

SCOTCH! HOTCH! POTCH!

(Contributed by "The Groper.")

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

"O Prince! O Chief of many throned
Pow'rs
That led th' embattled Seraphim to
war,"

—Milton.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches
Spaigies about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil.
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An', faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest
dyin',
Tirlin the kirks:
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, dounce, honest
woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you
hummin',
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the loorties comin',
Wi' heavy groan.

As dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentlin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stoor quack—
quack—
Among the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let wralocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Toll how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the mairs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
Ower howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in
vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawrit, twal-pint hawkie's gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an'
crouse;
When the best wark-lume if the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the sawny hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction;
An' nighted trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is,
The bleezin', curst, mischievous
monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop.
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straight to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry sward,
In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed bogle,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shag,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your amoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklent on the nan of Uz
You spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gail,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill tengu'd, wicked scawl;
Was worst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and an' fetchin' ferce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Clootie, I ken ye're
thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' you den,
E'en for your sake!

—Burns.



Doc' Wilson.

When your liver's out of gear, and
you think you're drawing near
To the melancholy close of your
terrestrial career;
When you're feeling pretty glum, as
commotions in your "tomb"
Open up a dreary prospect of a trip to
Kingdom Come;
When your tucker won't digest, and
your mind is sore distressed,
As you wonder how the monument will
look above your chest;
Take a little wise advice—dodge the
grave and paradise
By calling in the doctor—he will fix
you in trice.

MILITARY SHIRKERS.

PROFOSAL BY FARMERS.

WELLINGTON, July 23.

The Dominion Conference of the Farmers' Union was asked to support a remit from Southland urging that the Government be pressed to make it unlawful for convicted military shirkers to purchase or acquire any land or property whatsoever in New Zealand. The remit further proposed that any land or property purchased or acquired by shirkers since August 4, 1914, should be disposed of to loyal citizens.

The mover of the remit said the farmers wanted to make it plain that they were loyal and that men who had been too cowardly to fight should not be allowed to own any land in the Dominion. (Hear, hear).

"If the country is worth fighting for it is worth keeping clean and I don't think those animals—I won't call them men—who would not fight should be allowed to become landowners in this Dominion," declared another delegate.

The remit was adopted unanimously.

A whale is able to remain under water for an hour and a-half.

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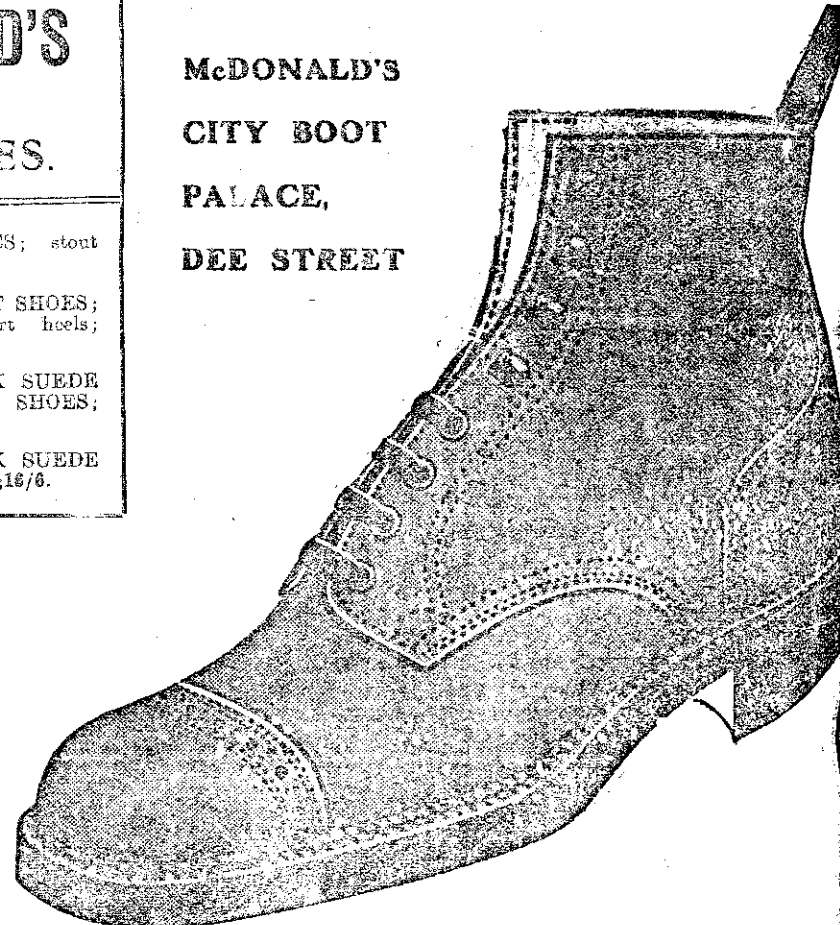
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SOCIAL NOTES.

Mrs J. B. Sale is in town for a few days.

Miss Ronaldson (Christchurch), is the guest of Miss Wylie, Esk street.

Miss Ewart gave a most enjoyable "bridge" evening on Tuesday, for Miss Ronaldson.

Mrs Haggitt, Kelvin street, gave a small dance on Friday evening. Some of the guests Misses H. Macdonald, Henderson, Morrah, Hazlett, Smith, Snow, and Messrs Thomson, Royds, Irvine, W. Rae, Hewat, Williams (2), and Dalgliesh.

An Invercargill lady has received a letter from Christchurch containing the following extract. "There are women in this country whose efforts for the soldiers are untiring, and we shall never know the vast amount of work done by them as the following will show:—"We have at last secured a home for our chronic cases in hospital. It is nearly four years since we first spoke of a home being required for "after-war" patients, and each time— for lack of sympathy, foresight, and goodness knows what other reason—the matter has been turned down. Now the military part of the hospital is being handed over to civil control much to the consternation of all and sundry, especially to the soldiers themselves, and we three visitors have been buzzing hard during the past three months trying to get the powers that-

be to open their eyes and see for them- selves that a home must be provided for our returned incurables, and now I am glad to say we have accomplished our thing, even if it has taken nearly five years. It seems awful. I mean, a man going to find us—provide I mean—a trained sister as matron, a medical officer, a staff of orderlies, also nurses, necessary no luxuries. The patriotic fund are giving us a building, and furnishing it, the Red Cross are endowing us with £100 per annum for upkeep and comfort. No one knows how we have looked at this home. We have written to the interviewed doctors, colonels, editors, reporters, and received more replies than you could imagine. But we have fought on and now we can rest."