

Men
Pictures

The title 'Men Pictures' is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic Gothic font. The letters are intertwined with a detailed illustration of a bird, possibly a crow or raven, perched on a branch. The bird is facing right, with its wings slightly spread. The foliage consists of several large, textured leaves that appear to be part of a tree or shrub. The entire design is embossed or printed in a light, golden-brown color against a dark, textured background.

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Robert Burns Esq.

PEN PICTURES.

Transmitted Clairaudiently and
Telepathically

—BY—

ROBERT BURNS.

RECEIVED AND EDITED BY

MINA S. SEYMOUR.

WITH COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

Lily Dale, N. Y., 1900,

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DEDICATED TO THE
 Psychological Research Society,

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

Robert Burns.

Ance mair I cum afore the warl,
 A puzzle to a' mankin';
 Nae muzzle can be pat on me,
 This, guid frien's, ye will fin'.
 The preachers sent me d---d to Hell,
 The Deil I hypnotized;
 I stole the keys, an flew the coop,
 Nick was, (I'm sure) surprised.

I've beat auld Death, I write as weel,
 As mony in Earth life;
 I'm taking notes the same auld way,
 With fun my buke is rife.
 My satires are glove-fitting tests,
 My cues an' turns ye'll min';
 Rob Burns is "in it" a' the same,
 Rob Burns, my frien's, ye'll fin'.

Yours Truly,

Feb. 11, 1900.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO MY TRUE LASSIE.

—o—

H

 N LETTERS of gold,
 Shall thy name be told;
 Was said at thy birth
 By prophets of old.

Sep. 1893.

ROBERT BURNS.

Slate writing with Maude Gillett.

TO MY FRIEN'S.

Spiritism is na new—nae,
 Endlessness is Nature's law;
 The occult power is supreme,
 Materialism may sneer an' caw,
 An' ca' the Muse a ghaist;
 It matters na a whit!
 'Tis but the sneer of Ignorance,
 Truth is the butt of Jest an' Wit.

The man o' Sorrow seeks the truth,
 Grief haunts him nicht an' day;
 The loved an' lost of yesterday,
 "My loved ones—where are they?"
 The outside warl ye set aside,
 Spiritism gies clairvoyant sicht;
 An' whan ye see, wi' your ain cen,
 Ye ken then, wrang frac richt.

Truth mak's ye bold, ye will affirm,
 Blessed wi' a spiritual sight;
 Through your soul's sensitiveness,

Ye'll follow the raid o' Right,
 Ye'll speik to the wanderer on the left,
 Gie him a helpin' han';
 Transition gies her pass to all,
 We meet in spirit lan'.

The man wha proves to be a man,
 Is then, but half a man;
 Celestial agencies with mystic power,
 Arrogate, subdue, and plan.
 An' whether good or whether bad,
 On us depends not, alone;
 The man made soul, Aspiration's child,
 May seek for jewels to deck his throne.


The quintessence of spirit life—
 The unfoldment lies within;
 The affinitizing of like to like,
 With birth will sure begin.
 And with the unco birth, Destiny,
 Gies a sharp command;
 Into the whirlpool of Fate,
 Aye—are we blessed or damned?

The Oriental Yougee,
 The Adept in Catholic mystery;
 Plato, Appolonius, Pythagorus,
 Wallace, Bruce, Dante, men of history.
 Washington, La Fayette, Paine,
 Lincoln, Gladstone, the warlock Edison, aye!
 Passive instruments of unseen powers,
 Frien's, ye'll understand it by an' bye.

R. B.

TO THE READERS OF PEN PICTURES.

—o—


 NEED nae introduction,
 Ye ken me vera well;
 My auld beuk gies my history,
 Mair I cud na tell.
 Ye all ken weel, they ca'd me deid,
 The kirk sent me to h—l;
 But I gied auld Nickie Ben the slip,
 I pat on the cat a bell.

By nature, I was Freedom's chiel,
 I cud na be shut up;
 I rather dine with a decent tyke,
 Than, with a pompous laird to sup.
 Sae—whan I cam owre on this side,
 I fand mysel, the same;
 I cud na see much difference,
 In manner, form or name.

Just where we stop, there we begin,
 Our nature is the same;
 The jail-bird, lawyer, saunt,
 Or the man wha's crown'd by Fame.
 We start the loom in spirit life,
 With the same kin' o' thread we spun;
 As fish to the water, birds to the air—
 Sae the lines of life will run.

The musician cums back to music,
 The artist, his kin' will fin';

That's why, I maun write like mysel,
 I maun follow, close to my line.
 Sae mony ask my Lady,
 "Why does he this or that?"
 I maun be true to my ain sel,
 Or the writin' wad fa' flat.

Their ain queer style, has ilka ane,
 We ken them by what they say;
 Byron, Sappho, Shelley, Burns,
 Wrote in their ain guid way.
 Our method, manner, expression,
 To those, we haud firm an' true.
 Gin we did na do this, frien's,
 We cud na convince you.

I'm Robert Burns, that's what I am,
 Alive and real as you;
 The kirks are catchin' on, ha! ha!
 Spiritism, they fin' is true.
 They're crawlin' oot o' their shells, frien's,
 The Orthodox ring is too tight;
 They are bucklin' on the armor,
 They'll join us in the fight.

They fin' they're muckle ahint the times,
 A way-back sune they'll be;
 Oot o' the darkness into the licht,
 They'll march wi' the men that are free.
 A hunder years has gar't a change,
 A change I'm glad to see;
 I—a martyr to Freedom's cause,
 Wi' me frien's, ye will 'gree.

I've been writin' an writin', twal lang years,
 Owre a nom de plume, I wrote;
 For this an' that an' the ither,
 Mysel ofttimes I'd quote.

My thochts went oot to the puir man,
 I gied him a ward o' cheer;
 An' aften I'd hear some caddie say,
 "That sounds like Burns, 'tis queer!"

Richt here, frien's, ane thing I will say,
 Reincarnated—I never was!
 That, is a supposed effect,
 That never had a cause.
 The auld Hindoo, caught up that thocht,
 In the way back of aulden time;
 An' they've brocht it frae past ages,
 Penned in prose an' rhyme.

Those wha say, they can remember,
 Of different lives they've lived;
 Are hypnotized into that thocht,
 Self mesmerized an' deceived.
 The brain is stultified an' weak,
 Their equipoise, lost by the strain;
 An' Pandemonium will haud the fort,
 Disorder's confusion will reign.

The psychic, is a reality,
 It's a wean frae Nature's womb;
 An' the shuttle o' life, by Nature's dame's wound,
 Nature guards weel her loom.
 An' the wee bit psychic's led on an' on,
 Thro' paths that are rough an' hard,
 Nursed in the lap of Poverty,
 Sic was the Scottish Bard.

Losh! all psychics are na' reliable,
 They fly, afore they can flutter,
 There is where the fraud cums in,
 An' the growlin' folk mutter.
 Fraud wi' horns, hoof, swishin' tail,
 Gold, those psychics need,

An' the sucklings of the psychic band,
Use Fraud to fatten Greed.

The newspapers are fu' o' ads,
Vampires in the psychic mart;
"Madam Hypocrisy, Clairvoyant, Psychome-
trist, Business Medium,
Six questions answered one dollar," nae
worth a (——)

Time, paper, stamp, dollar lost, grit gude!
A fraud of the rankest type;
Hunt this psychic, an ye'll fin'
A hypocritical snipe.


The chaff ye maun blaw oot frien's,
The black sheep pat away;
Ye maun protect Honesty,
The greedy wolf ye maun slay,
Truth an' Duty bid ye stan'
Firm as the rock o' ages;
Martyrs in the cause o' Truth,
Wise as ye aulden Sages.

My Pen Pictures, I gie the warl,
My satires, ye'll fin' red-het;
Of a fae, I'm nae afraid, man,
He'll feel my ged, ye bet.
Here an' there ye'll fin' common sense,
Truth, Charity, Luv an' a';
An' dinna forget whan ye cum our way,
To gie us a frien'ly ca'.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO THE READERS.




 OURS truly! here am I, losh!
 I feel like saying "Gee whiz!"
 I am the resurrection, yea!
 All the reincarnation there is,
 On this side a hunder years,
 Christ has not come as yet;
 Arisen, as frae the deid am I,
 I've won the gree, "you bet."

It's a beautiful kintra owre here,
 Na fighting as wi' ye;
 The Jamesons, Chamberlains, Hannas,
 Frae the like o' these, we're free,
 The cut-throat gang, the murderers,
 Like those are in the church;
 Civilized Christians, Gude's hale men,
 Freedom's flag will smirch.

The beast-like spirits from Earth-land,
 Cling to the kin' they are;
 Undeveloped, restless, disturbing,
 Peace and Rest they mar.
 Sad, unfortunate, lamentable,
 Evolution is slow but sure;
 It will take cycles and cycles of time,
 To evolute the cure.

Janwar 31, 1900.

ROBERT BURNS.



W. M. LOCKWOOD.

THANKSGIVING DAY.



AT MY window I am sitting,
It is Thanksgiving morn;
The sky is gray and heavy,
All nature seems forlorn.
The snow clouds, dark and dreary,
The Sun declines to shine;
He is sullen, ay, he is moody—
Is not of the Benedick kin'.

Like all his kind, unmated,
Unbalanced he seems to be;
Extremes play to Fancy and Pleasure,
His freaks are not pleasant to me.
I like him best when he's smiling,
The warmth in his sunny ray,
Gives cheerfulness new vigor;
I'd wish him to shine every day.

To day he is sullen and gloomy,
He's in a fit of the blues;
Has some one sent him a letter,
Filled with Misfortune's news?
My soul is full of forebodings,
The Horribles came in the night;
I think I must have been dreaming,
I woke in a terrible fright.

It must have been a vision!
What is a vision? who knows?

As a lightning flash you sense it,
 Then — presto! ha! it goes!
 What is it gives me the warning?
 Who tells me trouble is near?
 Who shows me the letter that's coming?
 Future events I see clear.

Am I a Zelda or Haysnow?
 Have I the gift of a Seer?
 Or — is it the work of a Geni?
 In the night voices I hear.
 Like the Sun, I am cloudy this morning,
 In a shadow I seem to be;
 Trouble of a serious nature,
 Is coming — coming to me.

Nature is sad and forsaken,
 She wears a sorrowful look;
 The trees, not a leaf on their branches,
 They, fiercely the autumn wind shook.
 The feathery snow flakes, gently fall,
 Who sang of the beautiful snow?
 The snow that covers the daisies,
 And the pansies all in blow.

The bells are chiming — chiming,
 The bells ring clear and loud;
 They are calling the people together,
 The rich, the poor and the proud.
 The wife from the poor man's hovel,
 The aristocratic dames of renown,
 Thanksgiving bells ring to all classes,
 Come all ye good people in town.

The President sent out his message,
 'Twas a sort of divine decree;
 An edict, sent to his subjects,
 To all in the land of the free.

He said:— "Give thanks ye people,
 For the blessing from God you receive;
 Give thanks to the great Creator,
 In whom we all believe."

Give thanks, to Moses' man-made God,
 That the rich man has plenty in store;
 That his millions are stacked in gold bonds,
 That he's always grasping for more.
 Thank God that the tramps on the street,
 Are begging for crumbs from his table;
 But the rich man's servant replies,
 My master is not able.

Thank God for the man made law,
 That puts the beggar in jail!
 Thank God he's a right to starve!
 He fears auld justice's flail.
 Thank God, he can tell his story,
 To the bitter, biting wind!
 That will listen, an' moan an' moan!
 And it's wolf-like teeth, grind!

Thank God! that the poor wandering waif,
 Who sings for a penny a song;
 Is asking herself to-day,
 "Is'nt there something wrong;
 That I should be hungry and cold,
 Out in the streets, in the storm;
 While the banker's daughters are clad,
 In velvets and furs so, warm?"

Thank God for the vultures called men,
 Who make virtue the price of bread!
 Whose seductive and treacherous ways,
 Make women wish they were dead!
 Thank God, for whisky and rum,
 For the dives and gambling dens!

Give thanks for the wisdom of things,
 Give thanks — give thanks, ye men!

Give thanks, to Christ the Savior,
 That water He turned into wine!
 Give thanks, to God and Moses!
 They worshipped war's bloody shrine!
 Give thanks for kings, give thanks for queens,
 They steal the poor man's gold;
 Give thanks for death and taxes,
 By Nature and Law you are sold.

Give thanks for the Holy Bible,
 Written by Fiction's men;
 Thanks for the Zend Avesta,
 Which-it-to-which, ye ken.
 Give thanks for the Koran an Vedas,
 The Talmud — please take your rather, —
 And when you have simmered them down,
 Please tell me who's the Great Father.

Give thanks for the holy preacher,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 Religion must have a wise teacher,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 Like a slave, you work while he's reading,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 His children and wife you are feeding,
 For favors like this, oh! give thanks!

On Sunday he gives you a fable,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 He'll tell you about Christ in the stable,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 He's paid for doing your thinking,
 Give thanks! give thanks! give thanks!
 While you are sleeping and blinking,
 He tells you of Moses' queer pranks.

Give thanks for the Godly confessional,
 Chime ye O Bells! give thanks!
 The priests ye ken are professional,
 Kling-a-lang-ling, give thanks.
 Give thanks, the priests are all honest,
 Ring the glad tidings, give thanks!
 But watch well your daughters sae modest—
 God bless the auld priests and the monks.

They'll seduce your daughters and wives,
 They are sly as a pawky auld fox;
 Sae cunningly the priests contrives,
 A lure to the confessional box.
 Immaculate is the conception,
 Give thanks, give thanks for that;
 The priest always gives them protection,
 The husband does father the brat.

Give thanks, O ye holy mothers,
 That God left you out in the cold!
 Give thanks, give thanks to the Creator,
 That into bondage women were sold.
 Polygamy is a law in the Bible,
 Gives thanks, give thanks for that;
 To the God inspired Bible,
 Give thanks that the Earth is flat.

Give thanks, oh! ye women of learning,
 That you are the equal of man;
 Go back to the world's beginning,
 You'll find it so fixed in God's plan.
 Be thankful, be thankful, O mothers!
 That you own the child at your breast,
 Sleep well, your beautiful darlings,
 The Law from you cannot wrest.

Thank God for a Westchester Home!
 For that brutal James Pierce, thank God!

Thank God for Elmira's Home of Reform!
 Chime ye O bells, thank God!
 Thank God for a Brockway! thank God!
 (He'd pat the deil to shame.)
 Thank God for a gove'nor, an' the men wha rule,
 New York maun be proud o' her name.

Thank God! oh! ye wee brow bairns,
 In a bed o' pollution conceived!
 Thank God! you're an unwelcome wean,
 In that ye are not deceived.
 Thank God! that into Hell's pit,
 Ye are dragged by auld justice's paw!
 Thank God! thank God! in the sweet by and bye,
 Ye'll rest in the graff's dark maw.

Gie thanks for the Bulls an' th' Bears,
 Wha rair an' scratch an' claw;
 Mak' gowd an' siller hard to get,
 Sic' times nane ever saw.
 Gie thanks for the trusts an' monopolies,
 The money-bag laird an' a';
 The Standard Oil wi' its crushin' mill,
 Grit Gude! cover wi' a pall!

Give thanks to God for the cholera.
 Twill cramp you they say into fits;
 Thank God! it will puzzle the doctors,
 Ayont the extent o' their wits.
 Thank God; by this plague ye'll expire;
 Resign gracefully to its sweet will;
 Called by the will of Providence.
 God's right it is to kill.

Give thanks for the glorious sunshine,
 That's hid neath the cloud this morn,
 Give thanks for the blight to the wheat crop,
 Give thanks that the frost killed the corn,

The bugs have eaten the potatoes,
 The drouth came to burn up the grass;
 Give thanks for all these great favors,
 Rejoice, and chant ye high mass!

The earthquake has swallowed a city,
 Thousands of people are dead;
 And those who escaped from the ruin,
 Are hungry and begging for bread.
 Homeless, sad, and forsaken,
 A mother with a child at her breast;
 Raises her face to Heaven,
 And asks for a place to rest.

The God of the storm is angry,
 Tragedy rides on the sea;
 The lightnings flash in the heavens,
 The thunder-cloud frightens me.
 The winds are howling and screeching,
 Like demons in frenzied glee;
 The sky is black as midnight,
 Na licht frae a star can I see.

Hark! 'tis the crashing of timbers!
 Two vessels have met on the sea;
 "Ye Gudes!" cries the captain "we're dune for!
 'Tis a watery graff for me."
 This is Thanksgiving morning,
 The dawn will soon appear;
 The sea has swallowed its victims,
 Who can tell when Death hovers near?

Now I am out on the prairie,
 Out in the far, far west;
 The place where poor people migrate,
 This is the land of the blest.
 But the God of the storm has followed,
 Mercy was never his name;

Out here, they call him the blizzard,
By death, he wins his fame.

Now I go South for a moment.
A vision, this surely must be;
A plague, ye gods! I have struck it!
Dead bodies by hundreds I see,
The brains of live men are maddened,
Their wives and children are dead;
Hungry, homeless, and forsaken,
Turned out in the woods without bread.

Once more I go out on my travels,
(Man's God rules the land and the sea.)
This time, 'tis a railroad disaster!
Pray tell me why was this to be?
Mothers and children mangled,
I hear them shriek and groan!
See the flames leap high — and higher!
Can God see this from his throne?

The God who is all power, —
The God who made Earth and sea; —
He who noteth the fall of the sparrow,
Is there such a God? can it be?
If so, why this chaotic condition?
Why not rule with a loving hand?
Why not make Earth a Heaven?
Why is it? I can't understand.

All this, I saw with my field-glass,
As out of my window I gazed;
And the sights that met my vision,
Filled me with fright, — I am dazed!
My brain is dizzy with seeing,
Dante's hell, met my view!
My rose-colored glasses — I've lost them!
Nocht can I see that's nae blue.

And now, I am back in my chamber,
 The postman has rapped at my door;
 A letter! I know well the writing,
 Is there joy or trouble in store?
 I have broken the seal, am reading,
 My God! tis my boy, my loved child!
 Sick, yea sick! may be dying,
 I can bear no more! oh! I'm wild!

Far—far away among strangers,
 He'll miss a mother's caress;
 If I were a bird I'd fly to him,
 My lips to his I would press!
 Ah!—no! I am bound, I am fettered!
 By conditions I cannot break!
 Oh! that I were the Almighty,
 Just for humanity's sake!

Oh! I am lost!—I've forgotten,
 I've been wandering here and there;
 To the North and South and mid ocean.
 I've had a glimpse of most everywhere.
 My brain is throbbing wildly,
 My soul is crushed with this blow;
 My boy is sick, may be dying,
 He is wishing for mother I know.

O yes! let me think — I am lost again—
 This is Thanksgiving day;
 But what have I to give thanks for?
 Nothing! I'm sure you will say.
 The scenes of life that I've witnessed,
 Contain no blessings I'm sure,
 I'll wipe the tears that are falling,
 An' harden my soul to endure.
 But nae thanks will I send the Almighty,
 For it's suffering I have received;

Ah! no! there's no cause for thanksgiving,
In this I am not deceived.

LINES ON A TABLET,

Received at Campbell's Scance.



My trusty friend, I come tonight,
To let you know I'm near you;
And tho' I am not here in flesh,
My spirit ears can hear you.
For life you know ends not in death,
And you from me will hear more;
For still I come, and men through you,
Shall still both hear, and See More.

R. B.

AS YOU LIKE.



Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,
Be true to me, and I'll be true to thee;
Gif frae your luvè ye'd nae hae me wander,
Be true to me an' I'll be true to ye.
Gin ye gae strayin' for a goddess' luvè,
Thro' the law, suggestion, I may rove;
Amid ambrosial bowers with some fair god,
Fate will say to ye:— "Pass under my rod."
Sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander,
Be true to me, and I'll be true to thee;
Gin frae your luvè, ye'd nae hae me wander,
Be true to me and I'll be true to ye.

LADY CANADA TO UNCLE SAM.



“If the Venezuela trouble between England, and the United States, terminates in war, Canada will then unite with Uncle Sam.”

U. S. Senator, 1895

YE need na kneel to me dear sir,
 I care na hoo, ye feel;
 Your luve is nocht to me, auld man,
 Ye need na to me kneel.

Stand on your legs an' be a man,
 Turn your best lug to me,
 There's muckle for ye to hear man,
 There's muckle for ye to see.

Britannia rules the sea, man,
 An' ye can rule your roost;
 Ye better drap it down a bit,
 Ask na' the Queen to boost.
 Grit Gude! ye've tint your pride, man,
 Beggin roun' the warl,
 Your foreign brithers think ye daft,
 A fashous auld carl.

Ye're gaun too fast, muckle too fast,
 Ye better pat on the brak';
 Gif this unchancy gait, ye take,
 A blunder, man, ye'll mak'.
 You point your finger at oor Queen
 The taxes we hac to raise;

She borrows nae sae muckle as ye,
The Deil ye wad amaze.

Ye are maurnin' for your dochters,
That hae crossed the dark blue sea;
Ye're maurnin' for the braw lassies,
Ye swear ye'll nae forgie.
Britania's hunters bag the game,
They feather their ain nest;
Ye swat aroun', ye're near gaen wud,
Ye ken, they'll be weel dressed. *

Britannia's sons ain titles, man,
Royalty gies them a name;
The laird, the sir, the duke, the prince,
This means blae-bluid an' fame.
They may hae sprung frae thieves an' knaves,
Licentious rakes an' a;
The sheeny titles, co'ers the mirk,
Whan on your weans they ca',

Sax millions buys a count or duke,
Thretty-thousand a plackless prince;
A muckle less sum an earl or sir,
Losh! Sam, I see ye wince.
Britannia's sons scent weel the game,
The fever ye hae caught;
Ye needna cross the falls for me.
Your trip wad be for nocht.

I'm noo weel shot o' ye auld man,
Abeigh I'll surely keep;
There is nae room for twa ye ken,
In your nest I'll na sleep.
Your hoose is full o' thieving ghaists,
Whigmorum — I'm tired o' that;

* Plucked.

Lo'e ye needna mak' to me, nae!
 Luve is Misfortune's brat.

A tocher, with me ye'll nae get, man,
 Ye're noted for greed an' gall;
 Auld Scotland's laddies are my ain kin',
 Oor kintra isna sma'.
 The laddies watch me weel, auld man,
 An' this is what they say;
 Ye've a pack of skellums in your lan',
 The Deil's ain tricks they play.

Tapsalteerie is your business,
 Heels-o'er-gowdy, that I see;
 Your bureaus need a cleaning oot,
 There's roun' them skyrin' mair than thee.
 Ye'll fin' rats an' mice a prigginn roon,
 An' pole-cats here and there;
 A sort o' menagarie, ye hae,
 Wi' your noted "Bull an' Bear."

Sauce for goose, is sauce, for gander.
 Britannia has gien ye the cue;
 This spendin' mair than ye can earn,
 Is a disgrace to her an' you.
 The splendor at the capitols,
 The expense o' thae twa nations;
 Means taxes to the puir man,
 Tae the weans, starvation's rations.

The mighty Queen Britannia,
 Her coronet is gold;
 Her jeweled scepter rules the lan',
 The story's vera old.
 Ireland in bondage! —
 Japan! — "A pirate sure is she;"
 China, Turkey, Egypt, India,
 Wi' Japan ye maun agree.

Auld England's wing spreads o'er my lan',
 She's mither, I'm the wean;
 To mither's apron string I'm tied,
 To all that's plainly seen.
 But, gin I brak' the binding tie,
 Freedom will suit me weel;
 I'll represent the "New Woman,"
 Be Queen o' my ain shiel.

I've been watching weel your kintra,
 Dry-rot has struck the heid;
 Ay — your doctor is a way-back,
 He caused her to be bled.
 Sam, bleeding seems to be your game,
 Her veins are nearly dry;
 Ye better stap that business, man,
 Gin ye wadna hae her die.

Your pension bureau — grit gude! Sam,
 The South has reason to howl;
 Your neebors are making faces,
 An' the foreign folk do scowl.
 The like of it was never seen,
 Damnation the rottenness covers;
 Across Niagara comes the stench,
 Attled eggs the eagle hovers.

Gin the South was North, an' the North was South,
 I'd open wide my door;
 I'd lend the Lady South my broom,
 To sweep the Senate floor.
 I'd sen' across Niagara,
 A bar of soap, — a pail,
 I'd gie that lousy bird * a bath,
 I'd scrub it frae heid to tail.

* Eagle.

The goddess hings her heid wi' shame,
 Whan she reads the mornin' news;
 The crimes against criminals,
 'Twad gie the Deil the blues.
 Frae Georgia cums the black-black tale,
 Frae Elmira cums the same;
 Losh! yours *the lan' o' Freedom?*
 "*Gude bless our hame.*"

I'd visit congress with a ged,
 I'd pat my fit on bills;
 I'd gie that Hoose o' Congress,
 A muckle dose of pills.
 An' then a strang emetic,
 I'd clean that hoose for once,
 An' gin I did na do it weel,
 Ye nicht ca' me a dunce.

The Cabinet! trowth! what wad I do?
 To the inevitable they kneel;
 The last admenistration,
 Wanchancee was its deal.
 A financial hell they left ahint,
 Waur they cud na hae dune;
 The wise folk o' the wast an' south,
 Are lading Polly Ticks' gun.

I've had my weather ee weel oot,
 I am nae blin', ye'll see;
 I'll butter my ain toast, Sam,
 I ken what's guid for me.
 Ye better mend your breeks, Sam,
 An pit new packets in;
 The way ye plant your gold, Sam,
 I think it is a sin.

I winna burn my fingers, Sam,
 By bucklin' oop wi' ye;

I'll keep shot o' that business,
 Ye'll nae be foolin' me.
 Marriage is oot o' fashion, Sam,
 I'll tak' courtin', flirtin' an' a',
 In your sta' I'll nae be tied,
 I'll nae min' your beck an' ca'.

Nov. 1896.

To the Hon Wilfred Laurier, Leader of the Canadian
 Liberals.

Roberts Burns.

A FRAGMENT FROM A LETTER.

—o—

Oh Lady fair! I can but smile,
 You are Emotion's child;
 Were I to yield the power to thee,
 A mad cap ye'd rin wild.
 I fear ye wad turn Vivean,
 Like Merlin I'd be sold;
 Losh! Ladye, the story is na new,
 I'll profit by the fools of old.

A woman's witching smile goes far,
 Her eyes of luv ye ken,
 Are charms that blind the best of us,
 And make fools of wise men.
 Somehow, our fort, we maun haud,
 So I'll na confess the charm;
 I fear ye'd twist the necks of some,
 My secret wad bring ye harm.

I'll ni thee be, while the dew
In silver bells hangs on the tree;
Or while the burnie waves o' blue
Rin wrimble' to the nooin' sea,
I'll ni thee be while the gowan mild
Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea;
Or while blooms the heather in the wild —
Oh I will ene ni thee be.

I'll guide thee while the linter sings
Its sang o' love on whinny brae;
I'll guide thee while the crystal springs
Glint in the gowden gleams o' day;
I'll guide thee while there's light aboon,
And stars to stae the breast o' sky,
I'll guide thee till life's day is done,
And bless thee when thee comes on high

Robert Burns



TO MY LADY.



To Keeler's gae, i' the mornin',
 Your request I quick will grant;
 The evidence asked for,
 Ye never mair will want.
 A message on the slates ye'll get,
 Scotch rhymes Rob Burns will gie;
 A wee bit braw, luve letter,
 Lady, ye'll get frae me.

Min' na the elishmaclaver,
 Or the doubting skeptic, nae;
 I'll tak' ye to dear auld Scotland,
 To my kintra ye will gae.
 We'll leave the sullen dames ahint,
 They'll dit their mouths, they will;
 I'll sen' their way a lyddite shell,
 The hizzies will get their fill.

EPITAPH.

To ex-Judge H—n.



Here lies a Christian disciple,
 The sexton planted him deep;
 He's few maurners' mang the people
 I wot he's down to keep.

AN EXPLANATION.



'Tis mair than twenty years ago,
 I fand my Lady fair;
 Posited in the hoose o' Trouble,
 Burdened with grief an' care,
 I was traveling 'roun' the Kintra,
 Wi' Will Carleton, an' his Golden Calf,
 We stopped at the hoose o' Seymour,
 My Leddy was the better half.

Seymour — See More, I did see more,
 Spirits can catch the cue;
 I stole my Lady, fair an' square,
 All's fair in luve, 'tis true.
 Spirits can hypnotize the brain,
 Ye'll min' their beck an' ca';
 Afore sax months had passed, friends,
 I had lassie, wean an' a'.

Alake! alake! hie mettled, yea!
 She tried to fly my trap;
 She stormed the castle mony times,
 I got a pointed slap.
 Scotch, she didna like ava,
 Plain English suits her well;
 She wished me back in the het place,
 Whare a' such skellums dwell.

An episode in hie life, this,
 'Tis all the fashion, ye 'ken;

I fell in lo'e with the laddie's wife,
 It's a common event, my frien'.
 Ye gudes! I hae to watch her weel,
 She's in the mart, ye see;
 Twa-three an' mair hae failed, ye ken,
 All on account o' me.

ROB BURNS.

RUM'S APPEAL.



COME, all ye voters in the land,
 True of heart and firm of hand;
 Once more I call on all, to stand
 For Rum; join ye in one strong band,
 And vote for me, vote for me.

Come, all ye gay, and rich, and proud,
 I dig the grave, I make the shroud,—
 Come old and young, and lame and blind,
 Demented though you are in mind,
 Just come and vote for me.

Rum and license, you will see,
 Go hand in hand with liberty;
 In senate halls you'll hear my name,
 Through Uncle Sam we gained our fame,
 So come and vote for me.

I sit upon the hotel bar,
 You'll find me there from day to day:
 I'm the enticer of the young,
 I coax them in with witty tongue;
 Come vote for me, I pray.

The Rum-fiend calls for votes again,
 Just walk up, fathers, like good men;
 Just vote for license, and you'll see,
 Your boys as drunk as they can be,
 If you will vote for me.

Well filled my pockets long have been,
 To empty them would be a sin;
 The gold that jingles on the bar,
 Will down my pockets slip so far,
 If you will vote for me.

I never see a mother's tears!
 I never feel a sister's fears!
 I care not for the wife's pale face!
 I care not for the son's disgrace!
 So, fathers, vote for me.

A Bacchanalian feast old Rum
 Will give, if you again will come
 And vote for me; the dive and den,
 I'll furnish them with royal men,
 If you will vote for me.

I'll strip your boys of all their gold,
 Their souls to Bacchus shall be sold;
 And when they're drunk as drunk can be,
 I'll send them home, and you can see,
 'Twas good to vote for me.

I'll spill upon the streets strong rum,
 And when they smell it, they will come;
 As rats do fall into a trap,
 "And all that, and all that,"
 If you will vote for me.

The bravest boys I'll gather in,
 To me 'twill be no crime or sin;

The fair-haired lads, with eyes of blue,
 The bright, brave lads to you so true,
 If you will vote for me.

Then, when I've crazed their brains with Rum,
 My work will not be then half done;
 I'll make them lie, I'll make them steal,
 Dishonestly with friends shall deal,
 If you will vote for me.

I'll fill their mouths with curses hot,
 I'll make them slaves, I care not
 Though they see the vilest thing;
 Snakes, beasts before their eyes I'll bring,
 If you will vote for me.

And when the brain is maddened thus,
 And flames of Rum are burning hot;
 I'll make them murder their best friend,
 Ha! ha! oh, this shall be their lot!
 If you will vote for me.

The law will punish for the crime,
 To me 'twill be a scene sublime;
 I'll hang them to the halter's end.
 To Hell's celestial home I'll send
 Your fathers, brothers, sons,
 If you will vote for me.

EPITAPH.

To O. S. V.

Trowth! oot o' naething, God make man,
 Ye're a fine example;
 Disgusted he was wi' the plan,
 Here lies a touzie sample.

THE LILY DALE SKELLUM.

—o—

Prominently prominent,
 Conspicuously conspicuous,
 Cunningly cunning.
 Sae vera smart ye think your sel',
 Hoo smart the Deil cud hardly tell;
 In 1895 I see,
 The biggest gun o' a', thocht ye.

—o—



GATHERED ye oop, Wheeler's scandals,
 Filed in line with all the vandals;
 To the P— T—, this symposium sent,
 To help the run-deils, your intent.

Your clishmaclaver was loud and strang,
 About frauds, and ilka thing sae wrang;
 Presto! change! Wheeler turned on you,
 Inside oot ye went, 'tis true.

Like a bleezing bull, ye bellowed too quick,
 The tables turned, (a psychic trick);
 An' ye with the frauds were weel pat in,
 The slush o' (—) she thocht a sin.

Madam Wheeler — nerve had she,
 Her cat-o-nine-tail, played roun' ye;
 Losh! wi' the frauds, ye were pat in,
 Black as the Deil an' fu' o' sin.

All simmer lang ye've nosed about,
 A grunter, with a lang snout;
 Into ithers business, ye poked your nose,
 As swine of the camp ye seem to pose.

Do Immorality's maggots your pen infest?
 I wonner gif Morality is in your nest!
 Ye dinna mind the ring of the bell,
 What of the story? maun I tell?

About the husband across the sea,
 That wasna deid, but sure did lee;
 Where was the fraud? wha gar't the plan?
 Was it a woman, or was it a man?

O, man! that fraud was the warst o' all,
 In California the bull did bawl;
 What of "your character!" have ye forgot?
 I sen' ye this a for-get-me-not.

October, 1899.

TO NELL F——R.

—o—

A H! Nellie wi' the dark-brown een,
 Fie! Nell ye didna dream I ween;
 That sae hard a task ye'd gat,
 That ye fished for eels, an' that;
 Hech! they wiggle in your pan,
 Figure it the best ye can.

Your sweet influence, ye did think,
 Wad save man frae Ruin's brink;
 Whan he was drucken, ye wad gae, —
 Bauldly face the public sae;

Shame-faced ye ne'er seemed to be,
Modesty was nae part o' ye.

Ye didna care what ithers said,
Ah! 'twas plain ye were ill-bred;
Laigh down, in the scale of life.
She wha craves the drucken strife,
An' to Ruin does play the wife,
Her days with pleasure arena rife.

Ye hae reached the hie oop goal,
An' tint your name, aye tint your saul;
Noo sip the sweets o' Rum's fell caup,
Bid your frien's cum in an' sup;
That they may see the ither side,
O' the hame whare ye play bride.

Ha! the Deil does laugh at ye,
Sic queer sights he aft does see;
But his heart isna sae hard,
That he wadna aften guard
Ye, frae Rum's curse, that cums sae aft,
He wad pat ye wi' han saft,

Losh! he thinks Tom Noddy's fool,
Maun sing sangs o' saddest dool;
Luv'in' angels frae above,
Cum to ye wi' wards o' luve.
Pity weeps whan ye dae weep,
An' they guard ye while ye sleep.

Mercy to her breast wad clasp,—
Save ye frae the wards that rasp;
Ah! 'twas all unkenn'd to ye,
Ye were blin', ye cou'dna see;
Aye, ye said ye wad convert,
The manhood spark that was inert.

Passion fed the flame awhile,
 He did catch ye with his wile;
 Mony Nell, have felt that power;
 Spent with him a pleasant hour;
 Under that magnetic spell,
 Thinkin' a' was richt an' well.

Ye a victim fell at last,
 In the mesh caught sac fast;
 Clankin' chains are on thy han's,
 On your lim's are airn ban's;
 Ba' an chain ye drag alang,
 But in that, there isna wrang.

In the yoke ye pat your neck,
 Afttimes noo your heid ye geck;
 Whan auld rum's fell ged ye feel,
 But I say 'tis weel — 'tis weel.
 Gin your fingers ye did burn,
 By experience ye did learn,
 What ithers learned lang years ago,
 By your smartness ye sall know,
 Mair than ye did ken afore,
 Tho' it wreck your heart sac sore.

Yea! a sad lesson ye maun learn,
 Fate's gien ye a breezy turn;
 Ye did say, gin he'd a hame,
 That was worthy o' the name,
 He wad stay within the nest,
 In his hame at nicht and rest.
 But — Ah! Nellie, fair an' meik,
 He does leave ye a' the week;
 To feed the hens and milk the kye,
 While he is aff upon a "sly."

Oh! sweet Nell, ye noo dae see,
 What ithers prophesied for ye;

Ah! then ye wadna them believe,
 Hypnotism did ye deceive.
 Ye did think 'twas luvè ye saw,
 But sae weel, sae weel I knaw,
 'Twas the Deil ahint the scene,
 Horns, hoofs, swishing tail, I ween,
 Tall — lank — lean, haughty in mein,
 Rum's black ghaist ye noo hae seen.

Oh! your pride will haud ye firm,
 Tho' the fires o' hell do burn;
 For in spite o' friens ye went,
 May the gudes sen' ye content.
 Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose.
 The play is noo past all remeade,
 Fate bids ye stick 'till ye are deid.
 Like Maggie Lauder ye're kenned well,
 I smile to think o't, puir daft Nell.

A sonsie lad ye left ahint,
 But your loss he didna mint;
 In the pit ye pat your feet,
 Your ain dear sel' fair Nell ye beat.
 Ye hae fand his temper hot,
 Aft ye burn in his het pot,
 But ye're welcome to your fun,
 Minnie Rifle is the gun;
 Minnie Rifle hits the mark,
 Deil, man, quean, bum-clock, lark.

Listen Nell, I'll tell ye mair,
 Tho' your heart be sad and sair;
 He a slave for wark did need,
 Ye will earn your claes an' feed.
 Slave ye are, an' slave ye'll be,
 'Till by death ye are set free;

Worn and faded, afttimes blue,
 This is what fate's gien to you.
 I canna maunna, winna say,
 That for your weal I ever pray.
 Kin' pity says ye're mesmerized,
 And possibly affinitized.
 For a' things find a level true,
 The law, sweet Nell, applies to you;
 A kintra lassie sold for life,
 A drudge, slave, which — quean or wife?

A RESPONSE.



CHIEL'S amang ye takin' notes,
 Frien's, I heard your welcom' ca';
 Aboon the cluds I wasna,
 I listened to the wards o' a'.
 A poem frae Robert Burns ye asked,
 In *The Sunflower* it maun gae;
 Aye, that is the winged messenger,
 That will reach ye miles away.

Miles away, miles away — frien's,
 Mony hunder miles 'twill gae;
 Ayont the sea to Scotland,
 Through mony a hamlet stray.
 Owre the burnie, cross the brae,
 The laddies are waitin' for thee;
 Messenger of the gowden sinn,
 Will ye bear Luvè's message for me?

In the lowlan', thro' the hielan',
 O *Sunflower!* my message bear;
 I still luvè dear auld Scotland,
 Her troubles I'll ever share.
 The thrissle an' the shamrock,

A trinity with the rose;
 But the *rose* is queen of a' the lan',
 As ilka Scotchman knows.

But — a man's a man for a' that,
 Whan the Queen's deid that ye'll see;
 What's richt for the Prince o' Wales today,
 Was wrang ye ken for me.
 With a cat - o - nine, me, they scotched,—
 Murdered by the gossip's tongue;
 Crushed 'neath the critic's juggernaut,
 Wi' grief my saul was wrung.

Stung to the quick — I, a sensitive,
 A psychic, as ye call it now;
 I was scorched in the fires of Destiny,
 It was to be, I trow.
 O Gude! cremated in Freedom's name,
 I wrote with a pen of fire,
 Inspiration cam' to me,
 Frae the grit celestial choir.

I am warkin' noo for Liberty,
 My wark will never end;
 I bear the torch Progression,
 Luve's message I aften send.
 Atween the warlds of here an' there,
 Luve messengers are we;
 Sappho, Byron, Shelley,
 The poet's trinity.

Ye'll ken us, aye, some day frien's,
 Ye'll view us in the licht o' truth;
 With pleasure, my rhymes will be read,
 By auld age and fair haired youth.
 We hae na time to squander,
 On those wha winna 'ken;

Thegither we wark harmoniously,
For better conditions of men.


Yea — man an' woman, side by side,
Equal richts, our motto for a;
Oot o' the mirk of ignbrance,
The bonnie bairns we ca'.
The wee bit wean, nae wanted he,
Conceived in hell, I ween;
Nursed at the breast of Discontent,
This is aften seen.

The laws of generation,
O study them with care;
An' drap the seeds of Wisdom,
In soil whare they will bear.
Tear oop the weeds an' till the grun',
In the garden of the saul;
Wearing Luve's flowers of harmony,
Ye'll reach the sheeny goal.

October, 1899.

A MITHER'S CRY.



 H Jamie dear! Oh Jamie dear!
Tae Scotland I maun gae;
I'm i' this kintra noo too lang,
"The lan' o' th' free," they say.
I hae been readin' Jamie dear,
About Daniel Long, ye ken,
That puir dear wean, in that bad place,
O Gude! an nae ae frien'.

Grabbit i' the clutch o' justice paw,
 Condemned to that damned Hell;
 Sae sma' sae vera sma' the crime,
 It mak's me greet tae tell.
 Na doot the stars an' stripes do wave,
 Frae its sheeny towering dome,
 An' the eagle skreighing "Liberty!
 This is the bad wean's home."

A hellish bastile, sure it is,
 Our wee braw bairns to catch;
 Oh Jamie, sell the biggin, quick!
 I'd keep them frae Law's snatch.
 A birkie, is our sonsie Ted,
 Na tellen' what he downa dae;
 Tae Scotland, dear auld Scotland,
 Tae her highlands I would gae.

My wee bit Robin, 'cross the sea,
 Named after Burns, ye ken;
 He's sleepin' 'neath the gowan,
 O Jamie! I maurned him then.
 He's there sae cauld an' stiff an' deid,
 I'll never maurn him mair;
 He's better aff 'neath that green graff,
 Than in that Brockway's care.

I'm near stark mad, a thinkin' o't,
 Oh! my wee braw bairnies three;
 Let na time be tint, Jamie,
 I lang for the bricht blue sea.
 I'm sick for hame, the dear old hame,
 I lang for the braes an' burns;
 Gie me a wee bit theekit shiel,
 Where dear Tay wimplin' rins.

The cluds hing laigh, an' mirk, Jamie,
 Aboon the this kintra, yea;

An' bluid will rin some day, Jamie,
 It's nae use to Gude to pray.
 Whan fients like Brockway sit in state,
 An' reign like ony king,
 Aye, a' he has to say is: "Keeper,
 Tae me the victim bring."

Why canna a' th' braid warl see,
 Crazed is that vile man's brain?
 Hoo lang, O Gude! hoo lang!
 Maun the bairnes skreigh wi' pain?
 What are those doctors a' about?
 Does gold plaster oop their mou'?
 Does siller buy their silence?
 O Gude! tis sae, I trow!

Are we gaun back to the "Ages Dark?"
 Sure, we hae the "Book o' Doom's Day?"
 O Goddess o' Liberty, hear me!
 My Ladye, what hae ye to say?
 In this proud lan' the "Inquisition,"
 It takes me back to Spain;
 To Torquemada, an' his devlish imps,
 Losh! terror, ance mair does reign!

Whare are the lairds, wha rule the lan',—
 This wondrous Empire State?
 The representatives and senators,
 Wha some folk proudly prate?
 Shame on sic' men as these! oh! shame!
 O Mithers! rise in your micht!
 Let man never say again,
 A woman canna fight.

Thunder your slogan in Senate Halls,
 Pu' aff the Law's black veil;
 Let them see your bleeding hearts,
 An' hear the puir weans wail.

Tak' the cursed "Red Tape,"
 An' hing sic traitors, hing!
 Traitors to Honor! traitors to justice!
 Ye maun them to justice bring.

Whare is reform? oh! whare is reform?
 Whan a wean ye pund black an' blue;
 Wha are reformers? wha are reformers?
 Grit Gude! I noo ask you?
 Barton, come back, nae to Turkey gae,
 The Sultan will slyly tell ye,
 There's plenty o' business for the "Red Cross,"
 Whare ye cam' frae 'cross the sea.

Leuk at the "Missions," the Christian Missions!
 Warken for the heathen Chinee,
 An here in a civilized Christian lan'
 What do the heathen see?
 Oh for a Paine, Oh for a Burns!
 To write wi' a pen o' fire,
 Oh for grand guid honest men,
 This my soul's desire.

Dedicated to Brockway, Elmira Reformatory. 1896.

SOUL GROWTH.



The saul maun grow, 'tis Nature's law,
 Slaw but sure, sure tho' slaw;
 As leaves unfold upo' the tree.—
 Frae tiny buds the rose will blaw,
 In harmony with Nature's subtle law,
 Ye ken, saul blends with saul;
 Unfoldment gies us spiritual sicht,
 Oh, blessed gift! we've reached the goal!




SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

THE "WOMAN'S CLUB."

A Response.

—o—


 HE "Woman's Club," the "woman's Club!"
 I "caught the drift," losh! man;
 The "Woman's Club," the "Woman's Club,"
 I think it a very wise plan.
 It's a change frae the days o' the Mayflower,
 The duckin' stool cam' i' that;
 Heeh! the men, the men o' th' aulden time,
 Their auld time tricks they've quat.

Wae man! wae man! the "Woman's Club!"
 We weel ken hoo tae use it;
 But gin ye do what's richt man,
 That "Club," we'll nae abuse it.
 Says Dame Protection, guard it weel,
 An' ever keep it handy;
 Sae, gin ye men advantage tak'
 Frae ye, we'll tak' nae shindy.

Noo an' then, we gain a point,
 It's a hitch an' a halt ye ken;
 It's hard to gie oop your auld ways,
 Selfishness hauds fast to men.
 A woman maun ken sax times mairn a man,
 To be ca'd as smart as he;
 Oh! we've donned oor' fightin' armor,
 An' we'll "git thar," ye will see,

The "Woman's Club," the "Woman's Club!"
 The brainy women o' the town;
 Sex isn't in it noo days, nae,
 We carena gin ye frown.
 The "Woman's Club," the "Woman's Club!"
 We'll study with a richt guid will;
 Ha! ha! ha! we'll sune be ready,
 The Senate chairs we'll fill.

Whan thase auld fossil senators dee,
 That sleip and snore a' day;
 We'll sen' a woman frae the "Club,"
 She'll earn the dollar ye pay.
 She'll be nae limp'in' grizzled graunie,
 Eighty years an' mair;
 But a live woman of forty,
 The honors she will share.

She winna buy that senate chair,
 With gowd an' siller', nae;
 With wits an' brain she'll win the gree,
 Tak' her part i' the fray.
 Sac bide a wee, just bide a wee,
 We'll meet ye in convention,
 We'll gie a bite frae your ain bridle,
 This is our intention.

It's oot o' date to marry, sir,
 We're buckled oop tae the "Club;"
 I carena to cook three meals a day,
 Wash, iron, bake and scrub.
 For nae man will I mend auld breeks,
 An' sew on buttons, no!
 An' feed the kye, an' min' the pig,
 Losh! to the "Club" I'll go.

We maun multiply auld Moses said,
 Replenish the Earth, (and jails) well!
 Auld Moses and his followers — heh!
 Our brithers we'll gie a sell;
 The modern Moses and St. Pauls —
 The riot act we'll read;
 We've loaded our dice for a new deal,
 We'll beat Dishonor and Greed.

Single harness suits us weel,
 On the raid to fame we'll travel;
 An' the time we mak' in gettin' there,
 Will seem tae ye a marvel.
 We, wha arena buckled to men,
 Our ain style gait can tak';
 An' gin we turn ye oot as tramps,
 Just ken 'tis brains ye lack.

O! the Club, the Club, the "Woman's Club,"
 A deal o' guid 'tis doing;
 Wisdom's leaflets here an' there,
 The women of the "Club" are strewiug.
 The men will hae to hustle — yea,
 Gin they keep pace with us,
 An' gin we pass them on the raid,
 Ye'll hear a howlin' fuss.

The Gude o' battles is on oor' side,
 The Fates are cumin' oor' way;
 We carena for the Furies,
 An' the Sybils we can slay.
 The "unquiet sex", they call us,
 The men hae caught the cue;
 O High Priestess Susan B —
 Gratitude sen's greicin's to you.

Truth in its entirety — yea,
 Speaks as never' afore;
 In the flesh of auld Dame Politics,
 Is a dangerous festering sore,
 On it we'll turn the search-light,
 The scalpel we'll apply;
 And cleanse with antiseptic
 In the sweet by-an'-by.

A MONODY TO THE STORM.

—o—

TICK, tack, tick, click!
 Like shot against the window pane,
 Tick, tack, tick, click!
 Is that the patter of the rain?
 Back I drew the curtain wide,
 What I saw was once my pride;
 Just a few short weeks ago,
 It was beautiful an' bright;
 But on this December night,
 It is buried 'neath the snow.
 And I listen, sadly listen
 To the tick, tack, tick, click!
 Against the window pane,
 Mingled with the wind's refrain.

Tick, tack, tick, click!
 Dead leaves falling from the the trees
 Whirling in the maddened breeze;
 Crash against the window pane,
 What is snow, but frozen rain?
 Tears from summer's pretty eyes,
 In the wind I hear her sighs;
 She is weeping for her flowers,

Wrecked her pretty rosy bowers;
 Tulip beds are brown and sear,
 Dead the lilies once so dear.

Out there in my garden drear,
 Flitting round with antics queer;
 Is Jack Frost, with silver locks,
 He has dressed in pure white frocks,
 All the stalks that stand up straight,
 And the bushes — e'en the gate
 Of the garden, is so white,
 Like a ghost, 'twou'd give me fright.
 And there's cupid, bare an' lone—
 That did sound like human moan!
 Like a Banshee's warning cry,
 Telling me that Death is nigh!
 Love's sweet Cupid! did you moan?
 Lucky, that you're made of stone!
 Gif my heart were like your ain,
 It wad then be free frae pain,

Draw down close the window blind,
 Inside maybe I will find;
 One who will my mind divert,
 Wake my soul that seems inert;
 Brake the bolts of its barred cell,
 Bring it forth in light to dwell.
 Like the flowers beneath the snow,
 It was buried long ago,
 But from Death, Life yet may spring,
 Glad songs yet my soul may sing;
 As the spring brings back the flowers,
 Bathes them in warm April showers;
 Sun and shower, then field of grass,
 Sae mony things may cum to pass.
 Wha ken's what the spring will bring?
 Time will tell, he is king.

