

THE
MAGIC PILL;

OR,

DAVIE and *BESS*.

A TALE.

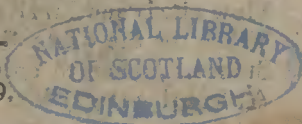
Relating Davie's Courtship to Bess, and how he forsook her. How Nanse, Bessie's mother, went to the Doctor for a Pill, which she got, with directions how to use it. — How it had the desired effect, by being put into Davie's pouch by Bess, at a wedding, which discovered Davie's love to Bess, and they were married.

Likewise, how Nanse, being a widow, went to the Doctor with two fat hens, to return thanks for the Pill, and how she wanted to buy a Pill for herself, to gain a neighbour carle she liked: with an account what the Doctor said to her, and a Recipe how to make up this Pill, and an advice to all young Women how to use it.

GLASGOW:

Published by J. LUMSDEN & SON.

1819.



THE MAGIC PILL:

A TALE.

IN yonder glen, beside a meadow,
Liv'd Nanse, on auld, bien, honest widow,
Wha had ae daughter nam'd Bess,
An' Bessie was a bonnie lass.

To ilka lad her mind was steeket,
Excepting Davie whom she liket;
Wha was a braw, blythe, rustic Billie,
As ever canter'd on a fillie,
And counted it the height o' bliss,
To love and be belov'd by Bess.
They pledg'd their oaths, to join their hands,
As weell as hearts, in marriage bands;
An' wi' the custom condescended
To tell auld Nanse what was intended,
Wha wi' a mother's transport bless'd them,
An' a the joys o' wedlock wish'd them.
Now Nanse an' Bessie to their liken
Made ready blankets, sheets and tyken,
An' ither things for back and bedding,
In expectation o' the wedding—
But while they made sic preparation,
Poor Bess turn'd pale wi' sad vexation,
For Davie took up wi' anither,
And left poor Bessie a' thegither.

Nanse, griev'd to see her Bessie mourn,
Sae sair affronted and forlorn,
Set out ae day, thro' dirt an' water,
To get advice about the matter,
Frae a learn'd doctor she'd hear tell o',
Wha had some drugs could fix the fellow.

To wave description, how she wan'erin'
Athort the city lang gade daunerin',
How chiels and hizzies at her sneert,
When for the doctor's-house she speert.
Suffice it, when we only tell
At length she gat him by himsel'.

An' after she a preface made,
 The case she thus before him laid :
 " Sir, I hae just ae only daughter,
 An' mony a decent fallow's sought her,
 But ane she lo'ed aboon the lave,
 A lad she thought wad ne'er deceive,
 Ran oon an' late about her fleechin',
 His love sincere for ever preachin',
 An' solemn swore my Bess wad mak him
 A happy man, gin she wad tak him.
 She yielded—an' agreed for life
 To be his lawfu' married wife ;
 But, Sir, as sure as I did bear her,
 Sinsyne he never locket near her,
 But rins to fairs an' markets ranting
 Wi' Meg, a neighbour lass, gallanting
 While Bess, still faithfu' to the chap,
 Wi' fient a lad has kiss'd a cap—
 Waes me! wi' the begunk she has gotten,
 She's lanely, heartless, an' begrutten ;
 An' troth, I think, 'tis past contestin'
 Her grief will throw her in a wastin',
 Unless some means be us'd to get him—
 Or she hard-hearted turn, an' hate him—
 Now, Sir, ye were bred at the college,
 An' hae in kittle cases knowledge ;
 For I am tald ye're up to a' things,
 Bout faul or body, grit or sma' things ;
 An' that ye hae amang your mugs
 Some wonder-working *Glamour Drugs*,
 Can set love's whirligig in motion,
 An' gar a lover change his notion,
 For them I cam' ance erran here,
 An' I shall hae them or I steer,
 O Sir! exert your cantrip skill ;
 Mak up the Drugs, cost what they will.
 —Gar Davie's love to Bessie fetter,
 An' mak' him maist gang daft to get her.
 Or he will live a man-sworn knave,
 An' she'll gang greetin' to her grave."

