

JAMES HOGG

*Contributions to
Scottish Periodicals*

THE STIRLING / SOUTH CAROLINA RESEARCH EDITION OF
THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JAMES HOGG

FOUNDING GENERAL EDITOR — DOUGLAS S. MACK
GENERAL EDITORS — IAN DUNCAN AND SUZANNE GILBERT

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30. *Contributions to English, Irish and American Periodicals* ed. by Adrian Hunter with Barbara Leonardi.
31. *Contributions to Scottish Periodicals* ed. by Graham Tulloch and Judy King.

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Edited by

Graham Tulloch and Judy King

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The Collected Works of James Hogg

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The Aims of the Edition

James Hogg lived from 1770 till 1835. He was regarded by his contemporaries as one of the leading writers of the day, but the nature of his fame was influenced by the fact that, as a young man, he had been a self-educated shepherd. The second edition (1813) of his poem *The Queen's Wake* contains an 'Advertisement' which begins as follows:

THE Publisher having been favoured with letters from gentlemen in various parts of the United Kingdom respecting the Author of the QUEEN'S WAKE, and most of them expressing doubts of his being a Scotch Shepherd; he takes this opportunity of assuring the Public, that THE QUEEN'S WAKE is really and truly the production of JAMES HOGG, a common shepherd, bred among the mountains of Ettrick Forest, who went to service when only seven years of age; and since that period has never received any education whatever.

His contemporaries tended to regard the Scotch Shepherd as a man of powerful and original talent, but it was felt that his lack of education caused his work to be marred by frequent failures in discretion, in expression, and in knowledge of the world. Worst of all was Hogg's lack of what was called 'delicacy', a failing which caused him to deal in his writings with subjects (such as prostitution) which were felt to be unsuitable for mention in polite literature.

A posthumous collected edition of Hogg was published in the late 1830s. As was perhaps natural in the circumstances, the publishers (Blackie & Son of Glasgow) took pains to smooth away what they took to be the rough edges of Hogg's writing, and to remove his numerous 'indelicacies'. This process was taken even further in the 1860s, when the Rev. Thomas Thomson prepared a revised edition of Hogg's *Works* for publication by Blackie. These Blackie editions present a comparatively bland and lifeless version of Hogg's writings. It was in this version that Hogg was read by the Victorians, and he gradually came to be regarded as a minor figure, of no great importance or interest.

Hogg is thus a major writer whose true stature was not recognised in his own lifetime because his social origins led to his being smothered in genteel condescension; and whose true stature was obscured after his death because of a lack of adequate editions. The poet Douglas Dunn wrote of Hogg in the *Glasgow Herald* in September 1988: 'I can't help but think that in almost any other country of Europe a complete, modern edition of a comparable author would have been available long ago'. The Stirling / South Carolina Edition of James Hogg seeks to fill the gap identified by Douglas Dunn. When completed the edition will run to thirty-nine volumes, and it will cover Hogg's prose, his poetry, his letters, and his plays.

The late Douglas S. Mack founded the edition and served as General Editor, and driving force, from its inception until his death in December 2009. Peter Garside, Suzanne Gilbert, and Gillian Hughes joined the editorial team as Associate General Editors in 1998; and in 2000 Gillian Hughes was appointed joint General Editor (with Douglas Mack), a position she held for ten years. In 2009 Peter Garside retired from the editorial team, and Ian Duncan and Suzanne Gilbert were named General Editors.

General Editors' Acknowledgements

We record with gratitude the support given to the Stirling / South Carolina Research Edition of the Collected Works of James Hogg by the University of Stirling and by the University of South Carolina. Valuable grants or donations have also been received from the Arts

and Humanities Research Council, from the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland, from the Modern Humanities Research Association, from the Association for Scottish Literary Studies, and from the James Hogg Society. The work of the Edition could not have been carried on without the support of these bodies.

Volume Editors' Acknowledgements

As volume editors we would like to give our thanks to Ian Duncan, who has been the General Editor overseeing this volume through the years in which we have been working on it since completing our edition of *The Three Perils of Man*. Ian has been always there for expert advice and friendly support as we put together this large and complex volume. We would also like to acknowledge the support of the late Douglas Mack in the earliest stages of our work on this project, and to thank Suzanne Gilbert, the other current General Editor of the Edition, for her help and advice as the volume progressed.

We owe special thanks to Gillian Hughes, whose pioneering work on Hogg's contributions to periodicals underlies this and other volumes. Gillian supplied us with our starting point for this edition, a list of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals to which we have added only a very small number of extra items. We are also deeply indebted to her listing of Hogg manuscripts. Throughout the project she has provided valuable advice on accessing some of the rarer printed items and some of the less accessible manuscripts as well as general support and encouragement. She has also written a number of articles on Hogg's involvement with various Scottish periodicals and these have been extremely helpful to us.

We have also benefited enormously from the work of other editors of S/SC volumes by reading and drawing on their editorial material, especially introductions and textual and explanatory notes. Other scholars have also contributed to our knowledge of individual texts through their articles and editions, notably David Groves. In particular some of the texts in this volume have appeared, in a later form, in other S/SC volumes. Where we have used published material it is acknowledged in the textual notes and with specific references when it is quoted. With regard to direct help through communication with other S/SC editors we would like to acknowledge our debt to the late Hans de Groot and to thank Adrian Hunter, Holly Nelson and Sharon Alker, editors of volumes which are companions in various ways to this volume.

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We could not have completed this edition without the assistance of a number of libraries and their librarians. The Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington, New Zealand, gave us access to their substantial collection of Hogg manuscripts and the staff were enormously helpful when Graham Tulloch visited the library in 2013. (In working with this collection we were immensely helped by Peter Garside's annotated checklist of its contents, referred to in the Textual and Explanatory Notes of this volume.) The staff of the National Library of Scotland were equally helpful in providing access to their extensive manuscript collection, not just for Hogg's own manuscripts but also for material by his contemporaries. A number of other libraries also provided copies of individual Hogg manuscripts and other manuscript material: the British Library; Edinburgh University Library; the Folger Shakespeare Library; the Harry Ransom Centre, Austin; the Hawick Museum; and the University of Otago Library. The sources of all the manuscripts used in editing these texts are described in the textual notes to the relevant items, and we thank the staff of all those libraries for their generous assistance and their kind permission to quote from these manuscripts. We have also relied on libraries for copies of the printed texts which provide the basis for the texts in this volume. The National Library of Scotland has been our major resource but we have also been able to source some rare material that is not available in the NLS from the British Library; the Edinburgh Central Library; the Ewart Library, Dumfries; and the Mitchell Library, Glasgow. We particularly appreciate the time and energy of librarians from these libraries in searching out items in local newspapers from the sometimes rare or unique copies in their collections. We also thank the staff of the Document Delivery section of Flinders University Library who have facilitated access to collections of both manuscript and print material in other libraries. Only a small proportion of local newspapers in Scottish towns and cities is included in the digitised collection of British Library newspapers but this database has nevertheless been a valuable resource.

We owe a particular debt of gratitude to Nate Voellm, who typeset this volume, especially as it presented a number of problems for which other S/SC volumes did not provide a precedent. It has been a special

pleasure to engage with him as he has worked through all these issues so as to finally give the volume its present splendid appearance.

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Finally Judy King is grateful to her husband, Alan Mayne, for his quiet encouragement while she was working for a number of years on this volume, and Graham Tulloch thanks his wife Sue for her support and understanding during his long-lasting preoccupation with the world of the Ettrick Shepherd. We would also like to say how much we have enjoyed working together on this, our fourth coedited scholarly edition.

Contents

Introduction.	xv

Contributions to Scottish Periodicals

The Scots Magazine

Epitaphs on Living Characters.	1
The History of Rose Selby	3
Love Pastoral.	8
Tam Wilson	10

The Edinburgh Evening Courant

The Dawn of July	12
Now, Britain, Let Thy Cliffs o' Snaw	13
Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry	14
Anniversary of Burns	16
Shakespeare	18
Ode, To the Genius of Shakespeare	19

The Edinburgh Star

Lament for Lord Melville	21

The Caledonian Mercury

Forum	22
Guy Mannering	23
Shakespeare	25
Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare.	25

The Edinburgh Annual Register

The Ballad of King Gregory	28

The Kelso Mail

Carterhaugh Cattle Show	42

The Sale-Room

The Gipsies.	44
To the Editor of the <i>Sale-Room</i>	45

<i>The Clydesdale Magazine</i>	
An Old Soldier's Tale.	52
The Good Grey Cat	60

<i>The Edinburgh Magazine</i>	
Alloa Speeches	73
The Mermaid	76
Pictures of Country Life: Nos I and II: Old Isaac	82
The Powris of Moseke	104
Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection . . .	120
Clan-Ronald's Men	124
A New Ballad	127
Cary O'Kean.	128
Pictures of Country Life: No. III: The School of Misfortune. .	136
Jacobite Relics, Not in Hogg's Collection	146
The Farce	146
The Two Men of Colston	151
Jacobite Relics, Not in Mr Hogg's Collection.	154
Up an' Rin Awa, Geordie	154
A New Ballad	159
A Toast	161