A SCORCH.

—o—

† HE unkind cut—I heard it, man,
 Your privileges are great;
 To talk you have a license, man,
 Trowth! ye are nae blate.
 Your time-table—I'll mark it weel,
 I'll call whan ye are oot;
 'Twill please us baith, aye, that it will,
 Of this fact there's no doot.

Whan ye are oot a towsling roun',
 On your sweet-heart callin', aye,—
 Ye canna fule Rab Burns, auld man,
 Ye play poker on the sly.
 Ye better pat mair i' the pool,
 Nae haud your gold say ticht;
 Be honest, generous, man-like,
 An' play the part o' richt.

Gin I cum back to Earth life, losh!
 An' a lassie I suld be;
 I winna be your sweet-heart,
 Nae mistress unto ye.
 Ye'd loot me pick up auld dead wood,
 An' scrub an' wash an' scrub;
 O'nights to be your sweet-heart,
 In the daylight queen o', tubs.

Ye threw the shaft, I caught the cue,
 I've gien ye tit for tat;

Blaw for blaw, my motto, man,
 An' a' that an' that.
 I can protect my own, man,
 Pen an' Ink my shield;
 Ye fired the first shot, man,
 Ye're laid low on the field.

April 1, 1900.

LOSH! HUNTER!

—o—

HUNTER, hunting, hunted,
 A gay auld hunter ye;
 Lang years ye've been huntin',
 This, man, is what I see.

Lang trails, short trails, hard trails,
 The hunter's life is weird;
 Ye think the hunt is vain,
 This aften ye hae feared.

Whan the cluds hing laigh,
 An black as mirky nicht;
 Afttimes the sinn cums oot,
 Sae beautiful an' bricht.

An' whan the rain an' hail,
 Nae pity shaws to thee;
 'Tis then the rainbow comes,
 This vision, frien', I see.

Hunter, hunting, hunted,
 An' still the hunt gaes on;

The witchin' huntress, hunts ye,
A lesson she maun con.

A quean wi' gowden hair, ye ken,
An' saut tears on her nose;
Her heart is breakin', man,
She's filled wi' lo'es sad woes.

She kens na' what's the matter, man,
She thinks that she's in lo'e;
But it's the auld Deil Hypnotism,
That's what ails the doo.

Your Muse is gaun to corral ye,
Fast an' firm she'll bind;
Ye'll hae to stap your flirtin',
Your business, ye maun mind.

Your Muse noo hauds a pair o' shears,
They maun be twa feet lang;
She's gaun to cut Attraction's ties,
An' stap your doin' wrang.

For ye do ken sae vera weel,
The mighty power ye've gat;
Ye reach oot like a fisher's hook,
An' catch them, an' a' that.

It mak's me think o' aulden time,
I lo'ed the lasses weel;
Oh! I maun tell the truth, man,
Unfairly I did deal.

I didna' understand it then,
Science was na' sae hie;
An' I aften gat in trouble,
By foolin' on the sly.

Ye let the lasses gae too far,
 Afore ye freeze them oot;
 Ye keep them on the anxious seat,
 In a mixtie — maxtie doot.

Noo, laddie dear, — I say, ye ken,
 Something maun be done;
 Ye're gaun to hae a shift in life,
 Ye're gaun to mak' some "mun."

Ye'll pat it to the best o' use,
 I see it a' sae plain;
 Ye mean a' richt laddie,
 That is — in the main.

Noo, I am aulder than ye lad,
 Sae my advice ye tak';
 An' by the haly gudes laddie!
 Mistak' ye winna mak'.

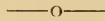
TO CARL.

—o—



H! I ken ye are weary an' randie,
 Ye are starvin' for luv, I see;
 Your life seems weary an' empty,
 This vision frien' comes to me.
 But the warl is full o' sic, laddie,
 The warl aft gangs agley,
 But there's better times a comin'
 Fray the horribles ye will be free.
 Aug. 1893.

BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS.



The following menu has been prepared for the birthday of Robert Burns by a Canadian chef, representing one of the Highland clans. It is quite unique as will be seen by a perusal:

Cockie Leekie, Tattie Soup.

FIRST COORSE.

Tay, Saumon wi Butter Broo.

Finnan Haddies,

Buckies and Limpets,

“Yellow Fush” frae Aberdeen wi reekit faces.

SECOND COORSE.

Scotch Collops frae Hielant Nowte.

Stewed Paitricks wi Puddock Stules.

“Great Chieftain” fair fau you honest sonsy face.

THIRD COORSE.

Sheep's Heid wi stoved Tatties,

Stuffed Bubbly Jock roasted,

Mealy Puddins an' Sweeps Gravats.

A “Boer's” Snout stowed an' a stowed Soos Snout'.

Tatties peel, daub and eat,

Tatties Champit.

Bashed Neepes an' Sooricks,

Maybe a wee Donal'.

FOURTH COORSE.

Tripe in daubs wad sole your shoon.

Dramuch and Soor Dook.

Thin enough to droon rattens in.

FIFTH COORSE.

A cup of Lipton's half-a-croon.

Tairts o' hairy grozets an' appels.

Tremlin "John" an' a when ither orra things.

Glasea Tupenny Pies an' Shortbread.

P'artan Pies an' whangs o' Kebbuck.

Curny Bannocks an' Scones.

Colliers' Jeely an' Sweties—

Maybe a big Donal's tae keep a' doon.

TO MY LEAL FRIEN'S.

—o—

MY BIRTH-DAY, lads, ye min' it weel,
Ye're boun' to gie Rab Burns fair deal,
Ilk Scotchman to Rab Burns is leal,
I ken it a'.

I am nac dead, I lee you see,
Ye aften drink tae me in bree,
I'm richt glad, ye sae weel agree.
On ye I ca'.

Auld England feels your mighty power,
Ye winna to her hie lairds cower;
Your grit an' strang will is a dower,
Ye are a' richt.

Ye've hiney-combed the English nest,
Ye doon their lairds, they have confessed,
Afore they're thro' they'll be weel dressed.*
Ye will indite.

* Plucked.

The throne is on its last legs, man,
 This verdict from my spirit ban',
 There is a wiser, better plan,
 'Twill evolute.

The Prince o' Wales will doon himsel',
 He's only fit to be in hell,
 The Prince in that place yet will dwell,
 I hae na doot.

Auld England's blae-bluids have dry-rot,
 The Germans see, an' say: "Mein Gott!
 The power lies ahint the Scott!

 Mein Gott! Mein Gott!"

An, France smiles sweetly a' the while,—
 Corruption aften does beguile,
 Destruction works with cunning wile.
 They plan and plot.

The Scotts bide weel the future time,
 Victory, yet, her bells will chime,
 With pleasure Rab Burns pens this rhyme,
 We wait the daw'.

The clanish Scotts hing weel thegither,
 Leal they are to sister, brither,
 They recognize the Scottish tether,
 'Tis Nature's law.

Janwar', 1900.

MEPHISTOPHELES AT THE GRAVE OF A
LAWYER.



A
T last! at last! you're conquered, man of sin!
 It seemed to me, Death's work would ne'er begin;
 But now, I stand beside your resting place.
 O man of sin! you've tried your last—last case!
 A criminal, you stand before your God!
 But true, so true, God's in a sorry plight!
 The sight of all your sins will give him fright.
 Your record is as dark as mirky night,
 I'm vera sure God's jury would indict.
 A soul of darkness, that never knew Truth's
 light,—
 Never wore the flower of a blameless life,
 But sowed the blood-red seeds of vice and
 strife.
 Wed to Intrigue and rivalries of Peace.
 Fate said to time: "Call Death and let this
 cease!"

Upon you, Moses looks with wondering eye,
 And Abraham heaves a mournful sigh;
 Joshua bids the whirling sun stand still,
 Once more, old Time shuts down his busy mill,
 And Heaven and Hell are given a holiday;
 While God and his Satanic Majesty pray,
 And ponder and wonder, they seem mystified!
 The Devil does insist you're sanctified,
 And God must keep you in his holy fold.

But God replies:

“Nae—nae he’s black as smut!
 He does belong in Hell’s vilest hold!
 I’ll none of him! in Hell he shall be put!
 Ha! the like of such a one in Heaven,
 Would ruin bring! You know a little leaven,
 Will leaven the whole lump. No! he’d breed
 treason,
 And mutiny would be on deck! Reason
 Say’s this man from Earth must go to Hell.
 He’d capture Heaven’s throne and quickly sell,
 God’s regimentals for a drink of beer,
 Or wine, or old bourbon, the like is dear
 To him. I could not sleep, I’d live in fear!
 He’s slippery as an eel! uncertain as the wind!
 This, Mephistopheles, is the record I do find.
 So—I must send him down to hell!”

Mephistopheles:—

“Unjust God! I do appeal from your decree,
 (Appeal—appeal, was this man’s trick I see.)
 This is the greatest wrong that you’ve done me,
 He’d followed up your church for many a year,
 The Sabbath day to him was very dear.”

God:—

“Yes, yes! I see, one day he gave to me,
 And the six he dedicated to thee.
 Dear sir, I wonder not it gives you fright,
 But you must surely see that I am right.
 True—true, he mingled with my godly flock,
 But you will find he wore the Devil’s smock;
 Your grips and pass-words, aye, he had them
 fine,
 (I must confess, he had a few of mine.)
 Six-sevenths of his deeds are in your line,
 He’ll be all right—just give him gold and wine!”

Mephistopheles:—

“I will not yield so easy to your will,
 Among your herd, he took his Sunday drill;
 I've got too many of your preachers now.
 Your Majesty, I've taken a solemn vow,
 To shut the gates of Hell against those men,
 That wear the cloak of holiness, no--no!
 He'd undermine the redoubt of hell!
 He'd steal the sulphur pots and quickly sell,
 A furlough to each spirit damned! He'd swear
 My imps into his service, No! I dare
 Not trust this man from Earth! he's dark-dyed,
 In the crucible of truth, he's been tried.
 Uncertain treachery owns his black soul!
 To cheat honest men his highest goal.
 Neither God or Devil can trust this man,
 He'd surely bring defeat with cunning plan!
 Your Holiness! we'll shake, and drink, and
 friends be,
 And let this dark-dyed hypocrite go free;
 He'd be a curse to me, a curse to you,
 Turn him out with the Wandering Jew!
 If that does not meet your Godly approval,
 And you insist on a quick removal,
 And to eternal torture this soul must be sent;
 I'll sell you at Discount—say—ten per cent,
 Brimstone and dynamite, the best in my line,
 My goods are double X, considered fine.
 A little hell of your own you can run,
 (As hell was conceived in the brain of your
 son)
 Methinks he would certainly be the right one,
 To mind the fire and roast him well done.”

Randolph, July, 1892, R. B.

TO JUDGE J. B. FISHER.

—o—

SENT ye ward, ye I wad see,
 Ye remember it vera well;
 The time since then seems vera lang,
 I've been under Misfortune's spell.
 Dante's beasts were on my track,
 I could see the python's trail;
 An' I kent by the color of your hair,
 You cou'd twist the tiger's tail.

Ye buckled in, ye drew your sword,
 Ye faught the battle well;
 Your clarion notes rang out for right,
 The facts, man, ye did tell,
 Ye scattered them with your cat-o'-nine,
 Ye laughed to hear them wail,
 An' the Judge he smiled ahint his ear,
 Whan ye twisted the tiger's tail.

Losh! man, the skellums are a' deid,
 The requiem we'll sing;
 I'll lay on their graves, hops, thistles,
 Nettles; defeat will bring.
 Victory now is in hie glee,
 Her ship is ready to sail,
 But she keeps right on a laughing,
 'Cause ye twisted the tiger's tail,



MINA S. SEYMOUR.

PICTURES FROM MEMORY'S PALACE.

—o—

I
 AM looking back to childhood's morn,
 I see a blue frock and apron torn;
 Two bare feet, shoes in hand,
 The merriest child in all the land.
 Wading the creek on our homeward' way,
 Like all children, I loved play.
 In my dreams, I see the old dinner pail—
 How often I walked a crooked rail!

Ate my dinner, sitting on a stump,
 Drank from the mouth of the old town pump.
 Rode down hill at a break-neck pace,
 Joined the boys in a fox and geese chase,
 Rolled up a snow-man, called it the teacher;
 Whispered, and laughed at the calling preacher.
 Was there anything I didn't do?
 I think not—what think you?

Life was then a day-dream bright,
 Sleep and rest came with the night.
 Care came not into my cup,
 With pleasure I did always sup;
 Dined with Fun, a joker she,
 Fun and I did well agree.
 Love's dream then was gloriously bright;
 Anticipation was the mother of Delight.

Danced all night till broad daylight,
 Didn't go home till the sun shone bright.
 Lovers went, lovers came,
 Love was a very uncertain game.
 My dear school friends—what a jolly crew!
 Where are they all? I wish I knew!
 Jim is in the senate, Jack is in the bank,
 Mac is an oil-king, a gold-bug crank.

Fannie is dead, gone to spirit life,
 Tote is married, she's a rich man's wife.
 Mary's an old maid, happy and free,
 Two are divorced, I make three.
 Husbands three, Rose laid away,
 Life is a tragedy, we're all in the play.
 Fate rings the changes, days come and go,
 Enjoy the living now, let Joy's cup overflow.

Womanhood dawned, rosy and bright,
 I laughed with the birds from morning till night;
 Sang a merry roundelay,
 Was the gayest of the gay,
 Trouble never troubled me,
 Mirth and I did well agree.
 Then, life was like a summer day,
 'Twas the second act in life's play.

Drifting, drifting with the tide,
 Down the stream my boat did glide.
 Foolish Fancy dreaming,
 In it all a meaning.
 Rose colored all things seemed,
 Fancy's pictures glistened, gleamed.
 Like the rainbow of promise in the sky,
 Fancy pictured the by and by.

Beautiful dreams, gloriously bright,
 Anticipation is Fancy's delight.

Anticipation, subtle and coy,
 As treacherous as the Chiefs of Moy.
 Anticipation, a dark winged wraith!
 Lures you into the toils of Death!
 You'll see her then in the garb of a thief,
 She's the twin of Destruction, the mother of Grief.

The pictures of love—none will compare,
 In the halls of Memory, stored they are there.
 The jewels of life, I treasure with care,
 Closed in Love's casket, gems that are rare.
 In the Palace of Memory, the past lies dead,
 But Love is not there, in that pall-covered bed.
 Love on a golden throne is seen,
 Chanting Fate's threnody, I ween,

Pictures of loved ones hang on the wall,
 Real, life-like, I love them all.
 There's one sad face with love lit eyes,
 I hear his voice, I hear his sighs.
 The voice of love is low and sweet,
 With kind word, he, friends would greet.
 His smiles were sunshine that warmed my heart,
 Of his young life I was a part.

We loved, we loved in a silent way,
 We cared not what the world did say.
 Youth's young love was strong and bright,
 In the tell-tale eyes shone Love's light;
 Nature's love, first and best,
 They who win it, sure are blest.
 Angels bless a love like this,
 When Cupid and Psyche kiss.

Hope was joyous, buoyant and bright,
 Hope was a goddess always in sight.
 Hope was an angel ever near,
 Hope brought Harmony, Peace and Cheer.

Hope was my morning and evening star;
 I lived in Hope's aerial car.
 Soared to the seventh sphere of Delight,
 Sad day, when Hope vanished from sight.

Beautiful castles I built in the air,
 Beautiful castles, rich and rare;
 Built and burnished by the hand of Love,
 Rosy-hued castles in imagery wove,
 Gilded and tinted to perfection by Art,
 Beauty—Art's hand-maid played well her part.
 With beautiful flowers, my castles were decked,
 Sad day, when my beautiful castles were wrecked.

In the warp and woof of Memory's chain,
 Are color vibrations of Misfortune's refrain.
 Love was innocent, Love was true,
 His rose-colored glasses changed to blue.
 In the 'ebb and flow of Life's surging sea,
 Disappointment came to Love and me.
 The wheels of time rolled in new changes,
 Futurity, man's plan deranges.

Love never doubted or mistrusted,
 He was not jealous, always trusted.
 He gathered the golden sheaves of each hour,
 This the secret to Fate's rich dower.
 The robe of Life, weaving each day,
 Beautiful as the rainbow's ray.
 To Harmony's music, he listened, listened!
 ('Twas Deception's cobweb that glistened, glistened!)

Love was truth, hope, charity, my all;
 A model of kindness, I listened to his call.
 I saw not Tyranny's subtle wand—
 I saw not the treacherous shifting sand—

I saw not Destruction's lever strong—
 I did not dream of disaster and wrong.
 My love, My King, the pride of my soul,
 To be worthy of him, was my highest goal.

Petted and loved, ay, loved and caressed,
 I watched the coming of the one I loved best;
 Best of all, to me he was dear,
 In his love, I knew not fear.
 Strong and brave, he feared no foe,
 (Dame Future's plans proved a fatal blow.)
 Woe to me! woe to me! Fate gave the sad de-
 cease,
 She brought a cloud of darkness, it was to be.

Destiny, Mad Destiny! she crushed my heart!
 She is a tragic queen, she played well her part!
 Cruel Fate! heartless Fate!
 Merciless demon! your name I hate!
 I feel your breath, a fiery blast!
 I am your slave, at last! at last!
 The Hero of my life! go on! go on!
 Woe me! the awful lesson I must con.

Oh Fate! you have crushed, ruined, blasted my
 life;
 Turned me from flowery paths of peace, into rug-
 ged roads of strife.
 You darkened all the windows that let the
 sunlight in!
 You were Destruction's imp, from the cess-
 pool of sin!
 You brought the demon Darkness, from the
 mirkey hold of Hell!
 I must be resigned, with this devil I must
 dwell.
 Bacchus and his imps, will feast at my table,

They would disgrace a beast, Truth vies with
Fable.

Across my path with dagger drawn, stood Fate,
bold and stern;
"A prisoner thou art, Lady mine, sad lessons you
must learn."

Quickly into Hell, like Dante I was hurled!
I cursed the day I was born to the world!
I cursed the day I first saw the light!
Cursed the Fates that brought this blight!
Crazed conditions! Heredity gave to man,
Conditions to be subdued, through Evolution's
plan.

A thorny road I traveled, many, many years;
Like a chain-gang slave, with a master he dreads
and fears.

A slave to conditions, conditions born of man,
And with it no rendition, deny it, ay, who
can?
This is the Devil's "Bridge of Sighs,"
The Devil is cunning, tricky, yet wise,
License! License! you have brought this damned
curse!
What could you have done that would have been
worse?

Oh! the good angel Mercy, my sad petition heard;
I prayed for better conditions, she drew her
trusted sword.

"Go back! go back, you demons, into your
sinful bed!

Traitors gave you license!" this to the Fates,
she said.

Traitors to mothers! traitors to sons! to
Honor, Justice and all;

Forty thousand slain each year, covered by
license pall.
Mercy whispered in my ear, "Lady mine, be of
good cheer;
There's a work for you to do, you will conquer
Dread and Fear."

With gentle hand, soft and fair,
She stroked my glossy, silken hair.
She calmed my fears, quelled my fright,
She bade me fear no more the night.
She took from Bacchus the crown of Might
And placed it on the brow of Right;
She turned the Furies from my door,
And bade them come within no more.

Robert Le Diable, she sent far away,
To the coast that is washed by Pacific's spray;
Then she bade me seek in the world's busy
throng,
A balm to heal the deep wounds of Wrong.
She bade me be patient and work with a will,
She'd give me a place that none other could
fill.

In the tragedy of life, a part I must play,
She bade me hope for a brighter day.

Then with her magic wand, she waved the clouds
away,
And brought to me in place, the golden sun's
bright ray.
A shimmering cloud of gold and blue,
Across my vision quickly flew;
The silver lining I could see,
A lovely sight it was to me.
Freedom's song, Heaven's choirs did sing,
The white-winged dove the olive branch did bring.

Then from her silver girdle, she took a golden key,
Quick the gates of Futurity opened unto me.

Entrancing was the vision, would that you
could see,

The gift of clear-seeing, this power she gave
to me.

She opened wide the door of Time,
And there I saw the monarch Fame.

Dame Future's secret mysteries, my life work un-
veiled,

The mystic, magic key revealed, my life's book
there unsealed.

Oh loved Maurene! I bid you hope as once before;
Treasures for you Fate holds in store.

Plenty opens wide her door,
Ye'll receive good things galore.

From the Palace of Wisdom, from the loom
of Thought,

Lady fair, rich gems will be brought.

Evolution's spinning wheels, their spindles quickly
fly;

To a happy thought accompaniment, oh! the
sweet by-and-by.

A QUOTATION.



BUT loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR JUSTIN MORILL,
OF VERMONT.



Father of the Senate, in his 89th year, after having served continuously in the Senate since 1867.

AT last! at last! one fossil has passed out,
Republicans are glad, I hae na doubt;
We hope a live man in that seat will sit,
A man of brains, possessed of reason — wit.

Tis vera sad, yea, vera sad, I think,
I smile tae see those deid heids wink an' blink;
They pose as statues in the money mart,
Deid blocks, like chess-men moved to play their
part.

Their millions buy those chairs, gold pays their
tools,
They pose as great men, in the farce, like fools;
Oh! many years Death leaves the corpse alive,
An' laughs to see dame Poly Ticks contrive.

An' sae the U. S. shaw gaes on an' on,
To the disgust o' mony a decent mon;
Gin ye hae gold, the state an' all ye buy,
With mold and dry-rot, in that seat ye die.

A Hoose o' Lairds, that Senate sune will be,
Gold rules the lan', an' there is naething free;

The grit machine turns oot its grist ye ken,
An' Senators are gar't, machine made men.

Sen' my opinions tae dear Uncle Sam,
I'm vera sure 'twad mak' an angel damn;
This bluidy holocaust, this war to view,
Lamentable the truth, I'm tellin' you.

Elect young men — wise men, those seats to fill,
Chance says:- "they may consult the people's
will;"

The fossils will not, will not, as you see,
From a live corpse oh! Death, please set us free.

Oh for Jock Hornbook! that Senate sure he'd
fix,

With his aqua-fortis, Death's dose he'd mix;
Oh Gude o' mercy, what will we do?

I ken, this cursed wicl's too much for you.

TO LILY DALE.



DEAR Lily Dale, I wish to say,
Your lads are getting cild;
The frosty fleece of time, they wear,
Their heads are gray and beld.
Responsibility is grit,
I dinna ken what they'd do,
Without that— "Lobby member,"
Ay, Lily, what think you?

Oh! that "Lobby member"!!!
The "Board," I fear she'll wind

Aroun' her finger, aye, aye!!!
 An' twist them like a string;
 The auld dame has a charmin' way—
 To time — them, she may bring.

That "Lobby Member!" that "Lobby Member!"
 Has she three in her pool?
 Their influence, favors hearts,
 Are they drilled in her school?
 Her stock in trade, ah! weel!! losh!!
 Has she bewitched the pack?
 Hypnotized by her sweet smile—
 For this, has she a knack?


"The Circe-like Cleopatra,
 Her witch-like ways *some* crave;
 She posed a charming conquerer,
 Her subject was a slave."
 And is it true, that "Lobby Member,"
 Has got her tricks down fine?
 An', is it true, the charming dame,
 Has got a few o' mine?

Losh! whan the like o' ye can rule,
 Dry rot has struck the heid;
 There's na much spirituality,
 The vital powers are deid.
 It's time the spirits called a halt,
 An' chant their sad refrains,
 An' drap in Time's cauld sepulcher,
 The fossilized remains.

April 20, 1900.

TO J. W. DENNIS.

—o—

 O black for me,
 No robes of night,
 No clouded brow,
 But robes of light;
 No pall on coffin-lid.
 No priestly quack,
 No tears of grief,
 No hireling hack,
 No woes, no wails,
 No sorrow's veils;
 But shouts of joy,
 And songs of mirth
 Proclaim the news,
 "Another birth."

J. W. DENNIS.

Whan ye are born again,
 We winna wear the mirkey robes o' nicht;
 Na' fear o' that, nae!—nae!
 Whan we are born again,
 We'll robe ourselves in garments bright,
 Frien', ye shall hav' your way.

Whan ye are born again,
 Na' cluddy brow ye'll see,
 Whan ye are born again.
 Nae pall on coffin-lid for ye,

Whan ye are born again,
Fret na' your dear soul frien'.

Na' pall on coffin-lid for ye,
We'll 'gree, frien', aye, we'll 'gree;
Nae tears o' grief — nae priestly quack,
Like men we'll stan' by thee;
Nae waes or wails, na' sorrow's veils,
Fools o' oursels we winna mak'.

Whan ye are born again,
Life's win's will cease to blaw;
Whan ye are born again.
The calm o' Peace will cum, we knaw,
Whan ye are born again.
We'll ken it weel, dear frien'.

We'll plant a stane aboon your heid,
A ton or sae, whan ye are born,
We'll shout wi' joy — sing sangs o' mirth,
A jubilee we'll gie Transition's morn.
Guid cheer we'll gie that birth
Sae sure as ye gae deid.

March 1895.

A WARNING.

—o—

DOUBTNA spirits are ever near,
Ye wha scoff, hae reason to fear;
Ahint the scenes ye often sneer,
We ken say weel.
Ye geck your heids, an' sniff the air,
Say mony things that arena fair;

Ye'll dae weel, yea, gin ye take care,
An' gie fair deal.

Gif walls cud talk, I hear ye say,
Beware! ye canna tell, they may;
Thochts are things, they star the play,
Fair ye maun be.
Spirit folk are ilka where,
Your ilka thocht an' ward we share,
I wonner afitimes hoo ye dare
Insult the like o' me.

Feb. 3, 1900.

ROBERT BURNS.

A CHAT WITH THE FIRE.

—o—

BURN — fire — burn,
Oh! there's beauty in the fire!
See the flames leap high, higher!
Burn — fire — burn!
Ha! you little imps of fire,
Back behind the fender stay!
Do your dancing on the logs,
Spit no more sparks out this way!
Burn — fire — burn!

Burn — fire — burn!
See the little demons peek!
They are playing hide-an'-seek,
Burn — fire — burn!
Such queer faces I can see—
Faces real, they seem to me;
Little fiends with eyes that glare!
Others, beautiful and fair.
Burn — fire — burn!

Burn — fire — burn!
 I'm so happy here to-night,
 Sitting by the fire-light,
 Burn — fire — burn!
 My true love will come this eve,
 Aye! my love will not deceive.
 He is faithful as the sun,
 Kind an' true to every one.
 Burn — fire — burn!

Burn — fire — burn!
 Let your rosy flames leap higher;
 While Apollo tunes his lyre,
 Burn — fire — burn!
 The Music mine, his harp will bring,
 Sweetest songs to thee he'll sing;
 Love sings o' th' auld time,
 Burns' queer tales down oop in rhyme,
 Burn — fire — burn!

Burn — fire — burn!
 Pretty flames of rosy hue;
 Blue and gold lights streaking through.
 Burn — fire — burn!
 Happy is my soul to night,
 Filled to brim with Love's delight;
 Aye, my love is on the way,
 And I know what love will say—
 Burn — fire — burn.

Burn — fire — burn!
 Love was all unken'd to me;
 Nae virtue in it could I see.
 Burn — fire — burn!
 But ae day Love cam' along,
 Aye th' power o' Luv is strang;
 Luv cau't me i' his net sae fast,

Fate sae quick the die did cast.
Burn — fire — burn.

Burn — fire — burn!
Luv's fire burns as bright as this;
Sweet bliss comes with lover's kiss,


Burn — fire — burn!
Thrilled by Love's mesmeric spell,
In his palace I now dwell,
I Love's queen, will some day be,
He a king will be to me.
Burn — fire — burn!

Burn — fire — burn!
Make the room warm, bright an' nice;
We'll be cozy as twa mice.

Burn — fire — burn!
While he tells me of his luv,
You can watch the turtle-dove.
She can coo and laugh as well,
But she is too wise to tell.
Burn — fire — burn.

THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

—o—

OD bless the Peace Commissioners!
Nae doot they are weel paid;
In spite of all their clishmaclaver,
They'll see war I'm afraid,
Sae lang as men like Mark Hanna,
Twist the President's ear,
The flood gates of war will open,
An bluid will rin I fear.

Sept. 1897.



ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

TO COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.



THANK ye for your "This An' That,"
 I'm muckle pleased dear "Bob;"
 I'm vera proud to ken that ye,
 Remember Scotland's Rob.
 A man maun lee, a man maun dee,
 Afore he's kissed by Fame;
 It tak's sae mony hard knocks, "Bob,"
 To glorify one's name.

Oh! whan a man like ye daur say,
 I'm grander than a prince!
 I'm glad I turned the poet's crank,
 An' gar't the auld kirk wince.
 There's ae thing that I didna do,
 I wadna tell a lie;
 Like ye, I am an artist, "Bob,"
 Pen Pictures I will gie.

That wee bit hovel gar't o' clay,
 Wad that it's wa's cou'd talk;
 Aye mony a sad — sad tale they'd tell,
 O' nights that I did walk
 The floor alane, an' greet, an' greet,
 Wi' sorrow my saul was pres't;
 My heart was aching sairly,
 For me there wasna rest.

Auld Fate was hard upo' this chiel,
 Nae mercy shaw'd puir Rob;

I thocht that writin' poetry,
 Was a wanchancie job.
 Whan Hoonger sat by my ingle-lowe,
 An' Want cam' i' the door;
 I said:- weel! poetry is guid,
 But bairns need something more.

I faught the battle weel an' strang,
 The writin' I maun do;
 I didna hae the siller "Bob,"
 That Fate has gien to you.
 I bauldly faced auld Destiny,
 Fate gied me nae position;
 I suffered mair than I can tell,
 By poverty's inquisition.

"Auld Scotland's prince," ye ca' me "Bob,"
 Ye are my ain leal frien';
 The spirit folk on this side, "Bob,"
 Ca' ye the king o' men.
 The Great I Am, o' Liberalism,
 As Buddha to his clan;
 As Confucius to his people,
 Savior, ye are to man.

Aye! your courage is unbounded,
 Ye never fear a foe;
 Ye've douned auld Orthodox sac flat,
 As a' kirk men do know.
 Ye are the power o' the times,
 The greatest man as yet;
 Losh! whan the preacher tackles ye,
 He gets left i' the wet.

I did na' ape auld Horace, Bob,
 An' Chaucer was nae me;
 I am my ain Scotch sel' "Bob,"
 I am fu' o' poetry.

'Twas born of real conditions,
 It environment, did produce;
 Passion leaped like red-het fire,
 I did traduce — seduce.

The lairds, an' dukes, an' earls, an' sirs,
 Were wur than I daur be;
 An' whan I saw their mistresses,
 It raised the deil with me.
 Then, whan the same thing I did do,
 They frowned me doun, ye see!
 Auld nature is the same to all,
 Nature an' I agree.

My pen did turn into a sword,
 My ink was red-het fire;
 The aristocrats sune foun' "Bob,"
 I played oopon the (liar) lyre.
 An' whether he be priest or laird,
 I didna care a d——n!
 I faced them with the truth "Bob,"
 I stood oop like a man.

It was sae hard to stan' alane,
 An' fling the shot an' shell;
 Wi' auld Orthodox a howlin',
 An' the neibors aft as well.
 But, Courage stood ahint me,
 An' Victory kissed me aft;
 An' the gentry an' the lassies,
 Gied pats, wi' han' sae saft.

My life was nac sae badly spent,
 Forgot I ne'er will be;
 There's mony a one here an' there,
 Will haud a place for me.
 My rhymes I ken, are lo'ed by some,
 I fin' them i' the hame;

Auld Scotland's sonsie laddie,
 Won honor, lo'e, an' fame.

There's ae thing I maun tell ye, "Bob,"
 Spiritualism is true;
 The Muses help ye preach, "Bob,"
 I aften stan' by you.
 I am a warker i' the field,
 Spirits are a mighty host;
 Weel — "Bob," I can't fin' Heaven or Hell,
 Christ, God or the Holy Ghost.

A lass I've fand, that suits me weel,
 A sensitive is she;
 'Tis thro' her organism, I cum,
 An' write today to ye.
 Ye'll cum oor way some day, "Bob,"
 Ye'll meet my bonnie Dame;
 I'm gaun to gie my sonsie lass,
 Power, walth, an' fame.

She is as faithful as the sun,
 She writes frae morn till night;
 I fand her 'neath the upas tree,
 Sorrow had gien its blight.
 She is the Cinderella,
 I've leuked for mony a year;
 An' ye will fin' I'll mak' o' her,
 A wise, a witty seer.

I'm writin' anither beuk, "Bob,"
 Red-het, like the ither;
 I'm shakin' oop the rotten kirk,
 I'm after the Christian brither.
 I am nae deid, but lee, aye! aye!
 I wield the pen the same;
 I'll gie them anither tragedy,
 They'll forgetna my name,

This is a conversazione,
 A telegram to ye;
 Noo—"Bob," dinna gae skepticizin',
 An' say this isna me.
 Ye — o' hie degree, a sensitive,
 Inspiration cums to ye;
 A spirit ban' helps ye "Bob,"
 Agnostic tho' ye be.

FATHER SNIFFLE'S CONFESSION.

—o—



LORD! here in thy holy church,
 With prayer I come to thee;
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Three in one, and one in three.
 Almighty is thy power, O God!
 Thy penetrating eye dost see,
 And know, my soul with grief is sore.
 From sin, O God! set me free!
 Ghaist—'Tis true, in this confessional, O man!
 Ye've aften been afore.

When my weak soul was wracked with pain,
 And I a coward, shook with fear;
 With secrets dark, I dare not tell,
 E'en then, I felt your presenee near.
 The dark-winged messenger of Sin,
 Temptation — through it we fall;
 The wily snake that smiled on Eve,
 O God! you viewed it all!
 Ghaist—Is there no surcease from Hypocrisy?
 Your sins — man, are na small.

Temptation does me oft beguile,
 She sets her cunning snare;
 With a bewitching Circe-like smile,
 Her traps are everywhere.
 Tho' priest I am, of woman born,
 Her weak points I inherit.
 My reputation is good, O God!
 (But you know what I merit.)

Ghaist—And be it this or be it that,
 The crown of thorns, ye'll wear it.

On thee, O Lord! I loudly call,
 Save me from sin's fell snare,
 Sin and Temptation, twins from Hell!
 I meet them everywhere.
 O God! in this confessional,
 I humbly bend the knee,
 I consecrate my life, O God!
 Consecrate it to thee.

Ghaist—O Father, Son! (I am the ghaist,)
 A holy trinity.

O Holy Mother! Mary, virgin!
 The cross I make to thee;
 In meekness, Holy Mother!
 I humbly bend the knee.
 Bear with my sins, O Mother mine!
 List' Mother, while I pray;
 The load is greater than I can bear,
 I will confess to-day.

Ghaist—Science now sees with Godlike eye,
 Turn on the Cathode ray.

O God! 'tis here that erring souls
 Confess so oft to me;
 The sins they've done from day to day,
 'Tis here I take the pardoning fee.

A servant to your holy law,
 The wafer on their lips I place;
 Ecclesiastical polity—a rite from God—
 It saved the sinner from disgrace.

Ghaist—The law and rites of Gods and Priests
 To Almighty Man we trace.

Like ithers, I'll take bread and wine,
 (I'll feast while others fast;)
 With holy water I'll wet my brow,
 By this the sinner's blest.
 Here in thy holy temple, O God!
 Men kneel—the cross they kiss;
 Faith gives them holy confidence,
 Supernal grace and bliss.

Ghaist—The bliss o' ignorance ye ken,
 Losh! my opinion this.

Great God! infallible I am to them,
 Infallible you are to me;
 A suppliant, I kneel an' sue for grace,
 'Tis mercy, God, I ask of thee.
 Oh! give me Cyril's power, O God!
 That I may dethrone Wrong;
 Oh! concentrate your legions, God,
 And make your fortress strong.

Ghaist—But nae sae strang but what 'twill fall,
 Dissenters ye're amang.

'Tis here, girls tells of wayward sins,
 And ask to be forgiven.
 'Tis here they tell the old, old tale,
 How poverty and cold has driven
 Them out into a cruel world,
 Where bread is hard to get,
 Into Sin's whirlpool they are hurled,
 With cunningness Sin's traps are set.

Ghaist—Puir weaklings! innocent an' blin',
Food an' shelter hard to fin'.

O God! so well, I know 'tis true,
'Twas in an hour like this;
With cold and hunger in the home,
Temptation, their lips did kiss.
Life struggles for existence,
Attraction is a subtle king,
His treacherous smile revives dead hope,
Many pleasures he does bring.

Ghaist—Ye ken it weel, just hoo they fa',
Boccace has tauld it a'.

The tempter gave them bread and wine,
They whose purse held not one dime;
Did kneel before Temptation's shrine,
Sad duty mine, sad duty mine!
Evil, with Argus-eye did worse,
Lust gave them love, food and wine.

Ghaist—He wha noteth the sparrow's fall,
Saw it all — saw it all!

With Luv's sweet promise he led them on,
With glittering gold that lured;
Into the beautiful palace of sin,
Into a gilt-edged hell ensnared,
Want bade them go within.
Thou knowest, their souls endured
Much before they fell,
Forgiveness I assured.

Ghaist—Poverty with empty maw,
Stops nae for man made law.

To God's confessional, men aft come,
Confess their sins — yea, bold;
You know, O Lord! confession,
Will keep them in the fold.

'Tis here the treacherous wife reveals,
 The dark ways of her life;
 Forgiveness asks, she pays me well,
 I pass her, as a pure good wife.
 The worldly sins of all my flock,
 I cover as best I can;
 Confession and forgiveness,
 This is Salvation's plan.

Ghaist—Confession, — confession, a devilish priestly plan!
 Confession — confession, it enslaves the mind
 of man!

Tis here the husband comes in prayer,
 Repentingly bends the knee;
 I intercede with thee, O God!
 With a confession to me.
 To please an angry God,
 He pays a princely fee;
 Reveals the crimes of a burdened soul,
 Dark-dyed is the blood of his heart;
 Virtue's maids he led astray,
 He played the villain's part.
 Seduced, like Mary in Joseph's day,
 (The Ghost did blind the world,)
 Damned through eternity, aye!
 In scandal's cesspool hurled.
 They pay the penalty of crime and shame,
 With ruined character, and blackened name.

Ghaist—Suicide tak's them in his arms,
 Croons them to sleep with Death's weird
 charms.

'Twas in this consecrated room, O God!
 That Patrick Jones his sins confessed;
 His crimes were black, black as could be,
 He asked to be forgiven and blessed,
 Confession made him clean and free.
 He whipped his wife one Sunday morn;

(A follower of Christ was he,)

'Twas just before her babe was born.

Poor child! to such a brute a slave!

His soul was dead, I think.

Heart, conscience, soul, what e'er it be,

'Twas stultified, and drowned in drink.

Ghaist—Rum mak's man, a thing beneath the beast,

Drink! drink! 'tis a devil's feast!

He often cursed and whipped his child,

A fiend, he seemed to be;

With rum his brain was fired an wild,

O God! he came to me,

Here in this holy confessional,

Repentant, meek and mild.

Confession — forgiveness — gold,

Hypocrisy sweetly smiled.

O God! you know 'tis true — 'tis true,

He knelt to you in prayer,

And asked for your protection,

Your mercy, love and care.

Ghaist—The han' o' the priest he crossed wi' gold,

In the kirk mart, forgiveness bought an'
sold.

Then, there is Doctor Hardshell,

Who gives the old blue pills;

He bleeds as in ye aulden time,

Gives ipeccac and squills.

For money he did murder,

A mother and babe, ('twas said,)

'Twas a married man that paid him,

The victim was a maid.

To this holy confessional,

The doctor came one day,

And here he knelt confessing,

And penitently did pray.

Ghaist—The warl is fu' o' just sic men,
 Ye'll fin' them ilka where, ye ken.

Then, God, there was Dick Marblehead,
 The cashier in the bank;
 Gold and silver he gave the church,
 His purse was never lank.
 He praised the Lord with singing,
 Devotion's child was he;
 A servant to your holy cause,
 A servant, Dick was to me.

Ghaist—Ahint the door o' your confessional,
 Ye're tellin' the braid truth, man;
 Ye've the bag that hauds the kirk's crimes,
 An' the hale devilish plan.

His soul he gave to Jesus,
 For Christ he'd always stood;
 He loved the old religion,
 To him 'twas surely good.
 He knew there was a saviour,
 Who all sins could forgive;
 He believed in immortality,
 In Heaven the soul would live.

Ghaist—O haly priest! O haly priest!
 Word pictures ye hae gien;
 A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
 As some day will be seen.

O Lord! you know Dick Marblehead,
 Fell in Temptation's way;
 He borrowed twenty thousand,
 And then forgot to pay.
 'Twas strange that he dare take it,
 On holy Christmas day,
 His faithful wife, supposed that Dick,
 Had gone to church to pray.
 Losh! Dick crossed the wild Niagara,

Into Canada he got;
 There's lots of Christians over there,
 That is a sacred spot.

Ghaist—The law has bridged the falls ye ken,
 An' noo we catch Christ's haly men.

Then, there was Father Buncombe,
 The child of Humility;
 He cared for his aged mother,
 She was the soul of Purity.
 Sisters, he had six or seven,
 I can't remember which;
 He fell in love with the banker's wife,
 She was beautiful and rich.
 One evening after service,
 She stayed with him to pray;
 They came to this confessional,
 (They'd been here, before, that day.)
 The mischief, then, they finished,
 They vowed they'd run away;
 But just before they started,
 They thought they'd better pray.

Ghaist—Events like this, are haly scenes,
 Object lessons for the weans.

Then they asked you, Lord, to watch them,
 Send prosperity long their way;
 They asked you, Lord, to bless them,
 Bless them from day to day.
 Then the Father asked the banker's wife,
 If she would sure be true;
 Then they kissed each other fondly,
 And left it all with you.

Ghaist—Hypnotic bliss is sweet I ween,
 But I wadna gie for it a preen.

Once more I will remind you Lord,
 Of the sins of Pat O'Grundy;

You'll find him 'round the corner, Lord,
 Selling whisky all day Sunday.
 He pours it out to men and boys,
 A sort of liquid damnation;
 He's ruined fathers, husbands, sons!
 'There's no one in creation
 Can do more harm to wives and babes,
 And ruin more happy homes,
 Than this same Pat O'Grundy,
 And yet to church he comes;
 And he, O Lord! oft asks you,
 To hear his humble prayer;
 From church he goes straight to his den!
 It is a hellish snare!

Ghaist—Gif it is wrang to drink on Sunday,
 Isna the sin as grit on Monday?

O Lord! you have forgiven,
 The followers of Fraud and Sin
 I now approach your Holiness,
 And pass my troubles in.
 I'll lay them all before you,
 As others have done before;
 And when they're reckoned up, I fear,
 O Lord! you'll find there's more
 Than all the rest together;
 Your judgment I must face,
 (This holy cloak — my rosary,
 Will shield me from disgrace.)
 Have mercy on my soul, O Lord!
 Look on my sins with pity's eye!
 Draw not on me Grim Vengeance's wrath,
 In future days, O Lord I'll try,
 A better record I will make.
 You are the soul of charity,
 My sins forgive for Jesus sake!
 O bless! sweet angel of purity!

Now — While you wisely ponder
 I'll take a glass of wine;
 For Jesus sake! for Jesus sake!
 With spirits I'll drink and dine.
 To priest, a friend is wine.

Ghaist—'Tis wondrous strange the power ye've got,
 Blin' ignorance follows ye I wot.

Ay! there is one thing father,
 Let me whisper in your ear;
 I wouldn't mention this, no!
 So any one could hear.
 God! don't brand me a Solomon,
 With a thousand wives or more;
 (Publicity wou'd wreck me, sure,)
 Their true hearts would be sore;
 To know I loved some other one,
 They now are true as steel;
 'Tis only through this secrecy,
 That with them I can deal.
 And there's my mother — my sisters,
 'Twould be a life disgrace;
 I'd have to pack my grip-sack,
 And get me from this place.

Ghaist—Hypocrisy's cloak is braid and lang,
 Aneath it is hid, Vice and Wrang.

I feel so very sure, O Lord!
 Your pardoning grace is ample;
 The men you've pardoned heretofore,
 In truth's a holy sample.
 And now, O Lord! before your throne,
 I've come, confess I must!
 You know I'm strangely fashioned, Lord,
 With sinful, fleshly lust.
 But so was Abraham, and Saul,
 Aye, David and fair Ruth,

Forgive, O Lord! a sinful man,
Who dares to tell the truth.

Ghaist—Your houghmagandie ways the Ghaist can see,
Like ony ither toop, Gude better apron ye.

Christ was sent (the Bible says,)
The sinful man to save;
Crucified upon the cross,
His life for us he gave.
The priest, the saint, the vilest knave,
On thee, O Lord! our sins we cast.
Forgive O God! forgive! forgive!
For penance I will pray and fast.

Ghaist—Chant on, chant on, we'll watch ye well,
Your baggage, I see, is checked to Hell.

O God! a heavy burden you have got,
And sad indeed must be your lot;
It was not me that fixed things so,
It's your own plan, yea, well you know,
This is the great salvation plan,
Confess, confess, O sinful man!
Licentiate—murderer, thief!
Some day you'll come to grief.
In your last hour atonement make,
O gracious Lord! 'twas for the sake
Of David, Solomon and me,
Christ died on Calvary.

There's one thing more that I must mention.
O Lord! please give it your attention.
The infidels are on our track,
They have destroyed the holy rack.
The iron-virgin they have stole,
We'll soon be singing songs o' dool.
The Holy Virgin, they mak' transpire;
Aye — they've quenched the holy fire
That burned the heretic — In faith,

No longer can we play the mystagogue,
 To them, we're but a hollow wraith.
 O Lord! the truth is dawning fast,
 They have unveiled the bitter past!
 They're weakening fast our holy power,
 No longer can we make them cower.
 They care no more for hell than ice,
 They care no more for the Devil than mice.
 The Holy Bible they've simmered fine,
 Till Bibles sell for scarce a dime.
 And preachers have close picking now,
 Voltaire and Paine stirred up a row.

Ghaist—My cat-o'-nine tail your kirk did feel,
 An' noo I'll gie ye anither deal.

A tithe no longer will they pay,
 The times have changed I hear them say;
 On Sunday a man can kiss his wife,
 And yet not fear he'll lose his life.
 Can split his wood and cut his hair,
 Is not obliged to attend prayer.
 O Lord! you're losing ground I fear;
 The reign of man is very near.

O Lord! send Death for Pagan Bob,
 And send him quick or he will rob
 The church of all its mystery,
 With musty, ancient history.
 He does hear Oppression's groan—
 He does mock Deception's moan—
 Bind him fast close by your throne,
 Place a guard around his seat,
 Watch him close, or he will beat
 The bottom out of Heaven and Hell!
 He will break the holy spell.
 Priests will beg from door to door,
 As they oft have done before.
 Altars, Bibles, churches scorned,



ANNA L. SHAW.

When the peoples all have learned;
 That "Bob" tells the living truth,
 "Bob" is catching fast the youth.
 Ruin's clutch is on our neck,
 "Bob" with haughty pride does geck
 His head, and with derision smile;
 Holiness does weep meanwhile.
 Aye—Religion oft does weep,
 While Pagan "Bob" does sweetly sleep.
 Thou must save, O Lord! our cause,
 For they do defy our laws.
 Thou a Saviour, now must be,
 This fact surely you must see.
 Amen! Amen!

THE LATEST FAD.


—o—

† HE brides discard the big boquet,
 Arah! God's prayer-beuk carry, they;
 A fad in Matrimony's play,
 In Time's weird history.
 Divorce comes in with cunning trick,
 The lasses ken his ways are slick,
 They dub Divorce, a pawkie "Brick,"
 Brim full of mystery.

As all things are uncertain, they
 Are well prepared with book to pray;
 I'm very sure 'tis Wisdom's way,
 'Tis Evolution's plan.
 God no longer joins together,
 He ken's man will quickly sever,
 Pennsylvania cuts the tether,
 Alake! away flies man!

TO A. GASTON.

—o—


 FATE'S cuffed ye to a peak sae many times,
 Thin as a match ye're getting;
 But what is to be, will be, man,
 Trowth! there's nae use in fretting.
 Theosophy says: — All things in life,
 Are for the good of man;
 It's in our "karma" — weel! ye ken,
 It's the universal plan.

Ye rubbed agin Theosophy,
 I'm sure it was to be;
 And with her three-taed leister, man,
 Theosophy speared ye.
 But in it all, there's good — man,
 What is tae be, will be;
 Twa grit I Ams, met on the way,
 An' sure, they cudna 'gree.

The crupper, loot it oot a notch,
 The check rein's a wee bit tight;
 Tak' aff the keekin'-straps noo,
 Theosophy's all right.
 The threshing did the auld dame good,
 A lesson she has learned;
 Concentration lost the game,
 The loaded dice ye turned.

But, Change is on the way, aye!
 Change is dame Nature's plan;

The iron ring will brak' yea!
 Ye gudes! we canna stan'
 This ticht girt Plutocracy,
 The win's are gatherin', strang;
 A cyclone will sweep through the Dale,
 An' wreck the throne o' Wrang.

TO LANCELOT.

—o—

WE'D like a place amang my stars,
 In my beuk o' rhymes, a page;
 Afore the footlights, ye'd appear,
 An actor on my stage.
 My roster is quite full, sir,
 My weel laid plans complete;
 Ye're welcome i' the audience,
 Wi' the beld-heids tak' a seat.

QUOTATION.

-o-

WE love our fellowman, our kind,
 Wife, child and friend;
 To phantoms we are deaf and blind.
 But we extend
 The helping hand to the distressed.
 By lifting others we are blessed.

L. of C.


TO WILLIAM MCKINLEY.



“I have always been in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of the silver product of the United States, and have so voted on at least two occasions.”

“You may remember as indicating my position on this subject, that I voted to pass the silver bill, in the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congress, over the veto of President Hayes.”

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.


 OR years ye've posed McKinley,
 Honesty's chieftain brave;
 The grit Republican Mascot,
 The kintra ye cou'd save.
 Unmasked ye are McKinley,
 The gold-wash is too thin;
 The Silverites are after ye,
 They'll raise roun' ye a din.

