have no cause to cry,  
                   When I behold  
 How man his brother doth destroy  
                   For sake of gold.

Though I’m an ass, sir, I can see  
 The rich, the poor, the bond, the free,  
 And see how men of low degree  
                   Are dashed and driven,  
 Though all at first were equal free  
                   Designed by heaven.

*Block.*

You vile, degraded, ugly beast,  
 How dare you speak so cursed barefaced  
 About the feelings of your breast,  
                   And such like stuff ?  
 Go from my presence, go in haste,  
                   Or dread your buff.

Go to the back of some old dyke,  
 You tattered, tuzie, useless tyke,  
 And there with tinkers fidge and fyke ;  
                   Who but such trash  
 Would not with sword or dagger strike  
                   So proud a hash ?

*Ass.*

Stop, foolish man, your threats are vain,  
 Your schemes might do in France or Spain,  
 For there the poor dare not complain,  
     Though racked and torn ;  
 But here you'll find they'll break your chain,  
     Such things they'll scorn.

Poor self-conceited, empty fool,  
 You think your chief end is to rule,  
 And make this country to sing dool  
     At your command ;  
 And now your name's a stinking pool  
     Throughout the land.

You ordered me to some dyke-side,  
 And on my back let tinkers ride ;  
 But what are you, for all your pride ?  
     A perfect hack ;  
 A tool for Government to ride  
     Upon your back.

But, sir, in this you're not alone,  
 There's thousands more make Britain groan,  
 Who daily swarm around her throne,  
     To keep it right ;  
 But now I've done — I must be gone,  
     So, sir, good-night !

*Block.*

You talk of thrones, you imp of dust !  
 About our laws and rulers just !  
 It would a toad or snake disgust  
     To hear you plot ;  
 I'll in the Police-office thrust  
     You, till you rot.

*Block Solus.*

This is some dreadful magic spell  
 Done by some wicked imp of hell,  
 Or how could e'er this devil's bell  
     Such truths disclose ?  
 Without some second Magus fell,  
     Or Herman Boar.



*Pate.*

Stop there now, Rab, thou's rather fast,  
 I grant our sky is overcast,  
 I grant the whirlwind's ruthless blast  
     Now sweeps the plain,  
 But binna flee'd, our Sun at last  
     Will shine again.

This sudden hitch frae war to peace,  
 Is the sole cause o' our distress,  
 An' tho' some sumphs set up their face,  
     An' daur dispute it,  
 Believe me, Rab, tae bleth'rin geese  
     Ken nought about it.

What ! will a base illit'rate rabble,  
 Set up their rank seditious gabble,  
 An' signify that they are able  
     To rule a lan' ;  
 Vile trash ! scarce fit to clean a stable,  
     Or yet a straun'.

They rage and rave about taxation,  
 A weak an' corrupt 'Ministration,  
 'Bout charters, richts, and reformation,  
     Yet the vile fien's  
 Cou'dna, by Jove, for their salvation,  
     Tell what it means.

They'll count you up the war's expences,  
 A statement gie o' our finances,  
 An' a' the bits o' wee mischances,  
     We hae sustain'd ;  
 Yet they ne'er think, the silly dunces,  
     On what we've gain'd.

O ! if they knew the *honours* vast  
 Which, in these twice ten towmonts past,  
 This happy nation hath amass'd,  
     They'd drap declaiming,  
 An' think the ills with which they're press'd  
     Scarce worth the naming.

War hath at last her red flag furl'd,  
 Which long hath wav'd o'er half the world ;  
 The base Usurper now is hurl'd  
     Frae aff his hicht,  
 There to deplore that e'er he snarl'd  
     At Britain's micht.

What then is nakedness and famine?  
 Are not our brows with laurels streaming?  
 Our far-fam'd land with glory beaming,  
     Burns like a star,  
 While Afric's dark-hued sons a' hymning  
     Our praises are.

'Tis true, the Protestants they've brunt them,  
 What then, to heaven they hae sent them,  
 We needna, faith, I think, anent them  
     Mak' sic a sang ;  
 L—d Rab, there's plenty mair ahint them,  
     E'en let them gang.

O ! if the Rabble had the wit  
 Down on their hams content to sit  
 Till a kin' Providence thought fit  
     To cure their ailings,  
 But na, they'll growl, an' girm, an' fret,  
     At His wise dealings.

But Rab, we winna langer thole it,  
 Your pow'r to gab, we shall control it ;  
 Too lang our honour hath been sullied  
     Wi' your curs'd havers ;  
 We may giet up, faith, if we're bullied  
     By a when starv'd weavers.

*Rab.*

Rab drew the cutty frae his cheek,  
 He near haun chokit wi' the reek :  
 L—d blast you, Pate, just hear me speak,  
     An', by my conscience,  
 I'll prove that a' this rhetoric  
     Is downright nonsense.

The hale force o' thy sneers an' snash  
 Is levell'd at our want o' cash ;  
 But Pate, my man, thou needna fash,  
     That's nae dispute ;  
 Is't truth we speak, ye senseless hash,  
     Or is it not ?

I dont deny that we are poor,  
 That's granted, as I've said afore ;  
 But is a man on that same score  
     To haud his tongue,  
 Nor tell the knaves who pinch him sore  
     They do him wrong ?

No :—Dire misfortune's bitter blast  
 May beat against the poor man's breast,  
 His body may to earth be prest  
     'Neath mis'ry's load,  
 But the free soul will still resist  
     The oppressor's rod.

O Britain ! what accursed scenes  
 Of fraud an' blood thy hist'ry stains !  
 How many thousands of thy swains  
     Have bled and died  
 To nurse Ambition's dark designs  
     An' feed her pride !

But to the point :—If a' this bluid  
 In which our hauns have been imbru'd  
 Hath only serv'd to bring a load  
     O' Debt upon us,  
 Then, Pate, I fain would ask what guid  
     The war hath done us ?

The *Hope o' France* is now restor'd,  
 And *Ferdinand* by Spain ador'd ;  
 The *Pope*, that servant o' the Lord,  
     Now sits secure,  
*Monks, Friars, an' Nuns, an' a' the herd*  
     O' *Bab'lon's Whore*.

In France reigns fiery persecution,  
 In Spain is reared the Inquisition,  
 An' the black limmer, Superstition,  
     Trots at her tail ;  
 While here, beneath a curs'd Taxation  
     We weep an' wail.

See *Pleasure's* hair-brain'd airy band,  
 Wi' our wise R\*\*\*\*t hand in hand,  
 At Balls an' Routs, an' Galas grand,  
     Regaling w——s,  
 While a poor famish'd, weepin' land  
     His aid implores.

But, Pate, we needna rin to Lon'on,  
 Even here are rascals muckle run on ;  
 An' faith, it is my fix'd opinion,  
     A baser breed  
 The sun o' heav'n never shone on  
     Sin' he was made.

Our B——s, mercenary wretches,  
 Hing heavy loads on us poor b——s ;  
 Our thin lank sides they suck like leeches,  
     An', what is worse,  
 To the last doit they've drain'd our poutches,  
     Without remorse.

The Town's Supremacy, they've said it ;  
 The mouth o' Cart, wi' dirt they've filled it ;  
 Our sair won gear, awa' they've dealt it,  
     As they thought fitting ;  
 In short, our ruin they hae seal'd it  
     Wi' their d——d eating.

But faith, Sir M——l gart them stare  
 That day he shook wee S——h B—r sair,  
 Sent B——y foaming like a bear  
     Out o' the kirk,  
 While big B——n i' the chair  
     Sat like a stirk.

Our Clergy, too, a snivling pack,  
 Amidst a nation's general wreck ;  
 Na, though our ain toom tripes hing slack  
     Wi' bitter want,  
 Set up their vile insulting clack,  
     An' preach content.

That minion B——g wi' pois'nous breath  
 Tells us, though we're oppress'd to death,  
 Tho' we're wrought sair, an' hunger'd baith  
     On puir thin kail,  
 We've reason to be thankfu', faith,  
     That we're sae weel.

An' Willy S——t, that *man o' feelin'*,  
 He talks o' *worth* an' *honest dealin'*,  
 Yet taks a puir man's hinmost shilling  
     To pay his debt ;  
 He's done't, an' I'se be sworn he's willing  
     To do it yet.

Ilk virtue frae our lan' hath fled,  
 Honour is sick, an' Truth is dead,  
 Justice has broke her sword, the Jade,  
     An' brunt her scales,  
 An' Liberty, like ane afraid,  
     Has tane her heels.

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A great amount of song was indulged in by the friends of the famous Radical reformer, Henry Hunt, in the Saracen's Head Inn, Paisley, on the evening of the 31st October, 1822, the meeting being called to celebrate the liberation of that gentleman from his imprisonment in Ilchester Jail. The hall was fitted up to accommodate 200 persons ; but by 8 o'clock, the hour at which the proceedings were to commence, it was crowded to excess, and many were obliged to leave without gaining admittance. A band of instrumentalists, who gave their services gratuitously, added greatly to the enjoyment of

the evening. Mr. William Young was appointed chairman and Mr. James Fleming croupier. After these gentlemen had delivered stirring addresses relating to the causes which had brought the company together, the remainder of the night was passed in a happy convivial manner—much of the time being taken up with the singing of songs appropriate to the occasion. As several of these songs were original, and specially composed for the meeting, I will give some of them as specimens of the sentiments with which those present were imbued, and as showing the considerable ability which pervaded several of the company.

The first three toasts at this meeting were as follows :—

“The people, the only source of legitimate power.”

“Henry Hunt, Esq. Being restored to his fellow-citizens, may he live to see and enjoy the fruits of his exertions in the cause of liberty and humanity.”

“Major Cartwright, Sir Charles Wolsely, Sir Francis Burdett, Messrs. Wooler and Cobbett, and all those who have suffered in supporting the rights and liberties of Britons,—while they have the testimony of their conscience, may they never want the gratitude and approbation of those for whom they have suffered.”

The company did not separate till about two o'clock of the following morning.

#### YE WHO REVERE THE PATRIOT'S NAME.

*TUNE*—“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”

Ye who revere the patriot's name,  
Whose bosoms glow with freedom's flame,  
With one accord resound the theme,  
Ilchester's dauntless prisoner's free ;  
Tho' tyrants wish'd our friend a grave,  
He's free once more our rights to save,  
The kind, the virtuous, and the brave  
Defender of man's liberty.

L

Proclaim the song, till hill and dale  
 Reverb'rate with the joyful tale,  
 And echoes waft it on the gale,

That Hunt, the friend of man, is free.  
 Let warriors boast o'er thousands slain,  
 Let lordlings join the courtly train ;—  
 We meet to hail fair freedom's reign,  
 And welcome Hunt to liberty.

The dungeon's walls could ne'er subdue  
 His fearless soul, so warm and true ;  
 And he the path will still pursue,

To make the sons of bondage free.  
 The tyrant's frown, the hireling's sneer,  
 Shall ne'er impede his bold career,  
 Who, godlike, will our standard rear,  
 For peace, and love, and liberty.

When time tolls tyrants' funeral knell,  
 His name shall rank with honest Tell,  
 And Wallace, who for Scotland fell,

That Scotia's sons might still be free.  
 His name, his worth, in every age,  
 Shall brightly shine in history's page,  
 When despots cease their wars to wage  
 'Gainst universal liberty.

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SONG.

*Tune* — "Mrs. Hamilton of Wishaw's Delight."

Blest be the pleasures of this day,  
 When patriots meet in friendly glee  
 To check corruption's baleful sway,  
 And hail the prisoner now set free.

*Chorus.*

Rejoice, brave Albion's sons, rejoice,  
 And sound Fame's trump in highest glee,  
 Till echo spreads her loudest voice  
 That Hunt's restored to liberty.

And may the blast still louder blow,  
 And vibrate in each tyrant's ear  
 Till univeral gladness flow,  
 And freemen have no foes to fear.

Rejoice, &c.

Whoe'er has felt a kindred flame,  
 An absent injured friend to see,  
 Awake, unite, and loud proclaim  
 Ilchester's mighty captive's free.

Rejoice, &c.

Injustice and perverted laws  
 Deprived him of his liberty ;  
 He suffer'd long in freedom's cause,  
 Who triumphs now o'er tyranny.

Rejoice, &c.

'Tis not for conquests gain'd abroad  
 We joyous give our meed of praise,  
 Where fields were dyed with human blood,  
 Sad ills, where mad Ambition strays.

Rejoice, &c.

The tyrants now may weep and mourn,  
 And sink their heads in wildest gloom ;  
 Indignant must our bosom burn,  
 To know they wish'd our friend a tomb.

Rejoice, &c.

Secluded from the ethereal sky,  
 Pale bleeding torture reach'd his ear ;  
 The hapless victims caught his eye,  
 And pamper'd hosts were made to fear.

Rejoice, &c.

And still may virtue mark his course  
 Amidst a patriot's sad turmoil ;  
 And still may thousands join his force,  
 All noble guardians of our isle.

Rejoice, &c.



## SONG.

*Tune* — "The Minstrel Boy."

The tyrants smil'd in their lordly hall,  
 When they heard the yeomen cheering ;  
 And hop'd our faithful Hunt would fall,  
 When they saw death's sabres rearing.  
 Tho' dungeon'd deep, yet nobler far  
 Is the foe to fraud and knavery,  
 Than tyrant thron'd—bold Hunt's our star  
 An' guide thro' the gloom of slavery.

But now he's free, and withering Hope  
 Shoots forth her goodly blossom ;  
 His country's stay—fair freedom's prop  
 Again is in her bosom.

No party footsteps mark his way,  
 No knight of courtly revelry ;  
 The rights of man and equal sway  
 Inspire his glorious chivalry.

Thro' slavery's waste, with bright'ning beam,  
 Is the song of freedom pouring—  
 Now murmuring like the gentle stream,  
 Now like the torrent roaring.  
 Unlov'd the soul—unsung the name—  
 Untold be his posterity—  
 Who would not sound the patriot's fame,  
 And march in the ranks of liberty.

## SONG.

*Tune* — "I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane."

Why is it such raptur'd emotions we feel?  
 Why beams with such pleasure each eye?  
 And why on each countenance lingers the smile  
 Of triumph, of gladness, and joy?  
 'Tis that he whom we love, the tried friend of mankind—  
 The patriot in word and in deed—  
 Who zealously stood forth our rights to defend,  
 This night from his shackles is freed.

When power, leagued with malice, its vials of wrath  
 Pour'd out e'en the dregs on his head—  
 When doom'd to a prison, worse even than death,  
 Was his heart e'er cast down or dismay'd?  
 No—dangers might threaten, and dark as the grave  
 A dungeon its terrors might lend;  
 But firmly he stood like a rock midst the wave  
 When the tempests of Heaven descend.

Come, Liberty, come! to our hearts thou art dear;  
 O, haste to revisit our isle!  
 Then soon will the gloom of oppression, so drear,  
 Be dispell'd by thy heavenly smile.  
 Yes, we cherish the hope that, tho' many the woes  
 Which at present the patriot assails,  
 The day will soon dawn when the righteous cause  
 Of justice and truth will prevail.

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 SONG.

*Tune*—“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.”

Hark! the trump of freedom sounds,  
 And her foes the blast confounds,  
 While our heart with rapture bounds  
     For brave Hunt and liberty.

Honour'd by his native land,  
 Britain's sons around him stand,  
 Who now join with heart and hand  
     To aid him in his bravery.

We mourn our country's many woes,  
 Detest and shun her servile foes,  
 Whose savage deeds we shall expose,  
     Who dare to crush our liberty.

The sword, the dungeon, and the chains,  
 Alike the nation's honour stains;  
 Their bills of penalties and pains  
     Are acts of violent tyranny.

Shall we forget fair Caroline,  
 Whose virtues shall for ever shine?  
 The worthiest of the Brunswick line,  
     Forsaken by our hierarchy.  
 We saw her number'd with the dead,  
 Neglected when her spirit fled,  
 Her dear remains, when lowly laid,  
     Denied the rights of Heraldry.

Shall such baseness all combin'd  
 Impede the progress of the mind?  
 No, by Heaven!—'twas ne'er design'd  
     That man should live in slavery.  
 By Manchester's bloody plain,  
 By our friends for freedom slain,  
 We shall yet our rights regain,  
     And triumph o'er all knavery.

The following "rhyme" belongs to the same period, but the author is now unknown. Who the hero in the piece, "The Radical hunter, the Tod," was, I cannot surmise; but some of the other names that appear in the ballad, such as Speir, can be recognised. The rhyming piece has been appropriately headed as follows:—

THE RADICAL TIME :

A DOGGEREL BALLAD, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Heard ye the news that is come to the town?  
 The Tod's turned a hunter instead of the houn';  
 For a Radical's head he did offer Five Poun',  
 For he got muckle gear that was none of his own.

He's a Radical hunter, the Tod, the Tod,  
 He's a Radical hunter, the Tod, the Tod;  
 When winter comes on he must fly to the sod  
 Or the mountains for shelter, the Tod, the Tod.

That day they were searching for Walker and Speir,  
 They searched the houses both sharp and severe ;  
 A Tod he came snoking with nose and lang chin,  
 And through Walker's window he soon did creep in.

He's a Radical hunter, the Tod, the Tod, &c.

When the Tod he got in he went bringeing about ;  
 The pike was within, though he found it not out ;  
 He got but a rung, tho' so well he did search,  
 And up through the town with the rung they did march.

He's a Radical hunter, &c.

The Tod went a hunt in a neighbouring house,  
 He ran to the garret as light as a mouse ;  
 He found an old chisel, or something the like,  
 And cried to the hunters, "O, here is a pike !"

He's a Radical hunter, &c.

In the village of Johnstone the like never were,  
 For Radical hunters they covered the Square ;  
 For both horse and foot they went prowling along,  
 A-picking up Radicals out of the throng.

They were Radical hunters, like Tod, like Tod,  
 They were Radical hunters, like Tod, like Tod ;  
 The wicked old Foggies that came from the sod,  
 They were killing the folk, by the road, the road.

The Tinker was taken for making of pikes—  
 He said, "You must prove that I e'er did the likes ;  
 The Carroty Messen can do it fu' weel—  
 And likewise to make them the iron he did steal."

He's a Radical hunter, like Tod, like Tod,  
 He's a Radical hunter, like Tod, like Tod ;  
 He's very well known for a treacherous rogue,  
 And a Radical hunter, like Tod, like Tod.

The Carroty Messen he did volunteer—  
 Went to Ecclefechan a-hunting for Speir ;  
 Where taken he was by the treacherous rogue,  
 And was guarded to Paisley along the whole road.

He's a Radical hunter, like Tod, like Tod, &c.

But Speir stood his trial, was cleared at the bar,  
 Came home in a coach, without skaith or scar ;  
 Such a crowd for to welcome him never was seen,  
 And the treacherous Messen he darena come hame.

He's a Radical hunter, like Tod, like Tod, &c.

When they came to Johnstone the town was quite thrang ;  
 In the coach, besides Speir, there was one they called Lang—  
 A lad from Kilbarchan, a hero likewise,  
 And he was made welcome by neighbouring boys.

For they carried him home the whole road, whole road,  
 For they carried him home the whole road, whole road ;  
 When the hunters they saw that the thing was sae snod,  
 It made them to hole like a Tod, a Tod.

Mr. William was brought, as it's sooth said and thought,  
 Was the one that did settle the job, the job ;  
 They thought he would swear it was Walker and Speir  
 That assaulted him on the high road, high road.

That assaulted him on the high road, high road, &c.

“ Oh ! how could I swear, with a conscience not clear ?  
 When they are the men I ne'er know'd, ne'er know'd ;  
 Perhaps in the throng, they might be among,  
 For there was a numerous mob, a mob.

For there was a numerous mob, a mob ;  
 For there was a numerous mob, a mob ;  
 I will not swear it was Walker and Speir,  
 For I'll ne'er bear the name of a rogue, a rogue.”

But Swallow-Tail'd Hog was a rogue and a loon,  
 For ilka old wife that had news in the town,  
 With pen upon paper he wrote them all down,  
 And against Jamie Speir he assisted the Crown.

The hunters they told all they could, they could,  
 The hunters they told all they could, they could ;  
 But Grant bore the bell, all the news they could tell,  
 For he hunted them hame like a Tod, a Tod.

Among all the rest, Muckle Naething was there,  
 And the great Wooden Horse at the back of the Square,  
 And old Bowly Matty, as black as the Deil ;  
 But Grant was the boy that heckled them weel.

When he questioned them all that he could, he could,  
 When he questioned them all that he could, he could,  
 He said, " I'm surprised you came here to tell lies,"  
 So he rump-ed their tails like a Tod, a Tod.

The Blackbird said " Toddy, and brother, and I,  
 Saved the village from being blown up to the sky ;"  
 But he flew to Paisley along the whole road,  
 And brought the old Foggies that came from the sod.

They were Radical hunters like Tod, like Tod,  
 They were Radical hunters like Tod, like Tod ;  
 Despised they'll be at home and abroad,  
 For Radical hunters like Tod, like Tod.

Smylie, and Parker, and Walker also,  
 The Messena-hunting for them he did go ;  
 But he was deprived, and that is well known,  
 For they are all three to America gone.

Where they'll get their foot on the sod, the sod,  
 Where they'll get their foot on the sod, the sod,  
 Where they'll get their foot on the liberty sod,  
 Where they ne'er shall be hunted by Messena or Tod.

The Radical lads they are sworn out of date,  
 Though some of them met with a very hard fate ;  
 But we hope they are gone to a happier shore,  
 Where tyrants are able to kill them no more.

All the Radical hunters, like Tod, like Tod,  
 All the Radical hunters, like Tod, like Tod,  
 They'll be hated by men and despised by God—  
 All the Radical hunters, like Tod, like Tod.

## JOHN M'GREGOR.

JOHN M'GREGOR was born in Wellmeadow Street, Paisley, in 1829 or 1830. He was the eldest son of Daniel M'Gregor, a weaver to trade. John M'Gregor received the first part of his education in Mr. John K. Chalmers's School, West Brae,<sup>1</sup> and was afterwards in the Grammar School, under Dr. Brunton, the rector of that Institution. In early life he

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<sup>1</sup> J. K. Chalmers was born in Glasgow in 1803; and, according to the early education he received at school, he was intended by his parents to be a minister of the Gospel. Mr. Andrew Gray, teacher, Sandholes, Paisley, died in 1824, and Mr. Chalmers came to Paisley as his successor. Mr. Chalmers in 1840 removed his school to No. 7 West Brae, where he remained till his death, on 26th March, 1872. He was a faithful, energetic, and successful teacher of the youth put by their parents and guardians under his charge. Mr. Chalmers, who was deservedly much-beloved by those whom he had educated, was entertained to dinner in 1870, in the Globe Hotel, and presented with his portrait (painted in oil) and a valuable gold watch, about 150 of his former pupils having subscribed to obtain these gifts. Mr. Robert Hay, an old pupil, presided, and delivered an eloquent eulogium on Mr. Chalmers.<sup>1</sup> He was chosen early in life to the office of the eldership, and filled that important position till his death. At the secession from the Established Church of Scotland in 1843, he left St. George's Parish Church and joined Free St. George's Church, and frequently officiated at several of the Free Church congregations. Mr. Chalmers, having had one of his legs amputated, used a wooden limb. At his funeral, on 1st April, 1872, the company met in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Oakshaw Street. The funeral was a public one, and was attended by many of his old pupils and friends.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Hay, a native of Paisley—born, 20th January, 1822—was the second son of Robert Hay, who succeeded William Motherwell, in 1830, as editor of the *Paisley Advertiser* newspaper, and held that position till July, 1844. He died 10th June, 1847. Mr. Hay, senior, purchased the business of Andrew Blackie, engraver, Paisley, adding to it the art of lithography, and carried it on both in Paisley and Glasgow, under the firm of Robert Hay & Son, young Robert conducting the department of penmanship, for which he possessed great taste. This respectable firm still continues, under the successful management of Mr. James Hay, a younger son. Mr. Robert Hay, junior, was for several years the correspondent in Paisley for the *Glasgow Constitutional*; and when the *Paisley Journal* was commenced, in 1853, he was joint-proprietor and editor along with the late Mr. James Waterston. Mr. Hay was an amiable gentleman, and possessed considerable literary abilities and was also an expert shorthand reporter. When a volume of the sermons of the late Rev. Alexander Rennison, Paisley, was published in 1868, Mr. Hay wrote as preface a memoir of the rev. gentleman. Mr. Hay had an attack of paralysis, and died about four years thereafter, on 13th August, 1881, aged 59 years.

gratified his great desire for reading by obtaining books from the Paisley Library and the library in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, Abbey Close. He was for some time foreman in the manufacturing warehouse of the late Mr. Charles Burgess, Causeyside Street. When the late Mr. Robert Oliver, teacher, was appointed collector of the Abbey poor rates, Mr. M'Gregor succeeded him in the school in Barr Street. Shortly afterwards, he removed to the academy in George Street, under the Baptist Church, where he was fairly successful until 1851, when the John Neilson Educational Institution was opened. His scholars then nearly all left him. About this time a teacher was wanted for the Maxwelton School; and he was unanimously appointed by the Trustees, of whom Mr. Thomas Coats was chairman, to fill the vacancy. This school had a very small endowment, but the emoluments of the teacher were increased by Messrs. J. & P. Coats, who paid for fifty scholars belonging to the First (or West-End) Ward of the town. Some time afterwards, the number of the scholars was not restricted, and they were not confined besides to the First Ward. The result was that Mr. M'Gregor had, to his delight, a most successful school, and the annual examination of the scholars became a great day in Maxweltown.

His reading of books at this time was both extensive and varied, but was especially given to religious subjects. He had a great taste for poetry, and his favourite authors were Milton, Shakespeare, Cowper, Burns, Scott, &c.; and he himself contributed many poetical pieces to the *Christian Journal* and the local press. His great ambition, however, was to be a minister of the Gospel, but a delicate constitution sadly interfered with the realizing of his great desire. He suffered from spinal disease; and before his death, at the Maxweltown School-house, on 4th March, 1859, he was confined to his bed for about two years. Although a member of the United



Presbyterian Church, Abbey Close, he was regularly visited during his illness by the Rev. James Macgregor, of the High Church,<sup>1</sup> now of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh. I give two specimens of his verse, one on the rainbow—which was not completed—and the other on the death of his sister.

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF JEAN M'GREGOR,  
WHO DIED 24TH JULY, 1854.

And thou art gone ! for ever fled !  
 And thy short race is run ;  
 And thou art numbered with the dead—  
 Dear sister, thou art gone !  
 And shall I see thy face no more ?  
 Thy pale brow, cold and chill ?  
 Thy gentle lips that smiled before,  
 Are they for ever still ?

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. James M'Gregor is a native of Scone, Perthshire, his father having been the forester on the Earl of Mansfield's estate. Mr. M'Gregor was first a pupil at the Parish School of Scone, and afterwards studied at the University of St. Andrews. When he left the University, he was for a short time assistant to the Rev. George Burns, of Newton, Ayr, and now of the Glasgow Cathedral. On the Rev. Mr. Dickson, of the High Church, Paisley, receiving a presentation to the church and parish of Kirkbean, Mr. M'Gregor was, out of a leet of three, chosen by that congregation, on 22nd September, 1855, to be their pastor. Mr. M'Gregor's ordination took place in the High Church on 7th November following, when the Rev. Dr. Graham, of Kilbarchan, preached and presided. On the following Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Crombie, of Scone; conducted the forenoon services and introduced Mr. M'Gregor to the congregation. This election was a most successful one for the High Church congregation. Since the Disruption in 1843, the congregation had been increasing slowly in number, but under his able and energetic ministry the church became as well attended as under the most prosperous period of any of his predecessors. The congregation on several occasions supplemented his stipend ; but, to their great regret, he accepted a call to the church and parish of Monimail. His farewell sermon to the congregation was preached on the afternoon of Sunday, 3rd August, 1862. A few years thereafter he accepted a call to the Tron Church, Edinburgh, where he only remained a short time, having been chosen to be the senior minister of St. Cuthbert's in that city, where he is at present one of the most popular, if not the most popular of preachers in Edinburgh. Dr. M'Gregor is held in the highest esteem by Queen Victoria, and is a yearly visitor at Balmoral.

Angelic creature, thou at last  
 Art free from sorrow's chain ;  
 Thy agonies on earth are past,  
 Nor can return again.

Now all thy sufferings here are done,  
 O ! happy change for thee ;  
 The goal is reached, the prize is won ;  
 Thou say'st—" Weep not for me."

Thy nobler part hath winged its flight  
 To better worlds on high,  
 Where Jesus Christ himself doth wipe  
 The tears from every eye.

Where seraphim and cherubim  
 In holy raptures sing ;  
 Where cherubim and seraphim  
 Delight to serve their King.

O ! there may I, when unto me  
 There shall be time no more,  
 With her the Saviour's glory see,  
 And evermore adore.

### THE RAINBOW.

A summer's shower was falling  
 To cheer old Nature's face,  
 And plants and flowers were spreading  
 To catch kind Heaven's grace.

Fair in the midst of Heaven  
 A beauteous arch was seen ;  
 Few things of earth or air  
 Were half so fair, I ween.

When Noah left his ark  
 And bade his altar smoke,  
 He saw the image fair,  
 And thus the silence broke :

“ Wide o’er the blue expanse  
I see thee spread abroad ;  
And as a sign of good,  
I hail thee from our God.”

The altar ceased to smoke,  
The Prophet’s prayer was said ;  
A silence then ensued,  
The worshippers still stayed.

As from the altar’s ashes  
A voice was heard to rise,  
A shadowy hand stretched forth  
And pointed to the skies :

“ While earth remaineth sure,  
Seed-time and harvest shall  
With cold and heat endure  
Through generations all.”

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## MARGARET THOMSON LAIRD.

MARGARET THOMSON LAIRD, wife of the Rev. John M'Leod, of the West Free Church, Alloa, was a native of Paisley. Her father was Mr. James Laird, ironfounder, Paisley. From an early age, this accomplished lady was much attached to literature, and to the studying of the Muse. As she advanced in years, a large portion of her time was devoted to the composition of both prose and verse. Articles from her pen appeared from time to time in various magazines, and the local press was also occasionally honoured with her poetical contributions. At Burns's centenary, Mrs. M'Leod gave to the local press a poetical piece to celebrate the memorable event. Many competent judges were of opinion that if these verses had been entered for the competition prize given at that period, she would have been awarded the first position among the numerous candidates. Among the last of her poetical compositions was the poem she wrote in commemoration of the munificent gift by Mr. Thomas Coats of Ferguslie, of the Fountain Gardens to the town of Paisley, on 20th May, 1868. So highly were the "Lines," as she so modestly called them, valued, that they were inserted in the elegant and valuable book published by Messrs. J. & J. Cook giving a description of the proceedings on that day. At the close of my brief memoir I shall give this poetical piece.

Mrs. M'Leod's death took place on the 18th January, 1869, and was caused by an internal trouble (cancer) from which she had long suffered. Her remains were brought to the Paisley Cemetery, and interred beside those of her only son. In addition to her many estimable qualities, Mrs. M'Leod gave much of her attention to visiting and comforting the sick, and in ministering, as far as she was able, to the necessities of the poor.

Unfortunately, the best of the prose and poetical pieces of this worthy and talented lady have not been brought together in a permanent form.

LINES ON THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

FOUNTAIN GARDENS, PAISLEY, 20th MAY, 1868.

What glad event crowns this a festal day,  
 When every home and every hearth is gay?  
 Labour hath ceased its ever-toilsome round ;  
 The mills are empty—still'd the workshop's sound—  
 Schoolroom and shop-door shut—the pen flung by—  
 Beside the loom the idle shuttles lie.  
 Each class alike the stirring gladness shares,  
 And the old town a gala costume wears ;  
 Draped and adorned with many a garland fair,  
 With flag and pennon streaming in the air.  
 But hark ! they come, through street, and square, and lane,  
 With banners gay and music's raptured strain ;  
 'Neath festoons bright and green triumphal arch,  
 'Mid gazing crowds and beauty's smile, they march.  
 All classes in that long, proud *cortège* meet—  
 The judge, the ruler from the civic seat ;  
 The teacher, doctor, merchant-prince were there ;  
 Each trade aloft device and standard bear.  
 Well-chosen time for all this public mirth—  
 The day that celebrates our Sovereign's birth.  
 We bless our Queen—long life to her we pray ;  
 But there is one within our midst to-day  
 Whose generous heart feels for the sons of toil—  
 Whose princely gifts descend like precious oil.  
 With this glad day is linked his honoured name,  
 And with his gift shall ever live his fame.  
 And now, to rich and poor, to young and old,  
 The Fountain Gardens wide their gates unfold.  
 Enter all,  
 Fairer this than regal hall ;  
 Glorious is the dome above,  
 Ever telling God is love ;

Beautiful the floor beneath,  
Where the flowers sweet odours breathe—  
Where a thousand blossoms bright  
Ever minister delight.

Aged pilgrim, here repose,  
When the summer noontide glows—  
Here where verdant branches wave,  
Think of Him who came to save ;  
And a glimpse to thee be given  
Of the home of bliss in Heaven !  
Hither come each weary one  
When the daily task is done ;  
'Neath the shady arbour rest  
With the friend thou lovest best.

Husband, father, rest thee now,  
Wipe the toil-stains from thy brow ;  
Come, with wife and children dear,  
Peaceful beauty greets thee here.  
From the dust, and din, and strife  
Of this toilsome, transient life,  
Here enjoy the leisure hour ;  
And may rock, and fount, and flower  
With deep love thy soul embue  
For the beautiful and true.

In each leaf and lovely flower  
Trace the great Creator's power—  
Think of all His love and care.  
He, the Rose of Sharon fair,  
Spotless Lily of the vale,  
He, O ! strange, O ! wond'rous tale !  
Bore the curse of Labour's lot,  
And a lowly workman wrought.

Here no poisoned cups o'erflow,  
Bringing sorrow, want, and woe.  
Drink, then, of the waters here,  
From the fountains cool and clear ;  
Drink, and bless the thoughtful donor.  
May he long have wealth and honour—  
Live to reap the blessing won  
From the good to others done !

## THOMAS BURNSIDE.

THOMAS BURNSIDE was born in Paisley on 1st October, 1822. His father was a reed maker. Thomas, in his seventh year, was sent to work as a draw-boy to a weaver. At sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to be a weaver. Shortly after completing his apprenticeship, he went to reside with and work to an uncle of his in Dunfermline. While living there a very curious incident occurred. One night his uncle and aunt were engaged in a conversation which he overheard, and the latter expressed herself in very unfavourable terms towards himself. When they had gone to rest for the night, he quietly arose and left the house, with almost no money in his pocket, and travelled amidst great hardships to Glasgow, to live for a time with a married sister.

Sometime after completing his twenty-first year he got married. During the great depression of trade in 1841 and the following two years, when work could with difficulty be obtained, he went to Balfron, where he remained for about three years, finding employment of some kind, and was pretty comfortable. He afterwards left Balfron and went to Glasgow, where he obtained employment for some years. Returning to Paisley, he got employment as a weaver in the factory of Messrs. David Speirs & Coy.,<sup>1</sup> but his eyesight failing, he opened a small shop, and along with it a circulating library. Not succeeding, however, in this

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. David Speirs, who was a superior manufacturer of Paisley shawls, erected a factory at Lonend to enable him to extend his business, and died on 22nd August, 1873. He was a much-respected member of the Swedenborgian or New Jerusalem Church at Paisley. Mr. Robert Semple (to be afterwards noticed), under the initials of "R. S.," inserted in the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette* of 30th

venture, he sold all off at a considerable loss. He was again compelled to return to the loom to gain a livelihood. He died on 10th May, 1879, aged 57 years. It was not

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August in that year, the following poetical piece, descriptive of some of the many good qualities possessed by Mr. Speirs :—

IN MEMORIAM.

And he is gone—the noble and the good,  
 And are we left to shed the mourner's tear?  
 'Twas even now, when he among us stood,  
 And spake those counsels we so lov'd to hear.

In him mankind possessed no common friend,  
 For to his care this blessing great was given—  
 To show how well the Lord in him could blend  
 A little of the earth and much of heaven.

The poor ne'er asked his timely aid in vain ;  
 He gently led the wanderer back to God ;  
 With tenderness he soothed the bed of pain,  
 And helped the weary to sustain their load.

He shed around him, where all else was dark,  
 A gleam of light, sustained by heavenly fires ;  
 He fanned into a flame hope's dying spark,  
 And wean'd the selfish soul from vain desires.

His days were passed devising deeds of love,  
 His nights in visions of eternal joy ;  
 His thoughts oft wandered to the realms above,  
 Even while God's labour did his hands employ.

And little children from their play awhile  
 Would cease, and fondly clasp him by the hand ;  
 And then some loving word or pleasant smile  
 He would bestow upon the youthful band.

His end was peaceful, like his blameless life ;  
 His spirit clung not to its house of clay ;  
 In mercy was he spared death's bitter strife,  
 Before he passed into the realms of day.

O ye whose life with wealth is richly blest,  
 A fallen, glorious mantle waits for you ;  
 Go, lift it from its place of idle rest,  
 And wear it while you have His work to do.

Go emulate his life of blessed toil,  
 Continue in the work which he begun,  
 That, when you put aside this mortal coil,  
 You may receive God's blessed words ' Well Done.'



till the year 1865, when he was upwards of forty years of age, that he commenced to write verses. A year after his death the best of his poetical pieces were, with a brief memoir of the poet, collected and published in a volume of 134 pages, by Messrs. J. & J. Cook.

GLENIFFER BRAES.

I wandered o'er Gleniffer Braes,  
 And stood in pensive thought to gaze  
 Upon the lovely scene so bright,  
 With autumn dainties full in sight.  
 The hawthorn tree was spangled fine,  
 The briar wi' scarlet "hips" did shine,  
 An' a' aroun', on ilka track,  
 Were brambleberries red and black.

The burnie wimples doon the glen,  
 Far frae the busy haunts o' men ;  
 On ilka bank, and roon' the knowe,  
 The rowan tree an' hazel grow.  
 Altho' the blackbird's ceased to sing,  
 That used to gar the plantin's ring—  
 Though mavis sweet has closed his sang,  
 'Tis sweet to be these scenes amang.

The "feathery breckans" fringe the braes  
 Where Tannahill in by-gane days  
 Oft strayed to some bit cosy nook,  
 To read a page o' Nature's book.  
 Here aft he'd sit in thought profound,  
 An' paint in song the scenes around,  
 And in his magic words rehearse  
 Wild Nature's beauties a' in verse.

The "crawflower" and the "heather-bell,"  
 The broom an' whin that deck the fell,  
 The modest gowan on the lea,  
 Paid tribute to his watchful e'e.  
 O ! well might such a scene inspire  
 The poet's soul to tune the lyre,  
 An' sing in sweet pathetic lays  
 The beauties of Gleniffer Braes.

## THE WA' GAUN O' THE BAIRN.

The widow's cot was dull an' lanely,  
 Her ae wee bairn was deein' fast ;  
 The bairn she lo'ed and nursed sae fondly  
 Lay calmly breathin' oot its last.

"This warld will be a blank, my dearie,"  
 She sighed, an' said wi' bated breath,  
 "For ye were a' that kept me cheery  
 Since God took faither frae us baith.

"We'll hae nae mair o' sturnie battle,  
 As when I kaim'd your towsie hair ;  
 An' sair I'll miss your canty prattle  
 While sittin' in your wee arm chair."

The cauld sweat frae his broo she dichted,  
 The big tears drappin' frae her e'e ;  
 "O, God !" she cried, "I'm sair afflicted,  
 In parting, my dear bairn, frae thee."

An' while wee Davie's heid she's haudin',  
 He opened up his glazed e'e,  
 Altho' his ain wee heart was sabbin',  
 Said "Mother, dinna greet for me.

"O dinna greet for me, dear mother ;  
 What tho' I lea this warld o' sin ;  
 Ye ken am gaun to meet wi' faither,  
 An' leeve in bliss for aye abin."

His wee hauns lifting up to heaven,  
 He prayed in sic a fervent strain  
 That a' his sins might be forgiven,  
 Then calmly left this earthly scene.

## WILLIAM MURDOCH.

WILLIAM MURDOCH, whose father was a shoemaker to trade, was born at Paisley on 4th February, 1822. After attending school and receiving the ordinary education of reading, writing, and arithmetic, he learned his father's trade; and while doing so attended at the same time a night-school. Murdoch commenced business on his own account, at No. 28 Lady Lane, as a boot and shoemaker. When about 16 years of age, he began to cultivate the *Muse*. He married at 21 years of age. Murdoch was a well-informed man, very sociable and greatly respected. He was a member of the Literary and Convivial Association—known by the letters "L.C.A."—whose weekly meetings were attended by local versifiers, debaters, humorists, and other literati, all belonging to the well-to-do working classes. William Murdoch's place of business became the rendezvous of many gifted men like himself, such as Hugh Macdonald—before noticed—author of "Rambles Round Glasgow;" Alexander Smith—who will afterwards be referred to—author of "A Life Drama;" Archibald M'Kay, historian of Kilmarnock; James Yool, poet, Paisley (Vol. I., p. 257); J. M'Intyre, poet, Glasgow, author of "The Scottish Emigrant;" and other literary celebrities. When Murdoch lived in Paisley, many of his poetical pieces appeared in the local newspapers and periodicals, under the signature of "Hcodrum," which was his own name reversed.

In 1854 he left Paisley to assist his brother, Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, who held the important position of Civil Engineer to the Public Commissioners, St. John's, New Brunswick.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> I have before me an able and elaborate report of 60 pages by Mr. G. Murdoch, dated December, 1882, with plans, relating to the water supply of St. John's, New Brunswick.

Before leaving Paisley, he was entertained at a musical meeting of his friends, in the Saracen's Head Inn, on the evening of 14th April in that year, receiving at the same time a handsome sum of money ; and on the Wednesday evening following, he was again entertained at a farewell meeting by the members of the Literary and Convivial Association, to show the high appreciation in which he was held by them. Mr. James Yool occupied the chair. Mr. Murdoch, shortly after his arrival at St. John's, was appointed to take charge of the gas-work that supplied the lighthouse on Partridge Island, off the coast of New Brunswick. There he remained for three years ; and, having much leisure time, he composed the "Bagpipes," and many of his best poems and songs. In 1860 he returned to St. John's, and published a small volume of 152 pages, entitled "Poems and Songs." He afterwards returned to his former situation, which he held till 1865, when he obtained a position in the editorial staff of the *Evening News*, New Brunswick. In 1872 he published a second edition of his "Poems and Songs," of 232 pages, "Enlarged and Improved." Mr. William Murdoch died 4th May, 1877. Many of his poetical pieces possessed very considerable merit.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

There is a land, a lovely land,  
    Encompassed by the sea,  
Whose every mountain, glen, and strand  
    Thrice hallowed is to me.  
It is the land whose heathery hills  
    No foe e'er trode with scorn ;  
The land of rocks and dancing rills,  
    The land where I was born.  
  
Hail, Scotia, hail ! with love for thee  
    My raptured bosom swells ;  
Land of the brave, the good, the free,  
    Of woods and flowery dells ;

Land where the thistle proudly blooms  
 Fresh as the rising morn—  
 I'll love, till time this heart consumes,  
 The land where I was born.

Land where proud Rome in days of yore  
 Forth led her countless hordes,  
 Till Scotia gleamed from shore to shore  
 With empire-winning swords.  
 But, glory to our sires of old,  
 All stainless and untorn  
 Still bloom the laurels which enfold  
 The land where I was born.

In thee, when Southern foes assailed  
 To load thy neck with chains,  
 And Edward's whetted vengeance pealed  
 In thunder o'er thy plains,  
 A Wallace, matchless, dauntless, good,  
 His threats defied with scorn,  
 And nobly saved, in fields of blood,  
 The land where I was born.

Hail, Bruce ! dread essence of the brave !  
 Hail, monarch of my soul !  
 Thy deeds, where thralldom found a grave,  
 To endless fame shall roll.  
 Thy deeds on Bannock's bloody field  
 Thy name shall aye adorn ;  
 Bright glory crowns, and valor shields  
 The land where I was born.

Land of the mist, where dauntless Knox  
 First rent the Papal veil ;  
 There Covenant hymns, from glens and rocks,  
 Came floating on the gale :  
 Where martyr'd hosts to piles of fire  
 By Papal vengeance torn,  
 Upon thy breast for truth expired—  
 Great land where I was born.

Hail, land of song ! where countless bards  
 Have tuned the heavenly lyre,

Where Tannahill's soft strains were heard  
 To blend with Burns's fire ;  
 Where Scott in peerless splendour reigned,  
 And Hogg awoke his horn,  
 Till echo swelled through wood and glen—  
 Bright land where I was born.

Land of my love, land of my joy,  
 Land where my life began,  
 Land where I rambled when a boy  
 And sojourned when a man ;  
 Land where the eagles cleave the sky,  
 And view the world with scorn,  
 I'll breathe your name in life's last sigh,  
 Dear land where I was born.

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#### A MOTHER'S WAIL.

They're gane, they're gane, they're gane,  
 And I am left alane to languish ;  
 My bosom rent by pain,  
 And my soul the prey of anguish ;  
 I see their ghostly biers,  
 And my heart could burst wi' grieving ;  
 For the dried-up source of tears  
 Leaves nae channel for relieving.

'Tis only days sin syne,  
 That I heard their joyous prattling ;  
 'Tis only days sin syne,  
 They were round the ingle brattling,  
 With youthfu' hearts of glee,  
 And bright, rosy, smiling faces ;  
 Now, my bonny laddies three  
 Are in death's cold, dark, embraces.

With joy I saw them burst  
 Frae the bud into the blossom ;  
 With joy them a' I nurst,  
 As they nestled in this bosom ;

My life was then a dream  
 Of a future filled with gladness ;  
 I awoke, and lo ! its beam  
 Leaves a life of grief and sadness.

They left me as they came,  
 First my eldest and my dearest ;  
 Again, the blighter came  
 For my gentlest and my fairest ;  
 Wee Jamie next, and last,  
 Sweet and tender as the lily,  
 Has through death's portals passed  
 To his brithers—Bob and Willie.

It's wrang to fret and pine,  
 'Neath the trials heaven measures ;  
 But, O ! it's hard to tine  
 A' sic precious earthly treasures.  
 They're gane, my a' are gane !  
 And I am left behind to sorrow ;  
 O God ! relieve my pain  
 Send some comfort for to-morrow.

I'll seek the lanely plot  
 Where my darlings three are lying ;  
 With tears bedew the spot,  
 And wake echo with my sighing.  
 My joys on earth are gane,  
 One by one my heartstrings wither ;  
 O God ! relieve my pain,  
 And God help ilk childless mother.

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#### THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like gude bairns an' creep close to the fire,  
 The nicht fills my bosom wi' dread ;  
 The snaws driftin' sair o'er the hills, an' the win'  
 Like a demon roars at the lum-head.  
 The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,  
 God send him a bield dry and warm ;  
 And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—  
 O ! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face of the sky,  
 That used sae to cheer me at e'en,  
 For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinney days  
 When wi' Donald I stray'd 'neath their sheen.  
 But he's noo far awa' amidst danger and strife,  
 Whaur bluid flows in torrents like rain;  
 I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife,  
 But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,  
 Love's tears sparkled bright in his een;  
 Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,  
 An' a bluidy shroud hung us between.  
 He spak' nae a word; but O! sairly I fear  
 His heartstrings are cut by the glaive;  
 Wer't no for my bairns I could rush to my dear  
 Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn,—  
 'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,  
 An' the thocht that your father may never return  
 Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae.  
 But aiblins I'm wrang, for God wha can haud  
 The vast sea in the howe o' his han',  
 Can shield him fra skaith, an' may yet sen' him back  
 To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God! what did I hear? 'Twas my Donald's ain voice,  
 Borne along on the wings o' the blast—  
 He said "Flora, I've noo to join you for aye,  
 Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."  
 O Heaven! I see him mair pale than the snaw;  
 The bluid's gushin' out frae his broo.  
 I'm coming dear Donald—farewell my lov'd bairns—  
 I'm coming to Heaven an' you.

Thus wail'd the brave Highlander's heartstricken wife,  
 In her cot 'mang the heather-clad cairns,  
 Then frantic arose, clasp'd her hands o'er her heart,  
 Swoon'd, and died in the arms of her bairns.  
 Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe,  
 That Donald, the flower of his clan,  
 Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow  
 Fell fighting for freedom and man.



## REV. JOHN BATHURST DICKSON.

THE REV. JOHN BATHURST DICKSON was born on 25th December, 1823, in the town of Kelso, Roxburghshire, where his father was a respectable solicitor. After leaving the High School at Kelso, he studied at the University of Edinburgh, and became a licentiate of the Free Church. In August, 1851, the congregation of the Free High Church, Paisley, made choice of him as their pastor; and in June, 1852, he was ordained to the charge. Mr. Dickson, in 1859, resigned his pastorate.

While at college Mr. Dickson was a contributor to "Tait's Magazine," and other periodicals. In 1854 he published "Theodoxia: or Glory to God; in Evidence of the Truth of Christianity." In 1857 "The Temple Lamp," a periodical publication. Mr. Dickson composed many poetical pieces on a great variety of subjects. His song of the "American Flag" is a great favourite in the United States of America, and is as follows:—

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Float forth, thou flag of the free;  
Flash far over land and sea,  
Proud ensign of Liberty—  
Hail, hail to thee!

The blue of the heavens is thine,  
The stars on thy canvas shine!  
Thy heraldry tells thee divine—  
Hail, hail to thee!

Thy white proclaims thee unstained,  
Thy crimson thy love unfeign'd  
To man, by despots enchain'd—  
Hail, hail to thee!

Under thy God-given light,  
 Our fathers went forth to fight  
 'Gainst sceptred wrong for the right—  
     Hail, hail to thee !

The Lion of England no more  
 'Gainst thy proud Eagle shall roar ;  
 Peace strideth from shore to shore—  
     Hail, hail to thee !

Float forth, thou flag of the free,  
 Flash far over land and sea,  
 Till the world shout " Liberty ! "—  
     Hail, hail to thee !

Mr. Dickson, in September, 1859, as already mentioned, resigned his charge, and was sometime afterwards chosen as pastor to the Presbyterian Congregation at Croydon.

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#### AN APRIL DAY.

Spring is a battlefield, where ever fight  
 Fierce Winter and fair Summer, sweetly bright.  
     It is an April Day.  
     Whirling sleet-spray,  
     The maddened blast  
     Leaps fiercely past,  
 Roaring like the sea.  
     O'er blinded skies  
     The torn rack flies ;  
     The rain comes scowling  
     'Mid the howling,  
 Drenching field and tree.  
     Now sun-bursts flash,  
     The heavens are blue,  
     The rain-drops hang  
     On buds like dew.  
 The wind has crept  
     To where it rose,  
 And nature smiles  
     In bright repose.

Winter's power will soon be gone,  
 Summer comes to fill the throne.  
     Welcome April day ;  
     Herald of sweet May !  
 Meet emblem of man's life this April day—  
 Now dark, now bright, now mournful, and now gay ;  
 Faith sees, above the wild and fitful fight,  
 One fair immortal Summer of delight.

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#### THE RAGGED BOY.

Oft' walking through the lanes and streets  
     Of this poor toiling town,  
 I meet with little ragged boys  
     That ne'er have kindness known.  
  
 I ask their name, their school, their home,  
     Then pat them on the head,  
 And teach them some sweet prayer to say  
     Before they go to bed.  
  
 I met a little boy to-day  
     Straying, he knew not where ;  
 I smiled into his bright blue eyes,  
     And stroked his matted hair,—  
  
 Then passed along. But soon a voice,  
     Tiny and softly shrill,  
 Came after me, and, melting, said,  
     " Do it again ; you will ?"  
  
 With touched heart I turned my steps,  
     Smiled in his eyes so blue,  
 (A tear in mine) and stroked his head,  
     Then, pleased, away he flew.  
  
 How keen the sense of kindness lives  
     In this neglected child !  
 By kindness let us seek the lost,  
     Like Him, the meek, the mild.

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## HUGH KILPATRICK.

HUGH KILPATRICK was born at Smith Street, Charleston, Paisley, on 23rd November, 1823, and is still living. After receiving a moderate amount of education at school, he learned to be a drawboy, and afterwards a weaver. For some time he was engaged in the manufacture of what are generally called Paisley goods. He went to the United States of America ; and after remaining there for seven years (from 1862 to 1869), he returned to Paisley, where he is still in business. Mr. Kilpatrick has been, and still is, a prolific writer of poetry, the most of which has adorned the poet's corner in the newspapers. As yet he has not collected his pieces and published them in a separate volume, although he has enough to make one of moderate size.

### PEACE OR WAR.

#### BRITAIN'S TRUE POSITION.

Old Britain waits with 'bated breath  
 The issue of the strife ;  
 She would have peace — on peace alone  
 Depends her trading life.  
 She stands on war's volcanic brink,  
 I hear the rumbling noise ;  
 Let all unite in heart and hand—  
 Of war or peace make choice.

Victorious Russia sweeps the field,  
 She may get drunk with pride,  
 Despise the Lion and his roar,  
 And scorn him too beside.  
 Put not your trust in princes great,  
 It has been said of old ;  
 It still holds good, and still through blood  
 They wade to power and gold.

The Russian's motto savours good,  
 He has shown pluck and might ;  
 The Ottoman has done the same,  
 But has now lost the fight.  
 He has gone wrong, I freely own,  
 And caused this mortal strife ;  
 But Russia cannot bide, for, why,  
 She drew the bloody knife.  
 It was for freedom, so she said,  
 For Christian liberty ;  
 Now let us hear her terms of peace,  
 Her honour let us see.  
 I own her glorious feats in arms,  
 Her valorous deeds profound ;  
 I'd go with her for freedom's cause,  
 But not an inch of ground.

*Paisley, 4th February, 1878.*

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IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN LORIMER, OBIT. 13TH OCTOBER, 1878.<sup>1</sup>

Friend, patriot, and lover of thy kind—  
 Esteemed, respected, and beloved by all—  
 A thousand bosoms heave a sigh for thee,  
 And sadly mourn thy unexpected call.  
 By such as thee life's bitters are made sweet,  
 Its gloomy hours of woe and care beguiled ;  
 To part with thee shrouds us in sorrow deep,  
 And time alone can make us reconciled.  
 We mourn thy sisters left alone in tears,  
 'Tis they must bear the bitter pang of woe ;  
 Their guiding star, their hope and guardian gone,  
 Makes sorrow's dismal cup to overflow.  
 Weep ! Orpheus, weep ! Apollo mourn,  
 And tune the lyre to doleful accents sweet ;  
 Let Cartha's daughters join the sacred song,  
 Bedewed in tears, while kneeling at his feet.

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<sup>1</sup> Memoir of John Lorimer, Vol. I., p. 460.

No more, alas ! when Summer skies are bright,  
 And flow'rets wreathe thy native mountains' brow ;  
 No more to smile amidst the joyous throng,  
 Or lead the warbling song, again com'st thou.  
 Gleniffer's bowers may echo thy sweet notes,  
 And hill and dale re-echo back again ;  
 But thou art gone, we hope, to brighter realms,  
 To blissful regions void of woe or pain.

Faithful to duty, to religion true ;  
 Kindly and courteous in thy ways to all ;  
 Unostentatious, guileless, too, wert thou  
 All were thy friends, and thou wert at their call.  
 There is a home beyond the peaceful grave,  
 A land of joy, bright, everlasting, fair—  
 There hast thou gone, upon its happy shore  
 To mingle with the good whose home is there.

Let autumn winds sing round thy place of rest,  
 And drooping flow'rets sweet perfume the air ;  
 Let chanting warblers of the winged tribes  
 Sing melodies amongst the foliage fair ;  
 Let winter come, in shroud of dazzling white,  
 And robe thy grave in wreaths of snowy bloom ;  
 Let moaning winds come with their sombre sighs,  
 And sing in zephyrs o'er thy silent tomb.

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IN MEMORIAM.

DR. FRANK WILSON, DIED AT 97 CAUSEYSIDE STREET, PAISLEY,  
 MARCH 20TH, 1888, AGED 39 YEARS.

Awake, O lyre ! arise, and doleful sing  
 The requiem of a generous soul ;  
 His genuine, honest worth proclaim ;  
 His ever kind and noble deeds extol.  
 Cut off in life's bright, hopeful summer morn,  
 'Midst duties complex, by stern science planned ;  
 While fortune's smile seemed promising and fair,  
 Borne thus to Death's for ever silent land.

Weep, Æsculapius ! Thy son's no more ;  
 A tear of pity from thine eye let fall.  
 The hand is cold that ever ready was  
 To heal and soothe at human suff'ring's call.  
 "'Tis true," I hear a thousand voices say.  
 Nor were his deeds, in cheering words alone,  
 The aids of life he dealt with liberal hand,  
 Tho' toiling hard, and sparsely sought his own.  
 Those deeds of worth his consort may console,  
 And soothe the pain of sympathetic grief ;  
 May cheer, and courage give the drooping heart,  
 Ease sorrow's pang and give her tears relief.  
 Gold can make kings and mountains can remove,  
 Make bronze to speak and play a prompted part ;  
 Can purchase fame may last e'en for a day ;  
 But only deeds can move the human heart.  
 Rest, sleeper, rest ! Thy toiling now is o'er,  
 Thy share in life's vain strife and tumult's past ;  
 Though hid thy fate beyond the bourn of death,  
 Let's hope and trust for bliss the die is cast.  
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy face we'll see no more,  
 Thy useful life we mourn, so shortly cut ;  
 May summer flowers adorn thy lowly bier,  
 And glowing gratitude forget thee not.

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## THOMAS SMITH.

THOMAS SMITH was born in the westend of Paisley in 1824 ; and, after receiving the rudiments of his education, he learned the trade of a letter-press printer. He died in Glasgow in 1877. Notwithstanding his having to attend assiduously to his daily labour, he found time to gratify his taste in the writing of verses. His poetry appeared in the periodical press and in distributed leaflets.

### ANNIVERSARY SONG.

*Written for the Liberal Debating Society, Burns's Festival, January, 1865.*

*Tune — "Ranting, roving Robin."*

A hunur' year and mair sin' gane,  
 Ae Januar' nicht o' wun and rain,  
 Rude Boreas cried, richt fidgin fain,  
     "Yer welcome, rhyming Robin !"  
 His like the warld never saw !  
     Wordy Robin ! sturdy Robin !  
 He'll dae the thing 'ill mak' us a'  
     For aye be proud o' Robin.

He seiz'd at ance auld Scotia's lyre  
 Wi' tunefu' saul an' heart o' fire !  
 Till beardless youth an' hoary sire  
     Cried out—"Weel doon, maun, Robin !"  
 Ower a' the earth, by lan' or sea,  
     Vauntless Robin ! dauntless Robin !  
 A' that tried to match wi' thee,  
     Dumfounart were wi' Robin.

Wi' ready haun the weak to save ;  
 Wi' ready tongue to lash the knave ;  
 An' canty sang to mak' the lave  
     Hae leesome love o' Robin.



Nae fulsome sycophant was he !  
 Gallant Robin ! valiant Robin !  
 To Wealth or Rank ne'er bent a knee,  
 O independent Robin !

Whare'er a Scotchman leal may be,  
 On dreary wild or roaring sea,  
 A tear will glisten in his e'e  
 For love o' couthie Robin.  
 For ye'll be king amang us a',  
 Daffin' Robin ! laughin' Robin !  
 As lang as Januar' wuns dae blaw  
 We'll loyal be to Robin !

To honour him we've met ance mair !  
 Come fill yer glass, rise frae yer chair !  
 And let nae care get ony share  
 O' yer toast to glorious Robin !  
 And let us sing wi' micht and main,  
 Rantin' Robin ! rhymin' Robin !  
 Till echo answers back again,  
 Rantin', rhymin' Robin !

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## JAMES M'LARDY.

JAMES M'LARDY was born in Glasgow on 22nd August, 1824. His father, who was a journeyman shoemaker, shortly after that date removed to Paisley with his family. James's education was very scanty. Like his father, he learned to be a shoemaker. Mr. J. S. Mitchell, in a lecture which he gave on 6th November, 1882, regarding Paisley poets, said — "I knew him (M'Lardy) in Paisley upwards of forty years ago, when he was an apprentice shoemaker, working in Cross Street, not far from Tannahill's land in Queen Street. For long years he was connected with the town. From him we may say sprang all the boot-factories in Paisley. The first factory here was the firm of Walker & M'Kinlay. He was the manager, and practical man of that establishment. After leaving Paisley, M'Lardy went to Glasgow, and was there as a boot manufacturer for some time. Not succeeding, he went to the United States, and I last heard of him living in New York. He was working at No. 94 High Street, alongside your humble servant." Mr. Mitchell states that his writings have the ring of true poetry about them. His poetical pieces were never collected or published separately.

### THE SUNNY DAYS ARE COME, MY LOVE.

The sunny days are come, my love,  
 The gowan's on the lea,  
 And fragrant flow'rs, wi' hinny'd lips,  
 Invite the early bee ;  
 The scented winds are whisp'ring by,  
 The lav'rock's on the wing,  
 The lintie, on the dewy spray,  
 Gars glen and woodland ring.

The sunny days are come, my love,  
 The primrose decks the brae,  
 The violet, in its rainbow robe,  
 Bends to the noontide ray ;  
 The cuckoo, in her trackless bower,  
 Has waken'd from her dream ;  
 The shadows o' the new-born leaves  
 Are waving in the stream.

The sunny days are come, my love,  
 The swallow skims the lake,  
 As o'er its glassy bosom clear  
 The insect cloudlets shake.  
 The heart of nature throbs with joy  
 At love and beauty's sway,  
 The meanest creeping thing of earth  
 Shares in her ecstasy.

Then come wi' me, my bonny Bell,  
 And rove Gleniffer owre,  
 And ye shall lend a brighter tint  
 To sunshine and to flower ;  
 And ye shall tell the heart ye've won  
 A blessing or a wae—  
 Awake a summer in my breast,  
 Or bid hope's flowers decay.

For spring may spread her mantle greer,  
 O'er mountain, dell, and lea,  
 And summer burst, in every hue,  
 Wi' smiles and melody ;  
 To me the sun were beamless, love,  
 And scentless ilka flower,  
 Gin ye were no this heart's bright sun,  
 Its music and its bower.

---

O MY LOVE WAS FAIR.

O, my love was fair as the siller cloud  
 That sleeps in the smile o' dawn,  
 An' her cen were bricht as the crystal bells  
 That spangle the blossom'd lawn ;

And warm as the sun was her kind, kind heart,  
That glow'd 'neath a faemy sea ;  
But I fear'd by the tones o' her sweet, sweet voice,  
That my love was nae for me.

O my love was gay as the summer time,  
When the earth is bricht an' gled,  
An' fresh as the spring when the young buds blaw,  
In their sparkling pearl-draps cled ;  
An' her hair was like chains o' the sunset sheen  
That hangs 'tween the lift and sea ;  
But I fear'd by the licht that halo'd her face  
That my love was nae for me.

O my love was sweet as the violet flower  
That waves by the moss-grown stane,  
An' her lips were rich as the rowans red  
That hang in the forest lane ;  
An' her broo was a dreamy hill o' licht,  
That struck ane dumb to see ;  
But I fear'd, by signs that canna be named,  
That my love was nae for me.

O my love was kind, an' I lo'ed her lang  
Wi' a heart o' burning fire,  
An' woo'd her in strains that her charms had wrung  
Frae the soul o' my oaten lyre.  
She gied me her han', and I pressed her lips,  
As the tears gush'd frae her e'e ;  
Tho' a voice seem'd whisp'ring at my breast  
That my love was nae for me.

O my love was mild as the autumn gale  
That fans the temples o' toil,  
An' the sweets o' a thousand summers cam'  
On her breath and sunny smile ;  
An' spotless she gaed on the tainted earth,  
O' a' mortal blemish free,  
While my heart forgot, in its feast o' joy,  
That my love was nae for me.

O my love was leal, an' my cup o' bliss  
 Was reaming to the brim,  
 When, a'e gloaming chill, to her sacred bower  
 Cam' a grisly carle fu' grim,  
 Wha dash'd the cup from my raptured lips  
 Wi' a wild, unearthly glee ;  
 Sae the ghaistly thought was then confirm'd,  
 That my love was nae for me.

O my love was young, an' the grim auld carle  
 Held her fast in his cauld embrace,  
 An' suck'd the red frae her hinny'd mou',  
 An' the blush frae her peachy face ;  
 He stifled the sound o' her charmed throat,  
 An' quench'd the fire o' her e'e ;  
 But fairer she blooms in her heavenly bower,  
 For my love was nae for me.

Sae I tyned my love, an' I tyned my heart,  
 An' I tyned baith wealth an' fame ;  
 Syne I turn'd a sad, weary, minstrel wicht,  
 Wi' the cauld warl' for my hame,  
 Yet my minstrelsy's but a lanely lay,  
 My wealth my aumous fee ;  
 O wad I were wi' the grim auld carle,  
 For this warld is nae for me. <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Appeared in the *Paisley Literary Miscellany*, published in 1853, under the title of "The Lanely Lay : a Ballad."

## JOHN TYRE.

JOHN TYRE, a native of Largs, was born in 1824. While he was still a boy, his father came to reside in Paisley, where employment was at the time more plentiful than in Largs. John served an apprenticeship as a pattern-designer with Messrs. Clyde & Cochran, shawl manufacturers, Causey-side. He afterwards went to Glasgow, and was for some years in the service of Messrs. Brown, embroiderers and muslin manufacturers there. From the employment of that firm he came, about 1848, to Messrs. Sharp, of Paisley, and with them he continued for many years, till he was offered a higher post in the service of his former employers in Glasgow, Messrs. Brown. He died in Glasgow about sixteen years ago, before he had attained the age of fifty. In youth he displayed leanings towards the fine arts; and at leisure hours, and early in the summer evenings especially, he laboured at the easel with some success. When he was in Messrs. Sharp's employment he sent to the Edinburgh Academy Exhibition a cabinet picture entitled "Kilmeny," which received high praise, and was bought on the first day the Exhibition was open. He was very clever at fancy figure-subjects and also at landscapes, but he made no second success like that which he achieved in "Kilmeny." He was a ready versifier, especially on humorous topics. His small volume of verses which he published in 1867, entitled "Lights and Shadows of the Fireside," contained only a selection from his manuscripts.

### WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

Moments be when Nature's presence  
 Powerful stirs the soul within;  
 To its purest being speaking,  
 By emotions lofty seeking  
 Us from wayward paths to win.

Thoughts too deep for utterance, wak'ning  
 Memories in the bosom pent ;  
 Rousing Hope still to us clinging,  
 Sunshine o'er life's pathway flinging,  
 Unto all her whisperings sent.

List unto those noisy sea-waves  
 Breaking o'er their pebbly bed ;  
 Ev'ry one with secrets swelling,  
 In its own sad music telling  
 Of remembrances long fled.

Childhood's lullaby you're hearing,  
 Cradled on a mother's knee ;  
 Hear the word that sickness soothed,  
 Feel the touch your pillow smoothed,  
 List'ning to the surging sea.

Harsh truths oft unto us speaking,  
 That the slumbering conscience hears,  
 Speaks of hopes your childhood raised,  
 Golden dreams all, all erased  
 By the truth of after years.

Stray not by the lonely seashore,  
 Would'st thou from thine own self hide  
 Wrong done to a human brother,  
 Cain's thoughts in thy breast would smother,  
 Stay not whispering seas beside.

Calm, ay, thoughts of Heaven bringing,  
 See upon its placid breast  
 Yon sea-birds their pinions laving,  
 Worn, the tempest's fury braving,  
 Like earth's weary there at rest.

In the bright sky's face reflecting,  
 To the gaze more beauteous seems,  
 As the soul wherein is given  
 Mirrored likenesses of Heaven,  
 With that lofty semblance gleams.

Tangled weeds our pathway wild'ring,  
 Dewy flowers that dark dells cheer,  
 Verdant slopes that plenty bringeth,  
 Peaks where snow eternal clingeth,  
 All are whispering in our ear.

Light and darkness, morning, evening,  
 When spring's hopeful smile we see ;  
 The leaf's fall sad thoughts recalling,  
 Life's first cry, death's chill appalling,  
 All unto us whispering be.

---

THAT NICHT MITHER DE'ET.

That nicht mither de'et—O I mind it weel !  
 Naw, ye were sae young ye nae sorrow can feel.  
 Ance mair at her bedside she wantit to see us,  
 Her heart's hinmost sigh wi' the last kiss to gie us.

How altered since then are a' joys to my een,  
 Tho' now mither's kind, kind as mither could been ;  
 The sun's blithsome blinks frae the floor-heid are gane,  
 And fire's glints at e'en frae the shining hearthstane.

Nae simmer sin' syne e'er such sunny days bringeth,  
 The bird at her coming less cantily singeth ;  
 Scant spreads she her wild flowers by burnside and loanin',  
 Her gowd 'mang the clouds in the still dewy gloamin'.

Alane o' the blue lift my e'en never weary,  
 Or bright starry sky in the winter nights dreary ;  
 For I ken she is there—fondly fixed may be  
 Even noo on us twa is her saft loving e'e.

The lintie, wha's wee nest was herriet yestreen,  
 Its blithe sang this lang day ye've heardna, I ween ;  
 The mitherless lamb they've brang in frae the hill,  
 'Tis lang ere its sad plaintive cry will be still.

E'en sae ilka bairnie a mither's want feels,  
 The sheltering wings' fauld that a' sorrow heals ;  
 Its lang ere a wee breast its griefs maun's to smother—  
 O speak kind to a bairnie that hasna a mother !



