

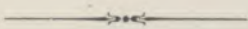


→ THE ←

HISTORY

OF

WILL AND JEAN.

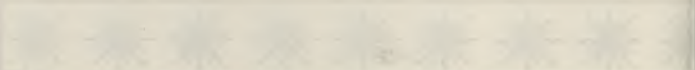


Hector Macneil, the author of this popular poetical narrative, was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, in 1746, and he died in Edinburgh in 1818. The poem was first published in 1795.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
WILL AND JEAN

These should be names of the persons named  
in the title of the book and not names of the  
author or publisher or any other person.  
The book is published in 1902.



THE HISTORY  
 OF  
 WILL AND JEAN.



PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace—  
 Wha, in neighbouring town or farm?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrestle,  
 Through the sledge or toss the bar?  
 Hap what would he stood a castle,  
 Or for safety or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
 With the bauld he bauld could be;  
 But to friends who had their handfu',  
 Purse and service aye were free.

When he first say Jeanie Miller,  
 Wha wi' Jeannie could compare?  
 'Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 But were any half sae fair.

Soft her smile raise like May morning,  
 Glinting owre Denmait's\* brow ;  
 Sweet ! wi' opening charms adorning  
 Stirling's lovely plains below.

Kind and gentle was her nature ;  
 At ilka place she bore the bell ;  
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature—  
 But her look nae tongue can tell !

Such was Jean when first, mawing,  
 Spied her on a thrawart beast ;  
 Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing,  
 Kepp'd her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,  
 'Cross the meadow, fragrant, green,  
 Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,  
 Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,  
 Drapped into a lover's arms ;  
 Wakened to his soft lamenting,  
 Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they lo'ed and soon were buckled ;  
 Nane took time to think and rue :  
 Youth and worth and beauty coupled—  
 Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty, †  
 Jean and Will thought them but ane ;  
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,  
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure,  
 Jean, the hale day spun and sang—  
 Will and weans, her constant treasure,  
 Blest wi' them nae day seemed lang.

\*One of the Ochil Hills, near Stirling. † Happily.

Neat her house, and, Oh! to busk aye  
 Ilka sweet bairn was a' her pride!  
 But at this time NEWS AND WHISKY  
 Sprang nae up at ilk road side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie  
 Home returning frae the fair,  
 Owretook Tam, a neighbour billie,  
 Six miles frae their hame and mair.

Summer's heat had lost its fury,  
 Calmly smiled the sober e'en;  
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,  
 Skelping barefoot owre the green.

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
 Canty har'st had just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
 Glinted soft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' louping,  
 Marked the whole but couldna bide,  
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,  
 Baith wished for their ain fireside.

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,  
 Cracking ower the news in town,  
 The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy  
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens  
 To poor merit's modest prayer,  
 And on fools heaps needless blessings,  
 Harkened to our drouthy pair.

In a holm, whose bonnie burnie  
 Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,  
 Near the road, where travellers turn aye  
 Neat and beild, a cot-house stood.

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
 Window-boards just painted red!  
 Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
 Hafpins seen and hafpins hid.

Up the gravel-end, thick spreadin',  
 Crept the clasping ivy green;  
 Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin'  
 Raised a' round a cozie screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow  
 Joined the burnie's rambling line,  
 Here it was Meg Howe, the widow,  
 This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
 Bottom, Will first marvelling sees—  
 "PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,"  
 Painted bright between twa trees.

"Here, then, Tam, here's welth for drinking:  
 (Wha can this new comer be?)"  
 "Hoot," quo' Tam, "there's drouth in thinking,  
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
 Think of ought but reaming jugs,  
 Till three times in humming liquor,  
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slokened now, refreshed and talking,  
 In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)—  
 "Sirs, ye're surely tired wi' walking—  
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks," quo' Will, "I cannot tarry,  
 Pit mirk night is setting in;  
 Jean, poor thing! is her lane, and eerie—  
 I maun to the road and rin."

“Hoot,” quo’ Tam, “what’s a’ your hurry?”

Hame’s now scarce a mile o’ gate—

Come ! sit down—Jean winna weary :

Dear me, man, it’s no sae late !”

Will, owrecome wi’ Tam’s oration,

Baith fell to, and ate their fill ;

“Tam,” quo’ Will, “in mere discretion,

We maun ha’e the widow’s gill.”

