

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 Twa 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 of what the Doctor said to her, and a Receipte how to make up this Pill, and an Advice to all Young Women how to Use it.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN & COUNTRY,

By R. MENZIES, *Lawnmarket.*

(Price One Penny.)

MAGIC PILL.

IN yonder glen, beside a meadow,
 Liv'd Nanse, an auld, bien, honest widow,
 Wha had ae daughter, named Bess,
 An' Bessie was a bonniè lass. A

To ilka lad her mind was steekit,
 Excepting Davie, whom she liket ;
 Wha was a braw, blythe, rustic Billie,
 As ever canter'd on a fillie,

And counted it the hight o' bliss,
 To love, and be belov'd by Bess.

They pledg'd their oaths to join their hands,

A, wcel 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 and Bessie to their likin'

Made ready blankets, sheets, and tikin',

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,

Træ a learned doctor, she'd heard tell o',

Wha had some drugs could fix the fellow.

To wae description, how she wan'erin'

Athort the city lang gade daun'erin,
 How chiefs 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 himself,
 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 soon an' late about her fleechin',
 His love sincere for ever preachin',
 An' solemnly swore my Bess wad mak' him
 A happy man, gin she wad tak' him.

She yielded—an' agreed for life
 To be his lawful married wife;
 But, Sir, as sure as I did bear her,
 Sinsyne he never looket near her,
 But rins to fairs an' markets ranting
 Wi' Meg, a neibour lass, gallanting,
 While Bess, still faithfu' to the chap,
 Wi' fient a lad has kiss'd a cap—
 Waes me! wi' the begunk she's 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 wère bred at the college,
 An' hae in kittle cases knowledge;
 For I am tald ye're up to a' things,
 'Bout saul or body, grit or sma' thing,
 An' that ye hae amang your mugs,
 Some wonder-working Glamour Drug,
 Can set love's whirlgig in motion,
 An' gar a lover change his notion;
 For them I can' 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 glegly 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 formed 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 wi' Bessie's lover;
 Disclosing it would play the de'il,
 For, look-ye! there's a Magic Pill,
 Which will do wonders, I'll avouch,
 If Bess could lodg't in Davie's pouch.

"But she maun sit nae langer dreary,
 An' sigh, an' 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 wont—among the chieils,
 When walking, or when dancing reels,
 An', by the bowl, whare funny tales
 An' pranks 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 slye 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,
 Gae it to Bess—laid down the scheme,
 An' Bess determined to gang through it,
 Tho' she should 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, I declare,
 The pill incog, was also there.

Bess banish'd grief an' roused the spirit
 She once so happy did inherit,
 Firmly determined 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 sniddle,
 An' cut their capers to the fiddle;

Alternate join'd the bowl an' glasses;
 To drink and crack, baith lads and lassies,
 An' Bess, I trow, might bauldly boast,
 That night she was the greatest toast,
 For wi' the chieils she gat na slackin',
 For dancin', walkin', an' for crackin'.

When Davie saw her way say 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,
 Sae, with fear, hope, and agitation,
 Gae her a kindly invitation.

She paused and hankert—he insisted,
 So down by Davie's side she rested,
 About themsel's he turned the talk,
 An' even propos'd a private wail.
 While Bessie heard and said but little,
 An' seem'd to care it not a spittle,—
 Sax 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 wi' 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 keekit
 At ilk blythe blade an' Bessie cleekit,
 Thought them halesale his mortal foes,
 An' keenly felt foreboding woës.—
 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 and sorrow,
 His very inmost heart did harrow,
 He curst his fate thus anguish torn,
 The weddin' left to shun her scorn,
 An' neyer woo'd anither lass,
 For his thoughts center'd a' on Bess.

Auld Nanse 'bout six weeks after this now
 Manoeuv're o' her doglitter Bess,
 Trudged 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 rafe!" quo' she, "the Pill did gran',
 Losh keep us! ye're an unco man!
 For sic a wondrous cantrip flight,
 Ye surcly ha'e the second sight!
 The like o' you can laugh at evils,
 At warlocks, witches, ghaists and devils!
 Ye'ken the gate to shun and flie them;
 While like o' me maun warsle 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 direcket,
 I saw mysel'—nought was mislippen'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' cringin'
 To Bess, an' begg'd her pardon whingin',
 Tald her his mind wi' luvè 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' amep's,
 Ha'e, there's a pair o' gude fat hens,
 I'm mair than a' that yet your debtor,
 Next time I kirn 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 war!'
 We ha'e twa houses while we're single,
 But ae house, ae bed, and ae 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 ha'e nae sic a pith
 As move men stiff at limb 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 gi'e 'im a scour."

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

Now ye forsaken lasses a',
 Like Bessie fling your grief awa',
 Tak' her example, when you can,
 According to the doctor's plan;
 An' as ye'll a' be for a Pill,
 To charm your ilka faithless thiel,
 To save expence, as Doctors grup,
 I'll tell ye how to mak' it up,
 'Tis made, nae doubt, o' preecious matter,
 A curn' o' flouir made daigh wi' water!