## FAITHER'S GOT WARK !

My faither's got wark ! how blithesome our faces !  
 Were ever such gladsome hearts round a fireside !  
 In spite of the big tear that fast ithers chases  
 Doon mither's wan cheeks, that fain, fain she wad hide.  
 At her flowerin' wab, dreigh, nae langer she's needin',  
 Sae worn oot, to sit o'er the long eerie nicht,  
 Sair toiling for a' the lave's sup, meat, and cleading,  
 Till morning's glints blin' aft her wee cruizy's licht.  
 Her dewy ee's thrang ilka bairmie's wants scanning,  
 Wi' thochts that the mither's breast only may tell,  
 To mak' a' things thrifty most anxiously planning—  
 The wants weel remembers of a' but hersel'.  
 She'll send Willie back to his schoolin' on Monday,  
 New ribbons wee Jenny maun get for her hat,  
 Meg's faded blue gown will dye green for the Sunday,  
 And Davie's shoon mend that lang let in the wat.  
 His wee fiddle strings faither's busily thrumming,  
 Sae lang oot o' tune in the kist lying by ;  
 Whilst a cantie bit sang to himsel' he is humming,  
 To pleasure the bairns a little meaning to try.  
 The suff'rer from sad anguish instant relieved,  
 The captive from whose limbs the fetters are rent,  
 The lost one returned to the bosom bereaved,—  
 Their joys clashed thegither were a' to him lent.  
 Nae langer his loved bairnies' pinched looks fearing,  
 Dependency's bitter dregs needing to drink,  
 Necessity's touch often honour's brow searing,  
 Want forcing the man's towering sel' een to sink.  
 When yesterday's lang sunny summer day spending,  
 The clear burnie tracing up o'er the whin brae,  
 Its sang through the brackens at every turn lending,  
 He fand it a lang drearie wearisome day.  
 The broom and the hawbush their scented flowers spreading,  
 Wi' May's cantie welcome the greenwoods did ring,  
 On his saddened bosom nae lichtomeness shedding,  
 That kent it but nearer the rent day did bring.

The clouds in the gloamin' have oft been as golden,  
 The wee stars have shone oft as bright in the dark ;  
 But a lovelier nane of us e'er had beholden  
 As that gladsome simmer nicht that faither got wark.

---

## WEE WILLIE'S AWA'.

I wearied for summer to tak' my wee Willie  
 Awa' to the greenwoods the gowans to pu',  
 His lap for to fill wi' the dewy primroses—  
 He's gane ere the snawdrap's first blossom keeks through.

Wee Willie's awa', the delight of my bosom ;  
 My lammie is gane, will I ne'er see him mair ?  
 When swathing my darling's spent form in the cauld sheet,  
 I mindit my plannings, and sabbit fu' sair.

Still, he's my bairnie that nestled sae fondly,  
 Aye crooning sae sweetly his loved hushy-ba ;  
 Sits empty his wee crib and seat by the fire-en'—  
 O ! a' things remind me that Willie's awa'.

My darling awa' ! I darena believe it ;  
 See, there are his playthings about on the floor ;  
 I wait for his fond welcome, ne'er was't forgotten  
 Ilk time that my footstep was nearing the door.

Yestreen, as I stood by the newly-raised hillock  
 That hid my sweet baby for ever frae me,  
 I heard a wee redbreast his e'ening sang singing  
 Adoon by his grave on a laigh rowan tree.

I thocht its hale story was a' about Willie,  
 It unto my thochts brang his wiles a' anew ;  
 His smile, that was sweeter than ought but the last kiss  
 I took frae his steive closed icicle mou'.

Sing on, O : sing on, though ye mak' me but fonder  
 Of him that my herrit hame never will see,  
 Yont yon rising star taken to the bright Heaven—  
 My dwelling is lanely, wee Willie, for thee.

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## JAMES COOK.

JAMES COOK was born in Paisley, on 21st December, 1824. His father, of the same name, one of whose artistic works is a most interesting and pretty picture of a part of Paisley, was a portrait and landscape painter in this town. When the old Burgher Meeting-House, in the Abbey Close, was taken down in June, 1827, to make way for a new church to be erected in its place, a grand view was obtained from the foot of Causeyside of the fine proportions of the lofty west gable of the Abbey. Mr. Cook took, from the foot of St. Mirin Street and Causeyside, a painting of the view thus thrown open. This painting was so much admired that in 1836 it was lithographed and published, the lithograph being dedicated to the Rev. R. Macnair and Rev. P. Brewster, ministers of the Abbey at the time of publication. On the foreground of the painting there are, with other subjects, introduced the figure of Mr. John Hart, tailor, father of the late Mr. John Hart, writer, with two of his greyhounds; also, Betty Boyd, attending to the sale of fruit, vegetables, and earthenware, on the street; while a part of the Turf Inn, afterwards the site of the Bank of Scotland, is also seen. This lithograph, of which I am proud to possess a copy, is now very scarce. The artist died on 26th November, 1841, aged 49 years.

Mr. Cook, the subject of this memoir, learned the trade of a letter-press printer with the late Mr. John Neilson, and in 1853 commenced business on his own account. He and his elder brother, Mr. John Cook, started a weekly newspaper, called the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*, the first number of which appeared on 29th October, 1864. Mr. John Cook, the first editor, died on 25th October, 1882.

Mr. James Cook then assumed the editorship; and having, at the end of 1883, bought the printing material and copyright of the *Paisley Herald*, another weekly newspaper, incorporated that paper with the *Gazette*, which was henceforth published under the combined title of the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette and Paisley Herald*. The printing of the newspaper, which has a wide circulation, is, with an extensive general printing business, carried on in handsome and commodious premises erected in High Street, in 1884, by Mr. Cook. *The Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette* is widely recognised as one of the most ably conducted newspapers in the county.

Mr. Cook, in the midst of his busy literary avocations, still finds enough of leisure to enable him to pay occasional court to the muse. At the end of 1887 he produced for private circulation a handsome volume entitled "Miscellanies," being a collection of some of his own contributions in prose and verse to the *Gazette*, a few copies of which contributions were printed from the newspaper types for preservation. From this volume I give a selection of some of his "Random Rhymes."

Mr. Cook is also a devoted scientist, and has taken a forward place among students of the algæ that fringe our shores.

VISIT OF  
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES  
(*Baron and Baroness of Renfrew*)  
TO BLYTHSWOOD AND RENFREW,

OCTOBER 16 AND 17, 1876.

(*Extract.*)

III.

In fairy tale, a PRINCE of eld  
Through regions wild his pathway held,  
Until at last he venturous came  
To moated castle lost to fame.

Full many a century had fled  
 Since, in his wrath, Enchanter dread  
 Had o'er it cast a spell of power,  
 From dungeon deep to topmost tower.  
 The life its courts and halls that filled  
 Was in that very instant chilled,  
 And in their task or attitude  
 At once the inmates trance-like stood.  
 Speech died upon the arrested tongue,  
 The bell was silenced as it swung.  
 High in mid-air the rising bird,—  
 The leaf as by the breeze 'twas stirred,—  
 The smoke that from the chimneys curled,—  
 The banner floating half unfurled,—  
 Stiffened and froze, and in their place  
 Of motion ne'er again gave trace.

Beneath this dark enchantment's sway,  
 Till destined ages passed away,—  
 Till the Deliverer drew nigh,—  
 The fated castle was to lie.  
 But He who now approached from far,  
 Born 'neath a bright propitious star,  
 Possessed power that, as he came near,  
 Dispelled the charm of dread and fear.  
 The spell-bound gates flew open wide,  
 The sentinel resumed his stride,  
 The dogs afield began to bark,  
 The air rang with the song of lark,  
 The charger whinnied in his stall,  
 The clock ticked on the chamber wall,  
 The maids their lovely mistress dressed,  
 The mistress her pet bird caressed ;  
 The king, surrounded by his court,  
 Discussed affairs of high import ;  
 And life, with all its smiles and tears,  
 Suspended during untold years,  
 Sudden resumed its wonted course,  
 Anew exerted all its force.  
 The charm that long had reigned supreme,  
 Melted away like troubled dream.

## IV.

O'er RENFREW, too, a spell had hung,  
 But now that spell's last knell had rung.  
 A PRINCE of might was on his way  
 To break the trance 'neath which it lay,—  
 To rouse it from its slumber deep,  
 To dissipate its charmed sleep.  
 No pawing charger he bestrode,  
 Through no dark glades he doubtful rode,  
 No unknown dangers lurked around,  
 No beast of prey might on him bound,  
 No magic grot he might descry,  
 Nor towers scarce seen by mortal eye.  
 His course was fixed, its end was known,  
 And every care to guard it shown.  
 He travelled swift on lines of steel,  
 And steam impelled his carriage wheel,—  
 That carriage, driven with such dread force  
 As would have caused the magic horse,  
 That figures in Arabian tale,  
 In match of speed to faint and fail.

## V.

Now on the Burgh streets He stands,  
 And RENFREW bursts its charmed bands.  
 Its thronging crowds new life enjoy,—  
 Sings timid girl, shouts venturous boy ;  
 Its aged grand-dames wag their heads,  
 Its invalids forsake their beds,  
 Its politicians dim descry  
 A future of prosperity,—  
 In vision see its miles of quays,  
 Its barques afloat on hundred seas ;  
 Its streets and squares extending wide,  
 And princely homes on every side ;  
 Its Provost stand a belted Knight,  
 Its lands once more a King's delight !

But see ! the HERO with him brings  
 That DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SEA-KINGS



Whose shrinking form of flexile grace,  
And manners mild, and beauteous face,  
Have in the nation's heart found place.  
"To her each lady's look was lent,  
"On her each gazer's eye was bent ;"  
And her soft eyes, in sweet amaze,  
With touching glance returned the gaze.  
For all around the Royal pair  
Were shining lamps and blossoms rare,  
And a well-ranged though eager crowd  
In ringing cheers gave welcome loud.

The Prince's eye, accustomed long  
To scan the passions of a throng,  
Sure ne'er in huger crowds might trace  
A warmer welcome in each face.  
In lands beyond the rising sun  
His Royal course of late had run,  
And all the pomp of gorgeous IND  
Must yet have rested on his mind.  
But not the princes nor their trains,  
Spread countless o'er those Eastern plains ;  
The low salaams of sycophants,  
The avenues of elephants ;  
Nor all the gold and jewels bright,  
Nor all the plumes that danced in light,  
Had half the love or joy expressed  
That thus this ancient Town confessed.

. . . . .  
But even Royal visits must close ;  
And hence to Renfrew's station flows  
A crowd, who wish to have to tell  
They witnessed Royalty's farewell.  
The august pair, though travel-tired,  
Yet say how much they have admired  
The efforts made, the every measure,  
To make their visit full of pleasure ;  
And Lady Blythwood's glowing cheek  
Receives affection's impress meek

From Royal lips, whose ruby dye  
 Enchants the happy gazer's eye ;  
 While her proud lord feels his heart swell  
 With feelings he but ill could tell.

The mighty engine now appears,  
 The air is rent with loyal cheers,  
 The train melts from the gazer's sight,  
 And all is lost in gloom and night.

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A STEEPLE RHYME.

*September, 1869.*

I.

Throughout the town it was proclaimed  
 By Crawford, John, "The Great"<sup>1</sup> surnamed,  
 That on the sixteenth of September  
 He would, against each Council member,  
 Make grave complaint before the people,  
 As to their actings 'nent the steeple ;  
 And all his townsmen he desired  
     To meet enthusiastic round him,  
 When he, with indignation fired,  
     Would tell a tale which would astound them.  
 The news spread fast through street and lane,  
     And fanned each patriot's indignation,  
 And many a one, in accents plain,  
     Vowed to accept the invitation.  
 Some went a story sad to hear,  
 Some went to hiss, and some to cheer,

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Crawford, writer, took in 1869 a prominent part in opposition to a proposal to take down the old Cross Steeple, erected in 1759. The steeple began, in consequence of some drainage operations in High-street, to lean considerably from the perpendicular—so much so as to cause some alarm to the townspeople, and to make it be propped up with beams of wood. The magistrates, at the request of a deputation from a public meeting, agreed to demolish the structure, and exposed the site in connection with the adjoining buildings on each side for sale. Mr. Crawford, after various remonstrances, obtained from the Court of Session an interdict against the proposed operation; but the interdict was after inquiry withdrawn, and the magistrates allowed to carry out their scheme. Mr Crawford was born on 10th May, 1803, and died on 26th September, 1874, in his seventy-second year.



But all expected ere 'twas done,  
To hear much "bitching," chaff, and fun.

## II.

Where the "Old Low" uprears its head,  
The clamorous crowd, with hurried tread,  
Passes the mounds where sleep the dead,  
    And, thronging through the door,  
With willing coppers piles the plate  
Where John M'Kinlay stands in state,  
Like sentinel at palace gate,  
    To guard the precious store.  
Hark to the still-increasing hum,  
As onward, onward still they come,  
From Bladda, near the Seedhill mill ;  
From Charleston and Carriagehill ;  
From Millarston, where smoky fires  
Blaze like the old funereal pyres.  
Lean Williamsburgh and Lonend,  
Do each its deputation send ;  
And Millarston and Ferguslie,  
    Oakshaw and Underwood,  
The Sneddon, Croft, and Colinslie,  
    Send forth their legions good.  
The church is mobbed without, within,  
And laughter, cheers, and jokes, and din  
Bespeak impatience to begin.

## III.

Then Crawford, rising from his seat,  
Which groaned beneath his mighty weight,  
A story told, 'mid loud applause,  
Of ancient rights and ancient laws ;  
And how the liberal Council bold  
The steeple and those rights had sold.  
In years long past, when deepening Cart,  
They'd acted a most foolish part ;  
And now they sought to take away  
The spire that told the time o' day.  
Of his protest they had made light,  
And e'en denied he had a right,

Because he lived in the New Town,  
 To speak against their taking down  
 That steeple tall, "The Cross" designed,  
 Which they had basely undermined.

Loud laughter now and then arose  
 As with his tongue John scourged his foes ;  
 Invective, sarcasm, and jibe,  
 He flung around on every side :  
 Now at the Provost threw a dart,  
 And now the Town-clerk caused to smart.

Cheer after cheer as each hit told  
 Made John less cautious and more bold,  
 And, when he took his seat again,  
 The house with plaudits rang amain.

## IV.

Parlane, whose silks of various dyes  
 Attract the wondering female eyes,  
 Got up among the middle ranks  
 And said he thought the meeting's thanks  
     To Crawford sure were due ;  
 For he had taken pains enough  
 Each aching head to fairly stuff,  
     And try its patience too,  
 With tales of ancient rights and laws—  
     Mingled with much self-praise—  
 For raising up the present cause,  
     To last them all their days.  
 He thought if, with an ardour strong  
     And zeal e'en somewhat blind,  
 The Magistrates had done a wrong,  
     It only would be kind  
 For Crawford not to block the way  
     To putting matters right,  
 But yield his point without delay  
     And give them all delight.

## V.

Bold John, who thought when Parlane rose  
 A friend had come to match his foes,

Heard with dismay and sorrow blended  
 The way in which the speech had ended,  
 And, starting to his feet distressed,  
 His irate feelings thus expressed :—

“ The speaker surely doesn't see  
 This meeting has been called by me,  
 To hear what I had got to say  
 Upon the question of the day ;  
 And when I mark how he would try  
 To give my subject the go-by

    I take it much amiss :  
 At many a meeting I have been,  
 And many votes of thanks have seen,  
 But never one like this.”

The cheers that for a space had ceased  
 Now suddenly in force increased,  
 And “ Cochran ” was the cry.

A laugh o'er John's broad visage spread,  
 And twinkled bright his eye ;

Then wiping his perspiring head,  
 “ Come, Cochran put,” he smiling said,

    “ Your finger in the pye.  
 Let's hear your story now, go on,”  
 Were the bold words of valiant John.

## VI.

Not couchant lion from his rest,  
 Nor cobra, with expanded crest,  
 On foe incautious springs  
 With greater energy and heat  
 Than Cochran rises from his seat,  
 While laughter round him rings.

“ With wish to hear, not speak, I came.  
 But since I have been called by name,  
 I think I would have courage lacked  
 Did I not ask you to retract  
 Some of the rash assertions made  
 In your bombastical tirade.

You say the townfolk have been sold,  
 But how 'twas done you have not told,  
     Nor do I think you can ;  
 For if on either side of Cart  
 One acts an independent part  
     I think I am the man ;  
 And I'd ne'er join a Council clique  
 To perpetrate a shabby trick,  
 Or rights or privileges sell  
 Of the good town in which I dwell."

Loud cheering once more round him rung  
 That drown'd a space the speaker's tongue,  
     And stilled the hot debate.  
 But Cochran, skilled the mob to rule,  
 Allowed the clamour loud to cool,  
     And then went on to state,—  
 " That he the Council oft had press'd  
 To set dispute and strife at rest—  
 To still the democratic gales,  
 And take the wind out Crawford's sails—  
     By giving guarantee  
 A new and stately spire to raise,  
 Whose fair proportions would amaze  
     All who might come to see.  
 He therefore held that Crawford should  
 Indulge no more in surly mood,  
 But for his town and country's good  
     His interdict withdraw—  
 That, burying dislike and hate  
 Towards the town's chief magistrate,  
 He should, before it was too late,  
     Give up his suit at law.  
 Things easily might be arranged  
 If present tactics were but changed,  
 And though the spire, of old renown'd,  
 Were levelled to the very ground,  
 Crawford need neither fret nor fume—  
 They'd get another in its room."

## VII.

Applause anew, both long and loud,  
 Now burst from the excited crowd,  
 Enough to rend the ancient walls ;  
 When Crawford, rising, silence calls,  
 And says,—“ Our friend advises right—  
 It's just what I have said all night ;  
 But, as you've only heard my tale,  
     You can't know what to do  
 Till with the Council you prevail  
     To tell their story too.  
 And, therefore, now before we part,  
 I think that you, with mind and heart,  
     Your thanks should loud express  
 To Mair,<sup>1</sup> who with no small renown  
 Has pled that in his native town,  
     Despite a servile press,  
 Our steeple still should tower in pride,  
 A feature in the landscape wide.  
 The Scotch bar hasn't lost its fame  
 By what he uttered in your name ;  
 So let us give him three hurras !”—  
 The words were lost in loud applause.  
  
 And then the crowd, with motion fleet,  
 Flocked outwards noisy to the street,  
 Leaving John victor in the field  
 Still more determined not to yield.

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<sup>1</sup> W. Ludovic Mair, advocate, Edinburgh, a native of Paisley, who conducted Mr. Crawford's case before the Court of Session. He has since been appointed Sheriff of the Airdrie division of the County of Lanark.

## ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON was born at Paisley on 27th July, 1825. His father and grandfather had been merchants there. Two of his father's brothers were eminent clergymen in Paisley,—the Rev. Andrew Symington, Paisley, who died 22nd September, 1853; and the Rev. William Symington. On leaving the Paisley Grammar School, where he received his education, he joined the firm of his late father, which he and an elder brother conducted.

From an early period Mr. Symington devoted his leisure hours to literary pursuits. In 1848 he published a volume of poetry, entitled, "Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings." In 1855 a volume, entitled, "Genevieve, and other Poems," was printed for private circulation. Two years afterwards he published, in two volumes, "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life." In 1859 he visited Iceland; and in 1862 there followed a narrative of his travels there, under the title of "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faroe and Iceland." In 1862 a second edition of "Harebell Chimes," with additional poems, was published. In 1870 his last publication was entitled, "Reasonableness of Faith; with an Appendix containing Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope." Mr. Symington is still alive, and engaged in business in Glasgow.

### SPRING SONG.

Old winter flieth to the north  
 With his icy cold;  
 Crocuses are peeping forth—  
 Lilac, saffron, gold.

The sap stirs 'neath the sun's warm ray,  
 Quick'ning with the spring;

Buds are bursting on each spray,  
Birds begin to sing.

Fair blossoms crown the lichen'd rocks,  
Gleaming in the sun ;  
Fields are dotted white with flocks,  
Where clear waters run.

The swallows twittering 'neath the height,  
Dart on rapid wing  
Through the belfry, 'gainst the light ;  
Love 'wakes with the spring !

And should not then man's heart rejoice  
In this flush of joy ?  
Hearing Nature's happy voice,  
Why should care annoy ?

Ah ! were the soul itself but free  
From the jars of sin !  
All were sweetest harmony—  
Joy is from within.

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#### NATURE MUSICAL.

There is music in the storm, love,  
When the tempest rages high ;  
It whispers in the summer breeze  
A soft, sweet lullaby.

There is music in the night  
When the joyous nightingale  
Clear warbling, filleth with his song  
The hillside and the vale.

Then sing, sing, sing,  
For music breathes in everything.

There is music by the shore, love,  
When foaming billows dash ;  
It echoes in the thunder peal,  
When vivid lightnings flash.

There is music by the shore  
     In the stilly noon of night,  
 When the murmurs of the ocean fade  
     In the clear moonlight.

There is music in the soul, love,  
     When it hears the gushing swell,  
 Which, like a dream intensely soft,  
     Peals from the lily-bell.

There is music, music deep,  
     In the soul that looks on high,  
 When myriad sparkling stars sing out  
     Their pure sphere harmony.

There is music in the glance, love,  
     Which speaketh, from the heart,  
 Of a sympathy in souls  
     That never more would part.

There is music in the note  
     Of the cooing turtle-dove ;  
 There is music in the voice  
     Of dear ones whom we love.

There is music everywhere, love,  
     To the pure of spirit given ;  
 And sweetest music heard on earth  
     But whispers that of heaven.

O ! all is music there !—  
     'Tis the language of the sky !—  
 Sweet hallelujahs there resound,  
     Eternal harmony !  
         Thea sing, sing, sing,  
         For music breathes in everything.

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## THE SNOW.

I stood gazing from the window  
     On the fleecy snow  
 Falling, falling, ever falling,  
     Solemnly and slow ;



And I felt the downy stillness  
To be more sublime  
Than the thunder-flakes, like ages,  
In the lapse of time !

Bright sun ! blue skies ! Now the orchard  
Hath no air of gloom ;  
White-clothed, down-weigh'd branches seeming  
Laden with summer bloom.

Not a shroud ! an eider mantle,  
Shielding earth from storm,  
Is the friendly snow ; it keepeth  
Flower and grass-blade warm !

So with chilly, biting trials,  
Rightly understood,  
God aye watching those that love Him,  
Worketh all for good.

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## JOHN POLSON.

JOHN POLSON, of Westmount, Paisley, and of Castle Levan, near Gourrock, is a native of Paisley, and was born there on 25th February, 1825. His great-grandfather, upwards of one hundred years ago, left Caithness when a young and newly-married man, and settled in Ayrshire, working as a gardener to a country gentleman. When his family had increased to five sons and five daughters, he removed to Paisley, crossing Gleniffer Braes on foot, with his own horse and cart carrying the household gear, no doubt attracted there in order to obtain profitable employment for his numerous family. They settled first of all in Sneddon, but soon after took a nineteen years' lease of a house and piece of ground on opposite sides of the road at Millarston. The house was only taken down a few years ago. The lintel of the doorway of the house had inscribed on it 1767, and can still be seen there in the wall enclosing the field.<sup>1</sup> In addition to farming this piece of ground he

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Wilson, in his "View of Renfrewshire," page 176, states that a Turnpike Act was obtained in 1753 for making certain roads from Glasgow to the confines of the county of Ayr—viz, to Floak, on the Kilmarnock road; and that the road from the Three-Mile-House to Clerksbridge, on the road to Beith, was formed about 1762. This new road, after leaving Wellmeadow Street, Paisley, went through lands covered with broom, thereby establishing the pleasant and appropriate name of Broomlands Street—at first called New Sandholes,—and then passed on to Ayrshire. The house that Mr. Polson's ancestors occupied, was therefore situated on the north side of that new road, opposite Millarston. Prior to this period the former old Beith Road, after leaving Wellmeadow Street, passed through Old Sandholes—so called from the sub-soil consisting of sand—next crossed the present head of John Street, then went to the north of the Martyrs' Church, afterwards going westwards in front of Ferguslie House, and along the ridge of rising ground, onward to the Candren Burn, which it crossed somewhat north of the present road leading to Elderslie. Many will remember that the road on the top of the rising ground west of Ferguslie House

obtained employment as a labourer, and died there at the advanced age of 93 years. His eldest son, Mr. Polson's grandfather, continued afterwards to occupy the same house and ground, and was besides a hand-loom weaver by trade. He also taught, in his workshop, young men the art of weaving. When Mr. Polson's grandfather died he was succeeded in the house and ground—which had come to be known by the name of Polson's Mill—by his eldest son, who was Mr. Polson's father. He was brought up to the weaving trade, but gave it up, either because it had begun to be depressed, or because he disliked close confinement, and he opened a small shop in Wellmeadow Street to sell

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was skirted with numerous Scotch fir trees having long bare trunks, with weather-beaten tops of great age. Mr. Wm. Barr, writer, in 1835, the owner of the ground on the north side of this part of the road, attempted to close it, and the inhabitants in Millarston and Ferguslie, who claimed the privilege of walking on it, stoutly objected to such a measure. At a meeting of the Town Council, held on 26th April, 1836, a petition subscribed by 540 of the inhabitants of these two villages, who disputed the claim of Mr. Barr to shut up that part of the old Beith Road which adjoined his property, was presented, craving that body's interference and aid to preserve their rights. On this petition being read at the Council Board, a lively scene ensued, as reported in the *Paisley Advertiser* of the 30th of April, 1836. Mr. Barr, who had taken a seat in the strangers' gallery, with consummate effrontery rose and stated that having learned that such a petition was to be presented, he had attended for the purpose of explaining the circumstances connected with it. At once several of the members of Council objected to Mr. Barr interrupting the proceedings, and held his conduct to be grossly irregular. Mr. Barr still insisted that he had the right to be heard, though frequently called upon to desist by the Provost, who at last commanded the Town Council officers to put him out of the Council Chambers. Mr. Barr said if the Provost would touch him with one of his fingers and desired him to go out, he would do so. The Provost in a very indignant tone said he would not degrade himself so far. The town officers not appearing disposed to lay hands on Mr. Barr, the Provost sent for a police officer, who requested Mr. Barr to withdraw. Mr. Barr said he looked on the police officer as the representative of the Provost, and accordingly retired. On the Town Council declining to interfere in this matter, many meetings were afterwards held by the petitioners, including a public meeting in the Old Low Church, but the whole matter ended in the old Beith Road being finally closed.

furnishings. He also visited the villages in the neighbourhood, and did a little wholesale trade in the same line. Ladies' dresses at that time had bishop sleeves and other expansive features about them which required stiffened muslins and buckrams to keep them in shape, and these were sold in the shop of Mr. Polson's father. In returning one day from a visit to Johnstone, he called at the weaving shop in John Street, of an old apprentice of his grandfather's, and found him weaving a buckram web. It occurred to Mr. Polson that as he understood weaving and was a seller of these goods, he might manufacture them to at least supply his own shop. From this idea came the whole maize starch trade of Paisley, and of this country. Mr. Polson got a web of that cloth successfully woven and finished, and many more besides. A visit was made to Glasgow with a sample of the goods, and a small order obtained from Messrs. J. & W. Campbell, which laid the foundation of a trade far beyond the requirements of the little shop. The business increased steadily; a dwelling house opposite the shop was rented, and, after undergoing some alterations, it was dignified with the name of warehouse. Then followed a removal to larger premises in High Street, and afterwards to still larger in Causeyside. Other firms commenced to make the same class of goods, thereby causing competition, and then the profits of the trade declined. So many of the firms gave up the business that only two of any note remained—those of Mr. Polson under the name of John Polson & Coy., and John Brown's under the name of William Brown & Son. The number of finishers of that class of goods was by this time also reduced to two, and these were not in a prosperous state. In these circumstances a coalition, not as yet of the two chief manufacturers, but only of the leading partners of each—that is Mr. Polson, senior, and Mr. John Brown—was formed to acquire the works of one of

the two firms of finishers, viz., those at Thrushcraig, then called Thurscraig, for the purpose of finishing all the goods of the two manufacturing firms. This was the origin of the firm of Brown & Polson.

Mr. Polson, senior, had the management of the business of the new firm at Thrushcraig; and, in the course of his operations, his attention was directed to sago and flour as being capable of being bleached and made suitable for the stiffening of the goods made by his firm. Having found it suitable, it occurred to him, as on the former occasion in regard to the weaving, that another opportunity was afforded of a step forward. If sago flour made a starch advantageous for their use, might it not be advantageous for household use also? A difficulty had to be faced at the outset, for this starch did not granulate well; that is, did not form into pipes, or crystals so called, in drying as wheat starch did. Mr. Polson overcame this difficulty, and devised the plan of making small packets to be sold at a penny a piece, and then enveloping them in seven-pound quantities for convenience of handling. From this sprung the "Powder Starch" trade.

Mr. Polson received his education in the Paisley Grammar School. Being a successful scholar he obtained several rewards of merit. In 1835, a prize for composition—English and Latin; in 1836, a prize in literature—Latin and English; in history—ancient and modern; in composition and criticism; and in antiquities. In 1837 he received a prize in history in connection with geography and chronology, and Grecian and Roman antiquities.—*Robert Brown's History of the Paisley Grammar School*, p. 505, 506, 507, 508.

In 1843 Mr. Polson's father died when the firm was only three years old. Mr. Polson was then only eighteen years of age, he nevertheless courageously and manfully took his

place in the firm. The starch trade fell to his charge, and he afterwards added to the sago-flour trade a wheaten starch, then a starch from maize or Indian corn, and in 1854 he took out a patent for the latter. The Americans were ahead of this country in point of time in the manufacture of starch from maize; but Mr. Polson's invention was not the less original on that account, for he was not aware of the fact at the time, much less did he know the process. But Mr. Polson claims to have been ahead of them in respect of having elaborated a better process.

This important industry in Paisley of making corn-flour, which is just the pure starch from maize, has, under the energetic management of Mr. Polson and his partners and other enterprising firms, risen to be a gigantic and profitable trade.

Mr. Polson, in the midst of the prosecution of his business with all its worry, consecrated some of his time to literary pursuits. When residing in Nice for the benefit of his health, which had suffered greatly, his visits to Monte Carlo and Monaco in that district gave him an opportunity of witnessing and learning the evils connected with the gambling tables there. His first publication on this subject was in 1881, and so highly was the work esteemed by the public that it went through four editions. The volume, entitled "Monaco and its Gaming Tables," is handsomely produced, and beautifully illustrated. Mr. Polson is a frequent contributor to the public press on various subjects, such as—"Affluence, Poverty, and Pauperism," "The Church in the Wilderness, the Jewish Church, and the Christian Church," and "Irish Crime."

Mr. Polson also in traversing the paths of literature has occasionally found opportunity to woo the muse, and has produced poetical pieces which have found their way into the periodical press. I give two specimens of these, and I

hope he will yet have all his poetical effusions collected and offered to the public in permanent book form.

HOLY LOCH, ON THE CLYDE.

*As seen from the opposite shore, near Gourrock, on a fine  
Autumn Sabbath Day.*

Holy Loch, in Autumn's glow,  
Mirrors back the tranquil sky ;  
Length'ning shadows come and go,  
On the shining hill-sides nigh.

Sunlit mountains far away—  
Touch the azure vault above ;  
Fleecy clouds around them stray,  
Ever changing as they move.

Wavelets sparkle as they fall,  
Gently breaking on the shore ;  
Sea-birds to each other call,  
Circling all the heavens o'er.

Wearied Clyde, in Sabbath rest,  
Now the six days' work is o'er,  
Gently heaves like manly breast  
After labour long and sore.

All is bright as heaven on earth  
In the autumn of the year,  
Tranquil as at Summer's birth,  
Tho' the winter time is near.

Thus it should be in our life,  
In the autumn of our year ;  
Sabbath-rest from week of strife,  
Nothing sad, though death is near.

Lonesome grave, sweet life must sever  
From the joys of earth and sky ;  
"Not for ever," "Not for ever,"  
Faith and Reason loudly cry.

Mountains crumbling, torrent-borne  
Down to Ocean's awful deeps ;  
Changed in nothing but the form,  
Rise again to sunny peaks,

Waters, from the cloudy sky,  
 Poured into the ocean main,  
 Rest awhile, then mount on high  
 To the heavens from whence they came.

Autumn leaves that strew the plain  
 Turn to dust, and sink from view ;  
 Strangely wrought in dark domain,  
 Rise, as sap, to bud anew.

After Winter comes the Spring,  
 Autumn's child from Winter's womb ;  
 Death but comes new life to bring,  
 Glorious offspring of the tomb.

Death and life in endless rounds,  
 Suns that set and rise again,  
 Systems to creation's bounds,  
 Circle round the great Amen.

### I MUST FOLLOW THE DRUM.<sup>1</sup>

I must follow the drum—I have plighted my troth  
 To a soldier so gallant and true ;  
 He will go where his Queen and his country command,  
 And I'll follow—the wide world through.  
 For a soldier's life—though he seeks no strife, —  
 Is aye at his country's call ;  
 At home or afar, in peace or in war,  
 His country's good is his all.

I must follow the drum—I have taken the ring  
 From my soldier's own faithful hand ;  
 Behind are my ancestors' ivy-clad towers,  
 Before me a far distant land.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE.—A marriage party. The bride (a peer's daughter) just married to a young officer expecting to be ordered on foreign service, is asked where she is going to live. She replies : " I am now a soldier's wife, and I must follow the drum."



I must follow the drum—wheresoever it leads,  
For its marching orders are clear ;  
Its *rattle-tat-tat* is each true soldier's call,  
And I'll follow my soldier dear.

When the battle's shrill trumpet shall call him away  
From my side—and he leaves me alone—  
My prayers will go with him, till safe he returns  
With honour and victory won.  
But if he should fall, as he faces the foe  
In the midst of the deadly fray,  
I'll meet in a brighter and happier land  
The soldier I've wedded to-day.

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## WILLIAM RITCHIE.

WILLIAM RITCHIE was born in Paisley in 1827. His father, Gourly Ritchie, who was born in the district of Saucel, Paisley, was a blacksmith to trade ; and after working for many years with the late David Brown, Back Sneddon Street, he went to Underwood Mill, where he remained till it was burned down in July, 1846, a period of 22 years. After that occurrence he worked in different places in the country, and, coming back to Paisley again, he died about two years ago. His son William, after receiving his education at Mr. John Millar's School in Glen Street, served his apprenticeship as a blacksmith with Messrs. Barr and M'Nab, engineers, Paisley.<sup>1</sup> He afterwards went to Underwood Mill, and worked at his trade along with his father, and left that work along with him. After working at different times with several masters in this country, he went to Calcutta, where he remained two years ; and on returning to this country he next visited America, still working at his trade wherever he went. When he came back to this country he wrought in different places,—for example, he was eleven years at Bridge of Weir, and ultimately he went to Kilbarchan, where he still lives. It was not till he returned from Calcutta, where his eyesight greatly failed, that he commenced to indulge in writing verse for his amusement in the winter evenings. Mr. Ritchie possesses in no small degree the greatly-envied gift by many, in almost every grade of society, the power of writing with facility poetical pieces ; and there is scarcely a local or public occurrence on which he does not fail to make known, in rhyme, his opinions thereon. His poetical pieces

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<sup>1</sup> Barr & M'Nab, vol. i., p. 427.

have not been collected and published in pamphlet form, but some specimens of them are appended to this brief notice of his life.

LINES ON THE VISIT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,  
 QUEEN VICTORIA, TO GLASGOW AND PAISLEY, 24TH  
 AUGUST, 1888.

DEDICATED TO SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY CAMPBELL.

Welcome to our ancient city, India's Empress, Britain's Queen !  
 Loyal people wait upon you ; in their hearts you reign supreme.  
 Heralds ! sound aloud the trumpet, welcome the Queen of British Isles  
 To Scotland, the land of her forefathers, where valour reigns and beauty  
 smiles ;  
 Louder still, you heralds, sound ! see your Queen triumphant comes  
 To grace the courts of your Exhibition, 'midst cheers of thousands and  
 din of drums.  
 A Mother, a Woman, Queen and Empress, shall grace the halls of old  
 Blythswood,  
 May heaven defend our Sovereign Lady, descendant of the Royal Stuart  
 blood.

Then come to our land, 'tis loyalty calls  
 From the peasant's low cot and gay lordly halls.  
 Come to the land of the rocky-bound shore,  
 With its snow-covered mountains and wild cataract's roar.

Welcome, Victoria ! who in our hearts reigns supreme,  
 India's Empress, Britannia's loved Queen,  
 To Glasgow, the centre of historical lore,  
 To our courts of industry, we thy presence implore.  
 They come from the cot and baronial home  
 To pay homage to you, who sit on the throne  
 O'er a nation of heroes, who at the bugle's loud call  
 Round your standard would rally or in battle would fall.

Then come, etc.

'Tis Scotland, the land of the mist and the heather,  
 Whose warriors of old round your sires they did gather,  
 And fought the proud Despot, who tried to advance  
 With his countless hosts and the eagles of France ;

With the trophies we won, and flags proudly unfurled,  
 At our Queen's royal command we defy all the world.  
 United as one, we throw away fears,  
 Our trust in our Statesmen, Army, and brave Volunteers.

Then come, etc.

Shout with gladness, old Seestu, thy Queen comes in splendour,  
 To grace thy Clark Halls of modern grandeur ;  
 And the famed ancient Abbey that for ages has stood,  
 Where lie the remains of the Stuarts of her own royal blood.  
 Then light up the halls of loyal Blythswood,  
 Where will sit Britannia's Queen, the noble and good ;  
 May the Rose and the Thistle for ever entwine,  
 And uphold our loved Queen and her ancestral line.

Welcome to our land, 'tis loyalty calls  
 From the peasant's low cot and gay lordly halls.  
 Welcome to the land of the rocky-bound shore,  
 With its snow-covered mountains and wild cataract's roar.

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### O TELL TO ME OF GALLANT DEEDS.

O tell to me of gallant deeds  
 Our fathers did of yore,  
 When Edward, with his countless hosts,  
 Invaded Scotia's shore.  
 They fought and conquered like true Scots,  
 Led on by Bruce the brave,  
 On Bannockburn, with victory crowned,  
 To a tyrant would be no slave.

Long has old Scotland led the van  
 On many a well-fought field ;  
 Brave and undaunted are her sons—  
 To the foe they will not yield.  
 Victory or death is their cry,  
 For Scotland is their fatherland,  
 As they rush like lightning on the foe  
 At their leaders' stern command.

Their colours waving in the breeze,  
 Their pipes a slogan play,  
 It reminds them of the daring deeds  
 Of their fathers' former day.  
 Their emblem is the ancient Thistle,  
 Its motto "Touch us not,"  
 It waves proudly on the battlefield,  
 Borne by the gallant Scot.

Those are the deeds our fathers did,  
 And nobly have they stood,  
 That they might dye their bayonets' points  
 With the haughty Southern blood,  
 That Scotland, as a land, could boast  
 Was ne'er conquered by the foe,  
 She is girded by her rocky shores  
 And mountains clad with snow.

---

### THE WESTERN HIGHLAND MAID.

Sweet Highland maid, beneath thy bower  
 Of rugged crags and heath-clad mountains,  
 And rocky dens, with woody glens,  
 Where run the silvery fountains.  
 This is thy home, my Highland maid,  
 Far, far away from the busy throng,  
 Thou as a star of brightness shin'st  
 Within thy native Highland home.

Secluded from this worldly gaze,  
 'Midst grandeur wild thou bloom'st unseen,  
 A flower of beauty on thy rocky shore,  
 Thou art nature's lovely queen.  
 Thy step is like the gentle fawn,  
 Majestic is thy graceful form,  
 Thy cheeks red as thy mountain rose,  
 A sparkling gem of thy Highland home.

No guile lurks in thy maiden breast,  
Pure as thy native mountain air,  
False the heart that would beguile  
Such a treasure sweet and fair.  
In Eastern lands, where beauty smiles,  
Among its grandeur I oft' did roam,  
No lovely smile could this lone heart wile  
Like the maid of the Highland home.  
Reign in thy charms, lovely Highland maid,  
A flower of nature's lovely grandeur ;  
Peace and contentment be thy lot  
Among thy native rugged splendour.  
I'll ne'er forget when first we met,  
Till my debt of nature's paid,  
The angel form, it haunts me still,  
Of my western Highland maid.

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## DAVID BROWN.

DAVID BROWN was born in High Street, Paisley, in 1826, and although his father was a plumber to trade he learned to be a weaver. He cultivated the muse to some small extent, and published in 1845 a small collection of his poetry under the title of "The Minstrelsy of My Youth." In the copy of this work which I possess, there is written in pencil on the title-page—"Weaver, aged 18." For a long time he was keeper of the West-End Reading Room. He was married, and steady in his habits, but he had severe struggles for a living. He died in the Burgh Poorhouse, on 18th July, 1886, in the 60th year of his age. His wife predeceased him.

### SONG.

#### THE FA' O' THE AUTUMN LEAF.

When autumn drapt the fadin' leaf,  
 An' stript ilk shaw and tree,  
 A' nature hung her dowie head  
 The leafless wuds to see.

The wren sat chirpin' on the thorn,  
 Wi' wee heart fu' o' grief ;  
 Ilk feathered minstrel wae to see  
 The fa' o' the autumn leaf.

The leaves had strewn the flow'rless bank  
 That frae the trees were torn,  
 An' roarin' ran the yellow burn  
 Adoun the bleach'd hawthorn.

The drooping willow craves frae spring  
 Her aid an' kin' relief,  
 For e'er sin sallow autumn cam'  
 He's stoun awa her leaf.

## TO A ROBIN : A FRAGMENT.

Wee chirpin' frien', thou see'st its snawin';  
 Thou hear'st the angry win's are blawin',  
 An' daylight on thee fast is fa'in'  
     Wi' drowsy e'e,  
 An' ilk bird tae its hame is drawin',  
     But dowie thee.

Thou'rt here when summer's wed awa,  
 Thou'rt here when snell win's crouslly blaw,  
 And when the faded brown leaves fa'  
     Doon frae the tree,  
 And winter wi' its shroud o' snaw  
     Spreads o'er the lea.

But spring her sweets will yet proclaim ;  
 Cauld days will tak' the road they came,  
 And simmer yet will be the same  
     As this hae been ;  
 I wish thee a safe journey hame,  
     Wee warbling frien'.

## AULD NANSE.

Auld Nanse in her biggin' was far frae the toun,  
 Wi' the foliage o' spring ower her door hinging doun,  
 Wi' her auld reekit lum amaist doun wi' the wun,  
 An' her cat sittin' thrummin' her sang i' the sun ;  
 The gerse on the riggin' a' wavin' sae loose,  
 And a'e wee sta'k o' corn noddin' ower the auld hoose ;  
 The blue curly reek rowin' thro' the auld trees,  
 A' swingin' an' singin' in ilka bit breize,  
 And the auld rotten thack shakin' by her high door—  
 A blessing she aye has in plenteous store.

Nae puir beggar ca's but aye tastes o' her bread,  
 Nae barefooted bairnie imploring for need  
 Wi' a lengthy harangue that their waes she may ken,  
 They a' get a welcome aroun' her fire en'.



And when winter comes strewin' his locks ower her cot,  
Nanse forgets na the birds an' their unenvied lot,  
Her wee pickle moolins she lays out ilk day,  
And the birds in return charm her wi' their sweet lay ;  
Sic kin'ness in sweet sang the robins repay,  
For kin'ness aye dwells 'neath her wee roof o' strae.

Her hame is aye cheery a' days o' the year,  
For pleasure and mirth roun' her cottage appear,  
And her heart's aye the same tho' but few seek her door,  
In a dark winter's night when cauld Boreas roar.  
A' her nearest on earth to their lang hame hae gane,  
Like a last lingering leaf she noo withers alane,  
And nae mair they'll cherish her roun' her hearthstane,  
And tho' nae frien' is left, may sweet comfort remain,  
And cauld care ne'er enter her joys to decrease,  
For plenty presides in her cottage o' peace.

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## GEORGE DONALD.

GEORGE DONALD was born in 1826 at Thornliebank. His father, of the same name, born in Calton, Glasgow, in 1780, received little school education, and early became an operative in a cotton factory. Much of his leisure time, however, was employed in writing verses; and he was the author of the "Songs of the Covenanters," and "Songs of the Nursery," and contributed to "Whistle Binkie," and sent numerous poetical and prose compositions to the Glasgow press. His son George, the subject of this sketch, who likewise had but little school education, was, therefore, a son of song. He was for two years in a day school at St. Rollox, Glasgow, where his parents resided several years. He afterwards attended for some years a night school in Thornliebank, most of the time acting as a monitor for one hour each night, and receiving free education the following hour. At twelve years of age he commenced to work in the printworks of Messrs. J. & W. Crum; and at sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to the pattern designing in these works, where he continued four years at that occupation. For twelve years thereafter he was engaged in warehouses in Glasgow, which he left in 1858. He then entered the employment of the *North British Daily Mail* as a reporter, where he remained for upwards of twelve years; and for nearly ten years of that period he acted as the reporter and correspondent for that newspaper in Paisley. Shortly after leaving the *Mail* office in Paisley, he received an appointment in Govan Parochial Board as assistant inspector of poor and clerk, and in that capacity he still acts.

After receiving his school education, Mr. Donald applied

himself to a strict course of study in English Grammar and composition. He also learned the French language, which he can read and speak with ease. His general reading at the same time was considerable, and embraced much poetry, which led him to write verse himself; but none of his pieces were published till several years later, when a few appeared in the newspapers and in various periodicals. While living in Paisley, he published a volume of poetry extending to upwards of 100 pages, from which I give some selections. In his leisure hours he still indulges a little in the composition of verses.

## SONG.

Fill the glass with sparkling wine,  
 Fill it to o'erflowing;—  
 Beauty is a thing divine,  
 Highest joy worth knowing.  
 Fill the glass with sparkling wine;  
 While the moment passes,  
 To the fair, who are our care,  
 Let us drain our glasses.

Love was given to bless the earth,  
 Wine to banish sorrow;  
 Give the present hour to mirth,  
 Care may come to-morrow.  
 Let the sanctimonious rage,  
 Call us indecorous;  
 Solomon, the Royal sage,  
 Drank and loved before us.

Fill the glass,—for love and wine  
 They have power to cheer us,  
 When with care our bosoms pine,  
 And Fate's shadows fear us.  
 Then, like nectar from above,  
 Wine with ardour fires us,  
 And the charm of woman's love  
 With delight inspires us.

Fill the glass with sparkling wine,  
 Fill it to o'erflowing ;—  
 Beauty is a thing divine,  
 Highest joy worth knowing.  
 Fill the glass with sparkling wine ;  
 While the moment passes,  
 To the fair, who are our care,  
 Let us drain our glasses.

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## MY NATIVE LAND.

Hail, Caledonia ! my native land !  
 I love thy fields, and streams, and mountains hoar ;  
 Dear is the memory of thy patriot band,  
 Thy glorious deeds of yore.

Land of my fathers ! how my bosom swells  
 While musing on the records of thy past,  
 On names whose deeds—as deathless story tells—  
 A halo round them cast.

For them the minstrel's glowing strains shall rise,  
 And wake the patriot in each Scottish breast ;  
 Tell how, with liberty, the brave and wise  
 Have made their country blest.

When Southron hosts, with plundering zeal inflamed,  
 Assail'd the freedom of my native land,  
 No caitiff fear thy children's spirit tamed,  
 But firm they drew the brand.

In vain thy foes, in lust of conquest, sought  
 To crush thy hardy sons with 'whelming might ;  
 Sternly thy little band of heroes fought,  
 And conquer'd in the fight.

Nor cherish'd less among the mighty dead,  
 When through thy realm the persecutor trod,  
 They, fired with martyr zeal, who bravely bled  
 For conscience and their God.

Thee, O my country, have such deeds proclaim'd,  
 Thy banner still in freedom's cause unfurl'd ;  
 A nation great, for truth and valour famed—  
 The envy of the world !

And breathes there one who owns the name of Scot  
 Who would, for servile gold or mean applause,  
 Forget the land for which his fathers fought,  
 Or shun her honour's cause ?

O, craven spirit ! O, unworthy son  
 Of my loved land ! Thine is the traitor's lot—  
 Despised while living, and, thy vile life done,  
 Unhonour'd and forgot !

Yet, Caledonia, in thy people's heart,  
 By strath and fell, by moor and heathy hill,  
 Thy ancient spirit lives, and tells thou art  
 A land of heroes still.

And waking now thy people's slumbering might,  
 A voice is heard, at first in mutter'd hums,  
 Proclaiming loud — “ We will not seek the fight,  
 Nor shun it when it comes. <sup>1</sup>

“ When threatening dangers o'er our country lour,  
 As those of old her sons will prove as brave,  
 And rise united in their ancient power,  
 Her liberties to save.”

Yes, Scotia's sons will sternly guard their right,  
 Still as of yore the rash invader spurn,  
 Fired by the deathless deeds of Wallace wight,  
 “ The Bruce of Bannockburn.”

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S O N G.

My Mary, O, my Mary, O,  
 My ain, my winsome Mary, O ;  
 Wi' form an' mien wad grace a queen,  
 An' step like ony fairy, O.

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<sup>1</sup> “Ossian.”

In yon wee cot beside the burn,  
 Whare gowans sweetly vary, O,  
 The flowery meads that nature cleids,  
 There lives my dearest Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, etc.

The city belles, wi' manners fine,  
 An' deck'd in braws sae airy, O,  
 Can ne'er compare for graces rare  
 Wi' my dear, lovely Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, etc.

Nae polish'd parts or studied arts  
 She needs her plans to carry, O,  
 Her artless smiles the only wiles  
 That win a' hearts to Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, etc.

Some nymphs are vain, wi' high disdain  
 Are fain to seem contrary, O ;  
 But free frae pride, sae kind beside,  
 An' guileless, is my Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, etc.

When gloamin' brings its peacefu' hour,  
 Wi' blithesome heart an' wary, O,  
 I seek the glen, whare nane may ken,  
 To woo my charming Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, etc.

Let ithers seek dame fortune's smiles,  
 I carena though she's chary, O,  
 Wi' gifts to me, content I'll be  
 If blest wi' my sweet Mary, O.  
 My Mary, O, my Mary, O,  
 My ain, my winsome Mary, O ;  
 Wi' form an' mien wad grace a queen,  
 An' step like ony fairy, O.

## ANGUS MACPHERSON.

ANGUS MACPHERSON was born in Glasgow, on 30th March, 1827, and received his education at the High School and University of that city. In 1847 he left the University to become a pupil of Mr. William Hedderwick, as a marine and railway engineer and surveyor. His brother, the late Mr. John Macpherson, well known in his time as a commercial teacher in Glasgow, started in the Collegiate School, Garnethill, a system of education which he thought was best adapted to the wants of a commercial city like Glasgow. The future poet became the master in the English department in the Collegiate School to illustrate his idea of what English education ought to be; and he summed up his views in an essay which he published, thereby bringing down upon him those connected with the old classical system as bitter foes. The Collegiate School having failed financially, Angus had to take refuge somewhere else. His acquaintance with the Rev. J. B. Dickson, of the Free High Church, led him to come to Paisley in 1857, where he commenced to teach in the school, No. 25 Oakshaw Street, which had long and successfully been conducted by the late Mr. Archibald Galbreath.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Macpherson was well patronised in the conducting of his school, but he

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Galbreath commenced to teach in 1804, and had his school in West Brae, Paisley. He afterwards erected a handsome school and had his dwelling house above, at what is now No. 25 Oakshaw Street. The school was well conducted by Mr. Galbreath, and everything about it was kept in a supremely clean and tidy condition. For many years this place of education was well attended by both girls and boys, and it was considered the best adventure school in Paisley. Mr. Galbreath retired from teaching in 1853, after having been so engaged for the long period of 48 years. With his family he then removed to Partick, where he died on 21st September, 1853.

would have required higher fees. This, however, could not be obtained with the well-equipped John Neilson Institution, only a few yards distant, with its low fees competing against him. After remaining in Paisley about five years he went to Bothwell, where he kept a day and boarding school.

During Mr. Macpherson's stay in Paisley he published "The Primal Duties: or, Knowledge, Thought, and Action, Illustrated by Biographical Sketches." That publication was meant to show the carrying out of his education-scheme through the years of mature life, by the self-education which he advocated. Being likewise a poet, he published in 1859 a poetical work of 64 pages, entitled "The Lonely Grave, a Tale in Verse," and other poems. From this volume I shall give two separate pieces. On 9th March, 1859, Mr. Macpherson delivered the opening lecture of the session in the Artizans' Institution, Bailie Lamb presiding. It was stated in the *Paisley Herald* of the 12th of that month that "the lecturer treated the subject, which was 'Tradition,' in a very able and philosophical manner. The lecture was striking and suggestive, exhibiting vigorous thought, clothed in eloquent and forcible language."

In 1858 Mr. Macpherson's brother got a commission from Mr. George Cameron, Glasgow, to prepare an edition of the works of Burns. Mr. Angus Macpherson did all this work, and was thus engaged about six months. It was called "The People's Centenary Edition," and as such was published in 1859.

Whilst engaged in Glasgow in carrying out his educational scheme, his brother started a magazine called the *British Educator*, chiefly to let Mr. Angus Macpherson have his "say" through the press. The articles that appeared in that publication, under the heading of "Rational thinking—not learning—the true educator," was written by him, and was afterwards reprinted separately in book form. To carry



out his system of education he had also to prepare and publish a complete course of class books. The *British Educator* did remarkably well, and merged into the *West of Scotland Magazine*. This magazine was bought by Mr. Gordon Smith.<sup>1</sup>

When in Bothwell, Mr. Macpherson published a handbook of that district and introduced into it a ballad on the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. It succeeded so well that he conceived the idea of writing descriptive sketches of the great events in the history of the war of the Covenanters, and these were published under the title of "The Banner o' Blue."

Mr. Macpherson in 1865 became for a short time the head master of Gamford Academy ; but, on getting a favourable opportunity, he went back to his original occupation as an engineer, and ultimately settled down at Middlesborough-on-Tees as Secretary of the Cleveland Institution of Engineers, his chief duties being to draft their proceedings. He also holds the appointment of Secretary of the North-Riding Dispensary. He still continues to contribute verses to the local newspapers.

#### TIME.

I was born on that glorious morn  
 When light created was ;  
 My power I have from Him who gave  
 The universe its laws.

I hold full sway since primeval day  
 Over the small and great ;  
 Behold my powers in the winged hours—  
 My ministers of state.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gordon Smith was a native of Paisley. He became a successful attorney in Glasgow, and was the author of "Zeno," a poem on the death of Lieutenant Bellot. He died a few years ago.

I shatter the might of the rock-built height,  
 And it crumbles to sand ;  
 I fill strong thrones with tottering bones  
 By a touch of my hand.

I breathe on the flowers in their sun-lit bowers,  
 And they sicken and die ;  
 I sweep the trees without ever a breeze,  
 And low they must lie.

In my shadowy flight I darken the light  
 Of the eye—the spirit's throne ;  
 I lay my finger where smiles love to linger,  
 And away they are gone.

“ But there's a clime, thou tyrant Time,  
 Beyond thy vaunted power ;  
 Thy reign is brief ; a mightier chief  
 Has fixed thy final hour.”

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#### A PROSPECTIVE VISION.

Dread winter comes ; his stormy drums  
 Roll on the blast ;  
 His armies fierce through ether pierce—  
 Summer flies fast.

His pioneer, bold Autumn sere,  
 To soothe his wrath,  
 With the leafy spoils of Summer's toils  
 Hath strewn his path.

His sway he plants amid the haunts  
 Of Summer's daughters ;  
 And those who dare their bright weeds wear  
 Ruthlessly slaughters.

His banner proud, a storm-rent cloud,  
 Its bearer—Death—  
 He reareth high unto the sky,  
 And boastful saith :—



## JOHN HAMILTON.

JOHN HAMILTON was born in the westend of Paisley, on 7th May, 1827. His education at school in Paisley was of the most meagre description, lasting only about nine months. He learned the trade of a calenderer, and left Paisley subsequently to his marriage, in 1853. After residing for some time in Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Greenock, and latterly Port-Glasgow, he left Scotland about ten years ago for New Zealand. While living in Greenock he learned to be a photographic artist, and carried on that business there and in Port-Glasgow. He acquired a talent for versifying, and out of his selected pieces published a poem extending to a good size, entitled "The Lay of the Bogle Stone," from which I give extracts, and also another poetical piece of considerable merit, relating to the late Mr. Thomas Coats of Ferguslie.

The author states in a note, that "The 'Bogle Stone' is a large granite boulder about twelve feet in diameter, resting on a rock about three-quarters of a mile above Port-Glasgow, on the road to Kilmalcolm. It is called the 'Bogle Stone,' but how it came there is not known; in former days it was said to be haunted with 'bogles,' or 'warlocks.' There is a clear spring of water running close by, which is largely taken advantage of by foot travellers. On the face of the stone next the road were some lines, now obliterated, which ran thus:—

'Ye weary travellers passing by,  
Rest and be thankfu' here,  
And if your lips be parched and dry,  
Drink of my waters clear.

I am the far-famed "Bogle Stane,"  
 By wordly priest abhorred ;  
 But now, I am mysel' again,  
 By Auchinleck restored.'

There are also some mysterious marks or hieroglyphics, which make it an object of attraction. It is said that the late Reverend Mr. Parker, while tenant of the ground, was so annoyed at the people gathering about the stone that he had it partially destroyed by blasting. The late landlord of Auchinleck, Mr. Hair, and the present proprietor, caused it to be put as nearly as possible into its original shape."

#### THE LAY OF THE "BOGLE STONE."

Where shall I find a bard to sing my lay ?  
 Alas ! there's none in this degenerate day.  
 The race of bards, at least of good repute,  
 Is long since dead, and all their harps are mute.  
 O, woe is me ! I'll rue for evermore  
 The tidal wave that threw me on the shore ;  
 For though to vulgar eye I'm but a stone,  
 I once stood by the great King Neptune's throne,  
 And coursed through the valleys of the sea  
 With fleetest of his scaled Hippocampii.  
 Caressed by mermaids in their coral caves  
 I passed my youth beneath the great blue waves ;  
 Saw marine monsters of most hideous form,  
 The awful serpent-genii of the storm,  
 And all the spirits of the "vasty deep ;"

And, once more, I resume my tale,  
 But promise not how long I'll keep the rail.  
 They call me "Bogle," but they little know  
 My proud position many years ago ;  
 Since then I have been buffeted about,  
 The scorn and jeer of all the rabble rout—  
 The great unwashed—the great unthinking mob ;  
 But I can bear it all as well as Job.  
 I'm growing old and infirm ; why complain ?  
 There's more die young than to old age attain.

Then cease my grumbling, 'tis our common dole,  
 What cannot be avoided we must thole ;  
 Which means, we are to learn submissively  
 Always to "jouk and let the jaw go by."  
*Nil desperandum*—"while there's life there's hope"—  
 Excepting when our cravat is a rope ;  
 That case can ne'er be mine ; I'm like a ball,  
 I'm rough and round, and have no neck at all,  
 Nor have I legs, and yet I have a notion  
 That I had once the power of locomotion.  
 But I am not what I was years ago,  
 When I was whole, and sixty tons or so ;  
 Before the Christian vandal, Parker, who  
 Bored holes in my poor body nearly through,  
 And filled them up with some most horrid stuff—  
 When came an awful shock, with sulphurous puff  
 And lightning flash ! I nothing further knew  
 Till Auchinleck had come to my rescue.  
 That good Samaritan bewailed my fate,  
 And waked me from a long unconscious state.  
 How long I lay—all broken, bruised, and shattered—  
 I cannot tell ; and where my parts were scattered,  
 I am not sure ; nor am I certain whether  
 Good Auchinleck e'er brought them all together ;  
 He did his best to make me what you see ;  
 And I am grateful, "object" though I be.

. . . . .

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#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COATS.

The bards of yore were wont to sing the praise  
 Of great and good men in heroic lays,  
 And so we have in classic verse preserved  
 The fame that virtuous men so much deserved.  
 Mine be the pleasing task to lift my pen  
 To add another to the roll of men  
 Who stand, like beacons, on Time's avenue  
 To light the way to all that's good and true.

I sing of one who claims no nobler birth  
 Than that of honour and of moral worth :  
 I mourn his loss, yet I am pleased to scan  
 The actions of this good, large-hearted man.  
 No fulsome praise shall mar my simple rhyme,  
 No effort will I make to be sublime ;  
 But, like the humble hero of my lay,  
 I must be plain and true in all I say.  
 My theme brings up the past before my view—  
 I knew the man, and his good mother too—  
 I see his father, fifty years ago,  
 Perched on his little pony, that would go  
 Just when it pleased, careering on its shanks,  
 And all the weavers laughing at its pranks ;  
 And while I write, the tear steals to mine eye,  
 For this reminds me I, too, soon must die.  
 O, worthy son, sprung from a worthy sire ;  
 Not good myself, your goodness I admire.  
 In farthest climes I've heard your honoured name  
 Raised high by all upon the roll of fame ;  
 And, listening to your praise my heart would fill—  
 Proud of my birth so near the little mill—  
 And in my pride I felt so very glad  
 That such a son the town of Paisley had.  
 The little mill is now a monument  
 Of thy great skill and patient management ;  
 Far grander than the Pharaoh's pyramid  
 Is that great mill and all the work you did.  
 O, kind, good soul, now dead and gone from view,  
 There's many a sorry heart will mourn for you.  
 Your work lives after, it will never die,  
 But keep your memory green, and sanctify  
 Your hallowed name in men's most inner heart,  
 At least in those where honour hath a part.  
 Did I record his merits one by one,  
 I fear these lines to a great length would run ;  
 But I must tell what I know of this man,  
 And sum it up as briefly as I can :  
 Unselfish, noble, generous, and grand,  
 He stood a pillar of my native land.

He did his best poor fellow-man to raise,  
Nor did he seek for either thanks or praise.  
Great were his means, and simple was his living ;  
An artless man, he knew the art of giving ;  
With virtues rare, and failings hard to find,  
His life has been a blessing to mankind ;  
No foolish pride, nor with affected face,  
But everything he did was done with grace.  
Encouraged all that's beautiful and true,  
And what the right hand gave, the left ne'er knew ;  
Gentle as woman, but in purpose strong,  
He clearly could discern 'tween right and wrong :  
His mind made up, whatever folks might say,  
" Pursued the even tenor of his way."  
By strict integrity his mind was guided,  
With factious partizans he ne'er collided ;  
In generosity he knew no bound,  
With willing hand he gave to all around ;  
No narrow motives, nor sectarian zeal,  
Could cramp his action for the public weal ;  
A modern Cosmo in faiths old and new,  
And thorough catholic in all that's true.  
No matter what was the denomination,  
Enough if it had truth for its foundation.  
More singular for wisdom than for wit,  
Although at times he made a pawky hit  
That more confounded base, impudent lies  
Than all the stern rebukes he could devise,  
And many a rogue has felt his conscience smart  
Who failed to play upon his generous heart ;  
With quick discernment he saw through deceit,  
And knew the right thing from the counterfeit.  
His work is done, he " chose the better part,"  
We bless his memory from our inmost heart ;  
Scotchmen " from Maiden Kirk to John o' Groats "  
Will guard the fame and name of THOMAS COATS.

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## JOHN YOUNG.

JOHN YOUNG was born in the westend of Paisley on 12th September, 1827, and presently (1888) lives at 38 Thread Street, Paisley. His grandfather, who was also a native of Paisley, was a shoemaker to trade; and he was, besides, church officer to the West Relief Congregation, now Canal Street U.P. Church. The father of John Young was a handloom weaver, and succeeded his father in the situation of church-officer referred to. The future poet received a very indifferent education in his youth; for he was taken by his father to work to him as a drawboy when he was only seven years of age, and he continued in that capacity till he was thirteen years of age. He then commenced to learn the weaving trade. It was when thus employed he received his education by attending night schools, and diligently learning his lessons, and closely applying himself to systematic reading.

After being seventeen years at the weaving trade, his health having somewhat failed, he was employed for many years by the late Bailie Eaglesim, in attending to the cloth-shop and otherwise making himself useful. After Mr. Eaglesim's death, he obtained employment in a similar situation in a cloth-shop in town. He filled that position for about four years; but in consequence of the want of trade, he lost this situation, his employer putting a boy into his place at a less salary, and he has, therefore, been out of employment since the middle of December, 1887.

John Young was upwards of twenty years of age before he commenced to pay any attention to the writing of verse. Some of his poetical pieces have appeared in the newspapers;

but he has got them collected, and proposes to have them printed and published in pamphlet form.

John Young was twice married, but is now a widower.

#### OUR NELLY.

I've sung of our Nelly, I'll sing of her praise,  
I'll sing of her often, till death ends my days ;  
I ha'e watched her from childhood a-sporting at play,  
She has grown up a beauty, let who will say nay.

Her sweet smiling face, with her bright auburn hair,  
Her carriage so queen-like, so handsome and rare ;  
Her charms they would draw one to kneel by her side  
And plead for a promise to be his loved bride.

Like the roses in bloom she is fair to behold,  
She's admired by the lads, one and all, I am told ;  
She's pure as the lily that grows in the glen,  
She's faithful and true in her dealings with men.

She likes to ha'e grandeur and siller forbye—  
If I'm no' mistaken she has that in her eye ;  
She could manage fu' weel wi' a servant or twa,  
E'en keep them in order, there's nae doot ava.

Some braw decent laddie I hope she will get  
To love and adore her and make her his pet,  
With plenty to keep her baith tidy and braw,  
For a gem like oor Nelly nae ane ever saw.

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#### THE BALL OF TIME.

The ball of time once more has gone its round ;  
Lov'd friends have gone to rest, lov'd friends are found ;  
Year after year they slipp'd into the past ;  
Remember, friends, some year will be our last.

The year now gone has got the number seven,  
And strange events to that odd one is given ;  
In Scripture every seventh year, we do read,  
All debt was cancell'd — that was true indeed.

God grant now, since this number odd is fled,  
 And all its sorrows with the silent dead,  
 Revive our trade this year with three times eight,  
 So that no idle man stand at the gate.

We look with hope into the new-born year ;  
 The clouds are breaking, many hearts to cheer ;  
 Soon we shall see men hurrying on the way,  
 To labour hard and earn their honest pay.

Thanks to all those who now the poor befriend ;  
 The God above, He'll bless them in the end ;  
 The honest heart is cheer'd on life's rough road,  
 And breathes a thankful prayer up to its God.

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#### THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DENTY DOUG.

Denty's master he got drunk  
 When he was in oor city,  
 Decent-looking man was he—  
 Wasn't that a pity.  
 His dougie had mair sense, we ken,  
 A water-drinker he,  
 An' guarded weel the Hielanman  
 Frae a' aroun', ye see.

Brave wee Denty stood his grun',  
 Brave wee doug wis he,  
 He wouldna' let the crood come near ;  
 His bark was bold and free.

His master fell beside the park,  
 His coat-sleeve on the rail,  
 His body lay down in the glaur,  
 An' draigled his coat-tail.  
 The folks they fain would lift him up,  
 Denty he was there ;  
 The very police ke kept back—  
 Denty said, "Beware."

Wi' water cold they bathed his face,  
To bring the body roun' ;  
Wi' perseverance, they at last  
Did cool his burnin' croon.  
He then some word o' Gaelic said  
Unto his faithfu' doug,  
When a' at ance he quieted doun—  
His bark was no sae loud.

The police they were very kind,  
Nae handcuffs did they try ;  
The reason, I believe mysel',  
Was Denty's watchful eye.  
They gently led him to the cell,  
To sleep the drink away,  
Denty, watchfu' a' the while,  
Doun at his feet he lay.

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## MATTHEW ROBERTSON.

MATTHEW ROBERTSON was born in Causeyside Street, Paisley, in 1828. His father, who was also a native of Paisley, was a hand-loom weaver to trade. Matthew received the amount of education given to those in his position in life. After leaving school he first learned to be a draw-boy, and afterwards a hand-loom weaver. But he left this trade when eighteen years of age, and went to work in the night shift in the mills of Messrs. J. & P. Coats, where he remained a few years. Thereafter he was employed down to 1874 in different capacities, spending no less than fifteen years in the Post Office, Paisley. At that time he opened in Paisley a crystal and china shop, which he still occupies (1890). It was not till about twelve years ago he began to write verses, and several of his pieces, under the signature of *Veritas*, have appeared in the local press. I give here some specimens.

### SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

The flowers have songs with fragrance bound,  
 And music set by God above.  
 Stamped with His own omnipotence  
 And impress of infinite love.

In cultured plots or wooded copse,  
 With scanty robes or dress sublime,  
 They sing in sweetly-blended tones :  
 " The hand that made us is divine."

The tiny flowers by running brooks  
 Join those upon the hill above,  
 And chant with richly-chorded notes  
 The sweet refrain, " Our God is love."

On hilly slopes and deep ravines,  
 In garden plots and floral bowers,  
 We hear the swelling anthem rise—  
 The love of God is in the flowers.  
  
 In mountain pass, on hill and dale,  
 By wayside, and in leafy wood ;  
 They sing in loud triumphant tones—  
 “ O ! praise our God, for He is good.”  
  
 From every land their music swells,  
 From pole to pole their hymns arise  
 In praise of their Creator—God,  
 Like grateful incense to the skies.  
  
 Their songs are silent, but have power  
 And potency, without a sound,  
 To elevate men’s minds, the while  
 Diffusing sweetest fragrance round.  
  
 Then hail the songs of lovely flowers,  
 Which God to fallen man hath given,  
 To raise their minds from things of earth,  
 And centre them on things of Heaven.

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#### THE LORDS OF CREATION.

