

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1872.

But the Whiskey's sae guid that I doubt the man want a wee,
Of patience my lassie has got a great share
Happy he's wedded to whae there's economy,
Call in the Waiter "We'll hae a Droap mair".
It's come noble trister bring's in a big Neggin
I mean a full pint of your best "Jannishoven"
And when that is done I intend to be joggin
Wi' the cunningest of care we'll gang merrily hame.
Here's "God Bless us a'" and I hope that's nae treason
The Whiskey begins for to speak in my ear,
Guid nicht and safe hame until some ither season,
We'll a' meet in friendship and hae a Droap mair.

A decidedly good Scotch Drinking Song
although all the allusions seem to point
to Ireland. Was he an Exile, or an Emigrant?

- Author Unknown -

"The Baby Died"

They came together to see me
The old woman said and sighed
"There was tall the other was small
I think the little one died".
She had a trick of sighing
And she heeded not what she said
But Oh! how could she say to me
"Is the little one dead"?

over