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RAISING THE WIND;

OR,

HABBIE SIMPSON & HIS WIFE

BAITH DEED.

AS ORIGINALY WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY JOHN ANDREWS,

IN THE

EXCHANGE ROOMS, MOSS STREET.

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RAISING THE WIND, &c.

I pit nae doot but ye a' heard tell o' Habbie Simpson, the Piper o' Kilbarchan, bit I'm no thinking that ye ever heard the story that am gaun to tell ye about him and his wife Janet. Weel, ye see, it sae happened, that Habbie, like mony mae noo a-days, was gayan fond o' a wee drap o' the blue, and as the story gangs, sae was his wife; so that it gayan aften happened, that when Habbie yoket the fuddle, Janet, she yoket it too. Noo it's an auld Scotch saying and a true ane, that when a caunel's lichtet at baith ends, it sune burns dune—an' it was sae verified in the present case, for Habbie waukening ae morning after a hard fuddle, says to Janet, "Rise, woman, and see if ye can get me hauf a gill; for oh! ma heed is jist likin' to split." "Hauf a gill!" quo' Janet, "whaur wud I get it, when there's no a plack in a' the house; and as for takin' it on ye ken that's clean out o' the quastion; sae ye maun jist lie still and thole the best way ye can." "Oh Janet," cries Habbie again, "ye're no amiss at scheming; is there nae way ava ye can think o' to raise the wun?" "I'll tell ye what I'll do," quo' Janet, "I'll awa to the Laird o' Johnstone, and I'll tell him tha yo're dead, and as ye're a great favourite o' his, I'm sure I'll get something frae him, to help to bury ye." "Od, that 'ill do grand," quo' Habbie. So up get Janet, and awa to the Laird's house; when ringing the bell, the door was opened by the lady, wha seeing Jane sae pitifu' lukin', she says, "Keep us a' the day, ar

the ony thing wrang at hame, that ye hae come here sae sune in the morning?" "Wrang!" quo' Janet, (dichtin' her een wi' the tail o' her apron,) "a's wrang thegither, my lady; is na oor habbie deed?" "Habbie deed!" quo' the lady in surprise. "A weel a wat, is he," quo' Janet, "an' a sair trial it is to me, lady, for there no as muckle in the house this morning as wad feed a sparrow; an' whar to get onything, I'm sure I dinna ken. Oh dear! oh dear! that ever it should come to this o't." "Compose yersel', Janet," quo' the lady, "and come yer wa's ben an' we's see what can be dune." Sae in gangs Janet wi' the lady, an' gets a basket wi' some biscuits and speerits, an' ither articles needfu' for sic an occasion; an' thanking the lady for her kindness, comes awa hame to Habbie fu' blithely, whan doon they sat; nor did they rise till they made an end to the contents o' the basket. Noo, as the auld sang sings, the mair ye drink, the drier ye turn, for they were nae sunner done, than Habbie says, "Losh Janet, that was real guid; can ye no get some mair o't. "Na, na," quo' Janet, "I hae played ma part; it's your turn noo." "Oh! very weel," quo' Habbie, "if it's my turn noo, ye maun jist bo deed next." 'Od, I hao nae objections,' quo' she; "sae awa ye gang and let us see what ye can do" Weel, awa gangs Habbie, and meeting the Laird just coming hame frae a hunting party, he says, "this is a fine day, Laird." "A fine day, Habbie," quo' tho Laird: "hoo is a' wi' ye? are ye no coming up to play us a spring on the pipes the nicht?" "It wadna leuk verra weel, Laird, for to be seen playing on the pipes at your house, and my ain wife lying a corpse at hame." "What! is Janet deed?" quo' the Laird. "Atweel is she' quo' Habbie; "and I'm sure it couldna hae happent on a