Weel masked ye thocht yoursel', man,
 With sheeny robes of gold;
 Ye are a fly caught in the web,
 Ye'll fin' the spiders bauld.
 Indelible, your record, man,
 A Silverite ye stand;
 'Tis the clean part of your history,
 Noo, ye're versus, Bland.

Cry ye may, “Out, damned spot, out!”
 The warl will hear an' wonder;

An' whan they size ye up, "Mack,"
 They'll say ye've made a blunder.
 The tiger canna change its stripes,
 Ye're a silver man the same;
 The one grit change the people see,
 Disgrace has scotched your name.

He wha goes back on Principle,
 In search of walth an' fame;
 Certain he is, McKinley,
 To black fair Honor's name.
 This playing loose an' fast, Mack,
 The "Confidence plot," grit gude!
 The Fates will speak frae judgment's throne,
 Hypocrisy — pass 'neath my rod.

We face a frightful crisis,
 Ye're a traitor to the people's cause;
 Ye ride on the golden juggernaut,
 That crushes with its python laws.
 Ignorance is deaf an' blind,
 But Wisdom is open-eyed;
 Ye're seen in Hypocrisy's golden robe,
 Ye've a face for ilka side.

The "Gold-bugs," pull the wires, Mack,
 Ye, Punch to Mark's Judy show.
 Silver men laugh to see ye dance,
 Yea, laugh for they well know,
 That underneath your golden robe,
 A silver man is hid;
 Temptation cuddles ye weel, "Mack,"
 Sae ye do as ye are bid.

The Janus of 1896,
 On a well balanced pivot ye swing;
 Like the weather-cock that hings at the door,
 Ye perched on the Plutocrats wing;

Behind a golden dagger, pose,
 'Twill shield ye in the fight;
 But justice will o'ertak' ye, man,
 Ye'll fin' that micht's na right.

Quay — Mark an' Platt consign to H—l,
 The golden parasites slay;
 Give Honor's men the chairs of State,
 For this the people pray.
 Honor's shield ye wear na, nae,
 Gold tipped frae heid to heel;
 The G. O. P. a gold plate trust,
 The trade-mark clinched with, *steal*.

Ye represent monopies,
 The mighty golden ring;
 Ye're the Judas of the century,
 Proof, your comrades bring.
 Spoken wards never die Mack,
 The "Bland Bill" ye maun face;
 Sold! sold! on the altar of gold,
 Trapped in the net of Disgrace.

The "Silver Knight" the "Silver Knight." —
 Truth's banners waving high;
 The "Silver Knight" the "Silver Knight,"
 Confronts the Plutocrat's lie.
 The golden cloak, it fits ye well,
 Aristocracy bows to thee;
 Gold makes the man, (a putty man,)
 (Na' God, 'twas "Mark," made ye.)

It's tweedledee an' tweedledum,
 Anything to get there;
 Ye'll play the clown for Hanna,
 To win the President's Chair.
 But — when ye perch upon that seat,
 Ye — the smallest man there yet;

A Squealin', squirmin' monkey,
Tethered in Hanna's net.

Gude be wi' ye McKinley,
O' the Deil, ye'll hae your share;
Ye'll mak' a touzling mess o't,
Columbia will want nae mair.
Gin bluid disna rin, Mack,
Afore your race is run;
Then I am na prophet, man,
With prophecy, I'm done.

March, 1895.

A MESSAGE.



AULD Graunie Lott is here to-day,
A kecklin' 'boot her hoose;
She's in a bad worry,
An' thinks she's played the goose.
The gallery of art, is whare?
Ye heed na her request;
The vera deil is in it,
The auld dame canna rest.

Na paintings hing upon the walls,
In her gallery of art;
An' na one thinks of Graunie Lott,
Sair is the auld dame's heart.
Of statuary, just one piece,
An' that is Night with Day;
An' hoo the Day cam' in it—
I've naething mair to say.

R. B.

FASHIONABLY DRESSED.



HERE I am! in Fashion's parlor,
 With Auld Dame Bumcombee;
 Watching Fashion's ladies, wha are,
 Decked for men to see.

I wonder! and I wonder!
 What their mothers are about!
 To dress their daughters in that way,
 And then — to send them out.

Now — as I sit here in my chair,
 That's snug up in the corner;
 I spy, a richly dressed young lass,
 Her name, is Mollie Horner.
 She wears a dress, (or part of one,)
 Some parts, are surely missing;
 'Twas made to tempt some mother's son,
 (Mollie I'm sure likes kissing.)

The dressmaker, (the careless dame,)
 Forgot the sleeves I'm sure;
 Or else she patterned after Eve,
 Naked she came, (yet pure.)
 Oh! Mollie's arms are bare — as bare,
 As the wee bit babe new born;
 Bare arms some think attractive,
 Fashion's models they adorn.

An' Mollie's neck's as white as snow,
 Ye gods! I must admire!

And Mollie's charms are fairer still,
 My pulse does bound with fire!
 Can I sit glum and moody here,
 And win na' luve's full share;
 With Mollie standing by so near,
 So beautiful an' fair?

Am I a man that courage lacks,
 A figure of despair?
 Shall I sit here a mild buckwheat,
 A holding down this chair?
 With Nature's loveliness in view,
 Decked with such cunning art;
 Ah — no! young man, your soul's ablaze,
 Look well, you play your part!

Yea, in thy presence lovely lass,
 My young blood warms towards you;
 You have bewitched my very soul,
 Your glance has pierced me through.
 I'm sure 'tis folly to despair,
 So much in sight of man;
 To win your love; O Mollie dear!
 I'll do the best I can.

MORAL.

O mothers! ye who daughters have,
 Dress them with modest care;
 Lest with a tempting carelessness,
 They some young man ensnare.
 For love that's pure is never born,
 A slave to Passion's god;
 Such lives are sealed, and feel Despair,
 Will beckon them aneath his rod.


Nae woman half dressed wad appear,
 Gin nane but woman were there;

The men admire na, nakedness,
 Sae dress ye with grit care.
 Like Passion's cancan queans appear,
 Christians, with bosoms bare;
 Ye tempting Jads, — furl weel your flags!
 A challenge to men! I'd swear!

TO D. B. MERRITT.

Member of the C. L. F. A. Board.

—o—

 GANDER lone, ye wander roun,
 A bag of bones — grim;
 Despondency your shadow, man,
 A match-like wraith, tall, slim,
 And ghaist-like, cadaverous, —
 A skeleton with hollow eye;
 Cauld, clammed, sluggish, stiff,
 Do you intend to die?

The odd sheep on the noted "Board,"
 (Lily Dale's teeter, — ye know;)
 Slide down amang the ither men,
 An' be ye nae sae slow.
 On the wrang end the "Board," ye sit,
 A *sample*, roostin' hie.
 A "Secretary," ye need, man,
 Ye'll beat Death on the sly.

TO BOSS PLATT.

—o—

ANWAR 1895, O Man!
 Ye canna sune forget;
 Auld Time did whatt his knife,
 Bluid he meant to let.
 Ye wore Polly Tick's hie croun,
 But rusty it was getting;
 Sae Mayor Strang thocht it weel,
 To gie it a new settin'.

"Micht is richt," has been the cry,
 Frae the Plattites to Tam's vile den;
 Corruption's rottenness stench'd the air,
 "Oot with it" raired honest men.
 Let Truth, Honor and Decency,
 Raise their voices hie;
 An' say by a' that's guid an' grit,
 This monstrosity maun die.

Deil-ma-carc, they faced the wiel,
 They thocht it clismaclaver;
 An' tho' they saw the windy cluds,
 They thocht Tam a guid driver.
 But, like Tam O' Shanter's auld mcere Meg,
 The tiger has lost its tail;
 An' frac that bizzie city,
 I hear a maurnful wail.

Down wi' the one-man power I say,
 Be it Platt, a king or czar;

Queen Vic, or Lil, or this or that,
 Justice's escutcheon they mar.
 Oppression's clankin' chain is heard,
 Their rotten thrones maun fall;
 An' the rich-red wine in their gowden caups,
 Will turn to bitter gall.

The hale warl's in commotion,
 Politics, religion, an' a';
 The banner o' Richt will gae oop,
 An' the red flag o' Micht maun fa'.
 Nero had his time ye ken,
 Constantine had the same;
 Time's Juggernaut is rolling on,
 Justice will bag the game.

The peoples are waukening in this grit day,
 They are leukin' to left an' richt;
 Their leaders are watching weel the way,
 They are nae far ahin' Truth's licht.
 Down with the ring-gang politicians,
 Gie us better laws,
 Micht's victims maun be delivered,
 Frae the vulture's claws.


ADDENDUM.

For the neist century's birth we wait,
 Fate is brewing the groanin' malt;
 The kebbuck waits upo' Time's shelf,
 Nane wi' sic cou'd fin' fault.
 The howdie wi' a tass o' brandy,
 Waits the eventful time;
 Time's auld sexton wi' rape in han',
 The deid bell sune will chime.

TO JUDGE FARNUM,

Wellsville, N. Y.

—o—


 N' sae ye are a farmer!
 Is there an Opp(tion) in the trade?
 There's nae muckle siller in the "biz,"
 Nae mascot, I'm afraid.
 Your farm is stocked with hogs, they say,
 Mark Hanna owns the "trust;"
 Whan he hears ye've joined his hog ring,
 He'll faint from sheer disgust.

Mark Hanna owns the "Hog trust,"
 In Washington, D. C.;
 He's got them in a "corner,"
 As ye will later see.
 He will not car them this year,
 He'll drive them with a gad,
 The yankee and the Irishman,
 Will fall in line "Be dad."

There' naething like Mark Hanna's trust,
 The thievish hogs have stole;
 The right to root across the sea,
 Filipino sings sangs o' dole.
 It's powerful, this trust of hogs,
 Ye better sell yours man;
 Get shot o' those Spanish grunters,
 'Twill be the wisest plan.

FAULKNER JUNCTION.

—o—



WAITIN' at the station,
 Naething here to drink;
 Neither broo or bannoc,
 Losh! puir fare I think.
 Gude of mercy help us!
 Hoongry as a bear,
 Sic treatment by the R. R. C.
 I'm sure it isna fair,

Faulkner Junction—three railroads here,
 A switch pen and a shed;
 Would tae Gude the managers,
 Were here to-day unfed.
 Sitting on a hard bench,
 Waitin' the express;
 They'd damn the weather, damn the place,
 An' think it a pretty mess.

In a private car the moguls ride,
 By niggers they are fed;
 Imported wines, fresh fish, oysters,
 Sleep in a silken bed.
 Tae keep me company to-day,
 Those moguls—I wish were here;
 They'd tak the fare o' puir folk,
 Ye bet your socks, they'd swear!

Ye bet ye'd hear those hie lairds rair,
 An tear 'roun' like mad men;

They'd order oop a big hotel,
 Wi' conveniences, I ken.
 An' object lesson they'd get today,
 Wi' naething here tae eat;
 Cou'd they be left here just one day,
 The joke wad be complete.

Dec. 8, 1898.

TO APOLLO.

—o—

I WINNA sell my beuk, ye say,
 This, I heard you tell;
 A grit mistak' ye gar't man,
 That beuk is gaun to sell.
 I'll turn the search-light on the camp,
 An' tell what spirits see;
 I thank ye for the spur ye gave,
 Ye're a mascot, frien', to me.

I travel with ye day an' nicht,
 Your towzling roun' I view;
 In mony ways, we're much alike,
 We're brithers, I an' you.
 Ye till the soil an' seed the grun',
 My style ye hav, 'tis true;
 The implement ye use, man,
 Always, is na the pleugh.

Trowth! I'll turn the search-light on,
 Locate the puss filled sore;
 I'll operate on Lily Dale,
 Remove the rotten core.
 She'll stand the operation well,
 My method may seem rough;

But damned be he who first cries, Hold!
This operation's tough.

April 20, 1900.

TO MAURENE.

—o—

MAY ye always drink frae Lo'es sweet caup,
A life o' happiness may ye hae;
Burdened nae wi' want an' wae;
Luve, I wad never hae ye sigh,
Expeckit rest Luve, by an' by.

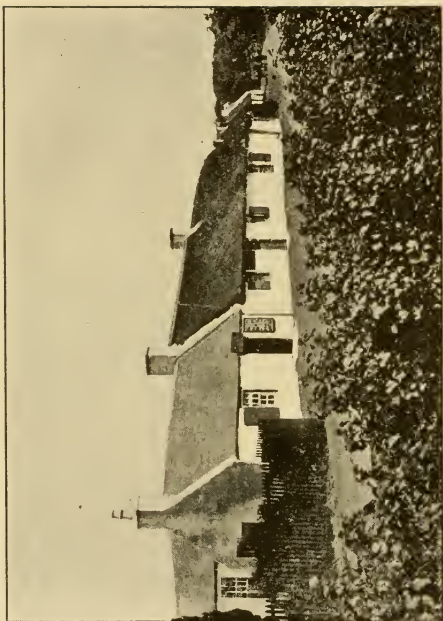
A' will be weel, ye hae nae cause to fret,
Burns reads the future for ye weel;
Evil is Argus-eyed, he winna sleep,
Right, an ee on him will keep.

July 16, 1894.

APRIL IN LILY DALE.

—o—

NAE langer we sing o' the beautiful snaw,
It's noo the caw of the auld black crow;
The robin's convention, an' laverock's cry,
The croaking frog in the lake close by.
Oh! the lake, the lake, the sun-kissed lake,
The wind-whipped waves on the shore break.
Fair Lily Dale is proud of her home,
Her biggins are humble, nae palace or dome;
But welcom' the guid folk, they'll sune return,
Mony a lesson the stranger will learn.
Oor doors are open, cum in an' dine,
Oor spiritual luve feast, isna bread an' wine.



BURNS' HOME.

BURNS' COTTAGE.

—o—

THOUGH Scotland boasts a thousand names,
Of patriot, king and peer;
The grandest, noblest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the noble peasant-prince,
The loving cotter king;
Compared with whom the greatest lord,
Is but a titled thing.

'Tis but a cot, roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.
And yet, I stand within this room,
And hold all thrones in scorn;
For here beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel,
Like one who clasps a shrine;
When the glad lips at last have touched,
The something seemed divine.
And here the world through all the years,
As long as day returns;
The tribute of its love and tears,
Shall pay to Robert Burns.

Aug. 19, 1878.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

TO COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.



YE agnostic! take time an reason,
 Otherwise to do, wad be treason.
 Richt weel ye ken, ye lo'e the truth,
 Ye hae muckle interest in the youth.
 Investigate afore ye dee,
 Then, ye will believe in me.

A' richt's your wark, yea, 'tis weel done;
 Ye dematerialized, Gude, Father, Son.
 The tales ye tauld in richt guid style,
 Trowth! man, ye rile the kirk-man's bile.
 Ye hit the bull's ee with your shell,
 Ye wrecked the holds o' Heaven an' Hell.

Ganging oot, the Orthodox fire,
 Ye mak' the credal gods transpire;
 With Miracles ye play the scout,
 Mony are catching the spirit o' Doubt;
 With Wisdom's ee-glass, they scan the field,
 The wraith, the kirk-men try to shield.
 A Spartan, Robert, the slogan ye gie!
 In the castle o' fame, your name will lee.

Nae man, nae man, your place can fill,
 Liberty's Savior, ye wark with a will;
 Gie them ward pictures, object lessons, ye ken,
 Are guid for the bairns, an' guid for auld men.
 Ye can mak' the deaf hear, an' mak' the blin'
 see,

Blessin's on your pow Robin', I'm warkin' wi'
ye.

Ye needna a stane to speik o' your name,
'Tis indelibly writ in the grit hoose o' Fame.

TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

On the Lecture at Lily Dale July 12, 1896.

—o—



RIT gude! Rab, I am confounded!
Muckle surprised, heh! astounded!
Your lecture, man, was auld an' rusty,
Sae vera auld I'm sure 'twas musty.
Twa an' twenty years ago,
Ye gied the same, as all folks know.

Puir Lily Dale was disappointed,
She thocht by Inspiration to be annointed;
But stale an' flat that lecture auld,
Lily Dale I'm sure was sold.
Eight hunder an' fifty-eight, they say,
For that auld lecture, ye got that day.

Excuse my thochts, excuse my words,
Mentally we maun cross swords;
To fule the guid folk like that, man,
It seems to me an unwise plan.
Eight hunder and fifty-eight, they say,
For that auld lecture ye gat that day.

Frae far an' near the guid folk came,
To see an' hear the man of fame.
Anticipation craved something fresh,
Poured out in volumes with a gush;

Like a rairin' cataract, astounding all,
It relished as a caup o' gall.

Oopside doun, your barrel ye turned,
Frae the Mess John this ye learned;
Laugh nae mair at them, my man,
While ye adopt the Mess John's plan.
Lily Dale is oop-to-date,
Ye ca'd on her, frien' Rob, too late.

Ye're sae far ahint the time,
That your talk's nae worth a dime;
Spiritism laughs at ye,
Puir blin' Rab, ye canna see!
With mouldy bread an' dry stale cheese,
The epicure ye canna please.

Frien', tak' my cue, an' cum agen,
Gae sit amang the listening men;
Watch well the wards o' Lockwood, Lake,
The spirit thoecht ye better take.
A ghaist o' past 'days, sure ye be,
Eild and beld, ye are I see.

Ye wha gie us Materialism —
Ye wha sniff at Spiritism —
Ye wha tell the lads na to pay,
The meinester—this ye say,
Grit gudel Rab, \$858,
For an auld lecture, oot o' date.


A thief, Rab, I'll na ca' you,
But, a "Gold Bug," that is true.
Truth is your idol, Gold your God!
Time will sune sae, pass 'neath my rod;
Open, a new warl will to ye,
The truth o' Spiritism, then ye'll see.

Scotched with Scotch, I have gien ye a blaw,
 Ye weel deserve it as ye knaw;
 Sold yourself to Greed an Gain —
 Posed ye then on Mammon's plane.
 I faught for the puir, in Scotland, my hame,
 I stood for richt, I won honor an' fame.

The war of the classes is waging again,
 Gold against labor, true it is frien';
 Frae wrang conditions the guid folk are
 crazed,
 They're watching the "Gold Bugs," sure they're
 amazed!
 Oh! ye'll sune hear the slogan, a Wallace will
 rise.
 Reincarnated in Bryan, he'll gie a surprise.

TO J. R. FRANCIS.



OME twa-three years ago frien',
 A message I wrote for ye;
 My wee bit Lady said: "Rab,
 Your name he winna see."
 I tried weel all the luvver's arts,
 (Ye ken I'm guid at that;)
 But ilka time I failed, frien',
 My weel laid plans' fell flat.

My first was scattered to the win's,
 The neist scorched in the fire;
 My bonnie Lady said to me,
 Gae back to your heavenly choir,
 Gae fin' your Mary, gae fin' your Jean,
 Ye are na luvver o' mine;

Your luvè is like the fickel win',
 I carena for that kin'.

But patience won the victory,
 I stuck like Spaulding's glue;
 I swore by day, I swore by night,
 To her I wad be true.
 That gin she'd write my messages,
 My Scottish rhymes wad save;
 Sae lang as she suld lee, yea!
 Rob Burns wad be her slave.

On the spur of the moment I write,
 Like unto the lang ago;
 Of this an' that an' the ither,
 Of things ye all weel know.
 True to my nature I hit the mark,
 I read with the eye of a seer;
 I say what I think to all mankin',
 An' naebody do I fear.

Gin ye are guid, kin', true to all,
 An' do the best ye can;
 Gin honor's law ye dinna brak',
 By sic as ye I'll stan'.
 An' tho' ye're puir as ony mouse,
 Your breeks with age are gray;
 I'll watch your flock and guard it weel,
 Prosperity I'll sen' your way.

We're keepin' a beuk o' record,
 I'm Auld Nick's secretary;
 He's president of the stock-yards,
 Hutch, Vanderbilt, Gould (an' me —)
 Weel! I am one of the chosen few,
 The firm has gien a job;
 I run the train from Earth to Hell,
 Ower the rout this morn went "Bob."

At the demarkation line he met,
 Servetus, Bruno and Paine;
 Luther, Voltaire, Monroe, Hugo,
 Washington, Lincoln, the brain,
 The soul, the nerve, the force,
 That gave birth to the era of man;
 The grit powers of revolution,
 "Bob" joined Evolution's van.

Oh! Robert's frien's were leal, aye!
 They met him with the biggest band;
 An' such a halleluah — Losh!
 Auld Nickie Ben sheuk his hand.
 Papes an' priests an' saunts were there,
 Gudel! there never was such a time!
 They voted me poet laureate,
 An' asked me to pat it in rhyme.

Weel! "Bob" is tákin' a rest noo,
 We gied him the saftest chair;
 It's all a fake his cumin' to earth,
 He's nae said a ward, I'd swear!
 'Twill be a lang time afore he talks,
 He'll hunt aroun' for his kin';
 A lassie with fire an' pluck an push,
 That's reads along Truth's line.

Nae! he didn't speak at the Zoo Park,
 'Twas a monkey pat up the job;
 An' didn't the fools play fools i' the farce?
 But they were na up to "Bob!"
 He was nae liar, an' he hates a sell,
 An' Fraud is Miracle's trick;
 Clairvoyance says: I see na "Bob"
 Your Robert, is Fraud's ain "Brick."

A COMPARISON.



APPHO, songstress of the Muses,
 Harmony's goddess fair;
 Born in the sixth century, B. C.,
 Left in the Muses' care.

Sappho, Socrates, Plato,
 Born of woman and man;
 Conceived thro' Nature's master law,
 Materialized thro' Nature's plan.

A trinity of soul power,
 Evoluted from the great unknown;
 Brilliant stars on the mental plane,
 The world their field and throne.

Christ, conceived by God, (they say,)
 The equal of those, was not;
 Inferior to many who lived and died,
 A strange fact, I wot.

Christ, (a man,) God and the Ghost,
 What a figure these three have cut!
 An ocean of blood has been shed,
 By the tyrants of faith, I wot.

TO SENOR DE LOME.



CCARE na for Spain, I care na for ye,
 Senor De Lome, nae! nae!
 There's grit injustice mang your folk,
 A tragedy ye play.
 Fair Cuba needs a rest, Senor,
 Frae murder an' frae strife;
 She's gaun to cut the tether,
 De Lome, ye bet your life.

The Spanish bluid is het, man,
 Spain's sons are bauld and bad;
 Ye act like beasts, Senor De Lome,
 Like hungry tykes gaen mad.
 Auld England's Queen sits on her throne,
 An' smiling views it all;
 The royal queen of queens, perched high,
 Hears na her sister's call.

Ha! France, auld France—Politeness' wean!
 Weel fed with buttered bread;
 She reads about the wounded men,
 The starving, dying, dead!
 'Bout Dreyfus, the Jew, she's thinking,
 Esterhazy, Zola, Pellieux, that row;
 The warl seems in a tousie muss,
 Oopside down I wow!

The reichstag and diet, Count Posadowsky's
 menu,

An indigestible feast;
 The proudest nation in the world,
 But, corrupt to say the least.
 Prince Bismark's foreign policy,
 The young sprigs are aping;
 Baron Von Buelow's regimen,
 Bismark's views he's shaping.

Herr Richter, Herr Bebel, Vorwaerts,
 Watching the puir man's bread;
 The Emperor—a blae-bluid barnacle,
 Mair needna be said.
 The Powers resting on their arms,
 Some one maun catch the cue;
 'Tis time a halt was called, De Lome,
 We speak to Spain thro' you.

Auld Uncle Sam, has fooled wi' ye,
 Monkeyed roun' too lang;
 Ye've cut an' slashed, your pirate wark,
 Ye ken is very wrang.
 Ye've gat your passport noo, De Lome,
 Ye're ganging hame to stay;
 I've a ward to gie ye, frien' De Lome,
 There something I maun say.

Ye spak' unkindly o' McKinley---
 Mark Hanna's tool, alas!
 Sae wi' your passports — tykes an' bairns,
 Oot o' this kintra ye pass.
 Ha! ha! mony a man is laughing,
 We laugh, an' smile an' laugh;
 The insult is a comic farce,
 It nicht weel pass for chaff.

Gin ever man telt the truth,
 'Twas you, De Lome, 'twas you;

Cheer oop, greet na, greet na, Senor,
 The play is na yet through.
 Treachery met Honor face to face,
 Played thief with diel-ma-care;
 O Treachery! hide your face, for shame!
 Honor bids you beware.

Your "Jingoism" an' that an' that,
 Was vera weel pat in;
 Considering the opinions of the Americans,
 You spread it vera thin,
 Whan the "Powers" view Mark Hanna's man,
 And think what might be said;
 To raise this bleezin' blaw, De Lome,
 It really seems ill bred.

"*Those friendly relations,*" weel! weel!
 Pluto on his throne wad smile;
 Donsie is bauld Hypocrisy,
 It beats auld Nick's ain style.
 Honesty is the best policy, yea! yea!
 In war or peace, deal square;
 The stealin o' a wee bit letter,
 Sure it wasna fair.

On his dignity is the "Little man,"
 Weel poised I'm sure he thinks;
 The auld beld eagle, laughs an' laughs,
 Flaps his wings, nods and blinks.
 Liberty's goddess finds nae rest,
 She's playing now the scout;
 She is watching, she is watching,
 For a Spanish squall, nae doubt.

The kintra's honor, (William an' Hanna,
 "The Administration, we maun sustain."
 For this, an' that an' the ither,
 Ye maun gae, ye'll nae remain,

Your scaud was naething, naething,
 Sae maurn na, greet na, De Lome;
 Renown ye'll win frae this — man,
 With Dame Future, change will come.

Just think o' all those "ciphers,"
 Those cablegrams, frae ower the sea!
 Frae Woodford ower in Madrid,
 An' those frae Fits Hugh Lee.
 Wha kens what they are doing,
 What those mystic ciphers mean?
 Those nicht out-do your "jingoism,"
 Cut a muckle figure, I ween.

They nicht get their passports, Senor,
 Gin there was any way,
 To figure out the meanin'
 An publish what they say.
 "Olympus and Ossa upon Pelion piled,
 Ye shall have no gods but me!
 Feasting upon ambrosia and nectar,
 This, all men can see.

The insult is to Jupiter (The Ohio god,)
 The monumental god has frowned;
 That's the reason, the true reason,
 That you, De Lome, are downed.
 Jupiter, chief of all the gods,
 Ye maun bow to the tyrant's will;
 Cæsar like, he waved his wand,
 Down, Dons! peace, be still!

Austin, Minn., Feb. 17, 1898.

A SCRAP FROM A LETTER.



NEEL nae to Earth's flesh-pats, nae!
 The physical reigns supreme;
 Buckle tight your armor, yea!
 Min' na Deception' dream.
 Whan the physical has tint its power,
 Stagnation then will reign;
 That is the time — that is the time,
 The saul is filled with pain.

Mental attraction brightens with age,
 It glows with a living fire;
 Ay—the inspiration comes, man,
 From a higher power.
 The garden of Thought is ever in bloom,
 Lovely is the garden of Age;
 An' ilka day a new poem,
 Is written on Life's page.

QUOTATION.



URNS o'er the plough,
 Sung sweet his wood notes wild;
 And richest Shakspeare,
 Was a poor man's child.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A MOUSE.



SOMETHING to eat, something to eat,
 I heard a wee mouse say;
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 The lady is away.
 She's gaen oot for the evenin',
 To catch a waff o' win';
 Caller hincey, just frae the byke,
 Stealin' is nae sin.

Something to eat, something to eat,
 Gray-back kens na I'm here;
 Something to eat, something to eat—
 He ca's me his wee braw dear.
 But gray-back aft forgets his weans,
 He gaes touslin' roun' somewhere';
 An' leaves me with my bairnies three,
 He disna for them care.

Something to eat, something to eat,
 I winna loot them starve:
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 I wiss that I could carve
 A wee bit slice frae this fat cheese,
 To carry to little squeak;
 Losh! here's a bottle o' bluid-red wine,
 But a' my packets leak.

Something to eat, something to eat,
 Oh! here's the Sunday cake!

My puir wee braw bairnies three,
 A slice to each I'll take.
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 Here's a wee bit jell;
 "In Gude an' the kirk, I pat my trust,"
 Gin I steal, wha will tell?

Something to eat, something to eat,
 Here's the cracker bag;
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 My gray-back is a wag.
 I wonner gif the Lady's laird,
 Staps oot till dawn o' day;
 I wonner gif she greets a' nicht,
 An' whatna does she say.

Something to eat, something to eat,
 What's the difference 'twixt men an' mice?
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 Ye ken, baith hae their price.
 Lairds an' gray-backs steal awa',
 Are afttimes fand untrue;
 Lady Grace, and' Lady Mouse,
 Sick at heart an' blue.

Something to eat, something to eat,
 The rich maun feed the puir;
 Something to eat, something to eat,
 I heard the snick o' the door!
 To my wee legs I maun tak',
 An' leuk weel for the cat;
 Whan mae Lady sees the cake an' cheese,
 She'll swear it was a rat.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

—o—



CHARACTERISTIC of the Scotch—

The story that I tell;
 'Twas many years ago,
 In the lan' where Scotchmen dwell.
 The Danes cam' prowlin' roun' oor way,
 Cautiously at nicht;
 The Scots sleip weel, with conscience clear,
 A Scotchman is a' richt.

Barefooted were the 'savage Danes,
 To the Scotch camp close were they;
 Stealthily they crept along,
 Naethin' aroun' to fley.
 Whan flat upo' a Scotch thistle,
 'Ane pat his braid bare foot,
 I canna gie the Danish ward,
 But in German 'tis, mein gott!

His skreighs waukened ilka Scott,
 They fell upo' the fae;
 An' thase who werna fand deid,
 Teuk their hameward way.
 An' the tell-tale Scotch thistle,
 Quick cam' into renown;
 'Tis noo the flower o' Scotland,
 In city, hamlet, town.



JENNIE B. HAGAN JACKSON.

TO JENNIE HAGAN JACKSON.



BESIDE my chimney neuk of ease,
 I sit this wintry day;
 An' croon a Scottish lullaby,
 To while the time away.
 The dear auld lake is white wi' snaw,
 A meadow it nicht seem;
 Sae, weel I ken what flows aneath,
 'Tis real, 'tis na a dream.

I ruminat wi' sober thocht,
 On mony things I ponder;
 Of the glad new day, the yet-to-be,
 An' I wonner, Jean I wonner!
 What will the hairst be? Oh Jean!
 'Tis mair than the gods can say;
 A slumbering Vesuvius is 'neath it all,
 'Twill burn red-het some day.

Like the fires of hell 'twill bleeze, Jean,
 An' money will scorch in the flames;
 The flesh, the banes, they winna burn,
 But the smeeek will blacken names.
 Sin is a breeder of families,
 A breeder of curses het;
 The hairst o' sin, is a hairst o' weeds,
 Chaff is the bread they get.

Ye'll view it all, some sad day, Jean,
 Ye'll mourn for the sins o'men;

Ye'll extend the han' o' pity,
 Ye'll shaw yoursel' a frien'.
 Ye'll hear the fateful slogan, Jean,
 As the thunders of Truth roll by;
 An' the lightning flash of Justice—
 Ye'll hear a maurnful cry.

"O Gude let the mountains fall on me,
 Let the cauld earth hide my face;
 Into the wiel o' Greed I plunged,
 I wallow in filth's disgrace.
 Hypocrisy has crowned me king,
 An' mony a hizzie is quean;"
 The Deil will hae his ain i' the end,
 He never fails, I ween.

The gudes are makin' a big stout broom,
 The deck they're gaun tae sweep;
 An' the cleanin' oop in that grit day—
 Losh! mony wi' joy will weep.
 It's ainly a question of time, Jean,
 The black sheep we'll corral wi' care;
 An' the clean, white sheep, weel housed an' fed,
 Our broo wi' them we'll share.

Ye fear na hell or the hangman's whip,
 Ye can keep yoursel' in order;
 Whan ye feel your honor grip,
 Ye ken that is your border.
 Your guides are Prudence, Honor, Truth.
 They are father, mither, adviser;
 Oh! listen tae them bonnie Jean,
 An' ilk day, ye'll graw wiser.

'Twas fair July, whan ye I met,
 We chatted lang thegither;
 The siller moon was on the lake,
 An' beautiful the weather.

It was a nicht for luvvers, Jean,
 I played the luvver tae ye;
 'Twas auld business wi' me, Jean,
 Ye ken, we did agree.

Lang past the midnight hour, Jean,
 Time, we heeded not;
 The street lamps blinked themselves tae sleep,
 Tired o' watching, I wot.
 The big eyed howlet in the trees,
 Cried oot the hour is one;
 An' the fish in the lake leaped oop tae see,
 The cause of the chatter an' fun.

Ye tald me, Jean, o' the dear auld hame,
 My Scotch hame o'er the sea;
 An' ye bro't me a wee bit plant, Jean,
 'Twas vera kin' o' ye.
 A wee bit plant frae my garden, Jean,
 'Twas a compliment to me;
 I promised ye then an' there, Jean,
 A rhyme to ye I'd gie.

O bonnie Jean! dear lassie Jean!
 Changes will come to ye;
 Neath the winter's cauld glintin' sinn,
 There's a darklin' clud for thee.
 The win's o' Fate will blaw a gale,
 Ye'll reef your sails, my Jean;
 A strang han' hauds the helm, Jean,
 The harbor ye'll reach, I ween.

The licht-hoose isna far awa',
 The lamps are trimmed an' burnin',
 The captain ken's the rocky shore,
 Roun' the reefs ye'll sune be turnin'.
 He'll bear you thro' the maddened waves,
 With garments clean an' dry;

Ye'll furl your sails, my bonnie Jean,
Your colors ye'll loot fly.

Bide a wee, bide a wee,
Time will tell it a';
Ye'll plank a new bridge, Jean,
A bridge that isna sma'.
A modern bridge, a spiritual bridge,
That spans a chasm deep;
Ye're gaun to scale Truth's mountain,
It's hie an' vera steep.

Mair I winna tell ye noo,
I'm sure 'twad na be richt;
But a flamin' torch ye'll bear, Jean,
Sweet-heart, fear na the nicht.
Some day I'll ca' your way, Jean,
An' gie ye a helpin' han',
The picture will be cumin', Jean,
The gift o' the artist man.

Gang your gait, mae bonnie Jean,
Ye'll tak' a han' i' the fray;
Ye're paving the raid for the cumin' weans,
Oot in the future day.
It's drap the curtain today, Jean,
A new act comes on the morrow;
Auld actors gae an the wee bairns cum,
Life's play is joy an sorrow.

Oh! this is a beautiful day, Jean,
Wha daurna speik the truth?
There's na strap roun' your neck, Jean,
Ye bear in your arms sweet youth.
Ye a goddess, my ain dear lass,
The poets bow at your shrine;
The Muses nine, gie ye harmony,
To the saul, 'tis bread an' wine.

TO THANKFUL GASTON.

—o—

PPROMISED ye, dear Ladye,
 A ward I'd gie to ye;
 I see ye are expecting,
 A few lines frae me.
 Ye have been faithful, lady,
 Tae all the warl, 'tis true;
 But the warl has gaen agley,
 Sae aften, frien', with you.

Weeds an' thistles, ye have plucked,
 Lang your way they grew;
 Ye have tired o' the task,
 Aften ye've been blue.
 Despondency has crushed your soul,
 But Patience the smart did heal;
 A soothin' balm she gave tae ye,
 An' said: All will be weel.

Thankful by name and nature,
 Ye ken, I am nae guessin';
 Thankful ye hae been, Thankful,
 Thankful for ilka blessin'.
 Trouble has gien ye mony a blight,
 Oh! ye were brave and true!
 A gowden hairst, yet sall cum,
 Treasures we'll gie to you.

A refiner, — Sorrow, aye!
 In her fire tried, ye are;

Ye, climbing the heights to Soul-Land,
 Guided by Truth's bright star.
 Girded roun' by Patience's arm,
 Ye are a shinin' licht;
 Ye keenly sense the wrang, Ladye,
 An' seek the raid that's richt.

Freedom mates na with Oppression,
 Oppression is a canker-worm;
 But Richt will down Oppression,
 The win's will bring the storm;
 The cluds are gathering darkly,
 The lightning's flash I see;
 The thunders rair in the distance,
 Muckle it means to ye.

Time's treacherous tide has brought ye,
 Burdens heavy to bear;
 An' ye hae aften thocht, Ladye,
 Fate tae ye wasna fair.
 To lofty heights your soul soars,
 In spiritual realms ye lee;
 Devlopment came with suffering,
 Ladye, ye bear the gree.

Whan the white-caps rolled, an' rough life's sea,
 An' the ship creaked in ilka seam;
 Then the angel said: "Peace, be still!"
 They came in mony a dream.
 Hope bade ye, to the mast, haud fast,
 Oh! ye faced the pelting hail;
 But often the gude o' the win's heard,
 Frae your saul a mairnful wail.

In Fortune's cup I'll leuk, Ladye,
 An' see what's there for thee;
 An' gin I fin', Anne Boleyn,
 I'll quickly tell it ye.

An' I will whatt auld Death's red knife,
 An' bluid I'll surely let;
 As inquisitor, I'll plan the job,
 'Twill be weel done, ye bet.

Ye sit by the ingle-low an' muse,
 Of the guid time lang ago;
 Ye sit by the ingle-low an' dream,
 Day-dreams that nane can know.
 On your hearth a bog of peat may burn,
 Bogs, bleeze, an' smudge, an' reek;
 Your een are sair, an' blind, an' all,
 With the nasty black smeek.

'Tis a lang raid that has nae end,
 An' ye hae traveled far;
 Weary, discouraged, worn,
 Alake! dim is your night star.
 But Heaven's morning star will rise,
 It gleams with Hope's bright light;
 I'll lead thee, Ladye, lead thee,
 Out of Despair's grim night.

Haud to Patience, Ladye mine,
 Time will answer your prayer;
 There's rest an' happiness for all,
 Gather in your share.
 I'll gie ye sunshine, Ladye,
 I'll gie ye Love's sweet rest;
 Contentment yet will come to you,
 Believe all's for the best,

Bide a wee, bide a wee,
 Hope's rainbow I will bring;
 Sadness I will tak' awa',
 O Thankful! ye will sing.
 Change is nature's law ye ken,
 I'll ring the changes for thee;

There's a rift in the mirky clud,
 There's a siller lining for ye.

TO MALABECCO.



YOU are an inspiration, man,
 You've helped along my poet's plan;
 The things my Lady would not write,
 She now is willing to indite.
 Discouragement you gave to her,
 I listened, but did not demur;
 Fair April's comments you inspire,
 There's mony from them will transpire;
 My lyddite shell, draps in that nest,
 To smeeke ye oot, I thocht it best.
 Please tax, (with all the rest ye've gat)
 A monkey with the auld Tom Cat.
 The privileges are on one side,
 In telling this I tak' much pride.
 Rob Burns is in it as you see,
 My compliments I sen' to ye.
 April 20, 1900.

A QUATRAIN.



NATURE'S demands, checkmated by man's law;
 Nature introverted, perverted, ay!
 Stagnation, with miasmic brain an' maw,
 Says: Disease's victim gies man's law the lie.

KIPLING'S MUSE.



What has become of Kipling's fighting Muse? Has the fickle jade deserted him in his hour of need, after the manner of femininity in general?—*Dr. Crandall.*

NO! no! she's not a fickle jade,
 She'll not desert her lover;
 She's skirmishing 'round a wee bit,
 Planning a cunning maneuver.
 She's with the convocation of Muses
 That meet in Washington, D. C.
 She's a guest of Liberty's goddess,
 In this land of the free.

There's a big convention in Washington,
 The Muses met on the sly;
 Republican saints they're watching,
 Who'll fight Roberts by and by.
 Kipling's Muse is noting the morals
 Of Republican Congressmen;
 Time's record book is open,
 And she'll use her Poet's pen.

Those special lady friends,
 Oh! a special lady friend!
 And the female private secretaries,
 Of these there is no end.
 It's all the rage, the blazing rage,
 A female sec-re-ta-ree.
 In your office and you business-house,
 That is what we see.

You'll find them down in Washington,
 Stylish, pert and pretty;
 Fascinating — a witch like Circe!
 Blushing, shy and witty.
 Boarding at first-class hotels,
 Congressmen's lady friends;
 They own "the hale blooming business,"
 It with law and order blends.

Those Congressmen, oh! those Congressmen!
 With their petitions long;
 And their sanctimonious faces!
 Oh! they never did a wrong!
 Adultery! Cohabitation!
 Oh! those fellows are mildly meek!
 They drink to Virtue in reaming swats
 Then — that lady friend they seek.

In those petitions; Pollution's stench,
 Would make Virtue hold her nose;
 In those petitions, Hypocrisy,
 A model seems to pose.
 The greatest farce of all, as yet,
 The world will laugh I'm sure;
 At the cheek, and gall and brass,
 Of those Congressmen so pure.

Let them call in their children,
 And give them a father's name;
 Waifs on the streets, and foundlings,
 Belong to those men of fame.
 God of Mercy! soften their hearts.
 Tear off shame's dirty mask!
 Then renovate — regenerate,
 Law will evade this task.

I favor not polygamy,
 But 'tis God's holy law;

The Bible teaches polygamy,
 Here — freedom's line I draw.
 I do believe in Liberty,
 A law ridden nation — we;
 Freedom gagged — Liberty crushed!
 That, the gods can see.

Law is the holy inquisitor,
 Tyrants sit on the throne;
 Slaves mind the whip-man's lash,
 Law owns a heart of stone.
 Law's aristocrats and plutocrats
 Are monopolists of high rank.
 They are the honored, titled gods;
 Law at those lairds does blink.

Jan . 5, 1900.

ACROSTIC.



DEAR Sir: Your Open Court is filled with treasures
 rare,
 Reason sits upon her throne, her edicts are fair;
 Pons Asinorum, where priests take toll, blocks
 your way,
 A constellation has turned the Christian night to
 day.
 Uriel thou art, in this constellation bright,
 Light and truth — you do not teach that might is
 right.

Court of Truth, where all may see and hear,
 And bring to light myths and fables without fear.
 Reason vs Rome, in your court will have fair play,
 Una and her knight, will, the dragon
 Superstition slay.

TO SENATOR RAWLINS.



Senator Rawlin's Defence of Brigham H. Roberts: "Not the only polygamist holding office today; President McKinley has appointed Mormons."

RICHT ye are, man, ye've struck the gong,
 Ye've hit the bull's-eye, sure;
 Investigation will clean the well,
 The festering sair will cure.

Utah, the braw lass, Utah,
 Justice for ye hauds court;
 Bring in Robert's accusers,
 We'll have a wee bit sport.

New York, take the witness stand,
 How mony Congressmen hae you?
 An' how mony wives has ilka man?
 (I mean lassies, leal an true.)

The marriage ceremony is nocht,
 Helen Gould may find this out;
 Ye canna fight the ways o' men,
 Checkmated is Law, na doubt.

Wife No. I, an early luvie,
 May be for gold he wed;
 He's housed an' claithed like a poodle dog,
 He gets his broo an' bcd.

A second edition, wife No. II,
 Luve is spontaneous ye ken;
 Micht as well dam a cataract,
 As stop the luve o' men.

Wife No. III is fresh an' gay,
 Confounding ties, ye see;
 Vibrations change with the surging tide,
 Scientist an' I agree.

It's all on account of environment,
 Or the treacherous, fickle stars;
 There's always a tulzie fyke — a muss,
 When Jupiter meets auld Mars.

Wife No. I is chilled with age,
 Rust and mould set in;
 Wife No. II, a back number,
 Wife No. III blinks at sin.

"The hale bloomin' business," is a man made
 law,
 Right here in the land of the free;
 What's the matter with Roberts,
 Gin he has sax wives or three.

Ye'll fin' the Senate an' House crammed full
 Of men, with wives mair'n one;
 The spirits, an bogles, an fairies laugh,
 Auld Nick enjoys the fun.

Roberts says: "These are my wives,
 'Tis true, I own the corn;
 I think I'm right, I luve them all,
 Freedom, a slave's na born."

Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota,
 Lads, what hae ye to say?

“Your Honorable Majesty, we follow the
fashion,
Private secretaries we pay.”

Women Secretaries are all the fad,
Dame Law a back seat takes;
Honor pats Roberts on the back,
An' frowns upon Law's rakes,

Roberts claise an' feeds his bairns,
Gies a faither's protection an' name;
While mony a Congressman's bastard,
Is mothered by Grief and Shame.

Seduction, the Congressman's wily art,
Abortion, mony a wean slays;
Doctors (murderers) — fiends do this work,
The Congressmen the lang bill pays.

Then, ye daur talk of adultery,
Ye felon's frae crime's black pit!
Ca' in your illegitimate weans,
At your table let them sit!


Be honest and manly, and say they are mine,
And treat them as a faither should;
Ye cowards! traitors! conspirators!
Your hypocrisy is weel understood!

I am nae polygamist — nae!
But pat maun call kettle black;
The Congressmen posing as Innocence,
These Congressmen common sense lack.

Dec. 10, 1899.

TO JENNIE HAGAN JACKSON.




 HAT name is vera dear to me,
 Jean, my lassie Jean;
 The story isna new to ye,
 Ye ken her weel, I ween.
 As the magnet to the steel, ay,
 Sae Jean was leal to me;
 Frae first to last, her lo'e was mine,
 The kin' o' lo'e that's free.

Oor Jean, we ca' ye, bonnie Jean,
 Oor sonsie queen, ye are;
 I am your ain leal frien' Jean,
 The play ye yet will star.
 In a snaw-drift cauld, banked ye were,
 An' froze for mony a year;
 I've stude by ye mony a nicht,
 An' wiped the scaldin' tear.

Oh! the after-glow of the winter sun,
 Brought inspiration's fire;
 An' the morning sun of Springs warm day,
 An' the sangs o' the spring-bird's choir,
 Have made ye a new woman Jean,
 Ye arisen as frae the deid;
 In the past lies the mystic vale,
 Ye hae passed frae the lan o' dread.

Clase boun' in a shell, ye cudna graw,
 Harmony's lyre was mute;

A life without Affection's luvè,
 Isna aboon the brute.
 Existence is a drumlie burn —
 A canal, a barge, a mule,
 That drags along towards the open sea,
 'Tis a part o' Experience schule.

Changes grit, auld Time has bro't,
 Ye're in the open sea;
 There's a beautiful ship waiting, Jean,
 This vision cums to me.
 The sails are set, the mast is strang,
 The ballast is weel placed;
 It's launched in the sea of Harmony,
 Toward the lan' o' Peace ye're faced.

Attraction's caught ye, bonnie Jean,
 He warms the heart's cauld bluid;
 Life's wimplin' burnie leaps with joy,
 Ye're na langer in the flude.
 Oot o' the darkness into the licht —
 Ye've been tested weel, my Jean;
 Ye wear the Martyr's signet ring,
 By the Mystics gien, I ween.
 April 10, 1900.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.




SOME, lucky, find a flowery spot,
 For which they never toiled or swat;
 They drink the sweat and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
 And haply eye the barren hut,
 With high disdain.



EDGAR EMERSON.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.



“ QUEEN! what for ye moan? Are ye in pain?
 O Queen! what for ye greet like simmer rain?
 Weel buskit oop sae braw, ye've gowd an gear;
 Wha's gien ye fashious news that mak's ye fear?”

The Queen lay on a downy, silken bed,
 She murmered oft, and to herself she said:
 “I am Victoria! England's queen,
 The grandest lady in the land, I ween!
 And yet — I've had the strangest, strangest dream!
 I saw the waters of a wild, mad stream—
 A storm-cloud gathered darkly o'er my head;
 A thousand devils hovered o'er my bed!
 A phantom ship was waiting on the sea,
 And Death, grim Death! was waiting there for me!”

“What is't to be a queen? oh! who dare tell?
 Uncertain are the lives of queens, ah! well!
 By fate or chance, my head I still possess,
 More lucky than my predecessors, I confess.
 Of late, commotion haunts me night and day;
 O God! for peace, beseechingly I pray!
 Some think I'm in the mouldy, dank auld age,
 Are wishing now, to read my life's last page.
 The generosity of Parliament they see,
 Two millions each year are given to me.
 Thirty-seven thousand acres of land,
 My servants say that I command,

'Tis true, my servants give me little praise,
My rents (they say,) are all I raise."

"Entailed are lands, castles, titles — tis true;
This fact to lords, kings, queens, is nothing new.
An unjust law, (some think,) well! it may be,
But — Justice possibly might uncrown me.
There's much to think of in this war of might;
The agitation seems to be, what's right?
But, right or wrong, my crown I still must wear,
Yea, of my titled rights, I'll take good care.
There's one unguarded fact, the world well knows,
The House of Lords has led me by the nose.
Well haltered I have been for many a year,
Oh! it has cost me many a bitter tear!
The house of Lords and Queen, must be as one,
Or else the Kingdom will be quick undone."

"The howling mobs are rapping at my gate;
My morning message is, 'friends, you must wait'.
The curses of the poor are hurled at me,
Their cry goes up 'O God! that we were free!'
And Scotland echoes it along the line,
Great God! I'll drown my burning thoughts in
wine!

My brain is wild, the world is mad! alas!
I wonder if these clouds will ever pass?
'Tis true, my troubles gather thick and fast,
Glad will I be, when this mad carnival is past.
With all my mighty armies in the land,
My royal navy that's strong and grand;
The foreign nations fear me, far an' near,
And yet, there's strange runblings in my ear
Of danger to England's throne, to me, to mine."

Thus, came a vision to England's queen,
A vision brought by the gods, I ween;

And though, supreme does seem to be her reign,
 Her queenly power is on the wane.
 The old queen is waking, in this great day,
 She finds 'tis true, she has little to say;
 She has slept and slept the Rip-Van-Winkle sleep,
 Till the canker worm oppression has eaten into
 politics deep,
 And the rotten foundation of that auld English
 throne,
 Will sink into oblivion with nothing but a moan.

A cry from Victoria!
 "O God! save my son!
 O God! save the Crown Prince!
 Or he will be undone.
 This royal old family —
 Oh! must we be dethroned?
 Oh! where's the God of Israel?"
 And thus and thus she moaned.

And so, she roused herself one day,
 And to the people she did say:
 "A jubilee! — a jubilee!
 A royal jubilee in honor of the queen!"

Ghaist—

Gin ye canna be heard, sure ye can be seen,
 A costly figure-head, sure ye be,
 Wi' your mony bairns pensioned with a princely
 fee.

