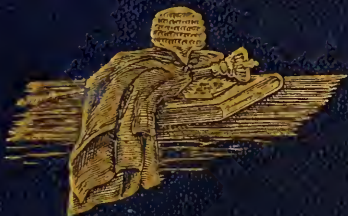


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LYRICS



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LYRICS

LEGAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

BY THE LATE

GEORGE OUTRAM, Esq.

ADVOCATE

EDITED (WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTICE)

BY THE LATE

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, Esq.

ADVOCATE, SHERIFF OF LANARKSHIRE

SECOND EDITION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

GEORGE OUTRAM was born on the 25th March 1805, at Clyde Iron-Works, in the vicinity of Glasgow, his father being then the manager of these important works. In the course of a year or two, however, the family removed from Glasgow to Leith, Mr Outram, sen., having become partner in a mercantile house there. George received his early education in the High School of Leith; and afterwards went through the regular curriculum of the University of Edinburgh. In 1827 he became a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and for the next ten years continued to attend the Parliament House, where his genial disposition and fund of quaint humour made him a great favourite with both Bench and Bar.

Being, however, of a retiring, sensitive, and not over-active nature, Outram did not lay himself out with

much earnestness for legal practice ; and in 1837 he accepted the offer, somewhat unexpectedly made to him, of the editorship of the 'Glasgow Herald,' then, as it has since continued to be, the leading newspaper in the west of Scotland. He became also one of the proprietors, and settled down to his new duties for life. The 'Herald,' at that time, was published only twice a-week, and was conducted in a steady, quiet, and unpretentious manner, with a careful avoidance of anything like an aggressive or innovating spirit. In politics it was mildly Conservative, but by no means slavishly so, as it rather piqued itself on maintaining a character of independence, and was on the whole conducted with such tact and discrimination that it secured the confidence of the public, and increased in circulation and repute. Its editor loved what was old and pleasant and easy, and shrank, with a sort of humorous abhorrence, from what was novel and obtrusive, either in social or political life. Nevertheless, when occasion required, he showed both firmness and discrimination, and his judgment was seldom at fault in the numerous questions which force themselves on the attention of a public writer.

Mr Outram had married before he left Edinburgh, and in due course became the father of four sons, in whose education and upbringing he took the greatest

possible interest, but one of whom only now survives. He had one daughter, who died in infancy. He resided, with much domestic enjoyment, in Glasgow or its neighbourhood for nineteen years. During that period he won and retained, by his amiable manners and delightful flow of good-natured humour, the esteem and respect of all classes. He likewise experienced much pleasure in keeping up his acquaintance with his old friends and associates in Edinburgh, who had greatly regretted his separation from them, and were always glad to receive him with open arms.

Latterly his constitution, which had never been very robust, gave way somewhat prematurely, and he died at his country residence of Rosemore, on the Holy Loch, on 15th September 1856, in the fifty-second year of his age. He was buried in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh; and left behind him, in the hearts of many attached friends, the memory of a most kindly, amiable, and gifted man.

For George Outram possessed, in addition to his other qualifications, a spark of true and original Scottish genius, but for which the foregoing brief summary of his uneventful life would never have seen the light. This genius manifested itself chiefly in the production of songs and other lyrical pieces, mostly in the Scottish dialect, and exhibiting, without a touch of

bitterness, an amount of humour unsurpassed by any other national writer. Many of these compositions, which were the delight of his own circle, were called forth only by some incident or event in the lives of some of the members of that circle; so that their allusions and mirth-exciting power could not be rightly understood by the outer world. Well, however, do Outram's surviving friends remember what additional delight many a song of his, composed for the occasion, gave to their social symposiums. The author himself was of too modest a nature to regard them as anything but trifles; but when a copy was obtained, the unrepressed laughter of many a coterie in the Parliament House, collected in some convenient nook, indicated their appreciation of the contents.

Fortunately, however, some of Outram's best things are of a more general character, which appeal to, and are sure to command, the sympathies of all. His legal lyrics introduce us to some of the peculiarities of Scotch law, and show us their comic side with a rare and genial power, scarcely ever attempted before, and certainly never at any time surpassed. The author's idea in such ballads as "The Annuity," "The Multiplying," "Soumin and Roumin," "The Process of Augmentation," "The Process of Wakening," "Cessio Bonorum," and others, seems to have been to present

vivid and humorous pictures, not unaccompanied sometimes by a touch of pathos, of the peculiar and rather remarkable features of Scotch legal process, and its effect on the character and feelings of his countrymen. The scenes suggested are as vividly portrayed as they could have been by the pencil of a Wilkie; and whilst perhaps they will be most intensely appreciated by professional lawyers, they possess that breadth of colouring and truth to human nature which cannot fail to interest all readers, and entertain them with an exquisite perception of the ludicrous.

Some of the miscellaneous pieces are not less stamped with originality and humour, and it is much to be regretted that, for the reasons above indicated, they cannot be all given to the public. It is confidently believed, however, that among the poems in the present publication there will be found specimens of national *facetie* differing from anything to be found elsewhere, and full of a high merit of their own. In some instances they are descriptive of bacchanalian characters; but, in place of being written with any view to encourage bacchanalian habits, they tend to expose the folly of such habits, and to turn them into ridicule. Here and there the author's keen sense of the ludicrous has induced a certain freedom of expression, without which the thought would have lost its

characteristic vigour. But the consciousness of a healthy moral tone remains throughout.

This brief Introductory Notice ought perhaps to stop here. But it has been suggested that one or two personal reminiscences of Outram may be added, as tending to bring out more fully the genial character of the man and the poet. His cast of mind and associations were essentially Scottish. He was, it is believed, only twice out of Scotland during his life, and that but for short periods. He was admirably versed in, and had a high appreciation of, the strength of his native Doric. He was also familiar with the peculiarities of Scotch character, some of which afforded him great amusement, whilst others inspired him with respect. These features of his mind and habits led him, not long after he went to reside in Glasgow, to conceive the idea of a "Scotch Denner," to be given in his own house, as a purely national meal, to which each guest was to come in the costume of some favourite Scottish worthy, and which was to be a gathering ironically renewing the once popular lamentations over the Union with England, as destructive of the independence and ancient position of Scotland. The "denner," to which only a small and select party was invited, each of whom appeared in an historical character and dress, came off on 22d July 1844, being the 138th anni-

versary of the Treaty of Union. It had been a great amusement to Outram, in his leisure moments, to make arrangements for this banquet. He printed his letter of invitation—of itself a curiosity—a list of toasts—and, by way of *menu*, a small *brochure*, a copy of which was supplied to each of the guests, with the motto, “Syne there were proper stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks and potingars, with confections and drugs for their deserts.”—Pitscottie, Edin. 1728, p. 174. The Letter of Invitation, List of Toasts, and the *Brochure*, are here given for the perusal of those who may be interested by a specimen of the genial humour which habitually pervaded the author’s social intercourse with his friends.

I N V I T A T I O N.

“RICHT TRUSTIE FRIEND,—

“Forgie me that I steer your memorie
 ennow, anent that wearifu’ Treaty o’ Union wi’ the
 Englishers, whilk, as ye weel ken, was subscrivit by the
 unworthie representatives of our forbears, on the 22d

day of July, A.D. 1706, in ane unhappie hour. For I do sae allendarlie wi' the intent that ye suld devise means to red us for aye of that wanchancie covenant, the endurance whereof is regarded by ilka leal-hearted Caledonian with never-devallin' scunner. Wherefor I earnestly entreat of you that, on Monday the 22d of the present month, bein' the 138th anniversary of the foresaid dulefu' event, ye wald attend a great gatherin' o' Scotsmen, to be halden after the gude auld Scottish fashion, at Scott Street of Glasgow, whan it will be taen into cannie consideration how we may now best free oursels o' that unnatural band, either by a backspang, if we can sae far begunk the Southron, or by an evendown cassin o' the bargain, an' haudin of our ain by the strong hand, if need be. An' to the intent that we may be the better preparit for what may come, it is designit, on the occasion of the said gatherin', that we sall subsist upon our ain national vivers allendarlie, an' sae pruve how far we can forega the aids o' foreign countries in respect of our creature comforts, varyin' our fare wi' the flesh o' the red deer an' the trouts o' Lochleven, suppin our ain Kail, Hotch Potch, or Cockyleekie, whiles pangin oursels wi' haggis an' brose, an' whiles wi' sheep's head an' partan pies, rizzard haddies, crappit heads an' scate-rumples, nowtes' feet, kebbucks, scadlips, an' skink, forbye custocks, carlings, rifarts an' syboes, farles, fadges an' bannoeks, drammock, brochan an' powsowdie, and siklike—washin the same doun our craigs wi' nae foreign pushion, but anerlie wi' our ain reamin yill an' bellin usquebaugh.

“Trustin that you, an' mony anither leal Scotsman, will forgather at the foresaid time an' place, to bend the

bicker after the manner of our worthie forbears when
guid auld Scotland was a kingdom,

“ I subscribe myself,

“ Yours to command,

“ GEORGE OUTRAM.

“ Given at Scott Street of Glasgow, on the eleventh day o’
July, Anno Domini, mdcccxliv.”

On the back of the letter, under the address, were
the words :—

“ Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post haste !

Ride, villain, ride !

For thy life—for thy life—for thy life !”

The late Lord Cockburn threatened to interdict the
treasonable meeting ! But the guests, nevertheless,
assembled, and found prepared for them the following
bill of fare :—

“ANE BUIK O’ ANCIENT SCOTCH DISHES
FOR THE GATHERIN’.”

TABLE I.

“*There’s peas intil’t, an’ there’s beans intil’t,
An’ there’s carrots, an’ neeps, an’ greens intil’t.*”

—o—

“*Lang may she live, an’ lang enjoy
Ilk blessin’ life can gie,
Health, wealth, content, an’ pleasour,
An’ cockie-leckie.*”

TABLE II.

“*Can ye tell me, fisher laddies,
What’s gotten into the heads o’ the haddies?*”

—o—

“*Stove him weel wi’ wine an’ spice,
And butter in the bree;
I’se warrant he’ll ken neist time
A feather frae a flee.*”

TABLE III.