The men of earth have long laid claim  
 To regal usurpation,  
 And arrogate that they alone  
 Are lords of the creation,  
  
 And subjugate the female sex,  
 Whose submission they enforce,  
 Who often prove the better man  
 As the mare the better horse,  
  
 But are deprived of legal rights,  
 And kept in close seclusion,  
 By men whose dream of lordship is  
 A false but sweet delusion.

R

For female virtues go beyond,  
 And baffle all description,  
 But which are so diversified  
 They seem a contradiction.

Their modesty and loveliness  
 Make their tenderness a tower,  
 And when they most submissive are,  
 They possess the greater power.

They are timid, yet vivacious,  
 In pursuit of any plan ;  
 They are teasing, yet so pleasing  
 That they subjugate the man.

By their tenderness in trouble,  
 And their solace in distress—  
 By ecstasy in happy hours,  
 From their loving, warm caress—

With their domestic management,  
 And the comforts which they plan—  
 They captivate the stoutest heart,  
 And do subjugate the man.

When female virtues such as these  
 With a woman's life accords,  
 She towers above those silly men  
 Who may think themselves as lords,  
 And shines among her sisterhood  
 Like something more than human—  
 Yet Solomon could not detail  
 The virtues of a woman.

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#### THE TWO DAISIES.

One day, when in the fields, I saw  
 Such pleasing signs of coming Spring  
 As filled my heart with grateful thoughts,  
 And tuned my vocal pow'rs to sing.

Though early Spring, the frost was gone—  
The air was mild with soften'd breeze ;  
While sportive rooks flew overhead,  
And cried, "Caw, caw" among the trees.

Hedgerows and shrubs adorn'd with buds,  
And plants on either hand were seen ;  
They seemed combined to welcome Spring,  
As all were dressed in richest green.

Then in a corner, half-concealed,  
Two tender daisies now I spied,  
Close shelter'd by a cleft of rock,  
As timid maidens seek to hide.

With mute delight I saw each form,  
So neatly round and velvet-fringed,  
With varied hues of light and shade  
Fair Nature had so nicely tinged.

With pain I saw each head did droop,  
As if in premature decay ;  
They look'd, indeed, like dying flowers  
That might not live another day.

The sun here sent its gentle rays,  
Whereby their drooping heads revived,  
Wherein I learnt the secret source  
Whence heat and life are both derived.

Fit emblem of my soul, I thought,  
Could I but home this lesson press—  
No heat nor life, but sure decay  
Without the Sun of Righteousness.

Thus flowers draw life from solar rays,  
My soul draws life from highest Sun—  
The source the same Creator—God,  
The Great Eternal Three-in-One.

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## JOHN SMART.

JOHN SMART was born in the parish of Larbert, 22nd November, 1829. He died at St. James Place, Paisley, 7th June, 1862. Of this short term of 33 years, nine years were spent by him in Paisley as Master of the Senior Department of the John Neilson Institution. His work there will not be forgotten by those who enjoyed the benefits of his soul-inspiring enthusiasm as a teacher. His enthusiasm led him also to conduct a class of young men along the "Chasm" that lies between the ordinary Sunday School and the Communion Table, and brought together a very large number, belonging to all religious denominations, who rejoiced in his kindly light and leading. Besides the "New Theology," whose proof sheets he corrected on his death-bed, the Rev. David Smith, who writes the prefacing memoir to which I must refer my readers, mentions four poems, written between 1857 and 1862 ;—First, a didactic poem of twelve cantos, after the style of Wordsworth's "Recluse ;" second, a narrative poem called "Nethermain," in which, however, the love-story forms but a thread whereon to hang thoughts of men and nature ; third, a sea poem, chiefly descriptive ; and fourth, a dramatic poem, whose principal features are of a political character.

I think it a great pity that these are not yet added to the public treasures of Paisley. It has been my privilege to see one of them, "Nethermain ;" and I here give three extracts to illustrate Mr. Smart's descriptions of nature, the second to show his analysis of human character, and the third as a specimen of his lyric powers. By inquiries of Mr. Smart's daughter, now in South Africa, I find that the first and last two poems above referred to are not in the pos-

session of any of his family. It is believed they must have formed part of some "lots" put up for auction at the sale of his library. If the happy finder would communicate with the Editor, a great boon would be conferred on the numerous friends of the late Mr. Smart.

## NETHERMAIN.

## I.

We often walk past Beauty's door,  
 Nor know she makes her dwelling there ;  
 I'd often viewed this scene before,  
 But never saw it half so fair ;—  
 Among the million flakes of daisy snow,  
 Wild hyacinths their pensive heads hang low,  
 With their blue bells in graceful row ;  
 Forget-me-nots, which, tender-hearted,  
 Bear witness for the dear departed,  
 In troops looked up with truthful eye,  
 Some passionate fox-glove flamed in pride,  
 The fir boughs, cooling the meridian sky,  
 And waving low, had every spray,  
 Bordered and tipped with new fresh green ;  
 A thousand wimpling pools disturbed the tide,  
 Where, hallowing the summer day,  
 The frisking fish were gamb'ling seen.  
 At times a gold or silver trout,  
 Flashing his jasper fins about,  
 Leaped up, and, for a second, sprayed  
 Away the insect hook that played,  
 Pursuing, on their wings of flame,  
 Through wild ellipse, and cutting wheel  
 Their intermingling, mazy reel  
 Above the water—and there came,  
 With magical command, unsealing  
 The soul's deep fount of sweetest feeling,  
 A blackbird's song, that stream rich, clear,  
 Which seldom only, men may hear,  
 When it has ripened to its prime,  
 About the happy pledging time.

## II.

Frew was an editor, whose truthful pen  
 Each day made war on lying wrong ;  
 Portrayed the evil in the hearts of men,  
 Laid down great principles to make them strong.  
 His Leaders, verily, men led,  
 With full eye on his object stayed ;  
 The ample circuit first he made  
 By sideways slow inductive tread,  
 And in gyrations ever nearing,  
 Around the eye-chained object rearing,  
 Driving accessories along—  
 A willing or unwilling throng—  
 He reached it, then, with potent spell,  
 Commanded it its secret things to tell.  
 An arc of character placed full in view,  
 The centre he intuitively found,  
 And with imagination, compass true,  
 Described the prob'ble circle wheeling round.  
 In each event that chanced he found a text,  
 To every fact some hieroglyph annexed,  
 Advised advancement up high reason's hill,  
 Deferred Millenniums he predicted still.  
 In his museum have I waited him,  
 Examining his shelves, clean kept and trim,  
 Where stories lie ranged in geologic line,  
 The old-life fossils—crystals built so fine ;  
 The cases full of beetles, butterflies  
 With wings expanded 'neath their cold glass skies,  
 A murd'rous pin transfixing every breast.  
 The volumes in whose soft leaves rest  
 The flowers that valley, roadside, hill, and field,  
 The weeds that ocean's gardens yield,  
 Till I have wondered in that morning room  
 If every rigid form should life assume,  
 Should start to motion, voice, before my eyes—  
 What were my rapturous surprise !  
 I never should have guessed so large a heart  
 Could in such dry pursuits take part ;

For any insect he would catch, and well  
 Its age and station, food, and business tell ;  
 But now I found a soul of fullest phase  
 In every quarter pours abroad its rays.  
 The power creative he possessed—  
 The literary, highest, best—  
 Science and art in him combined—  
 Theology, philosophy, conjoined.  
 A man he was of taller height,  
 Impressions growing on the sight ;  
 A pale, grave face he had, two earnest eyes,  
 Far-visioned, thoughtful, in them no surprise,  
 Although he ever seemed as gazing through  
 The things that stand opaque in common view.

## III.

## SONG.

I heard a young man sing this strain—  
 "O July Sun, keep up ! keep up !  
 Anear the solstice still remain,  
 Until my lips salute the cup  
 My Helen full has filled for me ;  
 For she has promised to be mine  
 When apples ripe and red shall be,  
 And that I think is work of thine.  
 The tree is at her mother's door,  
 The door looks out upon the sea ;  
 The garden slope runs down the shore,  
 And faces southward unto thee."  
 Thus did he sing ; and well I wot,  
 Upon the happy bridal day,  
 He both the ruddy apples got,  
 And Helen's love, more sweet than they.

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## WILLIAM ELDER.

WILLIAM ELDER was born at the farm of Dewar's Mill, in the parish of St. Andrews, on 3rd May, 1829. He served as an apprentice gardener in the Duke of Atholl's gardens, Dunkeld; and in 1867 he was appointed superintendent of the Fountain Gardens, Paisley, a post which he still holds. He is the author of several publications relating to some of our best poets, and the flowers they referred to in their poetical works. In 1872 he published "A Shakespearean Bouquet: The Flowers and Plants of Shakespeare," with their scientific names and quotations from his works; and a Poetical Prologue and Epilogue, expressive of Mr. Elder's admiration of the works of the Bard. In 1874 a "Milton Bouquet," in 1875 a "Burns Bouquet," and in 1877 a "Tannahill Bouquet." These works exhibit much research on the part of Mr. Elder, and must have cost him a great amount of labour.

### A SHAKESPEAREAN BOUQUET.

#### PROLOGUE.

(*Extract.*)

My hope excited by the proffer'd prize,  
 I've joined with ardour in this enterprise;  
 Whilst "honour," too, methought might appertain  
 To him who won—so, I've roamed hill and plain  
 For those fair gems in my bouquet display'd,  
 In lovely tints and various hues array'd.  
 But should I fail to win, as fail I may,  
 Why, then! I'll try again some other day;  
 But win or lose, whichever may betide,  
 I'll prize my bouquet, since the mountain side  
 I've clomb to gather many gems you see  
 Bound in it—named in Shakespeare's poesy.

I've pluck'd the "wild thyme" where it fragrant grows,  
 Just near the spot where trickling water flows  
 From that loved Well, where our own Tannahill,  
 Whilst pensive wand'ring, often drank his fill ;  
 On steep Gleniffer, where it blooms as bright  
 As on that "bank," in loved "Midsummer Night's  
 Dream," where fair Titania lay on flow'ry bed  
 And deck'd with fairy gems poor "Bottom's" head.  
 The "nodding vi'let" and the "oxlip" too,  
 So sweet and lovely when suffused with dew,  
 I've gathered ; also the flower where Ariel swung  
 (Most sweet conception ere by poet sung)  
 The yellow cowslip, wherein, high and dry,  
 He lurk'd and suck'd as bees went "sipping by ;"  
 I've wreathed them all—the flowret's fragile stem—  
 Our Bard e'er nam'd, or which his works begem.

. . . . .

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## BURNS BOUQUET.

## PROLOGUE.

(*Extract.*)

O Burns ! How fondly do I breathe  
 Thy name, while I twine a wreath  
 For thee (if taste and skill, as I  
 Possess, might dare the feat to try).  
 But he who dares and fails, may still  
 Show honest purpose and goodwill.  
 And I, impelled by these, essay  
 To twine for thee a fair Bouquet.  
 Each floral gem thou nam'st I'll bring,  
 And on thy shrine with rev'rence fling—  
 Where'er they bloom, on bank or brae,  
 Or trembling dance on stem or spray,  
 As they were wont to feast thine eye  
 With beauty as thou pass'd them by.

Sweet native gems, from wood and fell,  
 From bosky glen and shady dell,  
 I'll gather, and their sweets combine,  
 And tie them with lov'd *woodbine*.  
 The *wild rose* from its "*briery den*,"  
 Whose beauty oft' inspired thy pen,  
 "The first o' flowers," fair Flora's Queen,  
 Thou nam'st her for her modest mien ;  
 And through thy praise she brighter blooms,  
 On banks beside the tassel'd *brooms* ;  
 Whilst that lov'd gem, so pure and fair  
 (Which thou proclaimed "beyond compare"),  
 The "*milk-white thorn*," its fragrance rare  
 Sends forth to scent the evening air ;  
 More plenteous now, o'er mead and glade,  
 Since "*Highland Mary*," in its shade  
 Sat down with thee, and thou her charms  
 Sang sweetly 'neath its moss-grown arms.  
 So these I bring, that they might breathe  
 Their sweetness in my floral wreath.  
 Here to the "*Lady of the Woods*"—  
 The "*scented birk*" its sweets exudes ;  
 But gaudy flowers, from foreign climes,  
 Are scarce, I ween, within thy rhymes ;  
 For Scotia's wild-flowers, fair to see,  
 Could wake thy soul to poesy.

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LINES ON TANNAHILL CENTENARY.

*3rd June, 1874.*

O ! would my muse could fitly sing,  
 Or I could strike the trembling string  
 Of harp, or wake the sounding lyre,  
 Or catch the rare poetic fire  
 That brightly gleam'd—that erst did fill  
 Our own lov'd bard, sweet Tannahill !  
 Then in his praise I'd lilt a lay  
 On this, his hundredth natal day.

As trills the mavis on the tree,  
So did he waken melody ;  
As soaring lark, in mid-air swung,  
Makes music, so he sweetly sung ;  
He inspiration from the shrine  
Of nature drew—the fount divine—  
The heather hills and flow'ry braes  
Of Scotia woke his lightsome lays.

Her mountains lone, her smiling plains,  
He link'd to music's sweetest strains,—  
Her wimpling burns, her gurgling streams,  
With winding jinks and glinting gleams—  
'Neath flow'ry brae or shady bower,  
He sang—or how their waters pour,  
Or dash through mountain torrents' course  
To seaward with impetuous force !

The “dusky glen,” the rocky linn,  
Where tumbling waters whirl and spin ;  
The “siller saughs,” the “crawflower's bell,”  
That bloomin', cheer the lonely dell ;  
The “silvery brackens, fringing nooks,”  
“Where 'neath the brae the burnie jouks,”  
“The mavis doon the buchted glade,”  
He sung in verse that ne'er shall fade !

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## WILLIAM COMRIE.

WILLIAM COMRIE, of whom I cannot obtain exact information, was, I believe, a native of Paisley. He published a small pamphlet of poetical pieces. The printers were Caldwell & Son, Paisley; and although this little publication is without any date, yet I think, from certain circumstances, it belongs to the third decade of this century. This pamphlet was entitled, "Lines by William Comrie, Knight of the Shuttle;" and the following four lines of poetry follow by way of dedication:—

Ye sons of labour, mark my simple tale—  
 To you I speak, to you make this appeal;  
 Let reason judge me if I fairly state  
 What's meanly base, or what is justly great.

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### THE LABOURER'S WAIL.

A last request permit the unletter'd muse  
 (This boon I crave—the will to grant is thine),  
 She, pledged to truth, no "sliding scale" pursues,  
 Like truckling statesmen bent at Mammon's shrine.  
 While o'er earth's wide expanse these verses ring,  
 How privileged vagrants riot in excess;  
 Or how they drain the fount of labour's spring;—  
 O! light of life, do thou these verses bless.  
 A working man, with labour sore oppress'd,  
 Felt time progressing bring increasing woes;  
 The cause revolving in his labouring breast  
 When verging homeward to his last repose.  
 Not he alone now claims peculiar care,  
 Unnumber'd wrongs the labourer's bosom rends—  
 Millions through life those ills condemned to bear—  
 Still every hope in disappointment ends.

The labourer's toil makes lands prolific grow,—  
 The riches bring across the boundless main ;  
 Increasing wealth from their exertions flow,  
 Which yields a harvest of increasing pain.

No ray of hope the labourer's sky adorns,  
 Age, want, and woe in sad prospectus lour ;  
 While tribute grievous, from industry torn,  
 Supports the arrogance of princely power.

The stone-block'd Lord, the bronzed-iron Duke,  
 Recording types of aristocratic crimes—  
 A sculptured, moulded, hieroglyphic book,  
 Proclaiming labours wrongs to future times.

How long shall faction wage successful war ?  
 Thus, by reflection's faithful rule, we prove  
 Where present, past, and future prospects are  
 Imprinted by the sovereign will of Love.

Ye Priests ! whose tail extends from pole to pole,—  
 Ye Prophets ! Elders ! all ye spiritual guides !—  
 Know thus, when minist'ring unto the soul,  
 That food for meanest reptiles God provides.

Can future joys the labourer's soul delight,  
 Condemn'd like engine to eternal toil ;  
 Holding with nature an unequal fight,  
 Till youth and age bestrew the funeral pile ?

Insects that sporting in the noon-day sun,  
 Or moths empaled that darkly grub their way ;  
 These promis'd support till their glass is run,  
 While those get wings, and in the sunbeam play.

Shall man, in form the image of his God,  
 Created lord of earth's terrestrial ball,  
 For ever bend beneath oppression's load,  
 Till his fair symmetry to ashes fall ?

Statesmen and kings, who rule the nether world,  
 Know jarring elements subservient prove ;  
 The master's work, his flag more wide unfurl'd,  
 And man meets man in fellowship and love.

Lover of science—plodding son of toil—  
 Thy nerves alone the social system bear ;  
 Unbound from privilege's mazy coil,  
 Would ease thy wants and future prospects cheer.

Thy hand the engine's rapid course restrains  
 When power-electric whirls the pond'rous wheels ;  
 With ease you check or now relax the reins—  
 Thy will, her law, the belching monster feels.

Old Mother Justice lifts her powerful voice—  
 A quaking tremour tinsel Guilt appals,  
 While tatter'd Virtue at the sounds rejoice—  
 The knell that tells licensed Corruption falls.

Reason assumes her empire o'er the mind—  
 Humbugging mystics feel their final doom ;  
 Knowledge in concord has all nations joined,  
 And sheds through life on earth her sweet perfume.

A certain prelude to eternal bliss  
 When nature's wants with care are all supplied—  
 When man regards his brother's happiness,  
 And equal rights to all are not denied.

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#### THE EFFICIENCY OF PHYSICAL AND MORAL POWER UNITED.

Once more, my friends, I trembling wield the pen,  
 Lest I aright truth's cause should not sustain ;  
 Eager corruption's rapid course to stem,  
 The muse, indignant, your attention claim.  
 Should this free language unpolite appear,  
 Ruffling the cobweb of your moral ear,  
 I stimulate by paper, ink, and quill,  
 Invoking to my aid the physical.  
 Hail ! working millions, prop of literature !  
 Giving to science an efficient power  
 To sow, to reap, to build the gorgeous domes  
 For cumberers of the earth, or useless drones.

Can pen of proscribed shuttle-knight portray  
By figures just, or sentiment display,  
That living cistern, lake, or reservo',  
From whence foul curses or fair blessings flow ;  
Coercing now, or now regenerate,  
As evil now—as good dictate.  
Shew logical fomented air-bells blown  
By grubbing man-wolves, or by zealots thrown—  
Men-wolves ! like vultures, when opinions jar,  
Intent on plunder, bay the dogs of war.  
Zealots ! who would a new creation mould  
On trampled fragments of the writhing old.  
When Heaven, in wrath, gave Physical the rein,  
A fev'rish frenzy fired each burning brain ;  
Dame Nature, too, acutely felt the stroke  
When the dread curse was by the Godhead spoke.  
The frowning God, old Terra, scarcely bears,  
Till hills, and trees, and vales were drowned in tears.  
Thus right-directed God-like faculty  
The balance holds of nice equality.  
Tyrants cite before presiding Reason,  
Tries, condemns, and executes for treason.  
This general scale on which creation move,  
Restricted systems harmonising prove—  
Thus Physical the whole securely draws  
By reason, instinct, or by nature's laws.

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## ALEXANDER SMITH.

ALEXANDER SMITH was born at Kilmarnock, on 31st December, 1829. His father was by trade a designer for calico printing, and afterwards for sewed muslins. In 1832, the trade in Kilmarnock becoming very much depressed, Alexander's father obtained a situation in Paisley, and he and his family removed to our town in 1834. Alexander received the early part of his education in Paisley. He was attacked with a fever, and was for a time dangerously ill. On his recovery, it was found that the fever had contracted the muscles of one of his eyes, which always afterwards continued to squint a little. When Alexander was about eleven years of age, the family removed from Paisley to Glasgow; and he was sent to a school in John Street which was conducted by Mr. Neil Livingston, who afterwards became a minister of the Free Church. Alexander's progress at the school in Paisley, and also in Glasgow, was so good that his parents had some thoughts of educating him for the Christian ministry in connection with the Secession Church, but their financial condition compelled them to abandon this idea.

At twelve years of age, when he could read and write well, and understood arithmetic tolerably well—for this was the whole amount of his education,—he was sent to a warehouse in Glasgow to learn his father's occupation. By this time he had read very much, particularly the works of the poets. From his youth he had been a lover of poetry, and in his school days had often indulged in writing verses. His first poem of any extent was written in his sixteenth year, and was entitled "The Black Eagle," from the name of an

Indian hero in one of Cowper's novels. But it was soon afterwards destroyed, being considered by the author unworthy of preservation.

Although Mr. Smith's devotion to poetry was intense, and he had been continuing to write numerous verses, yet down to the end of 1849 not a line appeared in print. In the following years, however, his poetry occasionally occupied a place in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Glasgow Citizen*. He was a great admirer of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, of Dundee, and he sent to him a quantity of his poetry in manuscript, soliciting criticism and advice. The rev. gentleman highly approved of Mr. Smith's poetry, and wrote a long article in the *Critic*, with extracts from the MS., and announced "a new poet in Glasgow." At the end of 1852 the first volume of Mr. Smith's poetry was published, entitled "A Life Drama," and created a wide and deep sensation.

The Secretaryship of the Edinburgh University became vacant in 1853, and Mr. Smith—through the influence of James Hedderwick, Robert Chambers, the Duke of Argyll, Duncan M'Laren (then Lord Provost of Edinburgh), and others,—was, among the many applicants, the successful candidate. He obtained his appointment in consideration of his poetical abilities, and entered on the duties of his new and important situation in the beginning of 1854.

In 1855 there appeared "War Sonnets" from Mr. Smith's pen, a little poetical volume on the Crimean war. Mr. Smith's marriage to Miss Flora Macdonald, of Ord, Skye, took place in the spring of 1857.

There came from the pen of Mr. Smith a number of poetical works, such as "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." His prose works are "Dreamthorpe" and "A Summer in Skye," in 2 vols. He edited an edition of "Burns" for Macmillan & Co.; and supplied *Good Words* with a prose tale, in monthly parts, entitled

“Alfred Hagart’s Household,” which was afterwards issued in a separate form in two volumes. It is in this work he writes about Paisley under the name of “Greysley.” There also appeared from his pen numerous smaller articles in several newspapers, magazines, and encyclopædias. Some of his magazine articles afterwards appeared in the volume entitled “Last Leaves.” But he was performing too much mental work, and his health therefore began to suffer. In November, 1866, he had to confine himself to his bed. He was attacked with gastric fever and diphtheria, likewise with typhoid fever, and under the complication of these malignant maladies he died in his house at Wardie, on 20th November, 1866, aged 37 years. His remains were interred in Warrington Cemetery. In 1868 there was erected over his grave a beautiful Runic cross monument, with appropriate embellishments, the design of which was furnished as a tribute of affection by Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A. It contained a medallion likeness of Mr. Smith, which was executed by Mr. William Brodie, sculptor, another friend of the poet’s. This monument bears the simple inscription—“Alexander Smith, Poet and Essayist. Erected by some of his personal friends.”

Although Alexander Smith was not a native of Paisley, yet a part of his early life was passed in our town, where no doubt he largely imbibed poetic ideas, and nurtured his ambition to become equal, if not superior, to Paisley’s best poets. I think therefore Paisley may to a great extent claim Mr. Smith as one of her numerous and gifted poets. I am confirmed in this opinion by the judicious remarks of the Rev. T. Brisbane, author of “The Early Years of the Poet.” Mr. Brisbane says (p. 1):—

“Kilmarnock in the county of Ayr, and Paisley in the adjoining county of Renfrew, have long maintained pre-eminence among the towns of Scotland in the number of

their sons who have been endowed with poetic genius ; and Alexander Smith, singularly, had an early connection with both of these favoured seats of the Scottish muses. In the former he was born, while in the latter he passed his early boyhood and received the first elements of his education. Being thus a native of the county of Burns and a nursling of the town of Tannahill and of the Wilsons, it may not seem strange that his soul was imbued with a large measure of the poetic spirit. The mantle of endowment which fell upon him, however, was certainly not that of either of these bards. His poetic faculty differed greatly from that of any of these. Burns was intensely Scotch, and Tannahill was only a little less so ; but in Smith's genius there are no vernacular indications whatever, either in language or sentiment. In expression he is purely English ; in spirit, broadly cosmopolitan."

Mr. Brisbane further states (p. 7) :—"It was in Paisley that his being opened to a perception of the beauties of nature and the charms of literature." He has compared our town to "an aviary of singing birds," and has called it "the abode of poetic inspiration."

#### GLEN SANNOX, ARRAN.

The beauty of the morning drew me on  
 Into a gloomy glen. The heavy mists  
 Crept up the mountain sides. I heard the streams ;  
 The place was saddened with the bleat of sheep.  
 'Tis surely in such lonely scenes as these  
 Mythologies are bred. The rolling storms—  
 The mountains standing back in mist and rain,  
 With long white lines of torrents down their sides,  
 The ominous thunder creeping up the sky—  
 The homeless voices at the dead of night  
 Wandering among the glens—the ghost-like clouds  
 Stealing beneath the moon,—are but as stuff  
 Whence the awe-stricken herdsman could create  
 Gods for his worship.



## ADDRESS TO A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY.

O thou of thoughtful brow and daring heart,  
 Speed on thy lofty path like feathered dart ;  
 Who can withstand the siren voice of fame,  
 Nor bend in worship to that shade—a name ?  
 Follow the promptings of thy burning soul,  
 Sweep like a tempest to that distant goal ;  
 Toil on thou noble heart—nor let despair  
 Unnerve thy soul ; but nobly, boldly dare—  
 Dare with thine arm to bear the Cross unfurled,  
 And gather 'neath its ample folds a world.  
 This be thy task ; what though no marble tomb  
 In gloomy grandeur frowns o'er thy long home !  
 If not a leading star in Fame's bright van,  
 Know this—the first was ne'er the noblest man ;  
 The world's best blood was not a blazing sun,  
 His life was unrevered ; his grave unknown.  
 Prove not a traitor to thy sacred trust  
 Through love of life, nor passion, nor the lust  
 Of gold. Fight well, thou warrior of God,  
 And cleave a path to Heaven's bright abode ;  
 Return with garlands from the holy war,  
 Then shine beyond the sky a meteor star.

---

 G L A S G O W .

Sing, poet, 'tis a merry world ;  
 That cottage smoke is rolled and curled  
 In sport, that very moss  
 Is happy, every inch of soil ;  
 Before me runs a road of toil  
 With my grave cut across.  
 Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs—  
 I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City : I am true son of thine ;  
 Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine  
     Around the bleating pens ;  
 Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,  
 And ne'er upon my childhood weighed  
     The silence of the glens.

Instead of shore where ocean beats,  
 I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black labour draws his weary waves  
 Into their secret-moaning caves ;

    But with the morning light  
 That sea again will overflow  
 With a long weary sound of woe,  
     Again to faint in night.

Wave am I in that sea of woes,  
 Which night and morning ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,  
 Wherein did never sunshine sport ;

    Yet there my heart was stirred—  
 My very blood did dance and thrill,  
 When on my narrow sill

    Spring lighted like a bird.  
 Poor flowers, I watched them pine for weeks,  
 With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,  
 In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,

    Thy smoke is dusky fire ;  
 And, from the glory round they poured,  
 A sunbeam like an angel's sword  
     Shivers upon a spire.

Thus have I watched thee, terror ! dream !  
 While the blue light crept up the stream.

## ROBERT MUTRIE.

ROBERT MUTRIE was born in King Street, Paisley, in 1832. His father, John Mutrie, was a handloom weaver to trade. The son received very little education at school, and was, therefore, in a great measure self-taught in after life. He learned to be a handloom weaver; and, in his leisure hours, commenced to write verse when quite a young man. These youthful efforts, for the most part, appeared in the local press. He died in 1880, leaving behind him a respected widow and family to mourn his loss. I give some specimens of his poetical efforts.

### THE RANTIN' WEAVER CHIEL.

*Air*—“My Ain Johnnie Lad.”

I'm ane-an'-twenty come the time,  
 Though nane can ca' me auld;  
 I've gi'en my heart to ane I lo'e,  
 In case o't turning cauld;  
 But there's ae objection to my plan  
 That I fu' sairly feel,  
 My mither's sair against me for  
 My rantin' weaver chiel.

I hear folk say a weaver's wife  
 Maun toil baith nicht and day,  
 An' troubles sair, through thick an' thin,  
 The wives o' weavers hae;  
 But I carena for their scarin' clash,  
 I'll try life's brae to speel  
 Wi' him I lo'e, wha has my heart,  
 My rantin' weaver chiel.

Nae doot there's fash, but whaur is there nane,  
 I fain would like to ken?  
 The women bodies sair maun toil,  
 They canna blam't on men.

But a willin' mind mak's labour licht,  
 Then come it wae or weal,  
 I'll dae my best tae keep him richt,  
 My rantin' weaver chiel.

When bairns come hame, as like they will,  
 I'll tend their wants wi' glee,  
 An' never will I think them fash  
 When rinnin' roun' my knee ;  
 For cauld maun be the mither's heart  
 That canna pleasure feel  
 In guidin' bairns an' him she lo'es,  
 Her rantin' weaver chiel.

Then awa' wi' auld wives' foolish talk,  
 I carena what they say,  
 I'll tak' the laddie that I lo'e  
 To speel life's stormy brae ;  
 An' I weary till the time comes roun',  
 Though fed on milk and meal,  
 When I'll cuddle doon wi' him at e'en,  
 My rantin' weaver chiel.

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### MY MARY'S BLACK E'E.

*Air*—"Banks o' the Devon."

The May flow'rs are springing, the lark's loudly singing,  
 The lambkins, so innocent, jink o'er the lea ;  
 All nature seems cheery, but a' wad seem dreary,  
 If wantin' the blink o' Mary's black e'e.

The wee daisy growin', the rose sweetly blowin',  
 The clear crystal brook an' the white blossom'd tree,  
 To me, mair than ony, they're sparkling an' bonnie,  
 But brighter by far is my Mary's black e'e.

I love the gay morning wi' sunshine adorning,  
 The flowery-clad valley, sae bonnie to see ;  
 But sweeter at gloamin', I love to be roamin',  
 Sweet charmed by the blink o' my Mary's black e'e.

The bright star o' evening, when brilliantly shining,  
 May cheer the lone mariners far on the sea ;  
 Like Hope's bright star smiling, his lone hours beguiling,  
 But my star o' hope is my Mary's black e'e.

I envy not grandeur, nor gay gaudy splendour,  
 Content in the cottage, though humble I'll be ;  
 The grandeur o' nature is seen in each feature,  
 Where love sparkles bright frae my Mary's black e'e.

Then grant me, O fortune ! thy smile so uncertain,—  
 O give me my Mary, sae bonnie an' free ;  
 I'll fondly caress her, I'll never distress her,  
 For captive's my soul to her dark rolling e'e.

---

#### THE SHILLING IN THE PUIR MAN'S POUCH.

I hear fock talk o' guid kind frien's,  
 I own I've felt the same ;  
 I've felt a guid turn done abroad,  
 I've felt the like at hame.

But this I saw, where'er I went,  
 In every place I've been,  
 That a shilling in a puir man's pouch  
 Turned aye out his best frien'.

I've travelled east, I've travelled west,  
 O'er many a weary mile,  
 And I ha'e seen ten times o' gloom  
 For ae kind frien'ly smile.

But this I felt where'er I went,  
 In every place I've been,  
 That a shilling in a puir man's pouch  
 Turned aye out his best frien'.

I've ta'en some cash at times mysel',  
 Then frien's aroun' me cam',  
 They deaved me with flattering tongues  
 While circled roun' the dram.

But when misfortune turned the wheel,  
 I saw, wi' weel cleared een,  
 That a shilling in a puir man's pouch  
 Turned aye out his best frien'.

## REFORM BILL RHYMES.

During the exciting period of the efforts to pass the Parliamentary Reform Bill through Parliament in 1831-2, distinguished by the many vicissitudes to which that measure was subjected, verse-making, in addition to the fervid orations of public men, greatly prevailed in Paisley. Boroughmongers, as those were termed who tried to make money out of the patronage of a borough, were, along with the opponents of Reform, the subjects of many attacks, and numerous were the poetical shafts which were at that time levelled at them. In 1831 a pamphlet containing a number of these popular songs was published in Paisley; and although the names of the authors are not given, there is no doubt they belonged to our good old rhyming town. These effusions cannot be said to have much originality; for they were nearly all parodies on well-known songs, adapted therefore to the most popular airs in the country; and, indeed, the chorus of each of them reiterated to a great extent the old songs which they imitated. The pamphlet was entitled "Songs of the Times: or, The Voice of the People." I give, as a very good specimen of them, "Let us hail our Patriot King." Another of these songs is entitled "Have you heard the news frae Lon'on Town," having the chorus—

Up and waur them a', Willie,  
 Up and waur them a';  
 Ye gied the House an unco purge,  
 Sic as it never saw, Willie.

Another song was entitled "Should auld corruption, &c.," having the first verse as follows—

Should auld corruption be forgot,  
 And never brought to min';

Should Treasury benches be forgot,  
And the jobs o' langsyne.

A song in a similar strain was "Hey, Bobbie Peel." The first two verses I give—

Hey, Bobbie Peel, are ye wauken yet,  
And are your troops a' marching yet,  
And do you think you can defeat  
The Russell Bill for reforming?

So muster just as strong's you please ;  
The country keeps itself at ease,  
For everyone too plainly sees  
Your motive's 'gainst reforming.

And another song was "A famous man was Noble Grey," to the air "My love she's but a lassie yet," with a chorus after each verse—

A famous man was Noble Grey,  
The staunch Reformer's hope and joy ;  
Nor need we care what those may say  
Who would, who would the cause destroy.

A dauntless front our Sovereign shews,  
And tyranny he will disarm ;  
A patriot heart in Brougham glows,  
To keep, to keep reform from harm.

A famous man, &c.

A daring mood is in the bill,  
Yet still it is a simple plan—  
That Ten Pound Voters use their will  
To choose, to choose their proper man.

A famous man, &c.

Now Britons they are free to rove,  
Nor care for Boroughmongers' rage,  
And they can check the House above  
To rule, to rule as fits our age.

A famous man, &c.

We ask not freedom from the French,  
 Nor Jonathan to mend our laws,  
 For liberty our country's staunch,  
 And what, and what can stop our cause.  
 A famous man, &c.

All the songs were imbued with similar sentiments. They served their purpose as popular street literature, but they are now almost forgotten.

## LET US HAIL OUR PATRIOT KING.

*Tune* — "For a' that, an' a' that."

Come let us hail our patriot King,  
 His Council true, an' a' that ;  
 And roun' him let us all as one  
 Rejoicing sing, for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Queen Adelaide, an' a' that ;  
 He nobly fought the people's cause,  
 Our sailor King, an' a' that.

Long has our country borne the yoke  
 O' Borough laws, an' a' that ;  
 While pampered nobs, wi' frien's an' jobs,  
 Hae made us poor, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 We're grumblin' now at a' that ;  
 But times hae changed, since tyrants vile  
 Could mak' us slaves, an' a' that.

We've seen the Bill, which Royal Will  
 Approv'd, and back'd, an' a' that  
 But Peel & Co. cried out "O, no  
 We'll kick it out," an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Ye ken their fate, an' a' that ;  
 Reform ! Reform ! rais'd sic a storm  
 As blew them up, an' a' that.



Some's lighted here, some's lighted there,  
 Some's ne'er been seen, an' a' that ;  
 But they'll be fewer Gascoigne men,  
 When next they meet wi' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 The people's will, an' a' that  
 Must have its sway, we'll gain the day,  
 For Britain's right, an' a' that.

A light has dawn'd on mony a land  
 Where slav'ry reigned, an' a' that,  
 But soon we'll see the brave, the free,  
 Shake off their chains, an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 It's coming fast, wi' a' that,  
 When thrones maun rest on freedom's soil,  
 Or be swept aff frae a' that.

Awa', confusion's sons, awa'  
 Wild anarchy, an' a' that ;  
 Our watch-word is " Our Noble King,  
 Our Country's laws," an' a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 We'll brave the world, for a' that ;  
 A valiant heart will lead us on,  
 To do or die for a' that.

Then let us sing " God save our King,"  
 With three times three, an' a' that ;  
 An' may each traitor villain swing  
 Abune our heads, for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our country's good, an' a' that,  
 Is all we wish, is all we want,  
 An' this we'll get for a' that.

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## WILLIAM STEWART.

WILLIAM STEWART is a native of Glasgow. He carried on for many years the business of architect in Paisley. The first School Board, after being elected in 1873, resolved to erect four schools,—one in the east, south, west, and north districts of the town,—and the plans for the same were prepared by Mr. Stewart. He was, likewise, a gifted votary of the Muses, as will be seen from the specimens of his poetry I give below.

### TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.<sup>1</sup>

The poet needs must sing :  
 The soaring lark  
 That makes the welkin ring,  
 When dies the Dark,  
 With happy heart-beats, thrilling, full, and strong,  
 His bliss holds by the tenure of his song.

The poet needs must sing :  
 The bubbling well  
 Breaks from dark prisoning,  
 And leaps to tell,  
 In liquid murmurings and ripples bright,  
 Of freedom's joys—glad life, and air, and light.

The poet needs must sing :  
 The vagrant breeze  
 That fans, with cooling wing,  
 The drooping trees,  
 Is softly whispering a sweet refrain  
 To nature's many-voiced melodious strain.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Stewart attended the Centenary Tannahill Meeting of the Club, and recited with much acceptance these stanzas.

The poet needs must sing :  
 The wild-flowers raise  
 A silent worshipping  
 Of incense-praise,  
 And blossom music in harmonious dyes,  
 With God-ward homage in their upraised eyes.

The poet needs must sing :  
 O, Tannahill !  
 When bird, and breeze, and spring,  
 And flow'ret, fill  
 The ear of Day with harmonies divine,  
 A higher, nobler, ministry is thine !

The laverock heaven-ward springs,  
 And, as he towers,  
 Life's quit-rent song outflings  
 In pattering showers  
 Of throbbing rapture. Tannahill, 'tis thine  
 Its fleeting sweetness in thy song to shrine !

Nested 'mong daily care,  
 Thy heart was strong  
 To leave life's hillside bare,  
 On wings of song,  
 The common daylight of our thoughts to fill,  
 And glorify with music, Tannahill !

The little wayside well,  
 In stones and earth  
 Low cradled, yet can tell  
 Of humble birth,  
 Ennobled by such worth and purity,  
 As, gentle Tannahill, we find in thee !

Scooped by life's dusty way,  
 Thy pure, cool spring  
 Of song, our toilsome day  
 Aye rest will bring ;  
 While in the limpid depths we fondly trace  
 The mirror'd beauties of fair Nature's face.

The westland breezes bring  
 From verdant leas,  
 Soft airs, and, cooing, sing  
 Among the trees  
 Æolian melodies, our heart that thrill  
 Again, in thy sweet numbers, Tannahill.

Cool from the sunny hill  
 And dusky glen,  
 They stir thy song, and fill  
 The hearts of men—  
 Hot with o'erdriving in life's growing strife—  
 With the calm pulses of a sweeter life.

The wildflower bloom and scent—  
 A choral strain  
 Of hue and odour blent,  
 After soft rain—  
 With simple grace and dewy freshness fill,  
 To keep thy memory fragrant, Tannahill.

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#### A NICHT WI' THE TROGLODYTES.<sup>1</sup>

“THE LASS O' LOANEN'.”

I lo'e a wee lassie wha leves at Loanen',  
 Her kin' heart is trystit—I ken it's my ain ;  
 An' tho' she's aft' saucy, an' flirts wi' the men,  
 She lo'es only me, sae I let her alane.  
 For bonnie wee Gussie's a true-hearted lassie,  
 Sae, aye whan she's saucy, I let her alane.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Troglodytes, it is said, were people bordering upon Æthiopia, near the Arabian Gulph, who lived in caves; whence they have their name. They are said to have fed on serpents. A social club met in the Terrace Tavern, in an apartment under the terrace, having a foot-way above, and looking out on the river. The members thought that their place of meeting somewhat resembled the caves of the Troglodytes, and hence the name of the club. At an evening meeting in 1872, the author makes the chairman call on certain of the members to sing a song; and of the twelve that were sung, one was “The Lass o' Loanen'.” These songs, along with the remarks of the chairman, were afterwards published in book form. The author, four years afterwards, published a poetical piece, beautifully illustrated from sketches by himself, entitled “The Ramblers: A Ghost Story.”

A winsom' wee thing is the lass o' Loanen',  
 Her bonnie locks glint wi' gowd's ruddy hue ;  
 An', whan she's no saucy an' flirtin' wi' men,  
 Her een are heart-winnocks, whar Love's keekin' thro ;  
 But, wi' fun an' wi' laughin', an' innocent daffin',  
 My wee lassie's af'en gae kittle tae woo.

My heart gi'ed a stun' when the Pride o' Loanen'  
 Gaed by, on the walk, without speakin' yestreen ;  
 But she turn'd an' look'd back, an' she couldna hide then  
 The beamin' love-licht in her bonnie broon een ;  
 Her fun she was ru'in'—her heart's sic a true ane,  
 She's weel worth the woin' o' monarchs, I ween.

Sae dearly I lo'e my wee lass o' Loanen',  
 Tae me she is trystit—her heart's a' my ain ;  
 Sae aye when she's saucy, an' flirts wi' the men,  
 I laugh tae mysel', an' juist—let her alane ;  
 For ilka bit lassie lo'es dearly the *chassé* ;  
 Sae gin your love's saucy, just let her alane.

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## PETER MUIR.

PETER MUIR, I am informed, was a native of Paisley. In my collection of street songs four, at least, are his. They are stated to be by "Peter Muir, Paisley." I cannot, however, learn anything further about him. I give two of his lyric compositions.

## THE MAID OF INVERNESS.

Rises the maid of Inverness  
 To welcome in a stranger,  
 Seeing his visage of distress  
 Portrays some latent danger

He tells the story of his woe,  
 In travels o'er the mountain,  
 For grief from home he'd wander'd so,  
 And stray'd by many a fountain.

With cold and hunger, weary, tir'd,  
 He'd cross the hills and valleys ;  
 Sickly his frame, and as inspir'd  
 His story with it tallies.

Brought in he is, with fervent love,  
 To rest within her chamber,  
 Her heart compassionately moves  
 As for a helpless stranger.

Away to chase the piercing cold  
 She brings sufficient fuel,  
 Her kindness all remains untold—  
 Her shelter, wine, and gruel.

Pure gratitude to her o'erflows,  
 And she is well requited,  
 Their love reciprocally grows,  
 In marriage they're delighted.

## O ! LOVELY MAID.

O, lovely maid, consent to come  
To hear gay nature's song,  
When Sol extracts the flowing gum,  
Come from the noisy throng.

Come view the bushes when they're green,  
And blossoms on their head ;  
Come, where the landscape's clearly seen,  
And on the clover tread.

Come where the blossoming plants are seen,  
Most beautiful and rare,  
Come smell their fragrance, talk, and lean  
Upon the summer chair.

O, come, my graceful maid, assent  
To stray where none annoy,  
Where fertile meads make swains content ;  
Sincere love come enjoy.

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## W. TEMPLETON.

W. TEMPLETON had in the *Paisley Herald* newspaper of 8th August, 1868, a piece of poetry under the heading of "Nethercraigs." As the scenery described is so very near to Paisley, and as the piece itself is so good, I have, without knowing anything about the poet, taken it upon me to insert his effusion here, and to assume that he was in some way connected with Paisley.

## NETHERCRAIGS.

Tho' fairer scenes may meet the eye,  
 Beneath a cloudless eastern sky ;  
 Or sylvan beauty lend a zest  
 To Nature in the far, far west.  
 Still, where, within my native land,  
 Is there a scene so rich, so grand,  
 As, clad in summer-mantle green,  
 Gleniffer hills beyond are seen.  
 Where many a shapely, shady tree  
 Bestuds the verdant mountain lea,  
 Where furze, and fern, and heather bloom,  
 And wild-flowers yield a sweet perfume.  
 Here, undisturbed in twilight grey,  
 The warblers chant their sweetest lay—  
 And as the night enshrouds the scene,  
 Is heard the music-sounding stream.  
 No wonder every glen and rill  
 Inspired the muse of Tannahill,  
 And made him sing in sweetest song  
 The praises of his mountain home,  
 Where nature, in its grandest form,  
 Is seen in sunshine and in storm ;  
 And, seated in the enchanting bower,  
 We see old Stanely's ruined tower ;



And underneath, the vale of Cart—  
The seat of business and of art—  
And, as if with a parent blest,  
The great emporium of the west  
Down neighb'ring vale doth stretch her arm,  
As if to shield her child from harm ;  
And far beyond the vale of Clyde  
The Grampians tow'ring in their pride.  
But beauty of a higher kind  
Is here to captivate the mind—  
As, blythely, blooming maids  
Do grace the vale of Nethercraigs.

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## JAMES RAMSAY.

JAMES RAMSAY resided in Paisley, and I believe he was likewise a native. I cannot, however, supply any positive information regarding his life. One of his poetical pieces appeared in the *Paisley Herald* of 21st January, 1860, a copy of which follows.

### LINES IN MEMORY.

Thy little infant cry is heard no more,  
 Closed are those little eyes like stars that shone ;  
 Cold, cold those ruby lips that heretofore  
 I thought I could have lived an age upon.

How doth imagination love to live  
 These little three months o'er and o'er again ;  
 Re-taste the joys that thou alone could'st give,  
 Re-sip the nectar from thy lips, dear Jen ?

How pleased each victory to note was I,  
 Of spirit o'er dull despicable clay ;  
 The first dim dawning of a smile to spy,  
 Which scarcely moved the lips ere't fled away.

Our humble board thy little presence cheered,  
 Thou hadst so many captivating ways ;  
 Laughing and crowing as thy head thou rear'd,  
 Till naughty hiccough quenched the dawning rays.

When night came round, and toil and supper o'er,  
 How happy I to take thee in my arms ;  
 Strange fire celestial glowed through every pore,  
 Caught like contagion from thy infant charms.

With each returning day returned my joys—  
 Gleams of delight which seized th' enravished soul,  
 And carried it aloft above earth's toys,  
 To drink with gods from the nectarious bowl.

The feelings of a dream steal over me.  
 Still, still I see thee, beautiful as when  
 In life, enraptured, I embraced thee,  
 And kissed thy sweet lips o'er and o'er again.  
 Thou taught us how to love without reward,  
 Save that alone which love itself bestow'd ;  
 Thy holy work fulfill'd, aloft thou soar'd  
 To dwell for aye in presence of thy God.  
 Look down, dear Janet, from the blissful skies,  
 See leaning mournful o'er thy sacred clay  
 Thy parent ; see those tears and hear those sighs,  
 Which watch night's orbs go out and greet the day.  
 Behold thy mother ! see that loving breast  
 Thou tugg'd but yesternight in gamesome glee ;  
 Thy warm sweet breath, more sweet than roses press'd,  
 Played round the milky fountain am'rously.  
 How fondly she regards thy form, still fair,  
 And mingles with her sighs endearing names ;  
 Relax these stony looks, see her despair—  
 A mother's tears and cries thy pity claims.  
 Visions of the blissful past around thee hover,  
 And mem'ries dear of Heaven-imparted joys—  
 All tomb'd, my Jen, with thee, on earth are over,  
 Those pure delights unmix'd with gross alloys.  
 Blest babe, born but to feel the kindly glow  
 Of love maternal, warm as Orient day ;  
 United but with flesh the bliss to know  
 Of being 'scaped from ignominious clay.  
 When borne along life's sands, with clouds o'er cast,  
 Where blighted hopes like leaves in autumn lie,  
 Far in the dim horizon of the past,  
 Sweet oasis shall be thy memory.

Paisley, January, 1860.

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## DUNCAN M'FARLANE M'NEIL.

DUNCAN M'FARLANE M'NEIL was born in Renfrew, on 12th December, 1830. When he was baptised in the parish church of Renfrew, he was named Duncan Macfarlane M'Neil, from being the first child who had received baptism after the induction of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane<sup>1</sup> to the pastorate of that congregation. In early life his parents brought him to Paisley, where he received a very limited education. For some years he wrought as a drawboy, and when sixteen years of age he was bound to serve an apprenticeship of six years to the baking trade. His taste for poetry was of early growth, and

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. Dr. Duncan Macfarlane was born in the parish of Cardross, in the year 1793. After receiving the first part of his education at Cardross he matriculated at Glasgow College, where he was regarded as an earnest and industrious student. He was licensed to preach in 1824, by the Glasgow Presbytery, and was afterwards, for some time, a tutor in the family of Mr. Buchanan, of Auchintorlie. In 1826 he was elected to be minister in Anderston Church, Glasgow, and after undergoing the regular trial exercises, he was ordained to the pastorate in January, 1827. Three years afterwards he was asked to accept an appointment to Renfrew Parish Church, to which he assented, and he was inducted on 30th November, 1830. In 1843 he joined the body of ministers who seceded from the Church of Scotland. A new church was thereafter erected for him by those who left along with him. He died on 26th April, 1853, aged 60 years. His congregation after his interment erected a beautiful monument to his memory. His degree was not given by any college in this country. He remained unmarried. I have heard him officiate more than once on a Sunday, and I cannot refrain from stating that my attention was invariably arrested by his eloquence and his able logical reasoning. His published literary works were as follows:—“Treatise on the Christian Sabbath,” “Memoir of the late Martha Muir, of Renfrew,” “Bible Temperance and Present Duty,” “The Church on a Rock, a Sermon Preached at Laying the Foundation-Stone of the Free Church of Lochwinnoch in 1843;” “The Harvest Field;” “Popish Claims, whether Roman, Anglican, or Scottish;” “The Claims of the Church of Rome through the Apostle Peter, a Lecture;” “Who is Right—the Roman Catholic or the Protestant?” He also wrote for Mr. Paterson’s “Analysis of the Shorter Catechism,” a very careful Introduction, giving a history of that remarkable compendium of divinity.

in 1860 he published a small volume of 149 pages, entitled "The Reformed Drunkard : or, The Adventure on the Muir, with other Poems and Songs." In this year he removed to Glasgow : but some short time afterwards he returned to Paisley, where he at present resides, and is employed as a foreman to the enterprising and successful firm of Messrs. William Richmond & Sons, Moss Street. In the preface to his work he stated, among other things, "Youth's happy days have fled, never, alas ! to return, and years have rolled on, 'mid sunshine and shower, gladness and sadness, since first my heart longed for the Muse to smile upon me. Now that I have ventured before the public, my readers will be able to judge how far that wish has been gratified. To me the composition of the following poems and songs has been a source of much pleasure. When smiling summer came, in her beauty and fragrance, decking hill, dell, and wood in their richest grandeur, and filling the air with a balmy sweetness from wild flowers, then have I strayed, when the toil of day was o'er, to court the Muse and sing of Nature's beauty ; and when winter's dreary nights came, many a happy hour have I passed at my own fireside, with the Muse for my companion."

TO A LARK.

'Twas morning, and the rising sun  
 Shone yellow o'er the lea,  
 And drops o' dew like silver hung  
 Upon each budding tree.  
 My eye was bright, my heart was light !  
 Nae tongue my joy could name,  
 To think the woods O, happy sight !  
 Would soon be green again.

And near me rose a lark on high,  
 Its airy circle flew,  
 Till, far from sight of human eye,  
 It hid from out my view ;

But soft still, aloft still,  
 It wandered on its way ;  
 I silent sat, with heart full,  
 To hear so sweet a lay.  
  
 O ! thou could'st soothe a sorrowing heart,  
 And make the poor to smile ;  
 Sweet, innocent, enchanting lark,  
 Our thoughts you can beguile.  
 Though saddened and maddened  
 With death, and woes, and care,  
 O ! still we can be gladden'd  
 With thy sweet music rare.  
  
 Although the wind yet bloweth keen,  
 What bliss must't be to thee ;  
 For gowans soon will deck the green  
 In mild tranquility.  
 To rest there, thy breast there ;  
 Then chant thy merry song,  
 To wile away thy mate's care  
 When tending to her young.  
  
 Then wing thy upward flight to heaven  
 For many a coming year ;  
 For God to thee a gift hath given  
 Poor mortals here to cheer ;  
 When they do stray, and hear thy lay,  
 Whose hearts are torn with grief,  
 Then rise thee up, O, sing away !  
 Thy music gives relief.

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 SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

On Lang Craig<sup>1</sup> knowes, when a' was green,  
 O ! many a happy day I've seen,  
 What blissfu' joys these scenes did yield  
 By Craigie Linn, and round Glenfield !

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<sup>1</sup> Lang Craig lies immediately to the west of Glenfield, at the foot of Gleniffer Braes, and, as its name betokens, much of the land is

There through the woods, a happy boy,  
 I passed my days wi' glee and joy ;  
 To view the linn I oft would call  
 To see the spreading waterfall,  
 To see the trout sport in the burn ;  
 O ! how I lov'd oft to return !  
 The yellow broom or hawthorn white  
 Filled my young heart with pure delight.  
 At gloamin' still, or rosy morn,  
 There fragrant flowers each nook adorn ;  
 Upon the knowe, or where the din  
 O' the crystal stream fa's owre the linn.  
 O ! for youth's happy, flowery days,  
 To wade in the burn, or sport on the braes,  
 When the hours o' the school hae passed awa',  
 Or at morn, when the dew frae the rose doth fa'.  
 Joys, alas ! I can see nae mair—  
 I hae tasted this world's sorrow and care--  
 For those days are gone, and mid bustle and din  
 I think on the knowe and Craigie Linn.

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#### THE BIRDS AND BARDS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

The birds of bonnie Scotland, sae pleasant aye to hear,  
 Their music in the shady wood, sae sweet, sae pure, and clear ;  
 They fill the mind wi' heavenly thoughts, wi' bliss they fill the heart,  
 Ye birds of bonnie Scotland, O, may we never part.  
 Ye bards of bonnie Scotland, come join wi' me your praise,  
 To sing the birds of Scotland in many happy lays ;  
 Till music sweet, and pure, and clear, shall from your thoughts arise,  
 Till mortals on this earth shall think 'tis music from the skies.  
  
 I hear the linnet singing soft among the heather bells,  
 I hear the blackbird's rounded notes adown the wooded dells ;  
 O ! what a happy throng I hear, O ! what a joyous choir,  
 Ye birds o' bonnie Scotland, ye fill my heart wi' fire.

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covered with rock or craigs. Craigie Linn, or as it is sometimes called the Gushing Linn, is only a short distance from this place. The height of the waterfall is about fifty feet.

Ye bards o' bonnie Scotland, O ! be ye wae and sad,  
 Come up among the slaethorn dens, your hearts will there be glad ;  
 And wi' a thrill o' happiness ye'll sing along wi' me,  
 The birds of bonnie Scotland, o'er meadow, hill, and lea.

O, what a glorious gloamin' hour, the sun sinks in the west,  
 A glow is o'er my raptured soul, as on this bank I rest ;  
 But O, what music now I hear, 'tis far beyond my ken,  
 'Tis echoing in ilk dingle, 'tis echoing through the glen.  
 Ye bards o' bonnie Scotland, anew your harps now string,  
 And wi' the mavis doon the glen, O come wi' me and sing ;  
 It heralds in the morning sun, and sings it to the west ;  
 Ye birds of bonnie Scotland, wi' love ye thrill my breast.

The lark is now on quivering wing, 'tis soaring out of view,  
 And from its speckled breast hath flung the morning's pearly dew ;  
 O, happy bird to sing sae sweet, and thus your notes prolong,  
 But O, how little power have I to sing so sweet a song.  
 Ye bards of bonnie Scotland, wi' you I would prevail,  
 To sing the shilfa's lively note, the yeldrick's mournfu' tale ;  
 O'er broomy knowe, or heathery hill, in glen, or flow'ry lea,  
 O, blythesome birds of Scotland, ye sing wi' muckle glee.

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#### WHEN I WAS A DRAWBOY.

In the village o' Charleston, near Paisley toun,  
 I there was brocht up mony years noo gane roun',  
 When plides were in vogue, an' the weavin' was thrang,  
 And the swing o' the "lay" was aye heard wi' a bang.  
 The click o' the shuttle, an' whirr o' the wheel,  
 The tramp o' the treadles, an' swish o' the "deil,"  
 The shout tae "draw't up," or the notes o' a sang,  
 Were heard a' aroun' as ye steppit along—

When I was a drawboy.

Some guid folk were in it, an' that is quite true ;  
 Some bien folk were in it, but o' them mighty few ;  
 But they a' had the knack baith to speak an' discuss—  
 'Bout religion an' politics they made a big fuss.



At Union Street corner, what disputes took place !  
Till some wid turn red an' some white in the face.  
I've thocht aft sin' syne, an' it isna a joke,  
That they were funny bodies, the Charleston folk—  
When I was a drawboy.

On Mondays in thae days the looms made nae din,  
For the "lay" was at rest wi' the hard "pookin' pin";  
They were a' their ain masters—they hadna a boss—  
Some played at the bullets, some played pitch-an'-toss.  
Nae police tae fash them or roar in their lugs,  
Some had great cock-battles, an' some foucht their dogs ;  
And whiles at the en' o't, the truth for tae tell,  
The principals aft had a battle themsel—  
When I was a drawboy.

What noise an' rinnin', and O ! what dispute,  
When a meetin' was ca'd, and the drum was sent oot !  
When a Causeyside magnate wid prices reduce,  
There was rinnin', an' stumpin', an' muckle abuse ;  
An' his effigy hung up 'tween twa mid-room lums,  
Wi' its belly filled fu' o' tar'd ravelins an' thrums—  
What shots they fir'd intil't till late in the night,  
An' then it illumed the hale street wi' its licht—  
When I was a drawboy.

But that has a' gane noo for mony a year,  
And the click o' the shuttle you'll scarcely noo hear ;  
The "tail" and the "simple," the "lashes," and a',  
Wi' the "deil" and the drawboy, hae pass'd clean awa',  
And the place noo looks better than what it did then ;  
And may it be better in women and men,  
And healthier, and cleaner, and happier too,  
Than when the first "lash" and first "simple" I drew—  
When I was a drawboy.

1889.

## JOHN SHAW.

JOHN SHAW was born in Paisley in 1828. His education at school was limited ; but he afterwards attended evening classes, and diligently applied himself to reading. He filled several positions of trust in the office of the Burgh of Paisley Parochial Board ; and latterly, by his intelligence and good behaviour, he was promoted to be assistant inspector. In 1861 the Inspectorship of Poor and Collector of Rates in the parish of Kilbarchan becoming vacant, Mr. Shaw was an applicant ; and although comparatively a young man, he was successful, and at present continues to fill, in a satisfactory manner, these important situations.

Mr. Shaw had a taste for writing verse, and it was of early growth. Many of his poetical emanations appeared in the local press, the first of them in 1849. At the centenary celebration of the birth of Burns, in January, 1859, the Directors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham offered a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem in honour of the bard. There were 621 poems sent in ; and the first prize, as is well known, was awarded to Miss Isa. Craig. Many of these poems possessed great merit ; and fifty of them were selected and published in a volume, by Messrs. Thomas Murray & Son, Glasgow. John Shaw was a competitor ; and his poem, entitled "Musings," which does him the highest credit, was one of the fifty poems that were so published. I therefore give it here.

### MUSINGS,

ON THE NIGHT OF 25TH JANUARY, 1859.

Bard of Scotland ! can thy vision  
Pierce the wide extent of space,  
And survey, from heights elysian,  
Earth, thy former dwelling-place

Canst thou mark thy native country—  
 See her children far and wide,  
 Gathering now, thy name to honour,  
 Poet of the nation's pride ?

Do'st thou see the reverent homage—  
 Hearest thou the loud acclaim  
 Which, from all these gathered thousands,  
 Greets the mention of thy name ?

All such questionings may be foolish,  
 But I would believe to-night,  
 That thine eyes behold things earthly,  
 And take pleasure in the sight ;

That amid thy high communings  
 With the great departed ones,—  
 Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton,—  
 Thou rememberest Scotland's sons ;

That thou knowest well thy country's  
 Pride in thee, thy works and fame,  
 All the honours heaped upon thee,  
 All the glory of thy name.

And, perhaps, thy spirit seeth  
 Not alone these gatherings proud ;  
 Heareth not alone orations  
 Spoken to the applauding crowd :

But, it may be, thou beholdest  
 Lonely watchers such as I,  
 Who, in solitude and silence,  
 Now recall thy memory :

Think of thee, thy life, thy genius,  
 All thou wast and might'st have been—  
 All thy youth's bright hopes and labours—  
 All thy manhood's suffering keen.

All thy struggles, errors, triumphs—  
 All thy thoughts and words of power—  
 All thy fame's grand culmination  
 In this centenary hour.

Could I call thee for a season  
From thy present dwelling-place,  
And in spirit, and in meekness,  
Commune with thee face to face—

I would seek to learn the secret,  
Which, preserved through weary days,  
Through life's hardships, griefs, and trials,  
Through its cold and selfish ways,

All thy soul's first bounding fulness,  
Youthful freshness, vigour, bloom,  
Gladdening all thy chequered journey,  
Shining through thy deepest gloom.

From my childhood have I wondered  
O'er this sad world's wrongs and woes,  
And through youth and manhood pondered  
How to bring about their close.

But I feel my spirit sliding  
From its wanderings after truth ;  
Selfish doubts and fears are hiding  
From my eyes the dreams of youth.

Petty cares, and joys, and sorrows,  
Poverty's unconquered bar,  
Hold my soul in iron thralldom,  
And my onward progress mar.

While I sit in musing sadness,  
Comes the impulse as of yore—  
Comes the glory and the gladness,  
Youthful confidence and power.

Comes the vision bright and holy—  
Comes the purpose firm and high ;  
Faith and hope, still fearing neither  
Life nor death, nor mortal eye.

But I fear to-morrow's coming,  
With its narrow round of cares—  
Fear man's hard and selfish scheming,  
Creeping o'er me unawares.

Help me, thou great Bard of Nature !  
 Strengthen now my failing heart—  
 Lead my faltering footsteps onward,  
 Loftier aims and hopes impart.

In the name of thine own Scotland,  
 Of her sons thou once didst love,  
 I appeal to thee this evening,  
 Send me succour from above.

But I know such prayers are useless ;  
 Turn I must to God alone ;  
 Bow my head in sad submission,  
 Strive to say, " Thy will be done."

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#### THE LINTHILLS WELL.

Far up on the brae, where the hillside is green,  
 And the flowers o' the mountain in beauty are seen ;  
 Where the curlew is screaming its pleasure to tell,  
 Stands the gem of the moorlands, the Linthills Well.

And the young and the gay, who on pleasure are bent,  
 The weary and worn, whom misfortune hath sent ;  
 The rich and the poor, all who pass thro' the dell,  
 Remember, wi' blessings, the Linthills Well.

Refreshing and sweet were its waters to me  
 As I roamed thro' the heather, rejoicing and free,  
 Ere the years brought their changes, and love's mighty spell  
 Had ta'en me frae hame and the Linthills Well.

My Jamie is kind, and his love is my pride,  
 For he's dearer to me than the world beside ;  
 But the tears often come, and my bosom will swell,  
 When I think on the days by the Linthills Well.

For I'm far frae the hame and the friends that I loved,  
 And far frae the scenes where in childhood I roved ;  
 And I yearn with a longing nae language can tell,  
 To drink ance again frae the Linthills Well.

Whate'er be my lot, be it sickness or health,  
 Be it pleasure or sadness, misfortune, or wealth,  
 I'll return to the hame where my kindred still dwell,  
 And spend my last days near the Linthills Well.<sup>1</sup>

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THE SONG OF DEATH.

. . . . .  
 But while the grim foe, to my horror and woe,  
 Was sapping the issues of life,  
 Came a higher command, came a mightier hand,  
 And, baffled, he turned from the strife.  
 Yet though robbed of his prey, ere he turned away  
 He shrieked in my terrified ear  
 The following strain, which still rings in my brain,  
 And chills heart and spirit with fear :—

“ I stand in the way of mankind every day,  
 I intrude on their mirth and their joy ;  
 Unmoved by their grief or their cries for relief,  
 I wander about to destroy.  
 The young and the old, the timid and bold,  
 I strike with a merciless hand ;  
 And no courage can save from the grasp of the grave .  
 The mortals whose lives I demand.

“ No mercy I show to the mother's deep woe,  
 I heed not her prayers to God,  
 When her infant I clasp in my desperate grasp,  
 And crush its young life in the bud.  
 I seize the young bride in her beauty and pride,  
 And laugh at the bridegroom's despair ;  
 I feast on her charms, and my skeleton arms  
 I twine round her bosom so fair.

. . . . .

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<sup>1</sup> The Linthills Well is on the road leading from the village of Lochwinnoch to the hills of Cockmalane and Mistylaw.

## JOHN HUTCHISON MILLAR.

JOHN HUTCHISON MILLAR was born in Paisley, and is still alive. He was for many years an artist—a landscape painter—while in Paisley. The poetic faculties he possessed were no doubt awakened within him by having to study Nature closely while engaged as an artist. In 1867 Mr. Millar published a volume of poems distinguished by much purity of thought. The book extended to 127 pages, containing 86 poetical pieces, divided under three heads—“Minor Poems,” “The Muse of my Youth,” and “Silent Musings.” Mr. Millar left Paisley some years ago for Glasgow.

### THE DELIGHTS OF NATURE.

'Tis sweet to smell the scented air  
 Upon a lovely morn in spring ;  
 When Nature's face is fresh and fair,  
 And birds are on the wing ;  
 To hear the merry ploughboy's song,  
 And blackbird's note so sweet and clear ;  
 While from the fold the lambkin's bleat  
 Falls plaintive on the ear.

'Tis pleasant on a summer day  
 To sit upon the mountain-side,  
 And mark the sunbeams as they play  
 Far out upon the tide ;  
 To hear the falling of the waves,  
 Faint murmuring while they flow,  
 As if lamenting o'er the dead  
 That lie unknown below.

'Tis tranquil when the moon proclaims  
 An autumn eve, and Nature's smiles ;  
 To meet fair maids and lusty swains  
 Returning from their toils ;

To hear along the silent vale  
 The tinkling of the village bells ;  
 Such time the lover tells his tale—  
 The poet's bosom swells.

But O ! 'tis glorious when the blast  
 Of winter foams across the deep,  
 To seek some cave where one can cast  
 His burthen off and weep !  
 To hear its walls re-echo low  
 The ocean's everlasting moan,  
 And feel a pleasure which unto  
 The world is still unknown !

1862.

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 THE AIM.

Seek not the trifling smile of praise,  
 'Tis but a vain delusive joy ;  
 Nor, like a child, sit down to gaze  
 Upon an empty glittering toy ;  
 But dash it down,  
 And with a frown  
 At once its tempting look destroy !

O take away the laurel wreath,  
 The gift but of a monarch's mirth ;  
 What vantage can a crown bequeath  
 At the immortal hour of birth ?  
 Though Helicon  
 It grew upon,  
 We leave it with the things of earth !

Hence all desire of worldly fame  
 Which mars the poet's lofty thought ;  
 His be a higher, holier aim,  
 With all th' eternal future fraught ;  
 A glorious theme  
 Of life unseen ;  
 All other efforts come to nought !

1867.



## ON A DEPARTED MOTHER.

The hoary-headed hermit in his cell  
 Seeks not a more quiet hour to read his book  
 Than I do in this spot ; here to lament  
 The loss of my good mother.

A parent's dust lies near me ;  
 'Neath my feet the soft green sward  
 Grows over her who bore me,  
 But whose soul went heavenward ;  
 And I cannot choose but weep,  
 Though I've often wept before,  
 And shed a tear again for her  
 Who has gone for evermore.  
 Ah ! well do I remember  
 Those young days when we would roam  
 Through the bright green haunts of Nature,  
 Far, far away from home.  
 But one day soon came after,  
 When, in sable mournings dress'd,  
 I followed my dear mother  
 To her place of rest ;  
 And turned away in sorrow  
 From a strange unearthly sound  
 Of stones upon the coffin lid,  
 Down in the hollow ground.  
 I knew no more I'd gather her  
 The broom, the scented thorn,  
 The little sweet forget-me-not,  
 Or daisy newly-born ;  
 No more I'd sit upon her knee  
 And listen to her praise,  
 As to my thoughts she pictured out  
 A dream of happy days ;  
 And when the slumbering night would come,  
 I missed the good old song  
 Which spoke the joys of Heaven—  
 Of a bright and happy throng.  
 No more the morn breaks on my sleep  
 To greet a mother's smile ;

Or listen to her soul's request,  
To keep my heart from guile.  
I've never seen the sun, methinks,  
She died when last it set,  
And I've been watching by her grave  
With eyes which still are wet.

Those little cares of childhood now  
For aye are passed away,  
And youth has followed with its vain  
Delusive pleasures gay ;  
Yet sometimes I have wished her back  
To speak to her again,  
And tell her all the burning thoughts  
Which I have felt since then ;  
But could not think to bring the tears  
To eyes which oft have wept  
At midnight's hour of slumber,  
When she thought that all had slept.  
No, rather let my thoughts ascend  
To where her soul had fled,  
When wandering thus alone throughout  
The mansions of the dead ;  
And may she hear my prayer whene'er  
I gaze upon her sod,  
That we may meet in Heaven—  
In the paradise of God.

1858.

## JOHN PATERSON.

JOHN PATERSON, letter-press printer, Paisley, is the son of John Paterson (Vol. I., page 127), and was born at 24 Maxwellton Street, Paisley, on 28th October, 1833. He is the author of "The Peasant Poet," "The Five Warders," "Paisley Races—a Dirge," which have appeared in the Paisley newspapers and in others.