Queen—

England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
 Shall raise their banner and spread their sails;
 I'll show the peoples of this land,
 That Queen Victoria, so proud and grand,
 Still sits upon the throne of state —
 I hardly think it's yet too late,

To draw the slackened reins, once more;
 I'll rule these lands as ne'er before!
 I'll show the Gladstones and Parnellites,
 I'll fly them higher than a kite!
 My epitaph they'll not write yet.
 The dogs of war on them I'll set;
 My slaves shall sing 'Long Live the Queen'!
 (I'll stop the wearing of the green.)

And so this doughty queen did prate,
 As she donned her royal robes of state.

Queen—

A jubilee! a jubilee! a royal jubilee!
 Bring out the royal coach,
 And decorate with lovely cloth of gold.
 To Lords, a warning sermon I will preach;
 True — plebians homes may yet be sold,
 But I'll be queen — queen of this jubilee!

Oh! let this jubilee be grand,
 Its praise shall ring from land to land!
 Spare no expense — taxes raise,
 The poor man, he will sing my praise.
 Make the procession miles — miles long,
 Rank kings, queens, dukes as they belong;
 Aristocracy's gilded, blue-blooded men,
 Will represent England and Scotland ye ken.

My royal blood is burning hot!
 The thought gives life and youth I wot;
 My wrinkled face I'll powder well,
 And Age her secrets will not tell.
 The world will think I'm young agen,
 I will command respect of men.

Old England's laureate will write my praise,
 A sweet dear song as in auld days,

Lay a corner stone to my Temple of Fame,
Victoria! Victoria! imperishable her name!

A panegyric the Lords shall give,
I'll let the House know that I live!
This jubilee will be no sham,
The world shall know its queen I am.

This is no dream, no idle dream!
As strange, as strange as it may seem;
My king, who lies in yonder bed,
Greeting will send, "My queen's not dead!"

Servant, ring! The Lord Chamberlain I would see,
Send his lordship quick to me.

Lord Chamberlain—

I am your humble servant, Queen,
(Lord Chamberlain, tho' I be,)
'Tis with muckle pleasure Leddy,
I wait upon your Royal Majesty.

Queen—

Sir — I've a great surprise for thee,
I'm going to have a jubilee.
(I wish Merlin, the seer, was here,
He'd plot and plan, make all things clear.)

Lord Chamberlain—

Wi' saddles an' bridles an' trappings fine,
Your blac-bluided horses sall march in line;
Led, my Queen, by your favorite flunkies,
An' ahint them will follow the grit mass o' don-
keys,
Dressed in scarlet, an' siller an' gold,
Just as they were in times of old.
We'll hae the best music, frae ilka land,
Frae the auld maisters, Oh! it will be grand!

The Heavenly choirs will join in the chorus,
 'Twill be, O Queen! sublimely glorious.
 Recorded, this jubilee, in the grit Beuk o' Time,
 Immortalized by poet, an' poetess in rhyme;
 I'll invite a' the lairds that ain lan's an castles,
 Ye are their Queen, they are your vassals.
 We'll treat them like kings, in a royal way,
 For in government affairs they hae meikle to say.

Ghaist—

Your croun is held, Leddy, by a gauzy thread,
 An' they hae the power to uncroun your head."

Lord Chamberlain—

A greetin' I'll sen tae all the grit powers;
 They'll sen' ye fine banners and beautiful flowers.
 An' dear Uncle Sam, frae far cross the sea,
 Will sen' his best wishes tae ye an tae me.
 An' the Czar oop in Russia, I mauna forget;
 An' the Turks an' the Jews, I'll na' leave in the
 wet.

I'll say tae the Pape (wha daurna peep oot o
 Rome),
 Ring the grit bells in St. Peter's dome;
 For his servant ye hae been, for fifty lang years;
 His subjects are in bondage, in poverty an' tears.

Ghaist—

Might and Greed, reign, sovereign powers,
 At the feet of thase twa vampires, Justice covers;
 The richt arm o' the law, the Pape does need,
 Law is a crushin' mill of Might and Greed.
 An inquisition, Torquemada behint the scene;
 In the garb o' the Pope, Cardinal, King or Queen.

Laird Chamberlain—

'Tis true, my queen, 'tis true,
The Pape has meikle need o' you.
Muckle power the Pape gies ye,
The Pape an' Queen maun sure agree.

Ghaist—

Kings, queens, emperors, czar, psha, Pape;
Electrocution, guilotine, bullet, rape,
Leuk ye north, south, east, west,
Decide gin ye can, are we cursed or blest.

Queen—

It's right you are, tis true, dear sir,
From your opinion I'll not demur;
The Pope and Queen, sure, must agree,
Perfect confidence I have in thee.
I need the Pope, the Pope needs me,
We two will rule on land and sea.

Ghaist—

On your throne Queen, Policy does sit,
Conscientious scruples' she hasna a whit;
Oh Queen! whan your subjects do rebel,
The Pape's curse fa's with fearful knell.
He'll mak' them ken there's something worse
Than England's rule, or the eviction hearse,
In this your jubilee year.
O Queen! a nonentity! ye star the play!
But, Queen, excuse me gin I say,
Spend na your time in haly prayer,
But gie a wee bit thoct tae what ye'll wear.
A wee bit mutch, an' a bonnet blue,
That auld Scotland may ken that ye are true;
An' burnish weel prood England's croun,
An wear ye, Leddy, a silken gown;
Covered wi' thistles an' roses fair,

That Scotland may ken, for her ye care.
 Your Royal Majesty does vera weel ken,
 Scotland has mony grand, guid men;
 The bluid o' Wallace, Bruce an Burns does lee,
 (A republic yet that kintry will be.)

Lord Chamberlain—

A feast in the castle (one act in the play,)
 Afore the close of that grit day;
 An' Leddy, aweel, I wot it nicht be,
 Tae invite the Mayor o' Boston tae tea.
 I winna forget to gie India a call,
 It wadna be strange, gin she sen' ye a shawl.
 Ye have weans a plenty, that belang tae your tree,
 An' a tocher, the graunie, is expeckit tae gie.
 (Ha! shawls by the dizzen, the coofs will sen' ye,
 An' I'll jink ane oot, I'll bet a hawbee)
 Of a' this, Queen, I'll tak' meikle care,
 Richt royally, Queen, the gree ye will bear;
 All will be weel, I bid ye guid nicht,
 Success tae the jubilee, may the days be bricht.

Ghaist—

All the geese will be watered, whan ye're served,
 O Queen!
 The warl's folk will smile at your jubilee, I ween.
 "Grit cry an' little woo" — the Devil clipt the sow,
 Auld Scotia will smile, as she follows, I wow!

Queen—

Well! so far, my jubilee's well planned,
 The Lord Chamberlain, seems to fully understand.
 The Royal family will come — one an all,
 Lovingly they'll hasten, to the Queen Mother's call.

The Crown Prince! the Crown Prince!
 My son shall be displayed,

In royal splendor, in kingly splendor,
 The Prince shall be arrayed.
 That his immoral nature —

Ghaist—

That's an important feature.
 The warl, O Queen, can ne'er forget
 The Prince of Darkness — the play is set.
 Tho' Prince of Wales, Black is his name,
 Virtue frowns, whan he courts Fame.

In Edinburg (whan I was young)
 Nae man was half as laigh;
 Down in the cesspools of hell,
 The scum and scurf did gae!
 But, charges werena brocht on man,
 Of such vile, damned report!
 It tak's the Prince of Wales, O Queen!
 To find Sensation's sport.
 Your servants nid-nod lang his way,
 An' smile at him sae sweetly;
 He thinks the lairds will brush him aff
 With the broom of Time, neatly.
 The House of Lairds will bury the stench
 In a graff that's deep and wide;
 But the House of Commons is nae daft,
 They hae na tint their pride.

Queen—

Oh! the meddling, buzzing people,
 They sure will understand;
 The privileges of the Aristocracy,
 Are great, in dear England.
 To speak unkindly of the Prince,
 Would seem a plot to me;
 I wonder if he fears the press,
 Oh! life is a tragedy.

And this is a tragedy on Life's stage,
 The crown prince must play his part;
 The fetters of a nation I hold,
 He, the pulse of a nation's heart.
 I see the dark-winged raven Fear!
 It's perched upon my door!
 Will it never, never leave me?
 I see its shadow on the floor!
 Oh! can it be, oh! can it be,
 That some one to him will say;
 Auld England, Royal England,
 Like her Queen will soon decay?

Ghaist—

Auld England, prood auld England,
 She is a mighty host;
 And yet, trouble's warning whisper
 Comes like Hamlet's ghost.
 She says: England's despotic Plutocrats
 A back seat sune will take,
 And the lairds of the lan's an' castles,
 Frae their restful sleep will wake.
 Justice, Mercy, Honor, Love, Truth,
 On strange legs will stan' erect.
 An' Wisdom's folk winna bow to queens,
 Representatives they'll elect.

Strange it may seem, ghaist tho' I be
 Mony facts I've telt ye true;
 I'm Scotland's laddie, Robert Burns,
 My name to ye's na new.
 My kintra, my luved kintra,
 England gied us a bluidy war,
 Auld England's bluid-thirsty bull-dogs,
 With Scotia went muckle too far.

England's stealing propensities, O Queen!
 Haud's guid thro' all past ages;

Bluid, the torture-rack, axe, fire,
 Is written on her pages.
 India's men of honor, of soul,
 To the mouths of guns bound fast;
 Blown to atoms, flesh scattered in air,
 The world looks on aghast!

Justice and the scorn of humanity,
 Hae flanked their power anent thee;
 Gif ye cud, ye'd ain the warl,
 This mony nations see.
 With your castles an lan's an all, Queen,
 Ye lee in brilliant splendor;
 Oh! the Royal Family, pray tell me, Queen,
 What to the world do they render?

Millions of gold it takes, O Queen,
 To run your royal crew;
 An' it's truth I'm tellin' ye, O Queen,
 Scotland is amaist though.
 They'll vote your paupers oot o' date,
 Loot them earn their bread and claes,
 They're tired of the Royal pensioned gang,
 The deil it wad amaze.


Ireland is stamping the grun with rage,
 Her shillalah ye will feel;
 She cowers under your lash, O Queen!
 Unfairly with her ye deal.
 Tyranny's ged is your scepter, O Queen!
 The puir of your kintra howl!
 An' over it all some glad bright day,
 Will drap the hangman's cowl.

This means the Monarchy will die,
 Reincarnation will then take place;
 Auld England will be born agen.
 She'll wear a Republican face.

A man will be a man then,
 An' vote as all men should;
 Women will vote in that grit day,
 Whan Monarchy lies in her shroud.

GIVING THANKS.

—o—


 O thee, O Bridget! we give thanks
 For oyster-soup and turkey stuffed.
 The Lord may think it little rough,
 And set us down for high-toned cranks;
 But, Christmas dinner, cooked like this,
 With good mince pie and frosted cake,
 We couldn't bless it for Christ's sake;
 We'll eat it all, and then we'll kiss
 The cook that gave us so much bliss.
 Like Burns, I give thanks when I'm through,
 This freak to Christians may be new;
 But he who prays o'er heavy bread,
 And cake that's like a piece of lead;
 Potatoes hard, meat left to burn,
 Methinks ere he was through, would turn
 His thankful prayers to curses hot,
 The blessing would be soon forgot.

Ezekiel IV Chap. 12, 13, 14, 15 verses.

Ezekiel tells us of a cake,
 'Twas God told him the cake to bake;
 Such cooking ne'er was done before,
 I'm sure the peoples want no more.
 We know Ezekiel told the truth,
 'Twas not the fiction of a youth;
 We must believe — we must believe,
 The Good Book, wad not us deceive.

Disglorify — blaspheme his God!
 Ah! no, he'd fear the avenging rod!
 I wonder if he blessed the cake,
 (For the Children-of-Israel's sake;)
 As from the red-hot coals he raked
 It out, and dished it up well baked.
 Did they invite some friends to sup,
 To help them eat the treasure up?

God's too esthetic, so I think,
 (At Oscar Wilde he'd wink his eye
 An' gie a knowin' smile sae sīy.)
 His food's too rich — and wine's his drink;
 I must object to his queer ways,
 I like the cooks of modern days.

My gold did buy the bread, the meat,
 And Bridget cooked it fit to eat;
 To God or Son I give no thanks,
 Since in the Book I've read their pranks.
 I'll bless dame Bridget braw an' clean,
 To bless the cook is best I ween.
 God had nae finger in the pie,
 Give thanks to Bridget, thanks to I.

Christmas, 1890.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.

—o—



YE douce folk that live by rule,
 Grave tideless, bloody, calm and cool,
 Compared wi' you — O fool! fool! fool!
 How much unlike!
 Your hearts are just a standing pool;
 Your lives a dyke!

HEIGH-HO! FOR A HUSBAND!



HEIGH-HO! for a husband!
 Gin three millions I maun gie;
 I'll hae to lee in a cottage,
 A wee cottage maun shelter me.

Heigh ho! for a husband!
 I thoct it a' ower in the nicht;
 I canna be a countess,
 But — "Whatever is, is richt."

I hae na' siller, I hae na gowd,
 Sae na' Laird will smile on me;
 Na Count, or Sir, or grizzled Duke,
 Will cross the dark blue sea.

Fashion's dames wi' their millions,
 Replenish the spendthrift's purse;
 Lured by Pride an' Ambition,
 The hairst they reap is a curse.

Europe nets Uncle Sam's daughters,
 Their money-bags cross the sea;
 An' they in return sen' Uncle Sam,
 What? paupers by millions they gie.

Heigh-ho! for a husband!
 I'll marry for lo'e na' gold;
 My saul an' body I winna gie —
 To a count I winna be sold.

Life is too short, an' too precious,
 Royalty is noo below par;
 Gie me the honest — the cultured saul,
 Honor maun be my life's star.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.


—o—



H! departed shades of George Washington!
 Art thou disturbed in Heaven with the bang!
 bang!
 And the crashing! clashing! kling-lang-kling-
 lang;
 This in honor of Independence won?
 George Washington, America's great son
 And father. Can you hear the kling-ling-lang,
 In Heaven's bright home? can you hear the
 bang-bang?
 Can you with God-like sight discern the fun,
 In climbing greased poles, and catching greased
 pigs;
 While fat men waddle through the mud or dust,
 And trundle wheelbarrows to win a prize;
 While country lads and lassies dance the jigs?
 From this carnival I turn with disgust,
 Shocked, with the broken noses and banged eyes.

A THOUGHT CONCEPTION.





 RINITY Methodist church, Chicago,
 Alas! to the ground burned;
 Heretics, take notice, the Trinity,
 On the Christians the tables have turned.
 One hundred thousand dollars lost,
 The church belonged to God;
 They look upon the ruins, and say:
 We pass beneath the rod.

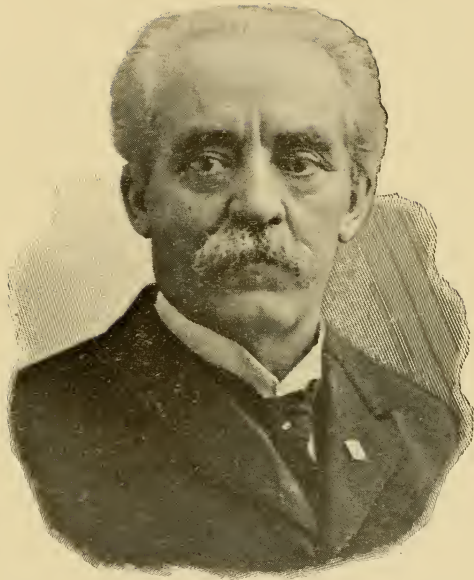
Paine's Memorial Hall, rears high,
 A monument to Truth;
 What a lesson this, a lesson this!
 It does unveil a myth.
 God noteth the fall of the sparrow,
 And numbers the hairs of your head;
 Thought wanders through Memory's halls,
 Among Miracle's fetich dead.

Feb. 24, 1900.

QUOTATION FROM. ROBERT BURNS.





 RANT me indulgent Heaven that I may live
 To see the misereant feel the pains they gie;
 Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
 Till slave and despot be but things which were.



MOSES HULL.

TO MOSES HULL.

—o—


 WELCOME to Lily Dale! frien',
 Muckle ye're needed here;
 There's gaun to be a cleanin' oop,
 T'will be well dune, na fear.
 We want a fearless man like ye,
 To rake Pollution's nest,
 Ye'll be an honor to the camp,
 Compared to some the rest.

Is the C. L. F. A. school a blind?
 To mak' the guid folk think,
 In no way are they mixed with ye;
 Oh! the Deil at them will wink,
 An' poke them in the ribs and say:
 I'm weel acquaint with ye,
 Ye're watched by day, ye're watched at nicht,
 Ye'll nae be foolin' me.

Blessin's on your pow, Moses.
 Stick like a wood-tick, stick,
 We'll back ye in your wark, Moses,
 They'll fin' that ye're a "Brick."
 Deception and Hypocrisy,
 In hand they hold a trust;
 A shell we'll place aneath it, man,
 Just wait, ye'll hear it "bust."

June 1st, 1900.

MY ROBIN.



†
 F
 †

 ANCE kent a sonsie Scotch laddie,
 A braw Scotch laddie was he;
 Sae gay, sae trim, an sae nobby,
 The lassies were jealous of me.
 But Robin was true to his sweetheart,
 He didna flirt with them at all;
 My Robin cam' courtin' on Sunday,
 On those lassies he never did call.

Sae true, sae faithfu' was Robin,
 Of all laddies I lo'ed him the best;
 I gied all my kisses to Robin,
 Nae kisses I gied to the rest.

But Robin was puir as a kirk mouse,
 He had na' siller at a';
 His strang han's an' brain were a treasure,
 A treasure I thotch nae sae sma'.
 Truth, wit and good sense, Nature's tocher,
 And a heart that was leal and true;
 But, Auld Nicky Ben cam' atween us,
 I'll tell the sad story to you.

My bonnie Scotch laddie, I lo'ed him,
 But he had nae siller for me;
 A poverty louse said mae faither,
 Nae luv in a cottage for ye.

My faither was saur as the Deil, sir,
 He didna like Robin at all;
 He turned him awa' frae the hoose, sir,
 With wards that were bitter as gall.
 My faither said "cum ye nae mair, sir,
 My lassie nae mair can ye see;"
 An' I cried, an' I maurned sae lang, sir,
 For the laddie that ne'er cam to me.

But Robin did luv me nae less, sir,
 For the bad wards my faither did say,
 An' we aften met on the stile, sir,
 We'd chat in the auld fashioned way.

"Ye maun mak' a guid match," said mae faither,
 "Ye'd play the fool lassie, I fear;
 That pauper maun keep awa' lassie,
 I'll keek him oot gin he cums here.
 Ye were born for a leddy mae darlin'
 A leddy I'm sure ye will be;
 Ye shall marry a laird, mae wee lassie,
 The laird will be cummin' tae ye."

"Ye will be naebody, naebody darlin',
 Unless ye hae castle an' land;
 An' are wed to a laird my braw lassie,
 An' lee like a lady sae grand.

"Ye sall hae a braw coach with sax horses,
 Like the Princess O' Wales ye will ride;
 With a coachman an' footman, mae lady,
 An' a money-bag laird by your side.
 Oh! he will be prood o' his leddy,
 As prood as a laird can be;
 Your beauty he'll prize as a fortune,
 Beauty has its price, ye will see."

“Sae, say nae mair, lassie, of Robin,
 Nae mair maun Robin cum here;
 Sae cheer oop, be smilin’ mae darlin’,
 I’ll bring ye a laird, never fear.”

An’ mae faither did bring a grit laird, sir,
 A laird that owned siller and gold;
 I was gien tae the lairdly auld laird, sir,
 Tae the laird his lassie he sold.
 Had I been a pownie or coo, sir,
 The bargain wad been much the same;
 Except, that mae faither gat naething,
 An’ I’d get the change of a name.

I lo’ed my Robin the same, sir,
 I maurned him all nicht an’ all day;
 An’ whan I did gae tae the kirk, sir,
 For Robin I always did pray.

In the kirk I was wed tae the laird,
 With lace and silks I was dressed;
 With pearls, an’ rubies, an’ diamonds,
 With all siller cou’d bring I was blessed.
 Whan the kirk mon did say: “Will ye luvve him?”
 I thocht I wad fall in a fit;
 I cudna weel lie tae the kirk-man,
 But I didna luvve him a bit.

Sae I leuked tae the richt an’ the left,
 An’ never a ward did I say;
 Oh! mae hairt was aching sairly,
 An’ for Robin, mae luvve, I did pray.

I lived with the laird in the castle,
 A gray-heided graunie was he;
 He had sae mony queer notions,
 An’ his whims disgusted puir me.

My laird wore a red, flannen nicht-gown,
 An' a nicht-cap all tasseled wore he;
 An' whan he was ready for bed, sir,
 I thoct 'twas a clown I did see.

Oh! I thoct o' puir Robin, mae darling,
 I maun never forget him, nae me!
 An' whan I did view that auld laird, sir,
 I wished it was Robin,—not he.

But, the guid Gude does favor the brave,
 Deith cam tae the castle ae day;
 An' he teuk the auld gray-heided laird,
 Deith smiled, an' tae me he did say:
 "I will leave ye the gold an' the siller,
 An' the castle is yours just the same;
 Just gie me the auld laird's red nicht-cap,
 An' I'll get me quick oot, o' your hame."

O Deith! ye hav dune me a favor,
 I hae leuked for ye mony a day;
 Coom in, I will drink tae your health, sir,
 I'll remember ye, Deith, whan I pray.

Sae I gied him the auld laird's regalia,
 His Bible, his nicht-cap an' all;
 An' I said: "Don't forget he is auld, sir,
 Please gie the auld laird a warm stall."
 An' he laughed, an' he laughed an' he laughed,
 I thoct he wad fall in a fit,
 An he said: "Don't worry dear leddy,
 Fret your dear soul nae a bit."

An' he laughed, an' he laughed, an' he laughed,
 I thoct he wad fall in a fit;
 An' he said: "Don't worry dear leddy,
 Fret your dear soul nae a bit."

"Auld Nickie will see to that, lassie,
 He'll be warm eneaf, hae ye nae fear;
 Ye're weel rid o' trouble mae darlin',
 Noo, send for your Robin, my dear."
 An' Robin noo lives in the castle,
 A leal, braw laddie is he;
 An' the auld laird's siller an' horses,
 Belang noo tae Robin an' me.

An' I thank the guid Gude for his blessin',
 Robin at last won the gree;
 Oh! Robin is glad that he waited,
 Yes waited for puir little me.

TO KATIE.



WE pull the string, Punch quick responds,
 His limber legs fly hie;
 He prances, dances, jumps and nods,
 With boldness, he isna shy.
 Your power is grit, strange is your string,
 Oh! that string the coof will hang;
 A corpse he'll dangle at the end,
 Ye'll fin' that I'm nae wrang.

Ye'll buck anent a stranger power,
 Than ye have ever met;
 Spirits are fixin' oop a plan,
 Your wheels they're gaun to set.
 Noo, Katie dear, ye'll meet Disdain,
 She'll pass ye cauldly by;
 Ye'll reef your sails, your anchor cast,
 Half mast your flags will fly.

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED.



HOO things have changed since I was young,
 Grit is the change!
 The world is oopside down, I vow!
 A wondrous change;
 I think of it, as in a dream,
 Dame Fancy's play;
 In fact, mysel' I hardly seem,
 I watch the fray.
 To me the world seems strange an' new,
 It mak's an' auld man amaist blue.

The lasses wore a flannen gown,
 All winter lang;
 But noo they maun, hae sax or seven,
 Or something's wrang.
 Five dollar shoon, say vera thin,
 I wot, ye ken;
 Gif ye demur they'll raise a din,
 An' then — an' then,
 They hae their way, or raise the deil,
 Sae ye gie in an' loot them spiel.

I lo'e to think o' Christmas eve,
 In aulden times;
 We dressed oop in our Sunday best,
 Like daddy Grimes.
 The yule-log on the fender lay,
 In red-het flame;

The guid wife in her kerchief gay,
 Helped on the game,
 (Sae vera auld,) o' blind-man's buff,
 Or, ye sall wed wha fin' the muff.

The gutcher gar't a side hill pleugh,
 He liked it weel;
 He lo'ed to kiss as weel, I trow,
 As ony chiel.
 An' then a sugar bowl they'd mak',
 Ye ken — I ken;
 Sae mony lumps they'd pat in it,
 'Twas like all men.
 The lassies smiled, an' ca'd it guid,
 An' kissed him back as lassies should.

Then oot the fiddle some one gat,
 An' scraped away;
 'Twas better music than ye hear,
 Your weans noo play.
 Ye deedn't hae to hunt aroun',
 The tune to fin',
 Diminuendoes an' cresendoes,
 He deedn't min'.
 He played away' with a' his micht,
 'Twad pat the bogles in a fricht.

The guid man passed the bottle aften,
 It was the way;
 Oor spirits it did seem to heighten,
 It made us gay.
 The bluid did flow, the e'en did sparkle,
 We luv'd it weel;
 The fiddler teuk his caup richt aften,
 Then he wad speel.
 The graunie, some auld sang wad sing,
 Grand-faither, teuk the pigeon-wing.

We gathered roun' the ingle-lowe,
 Dear auld fire-place!
 An' coaxed the stories frae grandmither,
 Her smiling face,
 I see it noo, the dear auld leddy,
 Crooned the baby,
 An' tauld us stories weird, an' queer,
 O' some daezy carl.
 Like Tam O' Shanter or Rab Mossgiel,
 Wha she thocht was a puir daft chiel.

Then mither passed the pumpkin pie,
 An' nut-cakes sweet;
 Then Christmas cake wi' plums she'd gie,
 Her, nane cou'd beat,
 All kin o' nuts mae mither'd bring,
 With apples sour;
 Then cam' the cider, just the thing,
 It gied us power,
 To dance agen till braid daylight,
 The jigs an' reels with all oor micht.

Alake! alake! those times are gaen,
 They are nae mair;
 I sit at Christmas eve alane,
 With troubled Care.
 The candle an' the snuffers missing,
 The dreepin' creesh —
 Oh! for me there's nae mair kissin',
 I wear Time's fleece.
 The clearin' on mae auld heid's cauld,
 The fact is, I am gettin' auld.

All things are changed, are changed for me,
 It seems sae queer!
 Nae candles, but by gas I see,
 It mak's me leer.
 The auld fire-place o' lang ago,

Sae bricht an' cheery,
 There I did spark an' my luve tell,
 To my ain dearie.
 Oh! times hae changed sae much for me,
 I'm auld an' lame an' canna see.

The auld style breeks — the auld style breeks,
 They suit me well;
 The barn-door front sae vera warm,
 I greet tae tell;
 I canna get them ony mair,
 They'r nae in style.
 Whan tae the store-man I talk o't,
 He gies a smile;
 An' then I walk awa' sae sad,
 Haen I those breeks I wad be glad.

The fiddle, noo nae mair I hear,
 At hame, at hame;
 Auld Time has brocht some things sae queer,
 Naething's the same.
 A big pianer banged all day,
 Till I'm maist mad;
 The modern music some folks say,
 It mak's me sad,
 To think hoo Time does disarrange,
 I'm sick, whan I think of the change.

It's noo the lassie has a beau,
 Nae spark for ye;
 Na bears creesh on his hair — ye know,
 Like 'twas with me.
 Losh! scented oop like ony fox,
 He'd smell a mile.
 He seems to be a brainless Cox,
 That maun be kept on ice or spile.
 He leuks tae me (a kintra mon,)
 Like what some ca' babboon.

Na sparkin' noo behint the loom,
 Nae they — nae they;
 The dear auld thing has met its doom,
 Sorry to say.
 Now in a spence with porterease,
 They wisely chat;
 Sae tichtly laced, she cudna sneeze,
 An' that, an' that;
 On a divan they sit thegither,
 Chattin' o' the win' an' weather.

Then, gif the nicht is cauld an' weet,
 As 'tis afttime;
 They place upo' a hole their feet,
 It is sublime.
 A hole weel ironed in the floor,
 It mak's me smile;
 The doin's of these modern times —
 I'll rest awhile.
 Oh! sune a change will cum tae me,
 My heirs will all be glad to see.

TO MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

—o—

Compliments of E. J. MacRobert.



CANADA thistle, that ye ca' me,
 A Canada thistle, with ye I'll agree;
 A Canada thistle, Scotia's ain flower,
 A Canada thistle, afore it ye'll cower.

A Canada thistle, your back it will scotch,
 A Canada thistle, for a fyke ye dae itch;

A Canada thistle, a teasle tae ye,
A Canada thistle, frae it ye will flee.

A Canada thistle, protection 'twill gie,
A Canada thistle, the mediums frae thee;
A Canada thistle, ye can stew for your broo,
A Canada thistle, I'll sen it tae you.

A Canada thistle, will mak' ye dae richt,
A Canada thistle will mak' ye greet;
I'll nick aff your horns, aye, pull out your fangs,
Ye'll tak' your ain gait with your red-het tangs.

TO F. G. N—N.

—o—

GROUND my axe on your grunstane,
The blade is sharp 'twill split;
The block that gets in my way, sir,
That block will ken 'tis hit.
In the trap we didna fall, sir,
Ye canna cope with me;
The spirits and bogles are laughing,
For Rob Burns bears the gree.
It's Scotch meet Scotch frae noo, sir —
Water falls to its level;
Scotch and Seneca meet and mix,
The dose wad spew the Devil.

June 1st, 1900.

ROB BURNS.

TO WM. M'KINLEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

—o—

HECH! little man, ye slipped a cog,
 Whan ye turned crank on De Lome;
 Whan ye gied the Don his passport,
 An' sent the laddie home.
 Ye lit the fire of Hate, man,
 Spain will blaw it to a flame;
 Ye've cooked oop a hotch-potch mess, man,
 They'll play ye a pawky game.

The Americans in Cuba, ha!
 Lang ye hac heard them cry,
 Insulted — robbed — imprisoned,
 Losh! Mephistopheles wad sigh!
 Weyler an' his Spanish crew,
 Butchered men like swine:
 An' the godly men of America,
 At the sacrament — drank wine.

While American's blood stained Cuba's soil,
 You worshiped at the shrine of God!
 While fathers, mothers, children starved,
 By the tyrant's heel crushed — sharp shod!
 Ye Godly men wha kneel an' pray —
 Slept well on beds of down;
 To the call of Duty, ye were deaf,
 Ye, wha wear the nation's crown.

'Twas whan ye gat the cut behind,
 An' a slap square in the face;

Ye rose in your might an' majesty,
 This was a serious case,
 You, the Nation's president,
 Insulted — grit God! by Spain!
 The insult in a private — sealed letter;
 Did this explode the Maine?

Unbalanced, man — light-weight you seem,
 Dead at the top, ye ken;
 Your headlight is getting dim,
 Ye're nae oop to date — auld frien'.
 A gostly shadow of by-gone days,
 Responsibility's crown ye wear;
 The pride of the navy — beautiful Maine,
 Is where? — McKinley — where?

Sae sma' a thing, a wee bit letter,
 Sneak-thieves stole the same;
 An' ye gae wild about it,
 For shame! William, for shame!
 Weak an' pusillanimous, yea!
 The monumental "I" — that's you!
 The blizzard that ye stirred oop man —
 Well! ye hae little to do.

Ye, the shadow of another — Losh!
 Like a hand-organ turned by a crank;
 Hypnotized by the power of Might,
 High-chief in Monopoly's rank.
 Ye wha mind the crack of the whip,
 Wait for Jupiter's (Hanna) call;
 Your position isna enviable.
 In your gold cup ye'll fin' gall.

Ye'll nae ask for a second term,
 The like o' this will do;
 Ye're too delicate, an' sensitive,
 The burdens too heavy for you.

The guardians wha watch ye weel,
 Unsafe advisors are;
 I fear that cannon ball will yet,
 The escutcheon of the kintra mar.

Beware! O President, beware!
 The Goddess says: "Move slow;"
 There's a precipice in your path —
 To the bottom you may go.
 The kintra's watching weel man,
 Wisdom's warning take;
 Enemies are to right an' left,
 Take warning, for the nation's sake!

I'll never send a son — nae! nae!
 To answer for your blunder;
 No friend, no father — brother,
 To face the cannon's thunder;
 While you, perched on your mighty throne,
 With Hanna at your back;
 Whippin' 'roun wi' a cat-o'-nine,
 Till ye gave De Lome the crack.

Mair'n twa hunder! mair'n twa hunder!
 Gaen doun with the beautiful Maine!
 Mair'n twa hunder! mair'n twa hunder!
 Grit Gude! where is the gain?
 In the name of friendly relations,
 What a sickening farce — alas!
 Many a mother, daughter, wife,
 Weepin', will chant high mass.

Dead — dead — dead!
 All in the name of a blunder!
 Dead — dead — dead!
 Weepin' angels wonder!
 Draw down the curtain close,
 Cover with a pall;

Cause and effect the verdict,
That's all!

ADDENDUM.

This a woman's opinion,
Not even a citizen, I;
Born an' reared in this kintra,
Here I expect to die.
But a passport — ha! a passport!
Hanna to me winna send;
Tho' I talk an' talk o' their "jingoism,"
Democratic e'en tae the end.

Austin, Minn., Feb. 25, 1898.

TO A REJECTED LUVER.

—o—



LADDIE dear! O laddie dear!
The tide has turned on ye I fear;
The captive brak the shackles, quick,
She's gat the temper o' auld Nick.
We held her wi' a grip sae strang,
But she did say we were a' wrang.
She snapped her fingers in our e'e,
An' bid defiance unto me.
If she will, she will ye' knaw,
But gif' it's nae, she'd overthraw,
The power o' Nicky Ben tae gain
The day, an' quick she'd grasp the rein,
An' say guid by tae ye an' me.
Ah! there's nae room for twa ye ken,
Methinks she tak's tae wiser men.



THOMAS SKIDMORE.

A MESSAGE TO T. J. SKIDMORE.

—o—

DEAR HUSBAND:

†
OR many months I have repeatedly asked for a message for you, from this brave little friend but I have been turned aside, not because she was not willing to write it but for other reasons, which seemed good and sufficient to her.

My passing out was well, and prearranged. The storm cloud was over the camp, ready to break. I would have been a feather in the gale, no human power could have stayed the tumult. Crazy brains let loose are like blood-hounds after a victim. It had to be and through it all, I was better guarded here than I could have been there.

This friend in the spring of 1894, saw me step out of my shoes, and a woman put her feet in them. I did not understand it then, but it is all plain now.

This woman had long planned, schemed an' figured and desired the change that came about.

It is with grief and deep regret that I see my place filled by one so selfish and greedy. They who build a temple of fame for themselves, through the downfall of others, are building on shifting sand; and the law of nature which is the law of cause and effect, will in time settle the puzzling question.

In 1891 I was greatly troubled over the bursting of a social bombshell which thwarted my well laid plans for a high school. Concentration circles for personal power are now, as then, promoters of evil, and they

who work evil will get the result of their own work in time.

There is a power, higher and much stronger than the human mind can conceive or comprehend, that overshadows you all, takes notice of every act, the channel of thought, and the real summing up of all lives, is on this side, where our life record is before us and well understood.

I am with you the most of the time, and you are growing more sensitive to my influence. You must be the magnet that balances the trouble on both sides. Injustice is not all on one side. Spiritualists are not all spiritual, and Theosophists do not live up to the standard of their teachings. Extremes are often unwise, selfish, immoral and dangerous to the camp.

The better class of Spiritualists, the wise, the spiritual people, those who forget self and power, those who do not wear the tag of the rampant disturber, will look to you as a life boat, that will save the cause I loved so much.

You will draw to yourself the better element if you use not only kindness and persuasion, but firmness, with both parties that are contending for supremacy.

You have been held to Earth for this work, and much depends on how well you perform the mission left you. In your hours of quiet contemplation and sometimes unrest from some discordant note, think of me close by. I will give you power and strength to pass through the trouble with honor to yourself and safety to the camp.

Remember this is, and always will be a spiritual camp; hold fast to this truth and say to those who would have it something else: The world is wide, go your way, we will have no new gods placed upon our altars. Spiritualism is enthroned in this camp, and outside issues must be kept in their own realm.

Guests to be entertained but not allowed to monopolize or overthrow.

Keep your eyes well open to the maneuvering of the reincarnated Richard the III, and the usurping queen (of the so-called higher ism,) for Spiritualism is the center figure toward which all others gravitate. It is the head from which all others spring, as the parent to children.

My friend Burns is crowding in with his philosophy which is a little beyond my mental capacity for expression, and I will close with kind regard to all old time friends.

MARION.

SPIRIT KITTIE TO HER FATHER T. J. SKIDMORE.

—o—



Father mine, list what I say,
Grant my request, grant it I pray;
With my dear mother you must go,
Remember, Kittie tells you so.

Go South dear father, 'twill please me,
It's for the best as you will see;
So many reasons I could give,
It will help mother mine to live.

She needs your strength, your guiding care,
So quickly love, you must prepare;
A greater reason there is, than this,
Promise father 'twill give me bliss.

If you deny, poor little I,
You will regret it by and bye;
This pleasure trip you must not miss,
Give the promise, I'll give a kiss.

And I'll go with you, father mine,
 Find Youth's fount and cheat old Time;
 When mother's gone, then you can stay,
 In the old home and have your way.

I am waiting to hear the yes,
 I can't accept, "don't know — I guess;"
 A positive yes must come out flat,
 A decided yes and that, and that.

I'll love you father as never before,
 And give you kisses — well, a score;
 I'll comfort you through trouble and strife,
 And cheer you through the storms of grief.

Now, when I do so much for you,
 Don't make me miserable and blue;
 By denying the request of Kittie,
 O father it would be a pity.

You'll go, I know you will, papa,
 'Twill make so happy dear mama;
 And father, I'll be happy too,
 I feel 'twill be the same with you.

Sep. 1893.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



GOOD Lord! what is man? for simple as he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shallows, his good and
 his evil,
 All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil,

LOVE'S LETTER

FROM KITTIE TO HER FATHER, T. J. SKIDMORE.

—o—

BURNS hauds to Scotch, as all can weel see,
 An' that doesna please, puir little me;
 I like the plain English or nane, ava,
 But the Scotch o' Rob Burns, pleases mama.

For twa lang years, I've been asking for this,
 This message, dear father, will gie me sweet bliss;
 I've waited an' waited, aye waited sae lang,
 To keep me a waiting, it seemed to me wrang.

Ye hae sensed my presence, sae aften ye ken,
 Through Nature's attraction and — then,
 Ye wondered, and wondered, what it all meant,
 But in it all, father, there was an intent.

Whan o'er the brig ye were walkin' one day,
 I walked wi' ye faither, all o' the way;
 Sae thankful was I, for the kin' thocht ye gave,
 Ye cudna explain it, gif your life it would save.

Ye thocht of Kittie, oh! the power was strang,
 An' I smiled for I kent, I wad telt ye ere lang;
 I'm a frien' to Burns' Lady, she kens me frae ither's,
 Luve's message we sen', to faithers an' mithers.

In her hame I am welcome, I luve her dear May,
 Return the kindness, dear faither, I pray;

I luv the music, it makes heaven of earth,
An' I luv the dancing, laughter an' mirth.

I see, dear faither, ye'll be left all alane,
To you it's a loss, but to me it's a gain;
Mither's a guid wife, true's the magnet to steel,
An' whan she is gane, it's lanely ye'll feel.

Gae ye baith faither, to the warm sinny South,
It winna gie ither, the bloom o' your youth;
But I'm sure 'twill please mither, an' then 'twill
 please me,
An' to please sae mony, I'm sure 'twill please thee.

We'll call for dear mither, a little way out,
We hae gien her the warning, she hasna a doubt;
She'll mak' a' things ready e'en to her shroud,
Of wife and mither, dear faither we're proud.

Guid by, lovin' faither, all's for the best,
I sen' this dear faither, 'twill be a guid test;
Ye will wunner an' wunner gif this is all true,
Aye, mony changes, are cumin' tae you.

Sep. 1893.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.

—o—

†
THE star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat;
And damned my fortune to the groat,
 But in requite,
Has blessed me with a random shot,
 O countra wit.

TO MARTHA AND THOMAS.



MY dear auld friend, Robert Burns,
Has promised a letter to write;
I said: Just to please me Robert,
Will you write the letter tonight?
And tell dear sister I am pleased,
With all I see and hear;
Tell her the home is all right,
And be of good cheer.

I left the earth life, just in time,
My going was no mistake;
Thomas could do better without me,
I was taken for the good cause's sake.
Thomas must stand alone in the fight,
'Twas best that I should go.
Thomas would have listened to me,
And my brain was getting slow.

I would have been crazed, with all the din,
And the sin is not all weeded out;
Some who belong to the protectives,
Of them I have great doubt.
My vision is now very clear,
No longer am I deceived;
I am sorry to find wrong and deception,
In those I once believed.

Tell P. L. O. Keeler for me,
He better slide out of that ring;

The people are forcing a pressure,
 To him, no good will it bring.
 We see, and hear, and we know,
 The people are sniffing the air;
 He better slide out of that company,
 Or the shame and disgrace he will share.

Burns—

“The medium’s trust is whispered about.
 They tell it worse than it is;
 But the power of the ring is broken,
 It is an unfortunate thing — gee-whiz!
 How they scould the leaders,
 W— is as black as the Deil;
 Tho’ — bows four ways at once,
 The cat-o-nine tail he will feel.”

O Thomas! dear Thomas! we love you,
 For the good of the camp we pray;
 Hold a firm hand with G— ,
 Don’t let him have all the “say.”
 Stand firm as the rock of ages,
 When you know you are right;
 Tho’ he fights the trusts — monopolies,
 He makes Gold the power of Might.

Love is free in a way, Thomas,
 But sensuality’s debasing, wrong;
 I pray for the good of the camp, Thomas,
 My prayers will be answered ere long.
 I love the cause of “Woman’s rights,”
 But — when the low, coarse, vulgar, rule,

Burns—

“Not thro’ the mental, but the sensual,
 Morality sings sangs o’ dool.”

You are old and you are feeble,
 Sune anither will fill your place;

'Twill all come right in the by-and-bye,
 To the swift is not always the race.
 I do not like Woman's Day, Thomas,
 It is not what it should be;
 It was not meant for one or two women,
 Let the day for women be free.

Please see to it this year, Thomas,
 Give the *women* command of that day;
 Invite the president of the county,
 And let her have something to say.
 Let them have full swing, Thomas,
 For once, see what they will do;
 And don't wait till the last minute,
 Now, Thomas, I leave this with you.

Burns—

"Since 1894, Woman's day,
 Has been cornered weel, I wot;
 The life, the soul crushed out,
 Deny it, ye cannot.
 The power behind the throne, enthroned,
 The women turned away;
 Ye canna force the public mind,
 Opinion ye canna slay."

And Tilly, oh don't forget her!
 Please put all others away;
 Let them have their cooing and billing,
 But out' of the library stay.
 You know I don't like it, Thomas,
 All things in their place I oft said;
 That Library is mine, dear Thomas,
 Let Tilly stay there till she's dead.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

—c—

†
 T
 †

 WAS just one year ago this eve,
 I remember it very well;
 In the moonlight we were chatting,
 I was charmed with Love's sweet spell—
 I loved my love as lassies do,
 I was leal to my bonnie lover,
 His promises I did believe,
 He was na a fickle rover.

And this was what my lover said,
 My lover said to me:
 "One year from the day, that we are wed,
 My Love, I'll give to thee
 The richest gift that I can find,
 Tho' it be across the sea;
 I'll search old ocean's jeweled caves,
 I'll bring it back to thee."

"What would you wish of all things most?"
 My lover said to me;
 "Will it be a horse with trappings fine,
 Or pearls from out the sea?
 Or a coach and six with coat-of-arms,
 Or diamonds rich and rare?
 Tell me your wish, my lassie dear,
 I'll remember with great care."

My wish, a simple one, just this,
 A piano, the best in the land;

With pearl settings here and there,
 And I want it a baby-grand.
 A baby-grand! a baby-grand!
 The desire of my life;
 "Ha! ha! I promise you the baby grand,
 Some day when I call you wife."

A year has passed since we were wed,
 I'm queen in my lover's home;
 Our palace, Love's rose bower,
 With na gabled roof or dome.
 I am happy, oh! so happy!
 As happy as wife can be;
 My Charley, is my lover still,
 A dear, kind sweet-heart, he.

The baby-grand, the baby-grand,
 I hear you ask, where's that?
 Over there in the corner,
 In that dainty wee braw cot.
 Cuddled in lace and pillows,
 Go careful, take a peep!
 The richest treasure in the land
 I've kissed the darling to sleep.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.

—o—

WAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved,
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd,
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd,
 Mang heaps o' clovers;
 And oeh! o'er oft thy joes hae starv'd,
 Mid a' thy favors.

THE DOCTOR'S WAR.

—o—

“**D**OCTOR WENDE will not back down,”
 He knows he is all right;
 “No compromise with healers,”
 He's ready for a fight.
 “Let them pass their compromise,
 Accept it I will not;
 I'm in this fight to win or lose,
 Law's Jacket will fit I wot.”

The “Faith Cures” maun Kill nae mair,
 There's a patent on that — Wende;
 The killing is well cornered,
 Your rights, ye will defend.
 Ye ain the “hail bloomin' business,”
 Assembly, Senate and all;
 Gin they bother ye, they get “Hot stuff,”
 Ye'll gie them a cup of gall.

On the doctor's game, the search-light turn,
 Go back to ninty-eight;
 Wende, down in Fredonia,
 A boom he did inflate.
 A doctor's boom, he cornered well,
 Men, women, children, all;
 Some hid away, ithers jumped the line,
 It was a scare nae small.

Wende's cry went out: “Small-pox! small-pox!”
 On deck Vaccination came;

Oh! the doctor's had a soft snap,
 They entered every hame.
 Some doctors said 'twas chicken-pox,
 Ithers, itch, the thing might be;
 But Vaccination settled it,
 The *Itch* quick clutched the *fee*.

The cry went out frae town to town,
 The doctors sweetly smiled;
 The hairst was a gowden crap,
 An' the weans bluid was defiled.
 It was a crime of hie degree,
 Hundreds poisoned were;
 Oh! many die frae that vile rot,
 Frae the puss of a nasty sair.

And well you knaw, Law backs this crime,
 Ha! Generalissimo is Wende;
 Wende and Law are in the swim,
 And Law does crime defend.
 This the land of Freeman, alake!
 Liberty wears a gag!
 Take down the stars and stripes quick!
 And furl slavery's black rag.

In Porto Rico, a million vaccinated,
 By Uncle Sam's doctor's, ha! ha!
 One hundred thousand dollars they got,
 The gudes frown and say, "Pshaw!"
 "Ha! ye talk about killing folk,
 A jackass nicht envy your brass;
 The grave auld sexton digs a hole,
 While the priests are chanting mass".

The Cathode Ray, the Cathode Ray,
 On the doctors turn it strang;
 Search well their damned experiments,
 Ye'll fin then, wha is wrang.

Let the victims face their murderers,
 And tell how they were killed;
 Murder in the first degree! they,
 How many coffins filled?

To sned Life's thread was Hornbook's trick,
 He beat auld Nickie Ben;
 But to the bairns, an' mankin',
 Doc' Hornbook was a frien'.
 Compared with doctors of this day —
 A man's nae safe, ye ken;
 Gin the doctors stap your breathin',
 "Gude teuk ye," says haly men.

The cutting up, is ayont belief,
 The experiments Wende daur na tell;
 Vivisection is noo the doctor's art,
 The crime, Law calls, "dune well,"
 Appendicitis — that bug-a-boo, Losh!
 Hoo mony hae ye murdered for that?
 Your gilded hospitals — slaughter shops,
 This my opinion flat.

Self protection is nature's law,
 Wad ye die in a natural way?
 Keep shy of the doctor's experiments,
 They are licensed by Law to slay.
 Their victims are subjects like dogs and cats,
 Tabled like a sheep or hog;
 An' they cut and slash with as little soul,
 As the lad wha quarters a frog.

EPISTLE TO DR. LAKE.

—o—

U

 R. Lake — Dr. Lake,
 It was surely a mistake;
 When you figured for the catch —
 When you fixed a Doctor snatch —
 When you came to visit me,
 Losh! you were a subtle bee,
 With a stinger in your tongue,
 That with venom would have rung,
 False notes in the judges court.

Dr. Lake — Dr. Lake,
 Tell me now for Truth's sake,
 How much money did you get,
 For falling in their wily net?
 Ah — your very name you sold.
 'Twas a game so very bold,
 But Salina's Park sae trim,
 Thought the case a little slim,
 Sae he didna tumble in.

Dr. Lake — Dr. Lake.
 I am sure 'twas a mistake;
 You did swear you'd know me long,
 I am sure that you were wrong;
 That I never saw you 'fore,
 I would certainly have swore.
 When through the glass you did peek,
 I a hiding place did seek,
 For I knew a foe had come.

Dr. Lake — Dr. Lake,
 I was sorry for your sake;
 That 'mongst such folks you did mix,
 It did put you in a fix.
 For the people all did know,
 That you weren't so very slow,
 But the snake did 'round you coil,
 And he thought that you would foil,
 Right and Justice in their Court.

Dr. Lake, — Dr. Lake,
 You did make a sad mistake;
 You have found that man was "thin,"
 He who paid you with his "tin,"
 He's a villain, no mistake!
 Don't you see it Dr. Lake?
 As a Judge he grandly sits,
 But's not noted for his wits,
 He's the County figure-head,
 Aye, a party must be dead,
 When they get to such a pass,
 Let us chant for them high-mass,
 Buy a coffin in the fall,
 Spread o'er them a funeral pall,
 Write an elegy sublime,
 Put them in the vault of Time.

1892.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.

—o—


 A decorative initial letter 'W' in a Gothic or blackletter style, with small decorative flourishes at the top and bottom.

E may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on;
 Content and love brings peace and Joy—
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?



MRS. MARION SKIDMORE.

KITTIE TO HER MOTHER, MARION SKIDMORE.

—o—

I am Kittie, darling mother,
 Just the same as in earth life;
 It was well that I passed over,
 I've escaped the bitter strife,
 That oft comes to mother's daughters,
 It might have been the same with me;
 It was for the best dear mother,
 This truth, mother, you will see.

