

THE
COMICAL STORIES
OF
THRUMMY CAP

AND
THE GHAIST.

Margaret and the Minister.

SODA WATER.



GLASGOW:

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GLASGOW:



BY JAMES

WATSON, AND THE PROPRIETOR.

THE CHIEF

AND

THE CHIEF

OF

COMIC STORIES

THE

THRUMMY CAP.

In ancient times, far i' the north,
 A hunder miles ayont the Forth,
 Upon a stormy winter day,
 Twa men forgather'd o' the way,
 Ane was a sturdy bardoeh chief
 An' frae the weather happit weel,
 Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey-coat
 And eke he on his head had got
 A thrummy cap, baith large and stout,
 Wi' flaps ahind, as weel's a shout,
 Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,
 To keep the cauld frae getting in;
 Upon his legs he had gammashes,
 Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes,
 An' on his hands, instead o' gloves,
 Large doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose
 For warmth, an' an aiken-stick
 Nae verra lang, but unco thick,
 Intil his neive---he drave awa,
 And car'd for neither frost nor snaw,
 The ither was just the reverse,
 O' claes and courage baith was scarce,
 Sae in our tale, as we go on,
 I think we'll ca' him cow'ldy John!
 Sae on they gade at a gude scow'r,
 'Cause that they a saw gath'ring show'r,

Grow verra thick upon the wind,
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find;
 A mighty show'r o' snaw and drift,
 As ever dang down frae the lift!
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd,
 Preserves! quoth John, we'll baith be smor'd,
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er make out;
 Cheer up, says Thrummy, never dout:
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,
 Until we see gif it grow fair,
 Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there.
 Weel, weel, says Johnny, we shall try,
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,
 Upo' the road a piece afore,
 Sae up they gade unto the door,
 Where Thrummy chappit wi' his stick;
 Syne to the door came verra quick,
 A meikle dog, wha barked fair,
 But Thrummy for him didna care;
 He handled weel his aiken staff,
 And spite o's teeth he kept him aff,
 Until the Landlord came to see,
 And ken fat might the matter be;
 Then verra soon the dog did cease.
 The Landlord then did speir the case.
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, we ha'e gane rill;
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get till;
 We near were smor'd amo' the drift;
 And sae, gudeman, ye'll mak' a shift
 To gi'e us quarters a' this night,
 For now we dinna ha'e the light,
 Farer to gang, tho' it were fair;
 See gin ye hae a bed to spare,

Whate'er ye charge we canna grudge;
 But satisfy ye, ere we budge
 To gang awa'---and fan 'tis day,
 We'll pack out all; and tak the way.
 The Landlord said, O' beds I've nane,
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain;
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles forret
 Aside the Kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,
 Wha keeps a Change-house, sells guid drink,
 His house ye may mak out I think.
 Quoth Thrummy, that's owre far awa',
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,
 To mak it is na in our power;
 For, look ye, there's a gathering shower
 Just coming on---you'll let us bide,
 Tho' we should sit by the fire side.
 The Landlord said to him, Na, na,
 I canna let you bide ava,
 'Chap aff, for 'tis na worth your while
 To bide, when ye hae scrip't twa mile
 To gang---sae quickly aff you'll steer,
 For faith, I doubt ye'll na be here.
 Twa mile! quo' Thrummy, deil speed me,
 If frae your house this night I jee;
 Are we to starve in Christian land?
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,
 To nane about your house I'll crouch,
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,
 For faith we'll mak our quarters good.
 Come, John, let's in, we'll tak a sate,
 I'at sorrow gars you look so blate?
 Sae in he gangs, and sets him down,
 Says he, there's nae about your town,