*“ Fair fa’ your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o’ the puddin’ race.”*

—o—

*“ John Anderson, my jo,
Cum in as ze gae by,
An’ ze sall get a sheip’s head
Weel baken in a pie.”*

—o—

*“ An’ first they ate the white puddin’s,
An’ syne they ate the black.”*

—o—

*“ Gie me lock brose, brose,
Gie me lock brose and butter.”*

—o—

*“ They a’, in ane united body,
Declared it a fine fat howtowdie.”*

—o—

*“ He pang’d himsel’ fu’ o’ collops an’ kail,
Syne whang’d at the bannocks o’ barley meal.”*

—o—

*“ It was fed wi’ fouth o’ gerse an’ oats,
An’ was wirried an’ sauted at Johnnie Groat’s.”*

—o—

*“ My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer.”*

TABLE IV.

*“ There’s bread an’ cheese at my door check,
An’ pancakes the riggin’ o’t.”*

“ORDER OF THE ‘TOASTS AT THE GATHERIN’ ON
THE 138 OWERCOME OF 22D JULY 1706.

“1. The Majestie o’ this Realm, being the Land o’ Cakes.

2. The Memorie o’ the Last Queen o’ Scotland.

3. The Cassin o’ the Wanchancie Covenant.

4. The Abolition o’ a’ Assessments an’ Blackmails.

5. A speedie Parliament in the Parliament House.

6. The Abolishment o’ Stake Nets, an’ the Restoration o’ the auld Manier o’ Fishin’.

7. A Dour Douncome to the Gadgers, an’ a Kittle Cast to the Customs.

8. The Buirdly Barons o’ the Borders, an’ the Auld Road to Carlisle.

9. The Laird o’ Raasay and Commissioners o’ Benachie.

10. True Thomas o’ Ercildoune, Sir David Lyndsay o’ the Mount, an’ a’ the Famous Scottish Menstrils.”

“*Nota bene.*—The farder order o’ the ceremonie at the pleasour o’ the companie.”

With the toasts, on the occasion of the “denner,” were intermingled many of the Chairman’s most delightful songs—some of them being composed for the occasion—together with other songs, hardly less delightful, by a favourite Scottish landscape-painter, now, alas! no more; and with the irresistible stories of another Scottish artist, who, happily, still survives to charm his countrymen alike with his word and

colour painting. It is needless to say that the night was one of unequalled mirth and enjoyment, and that the "pleasour o' the companie" protracted the "order o' the ceremonie" till a late, or rather an early, hour.

Outram was often urged to publish, but he always evaded the request. In the year 1851, however, he was induced to print, for private circulation, his *Legal Lyrics*, under the title, 'Legal Lyrics and Metrical Illustrations of the Scotch Forms of Process; one hundred copies printed for Private Circulation.' The edition was limited, accordingly; and the excellence and originality of the contents were so greatly appreciated by the more immediate friends to whom copies were presented, that they were besieged on all hands by requests for perusal; and at many social meetings it was considered one of the chief attractions of the evening to hear some of the Lyrics read or sung. None enjoyed them more than the then acknowledged heads of the literary and intellectual society of Edinburgh. One literary friend so much delighted in "The Process of Augmentation," that he used to have parties at his own house, where it was sung by the guests, in the characters and costumes of the Minister, the various Heritors, and the Lords of Session. The Minister's tune, composed by the author, is printed in this volume. Lord Rutherford was particularly enchanted with "The Process of

Wakening," as possessing a wonderful combination of pathos and drollery. Professor Wilson, Lord Cockburn, and many other admirers, likewise had their special favourites in the lyrical volume.

These Legal Lyrics, as yet so imperfectly circulated, have been much talked of, and the whole of them are included in the present volume. It is to be regretted that Outram never carried out his intention of writing some others, as indicated by certain fragments found among his manuscripts. One of these, intended to illustrate the Law of Lien, has the following graphic commencement :—

“ If ye’ve been up ayont Dundee,
 Ye maun hae heard about the plea
 That’s raised by Sandy Grant’s trustee
 For the mill that belang’d to Sandy.
 For Sandy lent the man his mill,
 An’ the mill that was lent was Sandy’s mill,
 An’ the man got the len’ o’ Sandy’s mill,
 An’ the mill it belang’d to Sandy.

A’ sense o’ sin an’ shame is gone,
 They’re claiming noo a lien on
 The mill that belang’d to Sandy.
 But Sandy lent the man his mill,
 An’ the mill that was lent was Sandy’s mill,
 An’ the man got the len’ o’ Sandy’s mill,
 An’ the mill it belang’d to Sandy.”

The gossip of the Parliament House as to a flirtation

(said to have commenced on the wrong side) between parties not usually brought together, gave rise to some verses entitled "The Macer's Daughter," of which the two following only have been preserved :—

"'Twas not his form, 'twas not his face,
 'Twas not his eloquence, that caught her ;
 It was his name in every case
 That gained the heart of the macer's daughter.

'Twas not her eye, or ruby lip,
 Or teeth, like pearls in purest water ;
 He'd ne'er have touched her finger's tip
 Had she not been the macer's daughter."

When his friend, the late Thomas Mackenzie, advocate, afterwards Lord Mackenzie, was rapidly rising as a junior at the bar, he received the honorary appointment of Counsel for the Woods and Forests, which gave rise to a song being commenced, called

THE WOODS AND THE FORESTS.

Are they accents of love, or the words of command ?
 'Tis the voice of a lady—the first in the land—
 Saying, "Trusty Mackenzie, I'll give you a fee,
 If you'll roam through the woods and the forests with
 me.

"And, Tom, may it not be hereafter your pride,
 As snugly you sit by your happy fireside,
 To tell little Tommy, who sits on your knee,
 How you roamed through the woods and the forests with
 me ?

And when you shall part with your bombasine gown,
 And in ermine and silk on the Bench shall sit down,
 Won't the great Lord Mackenzie remember with glee
 How he roamed through the woods and the forests with
 me?"

Other *disjecta membra* of a similar description might be quoted, and some additional poems might perhaps, with care, be selected from the MSS. ; but the task is delicate where the author himself did not contemplate publication ; and, in the mean time at least, what is here given must suffice.

H. G. B.

A D D E N D U M.

The relatives of the author have to lament the unexpected death of the accomplished editor of this little volume just when it was on the eve of being given to the public. It was to him a labour of love to select from the more ample manuscript volume, in which many of the author's compositions had luckily been preserved, those of which the humour and spirit were most likely to be apprehended and appreciated by readers who were not familiar with the characters and incidents which called them forth. The devotedness of the editor to his all but overpowering judicial

duties—discharged with herculean strength and herculean success—necessarily superseded, to a great extent (although it never altogether prevented), the indulgence of his literary tastes and habits, and retarded the selection which, for a long period, he had at heart, of the specimens now given of the genius of his early and attached friend, whom he enthusiastically admired, and whose uneventful life and genial character he has briefly recorded in the foregoing Introductory Notice.

As may be gathered from that notice, it was not unusual with the author to surprise his friends, at the social board, by effusions in which some of themselves, while ample justice was done to their solid qualities and acquirements, were, at same time, made the objects of an under-current of irresistible humour, which compelled them to join in a smile or a laugh at their own expense, and thereby covered the modest confusion which the admiring regard insinuated or expressed towards themselves, in their presence, might otherwise have occasioned.

In one of these effusions, of which the editor himself was the subject, his somewhat remarkable size and physical prowess were made the foil to carry off an expression of personal attachment, as well as appreciation of his powerful intellect, which

was even then—now some thirty years ago—well known to all who had adequate means of judging. Among the pieces proposed to be published, the editor, from motives of delicacy, had not included this one; but the relatives of the author, in now recording their gratitude to the editor, trust that they may be pardoned by his surviving friends for the liberty they take in here presenting it to the indulgent reader.

G. D.

THE TZAR KOLOKOL.

(TUNE—“*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*”)

In Russia there is, as all travellers tell,
Near the Kremlin, at Moscow, a ponderous Bell,
Called “King of the Bells” its fame to extol,
Or, in Muscovite language, the Tzar Kolokol.

’Tis made of all metals—gold, silver, and tin—
For each wealthy Russian some jewel cast in;
And the poor never rested till something they stole
To assist in compounding the Tzar Kolokol.

The furnace was fed by the young and the old;
The maid gave her ear-rings, the miser his gold;
For all knew ’twould be for the good of the soul
To give what they could to the Tzar Kolokol.

Full nine months passed over before it was cast,
But out came the mountain of metal at last,
And tribes from the tropics, and tribes from the pole,
Came as pilgrims to look at the Tzar Kolokol.

With ropes and with pulleys they hoisted the mass,
And they made it a tongue of some ten tons of brass,
And the world waited trembling to hear the first toll
From the King of the Bells,—from the Tzar Kolokol.

But that toll never came, for the rafters gave way,
And the ponderous giant was rolled in the clay ;
And the fatal result was a wide gaping hole
That was broke in the side of the Tzar Kolokol.

We've a Bell in this country,—the King of Bells too ;
Of metal as various, and temper more true,—
A sort of a giant—though, upon the whole,
He's not quite so big as the Tzar Kolokol.

It took nine months to cast him ; and as for his tongue,
'Tis as brazen as theirs is, though much better hung ;
And I'm sure we all feel 'tis good for the soul
To do what we can for our Tzar Kolokol.

Though he's never been hung yet, and never may be,
His voice has been heard o'er the earth and the sea,
And long may such music continue to roll
From the King of our Bells,—from the Tzar Kolokol.

May the King live for ever, a Persian request
Which we make in behalf of our much-honoured guest ;
May we oft pledge a bumper, and oft drain a bowl,
To the health of our Bell,—to our Tzar Kolokol.

LYRICS.

The Annuity.

AIR—“*Duncan Davidson.*”

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae tough.
By human ingenuity.

But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
 But that it seems is nought to me ;
 She's like to live—although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.

She munches wi' her wizened gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
 But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
 As spunkie as a growin' flea—
 An' there she sits upon my back,
 A livin' perpetuity.

She hurkles by her ingle side,
 An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
 Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
 To ca' for her annuity !

I read the tables drawn wi' care
 For an Insurance Company ;
 Her chance o' life was stated there,
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.

But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dizzen mair,
 To ea' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
 We spelled it o'er right carefully ;—
In vain he yerked his souple head,
 To find an ambiguity :
It's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
And diligence, as on decreet,
 May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
 I thought a kink might set me free ;
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
But Diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And missed the auld anatomy ;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
 Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
 Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
 An' leave her in fatuity !