Oh! the suffering of soul an' body,
 I see so much from day to day;
 I am thankful I passed over,
 "So am I," says sister May.
 I've a little frien' dear mother,
 To our home I bring her oft;
 And we smooth your brow, dear mother,
 With love pats, kind and soft.

I am proud of you, dear mother,
 The blind see by your soul's light;
 Oft I see in souls of others,
 Fires of Hell, then darkest night.
 You are true, grand and noble,
 I love you, love you mother dear;
 For you, it's all right on this side,
 Your future, mother, is bright and clear.

In the last hour I'll be with you,
 You will see me first of all;

Loving friends will gather round you,
 Oh! the number is not small.
 We will sooth the pain dear mother,
 You will know that we are there;
 We will love and cheer you mother,
 In your bright home over here.

Bide-a-wee, darling mother,
 Bide-a-wee — bide-a-wee;
 We'll be waiting at Death's river,
 The spirit boat, you will see.
 In Love's arms we'll gently bear you
 To fair Beauty's peaceful home;
 Oh! you'll wonder, darling mother,
 That before, you did not come.

Oh! my loving — darling mother!
 I've asked oft to write to thee;
 I feel sure your soul will tell you,
 This is from Kittie — yes, from me.
 And I know you'll thank the writer,
 She to me is very kind;
 Day and night she writes Love's message,
 Kind and faithful as all find.

This will be a little treasure,
 Love boiled down in poesy;
 Mother dear, my soul is in it!
 You will know that it's from me.
 Good by mother — good by mother,
 I'm so glad that I can say
 So much to you — loving mother,
 And say it, mother, in my way.

Sep. 1893.

THE SCHOOL OF THE C. L. F. A.



DAY dream, a night dream,
The desire of our Marion's soul;
A College of Art and Philosophy,
This her highest goal.

She planned and prayed for many years,
But prayers were all in vain;
The "Great Powers," at Lily Dale,
Could not see the gain.

Ah! presto — change! the school is here!
The "Board" has spawned the child;
It they conceived! it they borned!
But, it's delicate and mild.
That's what I hear, but — let — me see,
What have they got? oh, god!
A — just one, no more! and he,
Will sune sleip 'neath the sod.

A representative fair, 'tis true,
Of the dead condition here;
A child led by its grand-father,
O Lily Dale! folks sneer!
And even "Lobby," with wisdom great,
Must see the point I'm sure;
With hope we'll wait auld Time's sure tide,
With Patience we'll endure.

Wright it is, we'll watch the shell,
A chrysalis it may be;

O Evolution! nurse it well!
 We leave the germ with thee.
 And when the old conditions pass,
 Life from that shell may spring;
 A power divine may lie within,
 That good things yet may bring.

TO THE GUDE MOTHER OF THE CAMP,
 MARION SKIDMORE.

—o—

SAE vera lang I've thocht o' ye,
 Guid Gude-mither o' the Camp:
 Ye seem sae vera much to me,
 Like a beautiful electric lamp,
 That sheds a radiant licht aroun',
 That a' may see the way;
 Ye'd hae nane stray in darkened paths,
 Gin ye cou'd hae ye're say.

Ye'd fill the lives o' all with flowers,
 Ye'd gie to all sweet peace;
 Wi' Plenty's han' gie Beauty's hame,
 Their warldly stores increase.
 Bestow Contentment, Luv an' Rest,
 Humanity's mither guid;
 Ye do sae vera — vera much,
 Ye'd do mair gin ye could.

I lo'e ye for the guid ye've dune,
 Ye, I cum aft to see;
 But, Mither I've a wark to do,
 A wark that's gien to me.
 Sae like a' sons I've wandered,
 I'm nae sae much wi' ye;

I'm wedded to my wark, mith'er,
 An' my Leddy warks with me.

She's my ideal, sae brave an' true,
 She never fears a fae;
 She'll stan for truth an richt, mith'er,
 Nae matter what ithers say.
 Born in the circle of mystics,
 A sensitive for the cause;
 We play the sweetest tunes, mith'er,
 Thro the psychic laws.

Music is a gift, mith'er,
 The harmonies combined;
 A royal feast o' the gudes,
 Aft wi' them ye hae dined.
 That's hoo we mæster mysticism,
 Phenomena produce — yea!
 Harmony we maun hae, mith'er,
 It's the sequence of the play.

Ye mauna think I luve ye less,
 Because of this or that;
 Nae thinkit guid, mith'er mine,
 I'll gie ye the same luve pat.
 Spirits affinitize to wark,
 Mair perfect than in life;
 We separate — and harmonize,
 Our days with guid warks rife.

I'm just the same queer Rab, mith'er,
 Luve's the best gift I've got;
 Lo'e mak's the warl gae weel, mith'er,
 An' a' that an' that.
 Reincarnated wi' my luve,
 It matters nae what they say;
 Spirit friens smile to hear the talk,
 An' the scenes shift with the play.

Guid by, mither, I maun gae,
 Fare thee weel sweet mither mine;
 Tak' ye off to Florida,
 Improve the hours o' Time.
 Lave in the balmy air o' the south;
 Come back with the birds of spring,
 We'll gie ye all the strength we can,
 Peace, Luv, Rest we'll bring,

Sept. 1893.

“THE BRIGS OF AYR.”

—o—

† **T**HAT bards are second sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a' they can explain
 them.

And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.

In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story,
 Nae langer thrifty, citizens an' douce,
 Meet ower a pint, or in the Council-house;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry;
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your wheel-hain'd gear on d——d new
 “Brigs and Harbors!”

ROB BURNS.

BIRTHDAY GREETING TO MARION SKIDMORE.



A
LL hail this glorious day! all hail!
 A birth-day greeting, mother mine.
 Our gude mither of the camp!
 We'll gie to ye Life's precious wine,
 Guid gude-mither of the camp!
 Bousing and laughing, we clink our glasses,
 We clasp hands one and all;
 Like bumming bees we flit aroun',
 This is a pleasant call,
 Gien us by auld King Time.

Life's brittle thread is aft too short,
 Too short it seems to me;
 O mither! cou'd I have my way,
 Ye'd live as lang as "She."
 Gin I could hae my way,
 I'd say to Time loot her lee lang,
 For the good that she will do;
 She's been a blessin' all her life!
 She can be na mair to you.
 Sheathe quick Death's subtle knife.

Oh mither mine! Time listens nae,
 He turns his back on me;

An ca's me fule, to think he'll gie,
 A life as lang as "She."
 Auld Time an' I dinna agree.
 Life is eternal, there is nae end;
 One ever eternal now;
 The Past sits on the highest mast,
 While the Future rides on the prow.
 O silent Past!

Three guests I fin' on Life's weird ship,
 The Future, the Present, the Past;
 Into each life they silently glide,
 By each, sunshine and shadow is cast;
 As o'er life's river we ride.
 On — on, mither mine, Life's bark will glide,
 With the same passivity.
 But the storm of Destiny will overtake,
 Ye'll be rescued by Immortality.
 With Fate there's nae mistake.

Sae, mak' ilka day a hallowed one,
 Full o' the hiney o' life;
 Ye'll be the same busy bee,
 Warkin' for Peace, na Strife,
 Till Death does set ye free.
 I canna, mauna, winna ask,
 Auld Time to pass ye by;
 Tho' it wad seem a loss to ye,
 An frien's wad maurn an' sigh,
 A blessin' grit to Kittie an' I.

Ye'll laugh, an' smile, an' happy be,
 As lang as your day does last;
 Muckle ye've gained in spirit, we see,
 With spiritism, ye're abreast;
 Aye, mither, we bless ye.
 Yea, ye hae gained in spiritual truth,
 Opened wide your een;

Your influence has blessed fair youth,
 To all its plainly seen,
 An' ye gied oot a routh.

Bide — a wee, dear mither mine,
 Yours sall be a flower croun;
 Ye've been guid to human kin',
 Ye gied nane the sullen frown.
 Nae, ye gied the bluid-red wine
 Of human kindness, the milk of luvie,
 Yea! with a luvie sae deep an' true,
 An with a ward as saft as cooing dove;
 Yea! sae your saul with guid warks grew;
 We viewed it all frae heights above.

Oh! for this wondrous work ye've done,
 We bless ye now and aye;
 Oh! ye a blessed victory won,
 The hairst is in the by-and-bye;
 Wait for Transitions rising sun.
 Over your grave we'll plant bright flowers,
 Pink-eyed forget-me nots will blow,
 And lillies fair and sweet;
 The emblems of a pure, true life.
 Beautiful and complete.

Sept. 1893.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd
 And framed her last, best work, the human
 mind;
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts, the various man.

JAMIE'S SOLILOQUY.



SAE mony weans I hae to feed,
 I wonner gin they are mine?
 I have a sonsie black-eyed bairn,
 That seems nae in my line.

My wife Betty has auburn hair,
 And mine is yellow, ye see;
 Trowth! the wee, braw, black-eyed bairn,
 Is an unco puzzle to me.

She's the fairest one in the hale lot,
 And she giggles all owre with glee;
 She disna act like Betty,
 And she disna act like me.

She sings like a nichtingale mornin' an' nicht,
 Betty can't sing mair'n a quey;
 While I never sang a note in my life,
 There's something, somewhere, agley.

She's the smartest one of the hale lot,
 Hamely and dull are the rest;
 She might be taen for registered stock,
 But nane ither in my nest.

She leads her class, tak's all the prizes,
 A vera beuk-worm is she;
 Where in the deil does she get it all?
 That is what puzzles me.

Is she a luv-wean, drap't i' the nest,
Whan I was awa' frae hame?
Was Betty unfaithful to her guid laird?
Did she play me a sleekit game?

Weel! I'm half inclined to think it's sae,
There's mair truth in it than fable;
But the wee black-eyed witch I love,
Tho' a stranger at my table.

I bred my cowl frae the vere best sire,
My coo I did the same;
My pigs in the pen, are from registered stock,
But my bairns, are crooked an' lame.

Alake! alake! they say; bluid tells,
I'm very sure it maun be;
I've bred a nest of sickly weans,
Misfortune's bairns I see.

All but the wee one, with braw black een,
As straight as an arrow is she;
And that is why, I afttimes think
She disna belang to me.

Weel! I'll nae fin' faut with Betty for that,
The cross was a vera guid thing;
An' I'll thank the laird whae'er he be,
That he, the bairn did bring.

But — my pow gets ram-feezed afttimes,
Whan the neebors scan that wean;
For she's nae like Betty, an' she's nae like me,
That is plainly seen.


Like Joseph, I maun shield Betty,
I'll say, 'twas the Haly Ghaist;

Oh! dousie 'twad been, had I been hame,
I'd smoor'd the haly beast.

I'm nae free-luver as ye weel ken,
It's the maist damnable of all;
But, whan I think o' that black-eyed wean,
I'm glad the ghaist did call.

MEMORIAL TO ANGELINE POPE.

—o—

†

 UT of the old life, into the new,
 Friend, many there are who envy you
 The rest and peace that death has brought;
 The wondrous change Transition wrought.
 The body, by mother Earth caressed —
 The tired spirit will find sweet rest.
 We give you friend, Love's rich blessing —
 Gone to a higher life progressing.
 From Earth's environments you are free,
 Eternity has opened its doors for thee;
 A spirit you'll come, with your passive nature,
 You were a friend to every creature.
 The same kind spirit will harmonize,
 Help thou the weak to be strong and wise;
 Roll back the gates of Eternal Truth;
 Open the blind eyes of age and youth.
 A ministering spirit thou wilt be,
 The pure and good will come with thee.

PUIR AULD SPAIN!

—o—

THE oldest colonial power in the world,
 Once the richest nation, they say,
 In the lang ago, the lang ago;
 This, is the poet's lay.
 This the pride an' boast o' Spain,
 "The world we can buy and sell;"
 "Our coffers are full," sang the buccaneer,
 'Twas a story they liked to tell.
 Puir Auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
 In that awful beuk o' doomsday,
 I see your name is writ;
 Half crazed, demented — O cruel Spain!
 Hech! — noo ye'll halt a bit!
 Ance the richest, proudest kintra,
 That ony man did ken;
 The proudest aristocracy
 Owned by lairdly men.
 Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
 Of tyrants ye can boast, O Spain!
 Such tyrants, nane has e'er kenned;
 Such treachery — such a history!
 The tellin' was never penned!
 Grit Gude! I shiver at the thocht!
 Jehovah wad turn pale;
 I close my lugs for fear I'll hear,

The tortured victims wail.
Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
'Tis said a hoongry louse bites sair,
Throu' ilka cycle, that held guid;
Your loof did itch for shinin' gear,
Your slaves did starve for food.
Your treasure house was ever full,
Your Dons a lairdly crew;
They skreid for bluid, for bluid of man,
Red bluid they've waded through!
Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
Torquemada was your bairn,
Ye arena proud o' that, O Spain!
Ye wad forget that chiel I'm sure,
Ye'd blush, to think o' grit men slain!
Tortured on the rack, O Spain!
Burned at the stake an' a',
Such a history! such a history!
Your sins, Dame, arena sma'.
Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
Your laddies roamed the ocean braid,
Were the terrors of the sea!
The black pirates o' your lan',
Frae them the deil wad flee!
The bluidest cut-throats ever kenn'd
Spawned in the wame o' a beast;
The letting of bluid to a Spaniard,
Was the richest kind of a feast.
Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
Ye wad gang your gate, wi' cursess het,

Ye heard na humanity's cry;
 The day of Judgment, has cum, Spain,
 Ye'll ken mair, by an' by.
 Your shoon fits weel your shackl'd feet,
 An' your croun wi' bluid is rusty;
 Your rotten auld throne is nae worth a plack,
 The toddlin auld thing is musty.
 Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
 Ye nursed this war for mony a year!
 Your monstrosities are great;
 Ignorance led ye blindly
 Into the jaws of Fate.
 It's ainly a question of time, Spain,
 Whan Tyranny maun dee!
 Liberty is Nature's law,
 Your people will be free!
 Puir Auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
 Ye're nearin' your graff, ye'll sune gae deid,
 An' maurner's, ye'll hae nane;
 Our goddess will gie ye a braw new shroud,
 Ye sall lie, wi' the ase o' your slain.
 There are better days for your slaves, O Spain!
 Might has lost her power!
 The rainbow o' promise, is glintin' i' the lift,
 Nae langer will your subjects cower.
 Puir auld Spain!

Puir auld Spain!
 Weyler is a relic of pirate days,
 In a cage the beast maun gae;
 Gie him a tiger for a bed fellow, Spain,
 An' loot the twa beasts play.
 Loot them scratch, an' bite, an' fight,
 Loot them do whatever they will;

Whan he feels the clutch of the tiger's paw,
 Then Vengeance will hae her fill.
 Puir auld Spain.

"The mills of the gods, grind slow, but sure,"
 Evolution has bagged a grist;
 The cyclone of Fate has gien Spain a whirl,
 It has gien Corruption a twist.
 Kings, Queens, Czars, Sultans, Emperors,
 Their mighty thrones must fall,
 Equality, Liberty, to woman and man,
 Equal rights to all.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



DE see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribbon, star, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



GEAR will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and siller canna buy.



MRS. MARIA RAMSELL.

TO MRS. MARIA R———L.



THE message, Ladye, with pleasure I write,
 I grant the favor with delight;
 Frien, ye' winna ca' me twice,
 Ladye, I thocht it vera nice.
 Ay, a compliment I ween,
 Lang, dear Ladye, I hae seen,
 Ye did wiss a ward frae me,
 Noo Ladye, I'll write for ye.

Three dear laddies on this side,
 Ilk one claimed ye for a bride;
 They sen' greetings, frien', to ye,
 Ay, they wiss that ye nicht see,
 Consciously, and understand;
 Ilka one of your guid band,
 Wad gie ye the inner sight,
 It wad gie ye grit delight.

True an' noble ye hae been,
 And these laddies lang hae seen
 Trouble cum to ye sae fast,
 An' they raised a firm strang mast.
 The spread sails quick caught the win',
 Oh! these laddies are na blin';
 "All that comes into your life,
 We know, remember this, dear wife."

"You were always kind and true,
 Faithful, loving as all knew;

Dear Maria! you smiled with cheer,
 Hopeful ever, you'd no fear;
 When Fate sent us cold and rain,
 Harmony we found in its refrain;
 O Maria! my dear good wife,
 You were the blessing of my life."

"Tell Pet, she must not turn away,
 I'm with the darling night and day;
 Nature's spiritism, is true
 She knows well, 'tis proved by you.
 In twilight's hour, she listens to the Guide,
 In this she makes no sacrifice of pride.
 O Pet! the latch string is not out for me,
 The reason Pet I cannot see.

"The same kind father I am, as then,
 And I do wish, my Pet, that when
 I come so close and give Love's kisses warm,
 You'd think of me, Pet, I would not harm
 My child, or give you fright — not I!
 O Pet! I often hear you sigh;
 Remember Pet in times like this I'm nigh;
 'There's rest for thee, Luvie, by and bye.

"Catch the sunshine, Luvie, drink to your fill,
 Grinding is Time, the last grist in Life's mill;
 The harvest is ripe, the sheaves we'll bring in,
 Not far out, Luvie, the new life will begin.
 You've stood by Spiritism, brave an' true,
 There's a golden crown, waiting for you;
 Wait a wee bit we'll gather Life's flowers,
 Then, we'll tak' ye away, to Heaven's bowers."

This message, dear Ladye, I gie ye with pleasure,
 I ken weel dear Ladye, 'twill be a rich treasure;
 Ye'll read it alane, with tears in your e'e,
 Ay, the laddie'l be there, ye will ken, he will see;

Gif ye min' his message, an' do as he says,
 'Twill bring comfort to Pet, in coming days;
 'Twill gie the bairns shelter, in time o' need,
 'Twill prove a rich blessing, a blessin' indeed.

SCOTCH POT-POURRI.



†
BUT wherefore do you droop? Why look so sad?
 Be great in fact as you have been in thought;
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
 Govern the motive of a kingly eye;
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror, so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behavior from the great,
 Grow great by your example; and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution;
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence."

My rhymes are vera guid, I wot,
 An' rythm, well — 'tis passable;
 I meet her ilka chance I get,
 My reason is definable.

To Nature true, my "Rum's Appeal,"
 The price the beuk, that's worth;
 An' mony things ye'll fin', frien's,
 Brim full of wit an' mirth.
 Sae whan ye fin' an ugly slip,
 Or flaw, or brak' in rhyme;
 Please pass it by, an' we will try,
 To mak' it richt neist time.

Ayont the price of gold we prize,
 The medium that's true;
 But those wha cheat, an' fraud an' that,
 (I've met them sae hae you.)
 It's little use we hae for sic,
 Their just deserts they'll get;
 Greed and Dishonor, twins frae hell,
 In time their wheels we'll set.

My Lady is na daft, ye ken,
 An' crazed, I ken she's not;
 The up-to-date shots in this beuk,
 Will prove that truth I wot.
 In guid condition is her brain,
 Thought has a fertile field;
 She dares to face the wrang, frien's,
 An' richt she'll ever shield.

A brain that yields to ilka touch,
 A telegraph machine;
 An ear weel tuned to catch the rhyme,
 Plain facts are these, I ween.
 An' sae, my medium an I,
 Are wakin' weel thegither;
 I luv my bonnie, witty lass,
 I am her spirit brither.

George Brooks — our Longfellow,
 This year I'll pass the hat;
 An' gather up the bawbees,
 An' placks, an' that, an' that.
 I'll buy for George a phonograph,
 A change we surely need;
 We're tired of, "God I'm nearer Thee,"
 For rest O God we plead,

I'll buy a chair for Longfellow,
 With accomodation legs;
 Sae he winna frame an &c.,
 An twist his limber pegs.
 An' whan he gies the slogan,
 Subscribe! subscribe! I pray!
 We'll pat that in the phonograph,
 Subscribe! is what 'twill say.

Hamlet, with Hamlet left out, what is't?
 "A farce," my Lady said;
 Burns, with Burns left out, what is't?
 A beuk that wad be dead.
 My satires, cast na in the low,
 But publish, as I say;
 I do command, I hae the richt,
 Frae noo, I'll hae my way.

"April is yours," my Lady said,
 "Yea! give whate'er you please;
 Use your Scotch thistle, Rob,
 'Till your victims bark and sneeze.
 Vivisect 'till naething's left,
 Cremate, do what you will;
 The tragedy, I'll view it, Rob,
 The grist from your Poet's mill."

The guid folk ask, dear Lily Dale,
 Is that hoose the A———n?
 And is it under the control;
 Or, are the favors well reserved,
 Of General A———n?
 Grit god! I wish I knew;
 Gae ask the C. L. F. A. Board,
 I wot, they'll tell ye true.

I canna spoil my picture,
 For rythm or for rhyme;
 The thought is first, and last, and all,
 Auld Nick can ring the chime.
 Artist I am o' hie degree,
 My pictures all can view;
 My colorings, from Nature's field,
 My sketches, fresh and new.

Kneel in the mire nae langer, man,
 Ye are aboon that plane;
 Tae the physical flesh-pats, kneel na,
 Tae ye there is na gain.
 Rise to the mental altitude,
 The clean folk there ye'll fin';'
 This — the advice of Robert Burns,
 Ilk man tae his ain kin',

Like a tyke, shak' your sel,
 Whan oot that nest ye get;
 Tak' a Turkish bath, man,
 Ye need it weel, ye bet.
 He wha sleeps in a coal shed,
 Black he sure will be;
 An' he wha roosts with a lousy hen,
 Of lice he isna free.

Fraud stole fair Flora's flower seeds,
 And sent them, God knows where;
 I'll plant in place, Truth's thought seeds,
 And culture them with care.
 Fraud arm-in-arm with Greed's black thief,
 Their noses they rub thegither;
 On P————n sweetly smile,
 Lead some wife's laird with tether.

Dame Hyde has changed positions,
 Things are not what they seem;
 The vision that was dear to her,
 Is now an idle dream.
 The thing she thought, Dame Virtue's wean,
 Is noo auld Nick's bad child;
 She's dashed it to the grun, ye Gudes!
 With Frenzy she rins wild.

Concentration starred the play,
 But all things went agley;
 The power o' mind was na sae grit,
 As she oft hoped 'twad be.
 Imagination with satellites,
 Thought the game to turn;
 Thought's combination lost the cue,
 A lesson sad, they learn.

Dame Stearns — a hirplin lang the way,
 An axe she has to grind;
 She's croonin' the "Lobby member",
 The talk she disna mind.
 Policy, is dame Stearns' God,
 Example is nocht, nae — nae;
 That axe, that axe, she's boun' tae grind,
 Sae, get ye oot her way.

Whate'er you represent, dear frien's,
 That is what ye are;
 Your frien's an' your associates,
 You're under the same star.
 Like attracts like, 'tis true,
 Some say all things are good;
 But, in a general way frien's,
 It's nae sae understood,

Free Love's procession leads the way,
 I'm in the ring ye ken;
 Nae wall-flower am I, nae,
 I train with the hie oop men.
 I've loaded weel the dice, yea,
 My stock is in the pool;
 With my big bamboo fan ye ken,
 I keep the hizzies cool.

Respectability looks on,
 Gold is the power; the god;
 Micht is the Christ, with ruling hand,
 He spurs ye with his rod.
 A few well drilled, track in the wake,
 To brush the bugs and flies;
 Morality blushes now and then,
 While Decency grows wise.

We have the masses and the classes,
 Richt here in Lily Dale;
 The special privileges to some,
 Truth tells a sorry tale.
 If you have gold, reign like a king,
 Defiance your shield and guide;
 Then P————n, your hand-maid fair,
 Will wait to be your bride.

Frae the ither side, the mither's plead,
 "Our bairns save frae Corruption;"
 The "Lyceum," we loved so weel,
 Remove the wraith, Destruction.
 Our Marion nursed well that school,
 Virtue's mother mild was she;
 She'd drag Pollution's cess-pool,
 Keep the bairnies clean and free.

There is a law, Suggestion,
 That impregnates ilka mind;
 The psychic catches thought in air,
 The children are na blind.
 Ye are responsible, O men!
 For Immortality's atmosphère;
 The children breathe it, sniff it,
 Damned are these weans I fear.

This is nae masquerade, nae, nae,
 Clean-faced, bare-han' I gie the blaw;
 I'm on the top shelf in the game,
 My plans ye winna overthrow.
 This is the time the dames are lame,
 They canna twist me like a string;
 Ye wear the gag as weel as they,
 To time, Rab Burns they canna bring.

God's mills grind slow but vera sure,
 Poor Merritt was a figure-head;
 But a new figure ye'll sune cut,
 When one's laid low amang the dead.
 Electrocutation's in the game,
 We're fixin now dame Fate's death chair;
 Le change de affairs, we've waited lang,
 An' watched Free Love with cunning snare.
 But lang's the raid that has nae turn,
 A rotten throne will fall; •
 If in the flame your fingers burn,
 Just bear it, dinna squall.

Whan man has lost his usefulness,
 And's in Progression's way;
 Whan man checkmates Justice, Right,
 And Selfishness holds sway,
 That is the time we call a halt,

And sned the thread of Life;
 We tak' him o'er on this side,
 Out of the way of Strife.



I call things by their right name,
 Nae shoddy aristocracy;
 Of Scotch descent — a pleugman,
 I scorn Plutoeracy.
 Cats, tykes an' weans, the powny, kye,
 The braying Jackass, all;
 God made the rattans an' the doo,
 His menagerie isna small.



There's a keek aboot the tax law,
 An' the Lobby members say:
 "Whoever keeps an animal,
 Just loot that keeper pay."
 Sae I will gie a hint, ye lairds,
 Pat your pet monkeys in;
 List them with Sir Thomas Cat,
 Justice a point will win.

The guid folk winna read my Scotch,
 That's what I hear some say;
 I think they will, what think you?
 They'll read it nicht an' day.
 It's like auld wine that sparkles,
 With my satires, drunk they'll get;
 A glove-fit coat I've gien to some,
 Well penned my sketch, ye bet.

In aulden time our mistresses,
 Were not the central figure;
 We did na give the preference,
 An' mak' them ten times bigger
 Than wife and daughter, sister, friend,

A throne we did not give;
 A furnished hoose, lang travels,
 In style they cudna live.

But noo the times are different,
 The quean's the best of all;
 Her privileges are grit — ye gudes!
 An' her demands nae small.
 The quean she queens it, like a queen;
 The laird nid-nods her way;
 She boasts the power she holds o'er him,
 Her bills he has to pay.

I wadna swap my pen, nae! nae!
 For all the stock Hyde owns;
 I rhyme an' laugh an' laugh an' rhyme,
 While Dame Hyde greets an' groans.
 I'm oot o' all the gangs an' cliques,
 As birds in air I'm free,
 How do you like the seasoning,
 Of my Scotch "pot-pourri."

I gae skyrin' roun' with the potentates,
 With frankness and candor I say;
 Whan they gae cuddling their bonnie queans,
 I'm often in the way.
 A Secretary, a sweet-heart,
 Her laird I hypnotize,
 Ye gudes! ye bet your last plack,
 I gie them a surprise.

I'm in the swim, I'm in the swim,
 Mediums these lairds are;
 An' in the play amang the queans,
 The climax I will star.
 I hypnotize, losh! they are mine,
 Rob Burns the queans will get;

Nae matter whether one or three,
Trowth! I'm there ye bet.

It may be doun in Washington,
Or here at the A———n
I've gat the passwords an' the grips,
I affinitize relation.
I'm in it all the same, I am;
The coofs are tools for me;
In time I'll ring the curtain down.
Then, ring a Jubilee.

April 30, 1900.

TO FRANK L. STANTON.

—o—

“**H**E larn his li'l' lesson —
He knows de golden rule;
Bless God, he spellin' “baker”
Des' lak' he bo'n in school!

En w'en dat alphabet he see,
'Fo' you kin tu'n eroun';
He roll it off from A ter Z,
Den say it upside down!

You ever see sich chillum?
Dey gone from we controll!
Wrop up his lunch dar Georgy —
Lawd bless his li'l' soul!

Frank L. Stanton.”

Ye hae entered the inner circle, frien',
The guid folk read a' ye say;
Ye've gat the key to the mystic hall,
Ye're a star, i' the Poet's play.

Ye've gien' the warl your "li'l' " sang,
 I've gat one roun' somewhare;
 I'll sen' mine oot to the warl, noo,
 An' the honors wi' ye share.

Nov. 9, 1899.

THE WENCH'S COMPLAINT.

—o—

I WAS bo'n de same as white folks,
 In de good old fashioned way;
 But I'ze not'ing but a niggah,
 So I hear de peoples say.
 A niggah! — ah! what be he?
 He be nuffin, nuffin tall!
 It must be the sin of Eva,
 Hu't de niggah wust of all.

I ofttimes look in de mirrah,
 An' dar I see de brackest face;
 An de white folks tink de cullah,
 Be a lastin' disgrace.
 De cullah mak' de niggah lowly,
 We be umble in this wuld;
 Wid our faces brack as spades,
 An' our hair so closely curled.

It be nuf to dribe us mad,
 An' dis child's heart git sae sad;
 And I hate old muddah Eve,
 She did some tings sae bad.
 De lawd shuah got tings muddled,
 When he made that nasty snake;
 I wondah if the story's true,
 Or, if 'tis a holy fake.

De mirrah tells de story,
 Ob de cullah ob dis chil'

And de fact dat I be brack,
 Do mak' my temper rile.
 Foh de white folks pass me by,
 As tho' I was a monkey or babboon,
 And der wards do haunt my soul,
 Ah! dey tink I am a coon.

My hans be brack and shiny,
 Like de coal dats in de bin;
 And my hair it be so curly,
 But ize shuah it be no sin.
 De Lawd he mak' a niggah,
 I wondah if he knowd what he was 'bout?
 When he was sperimentin' wid his dye stuffs,
 He bettah left de niggah out.

De Lawd he am a chemist,
 Sperimentin' all de time;
 Wid his cullahs and his dye stuffs,
 And de tings dat's in dat line.
 Oh! when he made a niggah,
 I tink it a mistake;
 He shud tinked out a bleachin' process,
 Just foh de niggah's sake.

I speets de Lawd and muddah Eve,
 Did some tricks so very bad;
 And one was when dey made me brack,
 Oh! it mak' dis child so mad.
 And I swar I'll hab revenge,
 I'll tink it all out in de night;
 And no mattah what dis niggah do,
 I'll tink it be all right.

Tho' I be black as ace of spades,
 My senses be all right;
 I hab de powah of intellect,

De same as any white.
 My soul am clean of ebery sin,
 My tensions am de best;
 And in de resurrection,
 I'll slide in with all the rest.

Now — I'ze thought the mattah over,
 And I'll beat de Lawd some way;
 My children shall be whiter,
 Much whiter in de future day.
 I've prayed de Lawd to bless us,
 He cud do it if he will;
 But de Lawd he am so mulish,
 He sit on his throne so still.

To our prayers he pay no 'tention,
 Prayers mount to nuffin', nuffin' tall;
 De Lawd he never listen
 Neber listen to my call.
 So — I tink de mattah over,
 And I'll do just as I please;
 I'll mix de plans ob de Creator,
 Aye! de good Lawd I will tease.

I'll just suade all de niggahs,
 To mak' de white wenches dere wives;
 And I'll tell de brack wenches,
 To sacrifice der lives.
 Den far out in de future,
 Thro' Evolution's plans;
 We'll beat de Lawd in de cullah,
 Ob our daughters and our sons,

TO ANTONELLI.



I ADDIE, a ward o' kin' advice,
 To ye I'd gie;
 That paintin' wark pat far awa',
 Or, ye will see,
 Trouble an' disgrace I fear,
 Cum after ye.
 Sae mony psychics hae the itch
 To paint — to paint;
 An' what they gie the warl, wad mak',
 An artist faint.
 Paintin' — Phenomenon has cornered weel,
 That's what we see;
 Sae mony daub the slates, grit Gude!
 Auld Nick wad flee.
 They ca' it spirit wark, an' that,
 An' that, an' that;
 Ahint the doors, weel locked we gae,
 As slee's a rat.
 We watch them weel, their names we tak',
 We'll see them later;
 An' whan we ring them down, they'll say,
 What is the matter?
 Naething o' paint ken we, nae! nae!
 Nae artist we.
 This, they say with lang smooth face, losh!
 Spirits can see.
 Nae far oot frien's they'll fin' new-fields.
 Those wha gae wrang;
 Thase slee, slick frauds, in time, will rot
 With Fraud's gangrene.
 Sae, laddie pat your paint awa',
 Your business min';
 Your gifts are wondrous fair,
 Stick to your kin'.

R. B.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE MONEY BAG LORD.



A Rich man sat in his palace grand,
 Leisurely smoking a fine cigar;
 Said he: "I'm rich in bonds, I'm rich in land,
 Poverty will never my happiness mar."
 He was haughty and proud, cold and stern;
 Austere in manner, his servants did learn,
 That his temper was hot, that his words did burn,
 But a money-bag lord was he, was he,
 A money-bag lord was he.

His parlors were grand, roomy and airy,
 Trimmed, I ween, by the hand of a fairy;
 Bric-a-brac work, and vases so fine,
 And everything else that comes in that line.
 Carpets of plush, oriental rugs,
 Covered with flowers, bees and bugs —
 Outvieing nature in color and beauty;
 Surely someone had done their duty;
 In trying to please this money-bag lord,
 This haughty money-bag lord.

Covered the walls, with paintings rare —
 Grand old paintings from everywhere;
 Thousands, yea, millions of dollars they cost,
 To someone 'twas gain, and he, nothing lost.
 Millions in bonds he has stacked away,
 Strange it may seem that I should say,
 Government bonds are a fraud and a curse —
 What could the government have done worse?

But it suited the money-bag lords,
Verily, it suited the money-bag lords.

The money-bag lord he dines at three —
I wish all men in the land could see
The china and silver that deck his table;
It's all very well for the rich man is able
To live on rich soups and dainties rare,
Fish and wild game prepared with care;
The pastries, the jellies, fruit and old wine,
Champagne, Bourbon, Gin, the best in that line;
All for the money-bag lord,
The arrogant money-bag lord.
The money-bag lord counts his bonds by the score,
His houses so grand, say fifty or more;
He owns a whole street, he views them with pride,
While out in his coupe for a morning ride.
Six white horses with trappings fine,
Golden buckles and silken line;
A liveried coachman and footman as well,
Slaves oft times to a money-bag swell;
Who from over-feed is dying with gout—
He spurns the beggar and calls him a lout.

Government bonds are free from tax —
For the money lord 'tis slick as wax;
He rubs his fat hands, and smiles in glee,
And wonders if yet Uncle Sam can see,
The gold-ring trap (it the masses will break;)
From the hynotic sleep will he ever wake?
The poor man is taxed on his shanty and barn
On all of his money, his ten acre farm;
While the man with the bonds goes free, goes free.
The money-bag lord goes free.

Millionaires were few a century ago,
Now a man without a million or so
Is considered exceedingly slow.

In fact, he's quite "out of the swim," you know,
Millionaires are the fashion — as plenty as flies;
'Tis not by their brains, but by money they rise.
Monopoly snares are everywhere set,
The honest poor man falls into their net;
But poverty's victims are looking about,
Gold monopolies Equity will route.
The wage-worker's cry is heard far and near,
And monopoly kings begin to fear
Another Lincoln will appear on the scene,
And disturb the bond-holder's dream, I ween.
Emancipation will come once more,
Dame Future has many good things in store.
Agitation the government waters will roil,
With wrong and injustice they foam and boil;
But from out the storm a new ship will rise,
The captain and sailors will be men that are wise.
They'll clean up the statutes, new laws they'll make,
So that money-bag lords, can't advantage take;
They'll look to humanity's wants and needs,
Run the government without "Gold Bug" creeds.
Government chaplains! bosh! a job that's slick!
Eight dollars a day! 'twad tempt auld Nick.
The shams and farces, red tape and all,
Costs the government a sum nae small.

Let the House and Senate for themselves pray,
These ancient customs must pass away;
Government officers must live on less pay,
Change must come, right is paving the way.
The poor men are tired of footing the bill,
The poor men are slaves to Uncle Sam's will;
Uncle Sam's bureaus need looking o'er,
There are secret drawers, a hundred or more —
The secret springs, keys, combination and all,
There's a monster python behind the wall,
Fold after fold around you it coils,

The victim crushed is the man who toils;
 Millions of these, each in their turn,
 With sorrow and tears the lesson they learn.

Too many star-boarders Uncle Sam has to feed,
 To meet this demand the people he must bleed;
 From the poor man's larder he steals chicken pie,
 He leaves the humble poor man salt pork to fry.
 Slaves! slaves to this Nation, true, oh men!
 When will you break Bondage's chain? when, oh! when?
 Watch Uncle Sam's flunkies expensively dressed,
 With finest of broadcloth his lords are blessed;
 He fills their pockets with silver and gold,
 While the poor man's last cow has to be sold.
 Uncle Sam's ladies, dress like peacocks fine,
 While the poor man's wife with her children nine,
 Counts her pennies which are very few,
 She seldom has enough to buy anything new.
 The tables will turn, 'twill be slow but sure,
 A little while longer these wrongs we'll endure;
 A little while longer government robbers we'll pay,
 A few weary years, then we'll have our own way.
 The money-bag lords will take a back seat,
 The poor people then will have plenty to eat.


Watch the political sky, changes you' see;
 A prophesy 'tis, I am giving thee;
 A cyclone is coming, list to the roar!
 For the G. O. P. defeat is in store.
 Victory will hurrah! hurrah and laugh!
 While the people's mills blow out the chaff.
 The golden calf must give up it's life,
 Justice is now whetting the knife;
 Into oblivion's sea it must go,
 True is my prophesy, as you will know.

A crisis is coming, a savior is here,
 List to a Bryan who speaks without fear.

Watch the "Gold Bugs," who turn with a leer,
 As they catch the wild shout of the men who cheer.
 Oppression! Oppression! the juggernaut of the day,
 The slogan will sound while you watch and pray.
 Beware! in their gold press, you, they'll squeeze!
 Hang you as traitors to the limbs of trees!
 Me gave you the warning, now vote for children and
 wives,
 In the name of self-preservation save your lives.
 On the eagle's perch a hawk you will find,
 Gold chains are ready, the Goddess they'll bind.
 The masses and classes are now face to face,
 Oh! save the country from shame and disgrace!
 Stand shoulder to shoulder and vote like men,
 Drive the gold python back to his den.
 November, justice will speak, as never before,
 "G. O. P.," shrieks the raven! "Never more! never
 more!"

MEMORIAL TO MAJ. JOHN A. LOGAN.




 WITH flowers and flags, your coffin, decked,
 Cold, dead you lie on that bier!
 In Memorial Hall — an honored man,
 Your home-coming sad and drear.

With Christian savagery ye fought,
 In the name of tyrants bold;
 Shot ye were — by a rebel? nae!
 By one from your own fold.

History repeats itself, 'tis said,
 The days of Socrates are here;
 "Thirty Tyrants rule the land,
 And their allies are everywhere."

THREE STARS.

—o—



OM Paul — “Billy” Mason — Aguinaldo,
 Nae fools amang this clan;
 Men with pluck to do and dare,
 Ilka ane’s a man.

Moral courage they dinna lack,
 Their rights they dare defend!
 Great men are these, born for the hour,
 For freedom their strength they spend.

Oom Paul stands on the highest peak,
 Of the battlement of Truth;
 And justice with her twa-edged sword,
 Protects auld age and youth.

Oom Paul is savior to the cause,
 His guns are loaded well;
 An’ gin the English dinna flee,
 He’ll fire them into ———.

An’ Billy Mason’s watch-eye’s oot,
 He’ll turn the search-licht on;
 He’ll ring the curtain oop yea, Sam!
 His lesson ye’ll hae to con.
 Ahint the scene ye’ll fin’ the lad,
 The skunks for cover will flee;
 Ye’ll pat nae gag on “Billy” — nae!
 He’s equal to the emergency.

Puir Aguinaldo, met Treachery,
 With a face, lamb-like an’ meek;

He wasna weel acquaint ye ken,
 With Uncle Sam's brass and cheek.
 There's treasure in Aguinaldo's land,
 Sam's bosses have English greed;
 "Sam" and John Bull rub noses,
 They baith are English breed.

The iron-shod hoof of England,
 Tracks mony a foreign land;
 Where silver — gold — and diamonds are,
 There England takes her stand.
 Way down in Afric's Transvaal,
 The fight is on, ye ken;
 Afore the war is ended,
 Scotland will lose brave men.

The diamond city, Kimberly—
 England scents weel her game;
 The heads of state demand — command,
 Ha! England's the kintra of fame!
 The queen's most humble servants,
 Now face the cannon's roar;
 While sorrow watches in the hames,
 An' the raven cries "Never more."

"Sam's" boys are aping John Bull's "High
 Breds,"
 Aping the royal crew;
 The "Gold Bugs," have nested 'cross the sea,
 They've caught the English cue,
 "Sam's arms have reached to foreign lands,
 He's caught the English itch;
 By association and contamination,
 With the peoples that are rich.

Sullied is Uncle "Sam's" honor,
 With the treachery 'cross the sea;
 This administration is under a cloud,

Caused by men — yea, three.
 McKinley — Hanna — Long, by this triumvirate
 The kintra is led by the nose;
 Bridled — and saddled and rode,
 In the high seats the plutocrats pose.

The win's blaw strang frae the wast,
 The win's blaw strang frae the south;
 There's a moan in the win's, Misfortune's chant,
 A wail for the dying youth.
 Our boys sent off to war like dogs,
 Slaughtered like sheep in a pen;
 All for what? all for what?
 The blundering mistakes of three men.

A cyclone looms in the northern sky,
 Civil war is abreast of the gale;
 The mistakes of those three men, yet,
 Will mak' this kintra wail.
 Four years mair with the like of this,
 And bluid will freely flow;
 For the spirit of war is contagious,
 And the plutocrats must go.

O man! wad ye save this holocaust?
 Turn from Ruin's road;
 Quick! dam the tide that's flowing in,
 And lift the burdensome load!
 Mad men are rus'ing towards Destruction's pit
 A French Revolution, ye'll see,
 A Victor Hugo will historicize
 This a prophesy.

Jan. 9, 1900.

ROBERT BURNS.

CONTENTIOUS PEOPLE!



The Canadians found a queer contention. They insisted that the question as to whether the coast of Alaska means the coast of the mainland or of islands in the sea. When a contentious people want to argue they can always find a way.—*Buffalo News.*

“**C**ONTENTIOUS people,” weel-a-day!
 The Devil’s argument I ween;
 O’ the tail o’ the business, ye caught a glimpse,
 The heid, mon, ye hae na seen.
 Uncle Sam’s lambs, hae been playing,
 Wi’ the hairs on the lion’s tail;
 He soon will hear them bleating,
 Wi’ a mournful sort o’ a wail.

The British lion is watching oot,
 He sleips wi’ an open eye;
 His faith in Uncle Sam’s honor,
 Has na the strength o’ a fly.
 He kens the greed o’ this nation,
 “Sam’s” vultures want earth an’ sky;
 An’ the fight is on for supremacy,
 Ye’ll see it a’ by and by.

Might is a surly fellow, ye ken,
 He is pompous — puffed wi’ pride;
 He is a bloated monopolist,
 He tak’s a berth that’s wide.

His slaves are mony in this kintra,
 They are taxed to pay his bills;
 They kneel to the royal plutocrats,
 An' dae whatever they will.

Our bonnie lads, shot doon like tykes,
 Sacrificed on a foreign soil;
 While the gods of the nation sit in state,
 Wi' saft han's that kenna toil.
 "Ha! ha! ha!" laughs Uncle Sam's gods,
 "Filipinos are na fighting Spain;"
 Aguinaldo is caught in Uncle Sam's trap,
 And Treachery smiles at the slain.

All are rebels, wha bend na the knee,
 Canada is rebellious, ye know;
 "Contentious people," that's what they say,
 But Canadians ye'll fin' are na slow.
 Israel Tarte — Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
 Are na daft I'm vera sure,
 These Lairds of Wisdom, ken weel the case,
 They may yet fin' the cure.

And Sir Charles Tupper isna asleep,
 He'll nae knuckle to Uncle Sam;
 He sounds the slogan loud and strang,
 He's an independent man.
 Fair Canada will stan' her grun,
 She hasna reason to fear;
 Ye'll see Uncle Sam crawlin' roun',
 Makin' luv' tae the bonnie dear.

The auld British lion will swish his tail
 An' shake his touzie mane;
 Gin ye cross his path wi' your treachery Sam,
 Ye'll fin' auld Terror will reign.
 There's English, an' Scotch in his veins,
 An' b' gorry his shillalah ye'll feel;

Play nane o' your trick's wi' Canada,
Gin ye do, it winna bè weel.

March 2, 1899.

Oct. 1899.

Sir Louis Davies, his field-glass turned,
Frae North to South, ye ken;
From Alaska to Africa,
Down 'mang the Boer men.
In the Transvaal, where the Uitlanders,
Are ablaze with discontent;
The trouble's been lang a brewing,
On a fight, they all are bent.

Queen Vic is in a puzzle,
Her boys are in a row;
There's a big fuss in her family,
To the inevitable she maun bow.
Sir Davies a "half-hitch," took on Sam,
To a modus vivenda agreed;
Sae Sam will hae to wait a bit,
Of rest he's much in need.

The warl is in a tulzie fyke,
The stars are all to blame;
Losh! the gods of Astrology,
Have pat oop the war-like game.
Auld Jupiter is after Mars,
Aquarius is the ruling sign;
Uranus is posited in the eleventh house,
Where the Deil an' his imps will dine.

October 26 they say,
Jupiter and Mars will meet;
Also Saturn and Mercury,
That's the time ye'll greet.
Scorpio with head erect,
Authority will show;

England will marshall her forces,
The boys to war will go.

Grit Gude, Sam! call a halt,
Ye're a pirate on the sea;
Ye better kept your ships at hame,
Muckle better, it wad be.
I fear ye've gat the swell-heid,
Your power ye want to show;
Wi' the Filipinos ye pyke a fuss,
'Tis a grit mistak' ye knaw.

Ye better get your sel in shape,
Britannia will box your lugs;
Losh! ye better sen' Dewey back,
To bring hame those fightin' tugs.
Britannia's gat the grit man,
She'll gie ye blaw for blaw;
An' Lady Canada — the lass,
Is oop-to-date, ye knaw.

WELL BEHAVED ENGLISHMEN.

—o—

“PRINCE Christian Victor aide-de-camp to Gen. Hyld-
yard was knocked down by concussion of a 100 pound
shell bursting on a rock by which he was sitting.
The Prince behaved throughout with composure and
dignity.”



REMARKABLE composure and dignity,
Permeates all English acts;
Excuse my weel meaning Scotch,
Gif I relate cauld facts.

The dignity of an English man —
Losh! I've marked their methods well;

And lure her prey with woman's form and face.

ARLO BATES.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

For many a week a monster vile,
 Has slept within its nest;
 Its snakish wants were quick supplied,
 And then it sought sweet rest.
 But now with hunger it comes forth,
 Into the light of day;
 I see the sparkle of its eye,
 It's looking out for prey.

I see a girl of sweet sixteen,
 With eyes of blue, and flaxen hair;
 The fairest of the fair, I ween—
 And diamonds rich and rare.
 Aye, 'tis plainly to be seen,
 She's Nobility's bonnie queen;
 Fairy spirit, blithe and gay,
 You will meet grim fate today.

With tiny basket in her hand,
 She comes in search of flowers;
 The pretty groves with carpets green,
 Are nature's own sweet bowers.
 She little dreams of danger near,
 She trills a lullaby;
 And with her broad-brimmed hat she runs;
 To catch a butterfly.

The wily python spies the maid,
 On her its eyes are set;
 She sees—but stands like one transfixed,
 She's in the python's net!
 Vile charmer, with your weird, strange spell,
 You came not out in vain!
 This pure, fair girl so beautiful,
 By you will soon be slain.

Bright one — fair one — loved one!
 She's spellbound in his toils;
 I see the python kiss her cheek,
 As 'round her form he coils;
 He kisses her on brow and lips,
 Rests his head on her bosom fair;
 I almost hear his snakeship laugh,
 As he thinks of the feast so rare.

I wonder, and I wonder
 If this monster has a soul?
 And if some god intends,
 It shall reach a higher goal?
 If by the law of Metempsychosis,
 It will be born into a man?
 Solve this prbblem, scientists,
 Solve it if you can.

TO THE CRITICS.

—o—

A SATIREST I am — that's what you say,
 Withoot mercy, I my faes slay;
 Aften wi' Scotch, my frien's I tease,
 An' possibly nabody, can I please.
 But, gin I please my ain guid sel',
 The warl at large, will say 'tis well.

Epigrams, epitaphs, sonnets an' sangs,
 Of this an' that, an' the puir folks wrangs;
 Pen pictures I mak', to nature they're true
 Sad I will be, gin they dinna please you.
 Ye maanna be dour, but read my beuk thro',
 Ye'll fin' mony things that are fetchin' an' new,

Aften I write o' Poly Ticks' ways,
 (The Deil himsel', is in it these days;)
 I write to wauken the sauls o' men,
 My thochts to Earth this way I sen';
 Lang years for this wark, I did plan,
 Leuked for a psychic a' ower the lan'.

Noo critics, hae mercy, leuk weel what ye say,
 Could ye do better? gif sae, then ye may;
 Dinna fin' faut wi' my logic an' fun,
 Losh! gin ye do, I'll lade my Scotch gun;
 I'll gae a huntin' the search-licht ye'll get,
 I'll fin' your weak spots, on that ye can bet.

Shades of auld Moses! wi' my three-tae'd leister
 Ye'll fin' in the fight, that I am the maister;
 There was mony a laird, wad gien his best
 meere,
 To coax me to write o' him, things that were
 fair.
 The man wi' the pen, oh! smile on him sweetly!
 Gin ye dinna do that, ye'll get dune oop com-
 pletely.

Frien's, I bid ye fareweel, my compliments I sen'
 Frae heaven to Earth, to fae an' to frien';
 An' remember that spirits, are here an' are
 there,
 The so ca'd deid, are ilka where.
 They watch ye weel, ken all ye do,
 Sae, to your spirit frien's be true.



MRS. MAGGIE WAITE.

TO MRS. H. S. LAKE.