Sall put me out till a new day,
 As lang's I've siller for to pay.
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,
 To turn you out! I canna fash,
 Since ye're so positive to hide,
 But troth yese sit by the fire-side;
 I tald ye else of beds, I've nane,
 Unoccupied, except bare ane;
 In it, I fear, ye winna ly;
 For stoutest hearts has aft. been shy
 To venture in within the room,
 After the night begins to gloom;
 For in it they can ne'er get rest,
 'Tis haunted by a frightful ghaist;
 Oursels are terrified a' night,
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,
 Like that which some o' our fowk saw,
 Far better still ye gang awa',
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day.
 Guide faith quo' John, I'm thinking sae;
 Better into the neuk to sit,
 Than fla'd, Gude keep's, out o' our wit;
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,
 I wadna like to see the devil!
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, hand your peace.
 That sanna gar me quit this place;
 Nor great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,
 The ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.
 I will defy the meikle deil,
 And a' his warks I wat fu' weel;
 What the sorrow then maks you sae eery?
 Fling by your fears, and come be cheery,
 Landlord gin ye'll mak up that bed,
 I promise I'll be verra glad,

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Within the same a' night to lie,
 If that the room be warm and dry.
 The Landlord says, Ye'se get a fire,
 And candle too gin ye desire,
 Wi' beuks to read; and for your bed,
 I'll orders, gie to get it made.
 John says, as I'm a Christian man,
 Who never likes to curse nor ban,
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor whore,
 I'll never gang within its door,
 But sit by the fireside a' night,
 And gang awa' whene'er 'tis light.
 Says Thrummy till him, wi' a glow'r,
 Ye cowardly gowk I'll mak ye cow'r;
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,
 And I shall caution for ye be.
 Then Johnny faintly gaed consent,
 And up the stairs to the room they went,
 Where soon they gat baith fire and light,
 To haud them hearty a' the night;
 The Landlord likewise gae them meat;
 As meikle as they baith could eat;
 Shew'd them their bed and bade them gang,
 To it, whene'er they did think lang;
 Sae wishing them a gude repose,
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.
 Our trav'lers now being left alane,
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,
 Coost aff their shoon, and warm'd their feet,
 And syne gaed to their bed to sleep.
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
 He coudna sleep but still lay wakening,
 Sae troubled with his panic fright,
 When near the twalt hour o' night,

That Thrummy waken'd, and thus spoke,
 Preserve's ! quoth he, I'm like to choak
 Wi' thirst, and I maun hae a drink;
 I will gang down the stair, I think,
 And grapple for the water-pail,
 O for a waught o' caller ale !
 Johnny grips till him, and says, Na,
 I winna let you gang awa' :
 Wow will ye gang and leave me here
 Alane, to die wi' perfect fear ?
 Rise an' gae wi' me then, quoth Thrummy,
 Ye senseless gude for naething bummy,
 I'm only gaen to seek some water
 I will be back just in a clatter.
 Na, na, says John, I'll rather lye,
 But as I'm likewise something dry,
 Gif ye can get jug or cap,
 Fesh up to me a little drap.
 Ay, ay, quo' Thrummy that I will,
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill.
 Sae down he gaes to seek a drink,
 And then he sees a blink
 O' light, that shone upo' the floor,
 Out thro' the lock-hole o' the door,
 Which was na fast, but stood a-jee ;
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see :
 So bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,
 And in within the door he enters.
 But, Reader, judge of the surprise,
 When there he saw, with wond'ring eyes,
 A spacious vault well stor'd wi' casks
 O' reaming ale, and some big flasks,
 An' stride-legs o'er a cask o' ale,
 He saw the likeness o' himsel.

Just in the dress that he coost aff,
 A thrummy and an aiken staff,
 Gammashes and the jockey-coat;
 And in its hand the Ghaist had got
 A big four-legged timber bicker,
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor,
 Our hero at the spectre stared,
 But neither daunted was nor car'd,
 But to the Ghaist stright up did step,
 An' says, dear brother, Thrummy Cap,
 The warst ye surely dinna drink,
 So I wi' you will taste I think;
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,
 And fill'd it up wi' the same ale,
 Frae under where the spectre sat,
 And up the stair wi' it he gat;
 Took a gude drink, gae John anither,
 But never tald him o' his brither,
 That he into the cellar saw,
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava,
 Light brown and nappy was the beer:
 Whar did you get it? John did speir,
 Says Thrummy, sure ye needna care,
 I'll gae and try to get some mair,
 Sae down the stair again he goes,
 To get o' drink anither dose,
 Being positive to hae some mair;
 But still he fand the Ghaist was there,
 Now on a butt behind the door:
 Says he, ye didna ill before,
 Dear brother Thrummy, sae I'll try
 You ance again, because I'm dry.
 He fills his jug stright out below,
 An' up the stair again does go.