She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,
 For a' the tellin' she can get;
 But catch the doited runt forget
 To ca' for her annuity !

If there's a sough o' cholera
 Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she ?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity !
 She doesna need—she's fever proof—
 The pest gaed o'er her very roof ;
 She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak,—
 A compound fracture as could be ;
 Nae Leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
 It's cured !—She handles't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale ;
 But I'm a broken man mysel'
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh, and broken banes,
 Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
 She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity !

They die when they're exposed to air—
 They canna thole the atmosphere ;
 But her !—expose her onywhere—
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me ;
 Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
 I'd justify't,—an' do it tae.
 But how to fell a withered wife
 That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
 The timmer limmer daurs the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark ?—
 Her vital parts are hid frae me ;
 Her back-bane wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscREWity.
 She's palsified—an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye scaree can see't ;
 It's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned ;—but go she'll not
 Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
 Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.

It's fitter far to hang the rope—
 It draws out like a telescope ;
 'Twad tak a dreadful length o' drop
 To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't ?—It has been tried ;
 But, be't in hash or fricassee,
 That's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' *goût* it hae.
 It's needless to assail her doubts,—
 She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
 She's ninety-four ;—let them wha can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the Flood—
 She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
 She's some auld Pagan, mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out—
 She's sauted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snout
 Sae caper-like an' cruet ;

Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They've Kyanised the useless knir—
She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
 As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
 But no the continuity.

It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm *charged* for her annuity!

Wishes

(OF A MISANTHROPE).

AIR—" *O doubt me not*" (*Moore's Melodies*).

I WISH I was a *Woman* !
 Wi' nought to do but dance an' dress,
 An' think mysel' sae bloomin',
 An' kaim my hair afore the glass ;
 To greet when my feet
 Werna just sae sma' as I wad like,
 An' ne'er feel a care
 Though the cobbler should nae discount strike ;—
 I'd spend my days in wearin' claes,
 An' my gudeman should pay the biel ;
 An' if he raised an unco fraise,
 I'd greet an' say I wasna weel !

I wish I was a *Hero* !
 To spend my life in fire an' din,
 An' murder like King Nero,
 An' never think it was a sin :

I'd soon tak a toon,
 An' wi' the spoil I wad mak free,
 An' style it in a bulletin
 A great an' glorious victory !
 I'd write how brave my men behave,
 An' how the field was won by me ;
 An' to my king and country leave
 To say what my reward should be.

I wish I was a *Lawyer!*
 To ken what conscience ought to be,
 An' no remember a' year
 My friends reduced to poverty ;
 To be glad instead o' sad
 When mithers weep, an' sons look pale,
 An' say grace o'er a case,
 As honest men do o'er their kail.
 "Go to the court o' last resort
 For the sake o' your poor family."
 "The Lords sustain"! My client's gane—
 He's ruin'd—but I've got my fee !

I wish I was a *Brute Beast!*
 To live in some sequestered vale,
 Frae friends and loves remote placed,
 An' ne'er see man, an' wag my tail !

To chow on a knowe
 A the herbs, an' flowers, an' grassy blades,
 An' tread on the head
 O' gowans never touched wi' spades :
 I'd never see a friendly face,
 Sae nae friend wad prove fause to me ;
 I'd never ken the human race,
 Nor ever curse humanity !

I wish I was a Bottle !
 O' brandy, rum, or what you please,
 In some frequented hotel,
 Where gude souls tak their bread an' cheese ;
 To fill out a gill
 For some puir chield that wants a trade—
 Or pass o'er the hass
 O' some blythe, rantin', roarin' blade ;
 An' while unscrewed, I'd sit an' brood,
 An' think mysel' weel blessed to ken
 That when I dee'd I'd spend my bluid
 To purchase joy for honest men !

The Multiplepointing.

AIR—“*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*”

HURRAH for the Multiplepointing! hurrah!
 What land but our own such a gem ever saw?
 The Process of Processes—Pride of the law—
 Hurrah for the Multiplepointing!
 The Multiplepointing, hurrah!

To the rich, to the poor, to the high, to the low,
 'Tis open to all who a title can show—
 It combines every comfort that litigants know—
 Hurrah for the Multiplepointing!
 The Multiplepointing, hurrah!

No matter in what shape your claim may emerge,
 By Petition or Summons, Suspension or Charge,
 Reduction, Declarator, all may converge
 And conjoin in the Multiplepointing—
 The Multiplepointing, hurrah!

From the north, from the south, from the east, from
the west,

Come claimants, each deeming his own claim the
best,—

What myriads of lawyers are then in request
To manage the Multiplepounding !
The Multiplepounding, hurrah !

Hark ! hark ! what the deuce is that Macer about ?
What means his prolonged, diabolical shout ?

Does the man mean to call the whole Faculty out ?

Hurrah ! 'tis the Multiplepounding—
The Multiplepounding, hurrah !

See ! see ! how the lawyers all start at the sound !
See ! see ! how the agents from place to place bound !
See ! see ! how their clerks flash like lightning around !

Hurrah ! 'tis the Multiplepounding—
The Multiplepounding, hurrah !

They rush to the Bar like the waves of the sea—
They swarm like a hive on the branch of a tree—
They'll smother the Judge—he is not a Queen Bee—

Hurrah for the Multiplepounding !
The Multiplepounding, hurrah !

But the storm is composed, and there's silence at last—
The lawyers look grave, and the Judge looks aghast,
And the short-hand Reporter prepares to write fast
 His notes of the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

There the Dean stands profound as the depths of the
 sea ;
And Snaigow—as smooth as its surface could be ;
And Rutherford—sharp as the rocks on the lee ;
 All fee'd for the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

And there stands M'Neill, “ with his nostril all wide,”
And Ivory's eyes glisten fierce by his side ;
And Cunninghame there has his papers untied,
 And dreams of the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

And More and Buchanan have come at the call,
And Marshall, and Pyper, and Whigham and all—
And Peter the Great looks to Adam the Tall
 To open the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

'Twas Janet M'Grugar, ship-chandler, Dundee,
 Became moribund in the year twenty-three,
 And disposed her estates all to Nathan M'Ghee,
 Who claims in the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

That she had not disposed in *liege poustie* was plain,
 For she ne'er went to kirk or to market again—
 So maintains her apparent heir, Donald M'Bean,
 Who claims in the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

Now Donald M'Bean was in debt to the knee,
 And so, it appeared, too, was Nathan M'Ghee,
 And Janet herself had by no means been free,
 And so came the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

So what with arrestments, where'er funds could be,
 And charges on bill and extracted decree,
 And hornings and captions—you'll easily see
 'Twas a beautiful Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

But where are the claimants, and how have they sped ?

See yon shrivelled matron, as hueless as lead,—

'Tis a liferent she claims—and she's on her deathbed !

Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !

The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

Her deep indignation she cannot repress,

Though her tongue is scarce able her griefs to express—

She swears 'tis an action of “double distress.”

Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !

The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

The landlord claimed rent—and he'll best tell you how

He got into the process by poinding a cow ;

His hypothec is quite hypothetical now—

Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !

The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

The Suspender was bothered to such a degree

That he went and suspended himself from a tree ;

The Arrester's in jail—no forthcoming can he

Obtain through the Multiplepoinding—

The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

One brought a Reduction—but he has retired,
 Reduced to extremes his worst foe ne'er desired;
 The Adjudger—as well as the Legal's expired.

Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !

The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

No more will the poor Heir-Apparent appear—
 By way of a seisin they've seized all his gear;
 He's absconded—and now his Retour, it is clear,
 Can't be hoped through the Multiplepoinding—
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

“*In medio tutissimus !*”—this might be true
 When Phœbus instructed, and Phaëton flew ;
 But the fund, though *in medio*, has gone to pot too—
 Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

The Creditor's credit is utterly gone—
 And he, whom they call Common Debtor, alone
 Has uncommon good luck—he's got off with his own !
 Hurrah for the Multiplepoinding !
 The Multiplepoinding, hurrah !

He took her three geese to get it begun,
 And he needit her cow to carry it on,
 Syne she gi'ed him her band for the cost that was
 comin',
 And on went the Process o' Soumin and Roumin,
 Soumin and Roumin, &c.

My Grannie she grieved, and my Grannie she graned,
 As she paid awa ilk honest groat she had hained;
 She sat in her elbow-chair, glowrin' and gloomin'—
 Speakin' o' naething but Soumin and Roumin,
 Soumin and Roumin, &c.

She caredna for meat, and she caredna for drink—
 By night or by day she could ne'er sleep a wink;
 "O Lord, pity me, for a wicked auld woman!
 It's a sair dispensation this Soumin and Roumin,"
 Soumin and Roumin, &c.

In vain did the writer lad promise success—
 Speak of Interim Decrees, and final redress;
 In vain did he tell her that judgment was comin'—
 "It's a judgment already this Soumin and Roumin!"
 Soumin and Roumin, &c.

The Doctor was sent for—but what could he say?
He allowed the complaint to be out o' his way;
The Priest spak' o' Job—said to suffer was human—
But she said “Job kent naething o' Soumin and
Roumin.”

Soumin and Roumin, &c.

The Priest tried to pray, and the Priest tried to read,
But she wadna attend to ae word that he said;
She made a bad end for sae guid an auld woman—
Her death-rattle sounded like “Soumin and Roumin,”

Soumin and Roumin, &c.

I'm Executor—heir-male—o' line—an' provision,—
An' the writer lad says that he'll manage the seisin;
But of a' the Estate, there's naething forthcomin',
But a guid-gangin' Process o' Soumin and Roumin,
Soumin and Roumin, &c.

The Old True Blue.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.*

AIR—"Captain Glen."

COME, Buff and Blue chaps, here's my claw,
 You're good souls in your way;
 But ere you compare your Man of Law
 To old Admiral Milne, belay your jaw,
 And hear what I've to say,
Brave boys!
 And hear what I've to say.

'Tis forty years and more this day
 (Short time it seems to me!)

* Written on the occasion of a parliamentary election contest for the Leith burghs, between the late Admiral Milne and the then Lord Advocate, John Archibald Murray, and sung through the streets by a disabled sailor.

Off Guadaloupe our frigate lay,
The Frenchman skulked in Mahout Bay,
 Beneath the battery,
 Brave boys !
 Beneath the battery.