†
H
 HIS Easter day, I wandered out,
 The warm sunshine to catch;
 An' roun' your hoose I lingered lang,
 Amang that thorny snatch.
 Bushes and briers, stumps and all,
 The hoose seemed cauld and sad;
 A ghaist-like moan was in the air,
 An' naething bright or glad.

That wee bit hoose perched on the hill,
 It tells a sorry tale;
 The add i' the paper twa-three years,
 That hoose on the hill for sale.
 Ye, Inspirations's child turned out,
 A shoulder cauld ye got;
 Your wards of wisdom, we miss them,
 This mony say, I wot.

Auld fossils tak' your place, yea!
 With brains as dry as dust;
 Auld fossils tak' your place, aye!
 In their aura we sniff must.
 They give auld lectures dry and stale,
 Brought from a vault of rust;
 The truth is, Lily Dale Camp,
 Is cornered in a trust.

Nae frien' or lover maun ye hae,
 An' Wait's oot in the cold;

Monopoly owns the business,
 And the hie lairds stern and bold.
 Ye mauna infringe on the patent,
 Luve is na free for all;
 Ainly the few wha pose in state,
 This royal crew is small.

The man with gold and the man with nane,
 Their natural rights the same;
 The Congressman, and the plow-man,
 There's naething in a name.
 Gold buys the seat in Congress' hoose,
 He holds that seat for pay;
 The plow-man poor owns brains and wit,
 I've naething mair to say.

VERITE SANS PEUR.

From Heaven, I bring not laws for you to follow;
 From Heaven, I bring a dose you cannot swallow.
 In Immorality's nest, I say not, you wallow;
 Not I! oh, no!

If there's no sin, no crime, no shame and no disgrace,
 Morality and immorality are words much out of place;
 And justice and injustice, are nowhere in the case,
 This must be so.

Then, if a drink of beer your sister takes while you
 loll with your lass,
 Don't scorch her with your fiery wrath, just let it pass;
 And spirits good, for both of ye, will chant a mass;
 For her and you.
 Please grant to all the privileges that to yourself you
 take;
 Please follow every law and rule, that for ither folk
 ye mak';
 What's sauce for Meg is sauce for ye, sae play ye not
 the ——;
 Adieu! adieu!

AGUINALDO'S ESCAPE.



I
KE the Irishman's queer flee,
 The laddie, ye canna find;
 Like the fairies o' aulden time,
 He gies ye all the "blind."
 Noo here — noo there, an' ilka where,
 But the war gaes on the same;
 Ye dinna want the laddie, nae!
 Ye're huntin' roun' for fame.

War is guid for the kintra,
 Prices gae oop, ye ken,
 Sae ye monkey an' maneuver,
 Min' na the sufferin' men.
 "Wall street" smiles at the war news,
 5,000,000 the Goodyear's have made;
 An' billions an' billions the gold kings get,
 "Oh! the kintra maun be saved!"

Oh! what a farce, what a damnable farce!
 The Peoples are led by the nose;
 The leaders of the war are scoundrels,
 The villains of the world — they pose!
 Gude pity the boys, wha fell in the trap,
 Like tykes led oot to slaughter!
 Hear the mithers an' lassies wail —
 Sister, wife an' daughter!

Losh! McKinley and Mark Hanna,
 Wink and blink like owls;

The Goddess Peace, scornfully watching,
 Honor wears mirky scowls.
 "Land will go up, and hay and beans,"
 O God! what a soulless crew!
 Our boys in blue, butchered like swine,
 Here is a picture for you!

Stick to your Republican masters,
 Monarchs they are in a way;
 This, a Tom Paine "Crisis,"
 Croesus, the scepter does sway.
 Reincarnated is Nero,
 For blood they carena a whit;
 Do you wear the Republican bridle?
 Ye ken weel the spur an the bit.
 Nov. 25, 1899.

TO ALEXANDRIA PRINCESS OF WALES.

—o—

Princess' Message:

My heart bleeds for the poor widows and fatherless
 whose loved ones have met glorious deaths in fighting
 for their Queen and country. May God help and com-
 fort them in this their saddest Christmas, and give
 them that peace that passeth understanding.

ALEXANDRIA, PRINCESS OF WALES.

Dec. 12, 1899.

†
FOR the fatherless and widows,
 Your heart bleeds, Lady fair;
 Waste na your blae bluid, Lady,
 O' your heart tak' mickle care.
 Ye'll need your heart, fair Lady,
 An' your heart will need its bluid,

For a chilly time is cumin'
 In the cauld waves of a flude.

You say, those loved ones — Lady,
 Met glorious deaths in fighting;
 'Twas an awful disaster,
 But justice, her business is righting.
 For the Queen, they fought na, Lady!
 They are slaves to political schemes!
 To tell one half the truth, Lady,
 Wad tak' ten thousand reams.

For their kintra, they arena fichtin',
 They are thieves on a foreign soil;
 Robbers stealin' the rights o' men,
 The rights for which they toil.
 England, is your kintra,
 All others she has stole;
 She has lang arms, an' claw-like han's,
 An' stealin' has been her goal.

For stealin' a wee bit loaf of bread,
 A man wad gae to jail;
 But England can steal hail kintras,
 She's always on the trail.
 Her scouts are here, her scouts are there,
 They'll squat like a settin' hen;
 Then sen' her sodgers, wi' spears an' guns,
 Ye ca' them Honor's men.

"Glorious deaths! glorious deaths!"
 "For the Queen an' her kintra!"
 Oh! the horrible sham o' royalty!
 Oh! ye "Blae Bluids" better pray!
 The Queen's, a moss-grown figure-head,
 The warl kens weel this truth;
 Auld men shake their grizzled heids,
 And Truth, leads Wisdom's youth.

“May God help an’ comfort them,”
 Fathers — husbands — lovers, all slaves!
 Under the power of a monarchy,
 Controlled by robbers an’ knaves.
 View the Queen’s lang line of (relative) paupers,
 This the maist damnable farce;
 Ireland, Scotland, India, Egypt, Africa,
 By tyrant’s rule is cursed.

Militarism, hauds hie court,
 The cannon is ahint the throne;
 Freedom gagged, Liberty in chains,
 Do you hear the sodgers groan?
 Your Queen sits on a stolen throne,
 Your Princee is the son of thieves;
 In silence sits the dethroned queen,
 She kens ye a parcel of knaves.

“May God give peace that passeth understanding,”
 Grit Gude! they understand!
 There’s a cry of vengeance in their groans,
 ’Gainst the rulers o’ the land.
 Scotland’s braw hieland laddies,
 To slaughter marched off like sheep;
 The flesh an’ bluid of Scotland’s sons,
 Fertilize the soil where they sleep.

All in the name of a monarchy,
 Where the few control the masses;
 Micht, wields the scepter of power,
 And Distinction, honors the classes.
 Your Colonial Secretary, Chamberlain,
 Commands — demands, like a king!
 But owre the heids o’ your gudes, Lady,
 Revenge a storm will bring!

Gatacre — Methune — Buller,
 The British generals defeated;

Justice her wark has commenced, Lady,
 But the victory is na half completed.
 Twa-three years ago, Lady,
 In a foreign kintra, England's sons,
 Bound her captives to the cannon's mouth,
 Blew them to — with her guns!

A lang line o' tragedies, lie at your door,
 Brutality is your weapon of wars;
 For the wrangs auld England has dunc, Lady,
 Her face wears mony black scars.
 "A day of prayer and humiliation,"
 Let the slaves of your colonies pray;
 Pray for the death of auld Monarchy,
 The hale warld will welcome that day.

A THOUGHT.



†
J RAE Thought-Land cam' Dame Thought one day,
 Wanchancie was that day!
 In her meanderings she met my frien',
 Strollin' lang the way.
 Fidgin' Thought, conceived a thought,
 She planted it in his brain;
 An' frae that thought sprang mony thoughts,
 They formed a weird thought train.

First, 'twas like gas, a filmy thought,
 Scarce substance enough to hold;
 Aye, aye! Dame Thought nursed it weel,
 The Carl'in is subtle an' bauld;
 Into a solid form it came,
 It loomed oop a thing with life;

An' thought, tho' it was, it breathed,
 An' its voice was the voice of Strife.

I received this Thought, with Sorrow's e'e,
 'Tis the same auld story again;
 Sae sadly I'm misunderstood,
 By women, an' by men.
 The prejudice o' mony min's,
 Acting on one, an' anither;
 Noo by Dame Thought, I'm scotched, I ken,
 She has turned frae me a brither.

I'll write my frien' this vera day,
 That "Thought" a corpse shall be;
 I'll do my best to slay it,
 It is na frien' to me.
 I'll tak' its life, aye, that I will!
 High mass for it I'll say;
 A respectable funeral it shall have,
 Ere the dawnin' o' neist day.

Frien', it shall be just as ye say,
 Gin cauld I am to thee;
 I'll freeze ye oop sae solid, frien',
 Forget, ye winna, me.
 Pride is haughty, she gecks her heid,
 I winna bow to thee;
 I'll turn awa' sae proudly,
 My pride frien', ye will see.

The little Scotch that I possess,
 Will flash wi' gleams o' fire;
 Excelsior, shall be my cry!
 I'll mount a little higher.
 My bonnet blue, I'll wave to thee,
 Ye can follow gin ye will;
 Gif ye dinna pat that thought awa',
 I'll sen' ye a bitter pill.

I play my cartes sae very weel,
 A straight flush I do hold;
 I stake my all upon this han',
 I'll play them square an' bauld.
 Na matter wha plays anent me,
 Magic is mine by dower;
 Through the invisible frien's,
 I wield a mighty power.

A frien' we are to frien', ye'll see,
 An' fac we are to fac;
 We haud nae secret frae the warl,
 Mystery's nae in th' play.
 They wha draw the claymore,
 Will hear the clash o' steel;
 An' the Deil in H—I canna resist,
 The hard blows that we deal.

Frien', I'll drink to your health gin ye will,
 But gin dour ye're inclined to be;
 Like a Spartan I'll meet ye fair,
 Wi' a smile, I'll pass by ye.
 For ye my heart will never break,
 An' gin it sud, ye'll never ken;
 I'll smile an' laugh an' happy be,
 Oh! I'll be kin' to ither men.

I am the same Consuelo,
 A woman wi' haughty pride;
 He wha plays loose an' fast wi' me,
 Can never ca' me bride.
 E'en tho' ye be a gowden Prince,
 Diamond cut diamond 'twill be;
 Anzoletta, I'll wed the Prince o' Poverty,
 But I winna bow to ye.

Ye can mak' o' me an angel,
 Or a devil as ye will;

Ye can write, for me Destiny's play,
 The first place I will fill.
 Gie me the laughing drama,
 I'll laugh tho' my hear does brak';
 Or gin ye will, I'll play tragic queen,
 A success in that I'll mak'.

Ye can mak' o' me an' angel,
 Or a devil as ye will;
 In the theater o' Life frien',
 Grandly my place I'll fill.
 Aye! I'll honor my position,
 The world will list — ye'll see;
 I haud the magic key to sauls,
 Rich gifts are gi'en to me.

Nov. 1888.

TO THE HON. JOSEPH ISRAEL TARTE.

—o—

“The country has already spent nearly \$2,000,000 to send two contingents to Africa. These figures show what war is and what will be our responsibility.

“If we are to take part in all conflicts of Europe, instead of developing our resources and improving our country we will spend our money in armaments for wars in which Canada has no direct interest.”

TARTE, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, CANADA.

BLESSIN'S on your pow man,
 The slogan ye daur gie;
 Ye are nae cowrin' coward,
 That, a' men can see.
 A cat's paw for auld England —
 Your pride's too hie for that;

Your opinions man, I like them weel,
Ye've gat them doon noo, pat.

That's what I ca' a tarte message,
A digester may it be;
Its meanin', sure, there's nae mistak',
Wi' oot glasses they can see.
The Royalty will stare and wonder,
"Oh! that independent wean!
We've loot them hae too lang a rape,
That is plainly seen."

Canada is noo of age,
She'll care weel for hersel';
She canna spare her bonnie lads,
War is the Deil's ain hell.
The gudes o' war wha sit in state —
An' sleip on beds o' down;
Their slaves — O Gude! what do we see?
In the name of "kintra" slain.

Whan such men as Joe Chamberlain,
Create a hellish strife;
An' such men as McKinley,
Sacrifice human life,
Then is the time that men like ye,
Maun stan' for honesty;
That is the time that men like ye,
Maun represent decency.

The lan' is full o' conspirators,
Wha plot with sneak-thieves bold;
The lan' is full of gold-mongers,
The lives of men are sold;
Sold in the mart like sheep an' kye,
Sad, yea, sad but true;
Humanity asks protection,
Liberty kneels to you.

Feb. 12, 1900.

TO JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.



I
N
 my hame noo rests your Lady,
 Sae happy an' content;
 She wonners hoo it cam' about,
 I tauld her she was sent.
 The ways o' folk are strange enough,
 The leadin' they canna see;
 The plannin' o' the invisibles,
 Are vera weel kend by ye.

A spiritist, an' a sensitive,
 Man, I see you are;
 Oot i' the misty future,
 Ye'll be a shinin' star.

Doun the raid o' Auld King Time,
 Your warks will be carried by Fame;
 In the centuries tae come, man,
 Truth will chant your name.

Wisdom's bairn ye are, man,
 Ye're a power on Truth's throne;
 Ye mak' Dame Superstition wince —
 Auld Orthodox will groan.

Ye fear nae fae, nae ye, man,
 Ye are the frien' o' Truth;
 The priest an' Pape ye'd set aside,
 An' save frac them the youth.

Ye bear the torch o' Liberty,
 Mony will see the licht;
 An' turn frae the sliddery raid o' Wrang,
 They'll seek the raid o' Richt.

Man is a slave tae man's law,
 Freedom ye'd gie tae all;
 Ye'd mak' the new-born man sae true,
 That Law wad never call.

Shelley an' Rob will ring the changes,
 We are nae deid but lee;
 We're gaun tae haud the fort, man,
 Ere lang the buke ye'll see.

The same auld style o' sayin' things,
 I write wi' a pen o' fire;
 I haud the same cat o' nine tail,
 'Neath my lash, wrang will transpire.

Ye've nae sae vera lang to stay,
 Your wark winna be done;
 The finishin', I see, man,
 Maun be left to anither one.

Transition's morn is dawnin',
 Heaven's sunlight you will see;
 Progression's choir will greet you,
 With Victory's Jubilee.

October 1895.

LINES IN A LETTER TO MRS. ELIZABETH
BUCHANAN, WIFE OF
PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

—o—

H MAUN tell ye o' those folk, Lady,
Weel — frien'! they gat thegither;
Ae hoosie, ane ingle-lowe, alake!
Ye ken it's stormy weather.
Hypnotism, Infatuation, Credulity,
Then luvè as some folk dae,
They'll never stap for a bed o' down,
They'll cuddle in pease-strae.

The warl is fu' o' donsie fules,
Content they canna be;
Huntin' 'roun' for happiness,
To the vera day they dee.
An' gin they get the thing they want,
Tapsalteerie 'twill turn somehow;
An' Disappointment mak's them greet,
Daviely by the ingle-lowe.

Greetin', greetin' — greetin', hech!
I'd rather sleep in my cot;
An' wake wi' the loverock i' th' morn,
'Twad be better for a', I wot.
Luvers I hae nane, nane!
Like the wee braw birds I'm free;
Content wi' my lane condition,
I canna wi' Cupid agree.

My gowd an' siller, I can spend,
 Wi' na man, will I divide;
 I'd rather gie it tae the weans,
 In them, I tak' meikle pride.
 Leuk at the queans a huntin' roun',
 Searchin' for a man;
 Losh! they soon tire, an' pray to Gude,
 To tak' him quick's he can.

I'll never forget the day that we,
 Cooked our broo thegither;
 An' crooned o'er the ingle-lowe,
 Or list to some carlin's blether.
 An' hoo ye sheuk the maskin'-pat,
 Whan frien's were here to tea;
 I aften laugh, whan I think o't,
 I'm sure 'tis sae wi' ye.

The maskin-pat was passed aroun',
 Frae Marshall to Aunt Marie;
 An' the fortune that we gat that nicht,
 The Deil wad smile to see.
 I wonner, an' I wonner,
 Gif that fortune will cum true;
 Sud that fortune materialize,
 A braw gown I'll sen' you.

Feb. 8, 1896.

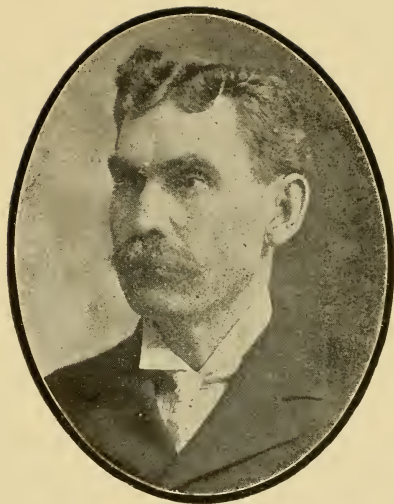
TO DR. RICHARD HODGSON, L. L. D.
OF THE
AMERICAN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

—o—

†
I AM my Lady's guard an' guide,
Her gifts ye'll find are rare;
She is ayont the price o' gowd;
I gie the best of care.
She is a model psychic—
Is na afore the warl;
She fears the jealous jads an' tykes,
Their snash at her nicht birl.

Twal months my Lady has refused,
To write that letter for me;
"I'd get mysel' in a tulzie fyke,"
The point she cudna see.
But Patience is my guiding star,
I've jogged her min' sae aften;
Wi' Luve's kin' ward an' gentle pat,
I've tried her heart to saften.


"Ding down the nest an' the rooks will flee,"
Tykes will fley fashous swine;
I am ane o' "The Twa Dogs,"
There is nae time to tine.
"Do well an' dread nae shame,"
"Fool's haste isna speed," ye ken;
"Honesty is the best policy,"
"Do richt an' fear na men,"



WILLARD J. HULL.

TO WILLARD J. HULL.

—o—



 HY do Spiritualists talk of God,
 And call that God a "He?"
 It is the talk of coofs, I'm sure,
 With them I canna 'gree.
 I've scouted 'roun for mony a year,
 An' God I canna find;
 To hide himsel' frae me, weel!
 I think it isna kind.
 I'm vera guid upon the scent,
 A scout in life, was I;
 Noo, Willard Hull, I tell ye true,
 That story is a lie.

Ye gie the truth, the hail, braid truth,
 By Hull the truth is gien;
 "The Light of Truth" shines brightly,
 Plainly Truth's light is seen.
 Ye furl Truth's banner to the breeze,
 It never falls half mast;
 Nae! on the highest point of staff,
 Truth's flag waves in the blast.
 Ye stand erect and face the foe,
 Admiral, in Truth's war;
 Lead on! your goal is victory!
 The Hull play ye will star.

“BRAVE BILL” ANTHONY.



The Maine’s sergeant of marines, who took his own life in Central Park and was saved from the morgue and Potter’s Field by the intervention of the Editor of the Philadelphia *Times*.

 WAS past the midnight hour,
 Three men consulting sat;
 McKinley — Hanna — Long,
 A private political chat.
 “We’ll send the Maine tomorrow,
 Tomorrow the Maine shall go;”
 The beautiful Maine faced Destiny,
 Like a hero, met death’s blow.

Feb. 15, 1898. In Havana harbor,
 Blown up the battleship Maine;
 “Sir, I have the honor to report, that the ship
 has been blown up and is sinking,”
 With the coolness of Mark Twain,
 “Brave Bill” told Captain Sigsbee,
 Of the horrible disaster;
 Danger did not daunt him,
 Commander of self — the master.

Fathers — husbands — brothers — sons,
 Murdered in the name of War;
 O ye dead servants of Slavery!
 This, Honor’s name does mar.
 The dead boys wrapped in the Stars and Stripes,

(A newspaper honor ye ken;)
 'Tis such an honor in old Glory to lie!
 (So say Republican men.)

O mithers! weep nae for your laddies!
 The President opened Death's door;
 O wives! weep not for your husbands!
 A pension for you is in store.
 O lassies! weep nae for your lovers!
 They sleip in auld Glory's embrace!
 To die for their kintra — their master
 Ithers will tak' their place.

Now "Brave Bill" Anthony is dead and cold,
 The "Hero of the Maine";
 A pauper's hospital — the morgue — the Pau-
 per's field,
 For the "Hero of the Maine",
 The "Hero" was forgotten,
 The glory, as dead as he;
 No stars or stripes were offered,
 An object lesson we see.

The political rulers make tools of men,
 They are dummies for their use;
 Like Jackasses, are led the masses,
 They carry the flag of truce.
 And blear-eyed fathers and mothers,
 Tread in auld Polly Ticks' mill;
 To the sphinx of War, sacrifice their lads,
 Sad the fate of poor "Brave Bill."

Thanks to the editor of the Times,
 Honor touched your brain;
 And the telegram flew o'er the wires,
 You forgotna "Brave Bill, of the Maine,"
 New York with her gold-plate aristocracy,
 Nid-nods to the God of War;

But to remember "Brave Bill Anthony,
She cudna get that far.

Dec. 1, 1899.

LIEUTENANT JOHN WOODBURN OSBORNE,
TORONTO CANADA.

—o—

"A graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston,
Age 27, Sacrificed at Spion Kop."



LADDIE o' the Scotch rifles,
(That's what the papers say);
Sacrificed to the gods o' war,
An unjust, hellish fray.
Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons,
Wounded, dying, dead;
Greed holds the scepter of the throne,
Lead on, Chamberlain, lead!

The old Queen with her retinue,
Of paupers, a thousand or more;
Feeding, feeding, from the public crib,
Beggars at the royal door.
These on velvet cushions sit,
For these the boys are fighting;
But the judge and jury of justice,
The royal crew are indicting.

The braw lads with duddies pair,
Like beasts sent out to fight;
An' the cultured lads with brain an' brawn,
Sacrificed to Greed an' Might,
O the awful, awful farce!
Fighting for glory and Queen!

Such hollow mockery, O God!
Is seldom — seldom seen.

Time brings changes, strange changes,
England's blue blood is black;
The monarchial sham will end some day,
'Twill unjoint on the auld-time rack.
God's mills grind slow but sure, 'tis said,
They are grinding very fine;
And the husks they hae gien to others,
On such, they yet may dine.

Jan. 25, 1900.

WHAT I HEARD.



I.

GOLD blows the wind! fierce the storm without!
The large white, feathery, flakes fall thick an' fast.
Who's on the raging sea to-night?
I hear the creak of the swaying mast!

High roll the billows! — the waves are mad!
The trough of the sea is hard to find;
The cabin is filled with dance and song,
They see not the sailors groping storm blind.

II.

“On with the dance! on with the dance!
Let's be merry and dance while we may!
Let not the chimes of the viol cease,
What matters it, whether we dance or pray.

“One more waltz, we'll keep time to the wind,
Our souls will be fired by the spirit of the gale;

Blow on! blow on! 'till the storm god is blind!
There's music in the wind an' the hail!"

III.

"I'll shake the dice for a winner's throw,
In my luck I'll forget the stormy weather;
If I win, the pot is mine, ye well know, ye well know,
We'll spend it all for wine and drink together."

IV.

"Sonsie lads be gay, dance away, dance away,
Life, is a weary mixtie-maxtie widdle;
Auld I am an' lame, auld I am an' gray,
Nae mair can I keep time to the fiddle.

"Oh! I lo'ed the lassies weel, lo'ed the lassies weel,
But noo I'm auld an' beld an' gray's my hair;
I was a sonsie chiel a braw sonsie chiel',
But noo my face is marked with lines of care."

V.

"Oh! this is a fearful — fearful night!
My soul is filled with dread and fright!
I have millions left behind,
Those who get it, will not mind,
Tho' I'm fed to sharks to-night,
They will say that it's all right.
I shiver at the thought of Death, so near!
My heirs will never shed a tear."

VI.

"I am queen in foreign land, yea,
Mighty power have I;
Armies — navies at my command —
Here, powerless — I die.
The storm-god leers like some mad thing,
And screams with the whistling wind;
The imps of hell hold high carnival,
Our prayers they do not mind.

This creaking ship a toy on the waves,
 Tossing about like a ball;
 The all-powerful — the mighty, how weak!
 The great and wise, how small!

“When I’m laid low, in the deep,
 In Ocean’s cradle rocked to sleep —
 Kissed by Ocean’s cruel waves,
 Who will rule my slaves?
 Will my vassels mourn for me?
 Would to God that I might see!”

VII.

“Come my darling, let us pray,
 God sees all, hears all I say;
 God can save us if he will!
 Hark! the winds, how wild an’ shrill!
 See the lightnings fearful flash!
 Hear the thunder’s awful crash!
 Oh! the God who rules can say,
 Peace — be still, let us pray!”

VIII.

“Captain, tell us of the night!
 I am faint, with dread and fright!
 Must we die? Oh! must we die?
 God forbid! that such as I,
 In a bed of water lie!
 I have diamonds, I have gold!
 All my treasures shall be sold!
 All I have, I’ll give to thee,
 If on land, you’ll set me free!”

IX.

“Hark! ’tis the captain, he blows one shrill blast!
 Cut away, cut away, down with the mast!
 Neptune’s on a spree, the furies dance in glee!
 A thousand devils, revel in the waves of the sea!”

“Ring the danger bell! fire the minute gun!
 Gude will reap a hairst ere the mornin’;
 Ocean’s mouth is wide! Death will claim a bride,
 Ere the rising sun, there’ll be maurnin’!”

X.

“Just a moment, Captain Porter, I am parson Brown,
 You can save us Captain, if you will!
 There’s an infidel, Captain, in the cabin,
 Throw him over! God will say, peace, be still!”

XI.

“I’m an infidel, parson, an’ my crew are all the same,
 An’ my wife an’ son an’ daughter are on board;
 Hech! the infidel “Bob” is a man o’ warld wide fame,
 I wad save them frae a watery graff an’ shroud.”

“Gin a Jonah’s on the brig, we’ll gae doun, parson
 Brown!
 I will shak’ the dice tae see, gin it be ye;
 God forbid! God forbid! let us pray, captain, pray!
 I’ll run the risk of being saved by God’s decree.”

XII.

“Morning dawned with brightest sun,
 Glintin’ on the shattered mast;
 The jolly tars sang songs with Mirth and Glee,
 And the parson thanked his God
 As he broke the morning fast,
 That he was not at the bottom of the sea.

“Said the Captain to the parson,
 ‘Weel-a-day! weel-a-day!
 We are richt side oop wi’ care, parson Brown,
 An’ I fin’ that ‘Bob’, played poker,
 ‘Bob,’ ye ken’s a jolly joker,
 He can smile at Death, while ye, parson, frown.’”

“‘Noo, I am gaun tae telt ye parson,
 I telt ye what ye dae,
 O’ ye’re thocht ye better tak, muckle care;
 I wadna pyke a fuss,
 Or get in a haly muss,
 But your thochts, parson, wasna vera fair.’

“‘Sae, I maun telt ye parson,
 I telt ye what it is;
 Gin ye sud strike my brig some ither day,
 Speik unkindly nae o’ ‘Bob,’
 Ye’ll fin’ it a sorry job,
 I’ll gie ye, just ten minutes — to pray.’

“‘I’ll sae ’twas Gude’s decree,
 I will cast ye in the sea,
 An’ I’ll play that ye’re the Jonah of Auld Time;
 Then for Heaven ye’ll set sail,
 I will whistle for a whale,
 An’ we’ll loot the poets tell it a’ in rhyme.’”

TO GLADYS.



“**T**[†]HE path of glory ever since,
 Time first began was rocky;
 The public first salutes a prince,
 And then salutes a jocky.”

An’ sae the busy warl wags on,
 Nid-noddin’ lang the way;
 Smilin’, frownin’ keekin’ — heh!
 Oh! we care na what they dae.

One, possessed of the "Evil eye,"
 Anither an angel born;
 One possessed of beauty — health,
 Anither, sad, forlorn.

One is judged by what you see,
 The intention isna known;
 Years pass, and time reveals,
 A scene that wasna shown.

Sae, be it jocky, or be it prince,
 Or be it this or that;
 The raid to Fame is rocky,
 Ye'll fin' it afore ye quat.

TO A. M. BARNUM.

—o—



H! the wee bonnie bairns!
 Be sae carefu' o' their min's,
 As the wee bit twig is bent,
 Sae the tree inclines.
 The principles o' truth,
 An' the principles o' right;
 It winna do to tamper with,
 Duty we mauna slight.

Oh! the wee bonnie bairns!
 On their teachers they depend;
 Oh! the errors some do mak',
 Are often hard to mend.
 Like a wee bud in spring time,
 That drinks the April shower;
 An' comes forth with the sunshine,
 A rose, through Nature's power.

Sae the wee bonnie bairns,
 Drink in all they see an' hear;
 Oh! the saul sud be guided,
 With Love, and not with Fear.
 Unfoldment comes each day and hour,
 An' the makin' of the man;
 Commences with the early life,
 This is Dame Wisdom's plan.


Oh! the wee bonnie bairns!
 With the mither gaen awa';
 Ilka ane, maun be carefu';
 Wrang mauna come ava.
 The better nature in the wean,
 Maun be nourished in life's morn;
 Then manhood's true nobility,
 Life's autumn will adorn.

Responsibility says, beware,
 A father has sae little care;
 Gowd an' siller he may pay,
 For the care they get each day;
 But the growth of saul is great,
 Sae, beware, ere 'tis too late.
 Mony a wean's gaen Ruin's way,
 Whase nurse cared simply for the pay.

“Ye shape the shoon by ye're ain shackled feet,”
 Negligence mak's the wean incomplete.
 Twisted an' gnarled, bracken an' blastit,
 Whan the buddin' time is ignored an' wastit.
 He that sleeps with tykes, with flees maun rise,
 Sae fathers — mithers, open weel your eyes.

TO FEDORA.

—o—


 O get the writing in this beuk,
 I've had a deal o' trouble;
 Naething I do is understood,
 I hear the auld jads bubble.
 Thegither they pat their noses,
 Their lang tongues wag an' wag;
 An' the talkin' about me an' mine,
 Oh! they gie us a heavy jag!

Like the editor, wha prowls aroun',
 For something to prent i' the paper,
 He follows the rich, he follows the puir,
 A sort o' political scraper.
 A force machine, his question pump,
 Ye are hypnotized to tell;
 An' ye wish to gude, ye'd tauld the man,
 To take the raid to ———.

Gif I'm gaun to tak' the train at nine,
 An' I've nae a moment to spare;
 I winna stap for the yelpin' tykes,
 Wha'd spier me to ken whar
 I'm gaun — wha to see — what for,
 An' a' that an' that;
 I'll tak' my gate, weel shot o' them,
 An' the gabbling geese can quat.

Alake! into this we get, into that we get,
 We maun ken what the queer folk do;

An' whan they see us cum an' gae,
 What they say wad mak' ane blue.
 We're after the facts in the case, frien',
 We turn the search-light on;
 An' then we write it oop frien',
 Noo the queer things ye can con.

TO ANGOLINA.

—o—

UNDER Trouble's juggernaut,
 Lady, ye were crushed;
 Sae ponderous was the mighty weight,
 Quickly your heart beats hushed.
 The storm cam' like an avalanche,
 A cyclone of horrible mein;
 Ye were stunned wi' the awful tragedy,
 Mair deid than alive, I ween.

Ye didna deserve the blaw,
 This truth guid spirits ken;
 Mony are the friens wha say this,
 So sae Honor's men.
 Banished frae your hame thro' Treachery,
 The jad will get her fill;
 Dishonor planned an' played the trick,
 She'll bow to Fate's hard will.

She's buckled oop to a jackass,
 A monkey with a vera sma' brain;
 Altho' he is a sensitive,
 An' "rings" on the medium's train.
 Yet for a' that an' a' that,
 What — has — she — gat? do tell!

Ye are weel shot o' the imp,
I'd tell them to gae to —.

Ye'll rise sae far aboon them,
They'll nae see the tail o' your kite;
Ye'll sleip in a bed wi' Peace —
She'll court a swither an' fight.
Your frien' ye thotch her, Lady,
She'll cross the "Bridge o' Sighs;"
It pays na to win by treachery,
It pays na to win by lies.

Bide-a-wee my Lady Luve,
The cartes we'll deal for ye;
There's one mair game to play,
Ye'll see, what ye will see.
As they sow, sae sall they reap,
That is Eternity's law;
The Sphinx of justice will follow them,
They'll feel auld justice's paw.

COUP DE GRACE.

The caddie noo, can croun his mouldy nose,
Wi' far-seeing ee-glasses;
Owre his brainless pudding pan,
Can mak' a few psychic passes;
Then settle down to business,
In a decent kin' o' way;
An' bridle weel his wagging tongue,
Of ithers hae less to say.

I've gien the goose a red-het scaud,
I've pyked him weel, that's me;
He's pinfeathered an' singed,
An' weel drawn, he will be.
Wi' my rhymin' scalpel I'll quarter,
An' mince him to a hash;

Then frae the like, I'll turn awa',
I care na for sic trash.

A FACT.

Thase wha are true an' kin' — frien's,
My pen need never fear;
But thase wha slur an' strik' the blaw,
I'll shaw them twa can sneer.
They'll feel the power behin't the throne,
The left cheek I'll nae turn;
I'll gie them a breezy whirl — frien's,
A lesson they will learn.
We winna thraw oot the bad thocht,
Gin we dinna hae guid cause;
But whan we do, we gie it het,
According to Nature's laws.
Sae whan ye read the satire,
Ye'll ken, it they weel deserve,
Auld justice will stan' by me — frien's,
We've gat the grit an' nerve.

CALDWELL PARK.

—o—



GROWLIN' spirit wanders roun',
The improvements are scanned well;
Fifty dollars for graveled walks,
Excuse me if I tell.
Alake! that sign-board with Caldwell's name,
\$450 the heirs paid?
Turn on the search-light, aye! turn!
And be ye not afraid,

A WHAT-IS-IT.



SEVEN month's wean I'm sure ye were,
 Ye keeked yoursel' into the warl;
 Glad was your minnie whan ye came,
 A mischanter, ye were a girl.

Nae howdie there, I'm sure of that,
 Like a south wind skreighing ye came;
 Blew your chanter, piped loud and lang,
 (Your laird rests oot o' the hame.)

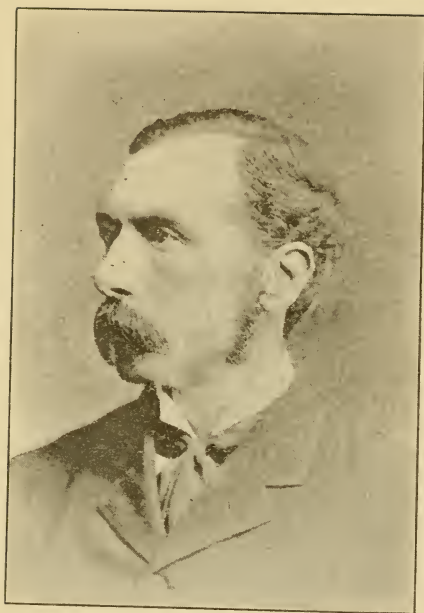
In your last reincarnation, ye were a man,
 In the change the fluids were mixed;
 The chemist was drunk, the gas and the wind,
 Had a fyke, that's hoo ye were fixed.

Nae man, nae woman, a mongrel, I wow!
 A sort 'of betwixt and between;
 The warl is full of the like of ye,
 Ye'll find them ilk whare, I ween.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



DULLNESS! portion of the truly blest;
 Calm, sheltered haven of eternal rest!
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes,
 Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup
 With sober, selfish ease they sip it up.




ALFRED AUSTIN.

TO ARMS.

—o—

I.


 OW let the cry, "To Arms! To Arms!"
 Go ringing round the world;
 And swift a wave-wide Empire swarms
 Round Battle flag unfurled!
 Wherever glitters Britain's might,
 Or Britain's banner flies;
 Leap up mailed myraids with the light
 Of manhood in their eyes;
 Calling from farmstead, mart, and strand,
 "We come! And we! And we!
 That British steel may hold the land,
 And British keels the sea."

II.

From English hamlet, Irish hill,
 Welsh hearths, and Scottish byres,
 They throng to show that they are still
 Sons worthy of their sires;
 That what these did, we still can do,
 That what they were, we are,
 Whose fathers fought at Waterloo,
 And died at Trafalgar!
 Shoulder to shoulder see them stand,
 Wherever menace be,
 To guard the lordship of the land,
 And Trident of the sea.

III.

Nor in the parent Isle alone
 Spring squadrons from the ground;
 Canadian shore and Austral zone
 With kindred cry resound:
 "From shimmering plain and snow-fed stream,
 Across the deep we come.
 Seeing the British bayonets gleam,
 Hearing the British drum.
 Foot in the stirrup, hilt in hand,
 Free men, to keep men free;
 All, all will help to hold the land,
 While England guards the sea!"

IV.

Comrades in arms, from every shore
 Where thundereth the maine,
 On to the front they press and pour
 To face the rifles' rain;
 To force the foe from covert crag,
 And chase them till they fall;
 Then plant forever England's flag
 Upon the rebel wall!
 What! Wrench the sceptre from her hand
 And bid her bow the knee!
 Not while her Yeomen guard the land,
 And her ironclads the sea.

—BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

RESPONSE.

The hydra-headed Python, Greed,
 "To arms! to arms!" it yells;
 Its voice is hoarse, its eyes blood-shot,
 Its bloated body swells.
 "The battle-ax tak' aff the shelf,
 The British flag unfurl;

Aye! British steel will hold that land,
 We'll give them a breezy whirl!"
 True, from English Hamlet, Irish hill,
 Welsh hearths and Scottish byres,
 They throng to show that they are still,
 Sons worthy of their sires.

Losh! where are you, Sir Alfred, where?
 At home, protected well;
 A cushioned rocker, a warm hearth,
 Aping a London swell.
 Did your gutcher fight a Waterloo?
 At Trafalgar did he die?
 Sir, the patriotism that you show,
 Wad mak' the auld man sigh.
 Shoulder to shoulder you do not stand,
 You lie on a bed of down;
 Read the mornin' papers, yea!
 An' loaf aroun' the town.

Canada's lads, shoved to the front,
 The plebeians are fit for this;
 Royalty must have servants,
 Hell's cross the braw lads kiss!
 Alake! Irish Fusileers are there,
 Hech! Royalty is where?
 "My Irish soldiers," says the Queen,
 O Gude! this isna fair!
 "Foot in the stirrup, hilt in hand
 Free men, to keep men free;
 All, all, will help to hold the land,
 While England guards the sea."

England will guard the sea, aye! aye!
 A home guard watch (like you);
 Sir Alfred, Poet Laureate!
 This Pen Picture is true.
 The Queen will mak' o' ye a knight,

A gartered knight, a brave;
 But the poet who builds the fires of war,
 Is a villain and a knave.
 A home protector! a body guard!
 A well dressed flunky — a slave!
 O Poet Laureate! scotched by Disgrace
 Such loyalty nane wad crave.

“Wherever glitters Britain’s might,
 Or Britain’s banner flies;
 Leap up mailed myraids with the light,
 Of manhood in their eyes.”
 Blind eyes have they, wha follow false gods,
 (Britannia’s god is Might;)
 Like hinds that hunt the English boar,
 Submission, to them, is right.
 A tyke, is naething but a tyke,
 The yeomen are the same;
 Men, moved on the chess-board of war,
 Royalty views the game.

“What! wrench the scepter from her hand,
 And bid her bow the knee!
 Not while her yeomen guard the land,
 And her ironclads the sea.”
 ’Twad turn the leaf in history,
 One mair pirate laid low;
 Her sword is stained with foreign blood,
 Ye’ll reap sir, as ye sow.
 Canada will not respond again,
 She’ll call a halt neist time;
 Those glistening diamonds stained with
 blood,
 Such glory’s nae worth a dime.

The push and pluck, the bull-dog grit,
 That Canadian lads have shown;

Will rise against the English lords,
 Lay low that English throne.
 Canadians, are men of might,
 Of them, Roberts, made a lever;
 The power that conquered Cronge's men,
 Will cut the English tether.
 With Sir Wilfred Laurier and Sir Charles
 Tupper,
 The English will dine some day;
 The menu will be "Tarte" sauce,
 John Bull will forget to pray.

TO HUDSON TUTTLE.



In the *Progressive Thinker*, June 23, is a poem supposed to have been inspired by Robert Burns.

I do not question the mental status of the medium, but in braid Scotch I denounce the spirit that imposed on the folk. The thing is not mine, it is not Scotch in style or expression. My ear-marks, cues and turns are unmistakable, and the clear cut style of my satires are ayont the fake. In regard to that poem I say:

†
 MPOSTURE vile, that poem, yea!
 'Twas mithered by a lie;
 Sic treachery in a man,
 'Wad mak' an angel sigh.
 Am I a knave? am I a deil?
 What! forsake my bonnie Jean!
 The lass that gied hersel' to me,
 An' mithered my braw wean?

With weans to feed, and debts to pay,
 An' grief to chill her heart;

Desert my bonnie Jean, sae leal!
 I frae that hame depart?
 Oh, no! not I! that's nae Rob Burns,
 I scorn the villain's lie!
 I promised Jean I'd cum tae her,
 Whan I fand I maun die.

“My Robert whispered i' my ear;
 I looked for her departed;
 For whom I near dissolved in tears,
 An' died e'en broken hearted.

“Love bound the chains around our hearts,
 Nae power in heaven can siver;
 Nae more can divide us twa,
 For we are oned together.

“‘My Mary', burst in wild exclaim!
 Frae lips pale with emotion,
 ‘Thou art to be my bride in bonds,
 Changeless as our devotion.’”

The chatter of a daft coof,
 Amalgamation's Scotch,
 Treachery spawned the thing,
 It's caught in Abortion's snatch,
 Clishmaclaver, weak an' thin,
 I keek the thing, 'tis vile!
 I take a second leuk at it,
 An' with Derision smile.

A husband and a father I,
 Wad I forsake my own?
 Gin I was half as laigh as that,
 I wadna want it known.
 I am aboon the like, 'tis true,
 Think of me as you will;

I lo'ed my Jean, my bonnie Jean,
I am her luvver still.

June 25, 1900.

ROB BURNS.

TO MATTIE THOMPSON.

—o—

G
†
 WAS in Fort Worth, Texas,
 I met ye in Jean's Hall;
 My visit to ye Lady fair,
 Was just a friendly call.
 I scanned ye weel, I touched your brain,
 Ye'd cast awa' the blind;
 Loyalty's lassie, brave an' leal,
 Oppression ye didna mind.

Ye were too mild, too tame, too sweet,
 Ye wadna mak' my turns;
 My satires ye wad scorch with fire,
 Ye had nae use for Burns,
 An' I'd nae use for ye, nae!
 My sel' I cudna be;
 To wield my pen, my ain style,
 I maun hae rape that's free.

Nae clutch oopon the ither end,
 Nae mule to baulk an' keek;
 Ye sent me off to spirit lan',
 Ye thocht Rab Burns a "Brick."
 A simple kiss, ye wadna tak',
 Mair real the kiss ye get;
 I had nae time to spend with ye,
 Ye'd leave me "In the wet."

I ca'd your way, a chat we had,
 Ye understood me well;
 A beuk I tauld ye I wad write,
 That beuk is hot as —.
 I am an artist, as ye'll fin',
 I play upon the (liar) lyre;
 Hypocrisy, with jads an' tykes,
 I'll mak' them all transpire.

Gin ye like me, call roun' my way,
 To all I am a friend;
 I'll help ye twist the couplet,
 An' the quatrain I will blend.
 The sonnet is a wee bit tough,
 The rondeau — that is better;
 Plain eight and seven, Scott's ain style,
 (We poets like to meet her.)

Ye're brocht here for the mental wark,
 There's muckle in store for ye;
 The Hindoo guid I'll sen' your way,
 My Lady can't spare me.
 In jacket straight she hauds me,
 Nae flirtin' on the sly;
 She'd geck her heid and cauldly say,
 I've ither fish to fry.

MY MURDERED CAT.

—o—

HY own pet cat, I loved you well,
 My poor pet cat, how can I tell
 The sorrow that I felt, when you
 Were spirited away, 'tis true,

A vile conspiracy was laid.
 Ah! I had long been sore afraid,
 Your life would pay the price of hate,
 Her vengeance thus she'd satiate.

Too long she lived a maiden old,
 So long she turned a harping scold;
 She nags and frets from morn 'till night,
 She never seems to find things right.
 A ducking stool would mend her ways,
 She's like the shrews o' auld days;
 Her flattering, fawning vile deceit,
 Ye gods! for such she can't be beat.

Her cunning wiles o'er man she cast,
 Into her net he fell at last;
 A woman's style — a braw new gown,
 To catch a man she came to town.
 And he — poor fool! he might have wed,
 Some girl intelligent, well bred;
 Like Posdnicheff, he lost his head,
 Married a dry-goods sign instead.

Who wonders that the mither auld,
 Did fail to live with such a scold;
 She frets an' beats her ain wee child,
 His screams do set the neighbors wild.
 Her temper's a volcano hot,
 The husband's cooked in her hot-pot,
 Auld Satan in her brain does dwell,
 He is at home — he is in hell.

I pray the spirit of my cat,
 Will turn into a spiteful rat;
 And spoil her bread and eat her cheese,
 I'll blame it not if it does tease
 And haunt her house by night and day;
 Until again the shrew does pray,

The loan of some good neighbor's cat,
To come and catch the wicked rat.

Randolph, 1899.

I AM MY LADY'S FRIEND AND GUIDE.

—o—



'ER in Scotland an' England,
There's mony an' mony a queen;
Writin' (they say) frae Rob Burns,
They are muckle pleased, I ween.
I smile to see their crambo — clink,
They lack my cues an' turns;
They'll hae to study mony years,
Afore they can ape Rob Burns.

Ye can write muckle, thocht, an' bairn,
An' tocher, an' eerie an' gree;
But whan ye hae a' that, man,
Ye'll fin' ye hae na me.
Ye may coax your Music 'till he's blin',
To ape Scotch Rob Mossgiel;
But Nature's wit lee's i' the min',
My ain harp I yet spiel.

I fand a lass, way doun in Spain,
Her Music was an Irish Rob;
The fake he played richt weel, hech!
('Twas the Irish pat oop the job.)
He gie'd the name o' Robert Burns,
The skellum she did believe;
She did na gie the deil a test,
A clairvoyant, ye canna deceive.

An' owre in France an' auldish dame,
 Thocht Burns was sure her guide;
 But that was never true, nae! nae!
 The tale I do deride.

She was sae puir a sensitive,
 I cud na mak' her see;
 That she was ane o' twa wives,
 A sonsie quean kept he.

A medium as slaw as that,
 Is muckle too slaw for me;
 Perception I maun hae, frien,
 Keen wit, an' energy.
 A stirrin warker, bizzin' roun',
 Wi' thochts that flash wi' fire;
 I played the scout lang, weary years,
 Afore this, I did acquire.

I am ane o' the brownies flichterin' roun',
 Takin' notes for fun;
 I ca' on Fashion's dochter,
 I stray 'roun' wi' a mither's son.
 Clairvoyants aften see me, ay!
 Standin' by some graunie's chair;
 They gie an' eldritch skreigh, an' say:
 "Losh! I see Rab Burns is there."

Hech! mither, Rab Burns is your guide,
 A treasure ye hae gat;
 An' then the auld dame prayed to Gude,
 That I wad stay, an' that.
 Whyles the brownies raired sae loud,
 Auld Nicky Ben cud hear;
 He'd sen' for ratin' Rab Mossgiel,
 My pranks aft mak' him leer.

There's wild Meg Lee, wha talks o' me,
 I wonner gin she's Scotch!

I'll sniff aroun' an' see, ay! ay!
 Sure — I thoct that she was Dutch.
 I cud na weel get in her box,
 We wadna weel agreec;
 I like a finer article,
 The mental style suits me.

It is sae vera queer that sonse
 Can't understand the law;
 I canna harmonize, ye ken,
 Wi' hawks an' craws that caw.
 The mental altitude I seek,
 Wi' spiritual folk I gang;
 I write o' luve, o' frien' an' fae,
 An' I write o' Sin an' Wrang.

I am my Lady's frien' an' guide,
 She's mair than that to me;
 With the ebb an' flow of Life's tide,
 Whare she is — I will be.
 As magnet to the steel, I'm leal,
 We're harnesssed oop thegither;
 Aye! we will sail alang thro' life,
 Facin' all kin's o' weather.

THE LAST WORDS OF AN INSANE FRIEND.

—o—

† HE sands of life are ebbing fast,
 And I'm refreshed with Death's cold blast;
 I've waited long, O, Death for thee!
 † I've longed, aye, longed your face to see.
 I've watched long years your coming boat,
 Out on Death's sea I've longed to float;
 My work was done long years ago,

It seems to me, and so
 I wondered why I tarried here.
 I longed for death and had no fear;
 The demarkation line seemed near,
 And still I did not go — 'tis strange!
 But now — I see the coming change.

O lovely Death! you've come at last!
 Upon my brows your dew's are falling fast;
 This moisture cools a heated brain,
 I'll soon be free — be free from pain!
 'Twas in the summer of my life,
 Wrong came, he brought disorder, strife;
 It was to be — it was to be,
 Life held but little joy for me!

Keep back the tears that fall so fast —
 Oh, I'm so glad, Death's come at last!
 You have no cause to mourn for me,
 Rejoice, dear friends, I'll soon be free!
 Ah! there's Death's raven perched upon my door!
 I see its shadow on the floor!
 And o'er my senses creep Death's chill,
 His icy fingers make my heart thrill
 With gladness —
 Banish sadness —
 Death subdues Madness.

Ah! Death now shuts you from my eyes!
 But brings a brighter light from distant skies;
 My earthly friends have passed away,
 But spirit friends have come to stay.

I see my mother's face once more,
 Just as I saw it years before;
 She is so glad that I am free
 From that dark night that was to be.

My father, sisters, daughters, all,
 This spirit circle is not small!
 So many friends have come for me,
 Oh! how I wish that you could see,
 The lovely sight that Death does bring!
 I wonder, that to Earth you cling,
 Where souls are crushed with sadness!
 And Life is wrecked with Madness!