After ae gill cam anither—

Meg sat cracking ’tween them twa ;

Bang ! cam in Mat Smith and’s brither,

Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neighbours wha ne’er thought to meet here

Now sat down wi’ double glee ;

Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter—

Will got hame ’tween twa and three.

Jean poor thing, had lang been greetin’

Will next morning, blamed Tam Lowes ;

But, ere lang, a weekly meetin’

Was set up at Maggy Howe’s.

PART II.

Maist things ha’e a sma’ beginning,

But wha kens how things will end ?

Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,

If folk ha’e enough to spend.

But nae man o’ sober thinking,

E’er will say that things can thrive,

If there’s spent in weekly drinking

What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,

Ilka social soul allows ;

But in this reforming nation,

Wha can speak without the NEWS ?

News, first meant for state physicians,  
 Deeply skilled in courtly drugs :  
 Now, when a' are politicians,  
 Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light  
 On some things that should be clear,  
 Found ere lang the fault, and ae night  
 Clubbed, and got the *Gazetteer*.\*

Twice a-week to Maggie's cot-house,  
 Swift by post the papers fled,  
 Thoughts spring up, like plants in hothouse,  
 Every time the news are read.

\*                    \*                    \*

See them now in grave convention,  
 To mak a' things "square and even ;"  
 Or at least wi' firm intention  
 To drink six nights out of the seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinking,  
 Gathering a' the news that fell,  
 Will, wha wasna yet past thinking,  
 Had some battles wi' himsel'.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison  
 Bore ilk firm resolve awa' ;  
 On the ither, Jean's condition  
 Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow,  
 Weel he saw her bleaching cheek ;  
 Marked the smile she strave to borrow,  
 When puir thing, she couldna speak !

\* The Edinburgh *Gazetteer*, a violent opposition paper ; 1793-4.



See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking?  
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane—  
 Davered, doited, daized, and blinkin',  
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November  
 (Claes, and cash, and credit out),  
 Cow'ring owre a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilka face as white's a clout.

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roup'd\*—  
 Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here,  
 No a friend their cause to plead;  
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

PART III.

Oh, that folks wad weel consider  
 What it is to tine a—*name*;  
 What this world is a' thegither,  
 If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour,  
 Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,  
 If bright *conscience* taks upon her  
 To shed sunshine round the heart.

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,  
 Guilty shame will aye look down;  
 What maun then shame, want and sorrow,  
 Wandering sad frae town to town!

\* Sold by auction.

Jeanie Miller ance sae cherrie,  
 Ance sae happy, good and fair,  
 Left by Will, next morning, drearie,  
 'Taks the road o' black dispair!

Cauld the blast—the day was sleeting;  
 Pouch and purse without a plack!  
 In ilka hand a bairnie greeting,  
 And a third tied on her back.

Wan her face and lean and haggard,  
 Ance sae sonsy—ance sae sweet;  
 What a change! unhousted and beggared,  
 Starving, without claes or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,  
 Skulking like a guilty thief;  
 Here and there uncertain dandered,  
 Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygone errors  
 Fled owre fast for e'e to trace,  
 When grim death wi' a' his terrors  
 Cam' owre ilk sweet barnie's face.

Spent wi' toil, and cauld and hunger,  
 Baith down drapt, and down Jean sat;  
 Daized and doited now nae langer,  
 Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloamin' fast wi' mirky shadow  
 Crap owre distant hill and plain;  
 Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,  
 Added fearfu' thoughts to pain.

Round and round in wild distraction  
 Jeanie turned her tearfu' e'e;  
 Round and round for some protection—  
 Face nor house she couldna see!

Jean, at first, took little heed o'  
 Weekly clubs 'mang three or four ;  
 Thought, kind soul ! that Will had need o'  
 Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But when now the nightly meetings  
 Sat and drank frae six till twa—  
 When she found that hard-earned gettings  
 Now on drink were thrown awa'.

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie  
 Raise ilka morning we the lark,  
 Now grow useless, dowf, and sweer aye  
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tine his manly spirit,  
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly e'e ;  
 And o' love and hame grown wearit,  
 Nightly frae his family flee—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ?  
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?  
 Or the tears that now ilka e'ening  
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek ;

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,  
 (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace),  
 Marked the roses as they withered  
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

But, alas ! when habit's rooted,  
 Few ha'e pith the root to pu'  
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited—  
 Promised aye, but aye got fu' ;

Aye at first at the *convening*,  
 Moralised on what was right ;  
 Yet owre clavers entertaining,  
 Dozed and drank till braid daylight.