<i>The Dumfries and Galloway Courier</i>	
Verses	162

<i>The Edinburgh Literary Journal</i>	
A Letter from Yarrow	163
A Pastoral Sang	164
Noctes Bengerianæ	166
The Wanderer's Tale.	173
1828	177
A Scots Sang	179
Noctes Bengerianæ: No. II	179
An Eskdale Anecdote	186
A Real Love Sang	186
Reminiscences of Former Days:	
My First Interview with Allan Cunningham	187
Epistle to Mr William Berwick.	190
Reminiscences of Former Days:	
My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott	194
The Bards of Britain	198

A New Poetic Mirror:	
No. I—Mr W. W. Ode to a Highland Bee	201
Wat the Prophet	203
The Auld Man's Wife's Dead: A Parody	212
Anecdotes of Highlanders	213
The New Poetic Mirror: No. II—Mr T—. M—.	216
A Song ['Row on, row on, thou cauldrie wave']	218
A Ballad about Love	219
A Story of the Forty-Six	221
Aughteen Hunder an' Twanty-Nine	224
Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage.	226
My Love She's But a Lassie Yet.	240
A Letter from Yarrow: The Scottish Psalmody Defended	241
Andrew the Packman	246
Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd.	251
Verses for the Eye of Mr David Tweedie of that Ilk	253
The Meeting of Anglers; Or, The St Ronan's Muster-Roll	256
A Grand New Blacking Sang.	257
Song ['Afore the moorcock begin to crawl']	258
A Ballad from the Gaelic.	259
Allan Dhu	263
A Genuine Love-Letter.	264
Some Remarks on the Life of Sandy Elshinder.	265
I Dinna Blame thy Bonny Face.	270
A Highland Song of Triumph for King William's Birthday	271
A Story of the Black Art	272
The Bogle	288
The Minister's Annie.	289
The Dominie.	297
The Poetic Mirror	299
Campbell	299
Crabbe.	300
The Flower o' Glendale	300
The Poetic Mirror: A Common Lot: Montgomery	303
I'm A' Gane Wrang.	304
Grizel Graham	305

<i>The Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle</i>	
Border Games	322

<i>Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland</i>	
Statistics of Selkirkshire	324

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal

Emigration	343
The Watchmaker	347
An Old Minister's Tale	353
Nature's Magic Lantern	362
Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd	368
Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd	376

The Glasgow Courier

The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London	380

Appendix I: James Hogg's Contributions to Scottish Periodicals 1810–1835	383

Appendix II: Accounts of the Border Games in Edinburgh Newspapers	389
Note on the Text	391
Hyphenation List	392
Textual and Explanatory Notes	393
Maps	575
Glossary	579

Introduction

James Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals span his whole career as a published writer. His first publication was 'The Mistakes of a Night' in the *Scots Magazine* of October 1794 while his last in a Scottish periodical, 'A Screeed on Politics', appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in April 1835, a little over half a year before his death on 21 November.¹ Although he developed other means of publication during his writing life, Scottish periodicals remained a crucial outlet for Hogg throughout his career. This volume does not, however, cover the full extent of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals: most notably it excludes all material published before 1810 and all his contributions to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and to his own journal, *The Spy*, as well as a small number of items which have appeared or will appear in other volumes of the Stirling/South Carolina Research Edition of the Collected Works of James Hogg. (What is included and what excluded is covered in the final section of this introduction, 'The Scope of this Volume', while Appendix I provides a complete list of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals (except *Blackwood's* and *The Spy*), including items not to be found in this volume.) However, despite these exclusions, the contributions which are included in this volume need to be understood in the broader context of *all* of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals. Consequently, some of the contributions outside the scope of this volume will be referred to in this introduction. In particular it is impossible to tell the story of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals without discussing both his work in *The Spy* and, even more importantly, his involvement with *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

The Scottish periodical contributions in this present volume, even without the items covered in other volumes of the Stirling/South Carolina Edition of Hogg's works, provide a very good representative sample of Hogg's writing. The diverse nature of the periodicals included in this volume offered Hogg the opportunity to write within a broad range of genres and themes and to reach out to a wider audience, including, increasingly, a working-class audience to supplement the more middle-class audience of journals like *Blackwood's*. The second part of this introduction will explore this diversity of themes, genres and language but we begin by tracing the history of his involvement with Scottish periodicals as outlets for his publications.

Hogg and the Scottish Periodicals

As already noted, Hogg's first periodical publications were with the long-established *Scots Magazine*, in which, as Gillian Hughes has pointed out, 'its regular "Poetry" section compris[ed] something of a nursery for Scots authors'.² In this magazine, with his contributions extending from 1794 to 1814, he was one of several working-class Scottish writers such as Allan Cunningham (who started his working life as an apprentice stonemason) and his brother Thomas Mounsey Cunningham (who was apprenticed to a mill-wright) and the lesser known Andrew Stewart (a tailor by trade and later a convict in Australia).³ After the publication of 'The Mistakes of a Night' in October 1794, which 'Z.' (very probably Hogg himself) identified as his first printed piece, there is a gap of seven and a half years before anything else can be confidently attributed to him in a Scottish periodical.⁴ However Henry Scott Riddell, who knew Hogg in his later years, reported in 1847 that in his 'early attempts at composition ... he did not confine himself to poetry, but wrote prose essays for periodical publications. It was when engaged in *smearing* sheep at Blackhouse that the publication containing the first prose article of his that had the honour of appearing in print was handed to him by his master.'⁵ Since Hogg left Blackhouse in May 1800 this first prose piece must have appeared before that date, thus predating his second identified periodical publication by at least two years. It is highly likely that Hogg published other items at this stage of his life but none can now be identified.

In the meantime, however, he had, during a visit to Edinburgh in 1801, published his first poetry collection, *Scottish Pastorals*, a work which he quickly realised was embarrassingly full of mistakes. His second identified publication in a periodical, 'Sandy Tod, A Scottish Pastoral', appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* in May 1802 and was followed by 'A Song' in the following January in the same magazine.⁶ Through writing for this magazine Hogg established a connection with its editor, Robert Anderson, who later became a contributor to Hogg's own weekly journal *The Spy*. 'Sandy Tod' established a practice which Hogg was to follow again with later contributions to Scottish periodicals: as a 'Scottish Pastoral' it was a kind of sequel or addendum to his book of the same name. Similarly Hogg later contributed three sets of extra 'Jacobite Relics' to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine* in 1821 and 1822 after publishing his two series of *Jacobite Relics* in book form in 1819 and 1821 and he also continued the imitations of other poets which he had published in his 1816 book, *The Poetic Mirror*, with further 'Poetic Mirrors' in periodicals. (In fact earlier versions of some of the

poems in *The Poetic Mirror* itself had already appeared in a periodical, the *Edinburgh Annual Register*.⁷ Thus the periodicals offered Hogg an opportunity to continue unfinished business begun in books.

After the brief excursion mentioned above into the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Hogg returned to the *Scots Magazine* in May 1803, publishing a number of items in it over the next few years up to January 1806, many of them collected in February 1807 in his second collection, *The Mountain Bard*. Later in 1807 he resumed publication in the *Scots Magazine* but between June 1810 and March 1812 there was a gap in his publications there. His main outlet for new poetry at this time was *The Forest Minstrel* 'by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd and Others', published in August 1810, which followed the model of *The Mountain Bard* by including both material that had been previously published in the *Scots Magazine* (with some items dating back to 1803) and new material.

These years of publication in the *Scots Magazine* allowed Hogg to start displaying something of the wide range of writing of which he was capable, even if some forms had to wait till later. Contributions to the *Scots Magazine* included songs and ballads, a verse epistle to a fellow poet, another 'Scots Pastoral', and personal poems like 'Jamie's Farewell to Ettrick' and 'A Shepherd's Address to his auld Dog Hector'. The *Scots Magazine* thus proved to be quite accommodating of Hogg's talents. In prose, too, he was developing his skills, with two series of letters describing his Highland tours, an essay entitled 'Suggestions on the Utility of Forming Some New Lines of Road in Scotland', and two 'Letters on Poetry'. So even at this early stage in his career something of the diversity of themes and modes which characterised his later writing is already visible. The big absence, of course, is prose fiction, but the time was not far off when Hogg would launch himself into this field and do so in a periodical.