One by one, you'll come to me,
 A little while 'twill only be;
 When bud, blossom and age will meet,
 Oh! the joy, 'twill be so sweet!
 A spirit band held by magnetic ties,
 Freed from the mortal, no tears, no sighs,
 But one long life of endless joy and bliss,
 Farewell! — farewell! my friends!
 Press on my lips one loving kiss.
 This body, old, I gladly yield,
 Lay it gently in Death's field,
 Plant on my grave sweet scented flowers,
 Wet not with tears but Nature's showers;
 In Nature's arms I'll sweetly rest,
 By Mother earth I'll be caressed.

BURNS TO HIS LADYE.



SAFE protector, child, I'll be,
 As father, I'll watch over thee;
 Tenderly I'll guard thee, child,
 Chide thee loved one, with voice mild.
 I've snatched thee from the clutch of Fate,
 With Hypnotism you shall not mate;

I will hold you firm and fast,
 Into its net, you'll not be cast.

Aye, new victims it will find,
 It searches for the negative mind;
 By power of will, its victims yield,
 A mighty power, it does wield.
 Along its path, its victims lie,
 Oft I hear their mournful sigh.
 O Hypnotism! ye act the lie!
 With thy gilded mask so fair,
 Thou dost guard thy tongue with care.
 Aye, the maiden thinks 'tis love,
 As ye coo her like a dove,
 You do will, she does obey,
 With mighty power you hold full sway;
 But when guides are strong and firm,
 Hypnotism will quickly learn,
 That they who play both loose an' fast,
 Shall by the higher powers be cast
 Out on the world to pave their way,
 We'll let them tramp 'till they are gray.

TO A COOF.



LIKE a faded tassel ye dangle,
 At the end of a silken rope;
 Like a poodle dog ye follow,
 Ah! with stronger powers ye'll cope.
 There's much at stake with Lily Dale,
 Are ye playing loose and fast?
 A seine lies low aneath the waves,
 Fate the die has cast,

A MEMORIAL.



To the memory of Maj-Gen. Henry W. Lawton.

†
JATE kissed your brow, and made you great,
 In the minds of many men;
 War shed the blood of Innocence,
 That ye might be grit, ye ken,
 While at the zenith of Fame's height,
 Revenge struck the fatal blow;
 'Tis a war of Might 'gainst a war of Right,
 Right maun wrang overthrow.

O ye servant of War and Greed!
 A poor cause ye followed well!
 Your commanders are Christ's holy men,
 In a poor cause, man, ye fell.
 McKinley, Commander-in-Chief,
 Christ died to save such men;
 High-handed murderers, protected by Law,
 Justice will reign — oh! when?

Feb. 6, 1900.



MARGARET GAULE.

UP-TO-DATE.

—o—

Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Dr. O. P. Gifford, the pastor, will preach in the morning on: "Abraham's Seed."

Feb. 24. 1900

DINNA think my epistle tough,
 Ye mauna think it low and rough,
 Gin I gie a wee bit "Hot stuff,
 I'm keepin' pace,
 With all the preachers in the land,
 In the "Up-to-date," I'll tak' a hand,
 I've gat the grit, I've gat the sand,
 I'm in the race.

I carena to mix in the preacher's fusses,
 I carena to mix in the kirk's musses,
 But whan the Mess John confronts the lasses,
 With Abraham's seed;
 A tale I'll gie aboot my sel,
 Fear na! fear na! I'll do't well,
 Even I'll get with that kirk swell,
 I will indeed.

TO MAGGIE GAULE.

Gie us a guid readin' Maggie,
 Tell all ye ken, is true;
 An' I'll gie ye a rhyme, Maggie,
 I'll write a sang for you.
 We'll remember ye in our buke Maggie,

We'll speak of you kindly dear;
 The bitter, biting, sarcasm,
 Oh! ye needna hae a fear.

I'll ca' ye ane o' my lassies, Maggie,
 Some day ye'll cum this side;
 I'll pat a licht in the window, Maggie,
 Ye can be my spirit bride.
 I've thretty an' sax noo, Maggie,
 Losh! dinna get jealous dear;
 I've luvè enugh for all, Maggie,
 Luvè is spontaneous, dear.

I'm cupid's sonsie chiel, Maggie,
 Makin' luvè's a trick;
 I follow the laws o' Nature, Maggie,
 (My gutcher's name was Nick.)
 Auld Nickie Ben, the Deil himsel,'
 Says woman was gar't for man;
 Then why na luvè them weel an' strang,
 An' carry oot Nature's plan.

Ye are welcome in oor hame, Maggie,
 The hoose belongs to me;
 My wee braw Lady will name it, Maggie,
 Name it after me.
 I'll gie ye the saftest chair, Maggie,
 By the ingle ye sall sit;
 An' wi' ye I will chat, Maggie,
 Mak' lo'e to ye a bit.

Ye mauna forget to cum, Maggie,
 A frien' I am to ye;
 I'll help ye all I can, Maggie,
 Ye'll fin' a frien' in me.
 I luvè my dear bought Bess, Maggie,
 She's the darlin' o' them all;

Oh, Maggie! it's Gude's truth I'm tellin',
My family isna small.

I didna waste my seed, Maggie,
I drapped it whare it grew;
The hairst is on this side, Maggie,
I'm tellin' ye sae true.]
Ye've heard o' the auld carlin, Maggie,
Whase hame was an auld shoon;
Like her, I've mony weans, Maggie,
Rab was the sleist loon.

Our systems, an' methods here, Maggie,
Are ayont the Bellamy plan;
The juggernaut o' monopolies,
We leave to Earth an' man.
Relief we give to some Maggie,
The psychic power graws strang;
We concentrate this power, Maggie,
We wad o'erthrow all wrang.

There's a good time cumin' Maggie,
In the sweet by-an-by;
The army o' Progression's warken',
Mang the kirk men on' the sly.
Ance mair we sing o' the kirk's alarm,
Truth's licht is shinin' bricht;
We'll lead them frae the raid o' Wrang,
To the braid fields o' Richt.

August, 1893.

CUNNING GREED.



A

CALF, whose name was Cunning Greed,
Slept in the bed with Selfishness;
The calf did bawl for feed, more feed,
It ate with greedy hogishness.

It's mouth was large — a suction pump,
This calf, it sucked four teats at once;
A grunt an' groan gave auld cow Crump,
An' said:- "I'm 'fraid I am a dunce."

"My calf has drained my teats quite dry,
And bawling still for more — yes, more;
And still 'twill suck an' suck, an' try,
My teats are empty, cracked an' sore."

"My heifer calves ne'er act this way,
My bag they do not bunt and bang;
From bull calves set me free, I pray,
He'll get turned out to grass e're lang."

A FINISH.

Animals and folks are much alike,
Experiences muckle the same;
Weans ride in a carriage day and night,
While the auld man hobbles roun' lame.

To the son, the auld man lends his gold,
The son smokes fine cigars;


The auld man meditates with Gloom,
For him, the son nae cares.

The auld man's poor, his gold is gone,
In the son, great faith he had;
But empty are the auld man's pocks,
He's no more use for Dad.

Nov. 1899.

TO SAMUEL F. MYERS.

—o—


 O Wisdom's wards I listened,
I felt your mighty power;
The gudes have blessed ye weel frien',
Yours the rich man's dower.
Yours the walth ayont the King,
Nae duke, or laird, or sir;
Ye min' the beck an' ca' o' Fate,
An' ne'er will ye demur.

Gae on your way, ye are the Christ,
A savior, ye will be;
'Tis ainly noo an' then a man,
Can reach the height o' ye.
Ye dinna ken your power, man,
Ye, in a hovel stayin';
An' roun' the kintra like a tramp,
Here an' there a strayin'.

Ye, wi' thocht-gems worth mair'n a croun,
Wha ye are, nae one kens;
Cum back agen to Lily Dale,
We'll shaw ye, we are frien's.
Negleckit ye hae been, man,

Hid in that wee bit cot;
 In the hiltie skiltie o' camp life,
 Ye, they quite forgot.

But stars will shine, whan the moons are hid,
 Then's the time we see;
 The constellations in glory bricht,
 An' sic man, we fin' ye.
 A mornin' star, a guiding star,
 From darkness into licht;
 Yours the mission of true manhood,
 Dear frien' your torch is bricht.

We're glad we met ye on the way,
 Prood to shak' your han';
 Your inspiration, ye'll leave behint.
 We'll nae forget ye, man.
 We hope to be the better, frien,'
 For the lesson ye hae gien;
 We'll drap the seeds o' kindness,
 Where her flowers will be seen.

LE CONSEIL DE GUERRE.

—o—

RING oop the curtain,
 Guid frien's, I maun say;
 That the notes in my last,
 Were pat in a way;
 That roused the het wrath,
 O' the Muse 'hint the sceng;
 They werena all mine,
 Ye ken' it I ween.

Amalgamation ——— losh!
 A mixture o' breeds;
 Is waur for a Scotchman,
 Than Orthodox creeds.
 This is na the first time,
 A whaup drapped i' my nest;
 Gin it happens agen,
 The Music will rest.

To my frien', La Fontain,
 I rise to say;
 There's nae room for twa,
 Remember I pray.
 Ilk ane to his trade,
 Your Literati the same;
 It's a wee bit too late,
 To court Favor and Fame.

To her pats and kettles,
 The dame better stick;
 Pies, bannocks and scones,
 She's up to that trick.
 To please the auld Carlin,
 An' keep "in the swim;"
 Ye filled my wrath-caup,
 Oop to the brim.

Tae h——l with the jad,
 Nae half-breed for me;
 Loot that caudron be clouted,
 By ithers, na thee.
 I haud the joker,
 I play on her Jack,
 "It's oop to me," laddie,
 This a Scotch crack.

COUP DE GRACE.

Ye've played a bauld game, man,

Your stakes were on poker;
 But noo I am in it,
 We'll play cut-throat euchre.
 Your king took her queen,
 Your left took her ace;
 I noo play the joker,
 Defeat ye maun face.

April 1, 1900.

Your Brither,
 RAB BURNS.

FROM MAY TO FLO.

—o—

I 'VE been tryin', Flo, to write you,
 So very — very long;
 But the Musie wouldn't let me,
 I think it very wrong.
 From morn 'till night, it's Scotch an' Scotch,
 I oft laugh when I see;
 The funny things that Burns does write,
 It seems so queer to me.

I tick, an' tack an' tack an' tick,
 'Tis the best that I can do;
 Except now and then, I give a rap,
 You know then, I'm with you.
 A wee bit, sit in the twilight, Flo,
 Aye, close your eyes — you'll see;
 In a little while you'll understand,
 The message I bring thee.

Development, is slow but sure,
 Patience you must learn;
 I'll bring guid friends frae mither, mine,
 I'll bring with me Laverne.

I hear you say — well! who is he?
 Oh! it matters not, dear Flo;
 I'll say, he is a friend of mine,
 No one that you know.

I had nae gift for poetry,
 'That I cud na write;
 The rhymes that I would mak', dear Flo,
 Wad gie auld Nick a fright.
 But 'Rob' is in the business, Flo,
 So I tell him what to say;
 He fixes it, to suit himsel',
 He tak's his ain guid way.

Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes not,
 I'm happy when all is well;
 You know how 'tis yoursel', Flo,
 'Tis waste o' time to tell;
 The trouble an' grief of friends, Flo,
 So much comes in Earth life;
 We see the bitter bickerings,
 The jars, an' ugly strife.

We weep ofttimes, the same as you,
 There's so much that we see;
 My mother's troubles are mine, Flo,
 She is a part of me.
 For many years she's tried to help,
 Those in trouble and need;
 An' now, she gets — blow after blow,
 From the selfish hand of Greed.

I saw it all, I saw it all,
 I called you, but in vain;
 I'll be the avenging angel —
 Some like a king would reign.
 Oh! there's a power behind the throne,
 Stronger than woman or man;

I'm watching the work of Christians,
I list well to the plan.

There's one that's coming soon, Flo,
I'll be very glad to see;
I'll open the gate of Eternity,
I'm glad that it is to be.
We welcome the friends from Earth life,
'Twill be a happy day,
When the change called death comes to that one,
"Oh! give me death I pray!"

Death wouldn't be such a terrible thing,
If it wasn't for suffering so;
Were I to live on Earth again,
I wouldn't dread to go.
I often think what a horrible thing,
Death always seemed to me;
Really, Flo, I was fool enough,
To think I'd live like "She."

Now, good by, Flo, listen for the "tick,"
I'll come in the morn an' night;
And when you hear the tick-tack, Flo,
You'll know I'm there all right.
Set me a chair close by your side,
To a rocker I was inclined;
You could na call me lazy, Flo,
But a rocker I could find.

TO A MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

—o—

HOLD the fort! be not discouraged,
 If need be suffer on and on;
 There's a lesson in it all, man,
 A wretched lesson they maun con.
 Hell's afloat, the burn is rising,
 Their life preservers they will need;
 Their boats are shaky, they are rotten,
 Mony will sink, they will indeed.

Hold the fort! O Materialization,
 On Truth's battlements ye will stand;
 A braw, smilin', laughing victor,
 Viewed by men from land to land.
 Your enemies shall cower before you,
 Shiver before truth's fiery light;
 There's an overshadowing power,
 'Twill guard you weel throu' trouble's night.

Jealousy, Need, Spite and Greed,
 A quartette from Hell's blackest hold;
 Gave the warning cry of war,
 She deils! yea, man, vile and bold.
 They unmasked and drew their bludgeons,
 Auld Dame — the Deil's ain witch;
 I, Robert Burns, o' Scotland—
 My temper's reached a fiery pitch.

Wrang is wrang, the braid warl owre,
 Punishment will capture Sin;
 Truth and Right will reach the goal,

Honesty the prize will win,
 The raid that has nae turn is lang,
 And such a raid, Sin canna find;
 Deils lurk alang the by-ways,
 The warning voice, all better mind.

Spiritism, our religion,
 Holy, pure and beautiful;
 O mediums! treat us kindly,
 Be honest, true, and merciful.
 We who love you, we who guard you,
 Would lead you in the ways of right;
 Into the bowers of the beautiful,
 Out of Trouble's mirky night.

Let the inner light burn brightly,
 Speak to man with truth's brave word;
 Mind not Evil's cat-o'-nine-tail,
 Fear not Evil's twa-blade sword.
 Jealousy, Envy, Hate, fear not,
 Your frien's are brave and vera strong;
 Earth's courts, Earth's judges,
 Be true, and they'll do you no wrong.

TO OLEIDA.

—o—

A TWEEN the devil and the sea,
 Four ways at once you bow;
 The shifting sand is neath your feet,
 Your foundation weak, I wow!
 Ye smile at —, at —, at —,
 Behint their backs ye frown;
 And gie us all to understand,
 Such folk suld be pat down.

It's loose and fast ye play my friend,
 Ye're afraid of the paukie crew;
 Sae ye keep right on nid-noddin',
 'Tis true, there I find you.
 Were you certain of the future day,
 Your loaded dice ye'd throw;
 Sae atween the devil and the sea,
 Your sails will flap and blow.

TO J. W. DOUGLASS.

GENERAL MANAGER, MAIL AND EMPIRE.

—o—

THANK you for your paper, there's much in it
 to learn;
 Out a little way frien', the compliment I'll return.
 The forest business is now plain, no longer will I
 wonder;
 At the howlin' of our editors, you gave Sam's boys a
 sender.

If you keep even, you'll do well, stealin' is a trade
 owre here;
 Your Argus-eye keep open wide, you'll lose your pelt
 I fear.
 The ways and tricks of yankees, are not past finding
 out;
 Oom Paul isn't in it, ye'll find this true nae doubt.

I dinna like your way, nae! cauld bluid has that
 Rhodes man;
 Lady Canada gar't a mistake, whan she towsled with
 that plan.
 Had she just kept her ain nose clean, nae mixed with
 that black scrape,

'Twad saved the bluid o' Scotland's lads, an' the
mither's wearin' crape.

Let Rhodes do his ain fightin'; to the front send
Chamberlain;

Let them face their ain manoeuvring, they, the gods of
Greed and Gain.

O Gude! the inconsistency! two men created this hell;
Let them face the cannon's mouth, will they then say
"All's well."

Canada's braw lads, Scotland's brave men, led to
slaughter like dumb beasts;

While the Neros of this hellish war, are wined and
dined at feasts.

Trekking o'er the blood-stained veldt, Canada's lad-
dies dear;

A sad mistake, Lady Canada, ye'll fin' it sae I fear.

I pity the wives an' weans, of the Dublin Fusileers!
That brave gallant battalion, shed blood and bitter
tears.

Eight hundred and fifty strong, they faced the shot
and shell;

To the call, one hundred answer "here" the ithers in
battle fell.

The Highland men are very brave, they face the can-
non's fire;

Oh! thase blae-bluids of London the thocht mak's them
transpire.

The plebeians of Canada, losh! the servants of Queen
Vic;

They die for their Queen, an' their kintra, English
generals ken weel the trick.

Canada has learned her lesson weel, her wisdom-teeth
she's cut;

She'll turn a leaf in history, of the Queen's fool she's
nae butt.

She'll furl her ain flag, yea! Independence nears her
birth morn;

With tagging at the heels of Royalty, with their
randies she's weary an' worn.

Canada with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a man o' mony parts,
An' a' the ither guid fallows, that serve auld wine an'
"Tartes."

Ye've gat a corner on freedom, ye needna' spill guid
blood;

Nid-noddin' at Royalty's beck and call, this is weel
understood.

McDonald, Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, as frien's, lads,
ye maun meet;

Pat awa' your conspiracies, an' the men wha lie and
cheat.

Apply your Masonic level, measure by the auld time
square;

Shaw the peoples wham ye represent, ye are honest,
aye, ye're fair.

And — your watch-eye keep on "Uncle Sam," he isna
always fair;

That is — since Hanna's McKinley, roosts in the pres-
dent's chair.

The eagle tells some queer tales, the Goddess frowning
says;

She's watching the movements of the stars, the stars
in Polly Tick's plays.

We've gat a nasty muss o'er here, the gold-bugs all
like war;

Human lives sacrificed, Nero like, under their golden
car.

Crushed under the wheels of their juggernaut, war
 swells the money mart;
 The Imperialists hold the scepter, to die is the plebe-
 ians part.

I'm takin' notes for the Judgment Day, a witness I
 will be;
 Women can't vote in the States, but they let us
 tell what we see.
 Italians, Negroes, Polanders vote, all sorts of foreign
 trash;
 But whan we women speak o't, the State Gods gie us
 snash.

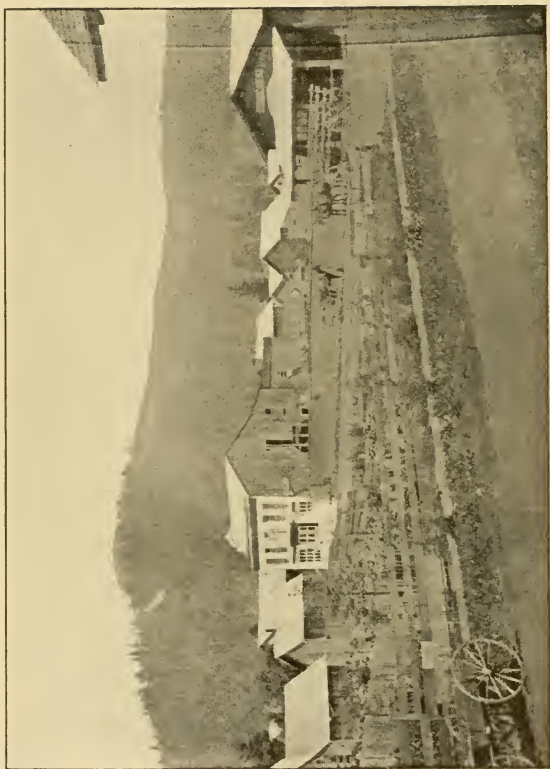
A bayonet my pen shall be, I'll spear them unto death;
 I'll cremate them in the flames of Wrath, denounce
 with my last breath.
 War will cease when women vote, mothers their sons
 will save;
 This civilized Christian savagery, we'll bury in Barba-
 ism's grave.

Feb. 28, 1900.

QUOTATION FROM ROBERT BURNS.



WAUD tae the Muse, my daintie Davie!
 The warl may play ye monie a shavie,
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir;
 Na, ev'n tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
 Frae door to door.



WEST SALAMANCA.

TO T. W. LITCHFIELD.

—o—

†
A H! Tommy boy, I've knawn ye lang,
 Lang years ago ye knaw;
 I used to meet ye here an' there,
 An' hear ye talk an' blaw.
 Your voice went oot for truth an' right,
 Ye werena feared to say,
 Just what ye thocht to John an' Dick,
 On the right side ye'd gae,
 An' swing your flag, wi' a' your might,
 An' tell o' Spiritism;
 Ye boldly stood oop for the right,
 In spite o' catechism.

An' Burns did laugh, to see ye fight,
 The battle guid an' strang;
 Ye downed auld Orthodox an' Faith,
 Ye showed them oop as wrang.
 Ye took a han' wi' a' the gudes,
 Auld Cloutie ye nae feared;
 The preachers gied ye widest berth,
 For fear they wad get speared.
 Sae, Tommy dear, I aften helped
 To carry on the fray;
 By impression I said to ye
 The things that ye did say.
 Ye little knew O Tommy boy,
 The help that ye did get;
 When in those conversaziones,
 Which seemed much like a spat.

Whan Dick wad laugh an' chuckle much,
 To see ye fight your way;
 An' John wad get sae earnest,
 An' hae sae much to say,
 Aboot the resurrection,
 He knew it was all true;
 The grave wad gie him oop sum day,
 He'd be as guid as new.
 His flesh an' banes wad a' cum oop,
 Frae oot the grun sae clean;
 He'd be the same John Hill o' auld
 A queer belief I ween.

Noo John is on the ither side,
 He cums to ye sae aft;
 An' pats ye on the head sometimes,
 Wi' friendly han' sae saft.
 He kens noo, Tom, that ye were right,
 An' he was in the wrang,
 He says to ye "Noo Tommy boy,
 Tom, fight the battle strang.
 Tell Frankie dear, to cum neist year,
 Oop whare the lilies grow;
 An' I will tell her on the slate
 The truths that I do know."

Gae on dear boy, there's wark to do,
 Much wark for ye an' me;
 Before auld Orthodox is dead,
 An' the peoples all set free.
 The chains an' fetters we will brak',
 We'll gie licht to the mind;
 We'll mak' the deaf hear Nature's truth,
 We'll gie sicht to the blind.
 Sae light your torch, O Tommy boy!
 An' blaw your bugle strang;
 An' draw your sword on Orthodox,
 Put right in place o' wrang.

O Tommy boy! tak' courage noo,
 The powers wull cum to ye;
 The day will soon be cumin',
 When spirit face ye'll see.
 Ye do belang to us, dear Tom,
 A servant ye shall be;
 Ye'll teach the slaves o' Orthodox,
 Ye'll help to set them free.
 Tak' courage noo dear boy an' wark,
 For spirit an' its right;
 Stand oop for truth, the living truth,
 We'll help ye in the fight.

Adieu, auld frien', we thank ye much,
 For kindness ye have shown;
 We wadna cum this way, dear frien',
 If we had na' hae knawn
 That ye wad gie us welcome warm,
 An' mak' your hame our ain;
 The higher powers thank ye, frien',
 We hope to cum agen.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

—o—

RAST Fenton, — the victim, is under cover,
 He's jumped the Iowa line;
 Is he a felon — Crime's black bird, —
 Losh! is he of that kin?
 Can he look Honor in the face,
 And say, I'm an honest man;
 Well — Catherwood, I hardly think it,
 I do not believe he can.

His hang-dog, sheep-shank, sneakin' look,
Tells a sorry tale;
Oh, god! could the walls of that home talk,
You'd hear a ghost-like wail!
I do not say, that murder stalks,
A ghost in that old house;
I do not say that the man you shield,
Is a villain, and a louse.

I simply say he's under cover,
And the wife's gold's in the press;
And from Shaw's bank to you — man,
The business's a villain's mess.
Well hedged around it seems to be,
He married her for her money;
But the record he has made, man,
Is anything but funny.

Of all the liars East or West,
Your client takes the cake;
When the brain was mixed with Rum an' Gin,
His tongue slipped a mistake.
He told the story of his crime,
I saw the game he played;
Remorse will face the villain,
By Remorse he will be flayed.

The gold is in the lawyer's press,
Five lawyers sit on the pile;
A judge, ex-judge, district attorney,
'Twad mak' auld Nickie smile.
The dead wife's watching well the play,
She is not dead, you see;
Transition, means from the body,
The spirit now is free.

Her gold is in the lawyer's press,
Five lawyers sit on the pile;

A judge, ex-judge, a banker, district attorney,
 Mephistopheles wad smile
 To see just hoo they wark it,
 But, there's a python in their nest;
 Oh God! and the angels see it all!
 And the dead wife cannot rest.

That old house — haunted! haunted is!
 Ye cud na sleip it seems;
 Did the puir deid wife cum to ye?
 Did ye see her in your dreams?
 Nae wonner ye sold the hoosie,
 Materialist tho' ye be;
 Frae that haunted hoose, man,
 Grit Gude! man, ye did flee.

Did ye hear the rappin' — rappin'?
 Did ye hear strange noises weird?
 Did ye see the wife ye wranged — man?
 Did she cum frae the graff in her shroud?
 Did ye ca' on His Satanic Majesty,
 To guard ye frae the wraith?
 Did ye feel the touch of the deid wife's han',
 Did ye smell her poisoned breath?

Oh! there's a ghost behint the scene, man'
 That ghost will never down;
 Look ye to right, look ye to left,
 That ghost will on ye frown.
 A vile tragedy! theft by men, (so called)
 It never can be hid;
 Nemesis, obeys the angry gods,
 Vengeance will do as he's bid.

Astraea. O Goddess of Justice!
 Deal your vials of wrath, to that crew;
 Husband — nurse, sister-in-law, —
 Black is the tale — 'tis true.

Nemesis goddess of Punishment,
 Ye'll sit on the judges bench;
 With your cat-o'-nine-tail, Nemesis,
 Flay to the bone that (nurse) wench.

Truth has unmasked the hellish wrong,
 Truth the tale will tell;
 Guilt makes a man a coward,
 'Twill drag him down to hell!
 Justice, — ring the curtain up,
 O justice! I'm proud of thee;
 Thro' all the unmasking of villains,
 You've been a friend to me.

Feb. 14, 1898, Austin, Minn.

A MEMORIAL.

TO HARRIETT N. FENTON.

Here by your grave I sit and muse,
 I'm thinking of the past;
 You're under Sorrow's mirky cloud,
 For you Sorrow's die was cast.
 I'm thinking of your girlhood days,
 Of the long — long ago;
 The curtain on dame Future's stage,
 Was not raised for you.

You labored early, labored late,
 Saved in a miserly way;
 Hoarding up your shining gold,
 That you might have plenty to pay,
 For the comforts, and needs, a little pleasure,
 When you were old and gray;
 O Life! you are a tragedy,
 With devils and hells in the play!

Ah! into Matrimony's net,
 A victim trapped you fell;
 A gold-fish, well caught, I trow,

I weep when the tale I tell.
 The fisherman came from the west,
 Enticing were his lies;
 The contract closed by the preacher,
 By experience we all grow wise.

Your thousands dropped in the wily snatch,
 In hell ye lived many a year;
 Ye wept lang nights with Folly,
 Dropped many a scalding tear,
 Tragedy, Villainy, Deception,
 Sat by your dying bed;
 Now here you lie among your own,
 Numbered among the dead.

Not even a stone to mark your grave,
 Your name nowhere is seen;
 While your thousands in the far, far west,
 Are divided with men, I ween.
 Great God! that was blood money! blood
 money!
 It will follow them to their graves;
 Blood money! Oh, the damnable stain!
 They are Sin's wily slaves.

Randolph, Feb. 14, 1890.

TO NANNIE LITCHFIELD.



NANNIE, darlin' Nannie,
 With the bricht blue ee;
 Fairy spirit, Nannie,
 Fate blessed ye
 With goodness and purity,
 Thy saul mild as the doo;
 Gentle, meek, an' braw, Nannie,
 Yours, a spiritual lo'e.

Angel thou art, Nannie,
 Ye were a welcome child;
 Born o' a luvin' mither,
 With disposition mild.
 'Tis the like o' ye, Nannie,
 That fills the warl wi' joy;
 I lo'e to leuk upon your face,
 With its witching smile sae coy,


The Muse will sing for thee, Nannie
 A spirit child thou art;
 Ye do belang to us, Nannie,
 Weel, ye'll play your part.
 Fortune kissed ye, sonsie Nan,
 In harmony ye were born;
 A willin' warker ye will be,
 A flower withoot a thorn.

We will be leal to ye, Nannie,
 Blessings we will bring;
 Harmony sublime, Nannie,
 With angels ye will sing.
 Glad sangs, sweet sangs, our Nannie
 Oh! we rejoice today;
 To fin' ye in our circle,
 With us ye'll alwa' stay.

We haud the mystic key, Nannie,
 The magnetic key o' Fate;
 We've held it mony a day, Nannie,
 We kenna just the date
 We saw you first, fair Nannie,
 But ye were vera sma';
 Aye, vera weel we kent Nannie,
 Ye'd min' the spirit ca'.

THE LOVER'S RIDDLE.

—o—


 RIDDLE I will gie ye Luve,
 A riddle I'll gie ye;
 An' gin ye guess the riddle Luve,
 My bride then ye shall be.
 Noo, listen while I tell ye Luve,
 About the riddle queer;
 Think twa-three times afore ye speak,
 It is a puzzle dear.

A man had twice sax sons,
 Ilk son had lassies thretty;
 An' like the queans o' modern day,
 These lassies were quite flirty.
 Ilk lassie had Dame Oddity's face,
 Ae half was white, the ither black,
 The white did gleam with sunny smile,
 For frown the black had quite a nack.

Ilk ithers face they never saw,
 That is the strangest part;
 I've heard the man in the moon say,
 That nane o' them had a heart.
 Ane thing mair is a greater puzzle,
 Quick they all did dee,
 Noo quickly guess my riddle, Luve,
 An' mae heart tae ye I'll gie.

"I'll guess your riddle sae vera quick,
 'Twill puzzle the pate o' auld Nick;

To tell hoo the answer popped into my brain,
Ye'll nae cum tae me, wi' a riddle again."

"The father — well, his name is Year,
An' what dae ye think o' that mae dear?
An' twal months, are the sons twice six,
Filled tae the brim wi' unlucky tricks."

"The lassies thretty, are days, ye see,
The riddle is easy it seems tae me;
Ae half o' the face, is black as jet,
An' quick I'll guess ye that, ye bet."

"The ither half is white ye say,
Ane is nicht, the ither day.
In twenty-four hours they expire,
Dear Sir, I've granted your desire."

"But, your bride sir, that I'll nae be,
That is a thing that relates to me;
Ye hae nae siller or gold I ween,
That is vera plain tae be seen."

"An' the truth is, I canna afford,
Tae gie ye the half o' my bed an' board.
The half o' my board, an' the half o' my bed,
Losh! a man to be claith'd an' housed an' fed."

"What cou'd ye gie, me for all this?"
"I'd gie ye mae Luv a husband's kiss;
An' that tae a maid like ye wad be bliss,
An' I think its a blessin' ye lang hae missed."

An' then — ye'd be ca'd, Mrs. Gondee,
An' that wad be an honor tae ye;
A protector my Luv I'll be unto thee,
Gin ye will marry, will marry me."

I'll spend your siller, wi' the gritest o' ease,
 Ye can pay my debts, whanever ye please;
 Like American ladies, ye leuk for a name,
 I'll tak' your siller, an' buy credit an' fame.

"Gae ye quick — frae oot o' mae hame,
 I hae little use for ye or your name;
 Dinna mistak' me, do you think me a fool?
 Meikle I've learned, in Experience's school.

I'll keep mae name — aye! keep mae ain name!
 I understan' weel your pauky game,
 I've thocht it owre weel, I'll tak' mae rather.
 An' wi' your lairdship I winna bother.

Ye just gang awa', ye have it noo flat,
 I wot it is cheaper tae kiss the auld cat;
 An' mae hoosie an' bed, I will keep tae mae sel,
 I winna mak' o' mae hame, a hell.

TO S. S. WASHBURN, AUSTIN, MINN. FEB. 1898.

—o—

And banker Shaw will say:

WEA, he will say, with salt tears streaming down
 his face;
 Lived all these years — for what? to meet
 disgrace!

Behind the scenes, the laughing stock of men I'll be,
 My greed, my love of gold, has brought this fate to
 me.

Alas! alas! all this I would not mind —
 (Great God! there are some things, I hope they will
 not find.)

My tracks well covered, ha! I did defy Detection's
 scout,
 'Tis very strange — but very true, my tricks are out.
 Here in my banker's den, unveiled, sure, I am vexed!
 My peace of mind is gone, no rest, great god! what
 next?

Ghost.

Alas! a bold black spider in its own nest caught,
 The picture he now views, his own hands wrought;
 As he sowed, so shall he reap, he well knew wrong
 from right.

Self destruction, aye, oh! it is a pitiful sight!
 Man, cannot well afford to damn himself,
 By wronging justice in the race for pelf.
 Honor, watches well each move upon the checker-
 board of life;
 Temptation oft does lead us into ways of sin and
 strife.

Austin, Minn., Feb 1900.

BANKER SHAW.

—o—

“**I**N God we trust” says the silver dollar,
 In gold I trust, says Shaw;
 “Trust ye can put in me, good friends,
 Fear not my banker's claw.

My requisition is a simple fee,
 This — I do not deny;
 But — no man need want for money,
 So, friends, just apply.”

The smirking old banker, smiles and bows,
 One could imagine, four ways at once;
 Bows and bows, and smiles and bows,
 Transforming himself to a dunce.

I imagine, he'd get so used to bowing,
 That he'd bow to the dogs on the street;
 Bow to the horses — the telegraph poles,
 And all things, that he might meet.

He shakes with John — he shakes with Tom,
 A shaking old banker is he;
 It's shake, and it's shake with all classes an' kinds,
 A policy banker — you see.
 The jolly old farmer, is welcomed there,
 Of the farmer he's much in need;
 Fresh from the stable — highly perfumed,
 All this matters not to Greed.

Twelve per-cent John — twenty per-cent Tom,
 Your note is good as the gold;
 It's borrow and lend, lend and borrow,
 Till the dear auld farm is sold.
 Sold on a mortgage — a mortgage sale,
 The farm is the banker's share;
 Inside of the law keeps the sly old banker,
 Of that he takes great care.

The jolly old banker belongs to the church,
 The "First National Church," ye ken;
 His prayers — amens, his "Glory to God!"
 Are well understood by men.
 Hetch! — he's clutched auld granny Dowd's feather
 bed,
 A banker's sale, yea, sure!
 Will the Redeemer, show the way for redemption,
 Nae — nae, she must meekly endure.

In the clutch of a banker — wail not! wail not!
 The widow her home has lost;
 Not a day! not a day — not a single day,
 Sacrificed, — at half the cost!
 And the smiling old banker goes to his church,

Pays the preacher — pew rent and all;
 And the preacher reads of the “Original Sin,”
 ’Twas Eve that caused man to fall.

So the world wags on, — wags on — and on,
 The godly old banker wags too;
 And he counts his notes — his gold and his bonds,
 Just as all Shylocks, do.
 But when auld Gabriel blows his horn,
 And says — “Drop your bags of gold;”
 That is the time — that is the time,
 Banker Shaw, will then be sold.

In nakedness then before God he will stand,
 With the “Doomsday book,” open wide;
 And it’s here is a charge, and there is a charge,
 In this he’ll not take much pride.
 “Gold was your God, not I — not I!
 Mammon and Might were your shield;
 And your coffers were filled with gold — from where?
 Did you reap in the poor man’s field?”

Oh! God forbid, that such as ye,
 Sit near the great white throne!
 Goodness — Purity — Humility — Charity,
 Wad turn on ye a frown!
 If Heaven is made of such as ye,
 I’ll check through to another sphere;
 I fear I’d lose the feathers in my wings,
 Of your banker’s clutch I’ll keep clear.

Ye will remember, aye! banker Shaw,
 At my mercy, I tald ye, ye were;
 I’ve gien ye a nip frae my red het tangs,
 Gin ye like, ye can demur.
 Whan ye cross the path o’ anither like me,
 Stan’ oop — an’ act like a man;

An' not be whuppin' roun' here an' there,
To help oot a villain's plan.


Ye were in it Shaw, frae your heid tae your heel,
Ye were backing a villain, banker Shaw;
Auld Nick's inquisitor has racked ye weel,
Noo I'll call the game, a draw.
I held the queen, I held the king,
The ace — both jacks, ha! ha!
An' the "joker", I captured — banker Shaw,
Whan the "box" was fand in your claw.

And now, by a woman, you're flayed richt well,
I hope the lesson you'll learn;
Defeat not the wishes of the silent dead,
For fear of a breezy turn.
You have met a sample of the "New woman,"
We can figure as sharp as you;
Checkmated — checkmated — banker Shaw,
Here's a pen picture, Shaw for you.
Feb. 11 1898. Austin, Minnesota.

TO EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL.



"I want the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba in good time."


THAT'S what I call expansion,
Your greed is very great;
Ye want one half the hail warl,
The ither half gie your mate.
John Bull is partner in the deal,
Your richts nane maun dispute;
E'en tho' your plundering, thieving wars,
Mak' man a murdering brute.

Wha dares to meddle with the Bull,
 Will hear the cannon's rair;
 Wha dares to meddle with "Sam's Bear,"
 Will never meddle mair.
 "We want the warl" — (the Bull and Bear,)
 Might is your scepter — truc;
 The gold octopus, with monster claw,
 The U. S., England and you.
 Mar. 10, 1900.

TO ARTHUR.

—o—

† HIS is na game of Baccaret,
 Ye'll find man I am right;
 The leader is a human fox,
 Of him we'll nae lose sight.
 "The hour is big with Fate;" yea! yea!
 And soon will spawn a birth;
 'Twill be the effect of a great cause
 That is fretting Mother Earth.

Your guns are spiked, aye, that they are,
 But in a pleasant way;
 Ye'll wear your regimentals well,
 And naething will ye say.
 I smile to see the paukie game,
 A long head, your boss has got;
 But he'll buck against a cyclone,
 And lose his horns I wot.


June 10, 1900.



A. B. RICHMOND.

TO A. B. RICHMOND.




 S the mast to the ship, the horse to the plough
 As the oar to the frail little bark;
 So, friend, I see you have paved your way,
 Ye aim at a high mark.
 Slow but steady, firm and bold,
 Careful to know you are right;
 Watching the ebb of the treacherous tide,
 Keeping Truth's Light-house in sight

Brave and willing to do, and dare,
 Fearing no man as a foe,
 Rushing into Injustice's sea,
 Wrong, you would overthrow.
 A mighty power, I find you friend,
 A worker for truth and right;
 We from the other side view this,
 It gives us, friend, delight.

As the North star to the Mariner,
 As the moon to the wandering tramp;
 So, you to the hungry searcher,
 Give light—as an electric lamp.
 Aye! faithful, firm, an steady,
 We welcome you friend, in the fold;
 Daring to speak the truth ever,
 Waving truth's banners, bold.

As the magnet to the steel, friend,
 Attractions you have strong;
 Oh! that more had your subtle power,

We'd wake the world ere long,
Truth's trumpet you will blow, friend,
You'll sound a wild alarm;
For there's serious trouble brewing friend,
The thunder speaks the storm.

The shifting sands will come and go,
But the rock will resist the wave;
Many from the surging deep—
Out of the wreck you'll save.
Many are struggling the shore to reach,
Oh! the great—great pity is, friend,
That, like you, there isn't more,
A helping hand will lend.

The winter of your life, friend,
Will be filled with noble deeds;
With a generous hand I see you,
Scattering on the way Truth's seeds.
The soil is fertile, ay, 'twill grow,
But the harvest you will not see
In earth-life, nae—nae, good friend,
You'll be over here with me.

But ere Transition's change comes,
There's much in store for thee;
A different life you'll meet, friend,
Great changes for you I see.
Evolution will turn her wheels,
You'll meet a great surprise;
You're in the hand of Fate friend,
Strange, but, still, 'tis wise.

Fate will throw back her doors, kind friend,
And there behind the screen;
A living mystery will be solved,
A happy surprise I ween.
If I were to tell you now, friend,

I fear you would not believe;
Man! as honest as you, I am
A friend, I would not deceive.

A spirit came with your letter friend,
A message the lass sends thee;
Tired and worn with suffering,
From pain the lass is free.
It's little that she can say friend,
She'll be stronger by and by,
The spirit is weak from waiting,
For the old sick body to die.

We'll help her friend to come to thee,
In form ye'll see her again;
This is true, so very true,
Strange as it seems to men.
Ye've better gifts, friend, than ye ken,
Your gifts will materialize;
You'll meet with new conditions,
This truth you'll realize.

I'm the same wild ranting Rob,
Oh! my Lady gies me the check;
She says I mauna do this an' that,
I made o' mysel' a wreck,
Trowth! she hauds the reins sae vera ticht,
My cues I sure maun mind;
The lassie has a strang will,
To this fact nane are blind.

GLOSSARY.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A' all | Amang, among |
| Aback, away from | An', and, An's, and is |
| Abeigh, at a shy distance | Ance, once |
| Aboon, above | Ane, one Anes, ones |
| Abread, abroad, in sight | Anent, against |
| Abreed, in breadth | Anither, another |
| Abusin', abusing | Artfu', artful |
| Acquent, acquainted | Ase, ashes |
| A'-day, all day | Asklent, obliquely, aslant |
| Adle, putrid water | Aster, astir |
| Advisement, advice | A'thegither, altogether |
| Ae, one, only | Athort, athwart |
| Aff, off | Atween, between |
| Aff-hand, at once | Aught, eight, Aughteen |
| Aff loof, extemporaneously | eighteen, |
| Afore, before | Aughtlins, any thing, in the |
| Aften, often | least |
| A-gley, off the right line | Auld, old, Auld's, as old as |
| Aiblins, perhaps | Aulder, older |
| Aik, an oak, Aiken oaken | Auldfarran, sagacious |
| Ain, own | Aumous, alms |
| Air, early | Ava, at all |
| Airl-penny, earnest money | Awa, away |
| Airles, earnest money | Awe, to owe |
| Airn, iron. Airns, irons | Awee, a little time |
| Airt, direction, the point | Awfu', awful |
| from which the wind | Awkart, awkward |
| blows; to direct | Awnie, bearded |
| Airted, directed | Ay, always |
| Aith, an oath. Aiths, oaths | Ayont, beyond |
| Aits, oats | |
| Aiver, an old horse | Ba', a ball |
| Aizle, a hot cinder | Babie-clouts, baby-clothes |
| Ajee, to one side | Backets, buckets |
| Alake! alas! | Bade, endured, desired |
| Alang, along | Baggie (dim. of <i>bag</i> ,) the |
| Amaist, almost | stomach |

- Bainie, bony, muscular belonged to
 Bairns, children Beld, bald
 Bairntime, a family of chil- Bellum, a noise, an attack
 dren Bellyfu', bellyful
 Baith, both Belyve, by and by
 Bakes, biscuits Ben, into the spence or par-
 Ballats, ballads lor Benmost bore, the
 Ban', band innermost recess, or hole
 Banes, bones Bethankit, the grace after
 Bang, a stroke An unco meat
 bang, a heavy stroke or Beuk, a book. Devil's pic-
 effort tur'd beuks, cards
 Bannet, a bonnit Bicker, a wooden dish, a few
 Bannock, a cake of oatmeal steps unwittingly
 bread Bid, to wish, or ask
 Bardie, dim. of *bard* Bide, to stand, to endure
 Barefit, barefooted Biel, a habitation. Bield,
 Barkit, barked. Barin, bark- shelter
 ing Bien, plentiful, comfortably.
 Barm, yeast, Barmie, of, or Big, to build Bigg, to build.
 like barm Bigs, builds Biggin, build-
 Batch, a party ing
 Batts, the Botts Bill, a bull
 Bauckie-bird, the bat Billie, a good fellow Billies,
 Baudrons, a cat young fellows
 Bauks, cross- beams Bings, heaps of any thing,
 Bauk-en', end of a bauk or such as turnips, potatoes
 cross beam Birdies, dim. of *bird*
 Bauld, bold Bauldly, bold- Birk, the birch. Birks, birch-
 ly es, Birken, birchen Birk-
 Baummy, balmy en shaw, a small birch
 Bawk, an open space in a wood
 cornfield, generally a ridge Birkie, a spirited fellow
 left untilled Birring, whirring
 Baws'nt, having a white Birses, bristles
 stripe down the face Bit, crisis
 Bawtie, a familiar name for Bizzard gled, a kite
 a dog Bizz, a bustle. Bizzes, buzzes
 Be't, be it Bizzy, busy. Bizzie, busy
 Bear, barely Bizzies, buzzes
 Beas, vermin Black bonnet, the elder
 Beastie, dim. of *beast* Blae, blue, sharp, keen
 Beets, adds fuel to fire Blastie, a term of contempt
 Befu', befall Blastit, blasted, withered
 Behint, behind Blate, shamefaced
 Belang, belong to Blang'd Blather, bladder

- Blaud, to slap; a quantity of any thing
 Blaudin', pelting
 Blaw, to blow, to brag
 Blaws, blows
 Blawn, blown Blawn't, had blown it
 Bleatin', bleating
 Bleerit, bleared, Bleeer't, bleared
 Bleeze, a blaze. Bleezing, blazing
 Blllum, an idle talking fellow
 Blether, the bladder, nonsense. Blethers nonsens
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blin', blind. Blins, blinds
 Blin't, blinded
 Blink, a blink o' rest, a short period of repose, a short time, a moment, a look.
 Blinks, looks smilingly
 Blinkers, a term of contempt, pretty girls
 Blinkin, smirking
 Blirt and bleary, fits of crying
 Blitter, the mire snipe
 Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge
 Blude, blood. Bluid, blood
 Bludie, bloody. Bluidy, bloody.
 Blume, bloom
 Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person
 Blypes, large pieces
 Bocked, vomited
 Boddle, a small coin
 Boggie, dim. of *bog*
 Bogles, ghosts
 Bonie, beautiful
 Bonnocks, thick cakes of oatmeal bread
 Boord, board
 Boortrees, elder shrubs
 Boost, must needs
 Bore, a hole or rent
 Bouk, a corpse
 Bouses, drinks
 Bow-hough'd, crook thighed
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, crooked
 Brae, the slope of a hill
 Braid, broad Braid Scots, broad Scotch
 Braid-claith, broad cloth
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braing't, reeled forward
 Brak, did break Brak's, broke his
 Brankie, well attired
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
 Brany, brandy
 Brash, sickness
 Brats, rags
 Brattle, a short race
 Braw, handsome
 Brawly, perfectly
 Braxies, morbid sleep
 Breastie, dim. of *breast*
 Breastit, did spring up or forward
 Brechan, a horse collar
 Breckan, fern
 Bree, juce, liquid
 Brecks, breeches
 Brent, straight, smooth, unwrinkled
 Brewin, brewing
 Brie, juice
 Brief, a writing
 Brig, bridge
 Brither, brother Brithers, brothers
 Brock, a badger

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| Brogue, a trick | But an' ben, kitchen and parlor |
| Broo, water, broth | By, past, apart |
| Brooses, races at country | By attour, in the neighborhood |
| weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church | Byke, a multitude, a beehive |
| Browst, as much malt liquor as is brewed at a time | Ca', to drive, a call. Ca'd, named driven Ca's, calls Ca't, called, Ca' throu' |
| Browster-wives, ale-house wives | to push forward |
| Brugh, burgh. Brughs, boroughs | Cadger, a carrier |
| Brulzie, a broil | Cadie, a fellow |
| Brunstane, brimstone | Caff, chaff |
| Brunt, burned | Cairds tinkers |
| Brust, burst | Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves |
| Buckie, dim. of <i>buck</i> | Callans, boys |
| Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia | Caller, fresh |
| Buff, to beat | Callet, a trull |
| Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheeps into the pens to be milked | Cam, came |
| Buirldy, strong, imposing-looking, well knit | Cankert, cankerd Cankrie, cankered |
| Buke, book | Canna, cannot |
| Bum, to hum | Cannie, carefully, softly |
| Bum-clock, a beetle | Cannilie, dexterously |
| Bumming, making a noise like a bee | Cantie, in high spirits |
| Bummle, a blunderer | Cantin' canting |
| Bunker, a chest | Cantrip, a charm, a spell |
| Burdies, damsels | Cape-stane, cope-stone |
| Bure, bore, did bear | Cap'rin, capering |
| Burns, streams. Burnie dim. of <i>burn</i> | Careerin, cheerfully |
| Burnewin (i. e. burn the wind,) a blacksmith | Carl, a carle Carlie, dim. of <i>carle</i> |
| Bur-thistle, the spear-thistle | Carlin, an old woman |
| Busking, dressing, decorating. Buskit, dressed adorns | Cartes cards |
| Buss, a bush | Cartie, dim. of <i>cart</i> |
| Bussle, bustle | Caudrons, cauldrons |
| But, without | Cauf, a calf |
| | Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay |
| | Cauld, cold Caulder, colder |
| | Caups, wooden drinking vessels |
| | Causey, causeway |

- Cavey, a hen-coop
 Chamer, chamber
 Change-house, a tavern
 Chap, a fellow
 Chapman, a peddler
 Chaup, a blow
 Cheek for chow, cheek by jowl
 Cheep, chirp
 Cheerfu', cheerful
 Chiels, young fellows
 Chimla, chimney, Chimlie, chimney
 Chittering, trembling with cold
 Chows, chews
 Chuckle, dim. of *chuck*
 Christendie, christendom
 Chuffie, a fat face
 Clachan, a hamlet
 Claise, clothes. Claith, cloth
 Claith'd, clothed
 Claiting, clothing
 Clamb, clomb
 Clankie, a sharp stroke
 Clap, a clapper
 Clark, clerkly, pertaining to erudition
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clarty, dirty
 Clash, idle talk, to talk
 Clatter, to talk idly. Kintra clatter, the talk of the country
 Claught, caught
 Claughtin, catching at anything greedly
 Claut, to snatch at, to lay hold of, a quantity scraped together by niggardliness
 Clauted, scraped
 Claver, clover
 Clavers, idle stories
 Claw, scratch
 Clean, handsome
 Cleekin, a brood
 Cleed, to clothe. Cleeding, clothing
 Cleek, to seize
 Cleekit, linked themselves
 Clegs, gad-flies
 Clink, to rhyme; money
 Clinkin, sitting down suddenly
 Clinkumbell, the church bell ringing
 Clips, shears
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
 Clackin-time, hatching-time
 Cloot, the hoof
 Clootie, Satan
 Clours, bumps or swellings after a blow
 Clouts, clothes
 Clout, to patch, a patch
 Clud, a cloud
 Cluds, multitudes
 Clue, a portion of cloth or yarn
 Clunk, the sound emitted by liquor when shaken in a cask or bottle, when the cask or bottle is half empty
 Coatie, dim. of *coat*
 Coaxin, coaxing
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Cock, to erect
 Cocks, good fellow
 Cockie, dim. of *cock*, a good fellow
 Cod, a pillow
 Co'er, to cover
 Coft, bought
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, dim. of *cog*
 Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil or Coila, a Pictish monarch
 Collie, a country dog