The doctor gleegly saw at once
The silly whims o' simple Nanse,
And bade her wait a little space
Till he retired to weigh the case.

When he return'd he thus began :
“ Now, Nanse, I've form'd a sicker plan,
Which if fulfill'd as I direct,
Davie will Bess again respect.
But for your sauls the plan discover,
Else a' is o'er with Bessie's lover,
Discossing it would play the de'il,
For, look ye! there's a magic pill,
Which will do wonders, I'll avouch,
If Bess could lodge't in Davie's pouch.

“ But she maun sit nae langer dreary,
An' sigh, and greet, an' look sae bleerie,
But raise her spirits, an' be cheerie,
Or that amazin' Pill ye've gotten
Will be as useless as a button.

“ Then mark the course that she maun rin,
To bring the faithless fallow in.

“ About your place, when there's a fair,
If ye think Davie's to be there,
Let Bess gang too—bedecked fine,
Look blythe, an' mak an unco shine,
As she was wout—amang the chiels,
When walking, or when dancing reels,
An', by the bowl, whare sunny tales
An' prauks gang roun', an' mirth prevails,
Let her, if Davie's in her view,
As far as prudence will allow,
Wi' gracefu' mien, an' pawky wiles,
Keep up the joke and fun wi' smiles,
And, if he ance had love for Bess,
He'll hae an anxious secret wis'
For her to dance, or sit beside him;
An' if she's bid, she'll no deride him,
But ha' flins frank, and ha' flins shy,
For twa three minutes, may comply.

While modestly she'll act wi' caution,
 Say ay or no, an' watch his motion,
 An' mark the sly occasion weel
 To slip into his pouch the pill,
 Then rise wi' seeming indignation,
 An' leave him to his meditation,
 Sae, he'll believe she disna prize him,
 But scorns his slight, an' can despise him.

“ Now, Nanse, if Bess by my direction
 Gang thro' this plot wi' circumspection,
 I spae, ye'll soon gie me a ca'
 To tell me he's your son-in-law.”

Nanse wi' the pill gade happy hame,
 Gat it to Bess—laid down the scheme,
 An' Bess determin'd to gang through it,
 Tho' he shou'd ever after rue it.

Soon after this there was a weddin',
 At it threescore at least paradin';
 Bess was amang them busket braw,
 False-hearted Davie, Nanse and a';
 An', Nota Bene, declare,
 The pill incog, was also there.

Bess banish'd grief, an' rous'd the spirit
 She once so happy did inherit,
 Firmly determin'd if she cou'd,
 To jundish Davie in the crowd.

When ilk ane in the merry meeting
 Had cramm'd their kytes wi' dainty eating,
 The young folks on the floor did striddle,
 An' cut their capers to the fiddle,
 Alternate join'd the bowl an' glases,
 To drink and crack, baith lads and lasses,
 An' Bess, I trow, might bauldly boast,
 That night she was the greatest toat,
 For wi' the chiefs she gat nae slackin',
 For dancin', walkin', an' for crackin'.

When Davie saw her way sae winnin',
 An' a' the chaps about her rinnin,
 A racking love-pain dirl'd within him,
 Yet reason coudna' ha'd nor bin' him,

Tho' stung wi' guilt an' blate wi' shame,
 He wished to share her smiles wi' them,
 Sac with fear, hope, and agitation,
 Gae her a kindly invitation

She paus'd an' bank'd— he insisted,
 So down by Davie's side she rested.
 About themsels he turn'd the talk,
 An' even proposed a private walk;
 While Bessie heard and said but little,
 An' seem'd to care it not a spittle.—
 Six minutes time did scarcely pass,
 When 'twas his turn to tak' the glass,
 An' notice, while the punch he sipp'd!
 Sly in his pouch the pill she slipp'd:
 Quick up wi' majesty she started,
 An' bouncin' to the floor she airted,
 Whence back wi' her a spark came prancin',
 An' gart her with him fa' a dancin'.