We cruised about from place to place,
 And swept the ocean free ;
At last, ashamed of the disgrace,
Mounseer put on his fighting face,
 And ventured out to sea,
 Brave boys !
 And ventured out to sea.

He trusted to his metal's weight,
 And to his crowded crew ;
We cheered him as he hove in sight,
For though our numbers were not great,
 Our men were all true blue,
 Brave boys !
 Our men were all true blue.

We fought him on that glorious day,
 While we could man a gun ;

Each mast and spar was shot away,
But though a shattered hulk we lay,
Our colours ne'er went down,
Brave boys !
Our colours ne'er went down.

We fought him on that glorious day,
Till our decks were drenched in gore ;
But hot and hotter grew the fray,
Till at length the Frenchman's heart gave way,
And he dous'd the tricolor,
Brave boys !
And he dous'd the tricolor.

We lay like logs upon the tide,
Not a boat or oar had we ;
I stood by our youthful leader's side—
“Come, follow me, my lads !” he cried,
And plunged into the sea,
Brave boys !
And plunged into the sea.

He swam aboard of the noble wreck,
We followed with a will ;
I stood at his side on the Frenchman's deck—
I stood by him then, and, come what like,

I'll stand by Admiral Milne,
Brave boys !

I'll stand by Admiral Milne.

I've seen his glory grow since then,
With his increasing years ;
His faithful shipmate still I've been,
Till a splinter cost me my larboard fin
At the taking of Algiers,
Brave boys !
At the taking of Algiers.

I'll stand by him now as then I stood,
And I'll trust him now, because
It's like he'll labour to do us good,
Who never scrupled to spill his blood
In aid of his country's cause,
Brave boys !
In aid of his country's cause.

As for that bumboat lawyer craft
That you have got in tow,
A seaman would rather trust to a raft
Than a hulk that looms so large abaft,
If a gale should come to blow,
Brave boys !
If a gale should come to blow.

Belike with speeches fair he'll try
To *gammon** me and you :
Come ! off, ye swab ! if you wish to shy ;
But here stands one that would rather die
Than shrink from the Old True Blue,
My boys !
Than shrink from the Old True Blue,

* A *canard* had been got up that his lordship had joined in a game at backgammon, in the steamer, between London and Leith, on a stormy Sunday.

The Saumon.

AIR—“*The Angel's Whisper.*”

By Tweedside a-standin',
 Wi' lang rods our hands in,
 In great hopes o' landin' a Saumon were we ;
 I took up my station,
 Wi' much exultation,
 While Morton fell a-fishin' farther doun upon the lea.

Across the stream flowin'
 My line I fell a-throwin',
 Wi' a sou'-wester blowin' right into my e'e ;
 I jumpt when my hook on
 I felt something pookin' ;
 But upon farther lookin' it proved to be a tree.

But deep, deep the stream in,
 I saw his sides a-gleamin',

The king o' the Saumon, sae pleasantly lay he ;
I thought he was sleepin',
But on closer peepin',
I saw by his teeth he was lauchin' at me.

The flask frae my pocket
I poured into the socket,
For I was provokit unto the last degree ;
And to my way o' thinkin',
There's naething for't like drinkin',
When a Saumon lies winkin' and lauchin' at ye.

There's a bend in the Tweed, ere
It mingles with the Leader—
If you go you will see there a wide o'erspreadin' tree ;
That's a part o' the river
That I'll revisit never—
'Twas there that scaly buffer lay lauchin' at me.

The Process of Augmentation.

*The Minister States his Case to a Tune of his own Composing
(for which see p. 66.)*

WHOEVER shall oppose my claim for augmentation,
 I'll hold amongst my foes—
 Whoever shall oppose ;
 I'll deem him one of those who seek their own dam-
 nation,
 Whoever shall oppose my claim for augmentation.

Though some may hold their lands *cum decimis inclusis*,
 Secure from my demands—
 Though some may hold their lands ;
 Enough's in other's hands, who have no such excuses—
 Though some may hold their lands *cum decimis inclusis*.

'Tis fully twenty years since my stipend was aug-
 mented,—
 A time of want and fears !
 'Tis fully twenty years ;
 In silence and in tears my griefs I have lamented ;
 'Tis fully twenty years since my stipend was augmented.

'Tis partly paid in Bear, and partly paid in Barley ;

Though few such crops now rear,

'Tis partly paid in Bear ;

Though Wheat and Oats elsewhere are now grown
regularly,

'Tis partly paid in Bear, and partly paid in Barley.

My glebe is small and poor, and my parish is prodigious.

How long shall I endure !

My glebe is small and poor.

No error, I am sure, was ever more egregious.

My glebe is small and poor, and my parish is prodigious.

I have no means but those. A small mortification

Just keeps my wife in clothes.

I have no means but those.

If I might be jocose, I'd say on this occasion

I have no means but those—a *great* mortification.

Then whoever shall oppose my claim for augmentation,

I'll hold amongst my foes—

Whoever shall oppose ;

I'll deem him one of those who seek their own dam-
nation,

Whoever shall oppose my claim for augmentation.

The Heritors Defend themselves to the Tune of "Judy Callaghan."

FIRST HERITOR.

And hang me if I don't
 Oppose your augmentation !
 My Lords, you surely won't
 Condemn me to starvation.
 I couldn't give a rap
 To purchase immortality,
 More than that fat old chap
 Draws under the last locality.

Chorus of Heritors—Uh ! uh ! uh !
 Nae wonder we're in sic a rage—
 He wants the hale o' the teind,
 Parsonage and Vicarage.

SECOND HERITOR.

She'd readily pay her merk
 Upon ony just occasion ;
 But she lives ten miles frae the kirk—
 An' she's of another persuasion.

He ought to scrutineese

The errors that have perverted her—
An' she'll pay him whatever ye please
As soon as he has converted her.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

THIRD HERITOR.

My father mortified

A field of about ten acre—
But he scarce had signed the deed
When his spirit was aff to his Maker.
Had the minister shown less greed,
I didna mean to object to it—
But now I hope to see't
Reduced *ex capite lecti* yet.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

FOURTH HERITOR.

He says, that frae the teinds

He is but puirly pensioned ;
But he's ither ways an' means,
Though he'd rather they werna mention'd.

He kens the ways o' a'
 The wives in his vicinity,
 An' weel can whilly-wha
 A rich, auld, sour virginity.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

FIFTH HERITOR.

He'll croon to ane on death,
 Until her een are bleerit—
 An' lecture anither on faith,
 Till she's like to gang deleerit.
 An' thus he mak's a spoil
 O' fatuous facility,
 An' works into the Will
 O' dottrified senility.

Chorus—Uh! uh! uh! &c.

SIXTH HERITOR.

Every time (an' that's ance a-year)
 That his wife's in the hands o' the howdie,
 He sets the hale parish asteer
 For things to flavour her crowdie.

An' this ane sends jelly an' wine,
 An' that ane sends puddins an' pastries,
 Till she—like a muckle swine—
 Just wallows in walth an' wasteries.

Chorus—Uh ! uh ! uh ! &c.

SEVENTH HERITOR.

He warns us a' to beware,—
 For if we're caught in transgression,
 It's his duty to notice't in prayer,
 Or bring us afore the Session ;
 But a turkey, or a guse,
 Or some sic temporalities,
 Can mak' a braw excuse
 For a' our wee carnalities.

Chorus—Uh ! uh ! uh ! &c.

EIGHTH HERITOR.

The time he fixes for
 Parochial visitation,
 Is aye our dinner-hour—
 An' he's sure to improve the occasion.

An' siccan a stomach he has !

You'd think he'd ne'er get to the grund o' it ;
An' he tells us that flesh is grass—
Just after he's swallowed a pund o' it.

Chorus—Uh ! uh ! uh ! &c.

ALL THE HERITORS TOGETHER.

Then, oh, my Lords, don't grant
The smallest augmentation !
His pleading's nought but cant,
Perversion and evasion.
Don't give a single rap
('Twere worse than prodigality)
More than that fat old chap
Draws under the last locality.

Chorus—Uh ! uh ! uh ! &c.

THE LORDS MODIFY.

JUDICIAL MADRIGAL.—Air—“*Now is the Month of Maying.*”

The Court on this occasion
 Of solemn consultation,
 Fol lol de rol, &c.—
 With deep sense of their high
 Responsibility,
 Thus modify :
 Fol de rol, &c.

We'll first allow him yearly
 Ten pecks of Meal,—as clearly
 Equivalent
 To the full extent
 Of stipend paid in Bear ;
 Though, lest he that deny,
 We'll add, for certainty,
 A boll of Rye.
 Fol de rol, &c.

One chalder, in addition,
 Of Oats, would seem sufficient ;

And an increment
 To that extent
 We therefore modify,
 With Barley as before.

Lord C.—"Oh! half a chaldre more."

Ho! ho! hi!—(*Judicial laughter.*)

The process now must tarry
 Till the Junior Ordinary
 Proceed to prepare,
 With his usual care,
 A scheme of locality.
 And, having done its turn,
 The Court will now adjourn
 Instantly.

Fol de rol, &c.

(*The Lords adjourn.*)

THE HERITORS REJOICE.

Hurrah for the Court o' Teinds!
 Hurrah for the Tithe Commission!
 We couldna done better if friends
 Had ta'en up the case on submission.

His teeth he now may gnash
 O'er his matters alimentary ;
 The Lords have settled his hash
 For anither fifth part of a century !
 Ha ! ha ! ha !
 They've done for his venality !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 For the rectified locality !

Had he an offer fair,
 Or rational propounded,
 For twa three chalders mair
 We'd gladly ha'e compounded.—
 A boll o' Meal a-year
 We'd readily hae sent it him,—
 Forbye his pickle Bear,
 If that could hae contented him.
 Ha ! ha ! ha !
 The clod o' cauld legality !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 For the rectified locality !

But he wad tak' nae course,
 Except to raise an action,
 In order to enforce
 The most extreme exaction.

He's now got his decree—

An' muckle he's the better o't !

But we'll tak' care that he

Shall keep within the letter o't.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

The mass o' fat formality !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

For the rectified locality.

For not a single Ait,

Nor yet a spike o' Barley,

Nor nip o' Meal, he's get

Again irregularly.

His wife, neist time, may grane

As friendless as the Pelican ;

While he may dine his lane

Forenent her empty jelly-can.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

The lump o' sensuality !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

For the rectified locality !