## PAISLEY RACES—A DIRGE.

O Paisley toon, O Paisley toon,  
 Thoo silly auld bit toon,  
 I doot thy wab o' life's maist oot,  
 Thy sun amaist gane doon.  
 Clip oot thy claith, clip oot thy claith,  
 An' gether up the thrums ;  
 Pit on thy gaberlunzie graith,  
 An' beg the worl' for crumbs.

King Cochran sits upon the throne,  
 In Regent Murray's goon ;  
 The weaver folk hae set him up  
 As ruler o' the toon,  
 To tend oor richts an' liberties,  
 An' freedom to defen' ;  
 Oor Village Hampden's gane to sleep,  
 An' turn'd like ither men.

Langsyne, wi' ither weaver chiels,  
 Hoo bravely Clear-Head foucht  
 To get the Paisley Races up  
 The Coouncil carles had houcht !  
 Then he an' Colin Black foucht weel,  
 An' ithers then to th' fore,  
 To keep the races gaun again  
 As in the days of yore.

Then for a spell the sports gaed on,  
 The Cowans at their head,

Wha had a relish for the wark,  
 An' kept a racing steed.  
 An' steadily the races grew  
 In credit a' aroun',  
 Till they were like the palmy days  
 O' auld Lord Eglintoun.

But dool-a-day ! the times hae changed  
 Wi' this New Committee—  
 There's ane, there's twa, an' ither twa,  
 That's three, that's four, I see.  
 There's twa o' them I dinna ken ;  
 There's ither twa I should—  
 Twa leaders o' the working men  
 As long as e'er they could.

Twa leaders o' the weaver men,  
 Ex-Secretaries bold—  
 The champions o' the table-price,  
 An' tenters o' the fold.  
 But they have turned the tables noo ;  
 If ye a race would see,  
 Come draw your plack, an' swall their pack,  
 Their big monopolie.

They've reared a fence about the coorse,  
 An' it's baith heech an' strang :  
 Tae keep the rowdies oot, ye ken—  
 Hear ye that silly sang !  
 The paddock's filled wi' rowdies aye,  
 But they pay weel, nae doot ;  
 An' gaucie Moonie kens the cost  
 O' turning juist ane oot.

The days o' auld langsyne hae gane,  
 When, for the Silver Bells,  
 The kintra-side cam' pourin' in  
 As far as Campsie Fells.  
 Wi' Habbie Simpson frae the wast,  
 Wha gart his bagpipes squeal,  
 An' set the young folk daffing mad  
 Wi' monie a jig an' reel.

An' lang sin' then to ane an' a'  
 The races aye were free,

Till noo we've got o' working men  
 A gran' New Committee.  
 Is't come to this, O lack-a-day !  
 That we should leeve to tell  
 That puir folk should be a' turn'd oot  
 Like rabble-rout, pell-mell ?

I min' langsyne, when I was young,  
 The toonsfolk, braw an' brisk,  
 Gaed doon to see the ferlies fine,  
 The tents sae picturesque.  
 Some tents were theeck'd wi' blankets guid,  
 Some had an auld bed-mat,  
 To screen the folk that ca'd their gill  
 That roon-about did squat.

But noo there's sma' variety  
 O' tent or stan' indeed,  
 The Committee's ta'en a' in haun'  
 To satisfy their greed ;  
 An' ye maun pay into their pouch  
 If on a stan' ye go,  
 Whate'er the price that they dictate,  
 Like Operative Co.

The vera race bills that we gat  
 Langsyne for ae bawbee  
 Are noo screwed up for profit's sake,  
 In price a ransom fee.  
 Guid guide us ! folk are fairly daft,  
 An' tint o' a' their wuts,  
 Gif they should stan' this nonsense lang —  
 This impidence ; tuts, tuts !

O Paisley toon, O Paisley toon,  
 Thoo silly auld bit toon,  
 I doot thy wab o' life's maist oot,  
 Thy sun amaist gane doon.  
 Clip oot thy claith, clip oot thy claith,  
 An' gether up the thrums ;  
 Pit on thy gaberlunzie graith,  
 An' beg the worl' for crumbs.

## THE PEASANT POET.

*Written for an Anniversary Meeting.*

Let flattering poets sing in fulsome lays  
Of heroes whom they give unmeasured praise,  
And paint perfection till they strain the eye—  
Their inspiration blind idolatry.  
Let us another—nobler—plan pursue,  
Keeping the lights and shades of character in view,  
Distinguishing between the good and ill  
In human nature, and a picture fill  
True to the life : yea, every feature scan,  
And give a thorough estimate of man,  
And his relations to the world wide ;  
Then claim him if we can, with genuine pride.  
Shades of the truly great ! could any one  
Accept our homage and this task undone ?  
All worthy admiration would refuse  
The ignorant flattery of a servile muse.  
Met here again to honour Robin Burns,  
The greatest poet that our tribute earns.  
On his birth-day we hail him once again  
The grandest poet in the varied train  
Of Scotia's bards—of old and young the van,  
The world a' pointing saith, Thou art the man ;  
And we acknowledging his power, proclaim,  
A century run, his ever bright'ning fame ;  
Nay more, true Scots, to speak in Shakespeare's strain,  
I fear we never shall behold his like again.  
A man of passion, whose satiric pen  
Lashed at the wrong, and made us better men ;  
Who caught at Nature with poetic eye—  
Whose wit and humour make us laugh or sigh.  
He had his frailties we will not excuse  
Or gloss, it would his nobler mind abuse ;  
But with the evil that was weakly done  
Compare the lasting good, that's far outrun  
The circle of his kindred, country, race,  
And ye his influence for good may trace.

His works, though not pure gold without alloy,  
Yet do for good a giant's strength employ ;  
Then let us study what his glorious muse  
Brought to old Scotland in their varied hues—  
The grave, the gay, the humorous, every theme  
Exalts the halo that, with brighter gleam  
As time extends, encinctureth his name,  
And placeth him upon the pinnacle of fame.  
Ye that would know his worth—his influence feel—  
Explore his works—his monuments most real,—  
Where tokens ye will find, from page to page,  
That speak the man, the patriot, and the sage.

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## DANIEL WARRINGTON GALLACHER.

DANIEL WARRINGTON GALLACHER is a native of Paisley, and served his apprenticeship as a letter-press printer with Mr. John Reid, High Street. His father was a labourer, and came from Ireland to Paisley, where he lived for many years. Daniel, some time after completing his apprenticeship, went to Kilmarnock, where he still is working in an industrious manner at his trade. He devoted much of his spare time to writing verse. In 1879 he collected all his poetical pieces, which, as the author states, had first appeared in some weekly newspapers, and had them published in Kilmarnock, in a volume of eighty pages.

### BY A FATHER'S GRAVE.

Stay, stranger, stay—if thou hast tear to shed,  
Or heart to share with a brother in his woe ;  
Well may that tear fall o'er the sacred dead,  
Who silently repositeth here below.

A father, whose fond love from early youth  
We knew, and felt in all its sacred ties ;  
Whose counsel, guiding in the cause of truth,  
Turned all our hopes to light beyond the skies.

When infant prattle mark'd our tender years,  
'Twas he who strove each sorrow to alloy,  
Or, in a sickly hour, bedewed with tears  
Our tender forms, and kissed us into joy.

We left him smiling as in days gone by,  
With manly heart to face the turning tide ;  
Tho' age's impress told of troubles nigh,  
Yet bright his look as if in manhood's pride.

We left him heaping blessings on our head,  
That father loving, kind, and true ;  
A little hour, and his bright spirit's fled,  
Without a wish, a tear, a last adieu !



Tho' here in silence, by his bed of clay,  
 Our tears of reverence ease the earthly load,  
 For sorrow's soother we must turn always  
 To fairer prospects with a righteous God.  
 Farewell ! farewell ! thy memory ever dear  
 Shall hallow joys, our better hopes increase,  
 Till—spirit of the sacred ashes resting here—  
 We meet above to share an endless peace.

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#### ON REVISITING THE BRAES OF GLENIFFER.

Proud, lofty Gleniffer, fair scene of my boyhood,  
 How sweet are the visions which rise to the view,  
 As I hear the sweet lays that made merry the days  
 When life's brightest hours were enchanted by you.  
 How dear the remembrance thy rugged sides waken --  
 Thy musical rills, what charm on the ear !  
 As sweetly entrancing, bright sunbeams are glancing—  
 Shedding lustre and beauty on home ever dear.  
 Though distant scenes oft' have enchanted my vision  
 And stranger lands mov'd better feelings to start,  
 Yet still wert thou nearer, and sweeter, and dearer,  
 For centred art thou, fairest scene, in my heart.  
 Tho' the world heap'd upon me its treasures and bounties,  
 And mine were the fate of the gifted and proud,  
 Methinks all their gold could no pleasures unfold,  
 When absent from thee 'mong this pitiless crowd.  
 The sad recollection of sunny youth fading,  
 As thro' thy fair pathways I silently tread,  
 Recall the sweet treasures of life's dearest pleasures,  
 Now mingled, alas ! with the friends that are dead.  
 Proud, lofty Gleniffer ! tho' time dim my vision,  
 And weird age impress me with unfailling truth,  
 I shall turn with delight to that spot ever bright,  
 Dearest home of my childhood, fair scene of my youth.

## WILLIAM BROWN.

WILLIAM BROWN was born at Stock Street, Charleston, Paisley, on 18th October, 1836. His father was Alexander Brown, a block printer to trade, who published in 1872 a volume of poems, "Secular and Sacred," as noticed in Vol. I., p. 340. William Brown became a block printer in the Colinslie works, where his father was then a foreman printer. When block printing stopped altogether, from the want of a demand for that class of goods, Mr. William Brown went into the service of Mr. M'Kenzie, Gilmour Street, Paisley, to learn photography; and after remaining with him for twelve years, he commenced business on his own account in that street. He has now carried on there a deservedly successful business in that most interesting art for fourteen years. Although his leisure hours have been much absorbed in attending to church and Sabbath-school matters, and acting as Session-clerk to George Street United Presbyterian congregation, yet he has been able to devote a good many of them to verse-writing, of which I give some successful specimens.

### L I N E S

READ AT THE RE-UNION SOIREE OF PRINTFIELD WORKERS, IN  
THE ROYAL OAK HALL, PAISLEY, 25TH FEBRUARY, 1881.

Chairman and friends : It gives one joy to see  
 You re-united at this good soiree.  
 There are few pleasures which this world lends  
 Can that surpass of meeting with old friends.  
 The genial smile, familiar "How do y' do?"  
 The warm response returning, "How are you?"  
 Where have you been? what have you been about  
 Since fashion spurned our trade, and snuffed it out?  
 Do you remember this or that old brother?"  
 Then one good story told brings on another,

Till memory revives the olden time  
 When Printing flourished in its golden prime ;  
 When well-curved pines, arranged with graceful fold,  
 In colours bright, adorned both young and old ;  
 When to possess a printed plaid or shawl  
 Was still the pride of ladies, one and all ;  
 When flounced delaine encircled every fair one,  
 And she was counted odd who did not wear one ;  
 When sprigged mufflers, with a scarlet border,  
 Entwined the neck and kept the throat in order.  
 These were the days when all went merrily,  
 From Nethercommon up to Colinslie.  
 M'Arthur's, Morgan's, Kerr's, were at their best ;  
 And " Caledonia " flourished with the rest.  
 Then in the east snug Arkleston arose,  
 And lingers still, the last to seek repose.  
 But times are changed ; the good old fashion's fled,  
 Mantles and jackets now are worn instead.  
 Where are the prosperous firms, and where the men ?  
 Dispersed or dead. Some *dye* to live again ;  
 Some, in a foreign land or neighbouring town,  
 In other spheres have sought and found renown ;  
 And we are left, to hear or tell the story,  
 Surviving fragments of departed glory.  
 Fond memory lingers and will oft recall  
 Our past associations one and all :  
 The charm of trade attractions, and the joys  
 That gave delight when we were " tearer " boys.  
 Though other aims congenial joys impart,  
 The trade we learned in youth is next our heart ;  
 And friendships kindled in that long ago,  
 Still burn, as time revolves, with warmer glow.

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 L I N E S

ON THE OUT-DOOR MEETING OF THE GLASGOW PHOTOGRAPHIC  
 ASSOCIATION, HELD ON THE 12TH OF MAY, 1886.

Hail brothers ! met at dawn of early morn,  
 The ardent patron of an art late born,  
 Keen lovers of the light as well as dark,  
 For both are needful in the photo. art.

We leave St. Mungo's smoke, its murky sky,  
And to the land of health and heather hie ;  
Borne from the city, through its tunnelled way,  
We soon inhale the charms of bright'ning day.  
By devious course along the Clydeland vale,  
The way seems brief, cut short by many a tale,  
For Bell was there, and he had much to say,  
To cause a laugh, and joke the time away.  
In genial chat and smoke, nor care nor toil,  
We wend our way to classic Aberfoyle,  
Where cameras are erected to portray  
Scenes where the *Baillie* held his foes at bay.  
Anon we course the hills, for pictures bent,  
Our horses panting on the steep ascent,  
While vales and lochs renowned appear in view,  
Backed by the rugged slopes of Ben Venue.  
Behind, Ben Lomond, with its cap of snow,  
Frowns and looks proudly on the hills below ;  
Through circling path, rich robed in verdant hue,  
The minstrel's loch of beauty bursts on view ;  
While far off, towering up to meet the sky,  
The peaks of Arrochar we there descry.  
Now seven cameras in order stand—  
The natives thinking us a German band—  
With magic boxes to transfer the lake,  
And leave them nothing that we could not take.  
We climbed the path, selecting view on view,  
Then all too soon our backward course pursue.  
While gathering clouds enshroud Ben Ledi's form,  
With grey Ben An, prophetic of a storm,  
Which soon descends in mist, and rain, and hail,  
To throw a gloomy mantle o'er the vale.  
We quickly reach the sheltering hotel,  
And gladly hear the welcome dinner bell.  
Refreshed and rested, then we take our way,  
Pleased with the bright impressions of the day ;  
While each "developes" what was sung or said  
By Trossachs way or blue Loch Katrine's shade.

Paisley, May, 1886.

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## L I N E S

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, WHO DIED  
10TH MARCH, 1881.

How can I paint with memory's eye,  
How can I sing my parents' worth?  
With fond affection let me try  
To sing their praise who gave me birth.

Oh ! could I photograph their charms,  
The lines and features of the mind ;  
Serenely calm in life's alarms,  
They every care to God resigned.

How dear they loved me as a child,  
Unwearied taught me when a boy  
Of Jesus' love, so meek and mild,  
Which filled my childish heart with joy.

In youth their hand was kindly lent,  
Where wisdom walks the narrow road ;  
And when aside I sometimes went,  
They led me gently back to God.

Walking by faith, with wary tread  
The stepping stones of grace to keep ;  
At evening, when the way was led,  
God took them, and they fell asleep.

O let me follow in the way  
They trod together here below ;  
Then with them and dear kindred stay,  
And God and one another know.

1887.

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THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

*Lines suggested by a Sermon delivered by the Rev. A. G. Fleming, Paisley.*

Jesus, "the angel of the Lord,"  
From whom all comfort springs,  
Whispered new hope in Adam's ear,  
With promise on His wings.

He saw in Abel's sacrifice  
His own atoning stream,  
And softly Enoch to the skies  
He bore as in a dream.

In curtained sleep, when darkness fell,  
His voice to Abram came ;  
He succoured Hagar at the well,  
And Lot from Sodom's flame.

In darksome night, when lonely lay  
His Jacob on a stone,  
He stood above the angel way,  
The ladder to the throne.

And there into the dreamer's ear  
Was the sweet promise pressed :  
" In thee, and in thy seed to come,  
Shall all the earth be blessed ;

I will not leave thee till I have  
Performed the promise told."'  
And so he bare and carried him  
Through all the days of old.

For all along the pilgrim way,  
When cares and trouble came,  
Came angel hosts ; by night, by day,  
'Twas always — Mahanaim.

Alone by Jabbok's roaring ford,  
And wild beasts prowling near,  
He wrestled with the angels' Lord,  
In more of faith than fear.

Contending with that arm Divine  
In strong, submissive prayer,  
He struggled till day's dawning-time :  
Love held, and blessed him there.

His suppliant prayers, his pleading tear  
Have power with God and men.  
His name is no more Jacob now,  
He called him Israel then.

Jacob and Israel, names beloved,  
Which pierce the ear Divine !  
“ O Israel’s Shepherd, Jacob’s God,  
Be Thou for ever mine.”

Thy glory in the Bush, the Cloud,  
The Wilderness, we see ;  
In grace Thou didst Thy glory shroud,  
To die upon the tree.

Redeeming Angel, Thy bright face  
And wings with mercy shine ;  
Heal all the nations with Thy grace,  
In love them all entwine.

As round the saints Thou dost encamp,  
And they deliv’rance find,  
So shadow with Thy pinions, Lord,  
And shelter all mankind.

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## MALCOLM FERGUSON.

MALCOLM FERGUSON was born in Paisley on 19th May, 1838. His father, who was a cooper to trade, came, when his family was young, to work in Paisley. Malcolm first learned to be a carpet weaver, but gave up this trade for that of mechanic in Underwood Mills, where he remained upwards of twenty years. Having a brother at Townsville in Queensland, Australia, engaged as a house painter, he resolved to go there to join him in that business, having, with great care and economy, saved a considerable sum of money to enable him to do so in a substantial way.

Mr. Ferguson was very favourably known to his acquaintances for his sterling worth and abilities, combined with his social and obliging disposition. Before leaving Paisley in May, 1885, he was entertained in the Caledonia Hall by the male workers of Messrs. R. & J. P. Kerr, Underwood Weaving Mills,—Mr. Robert Hopkins, manager, presiding. Mr. Ferguson was also presented at this meeting with a number of useful gifts. At this time (18th May), Mr. Malcolm Ferguson was likewise entertained in the Club Room by the members of the Old Weavers' Club, of which he was an active and honoured member. Mr. M'Kim presided, and in the course of the evening, in proposing the toast of the health of Mr. Ferguson, among other remarks, said he had known their guest since he was a boy, and he was now a man of the genuine mould, who would upkeep the name of Scotland in Townsville, Queensland, to which he was going. The Chairman also said their guest's literary abilities were well known to them all, and entitled him to occupy a niche in the temple of their local poets. Mr.



Ferguson was also presented by the Chairman, in name of the Old Weavers' Club, with a very handsome set of volumes—comprising the works of the Ettrick Shepherd, Hugh Macdonald, and Ossian—as a token of respect and esteem. Mr. Lochhead, of the *Paisley Express* newspaper, also presented to the guest of the evening, for Mrs. Ferguson, an elegant Paisley tartan plaid.

Mr. Ferguson has wooed the muse since he was a boy, his object being to give himself intellectual amusement in his evenings at home. I give a few specimens of his poetical effusions, the last being composed some time after his arrival in Queensland, under the heading of "The Emigrant's Song."

#### GLENIFFER'S BONNIE WINDING BRAE.

##### SONG.

Oh! leave the pale, care-wrinkled toon,  
An' come wi' me where flow'rets bloom,  
Where Nature busks the banks abune  
The bonnie winding brae, lassie.

Where the bramble blossoms white  
Mark the wild bees' honey bike;  
By the moss-grown broken dyke  
We will wend our way, lassie.

By Gleniffer's misty glen,  
By her lonely smuggler's pen,  
By her bonnie hawthorn den,  
Happy we will stray, lassie.

Where the diamond-flashing fells,  
Rippling, leave the flowery dells,  
Filling dreamland's fairy wells,  
Wimpling on their way, lassie.

Where the dark-green elfin fern  
And the foxglove's crimson arm  
Wings the berry-crested cairn  
On the sunny brae, lassie.

Where the thistle's purple croon  
Nods among the yellow broom,  
Sweet wee violets peeping roon',  
In the summer day, lassie.

Where the rugged uplands grow  
Golden in the sunset's glow,  
And the valley far below  
Is sleeping cold and grey, lassie.

Where rich Nature's annual load  
Beautifies her loved abode,  
Strewing gems on ilka sod  
On Gleniffer Brae, lassie.

PAISLEY, 7th August, 1875.

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### KILBRANNAN'S DEEP WATERS.

SONG.

Fiercely, Kilbrannan, thy waters are running  
Through the deep sound in their wild, native ire ;  
While on the sweeping tide creeping mists weeping glide,  
Shrouding the storm-batter'd Moile of Kintyre.  
From Inverary the squally winds carry  
High on their bosom the white flying foam,  
Singing wi' mourning sough over the churning loch,  
Warning the fishers away to their home.

*Chorus.*

Crews that so daring now after the herring row,  
Run for the harbour now, else you are gone ;  
O ! be no rasher then, brave, hardy fishermen,  
Lov'd ones are anxiously waiting you home.

Shrill is the whistle around the chief's castle,  
Loud moans the pines in the woods of Benmore,  
Up where the current wings, brawling the torrent sings  
Over the boulders and down to the shore.  
Deep as the buried tomb, Tarbert's in horrid gloom,  
High leap the waves at her old harbour door ;  
Arran's steep rugged breast, cold by the fog is pressed ;  
Carradale, Campbelton, suffer full sore.

Cease your regretting, nor strive for your netting.  
 O! what signifies a few fathoms of twine?  
 Lives are alone the gear fond ones at home do fear,  
 Row weel together, ye crews of Lochfine.  
 Through the cold howling storm run in old Highland form,  
 Mark well your course on the waters sublime.  
 O! Duncan, aft the beam, guide you the rudder keen,  
 Or you will sleep fathoms deep in the brine.

PAISLEY, *September, 1875.*

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TO THE ROBIN IN WINTER.

Cauld wee robin, tame wi' hunger,  
 Few wha swell the human roll  
 But would be thy kind befriender  
 In the month of dark December,  
 While thy chirping, plaintive, tender,  
 Speaks o' what you thole.

I saw thee in the blooming wuds,  
 Sae happy looked ye then,  
 When angry winter's roaring floods  
 Had shrunk tae wee roon pearly studs  
 That fell in millions 'neath the buds  
 In wild Glenfeoch's Glen.

Come and share my humble bigging,  
 Starving birdie, trust in me,  
 For my heart retains thy pleading  
 As the flower at Nature's bidding  
 Closes o'er the insect feeding,  
 Ay, and opes to let it free.

Nae wintry gust ye'll ever fin'  
 As ye hop roon the flair,  
 Nor snaw-flakes blaw thy e'e to blin',  
 Nor freezing to thy bosom cling,  
 Nor heavy weigh thy wearied wing,  
 To sink thee in despair.

Cauld wee robin, tame wi' hunger,  
 Sair maun be thy thole.  
 Ilka bough as bare's my finger,  
 Frozen earth a sapless cinder.  
 Still thy pleading chirpings linger  
 Round my very soul.

1876.

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 THE HAWTHORN BLOSSOM.

Hawthorn bloom, hawthorn bloom,  
 Thou art queen of bonnie June,  
 What can match thy sweet perfume,  
 Thou milk-white hawthorn blossom.

Let gentles praise their garden flowers,  
 And bask in artificial bowers ;  
 These lack thy soul-inspiring powers,  
 Thou wild white hawthorn blossom.

Nae doot the rose is rich and rare,  
 The pansies gay, the lilies fair :  
 But can they drive awa' dull care  
 Like mild white hawthorn blossom ?

Gae wa' wi' dikes o' stane and lime,  
 Ye ken na how pair mortals pine  
 To see the things that ye confine  
 On Nature's lovely bosom.

Gae me the green hedge in its prime,  
 And ae sweet lass to me divine,  
 When birdies sing, and dew-draps shine  
 And sparkle on the blossom.

I'd fauld her to my faithful breast  
 Till every doubt was set at rest,  
 And wouldna' part till she confessed  
 Me dear unto her bosom.

## THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Now the evening sun has set,  
 And I sit by the sounding sea,  
 Where the billows foaming fret  
 On the strand and the jetty's knee ;  
 And the stars that north'ard gleam  
 With a heaven-blue burnished ray,  
 Seem blinking that I might bring  
 A song from my broken lay.

Ye orbs of the evening, no ;  
 For my heart as yet is sad,  
 And has lost the warming glow  
 In the old land once it had.  
 But tell me, wandering sea,  
 While strandward rolls your wave,  
 Where happy children, wild with glee,  
 Oft in thy bosom lave,—

Do you ever visit England,  
 Land of the colder clime,  
 Whose hearts are warm as Queensland,  
 Where the sun does always shine ?  
 Her sons, though led by factions,  
 No matter which has quarrelled,  
 Ennoble all her actions  
 In the forefront of the world.

Did you ever run to Ireland  
 And then leap upon the shore,  
 And kiss the much-admired land  
 Which her sons do all adore ?  
 O, Erin ! pull together,  
 For your soul's stout and brave,  
 We see in you a brother  
 Who will never be a slave.

Did you ever roll on Scotland  
 With your restless, roaming tide,  
 I wonder in this hot land  
 While your waves towards me ride ?

By her purple heather mountains,  
 Or her green and flowery dells,  
 By her rock-embosomed fountains,  
 And her mossy nestling wells.

Did you ever hear the story  
 Of her old heroic sons,  
 Who covered her with glory  
 Ere the birth-time of her guns?  
 Methinks their spirits muster  
 Mid your sad and sounding surf,  
 And whisper after whisper  
 Falls around me on the turf.

TOWNSVILLE, QUEENSLAND,  
*18th February, 1886.*

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### THE EMIGRANT'S WARNING.

BY A PAISLEY MAN.

Here are buried some human bones  
 That were found on a Queensland "run,"  
 Bleached white, while the grass and the stones  
 Around them were bronzed in the sun.

Of the people who emigrate,  
 More of their smartest fellows  
 Meet with this terrible fate  
 Than newsmen are able to tell us.

Sometimes it's a horseman that's lost,  
 Although he may keep on the tracks;  
 A-fighting, he gives up the ghost  
 In the midst of an ambush of blacks.

Sometimes it's a mortal alone,  
 A-travelling on foot—let us hush;  
 O God in his mercy!—he's gone!  
 He's off the track—lost in the bush.

Then round he goes, round in the woods,  
 Till, reason forsaken, he'll sink;  
 Then heels and hands spurning the clods,  
 He dies for want of a drink.

No doubt he had found Billy Bung,  
 A mixture of ribs, hides, and horns,  
 Not even a maggoty skum  
 To appease his fast rising death-storm.

Emigrationists tell you at home  
 That Queensland is all that is nice ;  
 They should be rubbed down with a brick  
 For giving untruthful advice.

Her seaports are crowded with men  
 Who long have forgotten to laugh :  
 Are they in employment?—not them,  
 At any time more than one-half.

Let ne'er a mechanic come here ;  
 He's better at home in a hovel  
 Than enter a navvie career—  
 Compete at the pick and the shovel.

Farm labourers are wanted—a trick  
 That brings forth the softest chicken  
 For Government agents to pick,  
 And then throw their bones to the dicken.

There's not in the whole of the north  
 Any genuine grain-growing farms,  
 But counterfeits straggle its earth  
 In the shape of plantation concerns.

Were it not for the gold-mining trade  
 That actually keeps her in life,  
 North Queensland had ere this been dead,  
 And standing like pillar'd Lot's wife.

A house, if containing four rooms,  
 Lets at twelve "bob" a week for the rent,  
 And one looks at his wages and glooms,  
 For it takes away thirty per cent.

It costs sevenpence a tin for Jam  
 Containing but barely a pound,  
 One and fourpence for Bacon Ham,  
 One stone of Oatmeal for a crown.

Twopence for an Orange or an Apple—  
They don't come and go like Tomatoes ;  
Eightpence for two pound of Treacle,  
One and sixpence a stone for Potatoes.

One and threepence a tin for Kippers,  
And Salmon one shilling retail ;  
A sixpence for one glass of Bitters,  
And a sixpence one tumbler of Ale.

Three shillings per pound for the Butter,  
And eightpence the big loaf of Bread ;  
Thirty shillings a year for Water,  
And fourpence a spool for the Thread.

The Sugar, the Rice, and the Peas  
Are sold all at fourpence per pound,  
The Barley is fivepence, and Cheese  
Is here one and fourpence all round.

Eggs, two and sixpence per dozen,  
And twopence per pound for the Salt ;  
Pepper, to fire up the gizen,  
A pound for two shillings—now halt.

The wage is eight shillings per day,  
But that isn't much to be heeded ;  
When one gets to work right away,  
There are four that are seldomly needed.

Though the wage book's enormously big,  
It makes a deficient outrigger ;  
For the rent and the grocery gig  
Capsizes for want of a bigger.

The distance from Townsville to Towers,  
If you want by the railway to trip it,  
Is eighty-two miles, and devours  
Ten and sixpence, the price of a ticket.

Then the soil in the town and around  
For miles upon miles is such rubbish ;  
An African Sahara compound  
Too poor for a carrot or cabbage.



As a proof of the truth of my say,  
And I know that big lies are big sins,  
The most of their garden display  
Are grown in old kerosene tins.

Where nothing worth calling a rain  
Has rained at a stretch for three years ;  
Beg pardon ! again and again  
'Tis watered with emigrants' tears.

Be advised, stay at home, you are well,  
Though your income but thinly be wefted  
Don't come here where the devil had hell  
Once, till he got a better and left it.

Townsville, Queensland.

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## JOHN WALLACE LYALL.

JOHN WALLACE LYALL, who was born in Paisley in 1836, is the son of a weaver, who, it is said, was also a poet. John was only nine months old when his father died ; and his mother having to go out to work, he was left under the care of his grandmother during the day. He was fond of the lyric muse, and wrote songs and sung them when quite a boy. After receiving what little education his widowed parent could afford, he spent some of his years at sea, and he has courted the muse in various foreign climes.

John W. Lyall is now an iron-planer to trade, and has resided in Port-Glasgow for twenty-five years with the same employer. For many years his poetical pieces appeared in the current newspapers ; but in 1885 he had them collected, and the best of them published in a small volume of 192 pages, under the title of "Sun-Gleams Through the Mist of Toil : Poems, Songs, Dialogues, Recitations, and Sacred Verses." His hymns and sacred pieces show a strong vein of sound morality and a nature warmly alive to piety. The particulars regarding the life of J. W. Lyall I have obtained from a short memoir which accompanies his book of poetry. He is a strong advocate for temperance, and he published in 1888 a book of 107 pages, entitled "Jack Bentley's First and Last Glass." The contents of the book first appeared in a series of interesting and amusing prose articles in the *Port-Glasgow Express*.

### STILL BE HAPPY WHILE YOU MAY.

Come, dispel that look of sadness,  
 Why make sorrows of your own?  
 Strive to banish melancholy,  
 Strive to make a happy home.

Try to cheer your saddened brother,  
 Try to bear his burdens too ;  
 And you'll find an inward pleasure  
 As this life you journey through.

Though misfortune should assail thee,  
 Bear your troubles like a man ;  
 Work and sing, and still be cheery—  
 Always do the best you can.  
 Let your mind pursue your labour,  
 And no doubt you will excel ;  
 Life is mostly what we make it,  
 And the future—none can tell.

Though the sky seems dark and dreary,  
 We will soon have brighter days,  
 For again the radiant sunbeams  
 Will send forth their golden rays.  
 Everything is mixed with mercy,  
 If we only knew the plan ;  
 And our wise and just Creator  
 Only knows what's best for man.

Why this idle, useless grumbling ?  
 Sure the past we can't recall ;  
 Let us then be up and doing,  
 There is room enough for all.  
 In this world, amid our sorrows,  
 Still some pleasures find their way ;  
 Leave off grieving, 'tis a folly—  
 Still be happy while you may.

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#### HERE'S TO SCOTLAND'S STURDY SONS.

*Air*—"O' a' the airts the win' can blaw."

I now have roamed through many climes,  
 Far, far across the sea,  
 But none can e'er such joy impart  
 As my sweet home to me.

Auld Scotland dear, my native hame,  
I fain would fly to thee ;  
Thy mem'ry dear I'll still revere,  
Though far across the sea.

Then here's to Scotland's sturdy sons,  
Here's to her lasses braw ;  
I'll drink yer health wi' richt guidwill  
Tho' noo I'm far awa'.

Tho' cruel fate hath made us part,  
My heart is ever there—  
My thoughts are with thy stalwart sons  
And lovely maidens fair.  
No land on earth can thee excel  
In valour or in fame ;  
The wide world o'er sweet minstrels sing  
In praises o' thy name.

Tho' severed now for many years,  
Thy mem'ry's ever green ;  
Methinks I see thy silvery brooks  
Adorn each sylvan scene.  
In fancy oft Ben Lomond's peak  
I gaze upon with pride,  
While in my slumbers oft I see  
The bonnie river Clyde.

Tho' foreign climes ha'e a bright sky,  
And boast o' jewels rare,  
In beauty they can never vie  
Wi' Scotland's maidens fair.  
Our Scottish lads they lead the van  
On either land or sea ;  
Their hearts are manly, stout, and brave,  
No matter where they be.

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SWEET JEANIE O' THE GLEN.<sup>1</sup>

Adoon the glen in merry May,  
 When birds were on the wing,  
 I met a lassie, blithe and gay,  
 Wha's charms I'm gaun to sing.  
 Fair Flora 'mong her beauteous tribe  
 Ne'er rear'd a sweeter gem  
 Than her I fain wad mak' my bride,  
 Sweet Jeanie o' the Glen.

Her dimpl'd cheek the peach's hue,  
 Blent wi' the lily fair—  
 Her lauchin' een o' violet blue,  
 Twa gems beyond compare.  
 The blushing rose, wi' heav'nly grace,  
 That smiles o'er moor an' fen,  
 Meet emblem o' thy bonnie face,  
 Sweet Jeanie o' the Glen.

Her dewy lips like cherries ripe,  
 But brighter far their dye ;  
 Within, neat pearls o' snowy white  
 Adjacently do lie.  
 The modest daisy on the lea,  
 Vibrating on its stem,  
 Displays a truthful type of thee,  
 Sweet Jeanie o' the Glen.

When Sol retires behind the scene,  
 An' a' is calm an' still,  
 We'll rest us on yon gow'ny green,  
 An' drink o' love our fill.  
 There, 'neath fair Luna's silv'ry spray,  
 When nane oor tryst 'll ken,  
 I'll name to thee the happy day,  
 Sweet Jeanie o' the Glen.

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<sup>1</sup> Appeared in the *Paisley Daily Express* of 4th July, 1888.

HERE'S TO AULD PAISLEY ; OR, THE MILL ON THE  
AULD STANEY BRAE.

Here's to auld Paisley, dear toon o' my childhood—  
 Though lang we've been partied, I think on thee still ;  
 Aye fresh on my memory's those dear days o' boyhood  
 When I made the bobbins at Farquharson's mill.  
 At six i' the morning I'd rise frae my hammock  
 As blythe as a lammie at first dawn o' May ;  
 While the bell o' the Heich Kirk kept chiming its music,  
 I hied to the mill at the auld Staney Brae.

Fill up your glasses, my braw Paisley laddies,  
 An' drink to the Coats's, the Clarks, ane an' a' ;  
 Gang whaur ye will, ye can ne'er fin' their equal—  
 We'd a' miss them sairly if they were awa'.

Here's to the garden whaur stan's the braw fountain,  
 An' sparkles its water sae bonnie an' clear ;  
 Here's to the donor, our kind-hearted Tammie,  
 Whase memory we'll cherish and ever hold dear.  
 Here's to his freens. May they ne'er want a shilling,  
 But aye hae abundance an' plenty to spare ;  
 For nane o' them yet that I ever heard tell o'  
 But wha was aye guid and real kind to the puir.

Here's to Clark's Hall, wi' its music-bells ringing  
 To cheer us when prospects are gloomy an' drear ;  
 Here's to kind Geordie, the noble bequeather,  
 Whase undying memory we'll ever revere.  
 Here's to the freens that he's left a-hint him,  
 Whase made o' the vera same stuff as himsel' ;  
 Their hearts are as guid an' as pure as the metal  
 That ever was mounted or cast in a bell.

Here's to the workers ! the sawyers an' turners,  
 The blockers an' borers, an' knickers an' a'—  
 The laddies that polish, the knarlers an' gluers,  
 The dyers an' packers—success to ye a'.  
 Here's to the lasses that win' the wee bobbins,  
 The winders an' spinners, an' those I can't name !  
 The wish o' my heart is, whene'er ye're tired workin',  
 Ye a' may get married to guid honest men.

Here's to the weavers, I mauna forget them—  
 Lang may the shuttle keep time wi' their loom !  
 Here's to their women, may God ever bless them,  
 An' ne'er let the sides o' their meal-pock fa' in !  
 Here's to the wee things that gang wi' the tuim anes  
 As prood as a peacock when spreadin' its tail,  
 An' bring back the fu' anes to keep faither workin'  
 To get something guid to mak' a drap kail !

Here's to the lasses, the braw Paisley lasses !  
 For beauty an' grace there's few can compare ;  
 I'll think o' them kindly wherever I wander,  
 Although there was ane made my heart gey an' sair.  
 I'll noo hae to stop, for my throat's gettin' rusty ;  
 I fin' the lump risin'—I canna mair say ;  
 The tear to my e'e I can noo fin' is stealin',  
 When I think on the mill at the auld Staney Brae.

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#### THE ROSE O' ROCKLAND'S BOWER.

She's gentle as the balmy breeze  
 That woos the rippling stream,  
 She's fairer than the snowdrop pure  
 That decks the dewy green ;  
 She's modest as the daisy mild,  
 Sweet crimson-tinted flower ;  
 She's queen o' gems o'er wood and wild—  
 The Rose o' Rockland Bower.

Her e'en like diamonds sparkling bright,  
 Twa gems o' azure blue ;  
 Her glossy cheeks o' pink and white,  
 Wi' dimples keekin' through ;  
 Her ruby lips, like cherries ripe  
 Bathed wi' the morning shower,  
 Aye wreathed in smiles, like summer bright—  
 Sweet Rose o' Rockland Bower.

The speckled lark, on dewy wing,  
Pours forth its silvery lay ;  
The mellow thrush delights to sing,  
To cheer the dying day ;  
The feathered brood, wi' ling'ring glee,  
Beguile the languid hour ;  
But O ! there's nane can charm like thee,  
Sweet Rose o' Rockland Bower.

Had I a fortune to bequeath,  
Or siller I could spare,  
I'd buy my love a costly wreath  
To busk her gowden hair ;  
Yet though I canna wealth impart,  
Nor bring my lass a dower,  
She aye shall share a loving heart—  
Sweet Rose o' Rockland Bower.

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## JOHN GRAY THOMSON.

JOHN GRAY THOMSON was born at Kirkintilloch, on the 2nd April, 1839. His father was a calico block-printer at Bellfield, Kirkintilloch, but was cut off by typhus fever at the early age of thirty-six. The widow was thus left to fight the hard battle of life for herself and three children, John, the eldest, being only six years of age. He was educated chiefly at Kerr-Street School, Kirkintilloch, where one of the masters (Ebenezer Naismith), fresh from the Normal College, and full of David Stow's Training System, wrought quite a revolution in the school, substituting moral suasion for terrorism.<sup>1</sup> Under his wise care, John Thomson soon acquired such a liking for school that Mr. Naismith appointed him to assist with some of his classes, for a remuneration out of all proportion, in amount, to the joy with which it was handed week by week to the widowed mother.

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<sup>1</sup> David Stow was born at Paisley, on 17th May, 1793. His father, William Stow, who belonged to the county of Durham, came to Paisley sometime after the middle of the last century, like several other merchants from England, to participate in the prosperous trade the town was then enjoying. According to the Directory of 1783, he was a partner of the firm in Paisley of "Orr, Craig, & Stow, Great George Street." The family of Stow was in business in Paisley till after the third decade of this century. Mr. Stow took an interest in the management of the municipal affairs of Paisley, and betwixt 1793 and 1806 he was on five different occasions elected a Magistrate. Stow Place and Stow School preserve the remembrance of the family in Paisley. Miss Stow, the last of the family in Paisley, died at Stow Place, in February, 1861. David received his education at Paisley Grammar School, and afterwards became a merchant in Glasgow. It was while in business there that he distinguished himself as an "Educationist," especially in successfully developing and bringing before the public what is known as the Training System in Schools. In 1850, the eleventh edition of his book on the "Training System," consisting of 536 pages, was published. Besides other works, he also published "Bible Emblems for the Use of Parents and Teachers." He died at Bridge of Allan, on 6th November, 1864, in his seventy-first year.

This love of school could not be subdued by the kind effort on his behalf of Mr. Watson, coalmaster, who gave him a position in his counting-house; for in 1852, through the recommendation of Mr. Craigie (now clerk to the School Board of Govan), he was appointed a pupil teacher under the late Mr. John Smart, of the Neilson Institution, Paisley,<sup>1</sup> who was then headmaster in Free St. John's Schools, Glasgow. The family then took the bold step of removing to Glasgow, where they remained till 1858, when the subject of my notice was appointed, through Mr. Smart's recommendation, assistant teacher in the junior department of the Neilson Institution. For the last thirty years Mr. Thomson has

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<sup>1</sup> At the end of last century, John Neilson carried on business as a grocer at the Cross of Paisley. He assumed his two sons, James and John, as partners, and the business was then under the firm of John Neilson & Sons, in the premises No. 12 Cross, which were destroyed by fire on 12th November, 1833. James, the eldest, died on 12th November, 1831, bequeathing all his means to his brother John, who died on 6th November, 1839. The two brothers were never married. John, by his deed of settlement, set aside £18,000 of the residue of his estate to provide for the educating, clothing, and, if need be, the maintaining of boys who have resided within the Parliamentary boundary of Paisley for at least three years, whose parents have died either without having sufficient funds for the purpose, or who, from misfortune, have been reduced, or who, from want of means, are unable to give suitable education to their children. The Institution was to be called "The John Neilson Endowment for the Educating, Clothing, and Outfitting of Young Persons." Ample powers were given to the trustees for the management of the fund; and within five years, according to the will of the donor, they acquired a site for the structure, which was the Town's Bowling Green, at one time the praetorium of a Roman Camp. Magnificent and commodious buildings, in one of the most commanding positions in the town, were erected thereon, for educational purposes, at a cost of about £20,000, and were opened in 1852. The accommodation has been increased from time to time; but owing to the design of the main building being in the form of a Greek cross, with a high central dome, the additional erections have been separate, consisting of one for the classical and industrial departments, one for infant classes, and another for gymnastic training. This educational institution has been of the greatest advantage to the town of Paisley, the scholars for the last year being 1069—610 boys and 459 girls. The average enrolment in Latin, is 222 boys; in Greek, 20 boys; in mathematics, 104 boys; in French, 143; in German, 49.

laboured in different sections of the Institution, till now, under the provisions of the Endowed Schools Act, he is about to be appointed by the Trustees its first headmaster.

Amidst the arduous labours of his profession, Mr. Thomson has found some time for the practical cultivation of poetry. His work as a teacher is well known in Paisley. No small section of the younger generation of our town have passed under his care. His poetical work cannot be so well known, as but little that has come from his pen has been allowed to find its way to the printing-press. He has, however, I believe, a poem of several thousand lines ("The Evangel") founded on the story of the Gospel, but unfinished.

I annex three specimens, the first being entitled—

#### EDINBURGH.

Hail ! City Queen, that from thy royal throne  
 Of Castle-rock and lion-hill look'st down  
 On fertile plains, on Forth's cerulean zone,  
 On quiet studio and busy town ;  
 What site could better cincture ancient crown,  
 Secured, begemmed, by Bruce's stalwart hand ?  
 Or better suit the Academic gown ?—  
 Site varied as the low, the mountain land  
 Of Celt and Saxon, knit for aye in loyal band.

In thee I see the history unfold  
 Of thousand years, with glorious growth indued,  
 Since Edwin made of thee his northern hold,  
 And Saxon first infused in Celtic blood,  
 Development in all that's great and good,—  
 For, antique town looks from its grey ridge round  
 ('Twixt Castle Rock and ancient Holyrood),  
 Looks o'er to north and south by bridge and mound,  
 To fair new city—say, where is such union found ?

Where once a lake the old and new did part,  
 The fairest terraced gardens now unfold  
 Sweet parterres and rich palaces of art,  
 And monuments of Scotia's sons enroll'd  
 In fairest scroll of fame, with blazon'd gold.

Chief midst them his, whose wizard pen could tell,  
 More bright and true than limner's brush e'er told,  
 The glories of our Scottish lake and fell—  
 The features of that Scottish life he loved so well.

What change has o'er thee passed since ancient day  
 When Stewart Kings in Holyrood kept Court,  
 Upheld in its ill-guarded halls by sway  
 Not of the sword, of garrison and fort,  
 But sceptre, loved by men of loyal port.  
 Gone are thy shows of royal pageant-pride,  
 And gone with them dark scenes of tragic sort ;  
 But though Estates and Court are now denied,  
 Thy queenly grace and manly power have never died.

Well therefore is it, thou dost hold in guard  
 So many of our noblest Scottish youth.  
 O cherish fondly this, thy hallowed ward,  
 And train them to a reverence for truth  
 In art and law, in theologic sooth,  
 And science with its seeming-diverse cries ;  
 To manly boldness, tempered well with ruth ;  
 And as thou foremost art in charities,  
 To practice of beneficence they, too, may rise.

Queen of the law, the learning of our land—  
 Home of philosophy, of science, art—  
 The Weimar of our insulated strand,  
 Athens that doth in modern days impart  
 To cautious mind the skill that maketh smart,—  
 What wish should we for thee more entertain  
 Than sons of grace, and daughters of good heart,  
 Who shall conserve thy glories, and restrain  
 The evils, too oft found where highest cultures reign.

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#### FRIENDSHIP.

Declare what Friendship is? An opening flower  
 That fairer grows, and brighter, ever hour,  
 With light of happy faces for its dower.

What more is Friendship? 'Tis a branching vine  
That yields sweet shade and promise of rich wine,  
Fond memories distilled of "auld langsyne."

Nay, Friendship is a garden, rich and rare,  
Full of broad trees, ripe fruits, and blossoms fair,  
That load with sweetest perfume all the air.

And those that have no friend—what life have they?  
The life of winter trees, with bloomless spray—  
Gone shelter, fruit, and flower, in cold decay.

Ah me! how flowers die, leaves withered grow,  
And garden life all yields to frost and snow,  
And cheer of summer's loveliness lies low.

But Friendship is a stream that ever flows—  
In summer heats its crystal still it shows,  
In wintry blasts it deeper, stronger grows.

The heart was not made for itself to beat,  
But as affection's high and holy seat,  
That heart with heart in unison might meet.

Nor can our true affection know decay,  
For God is Love, and Love is endless day;  
Then let us cherish friendship as we may,

And act true Friendship. In whate'er annoys,  
Lift helping hand, as well as sorrowing voice,  
And in our neighbour's joy let us rejoice.

So shall we cheer each other on the road,  
Give refuge when the tempest is abroad,  
And win another, truest Friend, in God.

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#### MARGARET OF ABERCORN.

On Binns hill grows the queenly brier rose,  
And lovely little eyebrights all the braes adorn;  
And down in Midhope dell hangs the modest harebell,  
Where the burnie wimples down to Abercorn.

All doubly fair to me, because in them I see  
Reflections of the best that e'er was born;

As the rose among the flowers, so is Margaret in the bowers,  
The sweetly-scented woodland bowers of Abercorn.

For there the pine-tree rears the forest of his spears,  
And stately hollies shine with many a glossy thorn ;  
And the lovely laurel blows in silky pendent rows.  
All graceful setting for the pearl of Abercorn.

Soft eyes of hazel brown, a brow without a frown,  
And ruddy lips, with smile as radiant as the morn ;  
A step as light and true as ever shed the dew—  
Fair face, leal heart, has Margaret of Abercorn.

My all I'd fondly give, that so long as we may live  
This lovely pearl may on my true breast be worn ;  
My soul's fondest fire is to answer the desire  
To minister to Margaret of Abercorn.

Last eve we rambling walked, and as we rambling talked,  
She gently raised a bramble-blossom from its thorn ;  
"Heaven smiles on us so sweet, in flowers so trim and neat,  
Along with fruits for food," said she of Abercorn.

"Heaven might have given the fruit with only root and shoot,  
But in the lovely flower his gracious smile is borne"—  
Even so in gifts of life, Heaven gives among the strife  
Such gracious smiles of love as hers of Abercorn.

For I thought of Heaven's smiles in Margaret's guileless wiles  
As sweetest cup of earthly bliss to me forlorn ;  
That flower I'd therefore wear as charm 'gainst gloom and care,  
Earth's fairest, rarest gem, the pearl of Abercorn.

All the wild-flowers on the bent she fondled as we went ;  
She said—"I will not pluck you ; still the dells adorn ;"  
I caught her finger tips, and I pressed them to my lips,  
And said—"May I not cull the flower of Abercorn?"

She breathed a gentle "Nay," but I think it will be "Yea,"  
When I prove how with her love my bosom's torn ;  
From my heart she cannot perish, and the love for aye I'll cherish  
Of fair, sweet, true, good Margaret of Abercorn.

---

The bee speeds past, and with its drowsy hum  
 Proclaims to passers-by that summer's come ;  
 The fields and hedge-rows all are in their pride,  
 And bright with Flora's gifts this summer-tide.  
 As I have said, 'twas in the very prime  
 Of flower-bedeck'd and sunlit summer-time,  
 And on a Saturday, the last in June,  
 To be exact, an hour before high noon,  
 Our Club, about a score, met at the station,  
 Their looks were bright with happy expectation,  
 Each eye was clear, and eloquent each lip,  
 For was not this a glorious summer trip,  
 By invitation, to sweet Auchendrane?  
 Each vowed he would be gay, come shine, come rain.

The lawyer dropped his brief, the doctor squashed his pills,  
 The merchant to the winds lets fly his ledgers, bonds, and bills,  
 Even the worthy editor has thrown away his pen,  
 And smiles a welcome on us all—most genial of men.  
 But hark! What's that? We're off at last, and "Westward, ho!" go we,  
 And in a trice are tearing past the far-famed Elderslie,  
 Past Milliken, past Howwood, Kilbirnie, and Dalry,  
 We rush along expressly till "Kilwinning" is the cry.  
 Irvine and Troon and Prestwick first come, then disappear,  
 Till finally we clearly see "Auld Ayr" is drawing near.  
 With laugh and joke, and chaff and smoke, the time so swiftly passes  
 We scarce believe that we have reached the town of "bonnie lasses."

Celestial Muse ! Inspire my halting strain  
 To sing the praises of sweet Auchendrane ;  
 To tell the kindness of our genial host—  
 Of whom our "guid auld toun" delights to boast,  
 A man whose every act has kindness in't,  
 Whose hospitality knows naught of stint,  
 Whose princely gifts to his own town have been  
 With Royal hand acknowledged by our Queen.  
 But, chiefly, Muse, inspire my limping lay  
 To tell the story of this summer day ;  
 To sing of this fair Eden in the West,  
 Where life, so free from care, must sure be blest

Where Nature, in her fairest garb, conspires  
 To fill the poet's soul with heaven-born fires ;  
 Where every flower and shrub and shady grove  
 Whisper the soft environment of love ;  
 Where " Bonnie Doon " runs crooningly along,  
 And joins so fitly in the lovers' song ;  
 Where tasteful Art with bounteous Nature vies  
 To make of this fair spot a Paradise.

Poor halting words ! Alas ! my fickle Muse,  
 To paint this picture doth indeed refuse.  
 But why repine ? surely this trip shall be  
 For each a green spot in his memory.

Need I describe the hospitalitie  
 Our genial host dispenseth full and free ?  
 The bounteous table and the sumptuous fare  
 'Twould need a Horace or Lucullus there.  
 The lordly salmon and the grand hotch-potch—  
 Let Frenchmen praise their soups, give me the Scotch—  
 The gaucy sirloin, and the ducks and peas,  
 The wines, the puddings—last of all, the cheese !

Our Chairman's in the rarest form, 'tis plain,  
 Making his sallies in his happiest vein ;  
 And then the jokes and stories by the score,  
 The wit that sets the table in a roar ;  
 The glowing conversation and the song,  
 With fun that sparkles the swift hours along ;  
 And then the toasts that cheeringly we quaff ;  
 The minutes, how they speed with jest and laugh.  
 But " Tam maun ride," and that in sic a hurry  
 We lose a " reading " from our Secretary.  
 A pleasant drive takes us to Ayr betimes,  
 And here let me cut short my jingling rhymes.

When next we meet in Club, we'll toast and drain  
 A bumper to the Knight of Auchendrane.



## B U R N S.

COMPOSED FOR THE PAISLEY BURNS CLUB ANNIVERSARY  
OF 25TH JANUARY, 1879.

Another year ! Yes, just another year  
Has all so swiftly passed away since here  
We met to celebrate the natal day  
Of Scotia's mightiest son, and homage pay  
To him, the peasant bard, whose magic name  
Shall ne'er grow dim upon the scroll of fame,  
But bright and brighter shall our land illumine  
From henceforth onward till the crack of doom.

Another year ! Ah me, and what a year !  
Death has been knocking everywhere. Even here  
Has he not come and called—sad tale to tell—  
A friend, a brother, we all loved so well ?  
A man whose genius and whose ready song  
Could drown all care, and jocund mirth prolong,  
Whose wit could set the table in a roar.  
Alas ! poor Lorimer is here no more.

And David Semple, too, has gone away,  
His loss we mourn, as fittingly we may.  
'Mang auld-war!' lore his leisure hours were spent,  
And this will be his proudest monument—  
To tell the story of the misty past,  
And leave a fragrant memory at the last.

Another year ! Ah me, another year !  
A black, black catalogue is graven here.  
Fair homes made desolate. The dull air rent  
With widows' and with orphans' sore lament.  
Puir Scotland's name, alas ! dragged in the dust,  
Her honour tarnished—commerce turned to lust.

O for a Burns ! O for his heart of fire !  
O for his scathing, his consuming ire !  
O for his lyric rush of scorn to thrash  
The wretched crew with satire's biting lash !  
And pillory the miscreants on high  
For all the world to read a lesson by.

But why these doleful dumps? Let us to-night  
Banish dull care and every evil sprite ;  
Let's bury these grim shadows in the tomb,  
For better times will chase away the gloom,  
And hope, exultant, to the heavens spring ;  
For surely seventy-nine will sunshine bring.

Let us remember that from pole to pole,  
Wherever Scots are met to-night, a roll  
Laden with homage to our royal bard  
Ascends from earth and pierces heavenward.  
So now a reaming goblet let us quaff,  
Let's swell the chorus and let's join the laugh.  
Sure, such a natal day should make us jolly.  
Begone, dull care ! Away with melancholy.

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## BABY IN HEAVEN.

Under the willow's whispering shade,  
Under the daisies, the baby is laid ;  
Under the snowdrop, under the snow,  
Molly, our darling wee Molly, lies low.

Her sweet, childish prattle re-echoes no more,  
Her toddling footsteps ne'er run to the door,  
It is hard to believe our wee darling is gone  
As we silently sit in the twilight alone.

O ! carefully keep it ; that soft, golden curl  
Is all that we have of our dear baby girl ;  
For the sunlight that danced in her bonnie bright een  
And her chubby wee cheeks will no longer be seen.

Dry up that tear, love ; dry up that tear,  
Though no longer our darling wee Molly is here ;  
For the angels in heaven were not less defiled  
Than the tender young life of our own precious child.

Yes, I know it is hard ; for her innocent glee  
Was precious as rubies to you and to me ;  
Her ways all so winning, her presence so bright,  
Of our love and our home were the life and the light.

But why for this heaven-sent babe should we weep?  
 She is back to her home, with the angels asleep.  
 Hark ! hark ! 'tis her innocent prattle I hear ;  
 Our baby in heaven is hovering near.

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A PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

Ye lofty gods ! and you who quietly sit  
 In mild submission, crowding box and pit,  
 Lend me your ears, for I would tell the cause  
 Which brings us here to win your kind applause.

Our cause is holy ; but you know it well—  
 'Tis over all the town, as every child can tell.  
 What more becoming than to soothe the pain  
 Of fever's brow, and fell corruption's stain,  
 Or heavenward lead the dying penitent again?  
 Naught can become us with so good a grace  
 As Mercy does. Does it not cheer the face  
 Of him who gives as well as him who takes?  
 So are we here for our sick townsmen's sakes.  
 Thus let us strive, and, striving, we are sure  
 The Infirmary will soon become "the perfect cure."

Come, stern Melpomene, our poor wits assist  
 (For with thy help we surely will be blest).  
 Now for the players ; but, alas ! we fear  
 You'll think us bold in daring to appear  
 And strut upon the boards where erst we've seen  
 Macready, Glover, Vandenhoff, and Kean.  
 Our aim is humbler than such stars as these :  
 We only seek to-night our audience to please.  
 Our pinions would not bear such starry flights,  
 We must content us with less giddy heights ;  
 Nor will you think our presence far amiss  
 If you do carefully consider this—

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<sup>1</sup> Spoken at an amateur performance for the benefit of the Infirmary, which took place in the Theatre Royal, Paisley, in April, 1862. The plays acted were "Romeo and Juliet" and "Rob Roy."

Since Paisley has produced such wild profusion  
Of poets, don't we need a slight infusion  
Of the dramatic breath to fan the blaze  
On which the world hangs with envious gaze ;  
And, lo ! in Glasgow t'other day—I speak the truth—  
Wallace was acted by a Paisley youth !

Our Muse is lenient ; be you a little blind  
To all our faults, and to our virtues kind ;  
Spare us, ye cynics ; take a friendly hint  
And don't attempt to cut us up in print,  
For if you do, there will be bloody work—  
Rob Roy's with us, and he may use his dirk ;  
Or a bold Montague, demanding satisfaction,  
May drive your hornets' brood to sheer distraction.  
You want me off ? Well, I'll no longer stay,  
For *Romeo's* ardour will not brook delay.  
Again, ye stormy gods ! I ask you this—  
Lavish your praise ; but spare ! oh, spare the hiss !

## JOHN RENTOUL.

JOHN RENTOUL is a native of Paisley, and was born in the early part of the third decade of this century. He learned to be a hand-loom weaver; and in consequence of bad trade he was forced, in order to improve his condition, to emigrate in 1852. He selected Australia as the country of his future residence. During the first night after his arrival in the city of Melbourne, he and his wife and children, from want of money, could not get a house to live in; but, as stated in his reminiscences (to be referred to afterwards), he says—

“ At length we crept into a shed  
An' slept—the grun' our only bed.”

On the second night he fell upon a novel plan of acquiring some money. When he lived in Paisley he had learned to play on the fiddle, and in the rhyming piece already mentioned he refers to those who indulged in performances on that musical instrument. The ability to play on the fiddle acquired in Paisley he turned to good account in the Southern Hemisphere, for he says—

“ Next nicht, wi' fiddlin' on the street,  
And buskin' it in strains sae sweet,  
We gathered shillings sixty-three,  
Which filled us a' wi' mirth and glee.”

This was the turning point of his future good success, as

“ The next day found me hard at wark  
(In moleskin breeks and blue serge sark),  
Sawing big logs, and splitting ruts  
For firewood, and for biggin' huts.”

With the exception of some domestic afflictions, he must have afterwards succeeded fairly well, as he further states—

“ For mony years I crept through life  
 In happiness, wi’ weans and wife ;  
 Bought a bit grun’, and built a house,  
 And thocht mysel’ baith bein and douce.”

Mr. Rentoul, while in Paisley, had indulged in the writing of verse, and continued to do so in Melbourne. In 1878 he published in that city, in pamphlet form, some of his productions, entitled “ Reminiscences of a Paisley Weaver, with Twenty-Six Years’ Experience in Melbourne.” This publication is dated from “ River Street, Richmond, Yarraberg, July 27, 1878.” I give two specimens of Mr. Rentoul’s poetry. The “ Reminiscences of Paisley,” although somewhat long and garrulous, are not devoid of humour.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A PAISLEY WEAVER.

Dear Jamie : When I read your note,  
 I stood transfixed upon the spot ;  
 I could do nought but stand and stare—  
 My soul had flown to Ralston Square—  
 And sure as I had breath to draw,  
 Baith you and Willie there I saw,  
 And the Relief Kirk, neat and trig ;  
 And soon I passed auld “ Borland’s Brig,”  
 Straight to the winding Causeyside,  
 Where in my youth I met my bride.  
 To the Saucel next I quick did rin ;  
 There was the Hamills and the Linn,  
 Where, often tired, straight frae the loom,  
 In summer nights I used to soom.  
 I gazed across at the Seedhills,  
 The nest for weavers and thread mills ;  
 There stood the building, nane the waur,  
 Where I wove shawls for Robert Kerr.  
 The mill bells noo began to toll ;  
 There was the “ Sun ” and Nellie Bole.  
 I could not pass, ’twas against my will,  
 I steppit in and ca’ed a gill,

There sat Blin' Davie, Geordy Martin,  
 The cat-gut they were freely scartin';  
 Jock Martin, Thalan, Geordy Wallace—  
 Happy as kings in ony palace.  
 At length, amidst the noise and fun,  
 I toomed my stoup and left the "Sun."  
 Round by the Cross I then did steer,  
 When plump I cam' on Daunie Weir,  
 Wi' bosom bare and sturdy leg,  
 Telling the tale of "Wat and Meg."  
 At corner o' the Water Wynd  
 Stood twa-three chaps o' simple twyne;  
 One cried to Daunie—"Man, you're daft."  
 "That's true," said Daunie, and quietly laught;  
 "I'm daft, and kens o't, and there's an end o't,  
 But you're clean daft and disna ken o't."  
 While some wi' laughing loud did roar,  
 I took a glance down to the Score;<sup>1</sup>  
 There was wee Clearhead in a flurry,  
 Bustling along in hurry-skurry;

<sup>1</sup> When horse-racing was first established in Paisley, it appears that the termination of the race was by a score (or line) drawn across the road or street, and the first horse that crossed this line was the winner of the race. This Act thus states that the "horse and maister yairof that first comes over the scoir at the said Walneuk of Paisley, sall have the said bells, with the said Burghe's airmes yairupon, for that zeir." By the same Act of Council, it was agreed "that ane aftershot raiss sal be runne zeirlic in all tyme cuming, fra ane scoir at the Slaites of Ellerslie to ane other scoir at Calsayheid of the said Burgt of Paislaye." When the Horse and Kye Market was removed from "St. Rollock's Kirk lands, and on the highways about the same," it was fixed by minute of Council of 2nd May, 1661, "that St. James' Fair this zeir and in tyme cuming sal be holden at the Calsie-end, betwixt the lows and on Gilmour's Fauld; and that the way there should be mendit to that effect; and that the Horse Mercat, if neid be, may come into the Moss Raw Port." The places thus referred to for this market are St. James Street, St. James Place, and, if need be, as far up Moss Street as the Moss Raw Port, which was at the Meeting-house Lane. On 8th July, 1663, the Council concluded that the horse race "shall be round the 24 acres." This land was bounded by St. James Street on the south, Caledonia Street on the west, Shambles Road on the north, and Inchinnan Road and Love Street on the east. This was the race-course for many years afterwards. The races terminated in the present St. James Street, where the "Scoir" was drawn across that street, and hence the name given to that street.

As proud and game as any rooster,  
 And ready, too, for Patrick Brewster.  
 Poor Paisley's wrangs he did bewail,  
 And curs'd "soup-kitchens," scones, and kail.  
 Then passing through the "Hole in the Wa',"  
 I bought a fish frae Willie Shaw ;  
 He was filling sweeties into pocks,  
 And selling them to country Jocks.  
 The shows stood in a stately raw,  
 And by a drum there stood Meg Shaw ;  
 The showmen kicking up a row,  
 Swallowing swords and blazing tow.  
 Close by my side, just at my lug,  
 There stood the blin' man and his dog,  
 Wi' his wee peep-show, and fast describing  
 Napoleon on his white horse riding ;  
 The hobby-horses, Waterloo flies,  
 The plum-cakes, dulse, wilks, bawbee pies,  
 Wi' glorious dauds o' real blackman ;  
 Wi' miscamons in a muckle pan.  
 I left the shows, and in my range  
 I passed "Pie Muir's" and the "Exchange,"  
 Where Goodlet, Drummond, Locke, and White,  
 Oft charmed me wi' their songs at night.  
 Next to the west I bent my way ;  
 I keekit up the Heigh Kirk Brae,  
 Where wee M'Naughtan used to preach,  
 And holy truths to scounrels teach.  
 Then show-books, and sangs, George Caldwell,  
 Flashed through my mind—here's Wilson Hall.  
 A calm, serene, benevolent face,  
 I spied within that once-loved place ;  
 'Twas Glassford—man o' sterling worth,  
 A better never trod the earth ;  
 There's Motherwell, too, a man of sense,  
 Weel can he reckon pounds and pence ;  
 Auld Wilson, too, that hearty cock,  
 There's few wi' him can crack a joke.  
 There's Printer Smith, that merry chiel,  
 Wurbling about just like an eel ;



Ye'll ne'er catch Johnny in a trance,  
 He's fidgeting fain to join the dance.  
 The others oft I think upon,  
 But here I'm at the "Lady Lone;"  
 My heart gaed dunt, I made a stan',  
 'Twas here I once my watch did pawn;  
 But want o' meal, or maut, or wark,  
 Did never make me pawn my sark.  
 Noo here I'm at the old Hut Brae,  
 Where I've passed many a happy day.  
 When cholera on us made war,  
 'Twas here we bleezed big barrels o' tar;  
 And in revenge for those we'd lost,  
 We tore the coffins frae the moss,  
 That held, instead o' flesh and banes,  
 A humplock o' dirt and stanes.  
 What splendid views I've often seen  
 When perched upon the "Bowling Green."  
 Ye dear loved spots, my heart it swells;  
 Here's "Chalmers's Pump," here's the "Lonewells":  
 There at the corner stands Turnbull,  
 Across the street there's Puddin' Wull.  
 Just then I heard a loud halloa!  
 I lookit up, 'twas Allan Toa.  
 The women scuddin' 'cross the street,  
 Wi' aprons fu' o' Allan's peat;  
 But here I got a pawkie shove  
 From an auld acquaintance, Willie Love,  
 Who couldna rest or close his e'en  
 Until he'd gang and see the Queen.  
 Soon as he left me to mysel',  
 I took a drink at "Troutse's Well."  
 There struts, wi' head high's he could carry,  
 He passed me by—'twas Dandie Larry;  
 Wi' mony mair I weel did ken,  
 I stoppit at the Coffin En',  
 Then I thocht upon an awfu' shakin'  
 I got, when young, frae Willie Aitken,  
 I ne'er forget until this day,  
 For st:aling peas on Banks's Brae.

I thocht him then the king o' men,  
When he jagged our wee heads wi' his pen.  
Noo Willie's gane, he's seen his day,  
A kinder soul ne'er breathed in clay.  
There stood the kail barrows and horn,  
The very spot where I was born.  
Some sad reflections made me dowie ;  
I started, for I heard a cooey,  
That brought me back to present times,  
To other lands and other climes.

Noo, Jamie, I will shortly tell  
You what has happened to mysel'  
Since I frae Paisley town did wanner,  
And frae a weaver turned a tanner.  
We landed safe in Melbourne city,  
Wi' empty pouches—mair's the pity ;  
Wi' wife and three bit helpless weans,  
And ne'er a spot to rest our banes.  
There, in the dark, cold, muddy street,  
The puir wee things began to greet ;  
Ae thought quick through my mind did slide,  
I thought upon my ain fireside.  
At length we crept into a shed,  
An' slept—the grun our only bed ;  
Next nicht, wi' fiddling on the street,  
And buskin' it in strains sae sweet,  
We gathered shillings sixty-three,  
Which filled us a' wi' mirth and glee ;  
Next day it found me hard at wark  
(In moleskin breeks and blue serge sark),  
Sawin' big logs, and splitting ruts  
For firewood, and for biggin' huts ;  
Whiles digging clay and turning sods,  
Wi' pick and shovel making roads ;  
For twa hale years—'twas not my hobby—  
I strutted through the streets a bobby.  
I've had my ups and downs since then  
Amang the toiling sons of men ;  
For bairns alive I've just got nine—  
Six sons, three daughters, doing fine.

My dochter Poll did first begin  
 To get wee images o' sin,  
 Dubbin' me grandpa ower a mob  
 Of skirling weans—Dick, Ann, and Bob.  
 For many years I've crept through life  
 In happiness, wi' weans and wife ;  
 Bought a bit grun', and built a house,  
 And thocht mysel' baith bein and douce.  
 But black misfortune, and the law,  
 Left me wi' scarce a nail to claw ;  
 The leashes swallowed a' I had,  
 The thocht o't nearly drives me mad.  
 Then worst of a', sad, sad to tell,  
 My life, my wife gaed by hersel' ;  
 This six lang years her reason's fled,  
 She's noo a wreck upon her bed ;  
 Of a' the ills with which I'm curst,  
 This last misfortune is the worst.  
 And O ! what I could write and tell—  
 But no ! I'll keep it to mysel'.  
 I canna grumble at my health,  
 Although I growl at want o' wealth ;  
 Though when the tax-man comes his rounds,  
 I'm seldom short o' twa-three pounds.  
 I see my hair is turning grey,  
 Proclaiming I have had my day ;  
 The crowfeet gathering round my e'en  
 Tell o' days past that I have seen ;  
 All things aroun' noo seem less cheery—  
 Na, even at times of life I'm weary.  
 We little think in youth and prime  
 What fate is ours as rolls on time ;  
 But could we think when we were boys,  
 'Twould cloud our wee short dream o' joys ;  
 But haud—I'm just like ither folk,  
 We a' hae got our " Bubbly Jock."

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## SONG.

## A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER CHILD ON ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY.

*Tune*— "What's a' the steer, kimmer?"

O! come awa', my Nellie dear,  
 Come awa' to me,  
 And hae a wee bit nappy  
 Upon your mither's knee;  
 Wi' your wee roun' chubby face,  
 And your bright blue laughing e'e,  
 Ye're my sweet wee Nell M'Ewin,  
 And a' the world to me.