In these ways, by enabling Hogg to develop some of the diverse skills he would need in his later writing career, the *Scots Magazine* played an absolutely crucial role in Hogg's early development as a writer. However its role became much less crucial after his move to Edinburgh in February 1810. This was an important turning point in his life, which is why it has been chosen as the starting point for the contributions in this volume. In Edinburgh Hogg found himself in close proximity to newspapers, a potential new outlet for his work, and that same year placed a poem called 'The Dawn of July' in the 2 July issue of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, a longstanding thrice-weekly newspaper. As one might expect, Hogg seems to have looked to newspapers as an outlet for pieces of topical interest, and a poem

about July appearing in July was clearly topical. The problem with newspapers was pay: as he wrote in his 'Memoir of the Author's Life', 'news mongers, booksellers, [and] editors of magazines' were 'willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing, and this suited me very ill'.⁸ Over the next few years he published a number of topical items in newspapers, particularly the *Courant* and the *Caledonian Mercury*, an almost equally longstanding thrice-weekly newspaper. On 31 May 1811 he published a very swift response to the death of a prominent public figure with 'Lament for Lord Melville' which appeared, only three days after Melville's death, in the *Edinburgh Star*, a more recently established newspaper belonging to Andrew and James Aikman who had by this time printed sixteen issues of Hogg's own journal, *The Spy*.⁹ The decision to write about Melville was a strategic one: publishing this elegy for a somewhat controversial politician enabled Hogg to express his Tory sympathies. The following month something of a quite different kind of topicality appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury*: a piece of (perhaps deliberately) clumsy poetry by Hogg formed part of a report on a dinner held by the Forum, a debating society to which he belonged.

In the coming years Hogg would continue to use newspapers as an outlet for highly topical material but for the moment he had another more important outlet for his work. From September 1810 to August the following year he was editing *The Spy* and this was his natural place of publication. Indeed, according to Gillian Hughes's reckoning, 'Rather more than half of Hogg's weekly paper was in fact his own work'.¹⁰ The big opportunity *The Spy* offered to him was his chance to appear as a writer of prose fiction. As Hughes has pointed out, '*The Spy* ... partly takes the essay-periodical form of works such as the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, but moves it towards the monthly miscellany most familiar to Hogg, in the *Scots Magazine*'.¹¹ From the essay to the sketch to the short story was a set of easy steps, and Hogg soon began to show the talent for prose fiction for which we now most admire him, in contrast to during his own lifetime and the years after his death, when he was more admired as a poet. As early as the third and fourth issues of *The Spy* he published a first version of the story which eventually became, in much longer form, 'The Renowned Adventures of Basil Lee', and more short fiction followed. On the other hand the *Scots Magazine* provided a model for a poetry section in *The Spy* and Hogg used the opportunity to write and publish more new poetry as well as republishing some of his earlier work, like the poem on July. He also continued his practice of carrying over ideas for poems from

one publication to another: having published two 'Epitaphs on Living Characters' in the *Scots Magazine* he wrote more such poems for *The Spy*. Nevertheless *The Spy* offered Hogg new opportunities to write and publish and in doing so he was largely free from interference from others rather than having to conform to the wishes of an editor. As Hughes has noted, 'The potential for Hogg's fiction was simply not appreciated by publishers before *Waverley* opened up the market for Scottish fiction, and Hogg's early development as a prose writer seems to have been bound up with the power to fill the eight weekly pages of his essay-periodical as he chose.'¹² The imperative need to provide eight pages of material was a challenge but also an opportunity. However the freedom this opportunity brought with it had its pitfalls. Hogg was always willing to push at the boundaries set up by current notions of good taste and decency and, without an editor to restrain him, he found that a rather too explicit reference to sexual matters (though very mild by today's standards) cost him seventy-three subscribers after the appearance of Number 4. It was a severe blow to Hogg's enterprise and, although he persevered to complete a full year of weekly issues, and wrote some excellent material, as well as publishing good work by others, in the end the journal was discontinued.¹³

Five years later, in 1816, Hogg returned to the factual writing he had published early in his career, including his 1807 book *The Shepherd's Guide*, with the appearance of three articles in the *Farmer's Magazine* on sheep-farming, followed by a fourth in 1817.¹⁴ While he relished his role as an expert in this field, it was outlets for his creative writing he particularly sought after the demise of *The Spy*. One resource was to return to the newspapers and write about topical events. His next contribution to the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* was once again highly topical, but for a far more momentous occasion than the annual return of July: the much anticipated news of the entry of the allies into Paris after the defeat of Napoleon reached Edinburgh on 8 April 1814. That same evening, Hogg recited his song 'Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw' at a party of friends. (As Gillian Hughes has suggested, it seems likely that he had already prepared something in anticipation of the occasion.)¹⁵ Although Napoleon returned for the Hundred Days the following year, before being defeated at Waterloo, his initial overthrow in 1814 was understandably greeted at the time as an event of immense national importance. Hogg's song allowed him to play a key public role in the celebrations and he was no doubt keen that his role should be widely recognised. It was not the last time that he used newspapers to keep himself in the public eye. Another quick response followed the sudden and unexpected death of Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch,

whom Hogg looked on as a patron. She died on 24 August 1814, and Hogg's 'Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry' appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* on 3 September, with a reprint in the *Caledonian Mercury* a week later. While there can be no doubt of Hogg's sincerity in writing this elegy, its publication allowed him to play the role of the loyal supporter of the head of one of the great Border families, thus reinforcing the Ettrick Shepherd persona displayed, amongst other places, on the title page of *The Forest Minstrel*.

In the first months of 1815 Hogg was particularly active in the newspapers. His poem about Burns, 'O wha is it says that a bard is neglected', appeared on 20 January 1815 in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, just a few days before the celebration of the Bard's birthday; then, on 6 March, we find a letter by him in the *Caledonian Mercury*, effectively a review of *Guy Mannering* which had been published only twelve days before; and next, on 9 March, the *Mercury* published his song 'The flag waved o'er the castle wall', written for the institutory dinner of the Caledonian Asylum held in London five days earlier. (The same item appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* on the 13th.)¹⁶ Two months later, the account of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa's celebration of Shakespeare's birthday 'on Thursday last', which includes Hogg's poem 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare', appeared in both the *Courant* and the *Caledonian Mercury* on 4 May. The account of the Shakespeare Club's event does not name Hogg as author of the ode, merely noting that it was 'written by one of the members', but Hogg had encouraged his friend Alexander Bald to submit this account of the celebrations and, since it is likely that Hogg also had a hand in it, the article was another piece of quiet, if indirect, self-promotion on his part. In fact, as suggested in the textual note on this item, Hogg may himself have written the account or revised Bald's version of it. In October he contributed a report on the recent Carterhaugh Cattle Show to the *Kelso Mail*. This was again an opportunity to display, albeit anonymously, his loyalty to the Duke of Buccleuch, who figures prominently in this short account as the giver of prizes. Although the published account was anonymous, the Duke was aware of Hogg's hand in it since Hogg had given it to him to pass on to the editor of the *Kelso Mail*.

Alongside his publication of topical pieces in newspapers, Hogg continued to look for periodicals with literary sections in which he might publish his work. With the demise of *The Spy* he went back to the *Scots Magazine*, making his three final contributions to it with a poem about rural love, 'Love Pastoral', and a sad story of a deceived

woman, 'The History of Rose Selby', in the March 1812 issue, and a comic verse portrait, 'Tam Wilson', in the April 1814 issue. These were all forms of writing to which he would return later. However when Hogg came to the *Scots Magazine* with 'Tam Wilson' he was no longer a minor writer: the publication of *The Queen's Wake* in January 1813 was, as Douglas Mack has written, 'a life changing event for Hogg' and its 'dazzling success ... converted him into a famous author, and new friendships and new horizons began to open up'.¹⁷ Consequently he was on the lookout for other outlets appropriate to more substantial literary works. He found one in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, edited anonymously by Walter Scott, where was published, alongside a poem of Byron, the lengthy *Ballad of King Gregory*, one of his contributions to a fictional legendary history of Scotland, a topic which he later developed at much greater length in *Queen Hynde*. In 1817 he again found an outlet in another journal for which Scott was the anonymous editor, *The Sale-Room*, with a poem on the gypsies in the 15 February issue. Three weeks later he displayed his talent for adapting to a periodical's culture with a sketch in which he cleverly used Peter Grievance, a character Scott had introduced in earlier issues, by having him meet Charlie Dinmont o' the Waker-Cleuch, his own fictional creation offered as a counterpart to Scott's Dandie Dinmont from *Guy Mannering*. In doing this Hogg was consciously setting himself up beside the author of the highly regarded *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, which, although published anonymously, were already widely suspected to be by Scott.