(Exeunt Heritors.)

THE MINISTER CONSOLES HIMSELF.

Though I have been beset by roaring Bulls of Bashan,
 There is some comfort yet,
 Though I have been beset.

'Tis well that I'm to get a little augmentation,
 Though I have been beset by roaring Bulls of Bashan.

I've many other cares that press on my attention.

My Manse requires repairs—

I've many other cares,—

Nay ! common-sense declares it needeth an extension.

I've many other cares that press on my attention.

The rooms are far too small, and fewer than bescemeth.

Should sickness e'er befall,

The rooms are far too small ;

We can't have beds for all when next my helpmeet
 teemeth.

The rooms are far too small, and fewer than bescemeth.

A wing on either side, of decent elevation—

Proportionably wide—

A wing on either side—

Would suitably provide for our accommodation,—

A wing on either side, of decent elevation.

My byre requires new walls—my milk-house a new
gable.

To stand the wintry squalls,

My byre requires new walls.

New mangers and new stalls are needed for my stable.

My byre requires new walls—my milk-house a new
gable.

If all this be not done, unto my satisfaction,

Before a year has run,—

If all this be not done,—

All compromise I'll shun, and raise another action—

If all this be not done unto my satisfaction.

And whoever did oppose, &c.—(*Exit muttering.*)

DISTANT CHORUS OF HERITORS.

Ha! —ha! —ha!

Curs ——mean ——scality!

—rah! —rah! —rah!

Rec ——fied ——cality!

THE MINISTER'S TUNE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note B2, a quarter note C3, a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2.

On the Law of Marriage.

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

O MARRIAGE!—tell me if you truly are

A Deity, as poets represent ye!

Or are you, as the Institutes declare,

Nothing but a *consensus de presenti*?

No matter!—I espoused a maid of twenty

By promise, and a process *subsequente*.

We married without contract; but our rights

Were all defined within the year and day.

A youngster came, one o' the cold spring nights—

I hardly had expected him till May.

My wife did well—in fact as well as could be;

The baby squeaked, and all was as it should be.

The darling's eyes were dark and deeply set—

My wife's and mine were light and round and full;

His hair was thick and coarse and black as jet,
 While ours was thin and fair and soft as wool ;
 I knew 'twas vain to play the rude remonstrant,
 For *Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*.

The am'rous youth may fervidly maintain
 That marriage is a cure for every trouble ;
 The feudalist may learnedly explain
 When its avail is single and when double :
 Its sole avail to me, I grieve to say it,
 Was debt—without the wherewithal to pay it.

And debt brings duns. My dun was of a sort
 That never can desist from persecution.
 He brought my case before the Sheriff-court—
 My debt, they told him, needed constitution.
 'Twas false ! He knew—I knew it to my curse—
 It had the constitution of a horse.

But the decree went out, and I went in—
 And in the jail lived *more debitorum* ;
 Yet though I lost my flesh I saved my skin,
 By suing for a *Cessio Bonorum*.
 I got out, naked as an unfurred rabbit.
 The Lords dispensed, they told me, with the habit.

I went to seek my wife, but she had fled,
And had not left a single paraphernal;
But matrimonial law, upon my head
Seemed destined still to pour its curse eternal.
I had indeed obtained a separation
From bed and board—no prospect but starvation!

But bed and board are things worth striving for,
So I bethought me of the pea and thimble;
But people had grown wiser than of yore,
And all in vain I plied my fingers nimble.
I then attempted Vitious Intromission,
And was immediately conveyed to prison.

And here again, I lay upon my oars;
A Hermit keeps his cell—my cell kept me.
No letters came to me of Open Doors;
Criminal letters, though, came postage free.
The air I breathed just added to my cares,
Reminding me of coming Justice Ayres.

And come they did! And therefore am I now
Upon thy wave, old Ocean—Sydney bound!
And here the partner of my youthful vow,
Among the fourteen yearers have I found;
Here are we (though not just as when we courted)
Again united and again transported.

The Reform Bill.

AIR—“*Merrily danced the Quaker.*”

OH! weary fa' Reform an' Whigs!
 That ever they were invented!
 An' wae's me for my auld gudeman,
 He's fairly gane demented:
 He grunts an' growls frae morn to night
 About pensions an' taxation;
 He's ruined wi' meetins got up for the gude
 O' the workin' population.

The ne'er a turn o' wark he'll do
 To save us frae starvation;
 He leaves his horse to sort the cow,
 For he maun sort the nation.
 The feint he'll do but read the news—
 An' he reads wi' sic attention,
 That his breeks are a' worn out in a place
 Which I'm ashamed to mention.

He gangs to publics ilka night,
An' ilka groat he'll spend it,
An' how he gets hame in siccan a plight
I canna comprehend it.
An' then my sons, like three wee Hams,
Laugh at their drucken daddie,
As down on the floor wi' a clout he slams,
Wi' een like a Monday's haddie.

Afore the Whigs began their rigs,
He was anither creature ;
His een were bright as stars at night,
An' plump was every feature.
His brow was as the lily white,
His cheeks as red as roses ;
He had a back like Wallace wight,
An' a thicker beard than Moses.

But now he's lost his comely look,
An' lost his stalwart figure ;
His een are sinkin' into his head,
An' his nose is growin' bigger.
His houghs are gane, an' when nicht sets in,
He's fusionless as a wether ;
His back sticks out, an' his wame's fa'n in—
An' he's a' reformed thegither !

Oh! dinna ye mind, my ain gudeman,
When first we cam thegither,
How cheerily our wark gaed on,
How pleased we were wi' ither?
Our lives passed away like a Sabbath-day
When the distant bells are ringin';
An' your breath was sweet as the new-mawn hay,
An' no like a rotten ingan.

Oh! think, what was't ye wanted then,
An' see what now you're brocht to!
Ye're far waur aff than ever you were
Before Reform was thocht o':
For then, when you wanted a sark to your wame,
Ye made an unco wark, man;
But what's to be done wi' you now, when you want
A wame to pit in your sark, man?

Oh! gin ye wad but mind your pleugh,
An' mind your empty pockets,
'Twere wiserlike than drink an' read
Your een out o' their sockets.
Leave them that kens to mak the laws—
An' while your brecks will mend, man,
Just leave the nation to look to itsel',
An' look you to your hinder end, man!

John and Jean.

Antennuptial.

JOHN SINGS OF JEAN.

AIR—“*Bonnie wee thing.*”

BONNY Jeanie !
 Artless Jeanie !
 Rosy, cosy Jeanie !
 Wert thou mine !
 How wad I adore you !
 What could I do for you !
 Think on what I swore you--
 See if I repine !

Try to vex me,
 Pester or perplex me—
 A' your little sex may,
 To bother ane o' mine !

Wreck me—break me—
 Lick me—kick me—
 Only let me think the
 Wee bit foot was thine.

JEAN SINGS OF JOHN.

(In lines varied from old Scottish Ballads.)

When bonnie young Johnnie went over the sea,
 He said there was naething he liket like me.
 He sang and he whistled while hadden the pleugh,
 Though of goud and of gear he hadna enough.

But noo he has gotten a hat and a feather—
 And its hey! brave Johnnie, lad! cock up your beaver.

His kin are for ane o' a higher degree,
 What has he to do wi' the like o' me?
 Although I am bonnie, I amna for Johnnie,
 And werena my heart light I wad dee.

(Dreams.)

Lang hae we parted been,
 Johnnie my dearie ;
 Noo we hae met again,
 Laddie, lie near me !

Near me ! (*Suddenly wakening.*) Dear me !

Did ony ane hear me ?

Could Johnnie been listenin' ?

Dear me !—O dear me !

Postnuptial.

(FRUITS OF DISSIPATION.)

JOHN TELLS OF JEAN.

(*To a tune of his own composing.*)

Oh ! what a deevil, a deevil, a deevil,

Oh ! what a deevil is Jean !

The life o' a deevil I lead wi' the deevil,

An' she cares deevil a preen !

She dauds wi' the poker, but no at the coals,

Her tongue an' her temper are out o' a' rules ;

She dings at my head wi' a dizzen o' shoals,

And then she bawls out, "Mind your een !"

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

She seizes the kailpat, an' I get my share ;
 The stools spend the best o' their time in the air,
 An' sittin' is no the right use for a chair,

As I an' my shattered banes ken.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

I never come right down my stair, stap by stap,
 For she aye flings me head over heels frae the tap ;
 An' when I gang down wi' a horrible slap,

She bids me come soon back at e'en !

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

She plays at the ba' wi' my head every day,
 An' when I fa' o'er she cries out—Hurrah !
 An' she's got a great cuddie-heel to her shae,

An' I've got a patch for my een !

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

It's a miracle she's murdered nane o' the weans,
 For she plays rowley-powley wi' them at my shins,
 An' she says that it's punishment for's a' at ance,

Like killin' twa dogs wi' ae bane.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

I'm sae muckle accustomed to lounders and lieks,
 That when I'm asleep she canna wake me wi' kicks,

Though her fit is as heavy as baith o' Auld Nick's,
 No countin' the weight o' her shoon.
 Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

She dads at me sae, that whate'er I may do,
 I am ae single lump just a' through an' through,
 And every bit o' my body is blue,
 Except twa three bits that are green !
 Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

JEAN REFLECTS ON JOHN.

(To the same tune.)

Oh ! what a deevil, a deevil, a deevil,
 Oh ! what a deevil is John !
 Dinna think me uncivil to ca' him a deevil,
 Till you hear how the deevil gangs on.

He snuffs, an' he smokes, an' he drinks, an' he chaws,
 Till he's donnard, an' daised, an' ayont ony use,
 An' how he whiles finds his way hame to his house,
 Is to me just a phènomènon !
 Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

He fa's on the stair, an' he coups o'er the weans—
 It's a miracle he's broken nane o' their banes,
 As he bangs at the wa', or clytes down on the stanes
 Wi' a weight that is twenty stane tron.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

An' when, wi' a fecht, I hae got him to bed,
 He lies crookit, an' pu's a' the claes to ae side ;
 An' he's got evermair sic a cauld in his head,
 That the neb o' him rins like a rhone.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

When at last he's asleep, an' I'm just fa'in' o'er,
 It wad be heaven's mercy if he'd only snore ;
 But he first gies a squeak—then a grunt—then a roar—
 Like a bagpiper sortin' his drone.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

In the mornin', to rise to his wark he's sae laith,
 I whiles think he's sleepin' the slumber o' death ;
 I've to kick and to paik till I'm clean out o' breath,
 Ere I get him to cry out “ Ohone ! ”

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

On pay-nights he'll come hame as white as a clout,
 Wi' his hat a' bashed in, an' his pouch inside out ;

An' afore I can ask him what he's been about,
He fa's down as flat as a scone.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

Just last Sunday morning—O what a disgrace !—
The very policeman that took him up, says,
That he never saw, in the coorse o' his days,
Sic a shamefu' exposure as yon.