Noo twelve months are gane, Nell,  
 Since first ye saw the sun;  
 And mony cares and pains I've had  
 Since your wee sweet life begun;  
 But we'll weather a' life's storms, Nell,  
 We winna fret or fear;  
 We'll be honest, kind, and true, Nell,  
 Sae lang as we are here.

And when in after years, Nell,  
 Your growing tall and fair,  
 O few, few be your tears, Nell,  
 And light be your care;  
 And ne'er forget your mother, Nell,  
 And your good old faither, too,  
 And the blessings of an honest heart  
 Will carry you aye through.

Beware of pomp and pride, Nell,  
 Of silks, and gauze, and lace—  
 Nae guid can they betide, Nell,  
 But ruin and disgrace;  
 Beware o' oily tongues, Nell,  
 And gay deceiving men—  
 They will tell you they will marry you,  
 But winna tell you when.

When coming down the hill o' life,  
 And auld age creeping on,  
 Ye may think on the advice  
 O' your dear old Uncle John,  
 Who sat and drank your health, Nell,  
 Sae many years before,  
 In a vine-clad cot in Yarraberg,  
 And the year just seventy-four.

## ROBERT TWEEDALE.

ROBERT TWEEDALE was born near Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1832. His father, who was also a native of that County, was an agricultural labourer, and came to Johnstone with his family in 1841. Robert received a little education before leaving his native place, and afterwards attended a night-school in Johnstone. He learned the trade of a shoemaker, and came to Paisley in 1859, where he has resided since that period. He is employed at present in the wholesale productive works of a Co-Operative Society at Shieldhall, where he works at his trade.

He commenced to write verse about fourteen years ago, and I give some extracts of his poetical pieces which have appeared in the *Paisley Express* and *Ayrshire Post*.

### TANNAHILL CENTENARY.

3RD JUNE, 1874.

The sun rose in splendour on classic Gleniffer,  
 And Seestu was buskit sae braw ;  
 And the music, rich sounding, was sweet to each ear,  
 Of airs of the bard that's awa'.

The broom on Gleniffer was out in full bloom,  
 And daisies, twa-three inches lang,  
 Were spreading their petals as if they'd induce  
 Some bard to extol them in sang.

The eloquent Murray, and Chestain Macgregor,  
 Addressed us with logical skill ;  
 While M'Gibbon discoursed in melodious strains,  
 Sweet lays of the bard Tannahill.

But he slumbers in peace now in the old church-yard,  
 His harp and his pen mute and still ;  
 His spirit is free as the fresh morning zephyr,  
 Or the course of the wimpling rill.

And light float out standards this day on Gleniffer,  
 Our deepest devotion to show,  
 We regret his sad end, and deplore the rash deed  
 His body for ever laid low.

Let critics revile him with wiseacre head,  
 And write of his mem'ry with scorn,  
 His name we revere, and on each natal day  
 Rejoice that such genius was born.

Our tribute we'll pay on his cent'nary day,  
 Posterity must hear the story,—  
 How in thousands we came at the spell of his name,  
 To crown his mem'ry with glory.

Long may his sweet songs in each dwelling be heard,  
 Fresh and pure as a clear crystal rill ;  
 Craigielea and Gleniffer we always adore,  
 Which inspired our bard Tannahill.

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### CO-OPERATION : THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE SCOTTISH CO-OPERATIVE  
 WHOLESALE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

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" It's coming yet for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brithers be an' a' that."

---

Arise, ye bards, your muse awake,  
 Why in a stupor dream ?  
 Come sing the brotherhood of man,  
 For that's a noble theme.

'Twas sung by angels long ago  
 From starry worlds on high,  
 So raise it on the footstool now  
 And ring it to the sky.

Behold, Co-Operators march  
 From north, south, east, and west,  
 They're coming to St. Mungo  
 Attired all in their best.

They come with fraternal greetings ;  
 Long may they tell the tale  
 Of the major celebrations  
 Of Scotia's great Wholesale.

They come when summer decks the vale  
 With gems at nature's call,  
 To feast 'midst rural grandeur,  
 At beautiful Shieldhall.

Come sing of Rochdale pioneers  
 Who taught the simple plan—  
 How Co-Operative union could  
 Exalt the working-man.

Their fame is now in all the land  
 And over oceans wide ;  
 Their seed is yielding golden fruit  
 Upon the banks of Clyde.

May success attend the enterprise  
 That's dear unto us all ;  
 May honour crown each brow that has  
 An interest in Shieldhall,

Where labour, trade, and capital,  
 Together do unite,  
 To banish all monopoly,  
 And give each one his right.

Away with fleets and armies,  
 Which impoverish the nation,  
 And speed the time when men shall join  
 One great Co-Operation.

For why doth poverty prevail  
 Beneath the British Crown?  
 The millions that are squandered  
 Must keep the people down.

We will fortify Britannia  
 On the Co-Operative plan—  
 Of giving share of wealth and power  
 To each industrious man.

The orphan bairns and drooping age  
 Shall always have our care,  
 To invalids of every grade  
 A portion we will spare.

We'll give no quarter to the drones  
 Who fatten on the spoil;  
 But those who work with hand or brain  
 Shall reap the fruit of toil.

To-day we meet in unity,  
 As brothers let us part;  
 Altho' we differ in detail,  
 We'll still be one in heart.

Let us trust our noble leaders,  
 Assist them all we can,  
 To solve the glorious problem—  
 The Brotherhood of Man.

*22nd June, 1889.*

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 AILSA CRAIG.

There is a rock, a sea-girt rock,  
 That's known the world wide  
 As the beacon of the mariner  
 That's steering for the Clyde.

For Ailsa rock is anchored sure;  
 It guides the pilot true,  
 Altho' his bark like seagull rides  
 On ocean billows blue.



Our sailor lads on foreign seas  
 For months or years may roam,  
 But here they hitch their breeches high  
 And shout three cheers for home.

And emigrants, in going West  
 To seek the golden ore,  
 At Ailsa breathe a parting prayer  
 For dear friends left on shore.

And Pat, whose eyes are dim with tears  
 For Molly left alone,  
 Exclaims, "Bedad, I'm half-seas o'er,  
 There's Brian Boru's big stone."

But Kennedy from Culzean tower  
 Looks proudly o'er the sea,  
 And whispers, "Pat, you're wrong, my lad,  
 That rock belongs to me."

"For I am Lord of Carrick shore,  
 And all the birds that flee,  
 Also the fishes great and small  
 My sires have left to me.

Altho' my title now-a-days  
 The socialist may mock,  
 I still maintain by right divine,  
 I'm Lord of Ailsa rock."

Quoth Pat, "There's grabbers everywhere  
 To claim a cratur's rights,  
 But I can prove that's Brian's Rock,  
 In troth, in black and white ;

Bad luck to the gossoon spalpeen,  
 Or Saxon idle drone,  
 Who would dare make filthy lucre  
 Out of Brian's blessed Stone."

## J. ROSS.

J. ROSS, Broomlands, was, I believe, a native of Paisley. One of his children died, and he gave vent to his grief by writing a piece of poetry, which appeared in the *Paisley Herald* newspaper, with his name and address subjoined, on 25th January, 1868. I give a copy of it.

## REMINISCENCE OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

And is thy lovely figure fled ?  
 Yes, stop these fruitless tears ;  
 Thou from a thousand pangs art freed,  
 Yea, from ten thousand fears.

Yes, thou art gone from us away  
 Up to thy long abode,  
 Where thou shalt be for ever near  
 The palace of thy God.

'Tis even so, this lovely flower  
 Was nipped amid its bloom,  
 And an untimely blast has swept  
 This fair one to the tomb.

Though lost, he's lost to earth alone,  
 Above he will be found  
 Amidst the stars and near the throne,  
 Which babes like him surround.

Thou wert too fair to bloom below,  
 'Midst groans, and tears, and sighs ;  
 So ministering angels took thee home  
 To plant thee in the skies.

Then, we will gladly wipe away  
 The tears for thee we shed,  
 And calmly lay thee down to sleep  
 In silence with the dead,

Believing this, that He in whom  
 Is all our hope and trust,  
 Will send his guardian angels down  
 To watch thy sleeping dust.

## ROBERT SEMPLE.

ROBERT SEMPLE is a native of Paisley, having been born at No. 49 Broomlands Street, in June, 1841. His father, James Semple, who was a hand-loom weaver to trade, was also a native of Paisley. Robert received his education at Carbrook Street School, but left it when he was nine years of age. His first employment was as a drawboy to a weaver, and this he held for several years, but afterwards he learned to be a pattern-designer. His father was fond of music, and was connected with the choir of the High Church for the long period of between 30 and 40 years, and was "leading alto" during that time. His father's brother was also a member of that choir for a long time; and afterwards, in precentor's gown, took the place of that functionary, putting up the boards which showed the names of the tunes to the congregation, but taking no part in the leading of the choir. Robert himself was long connected with the choir of the High Church, as were also several other members of the Semple families, so that they became well-known under the designation of "The Singing Semples," a designation found useful for distinguishing them from other families of the same name in Paisley. Great interest has always been taken in its choir by the congregation of the High Church, and it has always boasted of its high state of efficiency.

Robert Semple began early in life to foster a love for the muse, his tendencies lying strongly in that way. But it increased with the interest he took in the Temperance movement, in which he was very enthusiastic. In his youth he attended an evening school, and spent the most of his spare time in studying music. When he increased in years and in experience, he conducted a musical class in Paisley called

the Orpheus Society, and various other amateur singing classes. He likewise travelled over the greater part of Scotland in pursuit of musical engagements. Besides being conversant with musical matters, he also early displayed a taste for drawing; and he is likewise an ardent lover of flowers, and an excellent practical gardener and botanist. During a short stay (of one year) in London, he studied, among other subjects, the French language. In 1883 he left Paisley to reside in Belfast, in order to carry out an engagement he had made with an influential association called the Irish Temperance League. His duties were to act as travelling agent and lecturer on the various phases of Irish life. In 1884 he collected and published, in book form, a number of his Temperance songs, extending to eighty pages, entitled "Semple's Temperance Solos, containing patriotic and cheerful songs, humorous and pathetic, suitable for all kinds of Temperance meetings." The songs in this book, of which I give some specimens, are sung, with a few exceptions, to music written by himself. In February, 1888, he left Belfast for Australia to promote (by engagement with the Grand Lodge of New South Wales Independent Order of Good Templars) a Temperance mission similar to that which he had served in the north of Ireland. There he will, no doubt, have many opportunities of cultivating the muse. Mr. Semple has gone there without his wife and family; but if he feels satisfaction in his field of labour, it is intended that they will follow. Mr. James S. Semple, a son of Mr. Semple's, is a teacher of music in Paisley at the present time.

#### NAIL THE COLOURS TO THE MAST.

The noble Temperance ship speeds on,  
 And, manned by willing hands,  
 She proudly bears her precious freight  
 To many distant lands.

No room on board for craven hearts,  
 No space for doubt or fear ;  
 Her compass, God's most Holy Word,  
 Her cargo, Gospel cheer.

Then spread the sails to Heaven's sweet breeze,  
 And speed the vessel fast ;  
 We'll proudly haul our colours high,  
 And nail them to the mast.

Our flag unites the Temperance men,  
 The Alliance strong and brave ;  
 While Templars and Blue Ribbon men  
 Shall speed us o'er the wave ;  
 The Bands of Hope, with eager hearts,  
 Make up the daring crew ;  
 While none will find a place on board  
 But men both tried and true.

And so the noble ship sails on  
 To realms of victory's day ;  
 While heavenly smiles and earnest prayer  
 Impel her on her way.

The day of storm and gloom may come,  
 And tempests loud may roar,  
 But naught shall keep the gallant ship  
 Back from the heavenly shore.

The foe, with purpose stern and vile,  
 Shall stay our course in vain ;  
 Right bravely we shall bear him down,  
 Or drive him from the main.

Great Heaven itself will fight for us,  
 Though hostile fleets oppose,  
 That soon each gallant heart may see  
 The victory o'er our foes.

---

#### MEMORIES OF HOME.

Come and listen to me, boys,  
 While I tell you of my joys,  
 Of the riches and the blessings I've in store—  
 Of the pleasures that endure,  
 Just because they're sweet and pure,  
 And for you as well as me there's more.

I've a home that's neat and clean,  
 'Tis a pleasure to be seen—  
 There are happiness and comforts all around ;  
 They appear on every shelf,  
 With the china and the delf,  
 And the treasures of sobriety abound.

Then the memories of home, boys,  
 Wherever we may roam, boys,  
 Let us all its peace and happiness desire ;  
 There the poker and the tongs  
 Hear the kettle singing songs,  
 And the kitten making music by the fire.

I've a garden full of flowers,  
 Where I spend some happy hours ;  
 Where the violet, the lily, and the rose,  
 Gazing upward to the skies,  
 With a kind of glad surprise,  
 Seem to speak of heavenly beauty and repose.

There are many shady nooks,  
 Where I sit and read my books ;  
 Or I hobble laughing youngsters on my knee ;  
 Or, for a bit of fun,  
 I can start them, one by one,  
 To keep running thro' the garden after me.

Hateful is the public-house  
 As the cat is to the mouse ;  
 Yet its customers I pity every day ;  
 Not a drop comes through my door  
 Of its vile and maddening store,  
 Or our happiness and peace would fly away.

Yet, though whisky can't get in,  
 Or its cronies, beer and gin,  
 Any friend will find a welcome and a smile ;  
 While my little wife and I,  
 O'er a cup of tea will try  
 How to fill his heart with gladness all the while.

## A SOBER SATURDAY NIGHT.

When day is past and work is o'er,  
 And night comes on the scene,  
 We gladly hail, ere morning comes,  
 The hours that intervene ;  
 But when the day comes to its close,  
 And Sunday comes in sight,  
 How sweet to spend with loving hearts  
 A sober Saturday night !

A sober Saturday night, my friends,  
 For you, for all is right ;  
 And a right good Sunday we will have  
 From a sober Saturday night.

When summer's glories deck the fields,  
 I ramble forth to view  
 The charming scenes around me spread,  
 And find them ever new ;  
 I gather ferns in hidden dells,  
 They make my home more bright,  
 And mutely teach me how to spend  
 A sober Saturday night.

When winter's barriers, cold and gray,  
 Forbid that I should roam,  
 I turn to taste the perfect joys  
 That wait me in my home ;  
 My loving ones, my pleasant books,  
 Afford me rare delight ;  
 And all combine that I may spend  
 A sober Saturday night.

I would not give a night at home,  
 When Saturday comes round,  
 For a hundred years of sinful joys  
 Within the drink-shop found.  
 O leave the darkness of the drink,  
 And seek the Temperance light,  
 And we will teach you how to spend  
 A sober Saturday night.

## WILLIAM NAISMITH.

WILLIAM NAISMITH is a native of Rothesay, but has carried on business as a draper in Paisley for upwards of fifteen years. He was first a partner in the firm of Parlane & Naismith, and now is a partner in the firm of Naismith & Scott, in High Street. Mr. Naismith is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gardner, bookseller, Paisley. He has long been a cultivator of the muse, and in 1872 he published a goodly-sized volume of poetical pieces, entitled "Visions of the Night, and other Poems," extending to 302 pages, and of these the "Visions of the Night" occupy 191 pages, while the remaining part of the volume is occupied with miscellaneous pieces. Mr. Naismith is little more than forty years of age, and, with a more matured and cultured mind, additional poems may be expected from his pen.

I shall first give an extract from Mr. Naismith's "Visions of the Night," and afterwards three of his miscellaneous pieces.

Dreams are the broken speeches of the soul,  
 The imprison'd utterance of a tongue  
 Not yet unloos'd from mortal sovereignty—  
 Souls' ceaseless sighs of infinite desires ;  
 Like instincts in the lower life of beasts,  
 Which sometimes seem involuntary thought,  
 Oft rising up from earth, foretell a state  
 To come of restoration from their bonds—  
 Like prisoner confined in narrow cell,  
 Nor far from light, nor friends, nor liberty,  
 But in the reach of all ; yet so remote  
 That all exerted thought exhausts itself,  
 And fails to put them in possession.



The light shines through the iron bars, and falls  
 On them in sympathy ; friends' faces, like  
 A spirit's touch in solitude, look in  
 And leave a lighted torch of hope and rest.  
 Liberty, like an angel in the sun,  
 Comes closer to the soul, and speaks in sounds  
 That bring sweet slumber in its melody,  
 And stretches out the limit of his cell  
 To boundaries commensurate with God.  
 But this is sympathy, not liberty ;  
 It is a dream ! a prophecy of soul !  
 A language known to spirit, and to God.

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#### THOUGHTS ON A STARRY NIGHT.

Tremble and bend low, my soul,—yonder orb  
 Shines without pause the glory of its King—  
 Beams bounteously on me—yet I absorb  
 All life in self—this soulless, human thing.  
 Bend low, with soul devout, breathe such desires  
 As such a joyless creature should express ;  
 Surrounding seraphs, from celestial fires,  
 Drop on my soul a living spark and bless.  
 Nature's wide bounds, with voluntary will,  
 Is full of worship and transcendant praise ;  
 In the deep vale and solitary hill  
 The echoes and the dirge are sacred lays.  
 Shall I, the grandest work of wondrous pow'r  
 With soul and sense, of gratitude have none ?  
 Teach me, Great God, beneath this starry hour,  
 How true to live, how well my course to run.

---

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring bells ! ring bells !! ye angel hands—  
 Bathe earth and sky in glad choràle ;  
 Roll through all hearts, roll round all lands—  
 A morning dawns—a morning shall  
 Expand in pean—"peace to man."

Ring bells ! ring bells with silver tongue ;  
 Ring them, ye seraphs, veiled awhile ;  
 Ring !—sweeter, clearer than ere rung—  
 Ring on ! and weary earth beguile,  
 With swelling pean—"peace to man."

Ring bells ! ring bells with angel song,  
 And angel greetings from the Throne ;  
 Ring back, O earth ! from mighty throng,  
 In echoing pean—zone to zone—  
 "Peace unto man ! peace unto man ! !"

Ring bells ! ring bells !! ye Ones who see  
 How great Earth's tide of tears is grown ;  
 Ring ! ring choràles ! ring—"no more sea"—  
 Ring it, ye voices at the Throne—  
 Ring, ring the pean—"peace to man."

Ring bells ! ye angel ringers, ring ! !  
 Your fingers *now* have touch of men ;  
 Aloft, *alone* no longer sing—  
 For men, from pole to pole, again  
 Shall shout the pean—"peace to man."

Ring bells ! sweet bells of angel tongue ;  
 On seraph wing strike star with song ;  
 Shout ! orb to orb, with mighty lung—  
 List to the pean—throng to throng—  
 In earth and heaven—"peace with man."

## THE PAST MUST DIE.

'Twas spoken at the first, by Nature ever true,  
That all things born must die, and death construct the new.

Nature does not preserve aught that she e'er creates ;  
She has no reverence, except for what she breaks.

She, from an atom, rears a planet's boundless size,  
And from its dust, dissolv'd, sublimer suns arise.

She will not, cannot keep, as men keep memories ;  
Nor will she shed a tear, as men, o'er yesterdays.

And what she does to-day, she does to have the morn ;  
And ever-green decay evolves the ever-born.

She has no *real* past ; she will not store her days,  
Nor fill her wealth in tomes, as men *their* histories.

This day alone has life, and yesterdays have none ;  
Let days of action pass, as sinks the western sun.

Earth's pages are divine—read them, ye living men !  
Live *now*, live ever *now*—the past has no Again.

Let each to-day melt past. If men were what they seem  
Each day, full ripe, would fade, and rise in fair sunbeam.

## JOHN COWAN.

JOHN COWAN was born in Causeyside Street, Paisley, on 18th March, 1840. His father was a native of the beautiful Island of Kerrera, which bounds the west side of the capacious bay of Oban, and came to Paisley in 1837. The son, after attending Mr. M'Lean's school in Causeyside Street, and afterwards night schools, to receive his education, learned the trade of a boilermaker. When his apprenticeship was completed, he left that trade, and commenced the business of a spirit dealer, which he has carried on in Paisley for upwards of twenty years, and does at present in Love Street. His love for writing verse has existed since he was twenty years of age, and has not been unsuccessful. I give some of his poetical pieces, which have not yet been collected and published in book form, and among others the popular song of the "Banner of Scotland," for which music was written by the late John Hayes, leader of the orchestra in Theatre-Royal, Paisley.

### THE BANNER OF SCOTLAND.

High the Scottish banner waves on Edinburgh Castle,  
 And there rests the sceptre that long had the sway,  
 And there the bright emblem, the green hardy thistle,  
 That rears its proud head on the steep rocky brae.  
 To the eye of a stranger the towers are romantic,  
 The ramparts are mounted with engines of war ;  
 They by the genius of man were invented,  
 And Scotland's gay capital defend near and far.

O, the banner of Scotland still waves on the Castle,  
 And there rests the sceptre that long had the sway ;  
 And there the bright emblem, the green hardy thistle,  
 Still rears its proud head on the steep rocky brae.

Swift is their shot, and loud sounds their rattle,  
 They dim the clear sky like a gale from the north ;  
 No foemen are near against to do battle—  
 The shot skims the waves of the Firth of the Forth.  
 Rude were their arms, yet bright was the glory,  
 When the rock was defended with armour and spears ;  
 By the annals of fame, in song and in story,  
 Scotland is proud of her brave mountaineers.

O'er the Royal Rock night casts its dark mantle,  
 The mists of the morning to the bright sun give way,  
 The brave Highlanders on the ramparts then marshal—  
 "Farewell to Auld Scotland" the pipers did play.  
 Firm they grasp their swords and brave every danger,  
 For the blood of their daughters lies red on the plain ;  
 For the deeds of Cawnpore they will be the avenger,  
 And come back the victors, or ne'er come again.

---

"TALISMAN" CREW.

*(Recited by the Author, John Cowan, at a Meeting of the Paisley men belonging to the Crew, and their Friends, on Friday, 28th January, 1876.)*

Scotchmen, to thy countrymen be true,  
 Help and free the "Talisman" crew !  
 They now in a dungeon lie,  
 There to moulder and to die.  
 Two years are nearly gone  
 Since they left their native home—  
 Left their wives and children dear,  
 Across the sea a ship to steer.  
 They sailed into a southern clime,  
 Were cast in prison without a crime ;  
 In a place unfit for men to live in,  
 In a place where fresh air is forbidden,  
 In a place—the sun it never shines !  
 In a place with vermin of all kinds,  
 In a place with thieves and murderers, too,  
 In a filthy prison in Peru.

If our Government do slumber,  
 Call with voices loud as thunder !  
 Make them rise, their duty do,  
 And force the rulers of Peru  
 To liberate the "Talisman" crew.  
 To the call a Cameron came—  
 One who is worthy of the name ;  
 From St. Stephen's he did hail,  
 His sword and armour was the *Mail*.  
 Not like the Camerons of yore,  
 Who fought with target and claymore—  
 He used his paper and his pen  
 When fighting brave to free the men.  
 Our Tory Ministers were slow to move,  
 The seaman's innocence Cameron did prove ;  
 By what he proved the British Consul should retire,  
 For all was false that he did wire ;  
 And all was wrong that they did do—  
 The rebel tyrants of Peru.  
 Then they took them from their prison,  
 Like martyrs from their caves ;  
 Put them on board the ship "Britannia"—  
 A name we boast that rules the waves !—  
 Sent by sea to their own nation,  
 Without a trial or compensation.  
 After two months passed at sea,  
 They have arrived safe and free ;  
 And we have got their own true tale  
 Printed in the *Daily Mail*.<sup>1</sup>

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#### STRAIGHT TIPS FROM AN OLD BRITISH TAR.

I am a jolly old sea dog, just fresh from the brine,  
 An old son of Neptune am I,  
 Who likes to have all things above board and square,  
 And to keep them so, always I try.

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<sup>1</sup> The crew of the "Talisman," in 1876, suffered a long and tyrannical imprisonment at Lima on the part of the Peruvian Government, for some alleged breach of their laws. The release of the British seamen was only obtained by the British Government after great delay on the part of that foreign Power.

My stay must be brief, for I'm just upon leave,  
 To see how the folks are going on ;  
 Somehow it strikes me, since I've been to sea,  
 You're all going very much wrong.  
 I know how things should be, within a few miles,  
 And I say they're not right as they are ;  
 Though perhaps I am wrong, yet I'll tell in my song  
 What I call the straight tip from an old British Tar.

In the days when big armies—they seem all the go—  
 All the world seems preparing for war ;  
 No wonder that Britain should ridiculed be  
 For the army that she keeps in store.  
 But whate'er may befall us, there's thousands of hearts  
 To the Queen ever faithful and true—  
 Though some folks may sneer at our Volunteers,  
 And rough-coated Militiamen too.  
 Although they are rough, they are the right sort of stuff  
 To uphold England's glorious star,  
 And on land or at sea, they've a true friend in me—  
 " Good luck to them all !" says the old British Tar.

Curiosities now they seem all the go,  
 Although we have plenty in store,  
 There is another one now, of a different kind,  
 Erected to them on her shores ;  
 Cleopatra's Needle, of course, is the one,  
 And ten thousand pounds it has cost,  
 And to make matters worse, over this foolish thing  
 Now five precious lives have been lost.  
 Instead, then, of squandering such fabulous sums,  
 It would be more to their credit by far  
 If they'd give it to lessen our great pauper list—  
 And that's the straight tip from an old British Tar.

Our land is abounding with good men and true,  
 Who daily gain honour and fame ;  
 But I know of one who is better than all,  
 And brave Samuel Plimsoll's his name.  
 You folks upon shore, you cannot conceive  
 What a friend to the tar he has been ;  
 In all parts of the world, where'er our ships sail,  
 The fruits of his work's to be seen.

'Midst the storm in a good ship the sailors feel safe,  
Plimsoll's work there shines out like a star ;  
He deserves all the praise and reward that he gets—  
And that's the straight tip from an old British Tar.

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## THE BLUE-COAT BOY.

I am blue-coat boy, you see,  
And of it I am proud ;  
Although of riches I can't boast,  
Still I am with sense endow'd ;  
And so I can appreciate  
The lesson I am taught,  
And still an hour can find sometimes  
To have some jolly sport.

The blue-coat boys, the blue-coat boys,  
Each have their share of troubles and joys ;  
While on our future bent, we're happy and content,  
And proud of the name of the blue-coat boys.

Our school is everywhere renowned,  
And well deserves its name,  
For many taught within its walls  
Have risen high in fame ;  
And so their bright example  
Will make us persevere  
To add our name to that fair scroll  
Which Britons hold so dear.

Some people think our dress is strange,  
And with contempt they stare  
When they see us in the street  
With head quite free and bare.  
We laugh at trifles such as these,  
And to ourselves confess  
It is the heart that makes the boy,  
And not the costly dress.

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## REV. JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

REV. JAMES CUNNINGHAM is a native of Paisley, having been born in Espedair Street, in 1840. His father, Alexander Cunningham, is 73 years of age, and is in business in Paisley as a cloth-lapper. James received his early education at the Grammar School; and it having been resolved that he should be a minister of the Gospel, he completed his studies at the Glasgow University. In April, 1865, Mr. Stephens, principal assistant to Mr. Reid, the headmaster of the English department in the Grammar School, Paisley, resigned, and Mr. Cunningham (then a Divinity student) was appointed to fill that situation temporarily until other arrangements should be made. Mr. Cunningham continued to hold that appointment till the end of the session, in July following. Mr. Reid retired altogether from the situation he held, and was succeeded by Mr. Donaldson. Some time afterwards, Mr. Cunningham received his license to preach; and was chosen by the Free Church congregation in Girvan to be their minister, and was ordained to discharge the duties of the pastorate in November, 1867. He remained in that charge till 1872, when he was elected by the congregation of Longsight Presbyterian Church, Manchester, to be their pastor, and was inducted on 8th February in that year. While holding this appointment, he on two occasions gave public expression to his literary taste and ability. In 1873 he published, in pamphlet form, a lecture delivered by himself, entitled "Sound and Shallow; or, Learning and Information;" and three years afterwards, in 1876, another pamphlet was published by him, entitled "On Unitarianism: an Exposition." Mr. Cunningham accepted a call from the congregation of

the "Wandsworth Memorial Church," London, and was inducted in September, 1877. This church was erected in 1873 to commemorate the first Presbytery formed in England, in 1573. Mr. Cunningham still discharges the clerical duties in connection with that church, and the manse belonging thereto is called "Espedair." Mr. Cunningham's predilection for poetry was of early growth, for it was at the age of eighteen that he composed the poetical piece on Tannahill's Well, which, along with another, follows this brief sketch of the life of the reverend gentleman.

LINES WRITTEN AT TANNAHILL'S WELL.

A costlier stone, with finer chisel wrought,  
Might better have displayed the craftsman's skill ;  
But would the file have greater honour brought  
To thy sweet memory, gentle Tannahill ?

More fit memorial is this little rill,  
Caught as it bubbles from the mountain crest ;  
Where rural wanderers may quaff their fill,  
As on the little rustic seat they rest.

A few years more, the spot shall sweeter grow :  
O'er the cool basin arching boughs shall spread,  
And on the spring a deeper shadow throw,  
While Nature's minstrels warble overhead.

When summer fragrance fills the mountain air,  
And Nature's flowery gems adorn the sward,  
The town's stray groups shall to this spot repair,  
To view the place that once inspired a bard.

And even when "gloomy winter" blights the scene,  
And bitter winds blow keenly o'er the brae,  
Though hill and dale be wrapt in snowy sheen,  
Still to the spot some pilgrim's feet shall stray.

And let our gratitude be his reward  
Whose pious hand has decked this classic spot,  
And reared this first memorial of a bard  
Whose unmarked grave the world had nigh forgot.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Saddened with death, the autumn wind came weeping,  
    Blighting the beauty of the country-side,  
And leaving many a childless mother weeping  
    Before the fall of the third evening-tide.

The tears that round the dying couch were shed,  
    And on the lifeless form are dried for ever,  
Some will forget ere all their time hath sped,  
    But there are some that will forget thee never.

Thy sylph-like form and little fairy face  
    Long years shall never from my heart erase ;  
While reason reigns and memory holds her place,  
    Thou'lt mingle with my thoughts of bygone days.

O pleasing Faith, to which our hope we owe  
    That pictures her no tenant of the grave,  
But heavenward borne from this dark world of woe,  
    Ransomed from death by Him who died to save.

And since her guileless soul has soared aloft  
    To realms which sin and death have ne'er defiled ;  
Like " Lucy Gray " of whom she rhymed so oft,  
    We will maintain she is a living child.

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## ROBERT FISHER.

ROBERT FISHER was born at Prestwick, on 13th February, 1840. He received his school education partly at the parish school of Prestwick and partly at Maybole Academy. His father being a hand-loom weaver to trade, Robert worked two years along with him. He then left the loom, and, after being a farm-servant for some time, he served an apprenticeship of five years to the trade of ship carpenter at Troon. For some time thereafter he was in vessels trading to the West Coast of Africa and other places. After working at his trade on the Clyde, he commenced business as a bookseller and stationer in Dumfries. Leaving that town, he came to reside in Paisley (where he is now) to work at the trade he had learned—that of ship carpenter. Robert Fisher, whose wife is a native of Paisley, commenced to write verses at an early age. In 1880 he collected and published the best of his poetical pieces in book form, entitled “Poetical Sparks,” which has since that time gone through two editions, and of these I give some specimen pieces.

## WEE CATCHY-CATCHY.

Wee Catchy-Catchy, come here an' get your dook,  
 And don't begin your tantrums, nor gi'e a thrawin' look ;  
 Ye've been dabblin' in the dirt again wi' ither weans, I guess ;  
 Jist see your claes, clean on the day—mercy, sic a mess !

Ye needna greet nor hing your heid, for weel ye ken it's true ;  
 I dinna ken on a' this earth what I'm to dae wi' you ;  
 To watch you I micht dae nocht else frae early morn till nicht ;  
 They ha'ena got their wark to seek that try to keep you richt.

Jump in, my stumper, jist at yince, I'll wash you owre the heid,  
 And scrub you weel wi' sunlicht soap till ye're as clean's a bead ;  
 I'll pack you in the blankets till ye're as warm's a pie,  
 But even there ye winna rest nor let the ithers lie.

You're unco ready wi' your hauns, and gran' at scartin' weans ;  
 It'll no be very long, I trow, till ye be throwin' stanes ;  
 I think, as far as I can see, ye'll maun to haud your ain ;  
 You're like to break my vera heart, you're sic a steerin' wean.

An' you, ye wee bit yochil, hoo ye'll cock up your nose,  
 An' think ye ha'e a perfect richt to steal wee Jamie's brose ;  
 Wi' the cheek o' ony miller's horse, ye shove your nose aye ben,  
 Thinkin' everything becomes you, jist like mony aulder men.

Do you see your careworn daddie workin' through the rain and sleet—  
 Gey gled even to get wark to dae to get ye claes an' meat.  
 Wark's been scarce an' times been hard, o' baith we've had oor share ;  
 An' yet we've never wanted, through oor Great Provider's care.

An' you're the youngest noo o' seven—no ane a groat can earn,  
 An' four o' them are at the school, an' they ha'e much to learn ;  
 We've had an unco battle, but we'll aiblins wauchle roon',  
 An' drive the wolf back frae the door, an' keep the causey croon.

O ! Catchy, when you're sleepin' 'mong the blankets snug an' ticht,  
 In a warm an' cosy hoose, wi' a big fire burnin' bricht,  
 Do ye no' dream o' the puir wee boys that's rinnin' on the street,  
 Thrang selling evenin' papers, wi' naething on their feet.

Jist think how mony hameless bairns ha'e neither meat nor claes,  
 Brocht up in dens o' darkness in big cities a' their days ;  
 Nae bricht green fields, nor trees, nor birds, nor burns, they ever see ;  
 The greatest comfort they receive is when they come to dee.

Nae Christmas toys nor New-Year gifts frae parents true an' kind,  
 Nae nice wee story books to read to store the youthful mind ;  
 But thanks to Mr. Quarrier, Mr. Spurgeon, an' the rest,  
 Whose noble efforts for their good have been so greatly blest.

But, Catchy, ye maun gang tae bed and I maun stop my rhyme,  
 I hope you'll turn a better boy an' aiblins mend through time ;  
 But O ! I needna preach to you—you're no' that vera auld,  
 There's mony an aulder lamb than you has waun'ered frae the fauld.

I hope you'll get a bath yet in the fountain pure an' good,  
 The streams o' which are never dry, supplied wi' Jesus' blood,  
 Who came to cleanse our fallen race, an' wash the worl' frae sin ;  
 An' when your wark is din doon here, He'll tak' you up abune.

## GLENIFFER'S BONNIE GLEN.

*Dedicated to William Fulton, Esq. of the Glen.*

I wandered owre Gleniffer Braes ae bonnie simmer morn ;  
The warblers piped their sweetest lays frae spreading tree an' thorn ;  
The earth in a' her beauteous robes was dress'd in glorious sheen,  
The sun was glistenin' through the glades an' burstin' on the scene.

I saw the sparklin' burnie wimpling sweetly doun the glen,  
An' sat beside the limpinn' linn that kiss'd the mossy den ;  
I pu'ed the modest primrose, the fern, an' scented brier,  
An' thocht that Nature's choicest gems were truly centred here.

I wandered up the bonnie glen an' stood beside the well,  
Where Tannahill had often felt the Muse's mystic spell,  
An' wrote in lonely solitude his sweetest songs o' glee  
That charm the hearts o' Scotia's sons in toun an' countrie.

I could hae strayed the livelong day amang the beauties rare :  
O what a solace there I found to drive away dull care !  
I searched for Nature's treasures deep in ilka fairy den,  
An' pictured with supreme delight the beauties o' the Glen.

I took my little youngsters and showed them roun' the place,  
An' taught them how to reverence the God of sovereign grace,  
Who wrote this book of Nature, with its pictures rich an' rare,  
To cheer our sinkin' hearts in life an' lighten a' our care.

Awa' wi' a' your city sports, though pleasant they may be ;  
I hate the bustle an' the strife—they have nae charms for me :  
Gie me the scented zephyr o' my ain dear native hills,  
The woodnotes o' the warblers, the ripplin' o' the rills—

The calm an' sweet serenity awa' frae mortal ken,  
When the gloamin' throws her mantle owre the woodlands an' the glen,  
An' the flowers hae closed their eyelids, the songsters gone to sleep,  
An' the sun gane doun in glory owre the fountains o' the deep.

The owner o' this fairy land is liberal, true, an' kind ;  
O ! would that all our merchant peers had such a noble mind—  
While in the march of progress they're foremost in the van,  
*They* recognised the social rights an' brotherhood of man.

O ! how reluctantly I left this sweet romantic spot :  
 Although I've roamed in foreign lands, their beauties charmed me not  
 Like the wild an' lonely grandeur o' the dear land o' my birth,  
 That sparkles like a diamond on the bosom o' the earth.

---

#### A WALK THROUGH INCHINNAN CHURCHYARD.

The leaves were beginning to fall from the trees,  
 And were carried away on the mild autumn breeze ;  
 And the sweet flowers of summer had nearly all gone,  
 Except a few annuals left blooming alone ;  
 And the young country rustics, with hearts full of mirth,  
 Were busy in-gathering the fruits of the earth ;  
 The bees that had wrought in the sweet-scented bowers  
 Seem'd taking farewell of the last little flowers.  
 We hurried away, with hearts free from sorrow,  
 To the beautiful precincts of old Renfrew Burgh,  
 And onward we pass'd o'er the clear river Cart,  
 Beholding the beauties of Nature and art ;  
 We look'd 'round us a little, and then took our way  
 Through Blythswood's fair policies, splendid and gay.  
 We walked through Inchinnan's sequester'd churchyard,  
 Its tombstones were fring'd with the long grassy sward ;  
 The finger of Time had fill'd the letters with moss,  
 But we still could distinguish the legible cross.  
 We were fill'd with amazement, and earnestly bent  
 On beholding the relics of Romish descent ;  
 Centuries have pass'd, their visage is marr'd,  
 But still they are held in peculiar regard  
 As objects of interest to all passers by,  
 Reminding each one that they also must die.

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#### LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF TEAPOT TAM :

##### A WELL-KNOWN GLASGOW CHARACTER.

I kenna what we'll dae ava—  
 Puir Teapot Tam is noo awa  
 Frae 'mang the winter's frost and snaw,  
                     And worldly cares ;  
 He stood full many a bitter blaw  
                     Near Campbell Blair's.

As through Jamaica Street we gang  
Amang the busy crushing thrang,  
Oor hearts maun surely gie a pang --  
    He'll no be there ;  
His gentle form that stood sae lang  
    We'll ne'er see mair.

Just like a statue lang he stood  
Wi' glowering een, and faced the crood ;  
He didna beg, nor wisna rude--  
    But rather blate ;  
Nane ever heard him speaking loud--  
    He aye kept quate.

Through winter's bitter rain and blast,  
His evening papers firm and fast,  
He held on to the very last,  
    To see, nae doot,  
If some kind freens that onward passed  
    Wad buy them oot.

His weird-like form and shrivelled skin  
I'll-fitted was to stan' the win' ;  
Wi' shilpit hauns, sae lang and thin,  
    And body bent ;  
He wrocht and focht his wee time in,  
    And seemed content.

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## MARGARET BALLANTYNE.

MARGARET BALLANTYNE is a native of Paisley. Her father was a weaver to trade, and lived at No. 12 Castle Street, where he died on 12th April, 1863, aged 74 years. Margaret, who is now in middle age, commenced to write verses when a little under twenty years of age. She has now a goodly collection of poetical pieces, many of which have appeared in the local press, and from these I select the following :—

### R E S T.

The lark it rests, then it soars away  
Far up in its airy flight,  
Pouring its song in its Maker's ear,  
Far away from human sight.

The river rests, then it glides along  
Away to the restless sea  
Which never rests, but, with ebb and flow,  
Must ever moving be.

The trees they rest ere they bud and swell,  
And burst into blossom so bright ;  
They dance so free in the summer breeze,  
And bask in the sun's clear light.

The mother rests with her lovely babe,  
As she kisses his rosy cheek,  
As she sits and watches his slumbers calm,  
While angels their vigils keep.

The schoolboy rests, as in gleeful mood  
He slides o'er the frozen ground ;  
The merry shouts of his comrades gay  
Make the hills and woods resound.

*Paisley, 1882.*

## FLOWERS AND THEIR MISSION.

Now, sweet little flowers, come tell me, I pray,  
What is your mission this glad summer day,  
As you scatter your odours and perfume the air?—  
Sure nothing you know of sorrow or care.

“ We give the bees food from our sweet-scented bells,  
And they store it away in their wonderful cells ;  
We gladden the hearts of the children at play,  
While they gather our treasures, then fling them away ;

“ We fill the lone heart of the widow with cheer,  
And help her to brush from her cheek the sad tear,  
Then speak of that bright and that glorious time  
When she in the light of her Saviour shall shine ;

“ We strengthen the traveller, weary and sad,  
And say there's a time when he yet may be glad, --  
That He who still watches a flow'ret so fair  
Will stoop down to answer his half-uttered prayer ;

“ We kindle the light in the dying one's eye,  
And brighten the smile as the end draweth nigh,  
And, ere he is borne to his bright home above,  
We whisper kind words of comfort and love.”

Then, sweet little flower, let us all learn from thee  
To carry bright sunshine wherever we be ;  
Let us wait on God's providence every dark hour,  
And take what he sends, be it sunshine or shower.

1874.

## ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE, gardener, Oakshawhead House, Paisley, is a native of the Parish of Luss ; and, after receiving his education at the parochial school there, he came to Paisley in early youth. Mr. Johnstone's intelligence leads him to understand theoretically as well as practically the science of horticulture, and he takes an active interest in several of the horticultural associations in Paisley. At present (1888) he is the vice-president of the Paisley and West of Scotland Horticultural Association. Mr. Johnstone having accepted a situation in Edinburgh possessing superior advantages to the one he held in Paisley, a number of his friends met in the Globe Hotel on 8th November, 1888, on the occasion of his leaving the town. They presented to him a beautiful illuminated address, signed by Dougal M'Dougal, President of the Paisley Horticultural Society ; by Hector Brown, President, Paisley Amateur Florist Society ; by James Beveridge, President, Paisley and West of Scotland Horticultural Association ; by James Maxwell, President, Paisley Florist Society ; by John Erskine, President, Paisley Florist Society ; by Robert H. Thomson, Chairman of Mr. Johnstone's Committee ; by Robert Macfee, treasurer, and John Pattison, secretary, all expressing the high esteem in which he is held by his florist friends, both gardeners and amateurs, and also of all those who have been otherwise associated with him during his long residence in Paisley. The company also presented Mr. Johnstone with a purse of sovereigns, and presentations were at the same time made to him for Mrs. Johnstone of a gold brooch, and to Miss Johnstone of an umbrella. Mr.

Johnstone has given some of his time also to the writing of verse, and the following is from his pen :—

## REMINISCENCES OF LUSS.

My wandering thoughts are straying  
 To Lochlomond's lovely shore,  
 Where blaeberrys and slaes were gathered oft  
 In happy days of yore.

In fancy I can plainly see  
 Thy lake of azure blue,  
 And view thy heather-purpled knowes  
 Bedecked with mornjng dew.

Or, standing by thy pebbled strand,  
 Or sauntering through the dell,  
 I seem to hear thy wavelets fall  
 Like the murmur of the shell.

I also see the village church  
 Just peeping through the trees,  
 Which seem to bow their great tall heads  
 In answer to the breeze.

And round the church the graveyard lies,  
 So small, and yet so dear ;  
 I love to tread its sacred paths,  
 For dear old friends lie here.

And weel I mind the twa-roomed schule—  
 How hard we thocht its laws !—  
 I'll ne'er forget until I dee  
 The master's great lang tawse.

And, then, we got sic fun at nichts,  
 Playing shinty roun' the toun.  
 Wha hisna mind o' " Bully's Hole,"  
 Whaur the wee yins learnt to soom !

Farewell ! ye visioned scenes so fair !  
 Which time can ne'er efface ;  
 I'll call again and visit thee,  
 My dear, auld native place.

## DAVID RAESIDE.

DAVID RAESIDE was born in the Parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire, in 1841. His parents and he soon afterwards came to reside in Paisley. Although living in a very humble way, his parents made an effort to bring out their son in the ministry, as his abilities were of the most promising kind. But, while attending the classes in the University of Glasgow, his health unfortunately gave way, and he was forced therefore to give up his studies. From his youth he was given to writing verses, and, while suffering from bad health, he amused and comforted himself with the composing of hymns and songs. He died at Paisley in 1865, aged 24 years. A volume of "Hymns and Poems" from his pen was published after his death.

## W I N T E R.

There's nae grain on the field, there's nae leaf on the tree,  
 There's nae snile on yon broad sun that's glowerin' at me ;  
 There's nae bricht neuck o' blue tae be seen in the sky  
 As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Ae day gaes by greetin' big rain-drops o' tears,  
 An' they fa' on the cauld pow that auld Nature wears ;  
 But they bring nae fresh leaves whaur the wither'd anes lie  
 As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Neist day gaes by mournin' wi' nae tears tae shed,  
 An' it breathes its cauld breath on the things that are dead,  
 An' it soughs through the trees wi' a sorrowfu' cry  
 As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

Anither gangs glisterin' wi' frost and wi' snaw,  
 As it creeps o'er the bare fields an' covers them a' ;  
 O ! there's little in Nature to gladden the eye  
 As the cauld days o' winter gae gloomily by.

But the Spring yet will come clothed with verdure again,  
 Then let this cheer the heart 'mang the storm and the rain ;  
 And in life's leafless winter keep this in your eye,—  
 That fresh buds will outburst when cauld winter's gane by.

## WILLIAM M'PHERSON.

WILLIAM M'PHERSON was born in Love Street, Paisley, on 12th February, 1842. His father, Joseph M'Pherson, was also a native of Paisley, and worked at hand-loom weaving. William, when nine years of age, was sent by his father to the farm of Railey, in the parish of Houston, occupied by John Jackson, to herd sheep and to work about the farm. He was seven years there, and the four sons of John Jackson were very kind to him. They taught him in the evenings both to read and to write, for he had not previously received any education at school. After being three years more at two different farms, at one of which he learned to plough, he came back to Railey, and served with the Langs for five years, one of his principal duties being to take butter and milk to Paisley to be sold there. At this time he formed the resolution of leaving farm work to learn a trade, and this resolve he carried out by serving in Paisley an apprenticeship of five years as a joiner. He afterwards worked as a carpenter for five years on board of vessels at sea. Since then he has worked as a joiner in shipbuilding yards on the Clyde, and at present he is engaged at the joiner trade in Paisley. He remains unmarried.

Mr. M'Pherson at the early age of sixteen commenced to try the writing of poetry, and some of his pieces have appeared in the newspapers.

### THE STICK-SELLER.

As sure as the clock in our steeple chimes six,  
 Every day in our streets can be seen  
 A wee feeble frame 'neath a burden of sticks,  
 The wee orphan lad, Johnnie Green.

In tatters and rags he wauchles awa' ;  
 On his wee feet shoes never were seen,  
 While the bluid frae the hacks in his heels dyes the snaw,  
 Still he never was heard to compleen.

But he wauchled alang, and this was his sang—  
 “ Fine sticks, rosity sticks !  
 Ony sticks the day, Jenny—four bunches a-penny ?  
 Of their size, lass, how can you compleen ?  
 See the strings I've to buy, chop, bundle, and tie ;  
 Take pity on poor Johnny Green.”

In the miserable hovel where his poor mother died,  
 There, chopper in hand, Johnnie sits ;  
 Unheeded, uncared for, he sobs and he sighs,  
 As he bundles his rosity sticks.  
 When fatigued and worn out, on some rags he lays down,  
 For his pillow two common clay bricks ;  
 Still, as soon as the six o'clock bell gies a sound  
 He's up and awa' wi' his sticks.

With hard day's toil over, although somewhat late,  
 I entered this orphan boy's home ;  
 By the last dying ember that stood in the grate  
 I scarcely could see his wee form.  
 By the aid of a faggot's dim glimmering glare,  
 My throbbing heart got in a fix :  
 There, kneeling, I thought, in the sweetness of prayer,  
 Tying up his wee bundle of sticks.

But horror I felt, as I stretched forth my hand  
 To his pale lips to feel for his breath ;  
 Without fire, food, or light, or a friend in the land,  
 There he knelt in the coldness of death !  
 I brushed off a tear that rose quick to my eye  
 As I gazed on the rags and the bricks ;  
 With the strings tightly grasped in his hands, he had died  
 Tying up his last bundle of sticks.

O how I thought in my innermost heart,  
 Could I write the sad tale of this boy,  
 That matrons and maidens might kindness impart  
 To such others, 'twould give me great joy.

O rather than jeer at them, give them your aid,  
 Spare them your sups and your bits ;  
 By the same Potter's wheel those dear ones are made,  
 Altho' they cry "Rosity sticks."

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A HUMBLE TRIBUTE

FROM A POOR FRIEND, BUT AN ARDENT LOVER, OF ROBERT DEANS,<sup>1</sup>  
 ON HIS LEAVING HIS NATIVE LAND FOR INDIA.

Affection's sternest, bitterest blast  
 Has ever seemed to be my doom ;  
 The treacherous hour's arrived at last  
 Which leaves me in the deepest gloom.  
 cannot in my heart confine  
 The cause of all this sad, sad gloom ;  
 I fear, I fear 'twill languish, pine  
 Unto an all too-early tomb.

For him in whom my highest hopes,  
 And fondest, dearest, deepest love,  
 My heart's become like barren rocks,  
 Its functions mad, they wildly rove.  
 For why, the dearest friend to me  
 Must shortly leave his native shore,  
 And cross the wide wide Indian sea,  
 Perchance I'll never see him more.

Pure, pure his heart, true was his love,  
 His hand to meanness ne'er inclined,  
 No one on earth can better prove  
 Than I, he soon must leave behind.  
 He proved a brother dear to me,  
 For such my tears shall freely flow ;  
 And O ! wherever he shall be  
 My humble heart would fondly go.

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Deans is the eldest son of the highly-respected Mr. Francis Deans, postmaster, Paisley.



Accept this humble tribute here,  
Penury says I can't give more ;  
May God be near to guide and cheer,  
And land you save on yonder shore.  
But ere you leave your native land,  
Where fragrance blooms the most sublime,  
As parting friends, join hand in hand—  
Here, take this hand, this heart of mine.

Yon sun shall stay its speedy flight,  
Stand, as 'twere Joshua's great command,  
The moon refuse her silver light,  
The seas engulf the solid land,  
The heavens be rolled up in a scroll,  
Myself bereft of all my frien's,  
God shall demand his own, my soul,  
Ere I forget you—Robert Deans.

*February, 1888.*

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## REV. JAMES PATON.

REV. JAMES PATON was born on 2nd April, 1843, at Torthorwald, amongst the hills betwixt Annandale and Nithsdale. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children born to his parents, James Paton and Janet Jardine Rogerson. Three of these are ministers of the gospel, the other two being Rev. Walter R. Paton, Chapelton, near Strathaven, and Rev. John G. Paton, the New Hebrides missionary. The father was originally a stocking manufacturer, but devoted the latter half of his life to religious work throughout four adjoining rural parishes; and left behind him when he died, in 1868, a very pious memory.

Mr. Paton, after receiving the first of his education at the parish school, at the age of fourteen went to Glasgow University, where he graduated, and was licensed as a probationer in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. After several years of active and useful service with that body, he joined, in 1873, the Church of Scotland along with his congregation, who erected the church, manse, and hall for the new parish of Flowerhill, Airdrie. He accepted a call from the congregation of St. George's Parish Church, Paisley, and was inducted to the pastorate on 30th October, 1879. Mr. Paton, after being upwards of two years in that charge, accepted a call from the congregation of the Parish Church of St. Paul's, Glasgow, where he has since ministered.

Mr. Paton from early youth was a fervent admirer of the muse. In 1870 he published "The Children's Psalms: Further Meditations and further Spiritual Songs on the 23rd Psalm;" in 1875, "Leila and other Poems;" in 1881, "Songs of the Scotch Worthies," the first edition under the *nom de plume* of "J. P. Wellwood," and the second edition in his own name. In 1884 he published "The New

Nobility ; or, The Christian Commune." He has, besides, published several pamphlets on "The Church Question in Scotland," &c., &c. I give some extracts from his spirited and able work, "Lays of the Scotch Worthies," already mentioned. It was published by Mr. Alexander Gardner, Paisley.

## PATRICK HAMILTON.

Forth came the noble Hamilton,  
 Prepared for Christ to die ;  
 Joy gleamed his face, and O ! the light  
 Of God was in his eye !  
 He called a servant to his side  
 That had been kind and true,  
 And thus, with words of gentle grace,  
 Bade him the long adieu :  
 " This purse and these poor clothes of mine  
 Are all I have to leave,  
 Save the example of my death—  
 O do not vainly grieve !  
 Remember, painful though it be,  
 It is the Gate of Life to me  
 And End of all my woes—  
 A gate through which no soul shall go  
 That's false to Jesus Christ below,  
 Or friendly with His foes."  
 They chained him to the stake, and piled  
 The coals and timber round ;  
 They fired the powder-træin, and smiled  
 To see the flame-tongues leaping wild  
 Upon their victim bound.

## WALTER MILL.

Dear Walter Mill, the parish priest  
 Of Lunan, claims my lay ;  
 The last who perished at the stake  
 In Scotland, for the Gospel's sake,  
 Before the sun of Freedom burst  
 Full on our northern day—

Whose white hair curling in the flame,  
 At eighty years and two  
 Strangled the snake of Rome, and all  
 Its fangs of poison drew !

From town to town, from farm to farm,  
 A white-haired pilgrim strolled,  
 Shunning all paths of public Fame,  
 Yet shedding, wherso'er he came,  
 Through Popish night, that Gospel light  
 Which leads to Jesus' fold.

From farm to farm, from town to town,  
 Feeble and gravewards tottering down—

The white-haired preacher moved ;  
 Gazing, with child-like fresh surprise,  
 On glories of the earth and skies

In the old land he loved—

Thus, for the last time, drinking in

Its beauties glad and free,

Sighing—" Take but away the sin,

This Earth were Heaven to me !"

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#### BONNIE TROUTIE.

The gloamin' saftly 'gan to fa',

And a' the stir o' life was still,

When, wi' my fishing-wand, awa'

I wended doon the dreary hill.

Tweed rowed her waters braid and fair

Afore me like a siller sea ;

Peace slumbered on her bosom bare

And smiled contentment back on me.

Out ower her clear expansive breast

The gleg-winged swallows lightly skim ;

And louping trout, wi' speckled crest,

Made gleesome dance aroon' her brim.

Wi' tentie care I coost my line,

And glowered wi' eager staring e'en,—

When lo ! she made the waters shine,

And lashed them high wi' angry spleen.

I gied her tackle till she tired,  
 Then gently wiled her near the side ;  
 A bonnier trout ye ne'er desired,  
 For bonnier never swam the tide.  
 O ! 'twas a plump and pretty trout,  
 As ever fisher caught or hook it ;  
 I wadna hairm't, but wheeled about  
 And to my garden well-spring took it.  
 And there my bonnie troutie swam,  
 As happy as the day was lang ;  
 She kenned my vera step, and cam'  
 To greet me with a joyous bang.  
 Wi' mine ain hand I fed her weel,  
 And straked her back, sae glossy sleek ;  
 Syne wad she dance a water-reel,  
 Or play some ither diving freak.  
 O ! dearly did we lo'e each other,  
 That bonnie speckled trout and I ;  
 And whiled through many hours thegither,  
 Nor lacked a sympathetic tie.  
 But black befa' that waesome day  
 A fause wayfarer reached my cell !  
 I cheered and sent him glad away—  
 He stole my troutie frae the well !  
 O ! human hearts are hard as flint,  
 And cauld as bars o' shining steel ;  
 Thou cruel wretch, thy death be in't,  
 And suffer—gif thou wunna feel.  
 That trout was mair than gowd to me,  
 To thee it was but worth itsel' ;  
 Amaist I wish my heart wad dee—  
 Noo when I see that empty well.  
 Fa', thickly fa', thou saut, saut tear,  
 Till I my heavy sorrows tell :  
 That troutie was my lassie dear,  
 My lo'esome heart, that garden well.  
 O, with what pangs my heart-strings thrill,  
 To think what fate our loves befell !  
 That troutie was my darling girl—  
 My loveless heart, that empty well.

## DUNCAN M'PHAIL.

DUNCAN M'PHAIL was born at Elderslie on 26th January, 1844. He received his early education at the village school, but owes more to self-education thereafter. His father, Archibald M'Phail, was a native of Tarbert, Argyleshire, and was a handloom weaver to trade. His father and mother were great readers of books. In 1864, his father left Elderslie, with his family, to reside in Paisley, in order to obtain employment more readily. His son, Duncan M'Phail, entered a draper's shop in Johnstone in the spring of 1857, and in 1864 went with his parents to reside in Paisley, and afterwards, when he got married to a native of Paisley, to a house of his own in that town. At this time, he filled a situation in the counting-house of Messrs. Finlayson, Bousfield, & Co., Johnstone. He holds a high position in the same firm at present, but he considers himself a "Paisley man," from having lived fourteen years in our town. Mr. M'Phail was about 17 years of age when he conceived the idea of writing verses, after reading some productions which he thought he could equal. To fit himself for accomplishing this resolution, he commenced, at night schools, to study English grammar and composition, and to attend classes to receive instruction in Latin and also in French, all this being continued for several years. He has contributed to the *People's Friend* and other papers. For this paper he wrote in former years a number of pieces of verse and also a variety of prose articles on literary subjects. He has likewise written a good deal for the newspapers. When the Free Library and Museum in Paisley were opened to the inhabitants in 1870, he composed a cantata to cele-

brate that great event, a copy of which herewith follows. The poetical piece was afterwards published, accompanied with appropriate music prepared by Mr. Roy Fraser, and it became very popular. I also give a copy of some of his other poetical pieces, which are all highly creditable to his muse.

CANTATA FOR THE OPENING OF THE PAISLEY FREE  
PUBLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

Jehovah, Thee Supreme we own,  
And worship at Thy Sacred Throne.  
All things that are, O Lord, are Thine :  
The cattle on a thousand hills,  
And all the treasures of the mine.

Thou givest all that's good and fair,  
Adornest earth with beauty rare :  
The woods, the vales, majestic sea  
And wondrous things that are therein,  
Have all been made, O Lord, by Thee.

By Thee doth Science shed her light,  
Dispelling ignorance's night ;  
By it we read the starry skies  
And secrets held by rock and stone,  
So let our song to thee arise.

O noble hearts that first conceived the thought,  
O noble science that matured the plan,  
O noble art in this pile thou hast wrought  
A monument of science, art, and man.

Hither shall honoured age repair  
In search of the antique and rare,  
Here oft unwearied shall he pore  
O'er tomes of quaint and curious lore.

Beside him youth, with eyes all bright,  
Drinking in visions of delight  
From many a Poet's glowing rhyme  
O' the world in the youth of time.

“The young Leander toiling thro' the sea,”  
 With Hero waiting on the further shore ;  
 The story of grief-stricken Niobe,  
 Who on the rugged heights of Sipylus  
 Sits pensively, and, weeping, doth deplore  
 Her children lost to her for evermore.

Here earnest students thought for food will find,  
 Yea, all that's fitted to enrich the mind.  
 Here Science, with her handmaid Art, shall dwell,  
 And court admirers from the busy throng—  
 Rare secrets to their votaries they tell,  
 And well deserve the tribute of our song.

O noble knight of honoured name,  
 The meed of praise to thee we owe,  
 And well may every bosom glow,  
 And every voice shout forth thy fame.  
 Now let us strike the golden lyre,  
 And raise the soul-inspiring song ;  
 With rapture touch each trembling wire  
 And let the thrilling numbers roll along,  
 For honour to the worthy doth belong.

---

NEWTON WOODS.

O Newton Woods, when I was young  
 And days were long, I roamed beneath your trees,  
 And listened while the birds of summer sung  
 Their sweetest melodies.

O Newton Woods, where Tannahill,  
 Sweet singing weaver, walked at eve sometimes,  
 And lingered lovingly by every rill,  
 Weaving melodious rhymes.

O Newton Woods, this simple song  
 I sing to you ; while standing here to-day,  
 Around my heart fond recollections throng  
 Of glad days gone for aye.



Ah ! there was one, a country lad,  
Who went to college, eager to pursue  
The paths of wisdom, which alone make glad—  
Warm-hearted, kind, and true.

High-browed, high-souled ; high thoughts of God,  
That filled his mind, gleamed through his deep blue eyes ;  
Twin nature-lovers, we have often trod  
O'er field and furze-clad rise.

Alas ! his ruddy cheeks grew pale,  
And midnight study made him heavy-eyed ;  
His limbs grew weak—it is the old, old tale—  
He sickened, and he died.

From us his spirit passed away,  
When autumn's brown leaves fell from bush and tree ;  
October's woods, unstirred by song-bird's lay,  
Mourned him as well as we.

Spring came again, with flower and bird,  
And green grew every glen, and glade, and lea ;  
Bird-voices in the budding groves were heard,  
But nevermore came he.

O Newton Woods, I've heard you ring  
With song and laughter rippling from red lips—  
Songs sweet as those that nightingales do sing  
When day is in eclipse.

Of all the singers there was one  
Whose songs I loved the best—my heart they stirred  
To gladness—but no more, beneath the sun,  
Will that sweet voice be heard.

She was my sister, friend, and guide,  
In all my joys and griefs she had a part ;  
How often we have wandered side by side,  
Hands clasped, and heart in heart.

She watched me in my early years,  
And chided kindly when I went astray ;  
She turned my thoughts to good, and Him who hears  
Our breathings when we pray.

What patience, trust, and faith she showed  
When lingering on a bed of bitter pain ;  
How peacefully she passed away—O God,  
To see her here again !

Yet why seek we to have them here  
That happier are than we— who've gone before,  
Sooner in Jesus' presence to appear,  
On Heaven's blissful shore ?

O Newton Woods, on summer eves,  
When gold and purple tints were in the sky,  
When soft winds whispered to the rustling leaves,  
And bees went humming by,

I've wandered in each green retreat,  
To court the muse where she delights to dwell,  
While simple village maids, with dainty feet,  
Tripped to the woodland well.

Out from the rock a tiny stream  
Of water trickles, ever pure and clear ;  
There many a tongue has syllabled love's dream  
To many a willing ear.

O woodland well ! O woodland well !  
That thus hast rippled on for countless years,  
Had'st thou a tongue, what secrets thou could'st tell  
Of lovers' hopes and fears.

Down in the village far below,  
Full many an honoured couple lives who here  
Plighted their love - vows in the long ago  
To hold each other dear.

And now their children hither walk,  
When eves are fair and singing waters flow,  
Mingling their music with sweet lovers' talk,  
So musical and low.

O Newton Woods ! O Newton Woods !  
I now must leave you and pass on my way ;  
But many a time my spirit o'er you broods  
As it has done to-day.

## BIRDS AND SEASONS.

I heard the lark sing in the early morn  
 When spring was here, and skies were bright above  
 The budding woods and fields of tender corn ;  
 His song upon the balmy breeze upborne  
 Awoke the slumbering echoes of each grove :  
 The burden to my ears was—God is love.

I heard the linnet's song ring through the air  
 When things of beauty were in field and wood ;  
 Summer's sweet scents were floating everywhere,  
 And heavenly harmonies, so rich and rare,  
 Were filling every woodland solitude :  
 To me the thrilling notes said—God is good.

I heard the blackbird's lay so full and clear  
 When autumn's fields assumed their golden hue,  
 When ripening fruits and leaves, becoming sere,  
 Called us to note the waning of the year ;  
 When all around earth's fulness met my view,  
 The mellow tones seemed saying—God is true.

I heard the little robin's merry strain  
 When snow was on the ground, and cold the wind  
 Blew over dreary hill and icy plain ;  
 When frost drew pictures on each window pane,  
 He hopped about, right glad some crumbs to find,  
 And cheerily chirped his thanks to God so kind.

Thus birds in singing, seasons as they roll,  
 High thoughts of God and heaven give the soul.

---

 CONSIDER.

Consider the sparrows, the little brown sparrows,  
 That twitter on housetop and wall,  
 That flit round us daily, and chirp away gaily,  
 Unnoticed because they're so small,  
 Yet God knows if one of them fall.

Consider the lilies, the little white lilies,  
 Whose bloom so soon passes away,  
 Yet we're told in true story that kings in their glory  
 Have not such a brilliant array  
 Though decked in their purple so gay.

Consider the birds, and consider the flowers,  
 That cheer our dull pilgrimage-way,  
 That are found in green valleys, and tree-shaded alleys,  
 Where bright little rivulets stray :  
 Are we of less value than they ?

Consider the birds, and consider the flowers,  
 That toil not and spin not at all ;  
 God lists to those singing, and these He sees springing,  
 And keeps a watch over them all,  
 Then trust Him whatever befall.

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#### STANELY CASTLE. <sup>1</sup>

Flower scents float everywhere,  
 Sweet sounds are in the air,  
 Bird-songs are ringing through the woods,  
 And streams sing soft and low ;  
 The glorious sunset falls,  
 O Stanely, on thy walls  
 Just as it did in days of old,  
 Some hundred years ago.

. . . . .

Ay, roofless are thy walls,  
 And tenantless thy halls,  
 O Stanely, where were chat of age  
 And childhood's prattle heard.  
 Last summer's birds and flowers  
 Revisit not these bowers—  
 So change we all, and pass away  
 With flower, leaf, and bird.

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<sup>1</sup> It is not generally known that good echoes are obtained at Stanely Castle from at least two positions. The one echo is got by the person standing about half-way down the field in the centre in front of Stanely farm steading and speaking straight to the old castle. This echo was discovered many years ago by a ploughman while working there when speaking to the horses. The other point for the speaker to stand at is the small wood south-west of the castle. These echoes give a good repeat of five syllables, such as—"Are you all quite well?"

## REV. ARCHIBALD BELL.

REV. ARCHIBALD BELL, second son of the late Mr. Archibald Bell, dyer, Paisley, is a native of Paisley, and was born on 26th September, 1847. He received the first part of his education at the John Neilson Educational Institution, Paisley, thence he passed to the High School of Glasgow, and he afterwards studied for the ministry at Glasgow University. After receiving his license to preach, his first charge was Levenside Free Church, Renton, where he was ordained on 22nd February, 1877. He remained there till 1886, when he accepted a call from the congregation of the Free Dean Church, Edinburgh, and he was inducted to the pastorate on 13th May in that year—and there he still is. In the midst of his theological studies he found sufficient time to be a votary of the muse, acquiring the habit of putting down his thoughts in verse, finding them to be useful to him in his work with Sunday scholars at their entertainments; and in his sermons he frequently employed original verses to clench the truth he wished to fix upon the minds of his audience. Many of his hearers afterwards remembered the singular appropriateness of many of the verses he used, but few of them knew that the preacher was the author. Mr. Bell is the author of a poetical dramatic piece for children, of sixteen pages, printed for private circulation. It is entitled "The Fairy Family; or, Who is the Best." The *dramatis personæ* are—

Mother Sunbeam.		
Dewdrop, Sunbeam's daughter.		
Daisy,	„	„
Butterfly,	„	„
Bee,	„	son.

## P R O L O G U E.

My dear young friends, before you I appear  
 To ask you all to give attentive ear ;  
 For when the little Fairies do come out,  
 They talk in whispers—Fairies never shout.  
 Keep every tongue still, every foot and hand,  
 And you shall hear some news from Fairyland.  
 'Tis really wonderful, and, what is more,  
 'Tis something which you never heard before.  
 Good-bye meantime ; I go, but do not doubt,  
 I soon shall send the little Fairies out.

[Enter Fairies, singing.]

We come from many regions  
 Beyond the silver sea ;  
 They call us Dewdrop, Daisy,  
 And Butterfly, and Bee.

We've just got out one little hour,  
 And far we dare not roam,  
 For Mother Sunbeam soon will come  
 To call her children home.

. . . . .

Mr. Bell, during the canvassing by candidates preparatory to the School Board election in 1876, published (anonymously) a pamphlet in verse, entitled "Ye Battle o' ye Seestu Schuil Brod : a Ballad in Three Parts." The following are the first and second parts.

## PART I.

The King sat in Auld Seestu's toon,  
 A-thinking o' the Nine—  
 "Gae fetch to me ane guid Schuil Brod  
 To rule thae weans o' mine."

Then up an' spak' ane holy Sanct—  
 Sat at the King's richt knee—  
 "I'll fetch as steive an' guid a Brod  
 As ever king did see."

“ O wha will come an’ mak’ himsel’  
 A free-will offering,  
 To mind the bits o’ bairnies for  
 Sanct Mirin an’ the King ?”

Syne stepped a leddy frae the Shaw,  
 An’ made her curtsey low—  
 “ An’t please your worship an’ the Sanct,  
 Into the Brod I’ll go.”

“ An’ wha be ye to mind ma bairns ?”  
 Auld Seestu’s King replied ;  
 “ O hear us, King an’ haly Sanct !”  
 Twa bairnies’ voices cried.

“ She teaches orphan boys to read,  
 An’ orphan girls to sew ;”  
 Then swore the King—“ This fair ladye  
 Into my Brod shall go.”

Ben Doctor Catechism cam’—  
 “ Noo Heaven the King defend,  
 For the sake o’ youthfu’ godliness,  
 Me to the Schuil Brod send.

“ I’ll mak’ the Bible to the weans  
 This strikin’ truth afford—  
 They maun be Free Kirk Orangemen,  
 An’ fear an’ serve the Lord.”