Things at length draw near an ending—  
 Cash runs out ; Jean, quite unhappy,  
 Sees that Will is now past mending,  
 Tine's a' heart and takes a—drappy !\*

\*                    \*                    \*

Jean, wha lately bore affliction  
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
 Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,  
 Fond o' ilka dear dawted wean ;  
 Now, heart-hardened a' thegether,  
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, lo'ed to busk aye  
 In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,  
 Now sells a' her braws for whisky,  
 To her last gown, coat, and sark !

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
 Loudly sings in whisky's praise ;  
 Sweet his sang !—the mair's the pity  
 E'er on it he wared sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,  
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist !

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace—  
 Wha in neighbouring town or farm ?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm !

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare ?  
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 But were ony half so fair ?

\* Loses heart and takes to dram-drinking.

Far frae scenes o' soft'ning pleasure,  
 Love's delights and beauty's charms!  
 Far frae friends and social leisure—  
 Plunged in murdering war's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,  
 Or ambition's feverish brain,  
 That sae aft wi' melancholy  
 Turns, sweet Peace, thy joys to pain?

Stripes thee of thy robes of ermine  
 (Emblems of thy spotless life),  
 And in war's grim look alarming,  
 Arms thee with the murderer's knife?

A' thy gentle mind upharrows—  
 Hate, revenge, and rage uprears;  
 And for hope and joy (twin marrows),  
 Leaves the mourner drowned in tears?

Willie Gairlace, without siller,  
 Credit, claes, or ought beside,  
 Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,  
 And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozie dwelling,  
 Sheltered haughs and birken braes,  
 Greenswaird howes, and dainty mailing,  
 Ance his profit, pride, and praise.

Deck'd wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,  
 Drunk wi' dreams as false as vain;  
 Fleeced and flattered, roosed and buskit,  
 Wow! but Will was wondrous fain:

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking—  
 How could thought her station keep?  
 Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)  
 Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But in midst o' toils and dangers,  
 Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,  
 Compass round with faes and strangers,  
 Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dyed banners,  
 Waving to the widow's moan,  
 Will saw glory's boasted honours  
 End in life's expiring groan !

Round Valenciennes' strong wa'd city,  
 Thick ower Dunkirk's fatal plain,  
 Will, though dauntless, saw wi' pity  
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain.

Fired by freedom's burning fever,  
 Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell ;  
 Frae the Scheldt to Rhine's deep river  
 Britons fought—but Britons fell !

In the throng o' comrades deeing,  
 Fighting foremost o' them a',  
 Swift fate's winged ball cam' fleeing,  
 And took Willie's leg awa' ;

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain ;  
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
 Sighed, and sank 'mang hundreds slain.

On a cart wi' comrades bleeding,  
 Stiff wi' gore and cauld as clay,  
 Without cover, bed, or bedding,  
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay.

In a sick-house, damp and narrow  
 (Left behind wi' mony mair),  
 See Will next, in pain and sorrow,  
 Wasting on a bed o' care.

Dark and darker grew the night aye ;  
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud—  
 Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie  
 Blinkin' through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started ;  
 Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair ;  
 Hope for ae bright moment darted  
 Through the gloom o' dark despair.

Fast owre fallowed lea she brattled,  
 Deep she wade through bog and burn ;  
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,  
 Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud 'mamg scenes o' simple nature,  
 Stately auld, a mansion stood  
 On a bank, whose sylvan feature  
 Smiled out-owre the roaring flood.

Summer here, in varied beauty,  
 Late her flowery mantle spread,  
 Where auld chestnut, oak, and yew tree,  
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage,  
 A' their gaudy livery cast,  
 Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
 Howl and murmur to the blast !

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror—  
 Mountains moved, and castle rocked !  
 Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,  
 Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

“Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping ?”  
 Cried a voice wi' angry grane ;  
 “Help ! oh help !” quo' Jeanie, weeping—  
 “Help my infants, or they're gane.

Nipped wi' cauld—wi' hunger fainting—  
 Baith lie speechless on the lea!  
 Help!" quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting—  
 "Help my lammies, or they'll die!"

"Wha' thus travels, cauld and hungry,  
 Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?  
 Beggars!" cried the voice mair angry;  
 "Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween."

