

MARGARET

AND

THE MINISTER;

A TRUE TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SODA WATER.

She ne'er before saw sicken fairlies,
Sae mony antic turly-whurlies.



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MARGARET
THE
COMIC TALE
OF
MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To dine, at length, she was advised
 Gade glowrin' ben like ane surprised;
 Spread wide her gown, her head erecoed,
 Confus'd and awkwardly she becked;
 While rev'rend Mess John, kind and fair
 Conducted her unto a chair;
 An' told them wi' a knacky sentence,
 She was an intimate acquaintance.
 Blate like, aroun' them a' she gaz'd;
 But at the table was amaz'd,
 She ne'er before saw siken fairlies,
 Sae mony antic tiry-whirlies,
 How to behave, while she was eating,
 In sic a nicy, gentle meeting,
 She had great fears—her heart was beating
 Her legs did shake—her face was sweating,
 But still she was resolved anon,
 To do in a' things like Mess John.

A' ready sitting face to face,
 His rev'rence, gravely, said the grace;
 Then, wi' a frank an' open air,
 Bade them fa'on, an lib'ral share.
 But he being with the palsy troubl'd,
 In lifting spoonfu's often dribbl'd,
 Sae to prevent the draps o' broth,
 He prin'd to's breast the table cloth.
 Now Margret's settled resolution,
 Was quickly put in execution;
 For, as was said already, she did.
 Resolve to do whatever he did,
 She therefore also like the priest,
 Prin'd the cloth firmly to her breast,
 (Wi' a prin twa inches lang at least;)

Which smiles frae them at table drew,
As far's gude breeding wad allow.

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

Plates truntlin'—ilka ane confounded.
 Straight to the door she frantie flew,
 An' after her Mess John she drew;
 Which drave the company a' throuter,
 As they were kippled baith thegither.
 But in a crack, the prins brak loose,
 An' Margret, ravin' left the house,
 Hameward, in haste, she hobbl'd sweating,
 Tell'd Tamos the disaster greeting
 Wrung baith her han's, an' solemn sware,
 To dine wi' gentle folk nae mair.



SODA WATER.

Puir Scotland's scaith is whisky rife,
 The very king o' curses;
 Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife,
 Ruins health and empties purses.
 It fills a peaceful land wi' strife,
 The ale house fills wi' roarin';
 It fills wi' broils domestic life,
 An' fills the kirk wi' snoarin'.

'Twas on a bonny morn in May,
 Twa three chiels did forgather,
 The night before they'd gane astray,
 And were a' drunk thegither;
 Wi' pain their pows were like to part,
 Their very tongues did russel;
 Wi' shilpit look and shiverin heart,
 And throats as dry's a whussel.

O for a drink of something cool,
 Says ane, for I'm maist faintin;
 Then let's go in, another says,
 For my puir head's just rentin.
 And I've the very best receipt,
 The stomach fumes to scatter;
 Then lose nae time and let us get
 A waught o' Soda Water.

Water will never do, says ane,
 Gie me some cheese that's mittie,
 And then a bumper o' good gin,
 Or sterling aquavitæ:
 To make you right this is the plan,
 'Twill make you fair and fatter;
 But says the chiel that first began,
 There's nought like Soda Water.

If Soda Water be sae good,
 Gang ye and drink your fill;
 But I wad hae it understood,
 That I'd prefer a gill;
 Water's a blessing, nae doubt, fixt,
 And may it ne'er be missing;
 But when wi' whisky it is mixt,
 It's then a double blessing.

On fixed air the hale house rang,
 And pointed observations,
 For some were right and some were wrang,
 And some were out o' patience.
 Ye dinna seem to be in haste,
 For a' your chitter chatter;
 Come bring it in, and let us taste
 This self same Soda Water,

Unto ilk man a bottle's plac'd,
 In silent expectation,
 That they wad better be in haste
 After so much oration;
 It's just to be, or not to be,
 To take an unkenn'd doze,
 Short-sighted man can hardly see
 An inch before his nose.

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

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

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