waur time, for they're neither meat nor siller in the house; and hoo to get her decently aneath the yird I'm sure I dinna ken." "Dinna vex yoursel' about that," qou' the Laird, (giving him some money,) "there is a trifle for you, in the mean time, and come up to the house by and by and I shall see what can be done for you" Habbie thanked the Laird for his kindness, bade him guid day, and cam' awa hame gayen weel pleast wi' what he had gotten, and sen's Janet awa wi' the bottle for mair whusky, to carry ou the spree. In the mean time, hame gangs the Laird, whar the first thing he heard, was, that Habbie Simpson was deed. "Na na," quo he, "its no Habbie; its only Janet" "Its Habbie" quo' the Lady "wasna Janet here this morning hersel', and telt me?—and didna she get awa some speerits and biscuit, as she said there was naething in the house?" And didna I meet Habbie, jist as I was comin' hame, when he telt me Janet was deed. Bit a see how it is—they are at their auld tricks again. Bit come, wee'l awa to Habbie's, and see what they are about." In the mean time, Habbie and Janet are fuddlin' awa in fine style, and lauchin' heartily at the way they had raised the wun, when Janet cries, "gude preserve, us Habbie, what's to be dune noo: I declare if thats no the Laird and the Lady; and they are comin' straught in here." "I dinna ken" quo' Habbie, "what to do, unless we be baith deed." Sae in the bed they gaed; an' they were nae suner doon, than the Laird aud Lady cam in, and seeing Habbie and Janet in the bed. be says, "waes, me isna that an awfu' sicht to see; the man and the wife baith deed, —bit I wud gie five shillings this moment, for to ken which of the twa deet first." The words were nae sunner oot o' his mouth, than up jumps Habbie, cryin.

"it was me, Laird noo gie me the five shillings." It is needless to add, that the Laird gave Habbie the money, and had many a hearty laugh, when he thought on the way which Habbie Simpson and his wife had taken to raise wind.

THE AFFLICTED MAN'S COMPANION.

'Twas in this town, not long ago,
(At least newspapers sayeth so,
Therefore it must be true,)
A man did live who had a wife,
Who prov'd the torment of his life,
As women often do.

For she would drink from morn till night;
In fact, it was her sole delight;
Nor did she think it sin,
His clothes her "uncle" for to lend,
And then the money go and spend
On whisky or on gin.

The kettle, pot, and frying-pan,
The washing-tub and wat'ring can,
Yea, even the baby's rattle
With knives and forks and spoons and ladle,
Kitchen chairs and stools and table,
All vanish'd down her thrapple.

The clock that hung against the wall,
Likewise the cobbler's last and awl
Tom us'd to mend his shoes with;
In fact, all that would lift she took,
From smoothing-iron to chimney-crook,
To carry on the booze with.

At length, one day, (alas! poor Tom,)
After his forenoon's toil, went home
On purpose for to dine;
But when he open'd up the door,
His wife was lying on the floor
"As drunk as David's swine."

He then dragg'd her into the room,
And by the bedside laid her down,
Whilst she did kick and sprawl;
And tho' that she was scarcely fit
Even to lie without a grip,
She loud for more did bawl.

Poor Tom went out and brought her more,
And down her throat the same did pour,
Which finish'd then the booze,
For she directly fell asleep;
Out of the room then Tom did creep,
And left her to her snooze.

He then sat down and fill'd his pipe,
Took up a match and struck a light,
To puff away his cares;
Whilst thus engaged in pensive strain,
The door was open'd, and in there came,
A Bookman with his wares.

He thus addressing Tom did say—
"Any thing wanted in my way,
I've food for every palate."
Tom answer'd not, but puff'd away;
The Bookman he without delay
Did then untie his wallet.

And turning o'er amongst the works
Which it contained of various sorts,
Again to Tom he said—
"I've books to please the grave or gay,
Come let me sell you one to-day,
Here's Phœbe the Miller's Maid;

"And here is Poems by Travenion,
Likewise the Afflicted Man's Companion,
The best copy extant yet."
"Nay, nay," says Tom, "I know it's not,
I have a better copy got,
Therefore I do not want it."

The Bookman says, "That cannot be,
If you a better shew to me,
Gratis you shall have mine."
"Agreed!" says Tom, "a bargain be it;
And if you're not pleas'd when you see it,
You welcome are to mine."

Tom then the room door opened wide,
And pointing o'er to the bedside,
"Behold!" said he, "there's one
Who has for thirty years, I ween,
The Afflicted Man's Companion been."
The Bookman cries, "I'm done!

"I own, I own I've lost my bet,
Nor will I hestiate to pay't;
But rest assur'd," said he,
"Too long that work has lain in sheets,
If it were mine, ere many weeks
It bound in boards should be!"