John marvelled sair, but didna speir
 Again where he did get the beer,
 For it was stronger than the first,
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst,
 Syne did compose themsels to rest,
 To sleep a while they thought it best.
 An hour in bed they hadna been,
 And scarcely weel had clos'd their een,
 Whan just into the neighbouring cham'er,
 They heard a dreadfu' din and clamour.
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cow'r,
 But Thrummy jump't upon the floor,
 Him by the sark-tail John did haud;
 Lye still, quoth he, fat, are ye mad?
 Thrummy then gaed a hasty jump,
 And took John on the ribs a thump,
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,
 In little better than a swoon,
 While Thrummy fast as he could rin,
 Set aff to see what made the din.
 The chamber seem'd to him as light,
 As gif the sun were shining bright;
 The Ghaist was stanen at the door,
 In the same dress he had afore;
 And o'er anent it, at the wa',
 Were ither apparitions twa.
 Thrummy beheld them for a-wee,
 But deil a word as yet spake he:
 The spirits seem'd to kick a ba',
 The Ghaist against the other twa;
 Whilk close they drave baith back and fore,
 Atween the chimney and the door.
 He stops a while and sees the play,
 Syne, rimmin up, he this did say,

Ane for ane may weel compare,
 But twa for ane is rather sair;
 The play's nae equal, say I vow,
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you.
 Then wi' his fit he kicked the ba',
 Gard it play stot against the wa';
 Quick then, as lightning frae the sky,
 The spectres with a horrid cry,
 A' vanished in a clap o' thun'er,
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er.
 The room was quiet now and dark,
 An' Thrummy striping in his sark;
 Glauming the gate back to his bed,
 He thinks he hears a parson tread,
 An' ere he gat without the door,
 The Ghaist again stood him before,
 And in his face did staring stand,
 Wi' a big candle in its hand.
 Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know
 What brings you frae the shades below,
 I in my Maker's name command
 You tell your story just aff hand?
 Fat wad ye hae?---I'll do my best
 For you, to let you be at rest.
 Then says the Ghaist, 'Tis thirty year,
 Since I've been doom'd to wander here,
 In all that time there has been none
 Behav'd sae bold as ye have done:
 Sae if you'll do a job for me,
 Disturbance mair I'll never gie.
 Sae on your tale, quoth Thrummy, I
 To do you justice sure will try.
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist replied,
 And ye shall soon be satisfied:

Frae this aback near forty year,
 I of this place was overseer,
 When this Laird's father had the land,
 A' thing was then at my command,
 Wi' power to do as I thought fit,
 In ilka cause I chief did sit;
 The Laird paid great respect for me,
 But I an ill return did gie;
 The Title-Deeds of his Estate
 Out of the same I did him cheat,
 And stole them frae whare they did lie,
 Some days before the Laird did die,
 His son at that time was in France,
 And sae I thought I'd hae a chance,
 Gif he sud never come again,
 That the Estate would be my ain;
 But scarcely three bare weeks were past,
 When death did come and grip me fast,
 Sae sudden that I hadna pow'r
 The charter back for to restore,
 Soon after that hame came the heir,
 And syne got up the reesu' air,
 What sorrow was come o' the Rights?
 They sought them several days and nights,
 But never yet hae they been seen,
 As I aneath a muckle stane,
 Did hide them i' this chamber wa',
 Weel sew'd up in a leathier ba',
 But I was ne'er allow'd to rest
 Until that I the same confest;
 But this to do I hadna power,
 Frae you time to this verra hour,
 That I've reveal'd it a' to you;
 And now I'll tell you what to do.