The following month, April 1817, saw the beginning of Hogg's long association with William Blackwood's new magazine, at this stage known as the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*. Hogg had a substantial story, the first of a series of three 'Tales and Anecdotes of the Pastoral Life', and a reprint of 'Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw' in the first issue. In the next two issues there followed two further instalments of the 'Tales and Anecdotes', two poems, and an article about the latest meeting of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, which included a verse address written by Hogg in imitation of Southey. However the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* made no special mark until it was rebranded and reimagined in October 1817 as *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. William Blackwood, having sacked the two previous editors, was formally the editor of the refashioned magazine but the running was largely left to John Wilson and J. G. Lockhart. Over the years Wilson increasingly took on the primary role of editor but Blackwood never completely relinquished a part in the editing. It was with the first issue of the newly renovated magazine that Hogg suddenly found himself as the

contributor to an immensely popular periodical. That issue included 'Translation from an Ancient Chaldee Manuscript', which Hogg had played a major part in writing. The 'Chaldee Manuscript' proved to be not only immensely controversial but also a good advertisement of the lively nature of the journal in its new form: it attracted a large number of readers, so that *Blackwood's* suddenly became *the* journal to read—and also *the* journal to write for. Having made a very significant contribution to the new-look magazine, Hogg expected to continue to be a key contributor, but it was not long before he began to feel that his role was being restricted. Blackwood himself had strong ideas about what he wanted his magazine to be like, and these, at times, conflicted with Hogg's views of what he wanted to write. It was Wilson in particular who stood in the way of Hogg's attempts to play a larger part in *Blackwood's*. He was only willing to accept Hogg in a subservient role and promoted his own role as editor and writer at Hogg's expense. Over the coming years Hogg continued to contribute strongly to the magazine but increasingly only within a role defined by the editorial team. Wilson in particular preferred to see him as the writer of songs to embellish his own very successful series of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' in which Hogg appeared, in the semi-fictionalised form of the Ettrick Shepherd, as one of the participants in the suppers at Ambrose's tavern. When Wilson did accept fiction and non-fictional prose from Hogg, he preferred stories of rural peasant life, the proper subject matter, as he saw it, of the Shepherd.

Once Blackwood's *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* began to appear, and particularly after it was rebranded with new editors as *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, it was generally Hogg's first choice of outlet for periodical publication in Scotland and indeed Britain as a whole. *Blackwood's* was highly popular and widely read, and it paid generously. Hogg felt, with some justification, that he had played a major role in the revamping which had catapulted a relatively mundane journal into notoriety and huge success. He also clearly liked to publish in magazines when he had a close relationship with the editor or owner, as he did, over many years and despite recurrent tensions, with William Blackwood.

In view of this it is tempting to think of his publications in other Scottish periodicals after this point as consisting only of what he had failed to publish in *Blackwood's*, but this would be a misleading and distorted view of the situation. It is true that some of the items printed in other Scottish periodicals had been offered to *Blackwood's* first, and that others would no doubt have been sent to Blackwood if Hogg had thought they were likely to be welcomed. Certainly John Wilson

as editor increasingly restricted what he would accept from Hogg. Furthermore a period of unhappy relations with *Blackwood's* for a few years after 1819 coincided with Hogg's publication in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, published by Blackwood's rival, Archibald Constable, and a later period of total estrangement from William Blackwood after December 1831 similarly coincided with his publishing in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

We should remember, however, that Hogg was already publishing in Scottish periodicals, most notably in the *Scots Magazine*, before *Blackwood's* appeared. He had already shown himself agile in adapting to the ambience of individual journals, and he also published with other periodicals at times when his relations with *Blackwood's* were good, for example in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* in the period November 1828 to December 1831. Moreover other Scottish journals provided him with outlets for work that was unsuitable for *Blackwood's*, especially longer pieces of short fiction and longer narrative poems, reports on events with which he was associated, letters on various matters of topical interest, extra items to supplement his books (such as extra imitations along the lines of his *Poetic Mirror* and further songs to add to those already published in his *Jacobite Relics*, as already mentioned), and memoirs of his life and literary associations. Nor should we think of his work for other periodicals as inferior in quality to his publications in *Blackwood's*. There are some excellent pieces in genres which were not suitable for *Blackwood's*, and even pieces rejected by *Blackwood's* were not necessarily inferior in quality to those that were accepted. In any case Hogg wrote more than *Blackwood's* could reasonably accommodate. In response he took up new opportunities in Scotland (for example with the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*) but he also increasingly found a place for his work in English periodicals and annuals, sometimes with work rejected by *Blackwood's*, more often with work never offered to 'Maga' (as the magazine was familiarly known).

On occasions rejection by *Blackwood's* actually encouraged Hogg to undertake new and imaginative work. For example, in August 1827 Wilson through Blackwood asked for some songs to be included in an episode about a balloon ride which he planned to write as one of his series of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'. Hogg responded with four 'Songs for the Baloon'. When Wilson failed to write the planned 'Noctes' and also failed to use the poems in any other way, Hogg wrote his own balloon story incorporating the songs.¹⁸ Thus was born one of his funniest and liveliest pieces, 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage'. Hogg offered it to *Blackwood's*, thus showing that he would have preferred it to appear there, but it was rejected. Blackwood and Wilson

were not always wise in their decisions, even by their own standards: as Thomas B. Richardson remarks, 'Wilson jealously guarded his territory, sometimes irrationally so.'¹⁹ 'Dr David Dale's Account' is not only a fine piece in its own right but would actually have fitted well into the *Blackwood's* ambience. It was, nevertheless, Wilson's initial failure to use his songs that had spurred Hogg to write his own piece. Since he was fascinated by flying and the idea of space travel Hogg was actually better placed than Wilson to write on this subject, and he produced an imaginative and entertaining piece, full of his typical exuberant vitality and inventiveness. In writing his own piece Hogg was not confined by the 'Noctes' format and in this freer situation he was even able to provide a kind of parodic counterpart to the image, itself somewhat parodic, that Wilson was purveying of him as the Shepherd of the 'Noctes'. As another way of counteracting Wilson's picture of him, Hogg also produced his own two 'Noctes Bengerianæ', set at his farm of Mount Benger rather than in Ambrose's tavern (like the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'), and published them in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Unfortunately these two pieces only served to demonstrate that Wilson was the true genius of the Noctes style and format, and Hogg's Noctes series was not continued.

Altogether, then, there is plenty of evidence that, while Hogg might often have preferred to publish in *Blackwood's*, he also actively pursued other publication outlets where he could publish different kinds of work that enabled him to expand his range of themes and genres in new and interesting ways. Much of the writing in this volume is of this kind. Nevertheless it is impossible to tell the story of Hogg's involvement with Scottish periodicals without reference to the central role of *Blackwood's* in his publishing career.

While his involvement in *Blackwood's* was developing, Hogg returned to a newspaper as an outlet for publication, although, now that he was establishing a role in magazines, it was probably more as a favour to a friend than from any special desire to publish in that medium. John McDiarmid had been a friend of his in Edinburgh where they were both office bearers in the Edinburgh Forum, a debating society, and he was later to witness Hogg's marriage contract.²⁰ In 1817 he became editor of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* and on 3 June 1817 published Hogg's 'Verses, Written on Hearing of the Death of Mr Pitt' there (although it had earlier appeared in the *Carlisle Patriot* on 28 May). In providing this poem for his friend, Hogg was not using the newspaper in his usual way, to address matters of topical interest: the younger Pitt had died in 1806, and Hogg had possibly resurrected something that he had written some years before. His other contribution at this

time was equally non-topical: on 5 October 1819 the *Courier* published his 'Hymn to the Evening Star' which had originally appeared some eight years earlier in *The Spy* of 3 August 1811.²¹ Earlier in the year he had written to McDiarmid: 'As for me lending any material assistance [to your newspaper] I may say the spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak. In fact I have more literary engagements than I can accomplish.'²² Clearly he was unwilling to send McDiarmid any new compositions, for which he probably would not have been paid. The best he could do was to send his friend compositions from the past. Hogg did not resume publication with the *Courier* until 1824 when he contributed a letter to the editor regarding sheep smearing and then, in 1827, some new and unpublished 'Verses', expressing the feelings of his mother-in-law, Margaret Phillips, on the death of her husband, Peter. Hogg obviously chose the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* because the couple had farmed in Dumfriesshire for many years and the poem was of both local and topical interest. Throughout this period McDiarmid was the editor and he continued in that role until his death in 1852.

Meanwhile, within a very short time of his active participation in the remodelling of William Blackwood's magazine, Hogg began to feel he was not welcome there. As Richardson has written, 'Hogg was sensing a more general turning against him throughout 1818, as he wrote later in the year: "I begin to feel a cold side to a work which holds such an avowed one to me". Hogg was puzzled by and disenchanted with his circle of friends at Blackwood's, and he was at a loss to explain his treatment by them.'²³ As early as mid-1818, following the rejection of 'An Old Soldier's Tale', a story on one of his favourite topics, the aftermath of the 1745 rebellion, he wrote angrily to Blackwood: 'I have not been writing any new thing for the Magazine I know W. will not let in anything of mine. he will perhaps tell me as he did lately "This would *perhaps* do for the Mentor. If you like I shall *try* to get it in there" After the rejection The old Soldier's tale I cannot think of any prose article just now that would possibly gain admittance, in the present taste of the editors.'²⁴ In October of the following year he wrote to Blackwood again in similar vein: 'I have been so much mortified by the refusal of all my pieces that I cannot bear to think of writing for the magazine now. And though I always praise it above all other periodical works and wish it with all my heart every success yet would I rather sit down and write for the shabbiest work in the kingdom where every thing I write is revered.'²⁵

Given this, it is not surprising that, even though he had earlier written regarding his articles rejected by *Blackwood's* that 'what I could stand worst of all [they were rejected] w. a hint that I had better send

them to the New Series of the Scots Mag. the Dominies magazine, or the new magazine set afoot at Lanark',²⁶ Hogg in July 1818 published the rejected 'Old Soldier's Tale' in the third issue of the newly founded *Clydesdale Magazine*, published in Lanark. A magazine avowedly dedicated to providing material about its local area was never going to aim for or achieve a national readership like that of *Blackwood's* (even if the editor admitted that 'the difficulty of obtaining sufficient numbers of communications on subjects connected with the district, has necessarily given to the first number a degree of generality'²⁷), but it was willing to accept Hogg's rejected story, and he preferred for it to be published there rather than not at all.