Poor Davie blushed—and ye could trace
 The rainbow colours flush his face,
 He naething said, but pensive sat,
 Reflecting he'd got tit for tat;
 An' whiles by stealth with envy keeket
 At ilk blythe blade an' Bessie cleeket,
 Thought them halefale his mortal foes,
 An' keenly felt foreboding woes.—
 He tried to hate her, but in vain.—
 His saul in love took lowe again,
 A love intenser far than ever,
 Yet durstna mint to seek her favour,
 While mirk despair, remorse an' sorrow,
 His very inmost heart did harrow,
 He curst his fate—thus anguish torn
 The weddin left to sbun her scorn,
 An' never woo'd anither lass,
 For his thoughts centered a' on Bess.

Auld Nanse, bont sax owks after this
 Manoeuvre o' her daughter Bess,
 Trudg'd to the town to ca' and tell
 Her famous Doctor what befel,

An' by gude luck she gat him snug
Alane by his room chimly lug.

"Wow, Nanse," quo he, "I hope ye're weel,
How manag'd Bessie wi' the Pill?"

"O rare!" quo' she, "the pill did graa'.

Losh keep us! ye're an unco man!

For sic a wondrous cantrip flight

Ye surely hae the second sight!

The like o' you can laugh at evils,

At warlocks, witches, g'hasts and devils!

Ye ken the gate to shun and slie them,

While like o' me maun warste wi' them;

I trow, ye soon gart Davie yammer,

An' do's ye liket wi' your glamour.

"Bess wi' a courage unexpectet,
In a things did as ye directet,

I saw mysel',—nought was mislappen'd,

An' ilka thing wi' wish has happen'd.—

Whane'er he gat the pill at ance,

It dang him dumb, and drave him thence,

Some days thereafter he cam' eringin'

To Bess, an' begg'd her pardon whingin',

Tald her his mind wi' hae was racket,

That he wad live and die distractet:

If she refus'd to be his marrow,

An' mak' an end o' a' his sorrow:

In short, less than a month they tarried,

Till they were beuket, cried and married.—

The Pill did a' without dissention,

But, troth, 'tis past my comprehension.

Now to mak' you a sma' amen's,

Hae there's a pair o' gude fat hens,

I'm mair than a' that yet your debtor,

Next time I kirk ye'll get some butter.

But, Doctor, now as Bessie's gane,

I wearie in the house my lane,

I'm no dead auld—and there's a carle

I lo'e 'boon a' men in the warl'!

We hae twa houses while we're single,

But at house, at bed, an' at ingle,

I think, might ser'e us baith fu' weel,
 An' I could catch him wi' a Pill!
 So ye may mak' me up anither,
 "And I shall pouch't whan we forgather."

Then he to this request o' Luckie's
 Replied, "I thank ye for the chuckies,
 But my Pills hae nae sic a pith
 As move men stiff at lim an' lith,
 'Tis only youths, wha ance were loving,
 Wi' a' their finest passions moving,
 Whase lasses act as I direct,
 On whom the pill has this effect,
 But if ye wish to try its power,
 Ye'se get a Pill will gie 'im a scour."

"Hout fie! quo' she, ye're joking now, Sir,
 But I may get him yet!—Adieu, Sir."

Now ye forsaken lasses a',
 Liké Bessie fling your grief awa',
 Tak' her example, when ye can,
 According to the doctor's plan;
 An' as ye'll a' be for a Pill,
 To charm your ilka faithless chiel,
 To save expence, as Doctors grup,
 I'll tell ye how to mak' it up,
 'Tis made nae doubt o' precious matter,
A eurn o' flour made daich with water!!!

F I N I S.

J. Neilson, printer.