Oh ! what a deevil, &c.

The Faculty Roll.

AIR—" *Ye Mariners of England.*"

YE Barristers of England,
 Your triumphs idle are,
 Till ye can match the names that ring
 Round Caledonia's Bar.
 Your *John Doe*, and your *Richard Roe*,
 Are but a paltry pair :
 Look at those who compose
 The flocks round Brodie's Stair ;
 Who ruminat on Shaw and Tait,
 And flock round Brodie's Stair.*

Although our *Brougham* you've stolen,
 To brush your Chancery—
 He may be spared—our hoary *Baird*
 Can sweep as clean as he ;

* An edition of 'Stair's Institutes,' with able and elaborate Notes, was published in 1826 by the late George Brodie, Esq., Advocate. Many of the names alluded to in these verses no longer grace the Faculty Roll ; but they were all to be found in it when the song was written, somewhere about the year 1834 or 1835.

And though you've got some kindly *Scotts*,
 To breathe your southland air,
 We've the rest, and the best,
 To stand by Brodie's Stair—
 To garrison old Morrison,*
 To stand by Brodie's Stair.

We'll still stand by our colours—
 Our *Brown, Reid, White, and Gray*;
 We'll still extol our Northern Lights—
 You've seen their distant *Rae*.
 We still can boast of glorious names,
 Who love their country's fare,
 And ne'er roam from their *Home*,
 But study Brodie's Stair—
 The pages con of Morrison,
 And study Brodie's Stair.

Should enemies e'er venture
 To threaten us with war,
 We'll rouse broad Scotland to our aid,
 From *Dingwall to Dunbar*.
 The *Lothians, Ross, and Sutherland*
 The powers of hell would dare

* Morrison's well known voluminous collection of decisions.

To the field, ere they'd yield
 One step of Brodie's Stair—
 One foot of Erskine's Institute,
 One step of Brodie's Stair.

The insolent invaders
 Should never move *Shank More* ;
 Our *Marshall's Steele*, the knaves should feel,
 Within their bosom's core.
 Have at them with a plump of *Spiers*,
 And if that shock they bear,
 Let the thieves meet our *Neaves*,
 Ere they tread on Brodie's Stair—
 Ere their foot pollute the Institute
 Of Erskine or of Stair.

We've some things worth defending,
 And that our foes shall see ;
 Though ours is not a land of gold,
 'Tis the land of *Ivory*—
 And hearts behind our *Greenshields* beat,
 Than Ophir's stores more rare—
 Ready still, come who will,
 To fight for Brodie's Stair—
 Resolved each Section to defend,
 Of Erskine or of Stair.

Our *Hall* is all surrounded
By *Forrest*, *Loch*, and *Shaw*—
A *Park*, such as you never trod,
A *Hill* you never saw.
We rest among the Summer *Hay*,
Beside the *Gowan* fair,
With a *Rose* at our nose,
While we think on Brodie's Stair,
Or ponder on old Morrison,
Or think of Brodie's Stair.

We gather *Wood* and *Burnett*,
When bleak December blows ;
We're snug within, although without
The *Wilde* is *White* with snows.
Our *Taylor*, and our *Hozier*,
Defy the wintry air—
And the while to beguile,
We run through Brodie's Stair—
With Thomson's Acts, through Lord Kames' Tracts,
And Fountainhall, and Stair.

We've three *Milnes*, and six *Millers*,
Although no meal we make ;
We've two *Weirs*, and a *Lister* large,
Although no fish we take ;

A *Horsman* too, without a horse—

A *Hunter*, but no hare—

Yet our *Horn* wakes the morn,

With a note from Brodie's Stair,

While echoes court the full report

Of Morrison or Stair.

Our table's poorly furnished—

Our *Cook* has little toil—

Sometimes a fowl to *Currie*,

Sometimes a joint to *Boyle*;

But still *Cheape's* head and *Trotter's* is

The dish beyond compare—

To suggest Shaw's Digest,

And the sweets of Brodie's Stair—

To give a zest to Shaw's Digest,

And the sweets of Brodie's Stair.

For wisdom, where's the mortal

Who claims to be our peer,

When Solomon was David's son,

And *Davidson* is here?

But for religion!—*Clerks*, alas!

And *Bells* we have to spare—

But of faith, not a breath

Is heard near Brodie's Stair;

Our most devout have Direlton's Doubts,
As well as Brodie's Stair.

When politicians wrangle,
We shun the idle brawl ;
We've but one *Torrie* in our ranks,
And ne'er a Whig at all.
The schoolmaster abroad may roam—
For him we do not care,
Because we've the *Tawse*,
And the rules of Brodie's Stair—
The lessons sage of Erskine's page,
And the rules of Brodie's Stair.

And still as merry Christmas
Concludes our peaceful year,
Our *Pyper* leads his minstrelsy,
Our bounding hearts to cheer.
Poor as we are, for his reward,
A *Penney* we can spare,
Though we've got but one *Groat*,
And some notes in Brodie's Stair—
Some doubtful bills in Dallas' Styles,
And some notes in Brodie's Stair.

The Banks o' the Dee.

AIR—“*Days o' lang syne.*”

I MET wi' a man on the banks o' the Dee,
 An' a merrier body I never did see ;
 Though Time had bedrizzled his haffits wi' snaw,
 An' Fortune had stown his luckpenny awa',
 Yet never a mortal mair happy could be
 Than the man that I met on the banks o' the Dee.

When young, he had plenty o' owsen an' kye,
 A wide wavin' mailin, an' siller forbye ;
 But cauld was his hearth ere his youdith was o'er,
 An' he delved on the lands he had lairded before ;
 Yet though beggared his ha' an' deserted his lea,
 Contented he roamed on the banks o' the Dee.

'Twas heartsome to see the auld body sae gay,
 As he toddled adown by the gowany brae,

Sae canty, sae crouse, an' sae pruiif against care ;
Yet it wasna through riches, it wasna through lear ;
But I fand out the cause ere I left the sweet Dee—
The man was as drunk as a mortal could be !

Cessio Bonorum.AIR — “*Tullochgorum.*”

COME ben ta house, an' steek ta door,
 An' bring her usquebaugh galore,
 An' piper pla' wi' a' your pow'r
 Ta reel o' Tullochgorum.
 For we'se be croose an' canty yet—
 Croose an' canty,
 Croose an' canty—
 We'se be croose an' canty yet
 Around a Hieland jorum.
 We'se be croose an' canty yet,
 For better luck she never met—
 She's gotten out an' paid her debt
 Wi' a Cessio Ponorum !
 Huch ! turrum, turrum, &c.

She meant ta pargain to dispute,
 An' pay ta price she wadna do't,
 But on a Bill her mark she put,
 An' hoped to hear no more o'm.
 Blythe an' merry was she then—
 Blythe an' merry,
 Blythe an' merry—
 Blythe an' merry was she then
 She thought she had come o'er 'm.
 Blythe an' merry was she then—
 But unco little did she ken
 O' Shirra's laws, an' Shirra's men,
 Or Cessio Ponorum !
 Huch ! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

Cot tann !—but it was pad indeed !
 They took her up wi' meikle speed—
 To jail they bore her—feet an' head—
 An' flung her on ta floor o'm.
 Wae an' weary has she been—
 Wae an' weary,
 Wae an' weary—
 Wae an' weary has she been
 Amang ta Debitorum.
 Wae an' weary has she been,

An' most uncivil people seen—
 She's much peholden to her frien'
 Ta Cessio Ponorum !

Huch ! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

She took an oath she couldna hear—
 'Twas something about goods an' gear,—
 She thought it proper no to spier
 Afore ta Dominorum.

She kent an' cardna if 'twas true—
 Kent an' cardna,
 Kent an' cardna—

Kent an' cardna if 'twas true,
 But easily she swore 'm.

She kent an' cardna if 'twas true,
 But scrap't her foot, an' made her poo,
 Then, oich !—as to ta door she flew
 Wi' her Cessio Ponorum !

Huch ! tirrorum, tirrorum, &c.

She owed some bits o' odds an' ends,
 An' twa three debts to twa three friends—
 She kent fu' weel her dividends
 Could paid anither score o'm.
 Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—

Fees an' charges,
 Fees an' charges—
 Ta fees an' charges were but sma',
 Huch ! tat for fifty more o'm !
 Ta fees an' charges were but sma'—
 But little kent she o' the law.
 Tamn !—if she hasn't paid them a'
 Wi' her Cessio Ponorum !
 Huch ! turrum, turrum, &c.

But just let that cursed loon come here
 That took her Bill !—she winna swear,—
 But, ooghh !—if she could catch him near
 Ta craigs o' Cairngorum !
 If belt an' buckle can keep fast—
 Belt an' buckle,
 Belt an' buckle—
 If belt an' buckle can keep fast,
 She'd mak' him a' Terrorem.
 If belt an' buckle can keep fast,
 Her caption would be like to last,
 Py Cot !—but she would poot him past
 A Cessio Ponorum !
 Huch ! turrum, turrum, &c.

Lady ! Thine Eye is Bright.

LADY ! thine eye is bright—
 Boast of it well,
 While youth and delight
 In its airy beam dwell :
 Fast comes the hour
 When its light must away—
 Potent the power
 That bids beauty decay.

Lady ! thy lip is red—
 Be proud, lady, proud ;
 Rejoice ere its bloom is shed
 Under the shroud.
 When the sod presses you,
 Pleasure is gone ;
 When the worm kisses you,
 Raptures are done.

Lady ! rejoice—

Triumph has crowned you ;

List to the voice

Of flatt'ry around you.

Forget that your bright day

Brings darkness behind it ;

Forget while you may,

You will soon be reminded !