More significantly, from May 1819 Hogg began to publish in Archibald Constable's new series of the *Scots Magazine*, re-named the *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, with which Constable hoped to rival *Blackwood's* and for which he had taken on the former editors of Blackwood's original *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, Thomas Pringle and James Cleghorn, sacked at the time of its remodelling as *Blackwood's*. Almost certainly Hogg's dissatisfaction with *Blackwood's* prompted him to publish in its rival, as Constable's partner Robert Cadell believed. In September 1821 Cadell wrote to Hogg: 'We are particularly obliged by your articles, and hope you will keep your promise to continue—any from you must be good—and find a place—and I think I might add no very great danger of your being abominably abused—furthermore you shall have as high remuneration as E. M. can afford to give you.'²⁸ In the next two and a half years Hogg contributed eleven items to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, displaying a diversity of styles and subjects, including three instalments of 'Pictures of Country Life', 'The Powris of Moseke' (a long comic poem in his beloved 'ancient stile', a rough and ready imitation of Middle Scots), the satirical 'Hints for Keeping the Sabbath' (reprinted from *The Spy*), extra Jacobite songs to supplement his *Jacobite Relics*, 'Cary O'Kean' (a long narrative poem set in Tahiti), a poem addressed to a comet (reprinted from the *Poetical Register*), and a ballad about a mermaid. As noted, some of this material was recycled. *After* it had been published, Hogg told Cadell, who was active in the running of the journal, 'A few of the Hints for the Sabbath were published in the Spy'. However Hogg went on to suggest the reworked hints could be part of a series of new works: 'as [*The Spy*] is long ago a dead letter I thought I might touch them up and republish them as the beginning of a Series of *Hints* to various classes.'²⁹ Obviously Hogg was hoping, by setting up a series (as he was doing with 'Pictures of Country Life'), to ensure continuing publication. He actually wrote a piece called 'Hints for Reviewers', which he sent to Cadell on 1 March 1822, but this never appeared in print and now only exists, in partial

form, in manuscript.³⁰ Evidently Cadell was too canny to allow Hogg to embark on another series and perhaps he, too, had some ideas about what were Hogg's strengths – which evidently did not include satire.

For all that, the *Edinburgh Magazine* gave Hogg the opportunity to publish some material which would not have found its way into *Blackwood's*. This includes, for example, the three supplementary sets of Jacobite songs, 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection'. These were designed, as the title suggests, to complement his two volumes of *Jacobite Relics*. Like some of the songs in *Jacobite Relics*, a number of the songs included here are actually by Hogg himself. The first instalment starts with an introduction in which Hogg claims to reveal his sources, purported to be manuscripts received from W. B. Marshall of Chelsea and Ed. Bulmer of Adderstone, Northumberland. Marshall was a real person and Hogg had indeed received songs from him;³¹ but we have been unable to find any evidence of Bulmer, who was probably Hogg's invention. Hogg includes letters from both men explaining the provenance of their respective manuscripts: both letters purvey highly suspect but amusing accounts of where the manuscripts came from. Hogg may have written the first (from Marshall) and certainly wrote the second (from Bulmer); he later acknowledged his own authorship of the three poems supposedly from the Bulmer manuscript by including them in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*.³² It is the kind of literary game in which he rejoiced, for example by including his own allegedly accurate but actually fictional letter to *Blackwood's* in *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. This material, which includes some of his most playful writing, would not have appeared in *Blackwood's* but did appear in the *Edinburgh Magazine* even though it looked, as Gillian Hughes has noted, a little out of place there.³³ Similarly, a long narrative poem set in Tahiti was not the sort of thing Blackwood and Wilson wanted to see from him in *Blackwood's*, but it was accepted in the *Edinburgh Magazine* despite its controversial treatment of interracial love. Hogg had had this topic in mind for some time: in January 1815 John Ballantyne had asked him for a poem 'of an Otaheitan girl [...] who almost died for a midshipman'³⁴ which he planned to publish in *The Sale-Room*. Thus the *Edinburgh Magazine* provided him with an outlet for some material that *Blackwood's* could not have accommodated within its general ambience, even though Hogg may have preferred to see his work in 'Maga'. In any case for the sixteen months from August 1821 Hogg published nothing in *Blackwood's*, not resuming until December of the following year.

Once contributions of Hogg's works in *Blackwood's* resumed, in December 1822, the pace of publication picked up substantially. As Richardson notes, 'For the first six years of *Blackwood's Edinburgh*

Magazine, 1817–1822, Hogg published nineteen titles in the magazine; for the next six years, 1823–1828, Hogg published an astonishing fifty titles in *Maga*. ... By the end of 1825 he seems to have achieved a solid place among the literary writers in *Blackwood's*.³⁵ This seems to have contented Hogg, even though, as Richardson further remarks, this 'can be partly explained by his staying close to the role defined for him early on: forty per cent of his works were songs in the *Noctes* and nearly twenty-five per cent more were "Shepherd's Calendar" stories'.³⁶ Initially, too, Hogg was finding some satisfaction in the publication of novels and other longer prose fictions and a long poem: *The Three Perils of Woman* (1823), *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824), and *Queen Hynde* (1824). Whatever the reasons, there seem to be no publications at all in other Scottish periodicals from December 1821 to November 1828 (apart from some articles about the Border Games which may possibly have been by him).³⁷

After 1828 what Richardson calls the 'flush times for Hogg with *Blackwood's*' continued for another three years. However, from late 1828 onwards, despite his regular appearance in *Blackwood's*, Hogg began to publish in another rival journal, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* edited by his young friend Henry Glassford Bell. Beginning with 'A Letter from Yarrow' and 'A Pastoral Sang' in the very first issue of the journal, Hogg published no less than forty-seven new items in this new publication, the largest number in any Scottish periodical after *Blackwood's* and *The Spy*. In the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* Hogg found an outlet for a wide variety of material: love songs, imitations or parodies of other poets (including two of Wordsworth), two episodes of 'Noctes Bengerianæ', stories of the Highlands, a book review, domestic tales, historical fiction, a tale of the supernatural, poems about the years 1828 and 1829, a letter defending the traditional Scottish metrical psalms, memoirs of his encounters with other writers (most notably Walter Scott), descriptions of memorable characters in prose and verse, an advertising song, and a piece about an upcoming angling competition. In short, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* seems to have provided an outlet for all kinds of writing without the sense of restriction which Hogg felt at *Blackwood's*.

What Hogg did miss, however, was the payment. Selling for a much lower price than *Blackwood's* although aiming for a larger popular audience, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was unable to pay its authors at the rates Blackwood had offered. Indeed, as Gillian Hughes has noted, 'Hogg's many contributions to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, it appears from his letter to Blackwood of 4 January 1830 and Blackwood's reply, were probably not paid for at all'.³⁸ There were, however, compen-

sations, and Hughes suggests that 'Hogg was in many respects well suited emotionally to being a periodical writer, greatly enjoying the sense of being part of a club or brotherhood of contributors. Sometimes, indeed, this emotional need even outweighed the financial imperative of earning a steady income by his pen.'³⁹ Furthermore he was treated by the journal in a way which sustained his (justified) sense of himself as an important writer: the journal mentioned him regularly in its 'Literary Chit-Chat and Varieties' section, and a portrait of Hogg was printed for insertion at the beginning of the fourth volume of the journal. The portrait was a useful piece of publicity for an author who relished being well known and recognised, and in January 1831 he asked for 'six of the engravings of my beautiful phiz for as many vols of the songs'. As Hughes notes, 'The engravings would make suitable gifts for Hogg's admirers or visitors at Altrive.'⁴⁰ Bell gave up his role as editor in early 1831 but Hogg continued to contribute till the very end of 1831. There was only one issue for 1832, on 7 January, and it announced that the journal was being merged with the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, which was, like the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, published by Constable and Co.