Till nae langsyne nae mony kent,
 That this same Laird the Rights did want;
 But now they hae him at the law,
 And the neist owk the Laird maun shaw,
 Afore the court, the Rights o's land,
 This puts him to an unco stand:
 For if he dinna shaw them there,
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare;
 Nae hopes has he to save his 'state,
 This maks him sour and unco blate:
 He canna think whar's Rights may be,
 And ne'er expects them mair to see,
 But now, my friend, mark what I tell,
 And ye'll get something to yoursel.
 Tak out the stane there in the wa',
 And there ye'll get the leather ba',
 'Tis just the same that you did see,
 When you said that you would help me;
 The Rights are sew'd up in its heart,
 But see you dinna wi' them part,
 Until the laird shall pay you down
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,
 Whilk at my death was due to me,
 This for thy trouble I'll give thee;
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,
 'Cause I'll be free from all my care.
 This Thrummy promised to do,
 And syne the Ghaist bid him adieu
 And vanish'd with a pleasant sound,
 Down thro' the laft and thro' the ground.
 Thrummy gaed back syne to his bed,
 And cowardly John was verra glad,
 That he his neighbour saw anco mair,
 For of his life he did despair.

Wow man, quo' John, whare hae you been,
 Come tell me a' fat ye hae seen.
 Na, bide, says Thrummy, till day-light,
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right.
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,
 Until the ninth hour it did chap.
 Thrummy syne raise, put on his claes,
 And to the chamber quick he gaes,
 Taks out the stane into the wa',
 And soon he found the leathern ba';
 Took out the Rights, replac'd the stane,
 Ere John did ken whar he had been:
 Then baith came stapping down the stair,
 The morning now was calm and fair.
 Weel, says the Laird, my trusty frien',
 Hae ye ought in our chamber seen?
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, I naething saw
 That did me ony ill ava.
 Weel, quoth the Laird, ye now may gang,
 Ye ken the day's na verra lang;
 In the mean time its calm and clear,
 Ye lose your time in biding here.
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, mind what I tell,
 I've mair right here than you yoursel.
 Sae till I like I here shall bide,
 The Laird at this began to chide:
 Says he, My friend, you're turning rude.
 Quoth Thrummy, I'll my claim make good,
 For here I just before you a',
 The Rights o' this Estate can shaw,
 And that is mair then ye can do.
 What! quo' the Laird, can that be true?
 'Tis true, quoth Thrummy, look and see,
 D'ye think that I would tell a lie.

The Parchments frae his pouch then drew,
 And down upon the table threw.
 The Laird at this up to him ran,
 And cried, Whar did you get them, man?
 Syne Thrummy tald him a' the tale,
 As I've tald you, baith clear and hale.
 The Laird at this was fidgin fain,
 That he had gat his Rights again:
 And fifty guineas down did tell,
 Besides a present frae himsel.
 Thrummy thanked him, an' syne his gowd
 Intil a muckle purse he stow'd,
 And cramm'd it in his oexter-pouch,
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch:
 And, fare-ye-weel, I maun awa,
 And see gin I get thro' the sna';
 Weel, fare-ye-weel, replied the Laird:
 But how comes it ye hanna' shar'd
 Or gien your neibor o' the money?
 Na, by my saul, I Sir, quo' Thrummy,
 When I the siller, Sir, did win,
 (To ha'e done this wad be a sin,
 Before that I the Ghaist had laid,
 The nasty beast had _____ the bed.
 And sae my tale I here do end,
 I hope no one it will offend:
 My muse will na assist me langer,
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,
 But now she's come to sic a pass,
 That a' my cudgeling and wheeping,
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping,
 To plague her mair I winna try,
 But dight my pen and lay it by.

THE

COMIC TALE

OF

MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

A douse, religious, kintry wife,
That liv'd a quiet contented life,
To show respect unto the priest,
Whom she esteem'd within her breast,
Catch'd twa fat hens, baith big an' plump,
An' butter she pack'd up a lump,
Which she a present meant to gie him,
And wi' them aff she gaed to see him,
Dress'd in her ain auld kintry fas'on,
Wi' brown stuff gown, an' braw white bussin,
A dark blue cloak an' hood co'er'd a',
Sae lade, sae clad, she march'd awa ;
Thus trudg'd alang---an' hence belyve,
At the manse door she did arrive---
Rapp't, was admitted by the maid ;
Ben to the kitchen wi' her gade---
Syne for the Minister inquir'd,
Who soon came butt, as she desir'd,
When she to him a curtchie made,
An' he to her thus smiling said,

Min. O! my dear Margret, is this you:
 I'm glad to see you; how d'ye do?
 How's Tamos, my auld worthy frien'?
 How's Jock your son, an' daughter Jean?