- Collieshangie, an uproar, a quarrel
 Comans, commandments
 Comin', coming
 Compleenin, complaining
 Converse, conversation
 Cood, the cud
 Coofs, fools, ninnies
 Cookit, that appeared and disappeared by fits
 Coost, did cast
 Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish. Fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie
 Corbies, crows
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Corss, the market place
 Couldna, could not
 Counted, considered
 Countra, country
 Couthie, kindly, loving
 Cowe, to terrify
 Cowe the cadie, terrify the fellow; to lop, a fright
 Cowp the cran, to tumble over
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cowpet, tumbled
 Cow'rin, cowering
 Cowr, to cower
 Cour, to cower
 Cowt, a colt
 Cowte, a colt
 Cozie; cosy
 Crabbit, crabbed
 Crack, a story or harangue, talk
 Crackin, conversing, gossiping
 Craft, a croft
 Craft rig, a croft ridge
 Craig, the throat
 Craigie, dim. of *craig*, the throat
 Craigs, crags
 Craigy, craggy
 Craiks, land rails
 Crambo-clink, rhymes
 Crambo-jingle, rhymes
 Crankous, irritated
 Cranreuch, hoar frost
 Crap, to crop
 Craps, crops
 Craw, to crow
 Creel, my senses wad be in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated
 Creepie-chair, the chair or stool of repentance
 Creeshie, greasy
 Crocks, old sheep
 Croods, coos
 Crooded, cooed
 Cronie, a comrade
 Croon, a hollow and continued moan
 Crouchie, crook-backed
 Crouse, gleefully, with spirit
 Crowdie, porridge
 Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
 Crowlin, crawling
 Crummock, a staff with a crooked head
 Crump, crisp
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
 Cuddle, to fondle
 Cuifs, blockheads, ninnies
 Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
 Cunnin, cunning
 Curch, a female headdress
 Curchie, a courtesy
 Curmurring, a rumbling noise
 Curpin, the crupper. Curple, the crupper
 Cushats, wood-pigeons
 Custock, the centre of a stem of cabbage
 Cutty, a short, bob-tailed
 Cut, fashion, shape
 Daddie, father

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| Daez't, stupefied | Differ, difference |
| Daffin, merriment | Dight, cleaned from chaff; |
| Daft, foolish | to wipe away |
| Dails, deals of wood for sitting on | Din, dun in color |
| Daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then | Dine, dinner-time |
| Daisie, the daisy | Ding, to surpass, be pushed or upset. Dings, knocks |
| Damies, dim. of <i>dames</i> | Dink, neat, trim |
| Dam, water | Dinna, do not |
| Danton, to subdue | Dinner'd, dined |
| Dang, knocked, pushed | Dirl, a vibrating blow; to vibrate, Dirl'd, executed with spirit |
| Dappl't, dappled | Disagreeet, disagreed |
| Darin, daring | Dizzen, a dozen |
| Darklins, darkling | Dizzie, dizzy |
| Darlin, darling | Dochter, daughter |
| Daud, to pelt, Daudin', pelting | Doin', doing |
| Dauntingly, dauntlessly | Doited, stupefied |
| Daur, to dare. Daur't, dared. Daur na, dare not | Donsie, unlucky |
| Daut, to fondle, to make of, fondled, caressed | Dooked, ducked |
| Dawte, to fondle, Dawted, fondled, caressed | Dools, sorrow, Doolfu', sorrowful |
| Daurk, a day's labor | Doos, pigeons |
| Daviely, spiritless | Dorty, supercilious, huffy |
| Davie's, King Davids | Douce, grave, sober, Doucelly, soberly |
| Daw, dawn Dawin, the dawning | Donser, more decorous |
| Dawds, lumps, large pieces | Doudled, dandled |
| Dead-sweer, but little inclined | Dought, could, might |
| Deave, to deafen | Dought na, did not, or did not choose to |
| Deils, devils, Deil ma care, devil may care, Deil haet, devil a thing | Doup, the backside |
| Deleerit, delirious | Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail |
| Delvin, delving | Dour, stubborn |
| Describe to describe | Dow, do, can. Dowe, do can |
| Deservin, deserving, Deservint, deserving of it | Dowff, pitiless, silly |
| Deuk, a duck | Dowie, low-spirited |
| Devel, a stunning blow | Downa bide, cannot stand |
| Dictionar, a dictionary | Downa do, a phrase signifying impotence |
| Diddle, to strike or jog | Doylt, stupid |
| | Doytin, walking stupidly |
| | Dozen'd, impotent, torpid |

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| Dozin, stupefied, impotent | Earns, eagles |
| Draiglet, draggled | Eastlin, eastern |
| Drants, sour humors | Ee, eye, to watch |
| Drap, drop, a small quantity. Drappie, dim. of <i>drap</i> | Ecn, eyes |
| Drapping, dropping | E'e bric, the eyebrow |
| Draunting, drawling, of a slow enunciation | E'en, evening |
| Draw't, draw it | E'enins, evenings |
| Dree, to endure | Eerie, scared, dreading |
| Dreeping, dripping | Eild, age |
| Dreigh, tedious | Eke, also |
| Dribble, drizzle | Elbucks, elbows |
| Driddle, to play, to move slowly | Eldritch, frightful |
| Drift, a drove. Fell aff the drift, wandered from his companions | Eleckit, elected |
| Droddum, the breech | Eller, an elder. |
| Drone, the bagpipe | En', end |
| Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper | Enbrugh, Edinburgh |
| Drouk, to moisten, Droukit, wet, drenched | Em'-brugh, Edinburgh |
| Drouth, thirst | Enow, enough |
| Drouthy, thirsty | Ensuin, ensuing |
| Druken, drunken | Erse, Gaelic |
| Drumly, muddy | Especial, especially |
| Drummock, meal and water mixed raw | Ether-stane, adder-stone |
| Drunt, pet, sour humor | Ettle, design. |
| Dry, thirsty | Expeckit, expected |
| Dubs, small ponds | Expec', expect |
| Duds, garments | Eydent, diligent |
| Duddie, ragged. Duddies, garments | Fa', lot. Fa, fall |
| Dung, knocked | Face't, faced |
| Dunted, beat, thumped | Faddom't, fathomed |
| Dunts, blows, knocks | Fae, foe |
| Durk, a dirk | Faem, foam |
| Dusht, pushed by a ram or ox | Faikit, baited |
| Dwalling, dwelling | Failins, failings |
| Dyvors, bankrupts, disreputable fellows | Fair-fa, a benediction |
| | Fairin, a present, a reward |
| | Fairly, entirely, completely |
| | Fallow, a fellow |
| | Fa'n, have fallen |
| | Fan', found. Fand, found |
| | Farls, cakes of oat bread |
| | Fash, trouble myself, Fash your thumb, trouble yourself in the least, Fash't, troubled, Fashous, troublesome |

- Fasten-een, fasten's-even
 Fatt'rels, ribbon-ends
 Faught, a fight
 Fauld, a fold
 Faulding, folding. Faulding
 slap, the gate of the fold
 Fause, false
 Faut, fault, Faute, fault
 Fautor, a transgressor
 Fawn, fallen
 Fawsont, seemly
 Fearfu', fearful
 Feat, spruce
 Fecht, to fight, fechtin,
 fighting
 Feck, the greater portion
 Feckly, mostly
 Fecket, an under waistcoat
 with sleeves
 Feckless, powerless, without
 pith
 Feg, a fig
 Feide, feud
 Feirie, clever
 Fell, the flesh immediately
 under the skin; keen, bit-
 ing, nippy, tasty
 Fen, a successful struggle, a
 shift
 Fend, to keep off, to live
 comfortably
 Ferlie, to wonder, a term of
 contempt
 Fetch't, pulled intermittent
 ly
 Fey, predestined
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fiel, soft, smooth
 Fient, a petty oath
 Fier, healthy, sound, broth-
 er, friend
 Fillie, a filly
 Fin', find
- Fissle, to fidget
 Fit, foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough
 Fizz, to make a hissing
 noise like fermentation
 Flaffan, flapping, fluttering.
 Flae, a flea
 Flang, did fling or caper
 Flannen, flannel
 Flarin, flaring
 Flat'rin, flattering
 Fleech'd supplicated
 Fleech-
 in, supplicating
 Fleesh, a fleece
 Fleg, a kick, a random
 stroke, a sudden motion
 Fleth'rin, flattering
 Flewit, a sharp blow
 Fley'd, scared
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flie, a fly
 Flinders, shreds
 Flinging, capering
 Flingin-tree, a flail
 Fliskit, fretted
 Flit, remove
 Flittering, fluttering
 Flyte, to scold
 Fodgel, squat or plump
 Foord, a ford
 Foor, to fare
 Fooraday, late in the after-
 noon
 Forbears, forefathers
 Forbye, besides
 Forfairn, worn out, jaded
 Forfoughten, fatigued
 Forgather, to make ac-
 quaintance with,
 The
 gath'ed, met
 Forgie, forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fa-
 tigue
 Forrit, forward
 For't, for it

- Fother, fodder
 Fou, full, tipsy; a bushel
 Foughten, troubled
 Fouth, an abundance
 Frae, from
 Frammit, estranged
 Freath, to froth
 Fremit, strange foreign
 Frien', friend
 Fright, a person or thing of
 an extraordinary aspect
 Fu', full
 Fud, the scut of the hare
 Fuff't, did blow
 Fumbling, awkward
 Furs, furrows
 Furr-ahin, the hindmost
 horse in the right hand
 of the plough
 Furder, futherance
 Furns, wooden forms or
 seats
 Furnicator, fornicator
 Fushionless, pithless
 Fy, an exclamation of haste
 Fyke, to be in a fuss about
 trifles
 Fyle, to soil or dirty. Fyl'd
 dirtied
 Gad, to speak fluently, the
 mouth
 Gabs, tongues
 Gae, go, gave
 Gaed, walked, went
 Gaets, manners
 Gairs, triangular pieces of
 cloth inserted at the bot-
 tom of a shift or robe
 Gane, gone Gaen, gone
 Gang, to go
 Gangrel, vagrant
 Gapin, gaping
 Gar, to make Gar't, made
 Garten, garter
 Gash, sagacious
 Gashin, conversing
 Gat, got
 Gate, manner, way or road
 Gatty, gouty
 Gaucie, comfortable looking
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gaud, the plough shaft
 Gaudsman, a plough-boy,
 the boy who drives the
 horses in the plough
 Gaun, going
 Gaunted, yawned
 Gawkies foolish persons
 Gaylies, pretty well
 Gear, wealth, goods Weel
 hained gear, well saved
 drink
 Geck, to toss the head in
 wantonness or scorn
 Geds, pike
 Gentles, great folk
 Genty, slender
 Geordie, George The yellow
 lettered Geordie, a guinea
 Get, offspring
 Ghaists, ghosts
 Gie, give Gien, given Gies,
 give us Gied, gave Gi'en
 given
 Gif', if
 Giftie, dim. of *gift*
 Giglets, playful children
 Gillie, dim. of *gill*
 Gilpey, a young girl
 Gimmer, a ewe from one to
 two years old
 Gin, if
 Gipsie, gipsy
 Girdle, a circular plate of
 iron for toasting cakes on
 the fire
 Girn, to grin
 Girrs, hoops

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| Gizz, a wig | Grippet, gripped, caught |
| Glaikit, thoughtless | caught hold of |
| Glaizie, glittering | Grissle, gristle |
| Glamor, glamour | Grit, great |
| Glaum'd, grasded | Grozet, a gooseberry |
| Gled, a kite | Grunphie, the sow |
| Gleed, a live coal | Grun, ground |
| Gleg, sharp, cleverly, swiftly | Grunstane, grindstone |
| Gleib, a glebe | Gruntle, the countenance, a |
| Glib-gabbet, that speaks | grunting noise |
| smoothly and readily | Grunzie, the mouth |
| Glinted, glanced | Grintin, Grushie, thick, of thriving |
| glancing | growth |
| Goamin, twilight, Gloamin- | Grusome, ill favored |
| shot, a twilight interview | Grutten, wept |
| Glowr'd, looked earnestly | Gude, the Supreme Being, |
| stared, Glowran, staring | good Gudeman, goodman |
| Glunch, a frown | Gudes, goods, merchandise |
| Gotten, got | Guid, good |
| Goavan, looking round with | Guid-morning, good morn- |
| a strange inquiring gaze, | ing |
| staring stupidly | Guid-e'en, good even, Gud- |
| Gowan, the daisy, Gowany | een, good even |
| daisied | Guid-wife, the mistress of |
| Gowd, gold, Gowden, golden | the house; the landlady |
| Gowf'd, knocked hither and | Guid-father, father-in-law |
| thither | Gully, a large knife |
| Gowk, a foolish person | Gulravage, riot |
| Gowling, howling | Gumlie, muddy, discolored |
| Granes, groans | Grained, Gusty, tasteful |
| grinned | Gumption, understanding |
| Graip, a pronged instrument | Gutcher, grandfather |
| for cleaning stables | |
| Graith, harness, field imple- | Ha', hall, Ha'folk, servants |
| ments, accoutrements | Ha' Bible, hall-Bible |
| Graff, a grave | Haddin, holding, inheritance |
| Graunie, grandmother | Hae, have, here (in the |
| Grabe, to grope | sense of take) |
| Graped | Haet, the least thing, Deil |
| groped | haet, an oath of negation, |
| Grapit, groaped | Damn'd haet, nothing |
| Grat, wept | Haff, the half, Ha'f, the half |
| Gratefu', grateful | Haffets, the temples, Haffet |
| Gree, a prize, to agree | locks, locks at the temples |
| agreed | Hafflins, partly, Hafflins- |
| Greet, to weep | Greetin, wise, almost itself |
| Griens, covets, longs for | |
| Grievin, grieving | |

- Hag, a scar or gulf in moor-
 ses and moors
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hain, to spare, to save
 Hain'd, spared
 Hairst, harvest
 Haith, a pretty oath
 Haivers, idle talk
 Hal', hall
 Hald, an abiding place
 Hale, hold, entire
 breeks, breeches without
 holes, uninjured
 Haly, holy
 Hallan, a particular parti-
 tion wall in a cottage
 Hallions, clowns, common
 fellows
 Hallowmas, the thirty-first
 of October
 Hame, home
 Hamely, home-
 ly
 Han', hand
 hand-breadth
 Han' afore, the foremost
 horse on the left hand in
 the plough
 Han' ahin, the hindmost
 horse on the left hand in
 the plough
 Hand-waled, carefully chos-
 en by hand
 Handless, without hands,
 useless, awkward
 Han't handed
 Hangit, hanged
 Hansel, hansel
 throne, a
 throne newly inherited, a
 gift for a particular sea-
 son, or the first money or
 any particular occasion
 Hap, to wrap
 winter clothing
 Hap, hop
 Ha'pence, half pence
 Happer, a hopper
 Happing, hopping
 Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop,
 step, and jump, with a
 light airy step
 Harkit, harkened
 Har'sts, harvests
 Harn, yarn
 Hash, a soft useless fellow
 Hash'd, did smite, did dis-
 figure
 Haslock, descriptive of the
 finest wool, being the lock
 that grows on the halse or
 throat
 Has't, has it
 Hastit, hasted
 Haud, to hold, would keep
 Hauds, holds
 Hauf, the half
 Haughs, low-lying lands,
 meadows
 Hauns, hands, as applied to
 workmen, persons
 Haurl, to drag
 Haurls, drags
 Haurlin, peeling, dragging
 off
 Hauver, oatmeal
 Hav'rel, half-witted
 Havins, good manners
 Hawkie, a cow, properly
 one with white face
 Heapet, heaped
 Heepit heap-
 ed
 Healsome, wholesome
 Hearin', hearing
 Hear't, hear it
 Heartie, dim. of *heart*
 Hearse, hoarse
 Hech, an exclamation of
 wonder
 Hecht, foretold, offered
 Hechtin', making to pant
 Heckle, a board in which

- are fixed a number of fore it is shorn
 sharp pins, used in dress- Hog-score, a kind of dis-
 ing hemp, flax, &c tance-line drawn across
 Hee, balou, a term used by the rink
 nurses when lulling child- Hog-shouter, a kind of
 ren horse-play by justling
 Heels-o'er-gowdy, head over with the shoulder
 heels Hol't, holed perforated
 Heeze, to elevate to hoist Hool, the outer skin or case
 Heft, haft Hoodie-craw, the hooded
 Hein, shinn'd in-shinned crow
 Hellim, the helm Hoodock, miserly
 Hen-broo, hen broth Hoolie! stop!
 Herrin, herring Hoord, hoard Hoordet,
 Herriet, harried hoarded
 Herryment, plundering, de- Horr, a spoon made of horn
 vastation a comb made of horn
 Hersel, herself Hornie, Satan
 Het, hot Gie him't het, give Hostin, coughing Host, a
 him it hot cough
 Heugh, a coal pit a steep Hotch'd, fidgetted
 Heuk; a reaping-hook Houghmagandie, fornication
 Hie, high Hieh, high Houlets, owls Howlet-faced
 Hidin', hiding faced like an owl
 Hilch, to hobble Hilchin, Housie, dim. of *house*
 halting Hov'd, swelled
 Hill tap, hill top Howdie, a midwife
 Hiltie skiltie, helter-skelter Howe, hollowly a hollow
 Himsel, himself or dell Howes hollows
 Hiney, honey Howe-backit, sunk in the
 Hing, to hang Hingin', back
 hanging Hinging hanging Howkit, digged, dug up
 Hirples, walks with difficul- Hoy't, urged
 ty Hirplin; limping Hoyse, hoist
 Hissels, hissels so many cat- Hoyte, to ambly crazily
 tle as one person can at- Hughoc, Hugh
 tend Hunder, a hundred
 Histie, dry barren Hunkers, hams
 Hitch, to loop or knot Huntit, hunted
 Hizzie, young women Hurcheon, a hedgehog
 Hoast, a cough Hurchin, an urchin
 Hoble, to hobble Hurdies, hips
 Hoddin, the motion of a Hurl, to fall down ruinous-
 man on horseback ly; to ride
 Hoggie, a young sheep af- Hushion, a cushion
 ter it is smeared and be- Hyte, mad

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| Icker, an ear of corn | eisance |
| Ier'oe, a great-grandchild | Jow, to jow; to swing and sound |
| Ilk, each Ilka, every | Jumpit, jumped |
| Ill-willie, ill natured | Jundie, to justle |
| Indentin, indenturing | Kaes, daws |
| Ingine, genius, ingenuity | Kail, broth Kail-blade, the leaf of the colewort |
| Ingle-lowe, the household fire. Ingle-cheek, the fire-side | Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort |
| In's, in his In't, in it | Kain, farm produce paid as rent |
| I'se, I shall or will | Kebars, rafters |
| Isna, is not | Kebbuck, a cheese Kebbuck-heel, the remaining portion of a cheese |
| Ither, other | Keckle, to cackle to laugh |
| Itsel, itself | Keekin-glass, a looking-glass |
| Jad, a jade Jads, jades | Keekit, peeped |
| Janwar, January | Keeks, peeps |
| Jauk, to dally, to trifle | Keepit, kept |
| Jaukin, trifling, dallying | Kelpies, water-spirits |
| Jauner, foolish talk | Ken, know Kent, knew |
| Jauntie, dim. of <i>jaunt</i> | Kend, knows Kenn'd, know |
| Jaups, splashes | Kennin, a little bit |
| Jaw, to pour | Kep, to catch anything when falling |
| Jillet, a jilt | Ket, fleece |
| Jimp, to jump; slender Jimps a kind of easy stays | Kiaugh, anxiety |
| Jimply, neatly | Kickin', kicking |
| Jink, to dodge Jinkin, dodging | Kilbagie, the name of a certain kind of whisky |
| Jinker, that turns quickly | Kilt, to cut up |
| Jinkers, gay sprightly girls | Killie, Kilmarnock |
| Jirkinet, an outer jacket or jerkinet worn by women | Kimmer, a girl |
| Jirt, a jerk | Kin', kind |
| Jobbin, jobbing | Kintra, country |
| Joctelegs, clasp-knives | Kintra cooser, a country stallion |
| Joes, lovers Jo, a sweetheart a term expressing affection and some degree of familiarity | King's-hood, a part of the entrails of an ox |
| Johnny Ged's Hole, the grave-digger | Kirn, a churn Kirns, har- |
| Jokin, joking | |
| Jorum, the jug | |
| Jouk to duck; to make ob- | |

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| vest homes | Lane, alone Lanely, lonely |
| Kirsen, to christen | Lang, long Langer, longer |
| Kist, a shop counter | Lap, did leap |
| Kissin, kissing | Laughin, laughing |
| Kitchen, any thing that | Lave, the rest |
| eats with bread to serve | Lav rocks, larks |
| for soup or gravy | Kit-Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill |
| chen, seasons, makes pal- | Lawlan, lowland |
| atable | Lazie, lazy |
| Kittle, to tickle, ticklish | Lea'e, leave |
| Kittlin, a kitten | Leal, true |
| Kiutlin, cuddling | Lea-rig, a grassy ridge |
| Knaggie, like knage, or | Lear, lore, learning |
| points of rock | Lee, the lea |
| Kuappin-hammers, ham- | Lee-lang, live-long |
| mers for breaking stones. | Leesome, pleasant |
| Knowe, a hillock | Leeze-me, a phrase of con- |
| Knurl, a churl | gratulatory endearment, |
| Knurlin, a dwarf | I am happy happy in thee |
| Kye, cows | or proud of thee |
| Kyle, a district of Ayrshire | Leister, a three-barbed in- |
| Kytes, bellies | strument for sticking fish |
| Kythe, discover | Len', lend |
| | Lough, laughed |
| Laddie, a lad | Leuk, look, appearance |
| Lade, a load | Ley crap, lea crop |
| Laggen, the angle between | Libbet, gelded |
| the side and bottom of a | Licks, a beating Gat his |
| wooden dish | licks, got a beating |
| Laigh, low | Licket, beaten |
| Laik, lack | Lickit, licked with desire |
| Lair, lore | Lien, lain |
| Lairing, wading and sink- | Liein, telling lies |
| ing in snow or mud | Lift, heaven |
| Laith, low | Lift, a large quantity |
| Laik, lack | Lightly, to undervalue to |
| Lair, lore | slight |
| Lairing, wading and sink- | Liken, to compare |
| ing in snow or mud | Lilt, sing |
| Laith, loath | Limbies, dim. of <i>limbs</i> |
| Laithfu', bashful | Limmer, a kept mistress a |
| Lallan, lowland | strumpet |
| Lambie, dim. of <i>lamb</i> | Limpit, limped |
| Lampit, limped | Linket, tripped deftly Lin- |
| lan', land estate | kin, tripping |

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| Minnie, mother | Negleckit, neglected |
| Mirk, dark | Neuk, nook corner |
| Misca'd, abused | Miska't, New-ca'd, newly driven |
| abused | Nick, to break, to sever sud- |
| Misguidin', misguiding | dently, Nicks, knocks, |
| Mishanter, misfortune dis- | blows. Auld, crummie's |
| aster | nicks, marks on the horn |
| Mislear'd, mischievous | of a cow |
| Mist, missed | Nickan, cutting |
| Misteuk, mistook | Nicket, caught, cut off |
| Mither, mother | Nick-nackets, curiosities |
| Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly | Niest, next Neist, next |
| mixed | Nieves, fists Nieve-fu', fist- |
| Mizzled, having different | full |
| colors | Niffer, exchange |
| Moistify, to make moist | Niger, a negro |
| Mony, many | Nits, nuts |
| Mools, the earth of graves | Nocht, nothing |
| Moop, to nibble; to keep | Norland, Northland |
| company with | Notet, noted |
| Moorlan', moorland | Nowte, cattle |
| Moss, a morass | |
| Mou, mouth | O', of |
| Moudieworts, moles | O'reward, any term frequent- |
| Mousie, dim. of <i>mouse</i> | ly repeated, a refrain |
| Movin', moving | O'erlay, an outside dress, an |
| Muckle, great big, much | overall |
| Musie, dim. of <i>muse</i> | Ony, any |
| Muslin-kail, broth compos- | Orra, supernumerary |
| ed simply of water shelled | O't, of it O'ts, of it is |
| barley and greens | Ought, aught any thing |
| Mutchkin, an English pint | Oughtlins, anything in the |
| Mysel, myself | least |
| Na', not no | Ourie, shivering |
| Nae, no. Naebody, nobody | Oursel, ourselves |
| Naething, nothing | Out-cast, a quarrel |
| Naig, a nag Naigies, dim. | Outler, un-housed |
| of <i>nags</i> | Owre, over too |
| Nane, none | Owrehip, a way of fetching |
| Nappy, ale | a blow with the hammer |
| Natch, grip hold, To natch | over the arm |
| to lay hold of violently | Owsen, oxen |
| Near't, near it | |
| Neebors, neighbors | Pack, pack an' thick, on |
| Needna, need not | friendly or intimate terms |

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| Packs, twelve stones | Poortith, poverty |
| Paidle, to paddle | Paidles |
| wonders about without | Posie, a bouquet |
| object or motive | Pouchie, dim. of <i>pouch</i> |
| paddled | Pouk, to pluck |
| Painch, paunch, stomach | Poupit, pulpit |
| Patrick's, partridges | Pouse, a push |
| Pangs, crams | Poussie, a hare |
| Parishen, the parish | Pouts, poult's chicks |
| Parritch, oatmeal boiled in | Pouth'er'd, powdered |
| water, stirabout | Pouthery powdery |
| Parritch-pats, porridge-pots | Pou't, pulled. Pou, to pull |
| Pat, put, a pot | Pow, the head, the skull |
| Pattle, a plough-staff | Pownie, a pony, a small horse |
| Paughty, haughty | Powther, powder |
| Paukie, cunning, sly | Praise, be blest, an expression of thankfulness |
| Pay't, paid. | Prayin', praying |
| Pechan, the stomach | Preen, pin |
| Pechin, panting | Prent, print |
| Peel, a tour | Pridefu' pridefull |
| Peelin, peeling | Pree, to taste. Pric'd, tasted |
| Penny wheep, small beer | Prief, proof |
| Petticoatie, dim. of petticoat | Priestie, dim. of <i>priest</i> |
| Pettle, a plough-staff | Priggin, haggling |
| Phraisin, flattering | Primsie, demure, precise |
| Pickle, a small quantity | Propone, to propose |
| Pit, put. Pits, puts | Proveses, provosts |
| Placads, public proclamations | Pu', to pull. Pu'd, pulled |
| Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny | Puddock-stool smushrooms |
| Plaiden, plaiding. Pladie dim. of <i>plaid</i> | Puddin' a pudding |
| Plaister, plaster | Pund, Pound |
| Platie, dim. of <i>plate</i> | Pursie, dim. of <i>purse</i> |
| Plough, plough | Pyke, to pick |
| Pliskie, a trick | Pyet, the magpie |
| Pliver, a plover | Pyles, grains |
| Plumpit, plumped | Quat, quit, quitted |
| Pocks, wallets | Quaick, quack |
| Poind, to seize for sequestration | Quaukin, quaking |
| Poind't, poinded | Quey, a cow from one year to two years old |
| | Quo', quoth |
| | Rad, afraid |

- Ragweed, the plant rag-
wort
- Rade, rode
- Raibles, rattles, nonsense
- Rair, to roar. Wad rair't,
would have roared
- Rairin, roaring
- Raise, rose
- Raize, to madden, to inflame
- Ramblin, rambling
- Ramfeezl'd, fatigued
- Ramgunshock, rugged
- Ram-stam, forward
- Randie, quarrelsome
- Randy, a term of oppro-
brium generally applied
to a woman
- Ranklin', rankling
- Ranting, noisy, full of ani-
mal spirits
- Rants, jollifications
- Rape, rope
- Raplock, coarse
- Rash, a rush. Rash-buss,
a bush of rushes
- Rattan, a rat
- Rattons, rats
- Raucle, fearless
- Raught, reached
- Raw, a row
- Rax, to stretch. Rax'd,
stretched out, extended
- Raxin, stretching
- Ream, cream
- Rebute, a rebut, a discomfi-
ture
- Red, counsel
- Red-wud, stark mad
- Reekin, smoking. Reeks,
smokes. Reekit, smoked,
smoky
- Reestit, withered, 'signed,
stood restive
- Reflec', reflect
- Reif randies, sturdy beg-
gars
- Remead, remedy
- Remuve, remove
- Respeckit, respected
- Restricked, restricted
- Rew, to take pity
- Rickles, stocks of grain
- Rig, a ridge
- Riggin, rafters
- Rigwooddie, withered, sap-
less
- Rin, run. Rinnin, running
- Rink, the course of the
stones: a term in curling
- Ripp, a handful of unthresh-
ed corn
- Ripple, weakness in the
back and reins
- Ripplin-kame, a flax-comb
- Ripps, handfulls
- Riskit, made a noise like
the tearing of roots
- Rive, to burst
- Rives, tears to pieces
- Rives't, tears it
- Roastin', roasting
- Rock, distaff
- Rockin, a social gathering,
the woman spinning on
the rock or distaff
- Roon, round
- Roose, to praise. Roos'd
praised
- Roosty, rusty
- Roun', round
- Roupet, horse, as with a
cold
- Routhie, well filled, abund-
ant
- Rowes, rolls
- Rowin, rolling
- Row't, rolled
- Rowte, to low, to bellow
- Rowth, abundance
- Rowtin, lowing
- Rozet, rosin
- Ruefu', rueful

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| Rung, a cudgel | scantly |
| Runkl'd, wrinkled | Scroggie, covered with |
| Runts, the stem of cabbage | stunted shrubs |
| Ryke, reach | Sculdud'ry, a ludicrous term denoting fornicytion |
| Sabs, sobs | See't, see it |
| Sae, so | Seizin, seizing |
| Soft, soft | Sel, self |
| Sair, sore, to serve | Sell't, sold |
| Sairly, sorely | Sen', send. Sen't, send it |
| Sair't, served | Servan', servant |
| Sang, song | Settlin, gat a fearfu' settlin, was frightened into quietness |
| Sannock, Alexander | Set, lot. Sets, becomes, sets off, starts |
| Sark, a skirt | Shachl't, deformed |
| Sarkit, provided in skirt | Shaird, a shred |
| Sauce, scorn, insolence | Shangan, a cleft stick |
| Saugh, the willow | Shank, the leg and foot |
| Saugh woodies, ropes made of willow withes | Shanks, legs |
| Saul, soul | Shanna, shall not. Sha'na, shall not |
| Saumont, a salmon | Sharin't, sharing it |
| Saunt, saints | Shaul, shallow |
| Saut, salt. Sautet, salted | Shaver, a wag |
| Saut buckets, salt buckets | Shavie, a trick |
| Saw, to sow | Shaw, show. Shaw'd showd |
| Sawin, sowing | Shaws, wooded dells |
| Sax, six | Sheep-shank, wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, who thinks himself no unimportant personage |
| Saxpence, sixpence | Sheers, shears sissors |
| Say't, say it | Sherra-muir, sherrif-muir |
| Scaith, hurt | Sheugh, a trench |
| Scar, to scare | Sheuk, shook |
| Scaud, to scald | Shiel, a sheiling, a hut |
| Scaur, frightened | Shill, shrill |
| scawl, a scold | Shillin's, shillings |
| Scho, she | Shog, a shock |
| Schoolin', schooling, teaching | Shools, shovels |
| Scones, barley cakes | Shoon, shoes |
| Seonner, to loathe, loathing | Shore, to threaten. Shor'd, threatened, offered |
| Seraichin, screaming | Shouldna, should not |
| Scrapin', scraping | |
| Screechin, screeching | |
| Screed, a tear, a rent; to repeat glibly | |
| Serievin, gliding easily | |
| Serimpit, scanty. Scrimply, | |

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| Shouther, shoulder | Slae, the sloe. |
| Shure, did shear, did cut grain | Slaps, flashes, gates, stiles, breaches in hedges. |
| Sic, such. Siclike, suchlike | Slaw, slow. |
| Sicker, secure | Slee, shy. Sleest, slyest. |
| Sidelins, sidelong | Sleekit, sleek. |
| Sighin', sighing | Slidd'ry, slippery. |
| Siller, monty, of the color of silver | Sloken, to quench, to allay thirst |
| Simmer, summer. Simmers summers | Slypet, slipped, fell over. Sma', small. |
| Sin', since. Sin syne, since | Smeddum, dust, powder. |
| Sindry, sundry | Smeeek, smoke. |
| Sinfu' sinful | Smiddy, a smithy. |
| Singet, signed | Smoor'd, smothered. |
| Singin', singing. Sing't, sing it | Smoutie, smutty. Smytrie, a number huddled together. |
| Sinn, the sun. Sinny, sunny | Snap, smart. |
| Skaith, injury. Skaithing, injuring | Snapper, to stumble. |
| Skeigh, high-mettled, shy proud disdainful | Snash, abuse, impertinence. Snaw broo, melted snow. |
| Skellum, a worthless fellow | Snawie, snowy. |
| Skelp, a slap, to run | Snawy, snowy. |
| Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding | Sned, to lop, to cut. |
| Skelpin, walking, smartly, resounding | Snell, bitter, biting. Snell- est, sharpest, keenest. Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box. |
| Skelping, slapping. Skelpit, hurried | Snick, the latchet of a door, |
| Skinklin, glittering | Snirtle, to snigger. |
| Skirl, to shreik. Skirlin, shreiking. Skirl'd, shriek- ed | Snool, to cringe, to submit tamely; to snub. Snoov't, went smoothly. |
| Sklent, to deviat from truth. Sklentín, slanting. | Snoov'd, sneaked. |
| Sklented, slanted. | Snowkit, snuffed |
| Skouth, range, scope. | Sodger, a soldier Sodger- in', soldiering |
| Skreech, to scream. | Soger, a soldier |
| Skrieigh, to scream. | Sonsie, jolly, comely |
| Skyrin, any thing that strongly takes the showy, gaudy. | Soom, to swim Soor, sour Sootie, sooty |
| Skyte, a sharp oblique stroke. | Sough, a heavy sigh Souk, a suck, |
| Slade, slid. | Soupe, a spoonful, a small |

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| quantity of anything liquid | Stacher't, staggered |
| Souple, supple | Stack, stuck |
| Souter, a shoemaker | Sow- Staggie, dim of <i>stag</i> |
| ter, a shoemaker | Staig, a horse of one, two, |
| Sowps, spoonfuls | or three years old, not |
| Sowth, to try over a tune | yet broken for riding, |
| with a low whistle | nor employed in work |
| Sowther, to solder, to make | Stan', a stand Wad stan't, |
| up | would have stood |
| Spae, to prophesy | Stanes, stones |
| Spails, chips of wood | Stang, to sting |
| Spairges, dashes or scatters | Stank, a pool or pond |
| about | Stap, to stop |
| Spairin, sparing | Stark, strong |
| Spak, spake | Starns, stars |
| Speik, spoke | Starnies, dim |
| Spate, a flood | of <i>starns</i> |
| Spavie, a disease | Spaviet, Startin, starting |
| having the spavin | Startles, runs hurriedly |
| Spean, to wean | Starvin, starving |
| Speel, to climb. | Speel'd, Staukin, stalking |
| climbed | Staumrel, half-witted |
| Speer, to inquire | Staw, to steal, to surfeit |
| Spence, the country parlor | Stechin, cramming, panting |
| Spinnin, spinning | with repletion |
| Spier, to ask, to inquire | Steek, to close, Steeks, |
| Spier'd, inquired | Spier't, stitches, reticulations |
| inquired | Steer, to injure, to stir up |
| Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch | Steer'd, molested |
| Splore, a frolic | Steeve, firm, compacted |
| Sprackled, clambered | Stells, stills |
| Sprattle, to struggle | Sten, a leap or bound Has- |
| Spring, a quick air in music, | ty stens, hasty stretches |
| a Scottish reel | or rushes |
| Sprittie, full of spirits | Sten't, reared |
| Sprush, spruce | Stents, assessments, dues |
| Spunk, fire, mettle, a spark | Steyest, steepest |
| Spunkie, full of spirit; whis- | Stibble, stubble |
| key Spunkies, wills-o'- | Stibble-rig, |
| the-wisp | the reaper in harvest who |
| Spurtle, a stick with which | takes the lead; a stubble- |
| porridge, broth,&c., are | ridge |
| stirred while boiling | Stick an stow, totally, al- |
| Squattie, to sprawl | together |
| Squeel, to scream | Stilt, half |
| Stacher'd, staggered, walk- | Stimpart, an eighth part of |
| ed unsteadly | a Winchester bushel |
| | Stirk, a cow or bullock a |

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| year old | Sud, should |
| Stocks, plants of cabbage | Sugh, a rushing sound |
| Stockit, stocked | Sumphs, stupid fellow |
| Stockin, stocking | Sune, soon |
| stockings | Suppin, supping |
| Stoited, walked stupidly | Suthron, Southern, English |
| Stoitered, staggard | Swaird, sward |
| Stoor, sounding hollowly | Swall'd, swelled |
| or hoarsely | Swank, stately |
| Stoppit, stopped | Swankies, strapping young fellows |
| Stot, an ox | Swap, an exchange |
| Stoure, dust, dust blown on the wind; pressure of circumstances | Swarf, to swoon |
| Stowrie, dusty | Swat, did sweat |
| Stown, stolen | Swatch, sample, specimen |
| Stownlins, by stealth | Swats, ale |
| Stoyte, to stumble | Swearin, swearing |
| Strade, strode | Sweatin, sweating |
| Strae, a fair strae-death, a natural death | Swoor, swore |
| Straik, to stroke | Swinge, to lash |
| stroked | Swingein, whipping |
| Strak, struck | Swirl, a curve |
| Strang, strong | Swith, swift |
| Strappan, strapping | Swither, doubt |
| pin, strapping | Sybow, a leek |
| Straight, straight | Syne, since, thed |
| Streamies, dim. of <i>streams</i> | Tack, possession, lease |
| Streekit, stretched, Streekit owre, stretched across | Tackets, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes |
| Strewin, strewing | Tae, toe Three-tae'd, three-toed |
| Striddle, to straddle | Taed, toad |
| Stringin, stringing | Taen, taken |
| Stroan't, pissed | Tairge, to task severely |
| Studdie, a stithy | Tak, to take |
| Stumpie, dim. of <i>stump</i> , a short quill | Tald, told |
| Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily | Tane, the one |
| Stuff, corn | Tangs, tongs |
| Sturt, to molest, to vex | Taps, tops, Tap-most, top-most |
| Sturtin, frightened | Tapetless, heedless, foolish |
| Styme, see a styme see, in the least | Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy |
| Sucker, sugar | Tappit hen, a quart measure |
| | Tarrow, to murmur |

- Tarrow't, murmured
 Tarry-breeks a sailor
 Tassic, a goblet
 Tauld, told
 Tawted, matted uncombed
 Tawic, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled
 Tawpics, foolish, thought-
 less young person
 Teats, small quantities
 Teen, provocation, chagrin
 Tellin', telling Tell'd, told
 Temper pin, the wooden pin
 used for tempering or reg-
 ulating the motion of a
 spinning wheel
 Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in yoke
 in the afternoon
 Tent, to take heed, mark
 Tentie, heedful
 Toughly, toughly
 Teuk, took
 Thack an rape, clothes
 Thae, these
 Thairm, fiddlestring
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thankit, thanked
 Theekit, thatchrd, covered
 up, secured
 Thegither, together
 Themselfs, themselves
 Thick, pack an thick, friendly
 Thieveless, cold, dry; spited
 Thigger, begging
 Thir, these, their
 Thirl'd thrilled
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thou's thou art
 Thowes, thaws
 Thowless, slack, lazy
 Thrang, busy; a crowd
 Thrapple, the throat
 Thrave twenty-four sheaves
 of corn, including two
 shocks
 Thraw, to sprain or twist;
 to cross or contradict.
 Thrawin, twisting Thrawn
 twisted
 Thraws, throes
 Threap, to maintain by
 dint of assertion
 Thresh, to thrash Thresh-
 ing, thrashing
 Thretteen, thirteen
 Thretty, thirty
 Thrissle, thistle
 Throwther, a' throwther
 through-other, pell-mell
 Thuds, that makes a loud
 intermittent noise; resoun-
 ding blows
 Thumart, the weasel
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thyself', thyself
 Tidins, tidings
 Till, unto
 Till't, to it
 Timmer, timber; the three
 boughs. Timmer propt,
 timber propped
 Tine to lose; to go astray
 Tint, lost. Tint as win,
 lost as won
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tips, rams
 Tippence, twopence
 Tirl, to strip
 Tirlin, unroofing
 Tirl'd, knocked
 Tither, the other
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Tocher-band, bowry bond
 Todlin tottering
 Tods, foxes
 Toom, empty
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
 house
 Tout, the blast of a horn

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| or trumpet | Tysday'teen, Tuesday evening |
| To've, to have | |
| Tow, a rope | |
| Towmond, a twelvemonth | Uhchancy, dangerous |
| Touzie, rough, shaggy | Unco, very' great, extreme, strange |
| Towzle, to rumple. Towzling, rumpling, disheveling | Uncos, strange things, news of the country side |
| Toy, a very old fashion of female headdress | Unkend, unknown Unken'd, unknown |
| Toyte, to totter | Unsicker, unsecure |
| Transmugrify'd, metamorphosed | Unsakith'd, unhurt |
| Trashtrie, trash | Upo', upon Upon't, upon it |
| Treadin', treading | Vap'rin, vaporing |
| Trews, trousers | Vauntie, proud, in high spirits |
| Trickie, tricky | Vera, very |
| Trig, spruce, neat | Viewin, viewing |
| Trinkling, trickling | Virls, rings round a column |
| Troggin, wares sold by wandering merchants | Vittel, victual, grain Vittle, victual |
| Troke, to exchange; to deal with | Vogie, proud, well-pleased |
| Trottin, trotting | Vow, an interjection expressive of admiration or surprise |
| Trouse, trousers | |
| Trow't, believed | |
| Throwth, a petty oath | Wa', a wall |
| Try't have tried | Wa' flower, the wallflower |
| Tulzie, a quarrel | Wab, web |
| Tunefu', tuneful | Wabster, weaver |
| Tup, a ram | Wad, would Wad a haen, would have had Wadna, would not |
| Twa fauld, twofold doubled up | Wad, a wadger, to wed |
| Twa three, two or three | Wadset, a mortgage |
| Twal, twelve o'clock | Wae, sorrowful Wae worth |
| Twalt, twelfth Twalpenney worth, twelvepenny worth | woe befall |
| Twang, twinge | Wae days, woeful days. |
| Twined, reft | Waefu', woeful |
| Twins, bereaves, takes away from | Waes-me, woe's-me |
| Twistle, a twist | Waesucks! alas! |
| Tyke, a vagrant dog | Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web |
| Tyne, to lose | Waifs, stray sheep |
| | Wair't, spend it War'd, |

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|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| spent, bestowed | Wee, little. A wee, a short |
| Wale, choice. Pick and wale, | period of time. A wee a- |
| of choicest quality, Wal'd | back, a small space be- |
| chose | hind |
| Walie, ample, large | Waly, Weel, well. Weel-gaun well |
| ample | going |
| Wallop in a tow, to | hang Well-kent, well-know |
| one's self | Weet, wet, dew, rain |
| Wame, the belly | Wamefou, We'se, we shall or will |
| bellyful | Westlin, western |
| Wan, did win, earned | Wha, who. Wha ere, who- |
| Wanchancie, unlucky | ever Wha's whose, Whase, |
| Wanrestfu', restless | whose |
| Ware, to spend, worn | Whaizle, to wheeze |
| Wark, work | Warks, works, Whalpit, whelped |
| in the sense of buildings, | Wham whom |
| manufactures, etc. | Whan, when |
| Wark-lume, a tool to work | Whang, a large slice; to |
| with | give the strappado |
| World, world | Warly, Whar, where |
| worldly | Whare, where |
| Warlock, a wizzard | Whatfore no? for what rea- |
| Warran, warrant | son not? |
| Warsle, to wrestle | Warstl'd Whatt, did whet or cut |
| wrestled | Whaup, a curlew |
| Warst, worst | Whaur'll, where will |
| Wasna, was not | Wheep, flying nimbly |
| Wast, west | Whiddin, running as a hare |
| Wastrie, prodigality, riot | Whigmeleeries, crotchets |
| Wat, wet | Whingin, crying, complain- |
| Wat, wot, know | Wat na, Whins, furze busher |
| wot not | Whirligigums, useless orna- |
| Waterbrose, brose made of | ments |
| weal and water simply | Whisht, peace Held my |
| Wattle, a wand | whist, kept silence |
| Wauble, to swing, to reel | Whiskit, whisked |
| Waukit, thickened with toil | Whistle, whistle So gat the |
| Waukrife, wakeful | whistle o' my groat, to |
| Wauks, awakes. Wauken- | play a losing game |
| ing, awakening | Whistle, the throat |
| Waukens, waken | Whitter, a hearty draught |
| Waur, to fight, to defeat; | of liquor |
| worse. Waur't, worsted | Whunstane, whinstone, |
| Weans, children. Weanies, | granite |
| dim. of weans | Whup, a whip |
| Weason, the weasand | Whyles, sometimes |

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| Wi', with | Wordie, dim. of <i>word</i> |
| Wick, a term in curling, to strike a stone in an oblique direction | Wordy, worthy Worl', world Worset, worsted |
| Widdiefu, ill-tempered | Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder |
| Widdle, a struggle or bus- tle | Wrang, wrong, mistaken |
| Wiel, a small whirlpool, | Wranged, wronged |
| Wife, dim. of <i>wife</i> | Wreeths, wreaths |
| Wight, strong, powerful | Wud, mad |
| Wil' cat, the wild cat | Wumbie, a wimble |
| Willie waught, a hearty draught | Wyle, to beguile, to decoy Wyling, beguiling |
| Willow wicker, the smaller species of willow | Wyliecoat, a flannel vest |
| Willyart, wild strange, timid | Wyte, to blame, to re- proach |
| Wimpl't, wimpled. Wimp- lin, waving, meandering | Yard, a garden Yaud, a worn out horse |
| Win', wind. Wins, winds | Yell, barren: as yell's the bill, giving no more milk than the bull |
| Winkin, winking | Yerd, the churchyard |
| Win't, did wind | Yerket, jerked, lashed |
| Winna, will not | Ye'se, you shall or will |
| Winnock-bunker, a seat in a window | Yestreen, yesternight |
| Winnocks, windows | Yetts, gates |
| Wintle, a staggering motion | Yeukin, itching |
| Wintles, struggles | Yeuks, itches |
| Winze, an oath | Yill, ale |
| Wiss, wish | Yill-caup, ale stoup |
| Witha', withal | Yird, earth |
| Withoutten, without | Yirl, an earl |
| Wonner, a wonder, a con- temptuous appellation | Yirth, the earth |
| Wons, dwells | Yokin, yoking, a bout, a set-to |
| Woo', wool | Yoursel, yourselves, your- self |
| Woodie, the gallows, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows | Yont, beyond |
| Woer-babs, garters knott- ed below the knee in a couple of loops | Yowes, ewes Yowie, dim. of <i>rowe</i> Yule, Christmas |

EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES
AND LETTERS.

Dear Madam:—The board of Managers of the State of New York is preparing a chronicle of the work of women of the state in literature, to be exhibited at the Columbian Exhibition. Your name has been received as prominent in this department, and will you send to the chairman three of your best articles. At the close of the Exposition the collection will be preserved in State Library at Albany. Very Truly Yours,
Buffalo, N. Y. Charlotte Mullegan, Chairman.

Editor Evening News:—A copy of the Buffalo Evening News Jan. 14, 1899, containing a marked article entitled: "Is Vaccination All Wrong," was received by the Independant College of Chicago. The paper is ably written by Mina S. Seymour. It was read by Prof. Clausen before the students of the college with favorable comments. The faculty of the college wish to show their appreciation of the article and extend a vote of thanks to the writer. Sec. Independant Medical College.

Chicago, Jan. 20, 1899.

Charles M. Hovey.

Dear Madam:—Permit me to thank you for your excellent poem in the Non Conformist, which I have enjoyed. Whatever you publish I read with avidity as I count you one foremost capable progressive woman. Jamestown, N. Y. Henry Frank.

The article you mention is from the pen of Mina S. Seymour. It is a shell explosion in the camp of the enemy. Mrs. Seymour has written much for the liberal journals; mostly for the Iron-clad Age over the name of Grace Grenough. She wields an able graphic pen and is an interesting writer. H. S. Green, Ed.

My Dear Madam:—Your reply to Senator Ingalls, upon the suffrage question should satisfy him that

woman is not to be deprived of suffrage upon the grounds of mental inferiority to man, if the question is to be settled by comparison between your work and his own.

I am Respectfully Yours,

H. M. Blair, Senator.

Your reply to Senator Ingalls in the Jamestown Evening News, is a sharp blow. You have lowered the sails of the doughty Senator, and established the fact that woman is man's equal in a mental sense, as in all others.

Senator Hoar.

We publish an original poem of much merit, both as to thought and expression. It is from the pen of Mina S. Seymour, formerly of Salamanca. Notwithstanding a severe physical affliction, she retains her mental brilliancy and is achieving wide notoriety as a writer. Her reply to Senator Ingalls has brought her strong commendations from people of eminence in all parts of the country.

A. W. Ferrin, Catt. Rep.

I am pleased with your sharp reply to Senator Ingalls and Miss Fox will republish parts of it in a Washington paper.

Susan B. Anthony.

AUG. 8 1900

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