While writing for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* Hogg had also resumed writing for newspapers, including, as it happens, the newspaper with which it later merged. In March 1831 he submitted an article to the *Chronicle* on the Border Games that he sponsored at Mount Benger. As was normal for a newspaper article, it was published anonymously, but the letter in which Hogg asked his friend John Aitken to forward the article to the *Chronicle* (temporarily renamed the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*) has survived, thus confirming his authorship.⁴¹ In fact there is good reason to suspect that this was not the first time Hogg had submitted an article on this subject to a newspaper. Articles in the *Caledonian Mercury* and the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* in 1829 describing these games and those at Innerleithen (which Hogg also sponsored) have a very similar format and style and make mention of Hogg's grandfather, William Laidlaw of Phawhope, in terms that Hogg himself used, and it is likely that he is the author of them and other similar reports in earlier and later years.⁴² In 1831 Hogg also wrote for the *Edinburgh Evening Post* with a letter on Africa, following this up with one on emigration in 1833.

As well as newspapers Hogg also found an outlet for non-fictional writing through a return to writing about farming in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, with articles on mole-catching, sheep diseases, and the preservation of salmon, as well as a substantial reflective piece looking back over his lifetime, 'On the Changes in the Habits, Amusements,

and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry'.⁴³ Another piece of this period 'Statistics of Selkirkshire', published in *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland* in 1832, allowed him to write about something else which he had known for many years, Selkirkshire, where he grew up and spent much of his adult life. While the title suggests something very technical, Hogg typically managed to infuse it with a strong sense of his own personal interests and opinions.⁴⁴

During the time he was appearing in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* Hogg had continued to contribute to *Blackwood's*, with, as Richardson has noted, 'significant increase in the publication of Hogg's prose fiction' in the period 1829 to 1831.⁴⁵ Perhaps the greater latitude Hogg was experiencing in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* induced Blackwood and Wilson to give him wider scope in their journal. However on 6 December Hogg broke finally and definitively with Blackwood and ceased to publish in *Blackwood's* or to appear in the 'Noctes'. They were not properly reconciled by the time of Blackwood's death in September 1834, although some moves had been made to restore relations. Work by Hogg did not appear again in *Blackwood's* till June 1834 and this was followed by only one last contribution in April 1835, Hogg's very last contribution to a Scottish periodical.

Hogg was thus deprived of two major Scottish outlets of his work at the same time in the last months of 1831. To some extent this was compensated for by outlets outside of Scotland such as *Fraser's Magazine*, published in London, in which he had been appearing since April 1830 and to which he ultimately contributed thirty-six items; but his options within Scotland were now limited. However, in October 1832 Robert Chambers, whom he had known for some time, wrote to him inviting him to contribute to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, a weekly magazine edited by him and his brother William that had been appearing since February 1832. The payment offered was good (similar to that paid by Blackwood, even though this journal sold for one penny an issue), but it was still six months before Hogg's first contribution appeared, in the issue for 18 May 1833. For this he resumed the theme of emigration on which, as we have seen, he had written for the *Edinburgh Evening Post*. The topic was one appropriate to the journal, which was directed more at self-improvement than pure entertainment. Responding to two earlier articles on the topic, Hogg moved from general reflections on emigration to telling a story about how an old pedlar saves an emigrating family from having to leave their two eldest sons behind in Scotland by paying their fares. At the end, in a typical Hoggian twist, the pedlar explains he has done this so he will have friends when he comes himself to Canada.

However, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* did not prove to be anywhere near as accommodating a place for publication as the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In his letter inviting contributions, Robert Chambers had asked for 'a rural tale or so, constructed as much as possible with a moral or useful object, and chiming in with the tone of our work', and this prescription proved to be uncongenial for Hogg.⁴⁶ His next contribution, 'The Watchmaker', is superficially directed towards warning young women not to marry a drunkard. Chambers quickly recognised that 'you have given it a somewhat moral turn at the end, though I fear your humorous [*sic*] genius is apt to make rather a wry face when attempting anything of that kind, and is disposed to put its tongue waggishly in one cheek, while attempting to look very serious with the other'.⁴⁷ Hogg responded with a treatise on the geography of the Grampians, 'Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd', which is certainly more instructive than entertaining, but not without its Hoggian touches. The journal's concentration on the diffusion of factual information effectively precluded one of his favourite topics, the supernatural, but Hogg reacted to this by telling a very tall tale of frozen bodies restored to life in Canada, again with only a superficial nod at rational explanation at the end. His article on 'Nature's Magic Lantern' also skirted around the edges of the supernatural with its account of various inexplicable visual phenomena. Despite these barriers he managed to get into *Chambers's* articles on two favourite subjects, the Highlands ('Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd') and the aftermath of the 1745 rebellion (a slightly bowdlerised reprint from the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of 'A Story of the Forty-Six'). As noted above, he also managed to sneak in what is effectively a short story in the guise of a reflective piece on emigration. All the same, in the end Hogg seems to have run out of options for suitable offerings for the Chambers brothers. No longer in the supportive editorial environment of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, Hogg showed himself to be a bad judge of what might be of interest to the two editor-brothers. He even offered them 'The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London', expressing his surprise and disappointment when it was turned down, even though, as a comic and blatantly fictitious story about a duel, it was certainly not appropriate for *Chambers's*. His last attempt was a probably only half-serious offer of a sermon 'on the common Courtesies and civilities of life' which was also not taken up, and he published nothing more in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

Hogg might have hoped that the new journal would provide replacement for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, especially as it began to appear just as the latter lost its identity in the merger with the *Edin-*

burgh Weekly Chronicle, but it proved to be a dead end for him. It was also almost the last of the Scottish periodicals in which he published. For his last Scottish periodical publication (except for his April 1835 contribution to *Blackwood's*) Hogg returned to a newspaper, his starting point after his first break with the *Scots Magazine*: after its rejection by *Chambers's* 'The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London' appeared on 7 October 1834 in the *Glasgow Courier*, edited by William Motherwell, with whom Hogg was currently preparing an edition of Burns's poetry.

Thus ended (apart from that one publication in *Blackwood's* the following year) Hogg's long association with Scottish periodicals, which had gone back to his earliest publications. Over the years Scottish periodicals had offered outlets for a very wide range of writing, varied in theme, genre and quality. It included some of his best work as a writer of poems, short stories, sketches, letters and opinion pieces. His creativity was not exhausted and he continued to publish a range of work outside Scotland, especially in *Fraser's Magazine*, and also in American journals, but the outlets for him in Scotland had finally exhausted themselves.

Themes, Genres, Style

Given that Hogg's Scottish periodical contributions extend over the whole of his literary career, it is no surprise that the themes which occur and recur in his Scottish periodical contributions also pervade Hogg's larger and more important works. To choose just one example, his now best known and most celebrated work, *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, provides examples of some of his most persistent themes—the supernatural, history, religion, peasant life and the nature and reliability of oral tradition as opposed to written records—and all of these occur in this volume. We will therefore take these themes as a starting point in discussing the thematic content of his Scottish periodical contributions, although the sheer range of Hogg's interests is truly remarkable, and extends well beyond these topics.

Hogg's interest in the supernatural is one of his most characteristic features. It was also a topic about which he was deeply equivocal. Growing up in a rural peasant environment, he heard many stories of the supernatural, some of them associated with his own family, like the story that his grandfather was 'the last man [in his area] who heard, saw, and conversed with the fairies'.⁴⁸ At the same time, as a product, through his later self-education, of the Enlightenment, Hogg was sceptical about stories of the supernatural, apart from those

sanctioned by Christian belief. At times the voice of scepticism seems to be totally subdued, as in the narration of the activities of Michael Scott the warlock and his attendant spirits and witches at Aikwood Castle in *The Three Perils of Man*. But who is the narrator here? An unnamed modern author or Isaac the curate, the supposed narrator of this medieval tale? Without a secure sense of who is narrating these events we have no certainty as to how sceptically we should treat them. In *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* Hogg constructs an elaborate structure of parallel narratives and narrators to balance belief in the supernatural events with rational scepticism. Similar balancing acts can be seen in stories in this collection. One of his strategies is to assert that the story, or at least the characters in it, are widely known. In 'A Story of the Black Art' the combination of a sixteenth-century setting, which includes identifiable people and historical events, and an assertion that the central figure is 'famous in legendary lore' both invites the reader to accept a story rooted in history and, in typically two-handed fashion, implies it is only a legend. 'The Powris of Moseke, Ane rychte plesant Ballaunt', which is also set in the remoter past (as its 'ancient' language implies), employs another strategy: leaving us poised between belief that blind Robin does indeed attract ghosts, fairies, angels and the Devil through his music, as reported by his boy companion, and a suspicion that the boy is lying (at least some of the time). In contrast, when he presents a tale of the supernatural as a ballad, in 'The Good Grey Cat', and thus implicitly as a piece of oral tradition rather than his own mediated account, Hogg feels free from the obligation to express any scepticism on his own part.