Then shook the King his auld grey pow,  
 An’ stroked his beard o’ grey—  
 “ We canna promise jist the noo,  
 We’ll see some ither day.”

Then up an’ spak’ twa brethren fond,  
 A muckle an’ a wee—  
 “ We are the most affectionate  
 The king did ever see.

“ The little bairns will see in us  
 The spirit of the dove—  
 The wisdom of the serpent with  
 The grace and strength of love.”

Then Seestu's King and Seestu's Sanct  
 Did scratch their noble crowns,  
 And said—"We must re-turn our Coats,  
 He will supply the *Browns*."

Next reverend Spitfire up an' spak':—  
 "To you my pledge I give ;  
 Diogenes shall never die  
 As long as I shall live.

"Poor sinners, daily, I condemn,  
 An' curse the unholy Pub. ;  
 Beyond the Basin you will find  
 My own, my Sunday 'Tub.'

"What though the folk the Bible want—  
 Their truthfulness I doubt ;  
 I'll ride my hobby to the death,  
 An' chase the Bible out.

"My name is Doctor Savage, and  
 Into the Brod I'll walk ;  
 I'll wildly wield my scalping knife  
 And shy the tomahawk."

Then guid Sanct Mirin an' the King  
 To argue did begin ;  
 That as they could not keep him out,  
 They'd better let him in.

Syne cam' twa doughty warriors,  
 Brimfu' o' bluidy wars,  
 And to the king began to tell  
 Their campaigns and their scaurs.

The ane he tauld the patient king  
 A lang, lang-winded story—  
 An' aye the owercome o' the sang  
 Was "Here am I, a *Tory*."

The ither tauld in poetry  
 He was an awfu' dab :—  
 He might want wisdom-teeth, but feth  
 He didna want for gab.



Then to the King and Sanct they said,  
 In terms surpassing sweet,  
 That they would like to give them  
 A little homely treat.

Richt speedily refreshment rare  
 The festive table crowned,  
 An' a' the King's grand servants cam'  
 To taste an' pass it round.

Sae a' the Coort wi' praises for  
 The warriors did ring ;  
 The pies were opened, and the birds  
 Did thus begin to sing :—

“ Let beef adorn the board, an' beer  
 Roll round it like a river ;  
 Let Tory Masons hew an' cry  
 An' Pea Sea flow for ever.”

Then up arose the heather chief,  
 An' stood upon his feet ;  
 An' while he thanked them for their praise,  
 They took awa' his seat.

When he turned roon an' saw the trick,  
 Sae cut up did he feel ;  
 He dauner'd hame, syne gaed to bed,  
 An' said he wasna weel !

---

PART II.

In cam' a pawky Bailie wi'  
 A lantern in his haun',  
 I.O.G.T. upon his breast,  
 An' a map o' Switzerlaun'.

Weel pleased he look't, an' seemed to tak'  
 Sae kindly wi' his ills,  
 That King and Sanct forgot he had  
 Been roopit o' his schuils.

Then to them baith he bowed an' smole,  
 As smile could only he,  
 Sae blythely, that the twa o' them  
 Did speedilie agree

That as the body seemed to be  
 A kindly *winnin'* soul,  
 They'd turn on their hydraulic power,  
 To hoist him up the pole.

Doon cam' a body frae the hill,  
 An' sic a fuss he made,  
 That King an' Sanct did baith expect  
 That something wad be said.

Said he—" Good King, for the whole hogg  
 I'll go, nor shall I flinch ;"  
 Syne tappit on his sneezin' mull,  
 An' took an awfu' pinch.

He crawled fu' croose, an' blew his horn,  
 An' talkit loud an' lang ;  
 But a' he said was the owercome o'  
 Auld Catechism's sang.

The King said he micht wi' the vote  
 Mak' either kirk or mill ;  
 For *in*, he wid dae little guid,  
 An' *oot*, dae little ill.

About the door there was *fracas* ;  
 The bell it lood did ring,  
 An' in they shoved a pair wee lad  
 Afore Auld Seestu's King.

The King he lukit to the Sanct,  
 The Sanct at him did stare ;  
 The callant tried to fin' his beard,  
 But feint a beard was there.

An' when fu' kindly spak' the King,  
 He keekit up an' glead ;  
 The mannie was sae unco blate,  
 He couldna lift his heid.

The Sanct him clappit on the back,  
 An' said—" We dinna ken  
 But for the Brod the lad micht rin  
 An' erran' noo an' then."

The lad said they that sent him there  
 Thocht he the Brod micht tell  
 About the schuil, for 'twasna *lang*  
 Since he was there himsel'.

To him the King : " Ye're hardly yet  
 Jist *lang* eneuch wi' me ;  
 Ye maunna mix wi' auld folk yet,  
 Ye'd better bide a wee.

" But gin anither Schuil Brod time,  
 We'll min' that name o' thine ;  
 For neither king nor sanct, ye ken,  
 Could e'er forget *lang synce*."

They put a sweetie in his mou',  
 An' strakit doon his hair ;  
 Syne telt him to be sure an' min'  
 His feet upon the stair.

In banged a piper wi' his bags,  
 An' skirled a Hielan' fling,  
 An' hooched a Ghillie Callum,  
 In the presence o' the king.

Saint Mirin said—" My Lord the King,  
 Here's Doctor Donal' Dhu !"  
 Whereat the chieftain smiled an' said—  
 " Ach ! Cumarh achum shu."

But to a Seestu man this chief  
 Extraordinar' likeness bore ;  
 An' when he spak', the King said he—  
 " I've heard that voice afore."

The King luk't at his head, his lugs,  
 His beard, his hauns, his knees ;  
 Said he—" Ye auld an' wicked sanct,  
 Gie up yer Hielan' lees.

“ An’ Donal’, min’ ye, if ye want  
 Into my Brod to gang,  
 Doon wi’ yer bags, yer philabeg,  
 Yer kilt, yer brogues, an’ twang.”

The neist that cam’ sae scaured the King,  
 His hair stood up on en’  
 Tae think the vera beasts should tak’  
 The shape o’ mortal men.

Sanct Mirin like a hare loup’t up  
 Upon a Ballot box,  
 An’ yelpit oot—“ Good gracious ! King,  
 Preserve us frae the Fox.”

The King, grown stiever, syne cried oot—  
 “ Come doon, ye bletherum skite !  
 The beastie has a muzzle on,  
 An’ sae he canna bite.”

The king an’ sanct did talk a wee,  
 An’ said below their breath—  
 “ If Reynard does come in ava’,  
 It maun be at the death.”

Noo cam’ a body wi’ a heid  
 O’ naething chokit fu’,  
 Wha, when the king his name had asked,  
 Said something like “ cuckoo.”

He sang a wee bit Bible sang,  
 An’ socht for Bible votes,  
 That he micht courie in the nest  
 Wi’ Arthur, Clark, an’ Coats.

An’ syne to shew his Bible lair,  
 He telt this awfu’ tale,  
 That Jonah was the hungry man  
 Wha eatit up the whale !

The king an’ sanct, no pleased wi’ this,  
 Were anxious for to ken  
 If he was really orthodox,  
 Sae they speir’d him his chief en’.

“Chief en’!” said he, “My Lord the King,  
 Upon my heart an’ soul,  
 My chief en’, King an’ haly Sanct,  
 Is the heigh en’ o’ the pole!”

“Ye’re great in coontin’,” said the King,  
 “What ken ye o’ subtraction?”  
 “Subtract,” said he, “the Brod from me,  
 You’ll leave a vulgar fraction!”

Syne a’ the Coort did haud their sides,  
 An’ set up sic a roar;  
 It was what everybody thocht,  
 But nane had said before.

The King forgat his dignity,  
 An’ lauchit like to split,  
 To think that the wee body wid  
 Upon his Schuil Brod sit.

Then spak the King—“For what ye ken,  
 Ye dinna dae sae ill;  
 But instead o’ tryin’ for the Brod,  
 Ye’d better try the Schuil.”

The first portion of Part III. describes in a graphic manner the election contest, and after it was over thus concludes—

Sae when the fechtin’ a’ was bye,  
 An’ ilka thing was quate,  
 The nine forfouchten warriors  
 Sat ilk upon his sate.

They wiped their brows, an’ syne they said  
 Unto the Sanct an’ King—  
 ’Twas hardly worth their while, but for  
 The honour o’ the thing.

An’ after a’ their sair *fracas*,  
 They promised to agree;  
 An’ tauld the King they’d be to him  
 Ane happy family.

Noo listen every Glasguite,  
 An’ every foreign loon,

There ne'er could be a brawer place  
Than Seestu's ancient toon.

But the fairest sicht that ony wicht  
Could in this warl' meet,  
Is to see Sanct Mirin an' the King  
Wi' the Schuil Brod at their feet.

Several of Mr. Bell's poetical effusions, of which I give a few more extracts, have appeared in periodicals and in the public press, under the *nom de plume* of "Isabel," "Adyona," "Thesa," "Sandy," "Janet," "A. M'Intosh," &c., &c.; but no attempt has been made by the reverend gentleman to make a collection of them.

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S N O W.<sup>1</sup>

Softly fell the snowflakes  
All the quiet night;  
Then awoke the morning  
Robed in spotless white.  
Vale and meadow, mountain  
Clad in sombre grey;  
Frozen lake and fountain  
Bade farewell to-day.  
But the dawn came sooner,  
For the snowy light,  
Like a white-robed spectre,  
Chased away the night.  
So the soul departing  
With the dying day,  
Sleeps in gloomy garment,  
Wakes in white array.  
Snowy wings of angels  
Shed a heavenly light  
On us, mourning mortals,  
Weeping in the night.  
Rays of Hope's bright sunshine  
Stream through clouds of fear,

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<sup>1</sup> First appeared in "The Gleniffer" Magazine of April, 1870.

Sooner flee the shadows  
When they hover near.

Stainless snowy mantle  
Fallen from above ;  
No unfitting emblem  
Of the heavenly love !  
Seeming cold and cheerless  
To the mortal eye,  
Silent benefactor,  
Working secretly !  
Day shall dawn the sooner  
When mankind shall shine  
In that robe that lightens all  
Charity divine.

---

A LOVE SONG.

Thy shrine, dear love, is still and sweet,  
And through its calm soft incense steals ;  
My heart slips to thy gracious feet,  
And humbly kneels.

Thy heart, dear love, so strong withal,  
Is soft as airs the flow'ret knows ;  
My heart beneath its mystic thrall  
Enraptured grows.

Thy head, dear love, is full of rest ;  
And mine a ceaseless vigil keeps  
Until it finds thy peaceful breast,  
And, weary, sleeps.

Thine eyes, dear love, as stars are bright,  
That watch my rest with silver beams ;  
My spirit sleeps, dear love, beneath their light,  
And, sleeping, dreams.

Thy voice, dear love, is in mine ears,  
Sweet music that the summer brings ;  
Thyself a song my spirit hears,  
And, waking, sings.

*February, 1877.*

## GLOAMIN'.

Fu' fifty years hae rowed awa',  
     An' frien's hae come an' gane ;  
 An' I've been cantie wi' them a'—  
     Noo I am a' ma lane.  
 The cronies a' are far ahead  
     That started life wi' me ;  
 An' I am toddlin' after them—  
     Noo I am ninety-three.

I ken I min' but little noo ;  
     But I min' our youthfu' days,  
 When we speeled the trees an' lay amang  
     The brackens on the braes.  
 O I hear the birds an' smell the winds—  
     But no, this canna be,  
 For I was but a laddie then,  
     Noo I am ninety-three.

An' schule-time was a gleefu' time—  
     O I can min' it a',  
 The time we gaed, an' what we said,  
     An' whan we cam' awa'.  
 An' I maun see the auld place yet—  
     But no, that canna be,  
 For lang, langsyne the biggin's doon,  
     An' I am ninety-three.

I min' ae nicht, saft simmer nicht—  
     The mavis cantie sang—  
 The mune cam' glintin' ower the burn,  
     We waited oot sae lang.  
 Aft when I see the munelicht keek,  
     Tears skinkle in my e'e ;  
 It brings that nicht afore my sicht,  
     Though I am ninety-three.

Dear waefu' nicht ! 'twas then we said  
     We'd be each ither's ain ;  
 In ae short month, a dowie month,  
     She was baith dead an' gane.



I pu'd a gowan aff her grave,  
 A tear-drap wat its e'e ;  
 The lassie was but seventeen,  
 Noo I am ninety-three.

I hear the soun' frae the far-off lan',  
 Sae I ken its near me noo ;  
 Its breezes come like bairnies fain,  
 Kissin' my aged broo.  
 I wait aboot the yett, till ance  
 I can gae but an' see  
 Gin my love is still but seventeen,  
 Sin' I am ninety-three.

*December, 1874.*

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#### B R O K E N .

O come, my love ! the wild wood dove  
 Is calling from the tree, O ;  
 The swallows fly, the cuckoos cry,  
 And I do sigh for thee, O.  
 The swallows swing, the waters sing  
 So merrily with me, O ;  
 In ecstasy the flowers do vie  
 When I am near to thee, O.

Alone, alone, the dove doth moan,  
 From yonder dripping tree, O ;  
 No swallows fly, no cuckoos cry,  
 Still I do sigh for thee, O.  
 The willows wave, the waters rave,  
 So mournfully with me, O ;  
 The flowers are fled, their fragrance shed,  
 And hope is dead with thee, O.

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## J. R. CHRISTIE.

J. R. CHRISTIE is a native of Paisley. He hated school so much that in his ninth year, instead of going to learn his lessons, as he was desired, he went about and enquired after employment, which he found in a lithographer's workshop. His work was to cut tickets for bobbins, and his remuneration was only one shilling and sixpence a week. He did all this without asking the concurrence of his parents, who, however, allowed him to remain at this employment, and he did not leave till after three years. At eighteen years of age, he became connected with the Post Office in Dunoon, where he continued for three years, actively employing his leisure time there in acquiring the education he had in his youth so foolishly neglected at home. On leaving Dunoon he went to Glasgow, where he has since been connected with the postal staff there. Mr. Christie, who is unpretending in his manners, is very industrious in the discharge of the onerous duties belonging to the position he fills. He is connected with the production of the Glasgow Post Office Directory, published annually; is treasurer to the Postal Charity Friendly Society; and is editor of the *Queen's Head*, an annual written by the Post Office officials. Mr. Christie is unmarried. From his boyhood he has nursed the muse, and his effusions were frequently inserted in the local press. But in 1877 he had his poetical pieces collected and published in a book which was entitled "Many Moods in Many Measures." I give the following as a very good specimen of Mr. Christie's rhyming powers:—

### THE WEAVER'S LAY.

A weaver ceased to ply his shuttle;  
His brow was clouded owre wi' gloom,

As frae his pipe he knock'd the dottle,  
 While sittin' lonely at his loom.  
 His feet he lifted frae the treddles,  
 An', fillin' up his pipe o' clay,  
 A shake he gies the dancin' heddles,  
 Then lights his pipe an' works away—

Fing-et-um ! fung-et-um !

Gangs his wheezy lay ;

Fing-et-um ! fung-et-um !

A' the lee-lang day.

His "smoke" is dune, an' noo he's hummin',  
 Wi' cheerless voice, a dreary sang,  
 While thinkin' on the guid times comin',  
 An' wishin' they wad come ere lang.  
 Frae early dawn till late he rattles  
 The shuttle while the heddles dance,  
 But aye, frae hand to mouth, he battles  
 The harder as the years advance—

Fing-et-um ! fung-et-um ! &c.

He minds fu' weel hoo brisk an' busy  
 The trade was in the days gane by,  
 When 'twas enough to mak' ane dizzy  
 To watch the weaver's shuttle fly.  
 Then bien an' cosy, each ane bawlin'  
 Some scrap o' news, was ilka loom  
 In days when he a drawboy callan  
 First saw the shop, but noo it's toom—

Fing-et-um ! fung-et-um ! &c.

He growin' auld, an' grey, an' weary,  
 An' weel he kens the trade is dune ;  
 But ance his life was blithe an' cheerie,  
 To grumble noo wad be a sin.  
 So still he ca's his busy shuttle,  
 Wi' brow whyles clouded owre wi' gloom,  
 As frae his pipe he knocks the dottle,  
 While sittin' lonely at his loom—

Fing-et-um ! fung-et-um ! &c.

## FOOLISHLY FOND.

Foolishly fond is my lady fair,  
With the rose-bud lips and sunny hair,  
Eyes that sparkle with innocent glee,  
And oh ! she's foolishly fond of me.

Never had lover fonder mate  
To welcome him at the garden gate ;  
With rapid steps I approach, but she  
Flies swiftly forward to welcome me.

Her dearest joy's to walk by my side,  
Two bright eyes beaming with love and pride,  
And hand in hand we wander for hours,  
She plucking for me the choicest flowers.

Haughty and shy when others are near,  
With me she never shows ought of fear,  
Meeting me ever with sweet caress  
And pouting lips when a kiss I press.

Oft, gazing fondly up in my face,  
She clasps my neck in a close embrace,  
And never a shade of care, I trow,  
Or wrinkle dares to darken her brow.

Each time we part her bright eyes grow dim,  
Sombre her face becomes and grim,  
To brighten anew when we meet, for she,  
My lady, is foolishly fond of me.

Thus day after day, and weeks fly past,  
I ask my heart— Shall her love aye last ?  
In all the future, where'er we be,  
Will my darling still be as fond of me ?—

Welcome me still with the same bright smile  
As day by day I return from my toil ?  
Aye be as innocent, frank, and free,  
And still as foolishly fond of me ?

We know not what the future may bring,  
To the bright present I gladly cling ;  
I am her father, and she's but three—  
That's why she's foolishly fond of me.

## JOHN COCHRAN.

JOHN COCHRAN is a native of Paisley, and his father was William Cochran, a handloom weaver, who was married to a sister of David Picken, to whom I have already referred (Vol. I., p. 411) as a poet born in Paisley. After receiving his education at school, John was first a drawboy to a weaver; and, after learning to be a handloom weaver, he was for about sixteen years foreman in a manufacturer's warehouse in town. In consequence of dullness in the weaving trade, he has recently turned his attention to the selling of coals. He commenced to rhyme when quite a boy; and from his poetical pieces, which appeared in the newspapers, I have made some selections.

## HONEST TAM STRANG.

My feelings are mixtures of pleasure and pain  
 When I think on langsyne and on folks that are gaen,  
 But while reason bides with me and keeps me in fang,  
 I will cherish the mem'ry of honest Tam Strang.

He had a heart that could feel, and a han' that could gie,  
 But like maist of pair bodies had nocht to do wi';  
 He could preach a guid sermon, or sing a sweet sang,  
 A guid thinking body was honest Tam Strang.

Methinks I still see him, though years ha'e flown past,  
 Though then but a laddie, but now I am cast  
 O'er the hill-top of life, but I ne'er will gang wrang  
 In following the footsteps of honest Tam Strang.

His friendship was genuine, his love was aye true,  
 He was candid alike baith with auld frien's and new,  
 And was moderate aye even in taking a dram,  
 Nae "hup-and-gee" fellow was honest Tam Strang.

Folks needed like Tam in this droll world of oors,  
 To comfort the downcast, and dicht aff the stours  
 Of black melancholy; ah! keen is its stang,  
 And none had the knack o't like honest Tam Strang.

Oft mankind are fickle as winter's snell blast,  
 And clods of deep sorrow at ilk ither cast,  
 Harassing and vexing, ah ! surely that's wrang ;  
 They should help ane anither like honest Tam Strang.

1875.

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 MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD M'PHAIL.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT BARCLAY, SEN.

I miss him—how I miss him !  
 The friend of long ago,  
 When the light of day is waning,  
 And the heavens with purple glow,  
 And the leafy woods are ringing  
 With music, music soft and low.

I miss him—how I miss him !  
 When holidays come round,  
 For then we wandered side by side  
 In country and in town ;  
 But now my friend is sleeping,  
 Sleeping beneath the mound.

I miss him—how I miss him !  
 When, in the social throng,  
 I list to hear what's stirring  
 In politics or song,  
 For a well-known voice is silent  
 That charmed me, charmed me long.

I miss him—how I miss him !  
 The sturdy friend of yore ;  
 I miss his kindly greeting  
 When my heart with grief brims o'er,—  
 For my brother friend is sleeping,  
 I cannot, cannot wake him more.

'Tis cheerless to be friendless,  
 For age is on me now ;  
 I see its tally on my hair,  
 Its stamp upon my brow ;  
 But my leal true brother's sleeping,  
 I cannot, cannot wake him now.

I am weary, weary, weary ;  
 I am restless, dull, and lone ;  
 And a halo, weird and dreary,  
 At times seems o'er me thrown ;  
 But my friend is sleeping, sleeping,  
 And does not, does not hear my moan.

1884.

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 A SOCIAL SONG.

O love and social harmony combined  
 Oft will lull dismal strife to repose,  
 And the heart when good humour is entwined  
 Will be fragrant and sweet as the rose.

    Come, fill up your glass, let us drink to each other,  
 And love, and be free, as we mingle together,  
 As the frolicsome blast of the gale,  
         Free, free,  
 As the frolicsome blast of the gale.

For love's magnet will draw us together,  
 And our acts will be leal and sincere,  
 When the poor but unfortunate brother  
 Methinks will get more than a tear.

So may our lives aye be cheerful and bright,  
 And never be draped with sorrow ;  
 Fling care adrift with its troubles to-night,  
 And bid it begone till to-morrow.

Let heart and hand in union be join'd,  
 Let old and young now aid us in the song  
 Of pleasure, for it renovates the mind ;  
 It's a balm to the weak and the strong.

Our paths be the flow'ry paths of pleasure,  
 Free, free from all murmuring and woe,  
 And use, and not abuse, such a treasure,  
 Aye cheerfully singing as we go.

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## REV. LUDOVIC MAIR.

REV. LUDOVIC MAIR is a native of Paisley, and was born on 8th January, 1853. The Mair family were long in business in Paisley. According to the Directory of 1812, Hugh Mair, the great grandfather of the poet, then carried on business as a "shoemaker at the old bridge." His son, John Mair, the grandfather of the poet, was engaged in the same business in that part of the town for many years thereafter. He and his wife had four sons, and it has always been currently reported that they resolved when their family was young that their eldest son, Hugh Mair, should succeed his father in the boot and shoemaking business, and that the other three sons should all be so educated as to be qualified to become members of the three learned professions. This was accordingly carried out. The eldest of the four sons, Hugh Mair, father of the Rev. Ludovic Mair, was at one time a partner in the business in Paisley with his father. He was an active and energetic Sabbath-school teacher in connection with the Middle Parish Church, and received a presentation of a silver-mounted writing-desk in appreciation of his good services in that capacity; and again, in October, 1847, he received a handsome gold watch and appendages on the occasion of his retiring from the co-partnery with his father and going to Glasgow to carry out his business ideas on a more extensive scale. He is now retired from business, and lives at Ashton, Gourock. The second eldest son, John Mair, is at present minister of Southdean, Roxburghshire. He was ordained in 1846; and in April, 1887, he received from his *Alma Mater* (Glasgow University) the degree of D.D. He still worthily discharges the duties of that pastorate. The third and fourth brothers of John Mair were twins. The



elder of the twins, William Ludovic Mair, after receiving the early part of his education at Paisley Grammar School, completed his studies at Edinburgh University. In 1854 he was admitted an Advocate, and in 1880 he received the honourable and important appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire at Airdrie, where he still continues to conduct with much ability the difficult and onerous duties connected with that important position. Sheriff Mair, who is rather low in stature, sometimes indulges in jokes connected with his own surname. On one occasion, when told in a jest that he was going to be married to a certain lady, he promptly replied that, if such should turn out to be the case, he was "sure she would be canty wi' little and happy wi' Mair." On another occasion, at the agricultural society's show in his own district, on being asked why he was there—was he a good judge of horses? he said No, but he was a good judge of Mairs. Sheriff Mair remains as yet unmarried. The second twin, by the early arrangement of his parents already mentioned, was educated for the medical profession, and received his diploma as M.D. in 1848. After twenty years' service as Coroner in the Presidency of Madras he came home, and practises still in London.

After this genealogical digression, which none who are interested in Paisley are likely to consider unnecessary, I return to the immediate subject of my brief memoir—the Rev. Ludovic Mair, who was educated for the Ministry of the Church of Scotland at the University of Glasgow. He was assistant minister to the Rev. A. M. Lang, of the High Church of Paisley in 1877, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Paisley in that year. In January, 1878, he was ordained minister of Heatherlie Church, Selkirk, which was erected into a parish *quoad sacra* after his translation to the United Parishes of Bunkle and Preston, Berwickshire, to which he was inducted in January, 1880.

Mr. Mair, besides possessing considerable elocutionary abilities, has devoted a portion of his time to the culture of poetry, for which he showed early aptitude, and I give some specimens of his muse.

## FLOATING FANCIES.

With rod I sat upon the bank  
 Beside the river's silver flow,  
 My luck was *nil*, my spirits sank,  
 When languidly I rose to go.

The golden sun with genial ray  
 Danced sportively on rippling wave,  
 The mavis whistled light and gay,  
 Why then, thought I, should I be grave?

My luring bait I slowly wound,  
 My thoughts all roaming as in dream,  
 When, happening to turn me round,  
 I saw a trout float down the stream.

One glance sufficed — the fish was dead,  
 Borne helpless on the river's crest,  
 By this my drifting mind was led  
 From aimless dream to settled rest.

I read the lesson meant for me :  
 The living fish can push its way,  
 How strong soe'er the current be  
 It struggles on — it must not stay ;

The dead drift senseless on and on,  
 Just as the tide flows fast or slow,  
 All power extinct, all effort gone,  
 Like withered leaves which breezes blow.

On pleasure bent, the motly throng  
 Throw fascinations to decoy ;  
 Shall we float with them doing wrong,  
 Pleased only with the flimsy joy ?

Or shall we show that we have life,  
 That Duty calls another road ?  
 Yes ! breast the billows, face the strife,  
 The river has its source in God.

## FRESH FOLIAGE.

The happy joyous spring-tide  
 Hath come to ope the flowers,  
 To wake from winter slumbers  
 By genial sun and showers.

The hedgerows bud with gladness,  
 The trees put forth their leaves,  
 The birds trill out their love-song,  
 The grass sweet dew receives.

But why those withered relics  
 Of last year's summer's pride?  
 Those leaves all parched and faded,  
 Why do they still abide?

Perchance they longed to linger,  
 E'en through the cold and snow,  
 Where they had found such pleasure  
 As made them loath to go.

But now fresh leaves come creeping  
 With tender smiling grace,  
 And bid the old and faded  
 To their gay charms give place.

Is it not so with pleasure?  
 Past joys oft linger long,  
 And wake up memory's music  
 In gay and tuneful song.

We think nought can supplant them,  
 Those gladsome hours so dear,  
 Till fresher, brighter pleasures  
 With dazzling hue appear.

As children, we are sated  
 With playthings for a while,  
 Till something newer, better,  
 Creeps in with artful wile.

So here we are contented  
 With all that God hath given,  
 And know that grander pleasures  
 Await the saint in heaven.

## THINGS WILL ALL COME RIGHT.

Why should we look with gloomy view upon this varied life?  
Keep up your heart right bravely, boys, and boldly face the strife;  
We must make up our minds to have a struggle and a fight—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

In Parliament you see them rave, and wrangle, and dispute,  
But clever heads are there, my boys, to argue most astute;  
And though they sit till early dawn all through the dreary night—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

Should grim misfortune dim your eye, and cloud your cheery brow,  
Yet try to look ahead, my boys, though all is gloomy now;  
Put forth your feeble energy, and strive with all your might—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

For many years our trade has been as bad as bad could be,  
But those who mix in business ways improving signs can see;  
Our yards where ships are built present no great depressing sight—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

Our agriculture, too, has been in such a wretched state  
That landlords all have been compelled their rent-roll to abate;  
But times and seasons must come round to change this sorry plight—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

So once again we urge on all to work with blithesome heart,  
And help to move the great machine which now has made a start;  
If every nerve is brought to play 'twill make the labour light—  
Depend upon it, things at last will all come right.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM.

WILLIAM GRAHAM is a native of Paisley, having been born at No. 100 High Street, on 23rd September, 1853. His father, who was a block-printer to trade, and worked for many years at Colinslie Works, was a native of Glasgow. William received his education at the English and Commercial Academy, No. 160 George Street, Paisley, under the Baptist Chapel, conducted by the Messrs. Moore.<sup>1</sup> The first situation Mr. Graham filled was as a clerk in the Paisley Savings Bank, where he remained for several years. After various efforts, he became assistant editor of the *Paisley Daily Express*, which position he left to become London correspondent of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and he has now been for some years correspondent with that paper. When about twenty years of age, he turned his attention to the culture of the muse; and his poetical efforts, of which I give some specimens, have appeared in newspapers and periodicals.

### TO THE PAISLEY CANAL.

(*Then being turned into a Railway.*)

To leave the hammer's clang how sweet !  
 To leave the thud of weaver's lay—  
 The rattle of the granite street,  
 The burden of the busy day,  
 And stray the noiseless wave beside,  
 While sleepy boatmen glide along ;  
 Or sit on banks of daisies pied,  
 And hear the linnet lilt her song.

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<sup>1</sup> Two of these gentlemen, Samuel J. and James T. Moore, abandoned the position they held in Paisley as educationists; studied for the medical profession; and at present, by their great abilities and exertions, fill successfully the highest stations in Glasgow as physicians.

Or far beyond the city's smoke,  
Where roses wild perfume the air,  
To cleave thy tide with sturdy stroke,  
And kiss thy bosom pure and fair.

Who knew and loved not, dear Canal,  
Thy shade, where anglers stole remote—  
Where sat the tired mechanical  
And eyed his all too buoyant float !

How oft along thy winding bank  
At eve we strayed, my love and I ;  
And watched the sun cast, ere he sank,  
His golden glance athwart the sky.

Thy woodland then, Cardonald, rang  
With clam'ring rooks that cawed " good-night,"  
While overhead the lav'rock sang  
Her farewell to the fading light.

At eve the colts no longer play,  
The kine chew on with solemn face,  
While in the west the dying day  
Holds heaven within its last embrace.

'Tis then the thoughtful weaver roams—  
His shuttle still, his task laid by—  
To see grey Paisley's spires and domes  
Stand up against the western sky.

Alas ! no earthly things endure,  
Thy whilom glories all are fled ;  
Thy waters, erst like diamond pure,  
Are now divorced from their bed.

No more the lover and his bride,  
Tranced in celestial harmonies,  
Shall linger fondly by thy side,  
And con anew the old, old pleas !

Where lazy barges slow were borne,  
The train shall rush—a lightning streak—  
And ah ! the boatman's mellow horn  
Be followed by the whistled shriek.

How oft a truant from the school  
 I strayed, to sail in wondrous rigs,  
 Britannia-like the waves to rule,  
 And deftly steer through twisted brigs.  
 And when the sun, retreating south,  
 Sent down his cheerless slanting rays ;  
 And hares grown bold, with hungry mouth,  
 Sought village kailyards from the braes.  
 Then o'er thy course, from west to east,  
 The frozen icy mantle grew,  
 Till navigation wholly ceased,  
 And o'er thy face the skaters flew.  
 Farewell ! Though thou departed be,  
 Thy mem'ry shall be ever dear ;  
 Thou wast my river, lake, and sea—  
 Thy altered state commands this tear.

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#### A TALE FOR THE MARINES.

The " Bladda " was our good ship's name  
 (As trim a craft as e'er you'd see) ;  
 She kept up intercourse between  
 The Bowling lock and Sneddon Quay.  
 One day from Bowling lock we sailed,  
 With flowing tide to help us hame :  
 But when we reached the Water Neb,  
 An ebb of water it became.  
 We raised the steam upon our steed,  
 And worked it at its utmost force ;  
 While as we left the Clyde behind,  
 The Cart was all before the horse.  
 Along the banks the " engine " puffed  
 Till by the auld Teetotal Toor ;  
 But here it fagged—our one poor horse  
 No longer was a one-horse pu'er.

And slipping on the towing-path,  
 Its feet got tangled in the rope ;  
 All tied, into the tide it fell,  
 And had, alas ! a little drop.

It " shuffled off the mortal coil "   
 That twisted round its hoofs and head ;  
 Its strength was spent, to rest it went,  
 And sunk into the river's bed.

We thought our good ship now was lost  
 (The murky water soon must fill her) ;  
 For, oh ! her rudder ploughed the land,  
 And was, in fact, a perfect tiller.

Then swinging to the other side,  
 Her prow into the embankment bore ;  
 But still our " bark " was on the wave  
 Although the " bow " was on the shore.

And thus across the stream she lay  
 (Our ship that was so neat and trig) ;  
 From shore to shore you might pass o'er—  
 The bark had now become a brig.

As there she stuck, nor moved a peg,  
 The River Trust got mad and madder ;  
 And so, to sink her out of sight,  
 They pricked a hole right through the " Bladda."

She would not sink, and could not swim  
 (Sad here must end this awful tale) ;  
 They broke her up, and so at last,  
 In bits, she had an auction " sale."

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### C O U R A G E !

The warl's a faught : it maun be fought,  
 Gin we wad ever come to ough ;  
 For gif we faint, we sink tae nought,  
 Or foul dishonour :  
 An' a' the ills that can be brought  
 On ae puir sinner.



But greeting ower our carks an' waes,  
 Is nae the way tae fecht our faes ;  
 Wha fears his guid richt haun tae raise  
     (Plain be it spoken),  
 Is but a loon, baith mean an' base,  
     Nae worth a docken.

The feckless fule that has nae hert  
 Tae strike the blow for his aint pairt,  
 Aye leuks for help frae ev'ry airt  
     The win' can blaw :  
 A coof—a slave—tae loot an' scairt  
     Tae ane an' a'.

When Fortune looks a wee thocht glum,  
 His craven briestie maun succumb :  
 Honour an' courage, deaf an' dumb,  
     Ne'er tauld this story—  
 Misfortune, when 'tis overcome,  
     Is changed tae glory.

When cares and troubles press ye maist,  
 Stand up wi' a' your sinews braced ;  
 Draw ticht the belt about your waist,  
     Row up your sleeves :  
 Hit oot, an' let them hae a taste  
     O' wallie nieves.

Nae man can thole anither's pain—  
 Nae man can dicht anither's stain—  
 Nae man anither's faught can gain,  
     Or pay his debt :  
 Ilk, unsupported and alane,  
     Maun vict'ry get.

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#### THE FORSAKEN LOVER.

The lav'rock lilted in the lift,  
     The throstle on the birken tree ;  
 But sweeter were, by Clutha swift,  
     The words my true love whispered me.

He laid his loof in mine and swore  
 Till Tinto floated down the Clyde  
 I'd reign within his bosom's core,  
 And none but me should be his bride.

Yet Tinto still by Clyde uprears  
 His buirdly shoulders to the skies ;  
 The river carries but my tears,  
 The heavens echo but my cries.

The lark is mute, the throstle grieves,  
 And blackness broods owre linn and lea ;  
 The birk has shed his sheltering leaves,  
 And my fause love's forsaken me.

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THE DAY THAT FIRST I SAW YE.

That rosy lip, that slae black e'e,  
 And blushing cheek, have captured me ;  
 There is no pain I wadna dree,  
     Gin mine I micht but ca' ye.  
 Nae ither lassie can I lo'e,  
 Ne'er kiss anither bonnie mou ;  
 I'm sure, my lass, ye winna rue  
     The day that first I saw ye.

Wi' love and doubt I'm sair distressed,  
 O speak the word and mak' me blest ;  
 And gin ye trust this faithfu' breast,  
     Nae harm shall e'er befa' ye.  
 Warm sunny love shall licht oor way—  
 Oor life shall pass a' bricht and gay,  
 And we will ever bless the day—  
     The day that first I saw ye.

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## WILLIAM SHARP.

WILLIAM SHARP is a native of Paisley, having been born at Garthland Place on 12th September, 1855. He is the descendant of one of the partners of an old and respectable firm of manufacturers in Paisley. Mr. Andrew Brown commenced business in Paisley in 1753, and in 1777 he was chosen to be one of the Paisley Bailies.<sup>1</sup> His daughter married Mr. William Sharp, who came to Paisley from Dunfermline when so many new branches of industry were introduced into our town. Mr. Sharp was assumed as a partner, the name of the firm becoming, according to the Paisley Directory of 1783, "Messrs. Brown & Sharp, Manufacturers, New Street." The firm in London was designated, in the London Directory, six years thereafter, "Brown, Sharp, & Coy., Gauze Weavers, 16 Bread Street, London." Their place of business, after leaving New Street, was for many years at No. 4 Shuttle Street, which they afterwards left for No. 166 George Street, where they had erected handsome and commodious premises—the name of the firm at these places being as muslin manufacturers, first Brown, Sharp, and Coy., and afterwards Brown, Sharp, & Tyres, and the London place of business No. 18 Watling Street. Mr. William Sharp, son of William Sharp just mentioned, had a large family of sons and daughters, and died on 6th May, 1861, aged 73 years, having been born on 4th July, 1788. He possessed much ability, along with

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<sup>1</sup> He presided at the first public meeting, held on 18th April, 1786, for establishing a General Dispensary for the Town of Paisley, which had, in 1802, a House of Recovery added to it. He then and afterwards was an enthusiastic promoter of this excellent institution. Mr. Andrew Brown, St. George's Place, Paisley, is now (1889) the only descendant alive of this philanthropic gentleman.

great affability of manner, and from his high social position, accompanied with his candour and uprightness, he deservedly secured the respect and esteem of all classes. His family are now all dead. The youngest son, Mr. David G. Sharp, a partner of the firm of Brown, Sharp, & Tyres, died in 1876. He married a daughter of Mr. William Brooks, merchant, Glasgow, who, about forty years ago, resided for four years in Brabloch House, Paisley. Their son William, the future poet, and subject of this sketch, received his education at Blair Lodge Academy, Polmont, and afterwards at the University of Glasgow. While at the University, he was a most diligent and persevering student of the classic tongues, and he acquired also a thorough knowledge of the French and German languages. After leaving college, he was for a few years in the office of a respectable firm of lawyers in Glasgow; but his health not being good, he went to Australia, where he remained for a short period. On returning home, he was engaged in a Colonial Bank in London and on the staff of the Fine Art Society.

While attending the Glasgow University, his spare hours were ardently devoted to the writing of verse, and his productions gave every evidence that he possessed the genuine poetic gift. The MSS. of these first effusions were, however, unfortunately destroyed. Before commencing his literary life, he travelled abroad for a considerable time, and much of his time was passed in Rome, Florence, and Venice. Literature is now however his sole study, and his efforts in that way, notwithstanding his youth, have been both varied and extensive. His earliest works, which attained great popularity, were his "Transcripts from Nature," "The Human Inheritance," and his "Record and Study of Rossetti." Among his other literary works may be mentioned a memoir of his friend, the late Philip Bourke, Marston; "The Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare";

“Biographical Study of Shelley”; “The Life of Heine”; “Earth’s Voices”; “Sospitra”; “The Sport of Chance,” in 3 vols.; “Jack Noel’s Legacy”; “Under the Banner of St. James”; “The Secret of the Seven Fountains”; and “Sonnets of this Century.” This last has passed through several editions since January, 1887, and is now in its 30th thousand. He has also edited “Shakespeare’s Sonnets and Poems,” and the “Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,” “De Quincey,” and “Anthology of American Sonnets.” He is general editor of the “Canterbury Poets’ Series,” and is literary editor of a weekly paper having an immense circulation. It is by his “Sonnets of this Century” that he is best known in his capacity as author. The first edition of Mr. Sharp’s last volume of poems, “Romantic Ballads,” was sold within a week after publication, and it is now in a second edition. He has contributed to the *Fortnightly*, *National Review*, *Time*, *Art Journal*, *Cassell’s Magazine*, *Chambers’s Journal*, *Good Words*, *Harper’s Magazine*, *The Athenæum*, *The Academy* (for which he writes regularly), &c., &c. Mr. Sharp is only 34 years of age, so that the foregoing list of important and successful works fully and satisfactorily testifies how intensely industrious his literary career has been. Mr. Sharp, I may state to his townsmen, who must be interested in his success, is married to a cousin of his own, and lives in the neighbourhood of London. He is thus, I may further mention, doubly connected with Paisley, his wife being a granddaughter of the late Provost Farquharson of Paisley.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Farquharson, of Allargue, was a native of Aberdeenshire. At the commencement of the present century he came to Paisley, where he resided and carried on business as a manufacturer. When he resolved, in 1859, to retire to his newly-acquired estate in Aberdeenshire, he was entertained to dinner in the Abercorn Assembly Rooms, on 23rd June in that year. There were 150 gentlemen present. I presided, and the following are extracts from my speech in proposing

## AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

## THE STOCK-DRIVER'S RIDE.

O'er the range, and down the gully, across the river bed,  
 We are riding on the tracks of the cattle that have fled ;  
 The mopokes all are laughing, and the cockatoos are screaming,  
 And bright amidst the stringy barks the paroquets are gleaming.

The wattle-blooms are fragrant, and the great magnolias fair  
 Make a heavy sleepy sweetness in the hazy morning air,  
 But the rattle and the crashing of our horses' hoofs ring out,  
 And the cheery sound we answer with our long-repeated shout.

the toast of Mr. Farquharson, as published in the newspapers descriptive of the meeting :—Mr. Farquharson's residence among us, I said, has extended over the long period of 57 years. In the Burgess Book of this Burgh, I find his name is entered as a burgess as far back as the year 1805, a period preceding the birth of the most of those who are now present. From that time down to the present, he has been actively and extensively engaged in business, and has been invariably recognised and esteemed as an honourable merchant, and as an upright man in business. (Applause.) In that long period of life, you may well believe that he has witnessed many changes, and that few, if any, of those who started with him in the battle of life are now among us. But it is not altogether merely as a man of business that we are now met to give expression to the esteem and respect we have for our guest. Although his time was much occupied with business, yet he well understood the duties that devolve upon us all as good members of society ; and we therefore find him taking an active and prominent part in all the local affairs of this town. We find he has occupied a variety of public positions, not only as a member of the Gas Board of Management, but also as a member of our Council and as a Magistrate. (Applause.) He has likewise occupied the important and honourable position of Provost and Chief Magistrate—a situation which I am now privileged to possess. In the prosperity of our charitable institutions, he has also, through his long and busy life, taken a deep and decided interest, and they have been largely benefited by his attention. (Cheers.) But I need not particularise all the public departments in which he has taken a share in the management, for in point of fact he has been in them all, and borne more than his full share of the labour connected with their superintendence. The important offices which he filled entailed upon him necessarily at times much labour and responsibility. In 1826, when the trade of this locality was paralyzed, and when hundreds of decent, well-behaved working-men were reduced to want and poverty, it was through the able efforts and exertions of Mr. Farquharson, and those with whom he was associated, that their sufferings were alleviated. (Cheers.) When that trying period was got over, the working-classes,

Coo-ee-coo-ee-eee ! Coo-ee-coo-eee ! Coo-ee ! Coo-ee !  
 "Damnation Dick," he hears us, and he shrills back Whoo-ee-ee !  
 "Damnation Dick," the prince of native trackers thus we call,  
 From the way he swigs his liquor and the oaths that he can squall.

Thro' more ranges, thro' more gullies, down sun-scorched granite ways,  
 We go crashing, slipping, thundering, in our joyous morning race,  
 And the drowsy possums shriek, and o'er each dried-up creek  
 The wallaroos run scuttling as if playing hide-and-seek.

---

with others of the inhabitants, prompted by a just sense of gratitude, presented Mr. Farquharson with an acknowledgment of the invaluable services which he rendered them in their hour of need and distress. (Applause.) While exerting himself as a civilian in the several ways to which I have alluded, he was not unmindful of other claims that were made upon his time. He was long a member of the Yeomanry Cavalry Corps of Renfrewshire, and held an important post therein, and was regarded as an efficient and distinguished officer. (Cheers.) For more than half-a-century our guest has therefore, in this our good town, acted a praiseworthy part, and we now look upon him as one of the few existing links that unite the past with the present generation ; and we are met this day to express thus publicly our warm admiration, not only of his conduct as a public and patriotic citizen, but also our high admiration of him as a man in the social relations of life. (Loud cheers.) With a candid open mind, and a heart overflowing with generosity, he was ever ready with his advice and his assistance to all who applied to him. Many are the persons, both old and young, who without any friends or relations to assist them, have, through his recommendation and assistance, been advanced and promoted in their position in life, and have had their worldly circumstances and comforts greatly improved. (Loud applause.) I know of no more honourable position that a man in this world can be placed in than that, at the end of a long career of public usefulness, he should merit and receive the public approbation of his townsmen. (Hear, hear.) I regard the position of our guest this day as an incentive to all of us to follow in his footsteps. (Cheers.) Our guest, as you know, is now about to leave us to return to the place of his nativity, there to spend the remainder of his days. Gentlemen, in your name and in my own, and I may also say in behalf of every member of the community, I have to assure him that in leaving us he carries along with him our best wishes and our warmest solicitude for his future comfort and happiness—(cheers)—and our fervent aspirations that he and his esteemed partner in life may be long spared to enjoy the bounties which fortune has favoured them with in their new home among the beautiful hills and delightful scenery of Aberdeenshire. (Loud cheers.)—The toast of Mr. Farquharson's health was received in the most enthusiastic manner, and when the cheering had subsided he made a most feeling reply.

And like iron striking iron do our horses' hoofs loud ring,  
 As down the barren granite slopes we leap, and slide, and spring ;  
 Then one range further only, and we each a moment rein  
 Our steaming steeds, as wide before us stretches out the grassy plain.

And "Damnation Dick" comes running like a human kangaroo,  
 And he cries "The herd have bolted to the creek of Waharoo."  
 So we swing across the desert, and for miles and miles we go,  
 Till men and horses pant athirst i' the fierce sun's fiery glow.

And at last across the plains, where the kangaroos fly leaping,  
 And the startled emus in their flight go circularly sweeping,  
 We see the trees that hide the spring of Waharoo, and there  
 The cattle all are standing still—the bulls with a fierce stare.

Then off to right goes Harry on his sorel, "Pretty Jane,"  
 And to the left on "Thunderbolt" Tom scours across the plain,  
 And Jim and I well-mounted, and on foot "Damnation Dick,"  
 So straight for Waharoo, and our stock whips fling and flick.

Ho ! there goes old "Blackbeetle," the patriarch of the herd,  
 His doughty courage vanish'd when Tom's long leash cracked and whirred,  
 And after him the whole lot flee and homeward headlong dash—  
 What bellowing flight and thunder of hoofs as thro' the scrub we crash !

Back through the gum-tree gullies, and over the river-bed,  
 And past the sassafras ranges, where over at dawn we sped,  
 With thundrous noise and shouting the drivers and driven flee—  
 And this was the race that was raced by Tom, Jim, Harry, and me !

---

### THE SONG OF THE LARK.

High up in azure heaven  
 I sing a magic song,  
 And trill the wild notes sweetly  
 In rapture loud and long.  
 O joy of azure heaven,  
 Of white clouds as they pass,  
 O joy of sweet flow'rs blooming  
 Down in the cool green grass !



## PAISLEY POETS.

O joy of winds that bear me,  
 O burst of song made free,  
 A fount of songtide spraying  
 In a purple sea !

O rapture of sweet music—  
 Too sweet, too glad, too dear—  
 What mystery, what wonder,  
 I see and hear !

O joy of perfect singing,  
 O joy of life made free !  
 O world-joy, springing, ringing,  
 Joy, joy, alone I see !

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## MORNING IN AUSTRALIA.

A trackless forest all around  
 Of lofty gums, that from the ground  
 As saplings sprang in ages past ;  
 The short sweet twilight fadeth fast,  
 And from the forest depths I hear  
 The locust's whirring noise, the clear  
 Soft magpie song, the sudden scream  
 Where cockatoos like white ghosts gleam  
 Among the melancholy boughs,  
 The wild-dogs bark from where there browse  
 Stray herd of kangaroos, the cry  
 Of something death-struck. As I lie  
 And listen to these sounds, I see  
 Long moonbeams pierce a lofty tree,  
 Like random lances thrust to kill  
 Some fiend who baffles all their skill ;  
 And even, as with sleepy eyes  
 I watch, the full moon through the skies  
 Sails with a seeming moveless motion—  
 A globe of fire in a purple ocean.

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## MORNING FROM IONA.

Here, where in dim, forgotten days  
A savage people chanted lays  
To long-since perished gods, I stand ;  
The sea breaks in, runs up the sand,  
Retreats as with a long-drawn sigh,  
Sweeps in again ; again leaves dry  
The ancient beach, so old and yet  
So new, that as the strong tides fret  
The island barriers in their flow  
The ebb-hours of each day can know  
A surface change. The day is dead,  
The sun is set, and overhead  
The white north stars shine keen and bright ;  
The wind upon the sea is light,  
And just enough to stir the deep  
With phosphorescent gleams, and sweep  
The spray from salt waves as they rise ;  
And yonder light—is't from the skies ?  
Some meteor strange, a burning star—  
Or is't a lamp upon a spar  
Of vessel undescried ? It gleams  
And rises slowly, till it seems  
A burning isle, an angel-throne  
Reset on earth, a mountain-cone  
Of gold new-risen from sea caves—  
Until at last above the waves,  
Salt with Atlantic brine, it swims  
A silver crescent. Now no hymns  
In the wild Runic speech are heard—  
No chant, no sacrificial word ;  
But only moans the weary sea,  
And only the cold wind sings free ;  
And where the Runic temples stood,  
The bat flies and the owl doth brood.

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## SIGH OF THE MISTS.

We haunt the marge of streams,  
 And where the bittern booms  
 'Mid twilight marish glooms,  
 And where the curlew screams.  
 Above dim low-lying fields  
 We drift with motions slow ;  
 Or trailing swift we go  
 Where the pine-forest yields  
 Before the tempest's force ;  
 And hang in vapoury drifts,  
 Or trail in ghostly rifts  
 Amongst the boughs all hoarse  
 With windy tumult wild ;  
 Like ghosts—wan, dismal, grey—  
 We haunt the dreary way  
 Where barren rocks are piled.  
 'Mid valleys dark and dim,  
 We brood in sunless dells ;  
 We weave our dreamy spells  
 Round ancient castles grim.

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## THE HYMN OF THE EAGLE.

Upon a sheer-sloped mountain height  
 My eyry is ; from thence my sight  
 Looks down o'er the wide lands below ;  
 I watch the wild winds swoop and blow  
 In savage violence—but here  
 They howl in vain ; I have no fear,  
 Who am the lord of this high sphere.  
 At sunrise on this peak I stand,  
 And watch the glory flood the land ;  
 And then on mighty wings I speed  
 Far hence for lowland prey, to feed

My clamorous young—though when night falls  
 Still echo loud their fledgling calls  
 About these gloomy mountain walls.

I watch the moon rise o'er the sea  
 And inland sail mysteriously,  
 A globe of silver fire on high ;  
 Then pulse the planets in the sky,  
 And flash the stars, and meteors stream ;  
 And then I drowse, to wake with dream  
 Of prey, and through the stillness scream.

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THE WEIRD OF MICHAEL SCOTT.

EXTRACTS.

Across the Haunted Brae he fled,  
 And mock'd and jeer'd the shuddering dead ;  
 Wan white the horse that he bestrode,  
 The fire-flaughts stricken as it sped  
 Flashed through the black mirk of the road.

And ever as the race he ran,  
 A shade pursued the fleeing man,  
 A white and ghastly shade it was—  
 Like saut sea-spray across wet san',  
 Or wind abune the moonlit grass.

Down, down the Haunted Brae, and past  
 The verge of precipices vast  
 And eyries where the ospreys screech ;  
 By great pines swaying in the blast,  
 Through woods of moaning larch and beech ;

On on, by moorland, glen, and stream,  
 Past lonely lochs where mallards dream,  
 Past marsh-lands where no sound is heard,  
 The rider and his white horse gleam,  
 And, aye behind, that dreadful third.

Athwart the wan bleak moonlit waste,  
 With staring eyes, in frantic haste,  
     With thin locks back-blown by the wind,  
 A grey, gaunt, haggard figure raced  
     And moaned the thing that sped behind.

It followed him afar or near,  
 In wrath he curs'd ; he shrieked in fear,  
     But ever more it followed him ;  
 Oft times he'd stop, and turn and peer  
     To front the following phantom grim.

Naught could he see ; in vain he'd list  
 For wing-like sound, or feet that hissed  
     Like wind-blown snow upon the ice ;  
 The grey thing vanished like a mist,  
     Or like the smoke of sacrifice.

Come forth, May Margaret, come, my heart,  
 For thou and I nae mair sall part —  
     Come forth, I bid ; though Christ himsel',  
 My bitter love should strive to thwart,  
     For I have a' the powers o' hell !

What was the white wan thing that came  
 And lean'd from out the window-frame,  
     And waved wild arms against the sky ?  
 What was the hollow echoing name ?  
     What was the thin despairing cry ?

Adown the long and dusky stair,  
 And through the courtyard bleak and bare,  
     And past the gate, and out upon  
 The whistling, moaning, midnight air—  
     What is't that Michael Scott has won ?

Across the moat it seems to flee,  
 It speeds across the windy lea,  
     And through the ruin'd abbey arch ;  
 Now like a mist all waveringly  
     It stands beneath a lonely larch.

But as a whirling drift of snow,  
 Or flying foam the sea winds blow,  
     Or smoke swept thin before a gale,  
 It flew across the waste—and oh,  
     'Twas Margaret's voice in that long wail!

Was that a heron in its flight?  
 Was that a mere-mist, wan and white?  
     What thing from lonely kirkyard grave?  
 Forlorn it trails athwart the night  
     With arms that writhe, and wring, and wave!

Deep down within the mere it sank,  
 Among the slimy reeds and rank,  
     And all the leagues-long loch was bare—  
 One vast, grey, moonlit, lifeless blank  
     Beneath a silent waste of air.

At times he watched the white clouds sail  
 Across the wastes of azure pale;  
     Or oft would haunt some moorland pool  
 Fringed round with thyme and fragrant gale,  
     And candy-tufts of snow-white wool.

He watched the kestrel wheel and sweep,  
 He watched the dun fox glide and creep,  
     He heard the whaup's long-echoing call,  
 Watched in the stream the brown trout leap,  
     And the grilse spring up the waterfall.

Along the slopes the grouse-cock whirred;  
 The grey-blue heron scarcely stirred  
     Amid the mossed-grey tarn-side stones;  
 The burns gurg-gurgled through the yird  
     Their sweet, clear bubbling undertones

## ROBERT COCHRANE.

ROBERT COCHRANE, son of James Cochrane, house and sign painter, was born in Paisley, on 10th December, 1854. When Robert was two and a-half years old, his father died, and when five years old his mother died. The future poet received his education at the John Neilson Institution, which he left when about thirteen years of age, to work in the turning shop of Messrs. Clark, Seedhills. He afterwards, in an industrious and sober manner, earned his livelihood in several ways ; and, latterly in the works of Messrs. J. & P. Coats, where he was for about seven years, acting as what is technically known as a tenter. He first wooed the muse when he was about fifteen years of age. His effusions, which were numerous, have frequently appeared in the local newspapers, and many of them, I think, possess considerable merit. He was desirous to have his poetical pieces collected and published in a separate volume, but was afraid that the work might not be bought by the public, and that he thereby might suffer pecuniary loss.

Mr. Robert Cochrane did not possess a robust constitution. After a short illness, during his weak state of health, he died on 13th April, 1888, aged 34 years. Those attending his funeral met in Maxwellton School-room, and the services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Hutton. His remains, attended by a numerous and respectable company of mourners, were conveyed to the Canal Street Burying-ground. I knew him a little ; and shortly before his death I had his portrait taken by Mr. William Brown, photographic artist. The writings of this gifted and unassuming son of song, which appeared in the public press, and were always

subscribed "R. Cochrane" or "Robin, Maxwelton," warrant his name being preserved in a respectable position among the numerous bards of the town of Paisley. He left a widow and five children to lament their loss.

## MY SWEETHEART.

I have a little sweetheart—  
 Such a charming, pretty thing!—  
 Whose love I really would not give  
 To be a prince or king ;  
 And I love her with a passion  
 That I know will never die  
 While life streams warm within my breast  
 And glisten in my eye.

O sweet it is to wander  
 With my sweetheart by my side,  
 By the prattling woodland streamlet,  
 In the dusky eventide,  
 And listen to the artless tale  
 Of love she has to tell,  
 That makes my heart with happiness  
 Within my bosom swell.

And I deem her not immodest,  
 Though you may think she is,  
 When on my breast her head she lays,  
 And sweetly asks a kiss ;  
 And then there steals a languor  
 Of sweetest weariness  
 Across her blue-bell eyes that close  
 In slumber's soft caress.

My sweetheart loves the sunshine,  
 And she loves the meadows green,  
 Where daisy eyes in myriads  
 Look up with starry sheen ;  
 And she loves the woodland song-birds,  
 And the woodland-painted flowers,  
 And loves to see them gemmed with drops  
 Of crystal summer showers.



My sweetheart is a beauty,  
 For her cheeks are like the rose ;  
 And when she smiles, her dimpled mouth  
 The whitest teeth disclose ;  
 And her form it is so dainty,  
 And so fairy-like withal,  
 I sometimes think she's not a thing  
 Of earthly mould at all.

I have a little sweetheart—  
 Such a pretty, warbling thing !—  
 Whose love I really would not give  
 To be a prince or king ;  
 And they call her little Annie,  
 And 'tis three years since she came  
 From babyland ; and, would you know,  
 She says “ Da Da's ” my name.

---

#### O DYING YEAR !

Where are the loved ones dear,  
 Who merrily laughed and sung  
 At thy birth, O dying year !  
 When bells were joyfully rung ?  
 Whereat sadly we ponder,  
 And drop a silent tear,  
 For we know in the churchyard yonder  
 Sleep now those loved ones dear.

There, O dying year !  
 They rest who sang with mirth,  
 And filled our homes with cheer  
 When bells proclaimed thy birth.  
 There, where winds are sighing  
 With a weird and hollow sound,  
 Those loved ones low are lying  
 Beneath the bleak, bare ground.

When the days were growing dreary—  
 When thy summer's reign was o'er—  
 To the silent land so weary  
 Those loved ones went before.

When the leaves were thickly falling,  
In thy autumn brown and sere,  
Death came softly calling  
On many a loved one dear.

And where are the many pleasures  
That came to sooth our pain,  
With the days that were the treasures  
Of thy wild and chequered reign?  
Alas, O dying year!  
Thy early joys have flown;  
Like early friendships dear,  
They faded one by one.

Farewell, O dying year!  
Old Time must ceaseless fly;  
Farewell! thy end is near,  
Thy closing hour is nigh.  
When you join the bygone years,  
No traces leave behind  
Of the hardships, wrongs, and tears,  
You brought to humankind.

---

## MY DARLINGS THREE.

In the churchyard grey and chill,  
Wrapt in shadow, weird and still,  
Free from discord, sin, and strife,  
That follow in the march of life,  
Lie to-day my darlings three,  
'Neath one solemn cypress tree—  
Baby Jack, with clear blue eyes,  
Like specks of light from Paradise,  
And small, round head, that could not show  
One curl, but just a yellow glow,  
Like sprinkled grains of golden sand  
Gathered from the angel strand;

Little Maggie, shy and fair,  
With the blossoms in her hair,

And the rosebuds on her cheeks,  
Laughing in her joyous freaks,  
In the rapture of her childhood,  
Over meadow and through wildwood  
Wandering, garlanded with flowers,  
In the noon's sun-glamoured hours,  
Till one day when flowers fade,  
She weary grew, and laid her head  
Quietly on the Saviour's breast  
In a sweet and tranquil rest ;

And last of all, not long ago,  
Beneath a fever's withering glow,  
Sweet Annie, scarcely three years old,  
With form the fairest to behold,  
Calm and peaceful, breathed away  
The last breath of her child-life gay,  
Just when her eyes and smiles seemed brightest,  
And her gleeful laughter lightest ;  
Just when her kisses seemed the sweetest,  
And our joy in her seemed deepest.  
But we knew, though all was o'er,  
She was not lost, but gone before.

When the room is still at night,  
In the lamp's uncertain light,  
Angel spirits, white as snow,  
Near me softly come and go ;  
And in my dreams I often see,  
In shimmering robes, my darlings three—  
Baby Jack and Maggie fair,  
And little Annie, sweet and dear,  
Watching with their angel eyes  
At the gates of Paradise.  
I know they wait and watch for me  
Beyond the skies, my darlings three.

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## IN PENSIVE MOOD I LOVE TO STRAY.

*(Written in Summer.)*

In pensive mood I love to stray,  
 In the ev'ning cool and sweet,  
 Where softly on its flow'ry way  
 The streamlet murmurs at my feet ;  
 And where the lark, on weary wing,  
 From his lofty azure flight,  
 Sinks to rest where daisies spring,  
 Through the peaceful summer night.

In pensive mood I love to stray,  
 Far from scenes of wild turmoil,  
 When hath pass'd the weary day,  
 With its hours of constant toil ;  
 In sylvan haunts where folding flow'rs  
 Sweetly scent the evening gale,  
 And lovers, hid in leafy bow'rs,  
 Breathe unheard love's tender tale.

In pensive mood I love to stray  
 Through shady wood and flow'ry dell,  
 At the welcome close of day,  
 Where little feath'ry warblers dwell ;  
 There, far from city haunts of sin,  
 Where sinful men their passions please,  
 With thoughts that rise serene within  
 I pass away my hours of ease.

## I'LL KISS THEE WHILE SLEEPING.

I'll kiss thee while sleeping,  
 My little first-born ;  
 While softly reposes  
 Thy light tender form,  
 While the night-shades are creeping  
 Across thy white brow,  
 I'll kiss thee—true emblem  
 Of innocence thou !

I'll kiss thee and bless thee  
 In sleep's downy fold,  
 My little first-born  
 With the curls of gold.  
 May bright dreams all blissful  
 Enchant thee, I pray,  
 Till the shadows nocturnal  
 With morn fly away.

That smile on thy lips,  
 How heavenly it seems !  
 O how wondrous must be  
 Thy fairyland dreams !  
 Ah ! sweet little dreamer,  
 So tranquil to see,  
 Could I but predict  
 What thy future will be !

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#### MIN' THE BAIRNS.

##### A HAMELY APPEAL FOR THE FREE BREAKFAST MISSION.

Min' the bairns whate'er ye dae,  
 Thae days sae cauld an' dreary, O ;  
 An' gie a steek o' claes wha hae  
 To cleed ilk shiverin' dearie, O.  
 It's unco hard to thole the sicht  
 O' bairns sae thin an' raggit, O,  
 Wanderin' whiles frae morn till nicht,  
 Wi' feet sae red an' hackit, O.

Min' the bairns, ye gentle folk,  
 An' act baith kin' an' wisely, O,  
 In giein' whiles a wee bit frock  
 To hap some puir bairn nicely, O.  
 Their tender forms are hardly fit  
 To stan' the blast, sae bitter, O,  
 That gars big folk frae heid to fit,  
 Though clad in braidclaith, chitter, O.

Min' the bairns, the puir wee bairns,  
Ilk lassie an' wee chappie, O ;  
The heart is guid an' true that yearns  
To see them warm an' happy, O.  
Auld Johnny Frost their tiny taes  
The noo is keenly nippin', O,  
An' through the wide chinks in their claes  
Wi' freezin' breath is slippin', O.

Min' the bairns, the bairnies sweet,  
Wha's hames are cauld an' cheerless, O ;  
An' wi' the warmth o' weel-shod feet  
Keep their e'en aye tearless, O.  
They maun hae parritch, brose, or bread,  
Wee sisters an' wee brithers, O ;  
They maun be cled, they maun be fed,  
The future dads an' mithers, O.

Min' the hungry bairnies weel,  
Wha's faithers arena toilin', O ;  
An' set wi' flowin' pocks o' meal  
Their parritch pats a-boilin', O.  
O min' the bairns whate'er ye dae,  
Thae days sae cauld an' dreary, O ;  
An' gie a steek o' claes wha hae  
To cled ilk shiverin' dearie, O.

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## WILLIAM CASSELLS O'NEILL.

WILLIAM CASSELLS O'NEILL was born at Carluke in August, 1854. He came to Paisley and learned the trade of an ironmoulder. He was married to a Paisley girl in December, 1874. Unfortunately, he had an attack of bronchitis; and although every effort was made to have it removed, it is to be feared that this insidious trouble became chronic. He was a lover of the muse, and the earlier pieces of his poetry were sent to the newspapers for publication. But in 1884 he had his poetical pieces published in a collected form. This volume consists of 112 pages, and he states in the preface (dated 4 Galloway Street, Paisley, April, 1884) that these poetical effusions were the "means of beguiling very many weary hours, for they have all been written during short intervals of relief from a most painful and harassing chronic disease, viz.—bronchitic asthma, with its attendant evils, inability to work, and consequent honest poverty." Mr. O'Neill was a well-behaved young man, and worthy of every attention. His poetry, which was of a high moral character, possesses much other merit. He sometimes called on me, and in that way I came to understand thoroughly many things relating to his circumstances, and the distressing nature of his health.

In 1888, Mr. O'Neill emigrated to New Zealand in search of better health, which he never obtained. In the *Brisbane Telegraph*, he gave vent to his feelings in the singularly able, beautiful, and touching verses relating to Paisley's surroundings and the country he had left, under the heading of "Farewell to Scotland," which will be found in the specimens I give of his poetry. Mr. W. C. O'Neill died in

Tovwoomba Hospital, Tovwoomba, Queensland, on 6th  
August, 1889.

## EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Eight years have come and gone, wife,  
Of Time's remorseless flow,  
Since you and I, with beating hearts,  
Did to the altar go.

Hope whispered that by wedlock's path  
The sun would ever show  
As on a rosy summer morn,  
With never cloud of woe.

But, ah ! we've learned another creed,  
And more of wisdom know,  
For shadows grim have crossed our path  
Since eight short years ago.

O ! wisely is our life's way hid,  
That troubles may not show,  
Else man in all his frailty  
Would surely shrink to go.

Around our ingle cheerily  
Three bairns trot to and fro  
Who have been sunshine to our home  
These few short years ago.

But one, the fairest of them all,  
O'er him the daisies blow ;  
God called him to a brighter home,  
Aye, just one year ago.

Ye powers above, of light and love,  
That all our sorrows know,  
Through all our dark vicissitudes  
That was the saddest blow.

Yet hand in hand, 'neath Heaven's care  
And will, we'll bend us low,  
And aye renew our filial vows  
Of eight short years ago.



## WINTER SUNSET.

I saw last night, with raptured eye,  
 The sun illumine the wintry sky ;  
 To watch the shades of colour there,  
 I bearded long the chilly air.  
 The sea of crimson - purpled hue,  
 The clouds like islands floating through,  
 All adverse shades so blent in one—  
 I knew not where they had begun.  
 The cottage outlined bold and black  
 Against the amber at its back,  
 The trees around it on the hill,  
 Their netted branches dark and still—  
 All were reflected on the pool  
 In shimmering rays so beautiful.  
 I fain would tell it as I saw,  
 But words a feeble picture draw ;  
 I can but sketch, the powers defy  
 To paint the splendour of the sky.  
 One star faint glimmered in the west,  
 Sweet herald of the hour of rest ;  
 The amber slowly dipped to red,  
 The sombre wings of night were spread ;  
 And, gleaming from the visor's bars  
 Of heaven, shone a million stars,  
 Serene and calm as when the earth  
 From chaos had its mighty birth—  
 They seemed to beckon me above,  
 And whisper words of peace and love.

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 THE DEWY DELL.

Gleniffer ! Gleniffer ! thy name hath a thrill  
 As sweet as the rhythm of thy ain mountain rill ;  
 Thy hawthorn's pure blossom, thy gay tassel'd broom,  
 How dear were they a' tae the bard o' the loom !  
 Methinks o'er thy green groves a fairy voice fell  
 From each measure of song which he woke in thy dell.

The burn that "jouks" clearly thy mossy banks by,  
 Like the glintin' o' love in a maiden's brown eye,  
 How gaily it gushes whaur siller birks bring  
 Their shade owre the rocks whaur the green brackens cling ;  
 The mavis, light-hearted, re-echoes its strain,  
 Till Gleniffer rings blithely again and again.

Gleniffer ! Gleniffer ! thy name hath a thrill  
 As sweet as the rhythm o' thy ain mountain rill ;  
 The blackie at evening that's heard in the thorn,  
 The laverock that sings to the rosy-flushed morn,  
 The grey-lintie's sang frae the whin's gowden brake,  
 The notes, aft repeated, the shilfa can wake ;  
 Nae dearer are these than the echoes that fill  
 Gleniffer, made vocal by thee, Tannahill !

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#### FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Farewell, dear land, the hour draws nigh  
 That bids me wander far from thee ;  
 Our barque waits but the rising tide,  
 To bear us onward to the sea.  
 Adieu ! fair city of the west—  
 St. Mungo's city, great and free ;  
 Dim fade thy spires, but in this breast  
 We'll mind them till the day we dee.

Yon neebour burgh<sup>1</sup> hid from view,  
 Long fostered by St. Mirren's care,  
 Whose orchards, by the banks of Cart,  
 Rang with his convent's bell of prayer.  
 Fields, hallowed by the power of song,  
 Grow doubly dear across the sea ;  
 Sweet Tannahill, in Austral's bowers,  
 We'll sing thy praises till we dee.

Tho' southward borne by Clutha's stream,  
 We love thy flowery braes so fair,  
 For youthful love's first sacred shrine  
 Oft found us eager pilgrims there.

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<sup>1</sup> Paisley.

All, all we love abideth near  
 Gleniffer Braes and Craigielea ;  
 Wife, bairns, and couthy, kindly friends,  
 Forget them ? never till we dee.