"Beggars *now* alas! who lately  
 Helped the beggar and the poor!"  
 "Fy! gudeman," cried ane discreetly,  
 "Taunt nae poortith at our door."

Sic a night and tale thegither  
 Plead for mair than anger's din;  
 "Rise Jock," cried the pitying mither—  
 "Rise, and let the wretched in."

"Beggars now, alas! who lately  
 Helped the beggar and the poor!"  
 "Enter!" quo' the youth fu' sweetly,  
 While up flew the open door:

"Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!  
 Enter without fear or dread;  
 Here, thank God! there's aye a corner  
 To defend the houseless head.

For your bairnies cease repining;  
 If in life, ye'll see them soon."  
 Aff he flew; and brightly shining,  
 Through the dark clouds brak the moon

## PART IV.

Here, for ae' night's kind protection,  
 Leave we Jean and weans a while;  
 Tracing Will in ilk direction,  
 Far frae Britain's fostering isle.



Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
 Doctors cured wi' healing art ;  
 Cured, alas ! but never, never  
 Cooled the fever at his heart.

For when a' were sound and sleeping,  
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
 Mourning o'er his hapless fate.

A' his gowden prospects vanished,  
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame,  
 A' his glittering phantoms banished,  
 Will could think o' nought but—hame !

Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
 Rural labour, rural ploys,  
 Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,  
 War, and a' its murdering joys.

PART V.

Back to Britain's fertile garden  
 Will's returned (exchanged for faes),  
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,  
 Friend or credit, meat or claes.

Lang through county, burgh, and city,  
 Crippling on a wooden leg,  
 Gathering alms frae melting pity—  
 See poor Gairlace forced to beg !

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,  
 Now to langer beg thinks shame ;  
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—  
 Dreams o' former joys and hame.

Hame and a' its fond attractions  
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee ;  
 While the thoughts o' dear connections  
 Swell its heart and blind his e'e.

“ Monster ! wha could leave neglected  
 Three sma' infants and a wife,  
 Naked—starving—unprotected !  
 Them, too, dearer ance than life.

Villian ! wha wi' graceless folly  
 Ruined her he ought to save.  
 Changed her joys to melancholy,  
 Beggary, and—perhaps a grave ! ”

Starting, wi' remorse distracted,  
 Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,  
 Up he banged ; and, sair afflicted,  
 Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',  
 Sometimes helpit, Will got forth ;  
 On a cart, or in a waggon,  
 Hirplin' aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'enin', stepping hooly,  
 Pondering on his thrawart fate,  
 In the bonny month o' July,  
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Soft the southlin breeze was blawin',  
 Sweetly sughed the green aik wood ;  
 Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
 Strak the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on brae ran bleeting,  
 Linties chirped on ilka tree ;  
 Frae the west, the sun, near setting,  
 Flamed on Roslin's towers\* sae hie.

\* Roslin Castle.

Roslin's towers, and braes sae bonnie,  
 Craigs and water, woods and glen—  
 Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,  
 Save the Muses' Hawthornden ! \*

Ilka sound and charm delighting,  
 Will (though hardly fit to gang)  
 Wandered on through scenes inviting,  
 Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
 On a fragrant strawberry steep,  
 Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,  
 Wearied nature drapped asleep.

“ Soldier, rise—the dew's o' e'ening  
 Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith ;  
 Wounded soldier, if complaining,  
 Sleep na here and catch your death.

Traveller, waken—night advancing,  
 Cleads wi' gray the neighbouring hill ;  
 Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—  
 A' the woods are mute and still.”

“ What ha'e I ? ” cried Willie, waking—  
 “ What ha'e I frae night to dree ?  
 Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,  
 Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steading,  
 Wife nor bairns ha'e I to see ;  
 House, nor hame, nor bed, nor bedding—  
 What ha'e I frae night-to dree ? ”

\* The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, William Drummond, who flourished 1585-1649.

“Sair, alas ! and sad and many  
 Are the ills poor mortals share ;  
 Yet, though hame nor bed ye ha’e na,  
 Yield na, soldier, to despair.

What’s this life, sae wae and wearie,  
 If hope’s bright’ning beams should fail ?  
 See—though night comes dark and eerie,  
 Yon sma’ cot-light cheers the dale.

There, though wealth and waste ne’er roit,  
 Humbler joys their comforts shed—  
 Labour, health, content, and quiet ;  
 Mourner, there ye’ll find a bed.