Within the supernatural, witchcraft is one of Hogg's persistent concerns, thematic (as already noted) in *The Three Perils of Man*. Witchcraft is a special case amongst Hogg's supernatural interests in that, while witches may not have existed, witch trials certainly did. Perhaps it is because of his awareness of the cruel treatment of supposed witches that Hogg often shows himself remarkably sympathetic to the witches in his stories. Indeed one of the reasons why we might sympathise with the supposed witch in 'The Good Grey Cat' is that she is pursued by the laird and the bishop for her witchcraft and successfully eludes them, ultimately dropping the bishop into the mouth of hell. However in the end she proves to be the Queen of Fairyland, a less ambivalent figure. Similarly, 'Grizel Graham' and 'A Story of the Black Art' evoke a good deal of sympathy for the witches at the centre of their stories, even if they seem at times malicious and mocking. Alongside witches, Hogg's next favourite topic in the field of the supernatural seems to be the Devil. While his most brilliant portrayal of the Devil

is undoubtedly Gil-Martin in *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, we should not forget the quite different but spectacular Devil in *The Three Perils of Man*. The Devil is also portrayed in yet another figuration in 'The Powris of Moseke' (whether or not he actually makes an appearance), demonstrating yet again the fertility of Hogg's imagination.

Stories of the supernatural are closely linked to another of Hogg's preoccupations, the reliability of oral tradition and its relationship to the written word. 'Grizel Graham' begins with a sentence offering universal knowledge through oral tradition as evidence for the authenticity of the tale to follow: 'Where is the man, or where is the woman, or where is the wee bairn, between the fells of Cheviot and the tops of the Louthier, who has not heard tell of Grizel Graham?',⁴⁹ an opening which recalls that of *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*: 'I am only relating to the greater part of the inhabitants of at least four counties of Scotland, matters of which they were before perfectly well informed.'⁵⁰ With Hogg the appeals to tradition are often, as here, most strident when he is at his most inventive and fictional. However, by the end of 'Grizel Graham' he is calling not only tradition but his own voice into question as a source of reliable information: 'The legends that remain of her death-wake and funeral, are too extravagant even for my pen.'⁵¹ Indeed Hogg is happy to use his carefully nurtured persona as a teller of tales which stretch credulity to the full to call the written word equally into question. A supposedly authentic written document, 'Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd' (undoubtedly written by Hogg himself), tells an unbelievable tale of frozen bodies thawed and returned to life; it is preceded by a tongue-in-cheek comment (also presumably written by Hogg, though in the name of the editor) which calls it all into question: 'the *facts* which are mentioned are perhaps *too strongly* drawn to meet with *perfect credence*, and may be shrewdly suspected as a satire on the extravagant desire for dissection which animates the modern school of surgery'.⁵²

Witches link in a quite different way to another of Hogg's interests, flying and space travel, since witches both traditionally and in Hogg's work travel through the air, as in 'The Witch of Fife', the Eighth Bard's Song in *The Queen's Wake*. This interest can be seen as an aspect of Hogg's fascination with seeing the world from above, evident in this volume in his excitement in reaching the top of the Grampians in 'Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd', in *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* when George Colwan climbs to the top of Arthur's Seat, and in *The Three Perils of Man* in the almost cinematic shot from above when a horse falls over the cliff. Actually flying through the air takes this one step further. Hogg lived, of course, at the time of the first stages of

air travel: in balloons. The sheer exhilaration of flying is reflected in the opening words of 'Hurray! hurray! The spirit's away', one of the four songs which Hogg originally wrote for the projected but never completed 'Noctes' about balloons for *Blackwood's* and which he then incorporated, as 'Song Third', into 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage', in which he imagines Dale and the Ettrick Shepherd sailing in a balloon behind the moon and back to earth before crash-landing in Loch-Garry, shot down by Glengarry. Recalling similar voyages in *Pilgrims of the Sun*, this venture into outer space is remarkable in imagining what the earth might look like from the moon long before humans were actually able to go there. 'Song Third' was later renamed 'The Witch o' Fife', and published in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: the original version already makes it clear that the spirit is a witch. 'The Good Grey Cat' provides another example of travel in the air.

Like Scott, Hogg is intensely interested in Scottish history, but the two writers' viewpoints are often very different. While Hogg shares with Scott a particular interest in the 1745–46 Jacobite rebellion, it is significant that Hogg refers to the event as the Forty-Six rather than the familiar Forty-Five. His emphasis is on the last stages of the rebellion and its aftermath, something which Scott conspicuously avoids in *Waverley* (apart from the trial and execution of Fergus and Evan Dhu) and only approaches from a safe distance in 'The Highland Widow'. Hogg's most moving account of the repression which followed the end of the rebellion is in *The Three Perils of Woman*. Two stories among the Scottish periodical contributions also deal with the violence and suffering endured in Scotland: 'A Story of the Forty-Six' and 'An Old Soldier's Tale'. The casual killings in the latter story are a reminder, too, of how directly and explicitly Hogg was willing to represent violence, whereas Scott, for the most part, kept it offstage or invoked it as a threat. It is not only in historical settings that Hogg explores violence: there are graphically described murders in the first part of 'Grizel Graham' and in 'An Old Minister's Tale'. As well as recent history Hogg was also interested, again like Scott, both in the legendary history of the remote past, as in 'The Ballad of King Gregory', and, conversely, in contemporary events, as in his 'Lament for Lord Melville' and 'Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw'. Amongst contemporary events Hogg paid particular attention to cultural events, such as the annual celebrations of Shakespeare (see 'Shakespeare' and 'Alloa Speeches') and Burns (see 'Anniversary of Burns'), as well as the athletic exertions of his beloved Border Games (see the piece of that name).

Many of Hogg's stories expose the unfortunate position of women in his society. While some are resolved happily, as in 'Old Isaac' (the first of the 'Pictures of Country Life') and in 'The Minister's Annie', elsewhere Hogg is markedly unwilling to provide comforting resolutions. In 'The History of Rose Selby' poor Rose, having left her home and been seduced, ends up unable to return to her grieving mother. In 'The Watchmaker' Peg Ketchen, 'one of the sprightliest girls in the whole country', is reduced to 'one of the most tawdry, miserable-looking objects' after she marries a drunkard.⁵³ In 'The Wanderer's Tale' a wife admits she was wrong to accuse her self-centred husband of infidelity, but still refuses to return to him. These stories are part of Hogg's persistent interest in domestic life, often in a rural setting. Many of them deal with eccentric or unusual characters, like Wat the Prophet in the story of that name, or the man who hates anyone knowing of his generosity in lending to others in 'The School of Misfortune' (another of the 'Pictures of Country Life'). Hogg's treatment of country people is usually sympathetic but often also humorous, a good example being the portrait of Charlie Dinmont o' the Waker-Cleuch in 'To the Editor of the Sale-Room'. His songs, too, have rural settings, although they are usually not clearly defined, as in 'Love Pastorals'. Hogg prided himself on his abilities as a song-writer and performer, and a large number of the songs he later collected in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* first appeared in Scottish periodicals. Giving voice to both men and women, his lyrics range from the tender, like 'A Genuine Love-Letter', to the bitter, like 'A Scots Sang'. Love is also the subject of Hogg's longer narrative poem, the tragic story of 'Cary O'Kean'. Here too he does not shirk an unhappy ending.

Religion runs as a thread through much of Hogg's writing, very frequently through the figure of the good minister, as with Blanchard in *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. The qualities Hogg admires most in his good ministers are generosity of spirit and powerful and persuasive prayer, and it is these qualities that enable the ministers in 'Old Isaac' and 'The Minister's Annie' to bring the wayward men who have misled young women to a state of repentance. A quite different approach to religion can be found in 'Hints for Keeping the Sabbath' (not included in this volume because it had appeared in *The Spy* before its publication in the *Edinburgh Magazine*), Hogg's satiric account of how householders and fashionable young men should behave on Sundays.

Finally, in this summary of some of Hogg's main themes, we can cite an interest in exploration, whether at home or in far-off places. Hogg represents himself as explorer of the Grampians and the source of the Dee in 'Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd'; his description of

the topography and settlements of this remote region is paralleled in his account of an area much more familiar to him in 'Statistics of Selkirkshire'. His interest in Highland scenery and society is further displayed in works like 'An Old Minister's Tale', while his fascination with more distant exploration is demonstrated in 'Cary O'Kean' which, with its setting in Tahiti, owes much to the accounts of Cook's voyages, in a passing reference to travel to 'a far polar keuntry' in 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage', and in 'Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd'. The fantastical nature of the events in this last recalls such stories as 'A Singular Letter from Southern Africa' (which first appeared in the November 1829 issue of *Blackwood's* and then, under the title 'The Pongos', in *Altrive Tales*) and 'The Surpassing Adventures of Allan Gordon' (which first appeared after Hogg's death in *Tales and Sketches of the Ettrick Shepherd*). Such references to the wider world serve usefully to remind us that Hogg was never one to confine his interests purely to Scotland. Nevertheless most of the stories and poems, sketches and articles that he contributed to Scottish periodicals have Scottish settings, and he remained firmly rooted in Scotland despite his awareness of the broader imperial context. As he remarked in 'Emigration', 'My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.'⁵⁴

As will be already evident, Hogg's writing in the Scottish periodicals made use of a wide range of genres and forms. The most commodious of these periodicals were the literary journals, and of these the most important was the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, in which, as already noted, Hogg published forty-seven items; but even one-off publications in newspapers allowed him to widen his generic range.