Adieu, adieu ! beloved stream.  
 Swift o'er thy wave our barque does glide ;  
 No more by Lanark's fertile knowes  
 Shall we behold thee, crystal Clyde ;  
 No more survey thy roaring falls,  
 By Nethan stray, or Garthland Lee.  
 Vales Wallace trod, shall we forget ?  
 No, never till the day we dee.

Yon village by the moor's lone edge,  
 Where guileless fled youth's morning hours ;  
 Made sacred by a mother's love,  
 Life's path seemed sweet with wildwood flowers.  
 The burn, the pool, the miller's dam,  
 The laird's green walk, the bluebell lea—  
 The sunny scenes of youth forget ?  
 Oh, never till the day we dee.

A sacred pile, yon ancient kirk,  
 The remnant of old covenant days,  
 Where voice and heart alone were blent  
 To sing the great Jehovah's praise.  
 The auld kirkyaird upon the hill,  
 Where late, the saut tear in oor e'e,  
 We laid a mother's heid to rest—  
 Forget them ? never till we dee.

Adieu, adieu ! ye teeming hives  
 Of science, industry, and skill ;  
 Where, born and cradled for the deep,  
 Rides man's last dream of power and will.  
 Proud vale of Clyde, once more adieu,  
 Through years Dumbarton guard thee free ;  
 Green hills of Bowling, memory's glass  
 Shall limn them till the day we dee.

Sweet Holy Loch, thy sylvan shores  
 Encircled by the heather hills,

Steeped in the mists of early morn,  
We miss thee, and our bosom thrills.  
By Echaig's stream, no more we'll hear  
The songsters sing harmoniously ;  
Green Hafton's woods, in morning dreams,  
We'll wander till the day we dee.

The friends we leave so far behind  
In cot or mansion, by thy shore,  
Adieu, adieu ! the eye grows dim  
To think we'll meet you never more.  
And one whose smile o'er all the rest,  
A sister's smile it seemed to be ;  
A Beck, a Templeton, forget ?  
Oh, never till the day we dee.

What though our fondest cherished hopes,  
For life and health be all in vain,  
The great Creator knoweth best,  
Who guards us o'er the angry main.  
Though fate and fortune 'gainst us strive,  
Ten thousand miles across the sea ;  
Each kindly face around shall beam,  
And cheer us till the day we dee.

Farewell, dear land, the hour is fled  
That bids me wander far from thee—  
Whose vales thrill with the voice of streams  
To fire her swains with poesie.  
The land of Wallace, Knox, and Burns—  
That glorious, that immortal three ;  
Your hills, your history, kirk, and creed,  
Forget them ? never till we dee.

## WILLIAM ARNEIL.

WILLIAM ARNEIL was born at No. 10 Gordon's Lane, Paisley, on 25th March, 1856. His father, William Arneil, is a joiner to trade, and his son, William, is the eldest of a family of ten—seven sons and three daughters. William's school-days were not many, and were often interrupted by long periods of non-attendance, caused by his being kept at home to assist his mother in domestic matters. His education, which consisted of reading, writing, and arithmetic, was mostly obtained at the Seedhill School. At the age of twelve years he was finally taken from school; and after filling various situations, he ultimately went to work in the tannery of Mr. Joseph Whitehead, Seedhills; and after that gentleman's death, he remained almost uninterruptedly with Messrs. Lang, who bought Mr. Whitehead's business.

William Arneil commenced to direct his attention to the writing of verse at an early age; and when fifteen years of age he wrote an "Ode to the Memory of Tannahill," which appeared in the *Paisley Herald*. His poetical pieces which afterwards appeared in the public prints related frequently to passing political events. I give some specimens of his composition, which possess very considerable merit. He now possesses many poetical pieces on various subjects, written by himself, but he has not yet decided to have them collected and published in book form.

### S P R I N G .

Welcome, gentle Spring, again,  
 Lovely maid of changeful mood,  
 In thy state of joy and pain  
 Entering into womanhood;  
 Trembling 'tween life's hopes and fears,  
 Alternating smiles and tears.

Sweetest season of the year,  
In thee all its future lies ;  
On thy lips a smile, a tear  
In thy bright cerulean eyes ;  
Joyous fear thy young heart throbs,  
Laughing out between the sobs.

Springing at thy magic touch,  
Nature's sleeping beauties wake ;  
And thy radiant smile is such,  
Gilding hill and silv'ring lake ;  
Through each vale the crystal rill  
Like a living pulse doth thrill.

In what fitting beauty dressed,  
Emblematically fair ;  
Primroses upon thy breast,  
Yellow lilies in thy hair ;  
Daisy-buttons on each shoe,  
In thy hand a violet blue.

And thy voice that echo wakes,  
Making words with music ring ;  
Mounting high, the skylark shakes  
Pearly dew-drops from its wing ;  
Cuckoos in "heraldic" speak,  
Swift-winged swallows fan thy cheek.

Warming 'neath thy genial smile,  
Earth's blood is no longer cold ;  
Not unconscious to thy wile,  
Time himself forgets he's old—  
Moves on with that sprightly pace  
Wherewith he began his race.

Lovely maid, of promise high,  
All our hopes in thee repose ;  
Every smile and every sigh  
To us joy or fear disclose ;  
Watching summer's coming prime,  
Waiting autumn's fuller time.

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## A HAPPY, GUID NEW-YEAR TO A'.

## A NEW-YEAR SONG.

*Air*—"Auld Langsyne."

The wheel o' time gangs roun' again—  
 It ne'er gets oot o' gear ;  
 Let's hope its circuit may contain  
 For a' a guid New-Year.

A happy, guid New-Years to a'—  
 A happy, guid New-Year ;  
 To ane an' a', baith great an' sma',  
 A happy, guid New-Year !

Let ootstretched hauns thegither meet,  
 An' fa' upon the ear  
 That heart-born wish that soun's sae sweet—  
 A happy, guid New-Year.

A happy, guid New-Year, &c.

When ruddy wine bathes lips as red,  
 It is a pledge most clear  
 Hoo pure the wish frae them just sped—  
 A happy, guid New-Year.

A happy, guid New-Year, &c.

In years gane by we've had a cause  
 At times to shed a tear,  
 But Fate be kind nor Fortune fause  
 To us in this New-Year.

A happy, guid New-Year, &c.

By absence o' the frien's we mourn  
 Be those wha're left mair dear,  
 An' mak' the closer oor sojourn  
 Wi' them thro' this New-Year.

A happy, guid New-Year, &c.

May Heaven crown oor days wi' joy,  
 An' fill oor hearts wi' cheer ;  
 An' gie us health an' sweet employ  
 Thro' a' this guid New-Year.

1889.

A happy, guid New-Year, &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The advent of New-Year's Day continues to be celebrated in many different ways, some of which may be briefly enumerated. The time-

## MERRY MAY.

Merry May comes laughing,  
 Laughing through the vale ;  
 Loud as summer quaffing  
 Reaming home-brewed ale ;  
 Full of fun and daffing,  
 Filling with mirth the gale ;  
 Setting lads a-chaffing,  
 Maids with envy pale.

honoured practice still exists in Paisley, among a good many people, of assembling at the Cross on the departure of the old year; and when the hour of twelve strikes, bringing in the New-Year by cheering, singing songs, and a variety of other demonstrations, which are generally brought to a close by the crowd singing the very popular song of "Auld Lang-syne," followed by the old custom of "first footing." This is mostly practised by young men with a display of whisky bottles; but this practice is not now so much indulged in as formerly—indeed it has almost become obsolete. Sometimes the Methodist body have night-watchings on Hogmanay evenings, and sometimes they bring in the New-Year with religious services. New-Year's Day, I may say, is invariably held as a holiday; and maintains its hold as a popular festive occasion, all business being completely suspended. The banking-houses are closed, the shops are nearly all shut (except those where spirits are sold), and the public works are all stopped for several days. The theatres are all open; and the people have a pleasant resort to what is perhaps the best ornithological exhibition in the kingdom, where usually upwards of 2000 birds are shown; while there is also a competitive collection of over 200 dogs. The Art Institute have their annual exhibition of paintings at the New-Year, in one of the capacious galleries of the Museum, which is much frequented by the *Elite* of the town. Several entertainments are given at public institutions, and among these may be named those for the children attending Sabbath-schools, the inmates of the Burgh and Abbey Poor-houses, the lunatics connected with these institutions, and the deaf and dumb. Great numbers take advantage of the cheap excursions by the railways to different parts of the country; and the travelling betwixt Paisley and Glasgow is immense, in consequence of the great and close relationship that exists betwixt those residing in these two populous places. The posting and delivery of the numerous letters, cards, and parcels at the Post Office make the pressure of the crowd there very great. Another source of amusement, when the weather is suitable, is the skating and curling ponds, which afford ample accommodation. Among the humbler classes, many marriages are solemnised on Hogmanay evening. Frequently religious services are held on New-Year's Day in one or more of the churches. It may finally be stated that the people, as a rule, are well-behaved.



Merry May comes dancing,  
Dancing o'er the lawn ;  
With light step advancing  
Graceful as the fawn ;  
Vision so entrancing,  
Ne'er from fancy's drawn ;  
Dew-trimmed garments glancing  
In the early dawn.

Merry May comes singing,  
Singing through the wood ;  
Setting echoes ringing,  
Waking solitude ;  
At the sweet sounds winging  
Every darksome mood ;  
In their place is bringing  
Noble thoughts and good.

Merry May comes wading,  
Wading o'er the stream ;  
Waters wild cascading,  
Round her feet to gleam.  
Picture bright, unfading,  
Work of Phoebus's beam ;  
Every sense pervading,  
Like a poet's dream.

Merry May comes tripping,  
Tripping o'er the hill ;  
Lambs behind her skipping,  
Following no will.  
From her full lap slipping  
Flowers which it doth fill  
Careless hand in't dipping,  
Strewing with deft skill.

Merry May is proudest  
Of her sisters gay ;  
Always dresses loudest,  
With least taste, they say  
But she's not immodest,  
It is just her way ;  
If mirth make thee oddest,  
Welcome, merry May.

## CAULD WINTER, AWA'.

Cauld Winter, awa', wi' yer frost an' yer snaw ;  
 Mak' haste, O let pity yer icy heart thaw !  
 Owre lang ye ha'e tarried for ane an' for a',  
 'Tis time ye were gaun noo, cauld Winter, awa'.

Cauld Winter, awa', ye ha'e nae charms ava'  
 For the puir upon whom ye yer snell breath dae blaw ;  
 Nae mercy ha'e ye on their miserable fa',  
 Or else ye would gang noo, cauld Winter, awa'.

Cauld winter, awa, ye've nae feeling ava'  
 For those who depend on their hauns for their maw.  
 There's nae wark for the big, sae nae bread for the sma',  
 As lang as ye bide, sae cauld Winter, awa'.

Cauld Winter, awa', it is only by law  
 That yer presence is e'er tolerated ava',  
 An' no for the kindness or love that ye shaw,  
 But because we maun thole ye—cauld Winter, awa'.

Cauld Winter, awa', ye are nae frien' ava',  
 An' gin ye come na back ere we gie ye a ca',  
 Yer pow 'll be bald, that is white as the snaw,  
 Or ye 'll dee o' auld age—sae, cauld Winter, awa'.

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 THE SUN SHINES ON BEHIND THE CLOUDS.<sup>1</sup>

In life are hours that look so dark,  
 The sun seems as if it had gone out—  
 To have expired hope's latest spark,  
 And strongest faith giv'n way to doubt.  
 How hard it is just then to live,  
 Though live we can if we but try,  
 And afterwards will scarce forgive  
 Ourselves the wish we had to die.

The clouds that seem to nurse wrath,  
 In thunder burst, and fall in showers—  
 Refresh the earth, and deck each path  
 In brighter green, with fairer flowers.

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<sup>1</sup> Appeared in the *Paisley Daily Express*, on 24th April, 1888.

Then why should we disheartened be  
 Whene'er a shadow mars life's sky,  
 Or be cast down though fortune frown?  
 'Tis but a cloud, 'twill soon pass by.

The morn is dull, the tempest low'rs,  
 We may not journey forth to-day ;  
 We stay a-house and watch the show'rs,  
 And fret, impatient at delay.  
 The noon is fair, the sun shines bright—  
 We seem to disappointment born—  
 And ere we close our eyes at night  
 We wish that we had gone at morn.

Next morn is clear, there's nought to fear—  
 Our waiting's been repaid and more ;  
 With spirits gay we take the way,  
 Forgetting all the day before.  
 The sun gets high, opprest we sigh ;  
 Our step gets short, and slow our pace ;  
 With scorching rays the hot sun plays,—  
 O for a cloud to veil its face !

When all-fatigued and like to drop,  
 The hill before us rises fair ;  
 O but to gain its lofty top,  
 To catch one breath of cooler air.  
 This new desire our hearts doth fire,  
 To reach the goal we urge the stride ;  
 Can feel e'en now upon our brow  
 The breeze that fans its shady side.

We near the hill ; disheartening still,  
 It looks much higher than before ;  
 We have o'ermarched, our lips are parched,  
 Our hearts are fainting to the core.  
 We sit us down, we only frown,  
 All Nature's beaming with delight ;  
 We long would rest, but in our breast  
 We feel the chilly dews of night.

We rise again, with swimming brain,  
 We look behind, and fain would turn ;

We're half the way, 'tis yet mid-day,  
 The sun continues still to burn.  
 We spy the stream, our eyes re-gleam,  
 We ne'er regret we have no cup ;  
 We seek its brink, and, kneeling, drink,  
 And thus refreshed, once more start up.

We climb the hill, the summit reach,  
 The downward path pursue with ease ;  
 And all this journey but to teach  
 Things that are best don't always please.  
 Had yesterday been like to-day,  
 The crystal riv'let had been dry ;  
 The hill the waters called to play  
 That quenched our thirst as we came by.

In life we often find it so—  
 The journey long and rough the way ;  
 Had we the road again to go,  
 We feel we almost would say nay.  
 But had we trudged not to the end,  
 We'd missed in travelling what is best :  
 The joy for which we all contend,  
 The bliss of having earned our rest.

Then it is well to struggle on,  
 We know not what before us lies ;  
 The weather will take up anon—  
 There are such changes in the skies.  
 The troubles that around us press  
 May turn out blessings in disguise ;  
 We do not know, we must confess,  
 The workings of the Great All-Wise.

When friends prove false, as many will,  
 Let us not all acquaintance rue,  
 But rather cling the closer still  
 Unto the few remaining true.  
 'Tis only in our darker days  
 That we can prove our faith is just ;  
 'Tis worth a thousand's empty praise  
 To find there's one that we can trust.

The darkest hour that life can know  
 Precedes the dawn of endless day ;  
 The mists that hang o'er earth below  
 Disperse 'fore Heaven's brightening ray.  
 Then do not fear though death be near,  
 Pure faith can make the weak soul brave,  
 The dimmest eye see, in the sky,  
 The Sun of Life shine through the grave.  
 The path of life has dangers rife,  
 Its treader's losses that seem hard ;  
 But let us be strong, and suffer long,  
 And time will bring us our reward.  
 When grief or pain makes eyes to rain,  
 And sorrow's gloom the heart enshrouds,  
 Do not despair, all will be fair,  
 The sun shines on behind the clouds !

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#### OUR SAILORS ON THE SEA.

When lurid lightnings flash,  
 And deafening thunders growl,  
 The angry breakers dash,  
 And roaring tempests howl,  
 Before we press our pillows,  
 Our thoughts should ever be  
 With those who ride the billows—  
 Our sailors on the sea.  
     Our sailors on the sea,  
     Wherever they may be,  
 Let's pray God save from watery grave  
     Our sailors on the sea.  
 When in the darksome night  
 The thunder mars our dream,  
 And wakes us with affright  
 To see the lightning gleam,  
 Repeating our devotion,  
 Our thoughts should ever be  
 With those who dare the ocean—  
 Our sailors on the sea.

For us who nightly lie  
 At home, and safely sleep,  
 Beneath a starless sky  
 They wander o'er the deep.  
 Ay, whether from invasions  
 To guard their duty be,  
 Or bear the wealth of nations  
 For us across the sea.

They may seem rough without,  
 But they are kind within ;  
 There's music in their shout,  
 Heard through the tempest's din.  
 They've sisters and they've mothers  
 They love as well as we ;  
 They've fathers and they've brothers—  
 Our sailors on the sea.

Then when upon the land  
 We view the gathering storm,  
 And, awed, describe as grand  
 Its cloud-encircled form,  
 In solemn contemplation,  
 Our thoughts should ever be  
 With those whose occupation  
 It is to sail the sea.

Our sailors on the sea,  
 Wherever they may be,  
 Let's pray God save from watery grave  
 Our sailors on the sea.

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### THE 3RD OF JUNE.

The 3rd of June, the 3rd of June,  
 All hail thou ever welcome morn,  
 When Nature did with God commune,  
 And Robert Tannahill was born.  
 Let brightest dawn thee aye adorn,  
 And warblers be in sweetest tune,  
 And every echo lift its horn  
 To herald thee, thou 3rd of June.

The 3rd of June, the 3rd of June,  
 Thou ever-memorable date,  
 When mither Nature bore the loon  
 Sae highly gifted, yet sae blate,  
 As that he nearly seem'd to hate  
 The fame that brocht admirers roun',  
 And almost made him rue the fate  
 To mark thee out, thou 3rd of June.

The 3rd of June, the 3rd of June,  
 That ne'er to be forgotten day,  
 When woke the minstrel who did tune  
 The lyric harp to sweetest lay.  
 Nae lofty strains did he essay,  
 But rustic themes to lowly soun',  
 Yet they shall never melt away  
 While thou art known, thou 3rd of June.

The 3rd of June, the 3rd of June,  
 When lovers of the poet meet,  
 And with each other dae commune  
 As hoo they shall dae honour meet.  
 Thus as we listen at his feet,  
 We o' fresh bays shall weave a crown,  
 And place it on his temples sweet  
 On thy return, bright 3rd of June.

The 3rd of June, the 3rd of June,  
 Thou day each year that hast no night,  
 For when thy natural sun goes doon,  
 Prolonged by intellectual light,  
 The shafts of wit aye mark thy flight  
 From wisdom's board, where, gather'd roun',  
 They pledge the mem'ry of the wight  
 Who nightless made thee, 3rd of June.

Paisley, 3rd June, 1888.

## THOMAS M'KAY.

THOMAS M'KAY is a native of Paisley, having been born in 1857 at No. 39 High Street. His father was a letterpress printer to trade, and came from Edinburgh to carry on that business in Paisley. He died when he was 36 years of age. Thomas M'Kay's grandfather was a native of the Highlands. On leaving school, where he received a very indifferent education, Thomas went to work in an oil-refining establishment, where he lost, by an accident, the sight of one of his eyes. He afterwards went to a wood-merchant's work, where he was employed for some time as a packing-box maker. At this period, he met, most unfortunately, with another grievous accident. While participating in the pleasure of snowballing, his sole remaining eye sustained a serious and irreparable injury, which rendered him altogether blind. Being thus made unfit for any kind of ordinary work, he opened a shop, six years ago, at No. 64 Broomlands, for the sale of confections, &c., and there he still carries on business. He likewise regularly, by himself, brews gingerbeer and an herb beer, which he bottles and disposes of in considerable quantities. He lives alone in a room adjoining his shop, where, in spare hours, he occupies his time in study, and occasionally in making verse, of which I give some specimens. His parents are both dead; but he has one brother alive who lives in Paisley. An only sister lived with him in his present shop for three years, but she left him and went to America. For the last three years, this blind man, who merits the sympathy and aid of everyone, has, with only a little assistance from the Mission to the Out-door Blind and others, energetically striven, in a



way that is above all praise, manfully to fight the battle of life under the trying condition I have described. He can be daily seen in his shop disposing of goods to those who buy from him. After handing to them what they may have bought, and receiving in return the price of the same, and where change requires to be given, he gives it with the dispatch and accuracy of those who have their eyesight. In handling the money, he at once ascertains its value from the fine and delicate touch his fingers possess.

### THE FAVOURITE OF THE FLOCK.

#### AN EXTRACT.

Near Uplawmoor, on yonder hill,  
 A lovely mansion<sup>1</sup> stands,  
 Where health and plenty crown the will  
 Of those who till the lands ;  
 Where tall trees wave their leafy tops,  
 And wildflowers bloom so fair,  
 Where woodland birds trill forth their notes  
 That fill the balmy air.  
 Little birds sing, while men do mourn ;  
 And wildflowers bloom, and blush to spurn  
 The ways of man.

Where frankly run the timorous game,  
 In sport or search for food ;  
 While foxes hunt the pheasant hen  
 That hatches in the wood ;  
 Where early cries the moorland bird  
 That wakes the labouring swain,  
 Who rises up to guide the herd,  
 'Neath sunshine or through rain,  
 On to the green or market-place,  
 Where dealers bid their highest price  
 For either herd or head.

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<sup>1</sup> Caldwell House.

And wild in the moors lies Libo Lake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where swims the graceful swan,  
 That mates the noisy ducks that squeak  
 While after new-laid spawn.  
 Where sporting youths tried many a race  
 Within their pleasure boats,  
 And foxhounds pause while in their chase  
 To quench their thirsty throats.  
 Where wild owls fly from off yon tower  
 To search the branches of some bower  
 And seize the little birds.

And bones of ancient warriors lie  
 Around that lonely tower,  
 Which saw the days when Picts did try  
 To fight the Roman power.  
 And should the traveller view around,  
 And search within its space,  
 He may suppose who laid its found  
 Were of the Pictish race.  
 The Romans may have hewn its stones,  
 To show the barb'rous Caledons  
 Or Picts, how they should build.

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<sup>1</sup> Loch Libo—or, as euphonised by the poet, Libo Lake—is situated at the head of the valley commencing a little to the west of Barrhead and terminating to the east of Caldwell House, where the water-shed is formed, the water accumulating in the loch running to the west, under the name of Lugton River, and falling into the Garnock a little below Kilwinning. This beautiful little loch, the picturesque beauty of which has been compared to, and even declared greater than, that of the famed Rydal Water in Cumberland, is frequently mentioned in the old charters of the Stewards of Scotland in connection with the Monastery of Paisley. The north side of this loch is bounded by a range of hills. The highest, about 900 feet in height, is Corkindale Law, which, according to the description given by the late Rev. Dr. Fleming, of Neilston ("Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. vii., p. 309), "affords a prospect unrivalled in beauty and extent by any in the west of Scotland from a similar elevation. It commands, in a fine clear day, the half of the counties of Scotland. The spot on which you stand is a small piece of tableland, not more than forty yards square. From this the hill slopes in all directions. On looking north, you have Dumbarton Rock, the vale of the Leven, Smollett's Monument, Loch Lomond and some of its islets, and Benlomond in the background, with the whole range of the Grampians. Looking east—the city of Glasgow and its suburbs,

It may have been the dwelling-place  
 Of some brave Pictish chief,  
 Who led a bold and warlike race,  
 Whom Saxons brought to grief,  
 And scarcely left a stone to tell  
 About that gallant band ;  
 But one lone patch upon the hill  
 To this day it doth stand.  
 It saw the days of health and ease,  
 When Scotland made its laws to please  
 The peasant and the peer.

And stands to tell about great stirs,  
 How battles were so rife  
 Between the Picts and Southerners ;  
 But Romans quenched that strife,  
 And taught them many useful arts,  
 And how to spend their time,  
 And softened down those savage hearts  
 That nothing knew but crime.  
 No more they howled through wood and glen,  
 But sought to work like honest men  
 To earn their bread by sweat.

---

and the whole of the Clyde from Hamilton to Kilpatrick, with the Hills of Kilpatrick, Campsie, and top of Damyat, the Western Lomonds of Fife, Bathgate and Pentland Hills, and Tinto from its base to the top. From thence you have the tract of the whole run of the Clyde from its source till it joins the Atlantic Ocean. On looking south, you have the Lead, Cumnock, and Sanquhar Hills, with others in Kirkcudbrightshire, while far in the distance you have, on a very clear day and in a humid atmosphere, the tops of Skiddaw and Saddleback in Cumberland. These are distinctly seen in a favourable state of the atmosphere through the ravine which stretches onward between Tinto and the Cumnock Hills. Turning to the south-west, a rich and variegated prospect meets the eye. The pleasure-grounds of Eglinton, the extended plain of Ayrshire, with its noblemen's seats and princely lawns, Irvine Spire, the Troon and the mouth of Ayr Harbour, with the lands around it, Brown Carrick Hill, Loch Ryan, some of the hills of Galloway, the Mountains of Mourne and Newry in Ireland, and the beautiful Rock of Ailsa standing like a sugar-loaf in the midst of the ocean, with the whole sweep of the waters from Donaghadee to Irvine Harbour. In a fine, calm, summer or autumnal evening, nothing can surpass the splendour of the scene, especially when there is added the multitude of

## THE MAID OF THE LAKE.

There lies a lake by Lugton Inn,  
 Nine miles from Paisley's busy din,  
 With neighbouring hills, where cuckoos cry,  
 And landrails crake amongst the rye ;  
 Where early flies the cawing crow,  
 And wakes the woodland birds below,  
 That pick up, with industrious toil,  
 The early worm from out the soil.

That lovely lake, with trees 'longside,  
 Invites the wild birds in their pride  
 To mate the gabbling geese so wild,  
 That cross the lake in rank and file.

The country maid comes by the Pad,<sup>1</sup>  
 With cheerful eyes she looks so glad,  
 With careless steps she comes to take  
 The fresh, clear water from the lake.  
 How sweetly does that maiden sing,  
 While carrying pails upon her sling,  
 And song-birds pause to hear her tune  
 While she is passing through the broom.

---

fishing-boats plying on the waters and about the harbours of Clyde. The stately steamers going to and returning from Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast ; and at times the West India fleets, with all canvas set, hastening to their destined ports. These, with the romantic island of Arran, and its lofty Goatfell as a screen to it, on the south-west, form a scene unparalleled by any with which we are acquainted or have ever beheld in Scotland, England, or Ireland."

<sup>1</sup> The Pad is a local vulgar name given to the Crag of Neilston, from its having the form of a pillion or cushion for a woman to ride behind another person on horseback. Neilston Crag, which is about 900 feet above the level of the sea, is one mile south of the town of Neilston. The view from the top to north-east and north is grand in the extreme, as well as the view to the west and south-west, commanding the entrance to the Clyde and the island of Arran. On several occasions, the plateau of this conspicuous mountain has been taken advantage of as a site for blazing bonfires, as by the general populace at the downfall of Bonaparte, and by the tenants of the late Mr. Archibald Speirs, of Elderslie, and others, in celebrating the arrival at majority of his eldest son in 1823. This gentleman, Alexander Speirs, of Elderslie, M.P. for Richmond, and Lord-Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, died at Rochampton, Surrey, on 5th October, 1844, aged 42 years.

The busy farmer at his post,  
His precious time must not be lost,  
He's mowing down the balmy hay,  
That sweetly scents the summer day ;  
And as his horses jog along,  
You hear him lilt his country song,  
And when the sultry night draws nigh  
His weary horses must be dry.

His thirsty horses he does take,  
And leads them to that lovely lake,  
And while they drink up from the tide,  
He starts to wisp each horse's side.  
He is the happiest man in life,  
Through frost and snow he is so blythe,  
He rises with the early larks  
To toil so hard among his parks.

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## REV. DAVID WATSON.

REV. DAVID WATSON was born 7th February, 1859, at Alva, Stirlingshire. He was the son of David Watson, boot and shoe manufacturer in that town. Mr. Watson received the rudiments of his education first at Alva Academy, and afterwards finished his academical studies at the Glasgow University, where he greatly distinguished himself in the different classes. In 1884 he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Stirling, and in the same year he was chosen by the congregation of St. George's Parish Church, Paisley, to be their assistant minister. He discharged the duties connected with that important position with singular ability and success. Mr. Watson was elected by the congregation of St. Clement's Church, Glasgow, to be their minister, and was ordained to fulfil the duties of the pastorate on 2nd January, 1887.

From an early age Mr. Watson was a poet; and a volume published in 1886, of ninety-one pages, entitled "Discipleship and other Poems," is the offspring of his muse. His poetical pieces are such as do him the highest credit.

### PAISLEY ABBEY.

Grand relic of the hoary past !  
 Where monks were wont to pray and fast ;  
 Sublime in ruin and decay,  
 The heritage of later day,  
 When faith irreverent destroyed  
 What higher faith had reared to God.

Seven centuries have rolled away  
 Since that bright memorable day  
 When Humbald and his good monks came  
 To found this place in Jesus' name.

All honour to the Stewart race,  
Whose ancestor, with heart of grace,  
Endowed this beautiful abode  
Where Paisley's sons might worship God.

Here lived the monks in days of old,  
And tilled the fields and watched the fold ;  
Wove mats and baskets for the poor,  
And fed the hungry at their door ;  
Transcribed the Holy Word with care  
On parchment exquisitely fair.  
No life of sluggish ease was theirs,  
But full of toils as full of prayers.

Here pilgrims rested, minstrels sang,  
With jocund mirth the guest-hall rang :  
Here came the Knight of Elderslie  
Burning to set his country free ;  
Here came the Bruce in pious mood  
To wash his soul of Comyn's blood.

Bright days of old ! how changed since then !  
Far from the busy haunts of men  
The Abbey stood, midst garden fair,  
Green lawns, and trees, and balmy air ;  
While far below, with gentle glide,  
The silvery Cart flowed to the Clyde.

But dark days came—the "ruffian band"  
Wrought ruin red with impious hand,  
And left—memorial of their ire—  
A ruined transept, roofless choir!<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In writing recently the "History of Paisley," I had occasion to look carefully into this matter, and I think the poet is historically at fault here. Sometime after the appointment of Abbot John in 1525, he directed his attention to the building of the tower of the monastery, which he finished at immense expense. The tower was not inferior to any in Scotland. It was forty feet square at the base. Although the spire is said to have been 300 feet high, yet there is no authentic evidence of its being so very lofty. Most unfortunately, it fell shortly after being erected, from the insufficiency of the foundations, and destroyed the roofs of the transept and choir, and a portion of their walls, in its fall. A vague tradition ascribes the fall of the tower to the fierce fury of the

But peace ! this ruin had to be,  
 Wild act of nation newly free.  
 Much has been spared, some beauty left,  
 We are not of the whole bereft.  
 The lovely nave, the Sounding Aisle  
 (St. Mirin's Chapel), where the tomb  
 Of fated Marjory is seen—  
 These had escaped the transept's doom.

Gone is the quiet, the gardens gone,  
 The peace of ancient days is flown ;  
 Still rolls the Cart on to the Clyde,  
 But dark and foul from side to side.  
 Sweet sounds the bell each Sabbath day  
 To summon worshippers to pray,  
 To tread the aisles their fathers trod  
 And praise, in psalms, their fathers' God.

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#### THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

Hail ! gentle offspring of a rugged sire,  
 Thou first in life, while all around is death ;  
 Sweet vestal flow'ret ! no rich-warbling choir,  
 No dewy shower, no summer's warming breath,  
 Did greet or aid thy birth, or mould thy form.  
 Even as the rainbow, with expansive arch,  
 Speaks hope to fearful hearts amid the storm,  
 So thou from seeming universal death  
 Proclaim'st release ; that summer yet shall be ;  
 That seasons in their still, eternal march

---

Reforming Protestants in 1560 ; but Principal Dunlop, a historian of Renfrewshire, who wrote about the end of the seventeenth century, states that the steeple fell from its own weight, and with it the choir of the church. Afterwards, when the Archbishop was at the monastery, it was attacked by the Protestant Rulers ; and though he had with him many assistants, they were overpowered by destroyers from the adjoining counties, who demolished, or rather burned, the eight altars and other valuable furniture and books in the handsome structure. The people of Paisley had themselves no hand in this wanton destruction.



Obey the sure behest of Him who saith—  
“Seedtime and harvest thou shall ever see  
While earth remains.” Bloom on, then, midst the snow,  
White flower of hope, and sweetener of woe.

Stern winter's darling child ! in robes of white  
Thou bloomest on the graves of those we love ;  
Fair emblem of the just who live in light  
Translated from earth's toil to bliss above.  
Sweet flower ! I love to stay and watch but thee,  
Thine airy petals waving to and fro :  
A thing of life, and grace, and purity,  
Amidst a cheerless wilderness of snow.  
The trees stretch out their branches gaunt and bare,  
A solitary redbreast tunes his lay ;  
The autumn leaves lie scattered everywhere ;  
But from this melancholy, sad decay  
A great awakening ere long shall be,  
Or, snowdrop, I have learnt in vain from thee.

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## MARY ANNE SHAW.

MARY ANNE SHAW, who received her education at the John Neilson Institution, is a daughter of Mr. John Shaw (see Vol. II., p. 293), and possesses, like her father, a talent for versifying. Some of her poetical effusions have graced the columns of the *Paisley and Renfrewshire Gazette*, and I give one or two specimens of the gifts of her muse.

### NO MORE A CHILD.

No more a child !

A long farewell to the fancies wild  
That made thy childhood one glorious vision,  
That kept thee treading in fields Elysian !

Ah ! into the past

Must thy cherished fairy dreams be cast !

No more a child !

Thy flowerets and blossoms that once beguiled  
Thine upward life-path, seem worthless now ;  
For the shadow of thought has crossed thy brow,  
And on the green slope  
Thou seek'st the rare pearls of truth and hope.

No more a child !

How often in bygone years hast thou smiled  
As fantastic shapes of thy life's career  
Rose up in thy mental vision clear !

By rougher winds fanned,

Now thou hast crossed o'er the borderland !

No more a child !

O'er thy life's horizon dark clouds are piled,  
Shadows prophetic of destined pain  
Which the long, long years may bring in their train.

But why shouldst thou quail ?

For the Unseen Hand shall temper the gale.

No more a child !  
 Storm-tossed on life's restless ocean wild !  
 O'er the billowy waste from the portals bright  
 Come celestial rays of unwavering light,  
 That o'er the rude foam  
 Shall guide thee at last to a Father's home !

---

#### THE SUMMER BREEZE.

Blow ! freshly blow ! on heathery hill,  
 And bend the haughty pine ;  
 And toss the spray from brook and rill,  
 Where silvery pebbles shine.

Sweep ! proudly sweep ! through forest dim,  
 In wild melodious glee ;  
 And wake a leafy choral hymn  
 From every waving tree.

Rove ! ceaseless rove ! through flower-gemmed vale,  
 Through broom and ferny tangle ;  
 And lift the slender blossoms pale  
 That droop 'neath dewy spangle.

Fly ! swiftly fly ! on random wing,  
 Far up the rushing river ;  
 To dancing sunbeams gaily sing,  
 As o'er the waves they quiver.

Breathe ! purely breathe ! through city lane,  
 Through crowded court and alley ;  
 And waft the fragrance thou dost gain  
 From scented dale and valley.

Kiss ! softly kiss ! the pale, pale cheek,  
 Until the rose-blush bright  
 Shall mantle where the lilies speak  
 Of pain and sorrow-blight.

Steal ! gently steal ! around the brow—  
 The weary brow and aching ;  
 A breath from Eden seemest thou,  
 Fresh springs of hope awaking.

O mournful thought that thou must go  
 To thy fair southern home,  
 While firmly o'er our winter snow  
 The northern blast shall roam.

Yet, go ! as toil-worn spirit flies  
 To calmer scenes than these ;  
 Our blessings mingle with our sighs—  
 Thou God-sent summer breeze.

---

IN SPARKLING MELODY.

Like music of the mountain rill,  
 Like summer breezes o'er the hill,  
 Like murmur of the sea—  
 I'd sing the gladsome beauties rare  
 Of Mother Earth, so passing fair.

What theme would'st thou chose ?  
 In stirring notes and high I'd sing  
 Of glorious victory—  
 Of kingly deed by uncrowned king,  
 Of feats renowned, that boldly ring  
 Through world's history—  
 Imbued with wild heroic fire,  
 The strain should leap from living lyre.

What theme would'st thou chose ?  
 With accents deep of scornful ire  
 I'd pierce the base, the false,  
 The narrow thought, the low desire,  
 That grovelling 'mid the earthy mire,  
 Ne'er feels the throbbing pulse  
 Of onward, upward, high endeavour,  
 From duty's path that swerveth never.

What theme would'st thou chose ?  
 In minor cadence, softly, low,  
 I'd sing the care, the sin ;  
 The drama old of human woe

In sympathetic tones should flow,  
And back might gently win  
Some wandering soul from error's blight  
To the serener, purer light.

What theme would'st thou chose?  
On harp of starry thoughts I'd raise  
Rich harmonies and grand ;  
An anthem pure of holy praise  
Should echo through this trackless maze,  
Like song from angel-land,  
Where souls sublime before have trod,  
I'd sing Redemption, Truth, and God.

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## WILLIAM FLEMING.

WILLIAM FLEMING was born in 1860, in Espedair Street, Paisley. His father was also a native of Paisley, and a dyer to trade. William received a fairly good education at school; and after leaving it, he served an apprenticeship to the boot and shoemaking trade, and is at present so engaged as a foreman in town. He married a daughter of Robert Tweedale, Charleston, who is likewise a cultivator of the muse, to whom I have made some reference. William Fleming commenced in early life to write verses, some of which appeared in the local newspapers and periodicals; but his poetical pieces have not yet been collected and published in pamphlet or book form.

## YESTREEN AT THE GLOAMIN'.

*Tune* — "Last May, a braw wooer."

Yestreen at the gloamin' fu' slyly I gaed  
 Alang the burnside to meet Jamie,  
 Disguised wi' Meg Davidson's braw checked plaid,  
 Lest faither or mither should see me, should see me;  
 Lest faither or mither should see me.

They wad ha'e me wedded to Baxter, the laird,  
 A carl wha micht weel be my daddie; .  
 Sae awkward his gait, and in health far impaired;  
 But brisk and fu' braw is my laddie—my laddie;  
 But brisk and fu' braw is my laddie.

By way of persuasion, I'm constantly tauld  
 O' gear and o' lands he has plenty;  
 But waes me! the bodie's owre peevish and auld  
 To link wi' a lassie o' twenty—o' twenty;  
 To link wi' a lassie o' twenty.

To sour me at Jamie, the tocherless lad,  
 The meanest o' schemes they've invented;

But scorning them a', be't for guid or for bad,  
 To be his guidwife I've consented—consented ;  
 To be his guidwife I've consented.

My mither she rages, my faither he glooms,  
 And swears o' the clachan he'll rid him ;  
 But candid I tell them, gin Martinmas comes,  
 Despite o' their threats, I will wed him—will wed him ;  
 Despite o' their threats, I will wed him.

'Tween that ane's reproach, aye, an' this ane's advice,  
 O wow ! but I'm sadly afflicted ;  
 E'en neebors they say that I'd acted mair wise  
 Had I the laird's offer accepted—accepted ;  
 Had I the laird's offer accepted.

But a' his kind proffers, fu' brawlie I kent  
 Nae pleasure wi' him they could gie me ;  
 Sae e'en to secure a sweet life o' content,  
 The preference gied to my Jamie—my Jamie ;  
 The preference gied to my Jamie.

---

#### AULD LOWRIE, THE SWEEP.

Auld Lowrie, the sweep, was a queer sort o' chiel,  
 His gruesome physiog gat him christened "the deil ;"  
 And a' that gaed wi' him, as "Be-weep" he cried,  
 Declared that his nickname was justly applied ;  
 For a tousier bodie than Lowrie M'Queen,  
 Frac hawker to cadger, there never was seen ;  
 The hair o' his heid, lod ! 'twas birsie an' black  
 As the soot-brushin' besom that hung at his back.

When mornin' had peepit frae nicht's sable hap,  
 Ye aye saw him cockit on some chimla tap ;  
 The soun' o' his voice as he roared doon the lum  
 Gart bairnies imagine the "boo-man" had come.  
 An' gin they were fashious, he whiles, for a joke,  
 Wad threaten to tak' them awa' in his pock ;  
 Tho' his words boded terror, they couldna but see  
 The twinkle that glanced in the tail o' his e'e.

The house that he leaved in, as neebours can tell,  
 Ilk stane o' its structure he biggit himsel' ;  
 'Twas maybe a wee thing auld-fashioned in form,  
 But it weathered the buffets o' mony a storm.  
 I min' o't fu' weel, staunin' in aff the road,  
 It lookit sae cosy, sae trig-like, an' snod ;  
 O had ye but seen it when simmer-time cam',  
 Its gables were white as the fleece o' the lamb.

In oor douce kintra clachan, for guid kens hoo lang,  
 He richtit maist a' the bit things that gaed wrang ;  
 Ilk jobbie was welcome that cam' in his gate,  
 He wad tar owre a pighthouse or build in a grate ;  
 Could edge up a razor, whet it ever sae fine,  
 Thraw saughs in a basket, or cooper a byne ;  
 Sae varied his talents, he gat up on props  
 An' furnished wi' names a' the wee huckster shops.

The look o' his workshop was sic, I declare,  
 Amazed an' dumfoonert, folk gapin' wad stare :  
 A' things that were needfu' he keepit in stock,  
 To name them 'twad tak' me a roun' o' the 'nock.  
 'Twas a riddle alike to baith auld an' young,  
 An' aye at the tip-en' o' somebody's tongue,  
 Hoo he clautit thegither sae mony nick-nacks  
 As were spread oot on benches an' stowed up on racks.

In life's active duties he strove to engage,  
 Till fairly owrecome wi' the frailties o' age ;  
 Syne hirpl't aboot, as an auld neebour says,  
 Wi' staff, stoop, an' pech, to the end o' his days.  
 His years far exceeded the Scriptural span  
 O' three score an' ten that's allotted to man ;  
 But death cam' at last ; lod, there's naebody spared ;  
 He sleeps in a nook o' the auld kirkyaird.

---

T H E M U S E .

The muse maun be a fickle jade,  
 An' unco saucy ;  
 Yestreen she wadna tune the lyre,  
 To praise my lassie.



I fairly thocht she was my guest,  
 But oh, the caper,  
 She fled ere I had scrawled a line  
 On the white paper.

Such is the way she comes an' gangs,  
 Indeed she's fickle ;  
 Many a time she's left me in  
 An eerie pickle.

But whiles I think she's a' my ain  
 When rhymes are clinkin',  
 Then choicest sangs flee frae my pen  
 Wi' little thinkin'.

At ither times she's dour and dull,  
 An' winna' fire me ;  
 E'en tho' I'm ne'er sae fain to rhyme,  
 She'll no inspire me.

For weel she kens her rhymer is  
 A puir dependent,  
 An' glad to be whene'er she comes  
 Her humble servant.

But still the muse I'll ever ca'  
 My greatest treasure ;  
 She is the source when rhymin' weel  
 Of a' my pleasure.

An' aye, where'er I chance to be,  
 I will endeavour  
 To win, by dint o' lanely walks,  
 Her partial favour.

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#### A SHILLIN' OR TWA.

Awa' wi' your dearies an' juice o' the vine,  
 I sing na the praises o' women an' wine ;  
 Some vain rhyming bardies wha coo like the dove,  
 An' dream o' the wild, witching glamour o' love,

Frae sly glancin' een inspiration may draw,  
 But gie me the glint o' a shillin' or twa—  
     Shillin' or twa, shillin' or twa,  
 A bonnie bright siller-white shillin' or twa.

I carena' for honour, I carena for fame,  
 An' naething to me is the boast o' a name ;  
 Let proud gifted statesmen an' heroes o' war  
 Rejoice in their ribbon, their clasp, or their star ;  
 But the bonniest medals that ever I saw  
 Could ne'er be compared to a shillin' or twa—  
     Shillin' or twa, shillin' or twa,  
 A bonnie bright siller-white shillin' or twa.

Amid a' the trouble, vexation, an' strife,  
 We meet in this warl' as we journey through life—  
 The crosses an' cares, by whatever decree,  
 That somehoo or ither we a' ha'e to dree—  
 'Tis pleasin' to ken ye're at naeboddy's ca',  
 An' on unco guid terms wi' a shillin' or twa—  
     Shillin' or twa, shillin' or twa,  
 A bonnie bright siller-white shillin' or twa.

When fortune is smilin' an' blessin's flow free,  
 Fu' mony blithe freen's round your board ye will see ;  
 But thankless as grumphies, they'll bid you guid-day  
 If ever you happen to slip doon the brae.  
 When cauld bitter blasts o' adversity blaw,  
 There's nae frien' on earth like a shillin' or twa—  
     Shillin' or twa, shilling or twa,  
 A bonnie bright siller-white shillin' or twa.

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## JOHN KENT.

JOHN KENT was born at Glen Lane Cottage, Paisley, in 1860. His father, James Kent, was also a native of Paisley. After John Kent received his education at John M'Garvie's school in Glen Street, he was four years a message boy in a bookseller's shop in town. He afterwards served an apprenticeship for seven years as a type compositor. When a journeyman, he worked at his trade in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Paisley, and is at present in the printing office of the *Paisley Daily Express*, where he has been four years. He began to write verses when about 22 years of age, and some of his effusions have appeared in the public prints. I give a few specimens of these, which I think entitle him to a conspicuous niche among the Paisley Poets. I may state that I learned from the author himself that he is married, and that "His Hame" is blessed with the presence of the "bonnie, winsome lass," of whom he sang—

" Whase smiling coontenance wad len'  
A charm to ony hame."

### HAPPY HAME.

O, some may seek for walth or po'er,  
While ithers fecht for fame ;  
Let them wha will sic like secure—  
Gie me a happy hame.

Some think to find felicity  
In pleasure's wanton flame ;  
But there's nae pleasure I can see  
To match a happy hame.

Gie me a roon o' honest wark,  
A hale an' healthy frame,  
A spirit lightsome, like the lark  
Within its laigh-built hame.

The praise o' single blessedness  
 Some vauntingly proclaim ;  
 But aft it's single selfishness  
 That scorns a happy hame.

Fu' lang I've leev'd a single life—  
 Its blessedness is tame ;  
 There's naething like a cheerie wife  
 To mak' a happy hame.

A bonnie, winsome lass I ken,  
 But needna tell her name,  
 Whase smiling coontenance wad len'  
 A charm to ony hame.

That bonnie lassie's een sae blue  
 Hae set my heart aflame ;  
 O, may the lowe o' love burn true  
 To lichten up oor hame.

Then hasten, hasten, happy day,  
 When I her han' may claim,  
 Syne will I ken, syne will I ha'e  
 A bricht an' joyfu' hame.

Wi' love to licht oor lifelong way—  
 A love for aye the same—  
 We'll cleek thegither up the brae  
 To heaven's happy hame.

---

AYE DAE YOUR BEST.

A NEW-YEAR MOTTO FOR THE BAIRNS.

Come roon' me, bairnies, for a wee,  
 An' listen patiently to me,  
 While I a word o' counsel gie  
 That may be blest :  
 Whate'er ye dae, where'er ye be,  
 Aye dae your best.

H I

Be this your motto ilka day,  
 At wark, at lessons, or at play ;  
 A better ane ye canna ha'e  
     For life's contest  
 Than that ye shall, let come what may,  
     Aye dae your best.

Your lessons may be dreich to learn,  
 Your wages may be hard to earn,  
 Your maisters aften strict an' stern,  
     An' sair the test ;  
 But let it be your gran' concern  
     To dae your best.

Hooever ye succeed or fail  
 'Gainst a' the ills that life assail ;  
 Whether wi' lightsome step ye scale  
     The mountain's crest,  
 Or plod along the lowly vale,  
     Aye dae your best.

If scrimpit be your warldly share,  
 Your recompense seem aften bare,  
 Let that ne'er cause ye to despair,  
     Nor be distrest ;  
 The best o' folk can dae nae mair  
     Than dae their best.

Or should kin' Fortune by ye stan',  
 An' prosper ye on ilka han',  
 O, ne'er despise your brither man  
     By want opprest ;  
 But help him, in what way ye can,  
     To dae *his* best.

Aye to your God be true and leal  
 As up life's staney brae ye spiel,  
 And in a' guid endeavours feel  
     It's His behest  
 That you not only should dae weel,  
     But dae your best.

Gin Satan try to gar ye fa',  
 An' lure ye frae the richt awa',  
 Sen' up to Him, wha thol'd it a',  
     Your heart's request  
 For help to keep His holy law,  
     Syne dae your best.

An' sure am I o' this, that He  
 Wha made the warld an' a' we see,  
 Yet watches owre, wi' carefu' e'e,  
     The birdie's nest,  
 His trusting bairmies winna lea'  
     That dae their best.

Haud by His Word, an' dinna fear  
 Your daily course by it to steer,  
 Tho' some may scorn and ithers sneer  
     Wi' gibe or jest :  
 Aye carry you a conscience clear,  
     An' dae your best.

To help the richt, resist the wrang,  
 Support the weak against the strang,  
 To shed the Gospel licht amang  
     Those yet unblest,  
 An' sae mak' life "ae glad sweet sang,"  
     Aye dae your best.

An' when death's darksome nicht sets in,  
 Which may be late or may be sune,  
 Ye'll then be askit up abune  
     To heaven's rest,  
 An' hear the Maister say,— "Weel dune,  
     Ye've dune your best."

---

### A WINDY NIGHT'S TALE.

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF MR. VALENTINE M'FLASH.

O, such a storm of wind and rain  
 I never yet did see  
 As that which in the winter came  
 Of eighteen-eighty-three.

No city, town, or village, but  
     Its violence did share ;  
 Alike 'gainst cottage, hall, and hut  
     It waged a fierce warfare.  
 And in its course it came to where  
     That celebrated place lay  
 That long has borne, and still doth bear,  
     The honoured name of Paisley.  
 A busy, bustling town near by  
     A great and growing city ;  
 A town which neither you nor I  
     Might designate as pretty.  
 Yet Paisley's name is widely spread,  
     And history doth show it's  
 Been famed alike for shawls and thread,  
     For poverty<sup>1</sup> and poets.  
 For Poverty and Poetry  
     Seem, as in wedlock, mated,  
 To bear each other company  
     Till death have separated.  
 O, surely then they'll part for good,  
     And surely then the former,  
 With shabby dress, will not intrude  
     On heaven's "Poet's Corner."  
 To tell the whole of Paisley's fame  
     Would be an endless story,  
 Nor can my feeble pen proclaim  
     Its greatness and its glory.  
 I leave that to some other man,  
     His skilful hand to try on't,  
 And hope each politician  
     Will keep a watchful eye on't.  
 So to my tale. The tempest raged  
     Throughout that good old town,  
 As though it had been just engaged  
     To turn it upside down.

---

<sup>1</sup> This refers to 1842, when so many weavers were unemployed and in poverty.

The chimney-pots and slates it took  
And scattered thick and fast,  
While slim-built walls and houses shook  
Before the boisterous blast.

Above the cheery fireside talk  
Its whistling shriek was heard,  
And many a love-appointed walk  
Had then to be deferred.

But there was out amid it all  
An indiscreet young swell,  
And what to him did then befall  
I now proceed to tell.

Aristocratic was his name—  
'Twas Valentine M'Flash ;  
He had in life no higher aim  
Than how to cut a dash,  
And that is how he often came  
To feel a want of cash.

Tall was the youth, and long his legs,  
Great was his self-esteem ;  
He thought all others but the dregs,  
And he creation's cream.

Man was a little lower made  
Than angels in the sky are,  
But Valentine seemed born and bred  
Than them a little higher ;  
So proudly did he hold his head,  
So gay was his attire.

His linen was of purest white,  
No spot nor speck was there ;  
His coat was light, his trousers tight,  
And curly was his hair.

Upon his highly-perfumed head  
A satin hat he wore,  
For which he'd half-a-guinea paid  
A day or two before.



But riches to themselves take wings,  
 The Scriptures truly say ;  
 Hats likewise are uncertain things  
 That often " fly away."

So, on that night, when turning round  
 To greet a friend he knew,  
 Away, with one tremendous bound,  
 His precious headpiece flew.

Away it flew, as if it had  
 With wings just been endued,  
 And Valentine, half-driven mad,  
 Immediately pursued.

Fast did he run through half the town,  
 With unabated speed,—  
 Now up one street, another down,  
 Where'er the hat might lead,  
 And capered like a circus clown :  
 O, 'twas a sight indeed.

The small boys followed up with glee  
 The chase when it began ;  
 And people all turned out to see  
 The way in which he ran ;  
 And how the girls did laugh, for he  
 Had been a ladies' man.

Some thought he'd got his due deserts,  
 To be in such a plight ;  
 The hero of a hundred flirts—  
 It surely served him right.

Close to his unprotected pate  
 A chimney-pot fell past,  
 But still the one he wore of late  
 Was borne upon the blast.

He fell head-foremost in the dirt,  
 Right in a muddy pool,  
 Which, though it did his feelings hurt,  
 Did not his ardour cool.

For up he got, and on and on,  
And faster yet he ran ;  
O, such a race was never known  
In the memory of man.

It was no use, for in the race  
The hat had got the start,  
Nor did it make a halting-place  
Until it reached the Cart.

And then it smoothly floated on  
The deeply-swollen river,  
Till soon the fugitive was gone  
From Valentine for ever.

O, 'twas a most heartrending sight  
That hapless youth to see,  
Bare-headed there, on that wild night,  
Upon the Sneddon Quay.

With heavy heart he sat down there,  
And ever as he sat,  
He cried, in tones of deep despair,—  
“My hat! my hat! my hat!”

For long he sat, nor did he stir  
As I drew near his side,  
Till, touching him, I asked him, “Sir,  
Why weep ye by the tide?”

“Ah, sir, I've lost a friend most dear,  
A much-beloved tile,  
An only hat, just made this year,  
And in the latest style.

“See, yonder 'tis, I see it yet,  
I see it yet depart ;  
Oh, what would I not give to get  
That object of my heart?  
But for the fear of getting wet,  
I'd throw myself in Cart.

“Myself into the Cart I'd throw,  
And still that hat pursue  
To bring it back again ; but O,  
'Twould wet me through and through.”

“ Foolhardy youth,” I said, “ refrain,  
 Seek not a watery grave ;  
 Thy hat is on the raging main,  
 Borne by each bounding wave ;  
 Another one you must obtain,  
 Since that you cannot save.”

“ My case to you is all unknown,”  
 Said the unhappy gent. ;

“ My credit and my cash are gone—  
 I am not worth a cent.

“ Now am I of that hat bereft,  
 Forsaken and forlorn ;  
 I feel, with nought to live for left,  
 That ‘ man was made to mourn.’ ”

Said I—“ That word I do not scorn,  
 Dear Valentine M‘Flash ;  
 But though man may be made to mourn,  
 He was not made to ‘ mash.’ ”

He turned for one last longing look,  
 And while his wearied frame  
 With grief and agitation shook,  
 I heard him thus exclaim—

“ Farewell, thou newly-purchas’d hat,  
 A long farewell to thee ;  
 Once on this head thou proudly sat,  
 But now no more shalt be ;  
 Though others may make light of that,  
*Dear* hast thou been to me ! ”

He raised his right hand to the sky,  
 His left was on his brow,  
 And there, while I was standing by,  
 He made this solemn vow—

“ Bald be this head that now is bare,  
 And sightless be mine eye—  
 May Paisley town be known nowhere,  
 The river Cart run dry—  
 If I a hat do ever wear  
 Henceforward till I die ! ”

Homeward he went his weary way  
Through all the wind and rain,  
And people say unto this day  
He never smiled again.

For sorely, sorely did he rue  
The vow which then he made,  
That banish'd hats, both old and new,  
For ever from his head ;  
A Tam o' Shanter, broad and blue,  
He now must wear instead.

At kirk or market, night or day,  
In weather fair or foul,  
At funeral sad or wedding gay,  
He wears that worsted cowl.

Where he was wont to walk with pride  
He goes crestfallen now,  
For all his former friends deride  
That bonnet o'er his brow ;  
But yet he dare not set aside  
That rashly-spoken vow.

Some people, worthy and sedate,  
May treat this tale as trash,  
But there's a moral from the fate  
Of Valentine M'Flash ;  
And I once more reiterate—  
Man was not made to "mash."

For true's that word of sacred lore,  
Writ down for one and all  
Who seek beyond their range to soar  
"Pride goes before a fall."

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## WILLIAM LESLIE.

WILLIAM LESLIE is a native of Johnstone, having been born at No. 19 William Street there, on 27th May, 1862. He received the first part of his education in Mrs. M'Intosh's Infant School, Johnstone, and was afterwards in Mr. Barr's School in that town. While serving his apprenticeship, however, he likewise attended night-schools, from which he derived much benefit. His father, who was a native of Glasgow and a blacksmith to trade, came to reside in Johnstone in 1860. William, after leaving school, was about four years in the warehouse of Mr. Paton, ropespinner, Johnstone. He afterwards, when about fifteen years of age, commenced to serve an apprenticeship of five years with Messrs. M'Dowal & Sons, engineers, Johnstone. In 1880 his parents, with their family, came to reside in Paisley. For a time he commenced to study in view of becoming a minister of the Methodist body, with which he was connected; but afterwards he gave up the prosecution of that idea. When the engineering business became dull, he filled a situation for a time as a life insurance agent; but in consequence of the injury his health suffered from having to travel so much in canvassing for orders, he abandoned this, and returned (about a year ago) to his trade of engineer, at which he is at present engaged.

It was in early life that William Leslie commenced to write verse. But as his grandmother, as well as his mother, wooed the muse, he is literally a "Son of Song." His grandmother was a native of Elderslie, and her husband's name was David M'Millan, who worked as a farm-servant. I give one of her poetical pieces, which is in the form of a dialogue relating to the proposal of a son to visit Paisley Fair, while his father

strongly objects to such a procedure. I next give a poetical piece by the poet's mother, selected from several, that breathes a pious spirit, having the heading of "Margaret." William Leslie, whose wife is a native of Paisley, has not yet collected and published his poetical pieces, but is thinking of doing so soon. One of his pieces, named "Help the Helpless; or, the Doctor's Prodigee," is of considerable length and of much merit. I give specimens of some of his other poetical effusions.

## DIALOGUE.

## FATHER AND SON.

*Son.*

Please, faither, will ye let me go  
To Paisley Fair to see a show;  
There will be joy and merriment,  
And whisky to a great extent.

*Father.*

Hush! foolish boy, you madly rave;  
Mind you are travelling to the grave,  
And joys like those will make you mourn  
Ere you to dust again return.

*Son.*

Nae fear o' that; I'm young and smert,  
And joys like these will cheer the hert;  
For aulder folk than you or me  
Gang to the Fair to ha'e a spree.

*Father.*

Oh! go, my son, to yon churchyard,  
Among the tombs you'll find interred  
Brave, sprightly youths, both young and gay,  
Now mouldering in their native clay.

*Son.*

Tuts, death nae terrors to me bring,  
For I am healthy, stoot, and young;  
But there's my "joe," she waits for me,  
Sae I maun gang the fair to see.

[Son turns to start away.]

*Father* (laying his hand on his son's shoulder).

Be counselled by me, son, I pray :  
 Still keep in mind the Judgment Day,  
 When all the world assembled there  
 Compose an awe-inspiring fair.

*Son.*

Judgment ! my heart is trembling as I hear ;  
 Must I among the rest appear,  
 To stand the sentence of my God  
 And bow to His avenging rod ?

*Father.*

Ah ! yes, my son ; none e'er can fly  
 Or shun the notice of His eye ;  
 The monarch, with his pomp and pride,  
 The rocks and mountains will not hide.

*Son.*

Please tell me, father, how to shun,  
 And here I will renounce my fun,  
 This world, with all its glittering toys,  
 And seek for nobler, lasting joys.

*Father* (giving him the Bible).

Here, take this work. It will thee guide  
 Unto thy Saviour's loving side ;  
 His blood can cleanse from every stain—  
 Repent, believe, be born again.

*Son.*

Hark ! hark ! dear father, now I hear  
 His voice dispersing all my fear ;  
 I do believe—He pardons me,  
 Forgives me, loves me, sets me free.

*Father* (clasping his son's hand).

My son, this doth thy father cheer,  
 For this have I shed many a tear  
 In secret when but God was there ;  
 But bless Him, He has answered prayer.

## M A R G A R E T.

O Margaret ! how thy name  
Doth this sad bosom swell ;  
How memory loves to cherish thee,  
Dear friend, I loved so well !

Thou wert my dearest friend,  
My sister, kind and true ;  
Though mouldering in the silent dust,  
I still remember you.

In youth's gay fleeting hour,  
With hearts from sorrow free,  
We sang our simple evening hymns  
Beneath yon flowery tree.

Thou wert thy mother's pride,  
And cheered her aged heart ;  
And bitter was that mother's grief  
When death ye twain did part.

Thou wert a fragile flower,  
That by the Lord was given  
To shed thy fragrance here a while,  
Then ever bloom in Heaven.

To blossom in that land  
Where all is sweet and fair,  
For none who have a guilty heart  
Can ever enter there.

Farewell, my sister dear,  
Until I join you there ;  
That God may thither safely guide,  
Shall be my humble prayer

Until I reach my home ;  
When death's dark strife is o'er,  
We'll join our kindred round the Throne,  
And " meet to part no more."

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## PAISLEY SHAWLS.

Chill November's come again,  
 Bringing snaw, an' sleet, an' rain ;  
 Losh ! the wather's gettin' caul'—  
 Gie me oot my Paisley shawl.

Put that "dolman" in the kist ;  
 That's no' for the month o' mist ;  
 That wid har'ly theik a doll—  
 Gie me oot my Paisley shawl.

Dinna nicher, bairnies, noo ;  
 Granny's naither daft nor fu' ;  
 When a body's growin' aul',  
 Naething beats a Paisley shawl.

Weel I min' when ye were wee,  
 Dan'lin' on yer mother's knee ;  
 Though ye werena fit to crawl,  
 Weel ye kent my Paisley shawl.

Never slicht a trusty frien'—  
 That's what this aul' plaid has been ;  
 Though its thinin' at the faul',  
 Comfort's in my Paisley shawl.

When I tae my kirkin' gaed,  
 In my bridal brows array'd,  
 'Twas nae Paris falderal,  
 Jist a goon an' Paisley shawl.

Folk at hame are losin' wit ;  
 Folk abroad are gettin' it,  
 For I'm confidently taul'  
 That they like a Paisley shawl.

Germans, Rooshins, Laps, an' a',  
 Like them in the time o' snaw ;  
 Even Yankee-doodle drawls—  
 " Sind a pile uv Paisley shawls."

If our worthy Queen wad wear  
 That yin "Charlie" sent frae here,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Charles Smith, Shawl Manufacturer, 115 Causeyside Street, Paisley.

A' the leddies then wad scrawl  
Orders for a Paisley shawl.

A' the weavers then wi' glee  
Wad be loupin' maist bauk hie ;  
Ilka wark wad ha'e a haul—  
O revive the Paisley shawl !

Never slicht a trusty frien'—  
That's what this aul' plaid has been ;  
Though its thinin' at the faul',  
Comfort's in my Paisley shawl.

---

#### F R I E N D S H I P .

How sweet to meet a cheerful friend  
Amid the city's rattle,  
To pause and interchange a smile  
In life's uncertain battle.  
It makes us view with less regard  
The jostle and the bustle ;  
It cools the fever of the brain,  
And freshens nerve and muscle.  
And when we kindly say "good-bye,"  
We feel ourselves the stronger ;  
Our step becomes more firm and brisk,  
And just a trifle longer.  
Sweet human friendship, but for thee  
Amid this toil and rancour,  
Our finest feelings would decay,  
Consumed as with a canker.  
Then, honest friendship, here's my hand ;  
How cordially you grasp it ;  
If yours I grasp no more on earth,  
In Heaven may I clasp it.

---

#### JOUK AND LET THE JAW GANG BYE.

My granny used to tell me aft  
Aboot a man o' woof and waft  
Whose wife had nearly driv'n him daft  
Wi' drinkin', flytin', fechtin' aye.

She aften made the clachan ring,  
 And slops and suds at Tam wad fling ;  
 But aye, puir chiel, he tried to sing—  
 “ Jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

And sae he aften saved his pow ;  
 And though 'twas hard to dae, ye'll vow  
 The better way to save a row  
 Is “ jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

When scandalmongers weave awa',  
 And fore and aft their shuttles ca',  
 And ye could fain their wizzens thraw,  
 “ Jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

When cruel words are at ye shot,  
 And tongue and temper gettin' hot,  
 Just ginnel for a quieter spot  
 To “ jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

When some ane's itchin' for a fecht,  
 And thinks ye're jist about his wecht,  
 To keep yersel' and him a' richt,  
 “ Jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

And when your temper's sairly tried,  
 Wi' patience aye be fortified ;  
 The safest plan ye ever tried  
 Is “ jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

“ Jouk and let the jaw gang bye ”  
 Is a plan ye a' should try ;  
 Never haud yer heid owre high—  
 “ Jouk and let the jaw gang bye.”

---

#### DINNA BE DOONHERTED.

When oor herts wi' grief are wrung,  
*Nil desperandum* sometimes sing ;  
 Here its in your mither tongue—  
 Dinna be doonherted.

If your cares shou'd roun' ye thrang,  
Troubles try ye a' day lang,  
A' your weel-laid plans gae wrang,  
Dinna be doonherted.

If ye shou'd be oot o' wark,  
And ye're nearly driven stark  
Thinkin' ye're misfortune's mark,  
Dinna be doonherted.

If the want o' health shou'd draw  
A' your weel-haint gear awa',  
Face it though ye stan' or fa'—  
Dinna be doonherted.

O what hardships puir folk ha'e,  
Aft wi' cauld and hunger blae,  
Yet to cheer each ither say—  
Dinna be doonherted.

Aften rich and puir alike  
Fin' the jag o' sorrow's spike,  
Yet, though driven to the dyke,  
Dinna be doonherted.

Though your foes increase like weeds,  
Vex ye wi' their cruel deeds,  
Hap up kindness on their heids—  
Dinna be doonherted.

Though your frien's are getting few,  
Thinkin' ye may need them noo,  
Ane abin the lift's aye true—  
Dinna be doonherted.

Cauld and dark your nicht may be,  
Whiles sae dark you canna see,  
Yet ye're guided by His e'e—  
Dinna be doonherted.

Though ye're no' in foreign lands  
Graipin' gowd wi' baith your hauns,  
Lippen Him who understan's—  
Dinna be doonherted.

Not alane the battle's van  
Tries the mettle of the man,  
But conformin' to God's plan—  
    Dinna be doonherted.

If ye rue a life mis-spent,  
And your faithlessness lament,  
Them wha honestly repent  
    Needna be doonherted.

God will tak' ye back again,  
Welcome hame his waunert wean,  
Gar ye feel ye're jist His ain—  
    Dinna be doonherted.

---

#### A NICE FINNAN HADDIE.

I'm a nice Finnan haddie, weel kippert and clean,  
The popular member, the workin' man's frien' ;  
For I'm relished alike baith by Sandy and Paddy,  
The saumon o' puir folks—a nice Finnan haddie.

The young wifie likes to ha'e ilka thing clean  
When somebody comes for his supper at e'en ;  
But kens that though guid be the tea in the caddy,  
The tea's aye improved by a nice Finnan haddie.

An' sometimes, when faither's owre wearit to eat,  
An' seems to ha'e fairly gane aff o' his meat,  
The wife tells the bairns jist to play wi' their daddy,  
An' slips awa' oot for a nice Finnan haddie.

An' then whit a glorious feast to the weans,  
For daddy aye picks them a bit without banes ;  
An' nae "pick-me-up" fits a puir hungry laddie  
Like weel-slaured scones in the brae o' a haddie.

Baith granny an' gran'faither's missin' their teeth,  
An' canna be tempted wi' mutton or beef ;  
But heth they fa'-to jist like lassie or laddie,  
An' tell ye its tastie, a nice Finnan haddie.

#### MORAL.

I lieve an' I dee jist to benefit ithers,  
An' aften I wish that some faithers and mithers  
Wha spen' a' they can on their toddy or "taddie,"  
In this way at least would be mair like the haddie.

## RICHARD WARD.

RICHARD WARD was born at Dalmellington, in the county of Ayr, on 28th April, 1863. His father, John Ward, a native of Ireland, is a miner. He removed to Maryhill with his family; and Richard attended the school there till he was about twelve years of age, when he, like his father, became a miner. His parents, with their family, left Maryhill for Paisley in 1879; and he and his father commenced to work at Inkermann,<sup>1</sup> near Paisley, where they still labour. In July, 1883, Richard went to America; but becoming home-sick, he, after remaining there only about half-a-year, returned to Paisley, and resides with his parents in Lady Lane. Richard's muse was not of early growth, for he did not begin to write verse till he was twenty-two years of age. I give some specimens of the offspring of his muse, which have appeared in the public prints.

### THE BONNIE DOON.

Alone I strayed to view the scenes  
 'Lang the bonnie banks o' Doon;  
 The red sun, wi' declinin' beams,  
 Shone radiantly aroun';  
 The zephyr fanned the water's crest,  
 An' sweetly cam' along;  
 The speckled thrush, wi' throbbin' breast,  
 Fu' merrily he sang.

The clear an' sullen river  
 Through hills an' moors doth glide,  
 The salmon sporting ever  
 Beneath its silvery tide;

---

<sup>1</sup> This name is applied to a little village of miners' dwelling-houses erected on Candren Farm shortly after the battle of Inkermann, on 5th November, 1854, at the famous siege of Sebastopol.

The artist finds a pleasant task,  
 The fisher takes a tour,  
 An' lovers true in sunshine bask  
 Beneath each myrtle bower.

I gazed wi' pride doon on the cot  
 Beneath the lordly hill,  
 The sweet an' rural little spot—  
 It made my bosom fill.  
 'Twas there that I first saw the licht,  
 In childhood played wi' glee,  
 An' wildly ran frae morn to nicht  
 To catch the butterflee.