Mar. They're gaily, Sir, we're a' meat heal---
 Tho' Tamie's e'en but craz'd an' frail;
 But here's some butter, I present ye,
 Which wi' thir hens I compliment ye.

Min. Howt, Margret! this speaks t' expense
 But thanks ye'se get for recompence:
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I freely tell
 Ye're ever kind an' like yoursel.

Mar. Whisht, Sir! wi' thanks---nae thanks ava;
 Ye're worthy mair---the gift's but sma';
 But this acknowledgment from us,
 Means ye're beloved by me and Tamos.

Min. Sic favours, sure, I ne'er expected;
 Yet blythe am I, I'm sae respected;
 Fling aff your cloak and follow me;
 Com'e ben, an' rest, an' crack awee:
 'Tis no sae aft ye com'e to see us;
 Ye'll wait, and tak' your dinner wi' us---
 It's ready, waiting on my comin';
 Com ben, then, Margret, honest woman.

Mar. Na, na, Sir! dinna speak o' that,
 I'll tak' nae dinner weel I wat;
 Wi' gentle manners (ye will grant it)
 I've ever yet been unacquaintit.

Min. The manners that ye use at hame---
 Use here, an' banish fear an' shame,
 The company's but few, they're wholly
 My wife, a preacher, Jess, and Polly:
 Ye'se tak' your dinner or ye gang,
 Just do like me, ve'll no gae wrang.

To dine, at length she was advised; ! O
 Gade glowrin' ben like ane surpris'd; !
 Spread wide her gown, her head erecked,
 Confus'd and awkwardly she becked; !
 While rev'rend Mess. John, kind and fair,
 Conducted her unto a chair;
 An' told them wi' a knacky sentente,
 She was an' intimate acquaintanco,
 Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd; !
 But at the table was amaz'd,
 She ne'er before saw siken fairlies,
 Sae mony antic tirlly-whirlies,
 How to behave, while she was eating,
 In sic a nicy, gentle-meeting;
 She had great fears—her heart was beating,
 Her legs did shiake—her face was sweating,
 But still she was resolved anon,
 To do in a' things like Mess. John:
 A ready sitting face to face,
 His rev'rence, gravely, said the grace;)
 Then, wi' a frank an' open air,
 Bade them fa' on, an' lib'ral share.)
 But he being with the palsy troubl'd,
 In lifting spoonfu's often dribbl'd,
 Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
 He prin'd to's breast the table cloth.)
 Now Margret's settled resolution,
 Was quickly put in execution;
 For, as was said already, she did.
 Resolve to do whatever he did,
 She therefore also like the priest,
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,
 (Wi' a prin two inches long at least;)
 Which smiles frae them at table drew,
 As far's gude breeding wad allow.

Sae soon as they the kail had supp'd,
 To glancin' knives an' forks they gripp'd
 Wi' them to weel fill'd plates fell keenly;
 Ate—took a drink—an' crackit frien'ly.
 But Margret only was a hearer,
 She was sae blate; nought seem'd to cheer her.
 Sae mony things appearing new,
 Cam' ilka minute in her view,
 And fill'd her mind sae fu' o' dread,
 Cracking was clean out o' her head.
 In course, the Pastor, her example,
 That brought her there to feed her ample,
 She notic'd twa or three times take
 Out o' a' dish slaik after slaik,
 O' MUSTARD; which she judg'd to be
 Gravie, or some delicious brie;
 For Margret ne'er did peruse it,
 Kenn'd na' its name, nor how to use it;
 But now determin'd, to partake o't,
 She wi' a tea spoon took a slaik o't,
 Heedless she supped up the whole,
 Then instantly she looked droll,
 Dung doited in a moment's space,
 She hung her head and thrō her face!
 Threw down her knife an' forke displeas'd,
 Syne wi' baith hands her nosé she seiz'd,
 While it did bite an' blin' her een;
 The like o't sure was never seen;
 For startin' up as fast as able;
 The hail gear tumbl'd aff the table!
 The crash o' crock'ry ware resounded; O
 Plates trantlin'—ilka ane confounded.
 Straight to the door she frantic flew,
 An' after her Mess John she drew;

Which drave the company a' throuther,
 As they were kippled baith thegither,
 But in a crack, the prins brak loose,
 An' Margret, ravin' left the house,
 Hameward, in haste, she hobbl'd sweating,
 Tell'd Tamos the disaster greeting,
 Wrung baith her han's an' solemn sware,
 To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.