Wife, ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,  
 There, alas ! ye needna seek—  
 Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,  
 Paint wi’ smiles a mothers cheek :

A’ her earthly pride and pleasure  
 Left to cheer her widowed lot ;  
 A’ her worldly wealth and treasure  
 To adore her lonely cot.

Cheer, then, soldier ! ’midst affliction  
 Bright’ning joys will often shine ;  
 Virtue aye claims Heaven’s protection—  
 Trust to Providence divine !”

PART VI.

Sweet as Rosebank’s woods and river,  
 Cool when summer’s sunbeams dart,  
 Came ilk word, and cooled the fever  
 That lang burned at Willie’s heart.

Silent he stepped on puir fellow !  
 Listening to his guide before,  
 Owre green knowe and flowery hallow,  
 Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet though humble,  
 Decked wi' honeysuckle round ;  
 Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,  
 Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers,\* sae white and stately,  
 Dim by gloamin' glint to view ;  
 Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly  
 Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

Entering now, in transport mingle  
 Mither fond and happy wean,  
 Smiling round a canty ingle,  
 Bleazin' on a clean hearth-stane.

"Soldier, welcome ! come be cheerie,  
 Here ye'se rest and tak your bed ;  
 Faint, waes me ! ye seem, and weary,  
 Pale's your cheek so lately red."

"Changed I am," sighed Willie till her ;  
 "Changed nae doubt, as changed can be !  
 Yet, alas ! does Jeanie Miller  
 Nought o' Willie Gairlace see ?"

Ha'e ye marked the dews o' morning,  
 Glittering in the sunny ray,  
 Quickly fa', when, without warning,  
 Rough blasts cam and shook the spray ?

Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honourable  
 Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.

Ha'e ye seen the bird, fast fleein'  
 Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?  
 Then see Jean, wi' colour deein'  
 Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction  
 (A' their woes now hushed to rest),  
 Jean ance mair, in fōnd affection,  
 Clasps her Willie to her breast;

Tells him a' her sad—sad sufferings!  
 How she wandered, starving, poor,  
 Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,  
 Wi' three bairns, frae door to door.

How she served, and toiled, and fevered,  
 Lost her health, and syne her bread;  
 How that grief, when scarce recovered,  
 Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county  
 Many a live-lang night her lane;  
 Till at last an angel's bounty  
 Brought her senses back again:

Ga'e her meat, and claes, and siller,  
 Ga'e her bairnies wark and lear;  
 Lastly, ga'e this cot-house till her,  
 Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, harkening, wiped his een aye;  
 "Oh! what sins ha'e I to rue!  
 But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"  
 "Wha," quo' Jeanie, "but Buccleuch!

\* Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch.

Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,  
 Nine blest months I've lived, and mair ;  
 Seen these infants clad and nourished,  
 Dried my tears, and tint despair :

Sometimes servin', sometimes spinnin',  
 Light the lanesome hours gae round,  
 Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinnin'  
 Brings yon angel's helping pound."

" Eight pounds mair," cried Willie, fondly—  
 " Eight pounds mair will do nae harm ;  
 And, oh Jean ! gin friends were kindly,  
 Twelve pounds soon might stock a farm,

'There ance mair, to thrive by ploughin',  
 Freed frae a' that peace destroys—  
 Idle waste and drucken ruin,  
 War, and a' its murdering joys !"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure—  
 Thrice ilk bairn, but couldna speak ;  
 Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,  
 Streamed in silence down his cheek.

## ONE GLASS MORE.

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Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thou  
 Thy sure destruction seal,  
 Within that cup there lurks a curse  
 Which all who drink shall feel.

Disease and death, for ever nigh,  
 Stand ready at the door,  
 And eager wait to hear the cry  
 Of—"Give me one glass more."

Go, view the prisoners' gloomy cells,  
 Their sin and misery scan;  
 Gaze! gaze! upon those earthly hells,  
 In drink their woes began.

Of yonder children, bathed in tears,  
 Ask, why is mother poor?  
 They'll whisper in thy startled ears—  
 'Twas father's "one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay? repent, return!  
 Reflect upon thy fate;  
 The poisonous draught for ever spurn,  
 Spurn, spurn it—ere too late.

Oh, fly the horrid ale-house then,  
 Nor linger at the door,  
 Lest thou perchance shouldst sip again  
 The treacherous "one glass more."

Trust not to thy deceitful heart,  
 The Saviour's grace implore!  
 Through him from every sin depart  
 And touch that glass no more.