What will I do gin my Doggie Die?

AIR—“*O'er the hills an' far away.*”

OH! what will I do gin my doggie die?
 He was sae kind an' true to me,
 Sae handsome, an' sae fu' o' glee—
 What will I do gin my doggie die?
 My guide upon the wintry hill,
 My faithfu' friend through gude an' ill,
 An' aye sae pleased an' proud o' me—
 What will I do gin my doggie die?

He lay sae canty i' my plaid,
 His chafts upon my shouther-blade,
 His hinder paw upon my knee,
 Sae crouse an' cosh, my doggie an' me.
 He wagged his tail wi' sic a swirl,
 He cocked his lug wi' sic a curl,
 An' aye snook't out his nose to me—
 Oh! what will I do gin my doggie die?

He watched ilk movement o' my e'e,
 When I was glad he barkit tae ;
 When I was waefu', sae was he—
 Oh ! I ne'er lo'ed him as he lo'ed me.
 He guarded me baith light an' dark,
 An' helpit me at a' my wark ;
 Whare'er I wandered there was he—
 What will I do gin my doggie die ?

Nae ither tyke the country roun'
 Was ever fit to dicht his shoon ;
 But now they'll hae a jubilee,
 He's like to be removed frae me.
 'Twas late yestreen my wife an' he—
 Deil hae the loons that mauled them sae !
 They're baith as ill as ill can be—
 What will I do gin my doggie die ?

The Process of Wakening.

AIR—“*Peggie is over ye Sie wi' ye Souldier.*”—SKENE MS.

JENNY ! pair Jenny ! the flow'r o' the lea—
 The blythesome, the winsome, the gentle an' free—
 The joy and the pride
 O' the kintra side—
 She dee'd of a process o' Wakening.

Though her skin was sae smooth, an' her fingers sae
 sma',
 She won through the hoopin'-cough, measles an' a'—
 She never took ill
 Frae fever or chill—
 Yet she dee'd of a process o' Wakening.

The case fell asleep when her Grandfather dee'd.
 And few folk remembered it e'er had been plea'd.
 She never heard tell
 O' the matter hersel',
 Till they sent her the summons o' Wakening.

Jenny ! puir Jenny !—though courted by a',
 Only ane touched her heart—an' he bore it awa.
 It had just been arranged
 That her state should be changed,
 When they sent her the summons o' Wakening.

She had plighted her troth—they had fixed on the
 day—
 A' arrangements completed—nae chance o' delay ;
 She was thinkin' on this,
 And entrancèd wi' bliss,
 When they sent her the summons o' Wakening.

Her friends were sae kindly—her true love sae prized,—
 Surrounded by them, an' by him idolised ;
 She had just passed the night
 In a dream o' delight,
 When they sent her the summons o' Wakening.

She fee'd the best counsel—what could she do mair ?
 She read through the papers wi' sorrow an' care,
 But could only mak out,
 That beyond ony doubt,
 'Twas a wearifu' process o' Wakening.

An' her friends that she thought wad be constant for
aye,

Of course they grew scarce, an' kept out o' her way ;

For naebody ken'd

How the matter wad end,

When they heard o' the process o' Wakening.

An' her true-love for whom she wad gladly gien a',

Slid could frae her grasp like a bullet o' snaw ;—

Sae she gied up the case,

An' gied up the ghaist,

An' dee'd o' a process o' Wakening.

Elsie.

(As sung by her boorish husband.)

AIR—“*Bobbin John.*”

ELSIE'S neat an' clean,
 Elsie's proud an' saucy,
 Elsie's trig an' braw,
 Elsie is a lassie ;
 Elsie is a fule,
 Elsie's neives are massy,
 Elsie's tongue is lang,
 Elsie is a lassie.

Elsie is my wife,
 Thinks to be the ruler ;
 Elsie is an ass,
 Thinks that I care for her ;
 Swears she'll keep the cash,
 Disna keep a boddle,
 Wares it a' on dress,
 Ca's hersel' a model !

Elsie is a guse—

I'll gang an' tell her,

I'll hae the house,

I'll hae the siller ;

I'll hand my ain,

I'll keep the causey ;

Elsie wear the breeks !—

Elsie is a lassie.

I've got a foot,

Ken how to use it ;

If I gie a kick,

She maun just excuse it ;

I am a man,

Strong built an' massy—

Elsie takes her chance,

Elsie's but a lassie !

Dubbyside.

THE foam-flakes flash, the black rocks scowl,
 The sea-bird screams, the wild winds howl ;
 A giant wave springs up on high—
 “One pull, for God’s sake !” is the cry :
 If struck, we perish in the tide—
 If saved, we land at Dubbyside !

O Dubbyside ! our peril’s past,
 And bliss and thee are reached at last !
 As sprang Leander to his bride,
 Half drowned, so we to Dubbyside !
 What though we’re drenched, we will be dried
 Upon thy banks, sweet Dubbyside !

Are we in Heaven, or are we here,
 Or in the Moon, or Jupiter ?
 These velvet Links, of golfers rife,
 Are they in Paradise, or Fife ?
 Am I alive, or am I dead,
 Or am I *not* at Dubbyside ?

Through Eden's groves there flowed a stream,
And there its very waters gleam—
Its pebbly bed, its banks the same,
Unchanged in all except the name,
Since Adam bathed in Leven tide,
While Eve reposed at Dubbyside !

And still it is a blissful spot,
Though Paradise is all forgot :
The fairies shower their radiance here,
The rocks look bright, the dubs are clear ;
Deem not that bush the forest's pride—
Remember, you're at Dubbyside !

Is that an angel shining there,
Or sea-nymph with her flowing hair,
Or Neptune's pearl-embowered bride,
Kissing the foam-bells of the tide ?
'Tis neither angel, nymph, nor bride—
'Tis Podley Jess of Dubbyside !

When this Old Wig was New.

AIR—“ *When this old coat was new.*”

WHEN this old wig was new,
 The Barber raised his eyes
 And blessed himself to view
 A wig so wondrous wise !
 It was his pride—and, sooth,
 I proudly prized it too,
 For I was but a youth
 When this old wig was new.

But now my wig is old,
 And I am young no more ;
 The course of time has rolled,
 And our career is o'er :
 I'll mix no more with men
 As I was wont to do,
 Nor see the days again
 When this old wig was new.

Oh, the days that I have seen,
 And the hours that I have passed
 And the pleasures that have been
 Too exquisite to last !
 Before my eyes they pass
 In sweet though sad review—
 I think of what I was
 When this old wig was new.

I think of times when far
 Aloof cold envy stood,
 And brethren of the Bar
 Professed good brotherhood,—
 Not soulless etiquette,
 But friendship warm and true,—
 With heart and hand we met
 When this old wig was new.

No greedy hand was then
 Projected for a fee ;
 We held no servile pen
 To any lordly he :
 And none of us demurred
 The poor man's cause to sue,
 For honour was the word
 When this old wig was new.

Then truly was the age
Of matchless eloquence,
And counsels deep and sage,
And energy intense ;
And we had men of lore,
And wit and fancy too,
For Wisdom's cup ran o'er
When this old wig was new.

I've laughed until mine eye
Has filled with tears of glee,
I've wept that fountain dry
From very agony,
As the floods of Erskine broke,
Or the sparks of humour flew
From the lips of those who spoke
When this old wig was new.

But when our weekly toil
Brought Saturday about,
Then all was one turmoil
Of revelry and rout.

(Cætera desunt.)

The Sign o' the Crow.

(SENTIMENTS ATTRIBUTED TO A WELL-KNOWN FREQUENTER
OF THAT INSTITUTION).

AIR—“*Soldier's joy.*”

LET others sing the graces an' roose the jolly faces
O' a' the bonny lasses that ever were ava ;
I'll rout wi' right gude will, about the joys I feel,
When sookin at a gill at the Sign o' the Crow.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I like meat unco weel, for my wame it can fill,
An' wantin' it I feel I could ne'er fend ava :
But why I wish to fend some folk hae never ken'd—
'Tis my staps that I may bend to the Sign o' the Crow.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I'll acknowledge my belief, that to hae a tidy wife
Is a comfort to my life that I couldna forega ;
For if she's worth a house, she may surely keep the house
When I've gaen to take a house at the Sign o' the Crow.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I never a' my days liked to gang withouten claes,
An' a reason if you please I can readily shaw :
'Tis that when my siller's gane, my breeks I then can
pawm,

An' get anither can at the Sign o' the Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

The last time I was sober, one mornin' in October,
I forgathered wi' a robber wha clinked my cash awa ;
But not e'en the horned deil frae me can ever steal
What I've gien them for a gill at the Sign o' the Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I wadna gie a sneeshin to hear a blockhead screechin,
Himsel' an' ithers fashin, 'cause a lassie's ran awa ;
Contented here I am, sae I'll e'en take aff my dram,
Till I fa' into a dwam at the Sign o' the Craw.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My Wife has come ower to Cure Me.

AIR—“ *My Mither's aye glowerin o'er me.*”

MY wife she's come o'er to cure me—
 For naething on earth but to cure me ;
 I was deein o' ease, an' comfort, an' peace,
 An' my wife has come o'er to cure me.
 Nae doubt I was ill when a' thing gaed weel,
 An' I didna ken what was gude for me ;
 My sleep was sae soun', an' my body sae roun' ;
 But my wife has come o'er—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come o'er to cure me,
 My wife has come o'er to cure me ;
 She cuist up her place where she gat meat an' claes,
 An' she's come o'er the water to cure me.
 My cheeks were sae red, my heart was sae glad,
 Bad symptoms they were to alarm me ;
 Preternatural fat, an' strength, an' a' that,
 But my wife has come o'er—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come o'er to cure me,
To show the affection she bore me ;
I was deein o' health, an' ruined wi' wealth,
When my wife came o'er to cure me.
I rose wi' the lark, an' ate like a shark,
A' the joys o' the angels came o'er me ;
Outrageously right, stark mad wi' delight ;
But my wife has come o'er—an' she'll cure me.

My wife has come o'er to cure me—
For no earthly cause but to cure me ;
I was horridly weel— my banes hard as steel ;
But my wife has come hame—an' she'll cure me.
Oh were she to die, what wad come o' me ;
What spirits an' thrills wad devour me ;
Ilka pap wi' the shool on the tap o' the mool,
Wad forbid her frae comin' to cure me.