—●●●●●—
 SODA WATER.

Puir Scotland's scaith is whisky rife,

The very king o' curses;

Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife,

Ruins health and empties purses.

It fills a peaceful land wi' strife,

The ale-house fills wi' roarin';

It fills wi' broils domestic life,

An' fills the kirk wi' snoarin'.

'Twas on a bonny morn in May,

Twa three chieils did forgather,

The night before they'd gane astray,

And were a' drunk thegither;

Wi' pain their paws were like to part,

Their very tongues did russel;

Wi' shilpit look and shiverin' heart,

And throats as dry's a whissel.

O for a drink of something cool,

Says ane, for I'm maist faintin';

Then let's go in, another says,

For my puir head's just rentin'.

And I've the very best receipt,
 The stomach fumes to scatter;
 Then loose nae time and let us get
 A waught o' Soda Water.

Water will never do, says ane,
 Gie me some cheese that's mittie,

And then a bumper o' good gin,
 Or sterling aquavitæ :

To make you right this is the plan,
 'Twill make you fair and fatter ;

But says the chiel that first began,
 There's nought like Soda Water.

If Soda Water be sae good,
 Gang ye and drink your fill ;

But, I wad hae it understood,
 That I'd prefer a gill ;

Water's a blessing, nae doubt, fixt,
 And may it ne'er be missing ;

But when wi' whisky it is mixt,
 It's then a double blessing.

On fixed air the hale house rang,
 And pointed observations,

For some were right and some were wrang,
 And some were out o' patience.

Ye dinna seem to be in haste,
 For a' your chitter chatter ;

Come bring it in, and let us taste
 This self same Soda Water.

Unto ilk man a bottle's plac'd,
 In silent expectation,

That they wad better be in haste
 After so much oration ;
 It's just to be, or not to be,
 To take an unken'd doze,
 Short sighted man can hardly see
 An inch before his nose.

I'll ask a favour frae ilk man,
 And ye will surely grant it,
 To drink it up as quick's you can,
 Nor take time to decant it ;
 Like bugle-horns then in a raw,
 They glower up to the lift,
 And it was hardly down when twa
 O' them began to rift.

That's curious stuff, it's made me weel,
 I ne'er drank this before,
 Wi' that the Soda Water chiel
 Got up wi' sic a roar ;
 I'm gone, I'm poison'd, fatal drink !
 For me there is no cure,
 When o'er his cheeks, black streams like ink
 Ran gushing to the floor.

He held the bottle up to break,
 Nae langer life expectin',
 Synè read the label round it's neck,
 The real JAPAN BLACKIN ;
 He's ill before, but now he's worse,
 Wi' gut and ga' he's partin',
 And 'twixt ilk boak he gaed a curse
 Against real DAY AND MARTIN.

ANECDOTES.

SCARCITY OF ASSES.

The Reverend Mr Thom of Govan, riding home from Paisley, on a particular occasion, came up with two gentlemen, heritors of his parish, who had lately been made justices of the peace. They, seeing him well mounted, as usual, were determined to pass a joke on him, and accosted him thus :—

Well, Mr Thom, you are very unlike your master, for he was content to ride on an ass.' 'An ass,' says Mr Thom, 'there's no sic a beast to be gotten now-a-days.' 'Ay, how's that?' said they, 'Because,' replied Mr Thom, 'they now make them a' justices of the peace.'

BLIND FOU.

The late Reverend Mr C..... of D....., in Aberdeenshire, being summoned before his presbytery, for tippling, one of his elders, the constant participator of his orgies, was summoned to appear as a witness against him. 'Weel, John,' said a member of the reverend court, 'did you ever see Mr C..... the worse of drink?' 'Weel I wat, no,' answered John; 'I've mony time seen him the better o't, but never seen him the waur o't.' 'But did you never see him drunk?' 'That's what I'll never see,' replied the elder; 'for lang before he's half slokened, I'm aye blind fou.'

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