The savage loves his native plains,  
 As o'er them he doth roam ;  
 The exile loves to hear the strains  
 Of his dear native home ;  
 The shepherd loves his shady bower,  
 Far frae the busy toon ;  
 But gie to me one twilight hour  
 'Lang the bonnie banks o' Doon.

---

### THE UDSTON DISASTER.

ON MAY, 1887.

The May sun had risen so pleasant and cheerful,  
 And scenes were as bright as the earth could bestow,  
 As the miners of Udston drew near to the pit-mouth,  
 And soon did descend to the dangers below.

No one thought of danger on that fatal morning,  
 But cheerfully went forth to labour full sore,  
 To earn the bread needful for dear wives and children,  
 They ne'er thought that morning they'd see them no more.

A few hours elapsed from the time they descended,  
 When a sound, as of thunder, was heard all around ;  
 The fierce flames shot upwards, the atmosphere darkened :  
 The mine had exploded—so far underground.

O then was a scene of most horrid confusion—  
 The mothers and sisters in anguish and woe ;  
 They ran, shrieking wildly, to look for their lov'd ones  
 That death had ensnared in the dungeon below.

All honour is due to their brave-hearted comrades,  
 Who, daring and fearless, their services gave ;  
 And searched for the bodies, midst darkness and danger,  
 And brought them above to a natural grave.

Then pity the widows and poor orphan children,  
 Think on the homes now so desolate and lone ;  
 And think on the brave men who perished that morning—  
 A dark page in story!—they will ever be known.

---

 S P R I N G .

Sweet Spring, we hail thee with delight,  
 Thou source of joy and mirth ;  
 Com'st laden with thy mantle bright,  
 To decorate the earth—  
 To wake the sweets of life once more,  
 That slept through winter's cold,  
 And spread the golden sunshine o'er,  
 So beauteous to behold.

The fields and meadows all around,  
 They look so fresh and fair,  
 The moistening rain is sprinkling down  
 And through the sunny air.  
 The brier-bush is covered o'er  
 With blossoms pure and pale—  
 The violet and the wild flowers  
 With fragrance fill the vale.

The little birds are back again—  
 From bower to bower they fly ;  
 List to the laverock's merry strain,  
 Up in the bright blue sky.  
 The blackbird makes the greenwood ring  
 With melodies so sweet ;  
 Let us swell their choir and sing—  
 " Welcome, ever welcome, Spring."



## THE FLOWER OF THE WEST.

The evening was gentle and soft breezes blowing,  
 The sun had declined, and the birds were at rest,  
 As I strayed out along by the Braes of Gleniffer  
 With charming young Maggie, the flower of the West.

She's bright and as pure as the pearl from the ocean,  
 And virtue abides in her love-heaving breast ;  
 Tender and playful as a lamb in the meadow  
 Is charming young Maggie, the flower of the West.

Her neck is as white as the snowflakes in winter,  
 Her hair it might rival the raven's black crest ;  
 Graceful and calm as the swan in the river  
 Is charming young Maggie, the flower of the West.

She says she'll be true as the sunshine in summer ;  
 Among all the young lads, she doth love me the best ;  
 Her father consented, and I'll be so happy  
 With charming young Maggie, the flower of the West.

So let kings have their power, and rule o'er their nations,  
 And lords have their mansions and live on the best,  
 Yet I'll be more happy and better contented  
 With charming young Maggie, the flower of the West.

---

 SUCCESS TO PAISLEY.

Oor Paisley toun is bricht'nin' up,  
 Nae doot ye a' can see,  
 Wi' buildin's o' the fanciest sort,  
 Whaur auld anes used to be ;  
 An' sortin' up o' a' the streets,  
 It's lookin' unco braw—  
 Oor emigrants, on comin' back,  
 Will no ken it ava.

Noo, just look doon the High Street,  
 What a pleasant change is there !  
 'Twas ance a dismal-lookin' place,  
 Sae scanty an' sae puir ;

Noo stauns a range o' buildin's  
 Sae magnificent an' bricht,  
 It's a pleasant place to walk along  
 On ony pleasant nicht.

An' there's oor handsome Clark Toun Hall,  
 Wi' it nane can compare ;  
 Wi' its chimin' an' sweet music bells,  
 An' ornaments sae rare.  
 The gift o' oor freen, George A. Clark,  
 Wi' heart an' haun he gave ;  
 It is a credit to his name,  
 Tho' he's noo in the grave.

An' stauns oor stately West-En' Cross,  
 Ance the auld Coffin-En',  
 Whaur mony o' oor worthies  
 In auld times did atten'  
 To talk on present politics,  
 An' a' things 'bout the toun ;  
 I have nae dout some wid be vexed  
 To see it knockit down.

Baith Coats an' Clark built up new mills,  
 That the wheel o' trade micht birl ;  
 I can safely say that Coats's mill  
 Is the brawest in the worl'.  
 When I see the actions o' these men,  
 This remark I often pass,  
 That Coats an' Clark do a' they can  
 To help the workin' class.

A new railway station we'll sune ha'e,  
 'Twill decorate oor toun ;  
 The auld ane it look'd awfu' puir,  
 'Twas time 'twas knockit down.  
 An' anither big job will be dune ;  
 In a short time it will start,  
 An' in a year or twa big ships  
 Will come sailin' up the Cart.

## ALEXANDER RICE.

ALEXANDER RICE is a native of Paisley, and was born in Queen Street, on 10th November, 1865. His father is a native of Londonderry, and is a hand-loom weaver to trade in Paisley. Alexander received his education in Queen Street, Carbrook Street, and West Board Schools. At present he is employed in a work in Paisley where preserves are made. He devotes some of his leisure hours to the composing of rhyme, of which I give three specimens.

## THE AULD MAID; OR, PEGGY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

In Paisley toun, that faur-fam'd place,  
 Whaur canny bodies creep alang,  
 There leev'd a decent, douce auld maid,  
 Apairt frae a' the busy thrang.  
 Full forty simmers owre her heid,  
 And forty winters' storms had pass'd ;  
 But Peggy hadna chang'd her state,  
 She still remain'd a single lass.  
 An' aft-times she was heard to tell  
 O' handsome offers like the lave,  
 But aye had mair care o' hersel',  
 For she would be nae tyrant's slave.  
 An' some, wha thocht themsel's weel sair  
 Wi' gettin' men to change their name,  
 Were noo in poverty an' rags,  
 While she had still her ain snug hame.  
 Yet whiles she frae her window gaz'd,  
 When lads an' lasses pass'd in glee ;  
 Her mind gaed back to auld langsyne,  
 The saut tear glisten'd in her e'e.  
 She had nae frien' on earth ava—  
 Puir Peggy couldna boast a brither—  
 But weel content she made the bed  
 That nature meant to haud anither.

But sober folk like pleasure too,  
 An' Peggy vow'd, if she could man't,  
 To busk hersel' in a' her braws,  
 An' jine the crowd at Coats's jaunt.  
 The time wore roun', as time aye does,  
 An', like the sea, its course maun rin,  
 Sae Peggy widna gang to bed  
 For fear next morn o' sleepin' in.  
 She clean'd her hoose the hale nicht thro',  
 She clean'd it weel frae en' to en'—  
 I'm sure, in a' the lan' that nicht  
 There wisna sic a but-an'-ben.  
 She eyed her glitterin' rack wi' pride,  
 An' stepp'd across the weel-scrubb'd floor,  
 Syne cuist the auld claes frae her back,  
 An' dress'd hersel' wi' muckle care.  
 Then haein' jist an hour to spare,  
 Doon on the sofa she did lie.  
 Quo' she—"I'll hae a wee bit snooze,  
 And wauken when the band gangs by."  
 She slept, an' blissfu' were her dreams ;  
 A thoosan' lads did roun' her staun',  
 An' ilk ane drapp'd on bendit knee  
 An' begg'd her for her heart an' haun'.  
 Hoo lang she slept I dinna ken ;  
 But, hark! the soun' o' fife an' drum,  
 An' Peggy wauken'd, cryin' oot—  
 "I'm jist in time, for here they come."  
 She up an' to the window ran,  
 Like ony young an' souple hizzy,  
 But started back in great surprise—  
 The sicht near dang the cratur dizzy.  
 Fause freen', hoo could ye dae the like?  
 Oh! treacherous slumber, fie, for shame!  
 The tears ran doon puir Peggy's cheeks,  
 For lo! the jaunt was comin' hame.

Neil Street, Paisley.

## TO INCONSTANCY.

Oh ! Brakenridge, my haughty dame,  
 You've wounded me full sore ;  
 The heart that once was in a flame  
 Is bleeding at the core.

Go, fickle woman ! choose your path,  
 Vain thought I will not chide ;  
 Although the object of my wrath,  
 You're welcome to your pride.

Though now your glory's at its height  
 By casting me so low,  
 The darkest day must have its night,  
 For Fate has willed it so.

May retribution just and sure  
 O'ertake the wretch so vile  
 Whose slanderous tongue has made me poor  
 And robbed me of your smile.

And when your sun of glory sinks  
 Beyond the golden morn,  
 When severed are love's fondest links,  
 'Twill be my turn to scorn.

---

 MY ANNIE.

O leeze me on my wee Scotch lass,  
 An' speed me to her cot,  
 For idle time it winna pass  
 Awa' frae that dear spot.  
 Her voice I long to hear the soun',  
 I long to clasp her form sae roun',  
 'The cankerous cares o' life I droon'  
 When gaun to meet my Annie.

Thou bonnie bird that sings sae gay  
 Among the leafy branches,  
 O boast na in thy merry lay,  
 Nor mock me wi' thy glances ;

For I can sing as blithe as thee,  
Though death an' dangers compass me,  
For joy is mine when owre the lea  
I meet my winsome Annie.

Let drinkers drink wha love the vine,  
Their silly brains to scatter,  
I winna court the snares o' wine,  
But pledge my love in water.  
May a' that's evil frae her keep,  
May angels guard her in her sleep,  
May He wha rules abune us heap  
Guid fortune on my Annie.

---

## ISABELLA LEDGERWOOD.

ISABELLA LEDGERWOOD was born at the village of Kilmaurs in Ayrshire, on the 12th of December, 1866. Her father, James Ledgerwood, was a shoemaker to trade; and her mother was one of the family of Blacks, sometime of Todholm Cottage, on the road leading from Paisley to Barrhead, who were latterly wool manufacturers in Stewarton. Her father took to keeping of toll-bars; and when she was quite young, he and the family removed to Largs, where she received a pretty good education. When the toll-bar system was abolished, her father commenced poultry-farming; but this proving a failure, he removed with his family to Paisley, and opened a boot and shoe place of business in Storie Street. He died of fever in 1885.

Isabella was for some time in the mills of Messrs. Clark & Co., and also in those of Messrs. J. & P. Coats; but, owing to failing health, she was obliged to abandon this kind of work, and at present resides with her mother and family at No. 2 West Brae, Paisley. Her first attempt at the composing of poetry was about five years ago, after she came to reside in Paisley. This poetical piece was entitled "To a False One," and appeared in the *Paisley Daily Express*. I give three specimens of her poetry. Miss Ledgerwood took an active interest in the Paisley Lodging-House Mission, of which she was the lady superintendent and treasurer. After she was married to Mr. Smith, upwards of a year ago, she continued to act in the same capacity for this mission.

### HARK ! THE LITTLE BIRDS ARE SINGING.

Hark ! the little birds are singing  
 In the early morning light,  
 Singing praises to the Great One  
 Who has kept them thro' the night.

Hark ! the little birds are singing,  
 Notes of gladness fill the air ;  
 Dewdrops glisten in the sunshine ;  
 All around is bright and fair.

Hark ! the little birds are singing ;  
 Shall not we our voices raise ?  
 Unto Him who daily keeps us  
 Shall we not ascribe all praise ?

---

#### THE JUBILEE YEAR.

Victoria, Scotia's much-loved Queen,  
 We would to thee our tribute bring,  
 And make the hills round Paisley ring,  
 In this thy jubilee year.

Victoria, pride of all the land,  
 Thy Paisley subjects in a band  
 Rejoice to serve thee heart and hand  
 In this thy jubilee year.

And when your reign on earth is o'er,  
 We hope to meet you on that shore  
 Where we shall spend for evermore  
 Eternal jubilee.

---

#### I M P R O M P T U.

How beautiful is Nature in the calm of early morn !  
 How pleasant 'tis to wander thro' the fields the flowers adorn,  
 To listen to the singing of the birds upon the trees,  
 And watch the flitting movements of the ever busy bees.

How pleasant 'tis to linger by the gently murmuring brooks,  
 And watch the little fishes glide from out their quiet nooks  
 Into the middle of the stream, with free and easy grace,  
 Then up and down the little things in glee each other chase.

The pretty little snow-white lambs come to the flowery brink,  
 And of the pure sweet water, too, so fearlessly they drink ;  
 Then away with fleet and joyous bound across the sward they speed,  
 And leave me here alone my neglected book to read.



## GILBERT HOLMES.

GILBERT HOLMES was born in Wellmeadow Street, Paisley, on 19th July, 1868. His father, John Holmes, is also a native of Paisley, and is a colour-dyer to trade. Gilbert has received a good education, which was finished at thirteen years of age at the West Board School. In the following year, he attended Hutchison's night school, where he remained eighteen months. At twelve years of age, he had, while bathing, a narrow escape from being drowned. In leaping, when bathing in the "laigh linn," from the Hammil's Head at the Seedhills into the laigh linn in the river below, in the usual heroic way, his shoulder came in contact with a projecting rock, thereby disabling his right arm, and rendering him unfit to swim. He sank twice in the deep water of the linn, and when on the point of descending for the third time he was caught by a young man, a worker, named Campbell, in Messrs. Clark's mill, who saved him.

After leaving the West Board School, he was in two situations as shop-boy. He then went to Messrs. A. F. Craig & Co., engineers, and served an apprenticeship there in the turning department, which was completed in September, 1888. He is at present working at his trade with Messrs. Fullerton, Hodgart, & Barclay.

Gilbert Holmes commenced to write verse shortly after his escape from drowning. His parents are both alive, and he lives with them. I give specimens of his poetry, which, although composed when under twenty years of age, possess much merit.

### FAREWHEEL, PAISLEY.

Fareweel to auld Paisley,  
 My ain native toon,  
 I noo maun depairt faur frae thee,

Wi' heart sad an' weary,  
 I glance noo aroon,  
 For sune I will cross the wide sea.

Fareweel to Gleniffer,  
 Whaur aft I hae been,  
 I never may view thee again ;  
 Dear spot, whaur I wandered  
 Sae aften at e'en,  
 To leave thee is causing me pain.

Fareweel to auld Cruikston,  
 My favourite retreat,  
 The Castle noo rugged an' worn ;  
 The scene o' true beauty  
 And innocence sweet,  
 Aye fresh as the smile o' the morn.

Fareweel to companions  
 Wi' whom I hae strayed,  
 Enjoyin' the pure-scented air,  
 By brooklet and fountain,  
 By hill, dell, and glade—  
 Alas ! I will see them nae mair.

Fareweel to the lassie  
 I lo'e abune a',  
 Fareweel to the place whaur we met,  
 Fareweel ; in my mem'ry  
 I'll prize faur awa',  
 And Paisley will never forget.

---

#### SECRET PRAYER.

How sweet within our private room,  
 When bending 'neath our load,  
 To pour within our Father's ear  
 Our struggles on life's road ;  
 To tell of sins committed oft,  
 And ask to be forgiven ;  
 To tell the failings most we know,  
 To seek for strength from heaven.

To plead for power to overcome  
 The sins that bring us pain,  
 When tempted by the Evil One,  
 That we may vict'ry gain ;  
 To seek for full deliverance  
 From every selfish sin ;  
 To seek the Lord to wash our hearts  
 And make them pure within.

To seek for courage everywhere  
 To speak a simple word  
 To all the erring ones we meet  
 Regarding Christ our Lord.  
 Yes ; sweet indeed is secret prayer,  
 It helps us on our way ;  
 It fits us for the world below  
 And for Eternity.

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IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF  
 JAMES HOLMES, AGED 6 YEARS ; ALSO,  
 CATHERINE ANN HOLMES, AGED 9 MONTHS.

Wee Jeemie's awa' noo at last,  
 Awa' frae this warl' o' sin ;  
 His troubles an' sorrows are past—  
 He's left us to weep here behin'.  
 Hoo aften he played in his glee  
 Wi' ithers wee chaps on the street,  
 An' happy he aye seemed to be,  
 But noo a' his joy is complete.

The Lord is the Faither o' a',  
 He rules owre the heigh an' the mean ;  
 Nae doot 'tis His will he's awa',  
 An' mortals need never compleen.  
 Whit are we but dust at the best?  
 Oor days at the langest are few,  
 So Jeemie is gane to his rest  
 Beside a' the faithfu' an' true.

Six years he but leev'd on this earth—

He never had muckle to say ;  
 Aye gentle an' quiet frae his birth,  
 He aye did his mither obey.  
 Nae mair will he tell us of God,  
 Or speak o' the Saviour sae kin',  
 For he's noo in the heav'nly abode  
 Amang a' the splendour divine.

Oor trials are mony an' great ;  
 The angel o' death has ance mair  
 Approach'd us, an' ta'en oor wee Kate,  
 Sae innocent, helpless, an' fair.  
 The bonnie wee dear we ance lo'ed,  
 An' noticed wi' interest ilk day,  
 Is noo 'mang the pure an' the good.  
 O weel may we inwardly pray

For strength in this sorrowfu' hour  
 To help us to bear this great blow,  
 For we ken that the Saviour has po'er  
 To comfort sad hearts amid woe.  
 The Saviour remembers the sad,  
 An' those in great troubles oppresst,  
 Enabling each ane to be glad  
 When puttin' them sair to the test.

Wee Katie is noo by His side,  
 Wi' ither sich bairnies content,  
 Whaurever, we trust, she'll abide ;  
 Then why should we sadly lament ?  
 Let's dae what we ken to be richt,  
 An' then, when oor lives here are dune,  
 Amang angels holy an' bricht  
 We'll meet her an' Jeemie abune.

September, 1887.

## SUMMER SABBATH DAY.

O, what a beautiful landscape scene !  
 Where is the painter of picture so fair ?  
 Where is the poet whose heart and pen  
 Can tell us of grandeur half so rare ?  
 Nature is queen of all beauties, I trow,  
 None e'er can equal her, far less excel ;  
 Here, as I glance all around me now,  
 My heart doth within me with rapture swell.

The church bells are ringing their solemn peal,  
 The echo resounding o'er meadow and dale ;  
 Off to the village church they steal—  
 The young, the aged, the ruddy, and pale—  
 Thinking of only the Father above,  
 Who sendeth the sun and the welcome dew,  
 Who careth for all in His infinite love ;  
 O, to be faithful to Friend so true.

The sky is blue, with a tinge of red,  
 The fields are ripe with the golden ear,  
 The birds sing sweetly overhead,  
 And the little streamlet rippleth near ;  
 'Neath a thicksread tree I sit and rest,  
 And the air is sweet with the breath of heaven ;  
 Frail human creatures are truly blest—  
 Priceless the blessings to mortals given.

Ah, Nature teacheth a lesson to all,  
 Of beauty, virtue, and innocence sweet ;  
 Who dare deny it, since great and small  
 Have proof alike of its joys complete ?  
 God pity those who suffering lie,  
 With misty eyes and fevered brain,  
 Hoping to live, yet praying to die,  
 And find relief from their racking pain.

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## SCOTLAND.

Hail, Scotland! the land of my birth and upbringing,  
The land I love best, to my heart ever dear ;  
Thy praise thine own feather'd songsters are singing,  
Fair Scotland, thy name I will ever revere.  
Though far frae thy valleys and heath-topped mountains,  
Thy thistles, thy roses, and violets blue,  
Thy pure running streams and thy sweet crystal fountains  
In fancy before me with gladness I view.

I roam once again 'midst the scenes of my childhood,  
Bird-nesting I go, unattended, alone ;  
I rest me again 'mong the sweet-scented wildwood,  
Ah, me! 'tis a dream! now these joys are all gone.  
'Tis true we have parted, and parted for ever,  
And memory often brings many a tear  
When thinking how Fortune has forced us to sever,  
And left me heartbroken and sorrowful here.

I sigh not for riches, I sigh not for pleasure,  
I care not for honour or great earthly fame ;  
But yet I preserve, as my heart's dearest treasure,  
The wish even to see thee, old Scotland again.  
The land of a Burns and a Livingstone noble,  
The birthland of Wallace, the Ellerslie Knight,  
Who fought for thy safety and died for thy freedom,  
The champion of Justice, defender of Right!

Thy sons are true-hearted, thy maidens are charming,  
Possessed with the spirits of ancestors good ;  
One look from their pure eyes, suspicion disarming,  
Would make us defend them with hearts' dearest blood.  
Alas! then, dear Scotland, the bright ties are broken  
Which bound us in twain in a circle of love ;  
The cruel farewell by hard Fate has been spoken—  
The world is no Eden without thee, I prove.

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TO EX-PROVOST ROBERT BROWN, HISTORIAN,  
UNDERWOOD PARK,  
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS GOLDEN MARRIAGE JUBILEE.

Life is short and time is fleeting :  
Half-a-century has gone  
Since in holy bonds of wedlock  
Two young hearts were bound in one.  
Years of truest peace and pleasure  
They have been, I fondly trust ;  
Aspirations towards heaven,  
Not on things of fading dust.

Heaven bless the happy couple  
In their household, heart, and home !  
May they journey true together  
Every fleeting year to come !  
Angels guard and be their comfort  
In their every needful hour !  
God protect them, in Thy mercy,  
By Thine everlasting power !

Thou hast promised to be faithful  
To the ones who look to Thee :  
Grant Thy servants grace and mercy,  
And impart them purity ;  
Drive away all fickle doubtings,  
Bind them with the cords of love,  
Till Thou callest them to heaven,  
Thine eternal home above.

PAISLEY, March, 1889.

## ELECTION RHYMES.

While only a few comic cartoons appeared at the Parliamentary election of 1832—the first after the Reform Bill—and those immediately following, there was as little of political poetry. It was not till the Parliamentary election of 1868 that the political rhymsters became numerous. The candidates at that election were H. E. Crum-Ewing, Esq., the former M.P. for Paisley; Colonel Archibald C. Campbell of Blythswood; and Archibald Kintrea, Esq., of London. During the contest prior to the election, there were three separate serials published to accommodate electoral literature, which were called respectively the *Hoolet*, *Hawk*, and *Eclipse*. These publications first appeared on 10th October, 1868, and continued till 21st November, 1868, the price of each being one penny. Upwards of fifty poetical effusions and thirty cartoons appeared in them, and this was chiefly due to the chivalrous procedure of Colonel Campbell and several of his supporters. I intended at one time to give a few of these poetical pieces; but on looking closely into them I found that they were so full of personalities that I thought it best to abandon that idea. Besides, I did not think they possessed any permanent value. They served, however, the purposes of their authors, and showed that the sons of Paisley were still alive to the claims of verse.

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## JEANNIE JOHNSTONE.

JEANNIE JOHNSTONE was born in Paisley about twenty years ago. Her father, Alexander Johnstone (already noticed, Vol. II., p. 384), who is a native of the parish of Luss, is a gardener to trade, and has resided for a long time in Paisley. After receiving a good education in the John Neilson Institution, Miss Johnstone entered a warehouse in town to fill a superior situation. For about four years she has been turning her attention to the writing of rhyme, and some of her effusions have appeared in the local press. Of these I give a few specimens.

### SCOTLAND.

I love the land of the heather bell,  
Of the broom, and the whinny knowe ;  
Where the torrents rise and proudly swell,  
As they dash o'er the mountain brow.

Where the sturdy thistle rears its head,  
'Mid scenes so wild and grand ;  
No wonder that our patriots bled  
For such a lovely land.

Bright honour spreads her golden beams  
O'er bonnie Scotland's Isle ;  
And bids her placid lochs and streams  
With radiant beauty smile.

Who would not love to wander o'er  
Thy heather-purpled hills ?  
Or climb among thy mountains hoar,  
Or list thy wimpling rills ?

This is the land we call our home,  
This land so wondrous fair ;  
Who then would ever wish to roam,  
Or leave a spot so fair !

## I N M E M O R I A M.

*(In Affectionate Remembrance of Barbara Scott, who Died on Saturday,  
3rd March, 1888, Aged 9 Years.)*

Her trials and troubles are o'er,  
She has entered into her rest ;  
She is safe at last on the golden shore,  
Safe on her Saviour's breast.

A robe of spotless white she wears,  
A crown of purest gold ;  
And in her hand a harp she bears—  
She's within the Saviour's fold.

'Tis sweet to know, though parted here  
For a few short years of time,  
We shall meet again, one loved so dear,  
In a far serener clime.

Then O ! what joy we there shall know !  
What joy, and love divine !  
For they who loved the Lord below,  
Bright as the stars shall shine.

In this, our dark and saddest hour,  
Be Thou, our Saviour, near ;  
Show us Thy great and loving power,  
Do Thou our spirits cheer.

## I N L O V I N G M E M O R Y O F J A N E B. J O H N S T O N E

*(Who Died on 30th July, 1888, aged 3 Years).*

Weep not, your darling rests secure  
On a loving Saviour's breast ;  
Amongst the angels bright and pure  
She is a welcome guest.

Upon that brow we loved so well  
A starry crown appears ;  
O could we half Heaven's glories tell,  
To joy would turn our tears.

With those in Canaan's Happy Land,  
When earth's shadows past have rolled.

O may this thought our hearts inspire  
With beams of heavenly grace,  
And may it be our chief desire  
To reach this Holy Place.



## CROSS STEEPLE RHYMES.

When the Paisley Cross Steeple, in November, 1868, in consequence of some drainage operations that were carried on near to it, gave way and became bent towards the south, there arose in the town no little discussion as to what should be done in consequence of its condition. Courts of law were appealed to for a settlement of the affair, cartoons were published; and of course the sons of Paisley had, as in all other cases of public excitement, to indulge in rhymes about the condition of this steeple. From among these poetical effusions, I give the following, which possesses considerable merit, and makes happy allusions to many local men and to local manners. It appeared in an illustrated penny publication of 16th October, 1869, entitled *The Protector*, and the poetical piece itself was called "Ye Protector's Ghost."

## YE PROTECTOR'S GHOST.

Napoleon's sick, and wars must cease,  
 Ambassadors' intrigue belaming;  
 Though volunteers may still increase,  
 They never fight but when they're *shaming*.

Steam-engines to the moon aspire,  
 O'er-reaching far the ancient fables;  
 The earth's within a cage of wire;  
 The ocean's spanned with gutta cables.

Now if some *cabalistic* Jew  
 Would raise the knowing son of David,  
 To shew the *Savans* something new,  
 Let him be steamed, shampooed, and shaved;

Then let him come to our old town;  
 Was he a weaver or a dyer?  
 The wise old judge shall quickly own  
 Our shawls outshine the robes of Tyre.

Then if he winks his ancient eye  
 To scorn the dome of old Saint Mirin,  
 Just twist a *thread* about his thigh,  
 And drag him groaning to Bargarran.

Tho' Endor's witch awoke the dead,  
 Foretelling Saul's determined ruin ;  
 Our modern witch invented thread,  
 That set the whole wide world a-sewing.

Great Solomon laughs and sighs anon !  
 Now, then, my tale is not more soothing ;  
 Honour redoubtable *Sir John*,  
 And own his courage is a new thing !

This night, to free my soul from thrall,  
 To cheer my brain and test its merits,  
 For burning brandy I did call,  
 And drowned my sorrows in the spirits.

Then happy friends around me shone,  
 Drinking and singing all free and easy ;  
 I rose to pledge our *great* Sir John,  
 But fell because the floor was greasy.

Thus from the centre of the *Globe*,  
 Forward I slide toward the earth, sir ;  
 Thro' a glass pane my head goes bob,  
 Now fix't for once, I look straight forth, sir :

The moon is blowing off the clouds,  
 And looking down to see the steeple ;  
 Smiling to see the frightened crowds  
 Of ruling prigs and Paisley people.

The steeple is an awful ghost,  
 And brave Sir John's the ghost protector ;  
 Self-chosen captain of the host,  
 Chief judge of law and architecture.

He takes possession of this town  
 Alone, by dint of law and logic ;  
 By Boaz and Jachin, you must own  
 The novelty of such a project.

The Councillors are bound in chains,  
 E'en now he's going to arraign them ;  
 Accused of theft, and sinking drains,  
 Great king ! I really think he'll hang them.

Let fugitive MacKean confess—  
 E'en bolder men must cry Peccavie—  
 Likewise the demons of the press  
 Must own the Knight is rather heavy.

The wind blows o'er the chimney tops,  
 Hark how the hollow steeple's groaning !  
 The careful merchants shut their shops  
 And homeward flee, with terror moaning.

Glorious Sir John ! stick to your job !  
 Be steady, and hold up the steeple !  
 For if it falls, 'twill crush the *Globe*,  
 Old Atlas, too, and all the people !

The wind may howl, the *knight* is calm,  
 The steeple's safe within his clutches ;  
 He kindly wishes to embalm  
 His disembowelled friend on crutches.

How brightly shine's the moon's blythe face,  
 While Solomon's grim brows are knitting ;  
 He says this is a deeper case  
 Then e'en the famous baby-splitting.

Then looking to the chained gangs,  
 With arched smile, he says—" Poor fellows,  
 You must be suffering awful pangs,  
 Let *wisdom* save you from the gallows :

" Come, speak the truth ! don't be afeared !  
 Death is a refuge from dishonour !  
 By whom was this tall steeple reared ?  
 Whose is it ? Come, who was the donor ?"

Our Provost gives his hair a sleek,  
 And clinks his chains down in obeisance ;  
 " Most sapient king, I fear to speak,  
 E'en tho' commanded, in your presence.

“ I do confess we’ve sold the pile—  
 A gift belonging to the people—  
 But know, it has been cracked a while,  
 Likewise the man that claims the steeple.

“ But this old town’s not only cracked,  
 But broken too—you might have read it ;  
 No wonder that our brains are racked  
 Thinking on plans to mend their credit.

“ All kind of shifts by turns we make,  
 Mortgaging, pawning, and transferring ;  
 Our constitution’s got a shake,  
 But yet I think ’tis worth repairing.

“ While Fountain Gardens deck the north,  
 The Museum the south adorning—  
 Shall hold the reliques of the earth—  
 A fount, and retrospect of learning.

“ Great king ! did e’er you light the gas  
 To gaze on Pharaoh’s lovely daughter :  
 O set me free ! and have a glass  
 Of Saucel fire or Rowbank water.

“ Altho’ the steeple went aglee,  
 The drain affair I need not answer ;  
 Merely allowing things to be,  
 Shews no design in brainless men, sir.”

The knight walks forth with stately air,  
 Benevolence from his eyes is beaming ;  
 Behold his beautiful grey hair  
 Against the silver moonbeams streaming !

He takes the king’s white hand in his,  
 Freemason-like, to own a brother ;  
 Two jolly fellows, *phis* to *phis*  
 (Wise people do love one another).

The town’s light spirit’s on the wing ;  
 Hark how the steeple-cock is crowing !  
 How blythely doth Sanct Mirin sing !  
 His ancient heart with joy’s o’erflowing.

A knight, renowned for strength of jaw—  
 Great Samson's weapon could not match his—  
 Comes forward to expound the law  
 And save the town from pilfering wretches.

Keep silence in the court, ye sprites,  
 Obey the stentor voice of Harkness ;  
 Pale Luna, hide thy silvery lights,  
 And let the knight rave on in darkness.

“ I am a knight of great renown,  
 A man of substance, wit, and spirit ;  
 I dwell within my native town,  
 And should a freeman's rights inherit.

“ I weigh a ton, with tare and cloof ;  
 I stand above a common man's size ;  
 And yet the Sheriff cuts me off,  
 And says I should not have the franchise.

“ How happy were my youthful dreams,  
 Ere this fair town was bound in trammels ;  
 Pure pearls adorned her limpid streams,  
 Great salmon leapt right o'er the Hammels.

“ When I review the altered scene,  
 Under sectarian rule benighted,  
 My ardent bosom boils with spleen,  
 For all my early hopes are blighted.

“ Here sordid misery, lank and pale,  
 Gnaws the sad breast of honest labour ;  
 While o'er vile Cart's polluted vale  
 Grim pestilence whets his awful sabre.

“ There's bedlam north, and bedlam south,  
 The centre is a strong-built bridewell ;  
 Two poorhouses, for age and youth,  
 Two troops of police, all paid well.

“ Six inns, where honest folks are sold,  
 Two steeples, but one bell for tolling ;  
 Six banks for hoarding useless gold  
 And old Ex-Provosts for to loll in.



- “ Why should bright gold control our trade,  
 More than sheet-lead or other metals,  
 When paper can do in its stead ?  
 Then let them mould it into kettles.
- “ E'en now my warm capacious brain  
 Is pregnant with a wondrous project ;  
 Infinite freedom you may gain  
 When once my plan is proved by logic.
- “ Let all the people give consent—  
 I'll make a sudden revolution—  
 A strong provisional government  
 May form a glorious constitution.
- “ Then open up a Public Mart,  
 Build a Town Hall and lofty Steeple ;  
 Deodorise and deepen Cart,  
 And build grand houses for the people.
- “ I speak the truth, most sapient prince !  
 Why should such wretches mar our pleasures ?  
 We might have had these things long since  
 Had they not squander'd all our treasures.
- “ Great judge, you cannot let them pass !  
 Guilty of both the counts and cases !  
 How dare they plead the want of brass ?  
 We see that they have brazen faces.
- “ Blythe spirits sing their plaudits loud,  
 Around the Abbey and the Steeple ;  
 The merry moon bursts through a cloud  
 And joins the chorus, singing treble ;
- “ The solemn bass bids them resign,  
 And hang themselves when they find leisure ;  
 A warning to those left behind  
 To venerate the public treasure.”
- Let all the people give consent—  
 Send for our great historian, Semple ;  
 He'll get an Act of Parliament  
 To build a Town Hall or a Temple :

Pull down the houses in the rear—  
I know that you shall get a law for't—  
Then leave that steeple standing here,  
A monument to Sir John Crawford !

Long may he live ! and when he dies,  
In silence lay his relics under ;  
His *Ghost* shall warn the brave and wise  
To save their native town from plunder.

While spirits mount the air serene,  
Ye Councillors see another vision ;  
A mandate from our gracious Queen  
Confirms wise Solomon's decision.

You have Her Majesty's commands  
To hide yourselves and be forgiven ;  
Your lives are in your own right hands,  
Find a sequestered cot to live in.

You must be watch'd where'er you dwell—  
Where'er you rove, by Banks or bye-ways—  
Who stole a steeple, clock, and bell,  
May steal the milestones from the highways !

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## NEW-YEAR RHYMES.

A social custom has long prevailed in Scotland, and still continues, for every one who visits a dwelling-house, whether on business or otherwise, on New-Year's Day morning to be entertained in some way. In towns, all the young persons who have been engaged in delivering goods purchased during the year receive a gift of money, and in many cases also a piece of the "currant bun." In Paisley—poetical Paisley—the "news boys" who have been employed in delivering newspapers throughout the year leave before its expiry, at the houses where they have been calling, a leaflet of original verse reminding the occupants of the forthcoming New-Year, and of the gifts they expect, as usual, to receive. I give a few specimens of these contributions in verse, which exhibit no little taste and ability; and tend, no doubt, to keep alive and disseminate that talent for the writing of verse which I have been endeavouring to show has for upwards of a century abounded so much in Paisley.

### "GAZETTE" NEWSBOYS' NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Another year has passed away,  
 Another year has gone ;  
 Its joys, its pleasures, and its tears,  
 Throughout we've nobly borne.  
 Yet why should we be sorry,  
 When another year's in store ?  
 If God but grant us health and strength,  
 Why should we sigh for more ?

To work our way is but our lot—  
 And why should we complain ?  
 Cheered at our task, though somewhat hard,  
 We do not work in vain.

Then let us push along once more,  
 And strive with might and main ;  
 If we should happen but to lose,  
 Why let us try again.

If smiling fortune sheds her rays  
 Along your pleasant way,  
 Remember, pray, those dear old friends  
 Left sticking in the clay.  
 Kind words and thanks are very good,  
 But there's something better still,  
 That makes the hearts of many glad—  
 And doth the pockets fill.

With thanks, then, for favours past,  
 We look for something now ;  
 A token of your kind regard,  
 As a star upon your brow.  
 Our motto is "to serve you still,"  
 Through sunshine or through wet ;  
 Then, please do not forget the lad  
 Who brings you the *Gazette*.

January, 1877.

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THE "PAISLEY HERALD" PRINTERS' DEVIL'S  
 ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

Dear, gentle reader, as we knock  
 This morning at your door,  
 We pray you give us little folk  
 A trifle from the store  
 Of "good things" which we hope you've got  
 Your kindly hearts to cheer ;  
 And gladden us, too, who have brought  
 Your news throughout the year.

Yes ! we, in sunshine and in shade,  
 Were daily at our post ;  
 Nor tried our duty to evade,  
 Which was, at any cost,

L I

To cull for you from near or far  
 News that might interest  
 Your minds ; and so, on peace or war,  
 We telegrams compressed.

And now that Seventy-Eight has come,  
 We wish a "guid New-Year"  
 To you ; and for the smallest sum  
 You give the hearts to cheer  
 Of the wee "printers' devils," they  
 Will ever grateful be—  
 And "many more returns" will pray  
 And hope you all may see.

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THE "PAISLEY HERALD" PRINTERS' DEVIL'S  
 ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

Dear Reader : once again, at the dawning of a year,  
 When Seventy-Eight is gone, and Seventy-Nine is here,  
 We with your *Herald* come, and in language suave and civil  
 Remind you of your duty to the wee bit "printers' devil,"

Who never failed to wait, as he felt in duty bound,  
 With your *Herald* in the morning, in whose columns you aye found  
 The "news" which he from "copy" had set up for you a store,  
 And other "matter" over which you dearly lov'd to pore.

The latest tips from ev'ry part by telegraphic cable  
 He set in type, and laid for you upon your breakfast table ;  
 The Turkish wars, and Afghan fights, and ev'ry bloody freak,  
 He kept you "posted up," I think you'll own, from week to week.

And having thus his duty done to you another year,  
 He thinks on New-Year's morning he may whisper in your ear  
 To "mind him" with a little mite, his service to reward,  
 And he will thank you—keep you ever in his fond regard.

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## "EVENING NEWS" NEWSBOYS' DITTY, 1879.

*Air*—"Dickie Dash."

In London town the boys all coax  
 Their friends to fill their Christmas box ;  
 But here in Paisley town they thank  
 Their friends to help their New-Year's bank ;  
 So now the whirligig of time  
 Sends round the newsboy with his rhyme,  
 To hint to you an act of grace  
 To him would not be out of place.

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## "GAZETTE" NEWSBOYS' NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

The heavy chariot wheels of time,  
 Which never leave the line,  
 Have rolled along another year—  
 We called it Seventy-Nine.  
 Now comes the young untried leap year  
 (Young lady, thou'rt the friend o't) ;  
 We hope it may bring all "good cheer,"  
 Though nothing's (o) at the end o't.

The story of the old year's life,  
 Our broad-sheet kept in store ;  
 And weekly we, with willing feet,  
 Have brought them to your door.  
 Though humble our position be,  
 And few our weekly "browns,"  
 We bring the news of great events  
 From home and foreign towns,

Which tell of wars in other states,  
 Portray distress at home ;  
 Now rouse the nation into wrath,  
 Or soothe its angry tone.

The eloquence of men of mark,  
The utterings of sages,  
The local records of the past,  
Are written in our pages.

While you in comfort read the sheet,  
Or scan its columns down,  
Forget not, then, the little feet  
Which bear them through the town.  
If ere you wish to air your thoughts,  
Or local fame expect,  
Enclose your lines, they will betimes  
Appear in the *Gazette*.

January, 1880.

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## MAUD GRAHAM.

MAUD GRAHAM was born in Beechhill, Londonderry, Ireland, the scene of the famous siege of 1689, on 13th March, 1871, where she resided with her parents till 5th November, 1875, when they removed to Paisley. She received her education at the South Public School, which she left at thirteen years of age ; and shortly afterwards she obtained a situation in a furnishing shop in Paisley belonging to two very respectable ladies—Misses H. & C. Lyall. It was only about a year ago that Miss Graham made her first attempt at writing verse. This was composed in the broad Scottish Doric, which she and her friends disliked, and they therefore destroyed it. Miss Graham persevered, however, in fostering her poetic tastes, and with no mean success. Some of her productions have appeared in the local press, and I give some selections from her poetic pen.

### IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF DEAR GRANNY

*(Who Died 5th September, 1888, aged 85 Years).*

The sands of life their course have run,  
The battle's fought, the victory's won ;  
Now Granny shares the joys untold,  
And wears a crown of purest gold.

Old age had come ere Christ did call,  
And bade Death settle with dark pall,  
To take our Granny far away  
To reign in Glory Land for aye.

The rest she shares we know is sweet,  
Beside the throne, at Jesus' feet,  
Earth's care and pain she'll feel no more—  
She's safe with Christ on Canaan's shore.



Where the father's pride and darling  
 Lies asleep, so near her doom.  
 When, from out the crowd now gathered,  
 Steps Carl Fenton, slim and fair,  
 And he hurries quickly forward,  
 'Mid the smoke and heated air.

Shall fair Lena Gray now perish  
 In the fire, and he so near?  
 No ; for now the room he reaches,  
 And he whispers—"Do not fear."  
 In his arm he grasps her lightly,  
 And then down the burning stair  
 With falt'ring steps he bears her safely,  
 'Mid cheers of praise into the air.

O, now great is Carl's thanksgiving,  
 As once more within his arm  
 He has caught his lovely Lena,  
 Now will shield her from all harm ;  
 Before, he'd woo'd and tried to win her,  
 But the Earl, proud and austere,  
 From the castle him had banished,  
 Bade him ne'er again draw near.

Though no higher in position,  
 He has now fair Lena Gray ;  
 Far and wide has spread the glad news,  
 She has named the happy day.  
 Three months more, the joy-bells ringing  
 Tell the news to all around,  
 'Tis the bridal morn of Lena—  
 Long with her may joy abound !

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CHRIST AS MY GUIDE.

Lord, to Thee I'll make confession  
 Of my every grief and care,  
 Of my every thought, transgression,  
 Sins—great burdens, hard to bear.

God of Mercy, God of Glory,  
 This is now my only plea,  
 I have heard, believed the story,  
 Christ has died to set me free.

Though temptations round me gather,  
 And my earthly bark be frail,  
 Yet to Thee I'll cling, O Father,  
 In the fiercest of the gale.

Thou, my Captain, lead me safely,  
 Onward, upward, till at last  
 In the land of light and glory  
 I will anchor, storms all past.

When this weary, burdened soul,  
 Cleansed from every trace of sin,  
 Through Thy precious blood's made whole,  
 Gladly, Lord, I'll enter in

Where the bands of blessed angels,  
 Clad in spotless robes of white,  
 Shout and sing the glad hossanahs  
 To Thy name, as King of Light.

At Thy throne, as bright and glorious,  
 There I'll lay my burden down,  
 And, 'mid shouts loud and victorious,  
 Gladly take the promised crown.

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#### THE LONELY WATCH.

What an awesome night and dreary,  
 And how bitterly piercing the cold,  
 As the wind, with its sobs so eerie,  
 Sweeps over the trackless wold ;  
 Yet here alone I stand watching,  
 Watching and waiting in vain,  
 For the winds since he left seemed to whisper and sigh—  
 We have swept o'er the grave where your sailor doth lie.

Eight weary years have come and gone  
 Since my sailor-boy left home,  
 And all throughout these weary years  
 I have waited and watched alone ;  
 But the lonely watch will soon be o'er,  
 And I will be laid at rest.

Yet the winds still will blow o'er the surging main  
 When I have ceased watching and waiting in vain.

The winds may blow, and the cypress bend  
 O'er the grave, where at rest I lie,  
 And perhaps I may catch their whispers,  
 Breathed softly while passing by ;  
 Yes ; and home they may even carry  
 Him whom I so longed to see,  
 And bring him at length to kneel o'er my grave,  
 And in sorrow with salt tears my tombstone lave.

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### S P R I N G.

O ! come let us all a glad welcome sing  
 To the flowers of the wild woods and beautiful spring,  
 To each blithe feathered songster that sings on the tree,  
 And each bright little daisy adorning the lea.

The long months of winter, so bleak and so cold,  
 Have left brown and barren the hill and the wold ;  
 But whenever we hear the sweet echo, "Cuckoo,"  
 We see old Dame Nature her garments renew.

And the trees that the winter winds stormily tossed,  
 Till the last of their green leaves were withered and lost,  
 Will no longer of frost and cold winds be afraid,  
 But will haste and in garments of green get arrayed.

The daffy-down-dillies peep forth from their beds,  
 And wave o'er the green grass their bright golden heads,  
 And the sweet little primrose's perfume pervades  
 Old moss-covered ruins and sequestered glades.

The lark with his burst of sweet joyous song,  
 As up and still onward he soareth along,  
 Is praising his Maker who reigneth on high,  
 And telling us all that the spring-time is nigh.

The farmers are busy now sowing the seed,  
 But 'twill hindered in growth be by many a weed ;  
 Let us watch that the rank weeds of sin take no part  
 In choking the good seed that's sown in each heart.

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#### SWEET RECOLLECTIONS.

Here, wearily I sit at my casement,  
 While the deep'ning shadows fall,  
 And those dreamy sounds, borne thro' the stillness,  
 Sweet thoughts of the past recall—  
 Of the past that now seems but a vision,  
 Obscured, yet surpassingly bright,  
 Which, like to many a rugged landscape,  
 Is enhanced by a mystic light ;  
 Oh, sweet mystic light of the past !

The dew falls slowly and softly  
 In the peaceful twilight hour,  
 Till the campion, stitchwort, and speedwell  
 Are refreshed by fragrant shower ;  
 In the wood the thrush and linnet  
 Trill sweetly their evening lay ;  
 I list as the nightingale sings,  
 As if with thoughts far away—  
 Far away, like mine, in the past.

I look out to where slowly creep  
 The shadows o'er hill and plain ;  
 And, full of grief, I long to steep  
 In oblivion's mist my pain ;  
 But mem'ry's true in its purpose to mock,  
 And the wound I thought time had healed  
 To-night bleeds afresh, in spite of the vows  
 I made never again to yield  
 To echoes now long since past.

But to-night, as the sun sank slowly  
 On his couch of crimson and gold,  
 I dreamt that my burden of sorrow  
 By an unseen hand was rolled  
 Far away, and again I was happy  
 In my dear old childhood's home ;  
 'Twas a blessed reprieve, but, ah ! all too short  
 A time did my stray thoughts roam  
 In the cherished golden past.

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 V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING-  
 SERVICE IN TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Entwined within the sacred walls were wreaths of golden corn,  
 For willing hands had laboured hard God's temple to adorn,  
 And, fastened at the altar rail, some blossoms snowy white  
 Shone out in dazzling fairness, all radiant in the light.

The church was filled. The pastor and the people knelt to pray  
 And render thanks to God for all the gifts that round them lay ;  
 And as the anthem words " Peace, peace," swelled softly through the air,  
 The presence of God's spirit, unseen but felt, seemed there.

Then the pastor simply told us how we ought all to give  
 Our heartfelt thanks for yearly crops, the bread by which we live ;  
 And how, although man sowed the seed, he could not make it grow,—  
 'Twas only God's almighty hand rich harvests could bestow.

The service o'er, the organ pealed forth a joyous strain,  
 Whilst all the sacred edifice seemed echoing again  
 The words our youthful chorister in accents clear had sung,  
 Till chancel, nave, and gallery, with the sweet cadence rung.

After a lingering look around, the worshippers dispersed,  
 And soon the church, so short since thronged, in darkness was immersed.  
 Lonely I sat awhile, and thought how soon had passed away  
 The scene so fair the eye had viewed, the beauties of a day.

There may be some who joined that night in every song of praise  
 We'll sadly miss when once again we on that building gaze ;  
 But still the peace and love of God will dwell in every heart  
 That at the Harvest Festival in prayer and praise took part.

Lonend, Paisley, 24th October, 1889.

## GEORGE M'KENZIE.

GEORGE M'KENZIE was born at Colton of Balgonie Parish, Markinch, Fifeshire, on 7th July, 1827. His father acted as a guide or commissioner to persons travelling in foreign countries; and at his death, in the following year, his widow, with her family, removed to Edinburgh. George, after receiving his education, was engaged, when twelve years of age, to serve an apprenticeship of seven years with the late Mr. D. R. Hay, house decorator, carver and gilder, &c., George Street, Edinburgh. His wages during the first year were 2s. 6d. weekly, and they increased every succeeding year sixpence weekly till the termination of his engagement. When his apprenticeship was satisfactorily completed, he went to Glasgow to see some friends, who advised him to visit Paisley also. When walking along High Street there, he observed the signboard of William Cross, carver and gilder, at No. 16 in that street. Without almost any premeditation, he entered the shop of Mr. Cross, and enquired at him if he could obtain employment. Mr. Cross at once engaged him. Mr. M'Kenzie remained in this employment for nearly three years, till Mr. Cross removed his business to Glasgow. Mr. M'Kenzie succeeded Mr. Cross in the same premises, situated at the farther end of a long passage at No. 16 High Street, as a "carver, gilder, and picture frame maker." Mr. M'Kenzie, having a taste for portrait drawing, was led, in 1850, to make experiments in photographing on glass according to the collodion process of taking portraits. As improvements continued to be made afterwards in the photographic art, they were at once adopted by Mr. M'Kenzie; and by prosecuting his business energetically and skilfully, his name, at No. 5 Gilmour Street,

Paisley, is now deservedly known, I may say, everywhere as one of the most successful and scientific of photographic artists.

Although closely engaged in a business requiring his continuous and minute attention, he has found leisure at particular times to indulge in the paying of court to the muse. This he had commenced to do to a small extent about the end of his apprenticeship. His verses have never been collected and published, but some of them have appeared in the local press. A poem entitled "On Wings of Light" has been engaging his attention for some time, and at present the work extends to several cantos. From it I will give an extract, along with one or two of his poetical pieces.

#### ON WINGS OF LIGHT.

##### EXTRACT.

In sunny glade, beside a murmuring stream,  
Weary and worn and racked with pain, I laid  
Me down ; and as I lay I slept, and, sleeping,  
Dreamed a dream.

On quickened pinions strong  
I soared aloft o'er many seas and high  
Uprearing peaks of snowy mountains cold,  
Whose summits hid themselves in clouds thro' storm  
And tempest, sunshine, calm, till o'er  
The barrier of the outward world  
I pierced into the realms all lovely  
To the view, and bathed in the colours  
Of perpetual Spring. The distant hills,  
With purple tinged, and wooded sides all fringed  
With green, looked captivating. The rivers,  
With waters clear, swept on their course 'tween banks,  
Which bask'd in western light, and slept amidst  
The rarest fragrant flowers and luscious  
Fruit that eye of man ere lingered on.

Here, as I stood wrapt up in ecstasy,  
A touch, like that of falling blossoms, roused

Me from a meditation sweet ; when, lo !  
 A splendid being by my side stood, stamped  
 With immortal youth, whose wondrous beauty  
 Far surpassed the sons of men, with vestments  
 Rare, and wings of pearly white.

I trembled

At the sight ; when lo ! a voice, sweet, laden  
 With divinest music, far transcending  
 Ever mortal heard, came on my listening sense,  
 And thus it spoke :

“Come hither, friend ; thy fears

All quell, and crush each rising doubt ; in strength  
 Stand steadfast ; for on thee the power  
 Is now bestowed to view each orb of light  
 Above, below, around.”

I stood entranced,

A thrill of joy came o'er my soul ; I felt  
 Transformed from earthly mould, and, clad  
 In robes of dazzling light, to traverse o'er  
 The sunny plains, and scale the golden heights ;  
 My guide now beckoned onward, upward, till  
 Through canopy of clouds we winged our way ;  
 The stars, all bathed in light, shone like fair suns,  
 In dazzling splendour, and in colours like  
 Emeralds, or flashing sapphires, on a sea  
 Of diamonds with rubies set ; and yet  
 Their glory seemed to dim, and paler turn,  
 When, through translucent blue we scanned the peaks  
 Of worlds innumerable and fair,  
 All cluster'd in a zone that stretch across  
 The void of heav'n.

At first approach confusion

Seemed to reign, like to a mass of worlds  
 All heaped together, each one struggling with  
 O'erwhelming force to roll into the vast  
 Immensity ; but bound they were as with  
 A chain of adamant, that each one circled  
 In its sphere amidst the changing whirl  
 And motion everlasting. As I stood  
 Beholding all those sparkling worlds of light



And beauty, from each one a glory shone  
 As if ten thousand thousand rainbows met  
 To crown the dome of heav'n.

My guide then spoke :

“Wearied art thou with trav'ling far through realms  
 Of space? or is thy vision dimmed by these  
 Celestial lights? for greater far lies  
 Hid beyond these constellations wondrous—  
 In number innumerable, in light  
 Ineffable, in beauty transcendent.”

. . . . .

---

#### THE LOVERS' TRYST.

Meet me, Lizzie, darling, when the shades of evening fall  
 On mountain, glen, and valley, 'neath the old abbey wall ;  
 Where the mossy fountain sparkles, lit by the pale moonlight,  
 Meet me alone, my darling, to pledge our vows to-night.

List to the organ pealing some grand old hymn of the past,  
 Dying away in the darkness, like Æolian harp in the blast,  
 Then down to the glen in the valley, beside the old trysting-tree,  
 While the dirge of murmuring waters echo, bride and true lover to be.

We've pledged our love, Lizzie, darling, two loving hearts bound with a  
 chain

Adamant-clasped by Cupid, never more to be broken in twain.  
 The moon from the clouds is now bursting, the organ is still for the night,  
 And thou art my darling, my fairest, my angel, my jewel, my light.

---

#### UNDER THE STARLIT HEAVENS.

Under the starlit heavens, when all Nature's lulled to rest,  
 I love to join with spirit-friends, of those for ever blest,  
 Who are unseen around us, though clothed in heavenly light,  
 And listen to seraphic songs borne on the wings of night.

A silence full of majesty falls on the weary soul,  
 As upward thoughts ascending, look forward to the goal,  
 When earth recedes in darkness, and glory bursts around,  
 To cheer the soul in sadness, amidst angelic sound.

## REV. JAMES COCHRANE.

REV. JAMES COCHRANE is a native of Paisley, and was born on 19th March, 1843. His father, Hugh Cochrane, of the firm of Messrs. Pollock & Cochrane, bleachers and finishers, Thrushcraig, Paisley, was a native of Crofthead, parish of Neilston. James Cochrane received his education at the John Neilson Educational Institution, Paisley, and afterwards studied at the University and the Free Church Divinity Hall, Glasgow. He then became assistant to the Rev. Dr. Paterson of the Hutchisontown Free Church, Glasgow, and afterwards pastor of John Street Presbyterian Church, Maryport. Having received a call from the congregation of the Presbyterian Church, Kingston, Jamaica, he sailed for that Island on 8th March, 1879, and labours there at the present time. In addition to the discharge of the duties connected with the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Kingston, he is the editor of *The Presbyterian*, a publication issued under the authority of the Presbyterian Church of Jamaica. Mr. Cochrane, from his youthful days, was an occasional wooer of the muses, and when *The Gleniffer Magazine* was commenced in Paisley in 1870, he contributed several poetical pieces to that publication. I subjoin two of these. The one entitled "The Language of the Eye" appeared in the February number, and the other, entitled "The White Lady of Gleniffer," in the March number of that magazine.

### THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

Sit by me, love, and I will read thine eye ;  
 Oft have I seen it flash in anger high,  
 And tell to me, despite thy crimsoned cheek,  
 The words thy timid tongue refused to speak.

M I

Nay, startle not ; thy wrath's a virtuous flame  
That scorches him who'd soil the lover's name.

Oft have I watched it sparkle bright in glee,  
When I was breathing out my love for thee,  
And seen it utter back—that glance of thine—  
The thrilling surety that thy heart was mine ;  
Why falls it now beneath my searching gaze ?  
Look up, my love ! I only speak its praise.

And oft my weary musings of despair  
Have called the sympathetic tear-drop there ;  
My hopes deferred, my darling dreams confined,  
Before thy look have vanished from my mind.

Now, as I gaze, I bless those speaking eyes ;  
I see them seek that seal which lovers prize—  
The long and burning kiss. Come, love, I'm right.  
The eye consents ; I'll speak no more to-night.

---

#### THE WHITE LADY OF GLENIFFER.

In the olden time, as the harvest moon  
Was shedding her brilliant light,  
The heights of Gleniffer were clear as noon,  
And the vales were dark as night.

'Twas just near the brink, where the waters steal  
In silence over the linn,  
There was nightly a lady seen to kneel,  
And her form seemed tall and thin.

Her back was adorned with her streaming hair,  
Her white robe sparkled between,  
And her head was bending, as if in prayer ;  
But her face was never seen.

She seemed to be weeping, this lonely maid,  
For she shook with smothered wail ;  
But all who had seen her were sore afraid  
To come near to learn her tale.

They said 'twas the spirit of Marian Lee  
 That haunted the waterfall ;  
 For beside it her lover, on his knee,  
 Had sworn she was all in all.

With a merry laugh she received his vows,  
 Though her heart was his throughout ;  
 But the sting of her mirth remained to rouse  
 His feelings of pain and doubt.

His soul was on fire, but still she was gay,  
 And yet he pleaded long ;  
 She forgot that a woman dare not play  
 With love that is true and strong.

'Twas under the moon, she saw that he shook,  
 That he gazed at her through tears ;  
 And she trembled beneath his pale, sad look,  
 As he sternly spoke his fears.

“ Oh, Marian Lee ! there's faith in love,  
 Which no one may rashly break ;  
 There's tenderness, too, and I won't reprove  
 Thy faithfulness for its sake.

“ But remember this, when another may sue,  
 And his whole devotion pay,  
 That the love that is easily won from you  
 Is easily thrown away.”

And now she was gone ; her spirit, they said,  
 Was haunting the waterfall,  
 And wept over joys that were long since dead,  
 And love she could ne'er recall.

Such is the story I've often heard told—  
 The story of Marian Lee ;  
 But the Maid of the Linn ne'er slept in mould,  
 Nor knelt with a human knee.

She hovered in sadness over the braes,  
 Where her Poet roved at will ;  
 She had tuned his lyre to sing in their praise—  
 The Muse of our Tannahill.

portant position Miss Thomson continues to fill with the greatest efficiency, and to the entire satisfaction of the very numerous body worshipping in that church. Miss Thomson is also a teacher of music at her own house, No. 13 Abbey Street, Paisley. Miss Thomson's attention to the study of music naturally led her imperceptibly, at an early age, into the kindred cultivation of her poetic gifts. Her poetical emanations have not as yet been collected and published in book form; but I subjoin some specimens of her poetry, which, I think, show that the writings from her pen have the true poetic ring in them, along with a pious tone, entitling her to a very favourable position in the poetical temple of her native town.

#### AN INVALID'S SONG.

"Patience must have her perfect work."

At my chamber-window I lingered long,  
Silently watching the ceaseless throng

That hurried with eager feet  
To and fro on the busy city street.

I was sick and sad, and of doleful cheer;  
The lot of my life seemed very drear,

Since I could not take a part  
In the work of the world's great busy mart.

Was not my destiny hard to bear—

Chained for life to an invalid's chair,

Unfinished the tasks I planned  
When active strength was in heart and hand?

Once I was strong, and scorned to shirk  
The heaviest task or the hardest work,

Finding both pleasure and gain  
In the exercising of hand and brain.

I, too, as well as those passers-by,  
Could tread up and down the streets—ah! why

Must my life and energy rust  
So long ere they crumble in mortal dust?

Is it strange, in thinking of all these things,  
 That I chafed—as a caged bird beats its wings—  
     In the passion of wild unrest  
 That burned like fever within my breast :  
 That I chafed and chafed, till, worn and faint,  
 My heart no longer could make complaint ?  
     Then I opened my cage to see  
 That there yet was a work for me.  
 Uprooting the weeds of proud self-will,  
 To wait in patience, be perfectly still,  
     Shut out from the world, that so  
 Meek lilies of grace in my heart might grow.

---

 YEARNINGS.

Whene'er we turn  
 With loving hand some oft-read page,  
     Whereon, in glorious beauty, burn  
 Bright gems of thought from age to age,  
     Do we not vainly yearn and long  
     To have the poet-gift of song,  
     That so, although ourselves were gone,  
     Our thoughts in beauty might live on ?

For thoughts, like birds,  
 Sing ever round us, day and night ;  
     We seek to cage them up in words,  
 But swift and sudden is their flight.  
     And, learning that we cannot thrill  
     All minds responsive to our will,  
     We feel as if our lives were dark,  
     Without one heaven-reflecting spark.

Few lamps are lit  
 With genius' proudly-glowing ray ;  
     Our threads of life, too, close and knit  
 With toils and cares of every day ;  
     Yet if we burn the steady flame  
     Of earnest effort, noble aim,  
     Our lives—like poet-thoughts sublime—  
     Shall glow upon our page of Time.

## IN THE WOODS.

O, fair and sweet it is to stray  
In leafy woodland path and glade,  
To see the golden sunbeams play  
Upon the mossy undershade,  
With flush and glow that come and go,  
Then quickly pale and fade.

A thousand harps with silver strings  
Seem touched by fingers soft and white,  
The air seems full of fluttering wings,  
Of pulses throbbing with delight ;  
On moss and fern the sunbeams burn,  
Like footprints of some sprite.

And when I see the leaflets shake  
In dancing waves on every spray,  
My heart, for very gladness' sake,  
Goes dancing, too, as light as they.  
Each hope, each dream, as bright doth seem  
As this fair summer day.

Like organ pipes in columned rows,  
Stand all around the lofty trees ;  
Each breath of wind that o'er them blows  
Doth sway their boughs like organ keys,  
Till all around is heard the sound  
Of strange, sweet melodies.

And when I hear the mystic strain,  
My heart would fain respond in song ;  
But all its efforts are in vain—  
Its earthy fetters are too strong,  
It cannot reach with uttered speech  
The thoughts that in it throng.

The golden glow upon the sward,  
The fret of waving boughs athwart,  
The sky in rapturous accord  
Of sight and sound, so thrill my heart,  
It can but yearn the truths to learn  
These solemn woods impart.

## ALONE WITH THE ORGAN.

Whene'er by grief or weary care oppress'd,  
 I love to seek the church's aisle,  
 Where peace and hope with holy smile  
 On brooding wings for ever seem to rest.  
 I open up the organ doors, and sit  
 Entranced before the instrument,  
 Striving to give my sadness vent  
 In tones that moaning round the church may flit.  
 My touch awakes a tender, dreamy strain,  
 That scarce doth stir the listening air,  
 And yet—like softly-uttered prayer—  
 Doth ease my heart, exiling pain ;  
 And peace and hope seem breathed above, around,  
 As if the angels resting there  
 With breezy wings had fanned the air  
 In mute approval of the whispered sound.  
 The organ's tone, like some low-breathing flute,  
 Soothes me like fluttered angel-wings,  
 A sense of heavenly solace brings,  
 And makes the voice of Melancholy mute.  
 Soon brighter thoughts inspire the brighter lays,  
 The keys with firmer grasp I greet,  
 The pedals with more nimble feet,  
 And forth there bursts a noble hymn of praise,  
 Which, chord on crashing chord, reverberates  
 (As if the rolling wave of sounds  
 Were fair to burst the building's bounds,  
 And force its way to Heaven's very gates).  
 Till each repeating stone doth find a voice,  
 And all the church—without, within—  
 Vibrating with the pedals' din,  
 Doth seem to utter praises and rejoice.  
 O, many-voiced, melodious ! how I love  
 The massive swell of glorious notes  
 That rolls from out thy golden throats,  
 Echo, methinks, of nobler songs above !



With soul thus strengthened and refreshed, I rise,  
 No longer playing now ; but played  
 Upon by master hand, and swayed  
 To thoughts enlinked in heavenly harmonies.

For is not our immortal soul, O Lord,  
 An instrument that Thou dost frame  
 To magnify Thy holy name,  
 Combining all its powers in sweet accord ?

May it respond to every touch of Thine ;  
 Then throb of pain and thrill of woe  
 Will help Thy purpose, Lord, to show,  
 And make life's feeble harmony divine.

---

VERSES SUGGESTED BY A HAPPY MUSICAL EVENING.

Our life at times is sad and drear,  
 O'ershadowed by the cloud of care,  
 When sigh and tear  
 Bespeak the burden each must sometimes bear ;

But sometimes on our path there gleams  
 The light of present happiness,  
 Whose welcome beams  
 Chase from our path the shadow of distress.

A glimpse of joy like this we had,  
 Which left our memories aglow  
 With visions glad  
 Of that bright evening one short week ago.

In social chat and merry jest  
 We passed the hours, nor thought them long,  
 And (what was best),  
 We revelled in a luxury of song.

And fingers deft, and supple hand,  
 Skilled in each shade of touch acute,  
 Made concord grand  
 Arise from organ, violin, and flute.

While as each earnest singer willed,  
 Like some expressive instrument,  
 Each heart was thrilled  
 To nobler thoughts of life and its intent.

## PAISLEY POETS.

Are we, whom love of our grand art  
 Doth link in one great brotherhood,  
 Not set apart  
 To do some work of more than common good?  
 If earnestly we seek to raise  
 The mind to thoughts and aims sublime,  
 Then shall our lays  
 Be blest to all of us through endless time.

---

## AUTUMN SONG.

Let us roam the lanes and fields,  
 Seek the treasures Autumn yields,  
 Hip and haw, and nut and rasp,  
 Ripened ready to our grasp.  
 Leaves are turning red and brown,  
 Ere they gently flutter down ;  
 Rowan berries, shining red,  
 Brighten up the boughs o'erhead.  
 Bramble bushes fling their sprays  
 Right across the narrow ways,  
 So that we shall have no lack  
 Of bramble-berries ripe and black.  
 Pull the hazel branches down,  
 Pluck the clustered nuts so brown ;  
 Soon our baskets will run o'er  
 With the ripe and tempting store.  
 O, 'tis sweet afield to rove  
 In heath and hedge-row, copse and grove,  
 Seeking autumn's ripened wealth,  
 Finding happiness and health.

---

## ALEXANDER THOMSON.

ALEXANDER THOMSON, who was a native of Paisley, was born in 1837, and died in 1880. He was the eldest brother of Miss Margaret Wallace Thomson, whose brief memoir appears on page 556 of this volume. He was an intimate friend of the late Mr. John Lorimer (Vol. I., p. 460), and closely connected with him in musical matters. Mr. Thomson was a superior musician, an able artist, a clever writer, and an admirer of everything refined and beautiful. Like his sister now mentioned, he possessed in no small degree the gift of the poetic art divine. I give some specimens of his poetical muse, which do him the highest credit.

## INCHINNAN.

Romantic stands thy graceful tower,  
 All brightly bathed in golden beam ;  
 Deep cushioned in thy lofty bower,  
 And lapped by Cartha's purling stream.

Oft by thy shade I loved to stray,  
 And watch the tiny craft slow float,  
 While laughter from the lovers gay  
 Came gently wafted from the boat,

While calmly flows the shining river  
 That circles old Inchinnan's walls ;  
 Murmuring always, silent never,  
 Still whispering rises, whispering falls.

How many voices, once so gay,  
 Here plighted troth or bandied jest—  
 Life's stream ebbed out—have passed away  
 Into the churchyard's quiet rest.

Her ecstasies, however bright,  
Will ne'er outshine a happy night  
Spent with my violin.

With wife and children round the hearth  
In joyous fun and din  
Some love to romp—I love the mirth  
Which, full and gushing, rushes forth  
At will from my violin.

The magic touch of loving hand  
Can soothe the throbbing brain,  
But sweeter far at my command  
The soothing tones by the magic wand  
From my charming violin.

When joy and gladness fill my breast,  
Or glee my head makes spin,  
The harmony I love the best  
I find with chin securely prest  
On my dear violin.

With care harassed, with foes around,  
Or cold unfeeling kin,  
The soothing balm poured in my wound,  
Than can my cares and woes confound,  
Comes from my violin.

Then still to thee, my dearest friend,  
I'll come in joy or pain ;  
Thy sweetest sounds calm peace will blend  
With purest joy, and ever lend  
Charms to my violin.

When I thy lovely neck caress—  
Thy varnish pure and thin—  
And firm thy strings my fingers press,  
Thine answering tones thy love confess,  
O charming violin !

My dearest friend, we ne'er will part  
Till death shall calm all din,  
Then all untuned, unstrung my heart,  
Life's troubles o'er—past human art—  
I'll leave my violin.

## A L O N E.

Bereft of dearest friends, forlorn I pine,  
 No kindly ear to list my weary moan,  
 Or loving voice to pour sweet words in mine ;  
 I am alone.

By cruel Fortune's fickle breath despoiled  
 Of earthly wealth—of all I called my own ;  
 No more remains of that for which I toiled,  
 And I'm alone.

O'er-burdened now with grief, bowed down by care,  
 I bear my heavy cross with many a groan ;  
 Unsolaced on life's path, so bleak and bare,  
 I stand alone.

The giddy world that thronged my home of yore,  
 When wealth for every fault made sweet atone,  
 Shuns now my tottering form and humble door :  
 I'm left alone.

Old age creeps on, his iron fingers grip,  
 I day by day his power increasing own.  
 I'm poor!—What hope can stay my trembling lip  
 Left thus alone ?

Yes! still a hope doth cheer my aching heart,  
 That Heaven this weary waif will not disown ;  
 But, Jordan crossed, the glittering gates will part,  
 No more alone.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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