Drinkin' Drams.

(THE TIPPLER'S PROGRESS.)

AIR—“*My Luve's in Germany.*”

HE ance was holy,
 An' melancholy,
 Till he found the folly
 O' singin' psalms.
 He's now as red's a rose,
 An' there's pimples on his nose,
 And in size it daily grows,
 By drinkin' drams.

He ance was weak,
 An' couldna eat a steak
 Without gettin' sick
 An' takin' qualms ;
 But now he can eat
 At ony kind o' meat,
 For he's got an appetet
 By drinkin' drams.

He ance was thin,
Wi' a nose like a pen,
An' haunds like a hen,
 An' nae hams ;
But now he's round an' tight,
An' a deevil o' a wight,
For he's got himsel' put right
 By drinkin' drams.

He ance was soft as dirt,
An' as pale as ony shirt,
An' as useless as a cart
 Without the trams ;
But now he'd face the deil,
Or swallow Jonah's whale—
He's as gleg's a puddock's tail
 Wi' drinkin' drams.

Oh ! pale, pale was his hue,
An' cauld, cauld was his brow,
An' he grumbled like a ewe
 'Mang libbit rams ;
But now his brow is bricht,
An' his een are orbs o' licht,
An' his nose is just a sicht
 Wi' drinkin' drams.

He studied mathematics,
Logic, ethics, hydrostatics,
Till he needed diuretics
 To loose his dams ;
But now, without a lee,
He could mak' anither sea,
For he's left philosophy
 An' ta'en to drams.

He found that learnin', fame,
Gas, philanthropy, an' steam,
Logic, loyalty, gude name,
 Were a' mere shams ;
That the source o' joy below,
An' the antidote to wo,
An' the only proper go,
 Was drinkin' drams.

It's true that we can see
Auld Nick, wi' gloatin' ee,
Just waitin' till he dee
 'Mid frichts and dwams ;
But what's Auld Nick to him,
Or palsied tongue or limb,
Wi' glass filled to the brim
 When drinkin' drams !

We be Three Poor Barristers.

ROUND—“ *We be three poor Mariners.*”

WE be three poor Barristers,
 With minds but ill at ease,
 Because we never are retained
 In any kind of pleas.
 We pace the House around, around, around,
 Where litigants abound, abound, abound,
 Where fees are rife,
 Yet for our life
 We cannot take a pound, a pound, a pound.

Ah ! little do their clients know,
 Who trust to legal skill,
 What injury their doers do,
 Employing whom they will,
 And leaving us around, around, around,

No chance to be renowned, renowned, renowned,
 Though we have store
 Of wit and lore
 That might the world astound, astound, astound.

We wonder what their agents think—
 Or if they think at all—
 Who still employ these little men,
 With voice so thin and small,
 You scarce can hear the sound, a-sound, a-sound,
 While we walk idly round, around, around—
 With lungs to make
 The rafters shake
 And vaulted roofs rebound, rebound, rebound.

As for that clerk of evil fame,
 Accursed let him be,
 Who tempteth meaner souls than ours
 To plead for a half a fee—
 With emphasis profound, profound, profound,
 We execrate the hound, the hound, the hound,
 As to and fro
 Each day we go
 Across the Earthen Mound, a-Mound, a-Mound !

Yet not because we're thus forgot
Downhearted shall we be ;
The pluckless soul may yield to grief—
We'll live in jollity !
We'll pass the glass around, around, around,
And thus dull care confound, confound, confound,
Nor heed the fee
So long as we
With mirth and glee abound, abound, abound.

Here Lies.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies, of sense bereft—
 But sense he never had ;
 Here lies, by feeling left—
 But that is just as bad ;
 Here lies, reduced to dirt—
 That's what he always was ;
 Here lies, without a heart—
 He ne'er had one, alas !

Here lies
 He did so ere he died ;
 Then simply to begin,—Here lies—
 But all his life he lied.
 Death is a change, they say—
 Ye powers that rule the sky,
 What change is here, I pray ?
 For surely he did die.

Where I am.

AN EPITAPH.

WHAEVER's here that wishes a cure
 For mind, or wind, or limb,
 Let him listen to mine—wi' me it's been sure—
 It'll be the same wi' him.
 Whatever comfort failed me,
 Whatever it was that ailed me,
 Whatever was my plisky,
 Whatever dangers cam—
 I tipp't aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am !

Ance I was ill, and to mak up his bill,
 The Doctor cam like stour,
 Wi' a forpit o' squills, an' laxative pills,
 My bowels for to cure.
 He swore I was in a consumption—
 I swore he had nae gumption ;

He said I might tak the riskie—
 I said I wad tak my dram,—
 Sae I tipp't aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am !

When I was in love, my mettle to prove,
 My sweetheart behaved unco queer ;
 She ance saw me fou, an' she ca'd me a sow,
 An' said I was portable beer !
 Her love I cast aff a' houp o't,
 Sae I ran to a linn to loup it—
 But as I was rinnin' sae briskly,
 I thought I wad tak a dram—
 Sae I tipp't aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am !

I ance gaed aff, like a sober calf,
 To sail the world round,
 But as we cam back, the ship was a wrack,
 An' we were just gaun to be drowned ;
 The passengers lustily sang out,
 The crew whomelled into the long boat,
 An' how I got out o' the plisky,
 I dinna ken whether I swam—
 But I tipp't aff a bottle o' whisky,
 An' here I am !

The Lawyer's Suit.

AIR—“*For the lack of Gold.*”

OH why, lady, why, when I come to your side,
 Repulse your poor suitor with such haughty pride?
 That you'll never wed with a Lawyer you swear—
 But why so averse to a Lawyer, my dear?

Can it be, that because I have thought and have read,
 Till my heart to the world and its pleasures is dead?
 Pshaw! my heart may be hard, but then it is clear
 Your triumph's the greater to melt it, my dear!

Can it be that because my eyes have grown dim,
 And my colour is wan, and my body is slim?
 Pshaw! the husk of the almond as rough does appear—
 But what do you think of the kernel, my dear?

Would you wed with a Fop full of apish grimace,
 Whose antics would call all the blood to your face?

Take me, from confusion you're sure to be clear,
For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with blushes, my dear !

Would you wed with a Merchant, who'd curse and
 who'd bann
'Cause he's plagued by his conscience for cheating a
 man ?

Take me, and be sure that my conscience is clear,
For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with conscience, my
 dear !

Would you wed with a Soldier with brains made of
 fuel,
Who, defending his honour, is killed in a duel ?
Take me, and such danger you've no need to fear,
For my honour is not worth defending, my dear !

Come, wed with a Lawyer ! you needn't fear strife,
For since I have borne with the courts all my life,
That the devil can't ruffle my temper, I'll swear—
And I hardly think you could do't either, my dear !

My Nannie.

A SATIRICAL EFFUSION.

AIR--“*Carrickfergus.*”

My Nannie fell sick, an' my Nannie was deein',
 My friends a' advised me for doctors to send ;
 But she was sae grievin' me when she was livin',
 That, troth, I had little desire she should mend.

I said I'd nae siller—they wadna come till her—
 Sae I watched her wi' tenderest care by mysel' ;
 But whate'er was the matter, the limmer got better,
 And to my great sorrow she soon was quite well.

Wi' a bottle o' whisky I gat mysel' frisky,
 An' said 'twas for joy to see her sae weel :
 Says she—“ How got ye that when you couldna buy
 med'eine ? ”

An' gied me a thump wad hae murdered the deil !

Her passion near choked her—I ran for the doctor—
But she hardly had been a week under his care,
When he said—“Your wife’s leavin’ the land o’ the
 livin’,—
I’ve done what I could, sir—I canna do mair.”

“O Doctor!” says I, “Sir, you’d much better stay, sir,
An’ do what ye can for her till she’s quite gane!”
He plied her wi’ physic, an’ that made her sae sick,
That in less than a month Nannie graned her last grane!

To the Doctor I handed twice what he demanded;
My friends a’ advised me to marry again—
But, quo’ I, “I’ll no marry again in a hurry,
For I canna forget my dear Nannie that’s gane!”

*

Epigram,

ON HEARING A LADY PRAISE A CERTAIN
REV. DOCTOR'S EYES.

I CANNOT praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine ;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

Epigram.

A' THINGS created have their uses ;
This truth will bear nae doots,
As far as hauds to fleas an' louses,
An' ither bitin' brutes :
I ken the use o' crawlin' clocks,
An' bugs upon you creepin' ;
But what's the use o' Barbara Fox ?
By Jingo ! that's a deep ane.

The Miller.

A FRAGMENT.

THE Miller's rung did deeds o' weir,
For mortal fray it aye was ready ;
The Miller kent nouth'er sloth nor fear
When he fought for king or bonnie ledly !
His head was pruif o' stane or steel,
His skin was teucher than bend leather ;
He could pu' against his ain mill-wheel,
Or snap in bits his horse's tether.

The Barley Fever.

A FRAGMENT.

AIR—“

OH the Barley Fever !

The Barley Fever, the Barley Fever !

It sticks like a burr, or a plough in a fur,

An' it fells a man like a cleaver.

Yer beard turns lang, an' yer head turns bald,

An' yer face grows as white as the lip o' a scald ;

Yer tae end is het, an' the tither is cauld,

Like a rat wi' its tail in a siever.

Oh the Barley Fever !

The Barley Fever, the Barley Fever !

It gars the best soul grow as empty's a bowl,

An' as flat as the doup o' a weaver.

The Typhus taks folk that are no very clean,

The Scarlet's content wi' a saft fozy wean ;

But the Barley fells rich, poor, clean, dirty, fat, lean,

The infidel and the believer.

The Holy Loch.*

CALM, calm, the blue lake silent lies,
 The sky without a breath to shake it ;
 The drowsy clouds nor fall nor rise—
 The earth's asleep, and none to wake it.
 The sun stares with his fiery eye
 Upon the beauteous scene before him,
 While green-robed Nature modestly
 Shrinks from such outrage of decorum.

The sun has gone, the day is done,
 The moon beams o'er the peaceful water,
 High up above, looking such love
 As mother's o'er an only daughter.
 Restless, in vain, my ear I strain
 To catch the ripple of the billow.
 Earth fades, and heaven looms on my sight ;
 Oh ! would some angel smooth my pillow !

* These were the last verses composed by the author.

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