The single most common form is poetry, and in particular song; these are also generally the shortest of the pieces included in this volume. Songs occur throughout Hogg's career, and came to be seen later in the century as one of his most important contributions to Scottish literature, a view Hogg promoted himself through his final published collection, *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*. Since then critical attention has shifted emphatically to Hogg's prose and longer poems, while the songs have lost most of their currency as performance pieces. Hogg designates some of his lyrics as written for existing tunes, such as 'O wha is it says that a bard is neglected', to be sung to the air 'Lord Elcho's Delight' (see 'Anniversary of Burns'), or 'The Two Men of Colston', written to 'a celebrated Scotch air called, "Go to the kye

wi' me'" (see 'Jacobite Relics, Not in Hogg's Collection'), while others were undoubtedly written with a particular air in mind though none is specified. In setting new words to old tunes Hogg followed Burns, as he did in another kind of poetry, the verse epistle, although he generally eschewed Burns's favourite Standard Habbie stanza. One of Hogg's earliest poems had been an interchange of verses with Thomas Mounsey Cunningham in the *Scots Magazine*; his fondness for this genre is at work in his creation of a fictional poet, David Tweedie, with whom he then exchanged verse epistles, all written of course by Hogg himself. Adopting the voices of others, though in this case real others, also informs his 'Poetic Mirror' imitations and parodies which, after the success of his *Poetic Mirror* book of 1816, he continued to contribute to Scottish periodicals, including *Blackwood's*.⁵⁵ Another genre is the elegy, of which two examples are included in this volume: 'Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry' and 'Lament for Lord Melville'. In truth, Hogg seems less at ease praising the dead than he is attacking them, as in 'Tam Wilson'. All of these poems are short, but Hogg also wrote longer narrative poems, including, in this volume, 'Cary O'Kean' and 'The Ballad of King Gregory' and (somewhat shorter) 'A Ballad from the Gaelic'.

In prose Hogg wrote in an even wider range of genres, both fictional and non-fictional. Some of his most successful are his tales, supernatural, historical and sentimental, as well as humorous sketches like 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage'. Literary journals like the *Scots Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Magazine*, the *Clydesdale Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* were the most likely outlets for such tales and sketches. Hogg also published other items in them, such as his reminiscences of his first meeting with Allan Cunningham and Walter Scott and the three sets of Jacobite Relics, which were partly transcribed from a manuscript he had been given and partly his own compositions, for which he provided an elaborate fictional provenance, as noted earlier. His contributions to literary journals also include one identified review, 'Some Remarks on the Life of Sandy Elshinder', but there clearly were others.⁵⁶ Indeed Hogg claimed to have written a review of Wilson's *The Isle of Palms* 'as well as many others, in a Scottish Review then going on in Edinburgh'.⁵⁷

Newspapers, to which Hogg contributed throughout most of his career, also provided an outlet for a book review ('Guy Mannering') as well as for other kinds of writing, including letters to the editor on topical matters, and what we might think of now as journalistic reports such as his account of the Carterhaugh Cattle Show. However

newspapers also provided an outlet for non-factual material like his *jeu d'esprit*, 'The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London', which combines real people with entirely imaginary events, even though it is presented as a factual report. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, though open to short stories, of which Hogg submitted several, had, as noted above, a bias towards factual information, which led him to submit the account of his journey to the sources of the Dee ('Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd') and a discussion of various visual phenomena ('Nature's Magic Lantern'). Factual information was, on the other hand, the sole content of specialist journals like the *Farmer's Magazine*, the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, and *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, even if Hogg gave his contributions a touch of his own personality.

Finally, in style Hogg's contributions offer a diversity commensurate with the variety of his themes and genres. Stylistically his work ranges, in verse, from the formal poetic decorum of elegies, through the tenderness of love-songs, to the raucous humour of 'The Auld Man's Wife's Dead'; in prose, from the authoritative information giving style of 'Statistics of Selkirkshire', through the intimate tone of stories like 'The History of Rose Selby', to the comic exuberance of 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage'. In language too Hogg exhibits considerable variety. The mainstay of his writing is, of course, the use of both standard Scots and standard English (both of which are used in a range of contexts, often in opposition to each other within the same piece) as well as the diluted Scots of ballads and songs. Another variety of Scots is the 'ancient stile' (as he called it) of poems like 'The Powris of Moseke', although the effect here is more one of antique spelling than a genuine imitation of earlier Scots. Hogg's English is that of his own time and also the seventeenth-century English of the Authorised Version. Hogg also writes in specific dialects of Scots and English, including Cumberland dialect, Irish English, Aberdeen-awa and Highland English, the last with a strong admixture of both Gaelic and Scots terms. While these dialectal forms are almost always used for comic effect (for example, Cumberland dialect in Hogg's fictional source for the Jacobite songs supposedly transcribed from 'Mr Bulmer's manuscript', or the Aberdeen-awa in 'A Story of the Black Art'), their appearance is not restricted to comic contexts: never one to avoid the collision of disparate elements, Hogg places comic Highland English voices within the grim 1746 setting of 'An Old Soldier's Tale'. He writes standard Scots both in comic contexts (e.g., 'The Auld Man's Wife's Dead') and more serious ones, as in love-songs (e.g., 'A Real Love Sang'). There are also small scraps of

Latin, while Gaelic (usually spelt phonetically) figures in phrases and isolated terms as well as in place-names. Altogether this brings a rich texture to Hogg's language, as we would expect in this representative selection of his work.

The Scope of this Volume

Contributions to Scottish Periodicals aims to present all of the items by Hogg which were first published in a Scottish periodical from 1810 until his death. Any of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals reprinted from other sources therefore do not appear here, unless they have been substantially revised from their earlier publication. However, as noted at the beginning of this introduction, within this broad ambit there are some important exceptions, namely works which have appeared or will appear in other volumes of the Stirling/South Carolina Edition. Hogg's largest single body of contributions to Scottish periodicals appears in the two volumes of *Contributions to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (which cover the years 1817–1835), and a substantial number of items also appear in the edition of his own journal, *The Spy* (covering the year between September 1810 and August 1811), while some of his letters to periodical editors appear in *The Collected Letters of James Hogg*, and some articles about sheep-rearing and other farming matters, published in agricultural journals, will appear in an edition of *The Shepherd's Guide*. Hogg's writings before 1810, including his letters on his three tours of the Highlands, and early poems subsequently published in *The Mountain Bard* and *The Forest Minstrel*, are also included in other volumes in the Stirling/South Carolina Edition. As noted earlier, a complete list of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals (other than *Blackwood's* or *The Spy*), including those which do not appear in this volume, is given in Appendix I.

Most of the items were acknowledged at the time of their publication as by Hogg (often under the soubriquet of 'the Ettrick Shepherd') but some can only be only identified as by Hogg either because he later included them in his poetical works or other volumes, such as *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, or because of external evidence, such as letters. While many items stand alone, including many poems and most of the short stories, others are embedded in a longer item: for example, 'Ode, to the Genius of Shakespeare' appeared within an article about the celebration of Shakespeare's death at Alloa in 1815 in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* and in a letter on the same subject in the *Caledonian Mercury*, a number of poems appear in three articles on Jacobite Relics, and another poem, 'The Meeting of Anglers', is preceded by a

prose description of the circumstances in which it was composed. In a number of these cases Hogg was clearly the author of the surrounding text, and in others there is good reason to suppose he was; we have chosen to include all of this material. Even if it was not written by Hogg, the contextual material provided an important frame for the first experience of his work, and it often helps explain obscurities in it. A textual note is provided for each item in the volume, containing information about Hogg's acknowledged or potential authorship. Information about how we have handled the texts is supplied by these textual notes and also by the general Note on the Text.

NOTES

1. 'The Mistakes of a Night', *Scots Magazine*, 56 (October 1794), 624; 'A Screed on Politics', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 37 (April 1835), 634–42.
2. Gillian Hughes, 'Thomas Mounsey Cunningham, Magazine Writer', *Studies in Hogg and his World*, 23 (2013), 68–90 (p. 68).
3. For information on Andrew Stewart see Graham Tulloch, 'Andrew Stewart, Poet and Convict', *Studies in Hogg and his World*, 25–26 (2015–16), 66–82.
4. See Z., 'Farther Particulars of the Life of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd', *Scots Magazine*, 67 (July 1805), 501–03 (p. 503). A number of scholars have suggested Z. is in fact Hogg (see *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 460) and he certainly seems well informed about Hogg's early life.
5. Henry Scott Riddell, 'James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd', *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, 7, 14, 21 August 1847, pp. 369–74, 386–92, 403–09 (p. 372).
6. 'Sandy Tod, A Scottish Pastoral. To a Lady', *Edinburgh Magazine*, 19 (May 1802), 368–70; 'A Song', *Edinburgh Magazine*, 21 (January 1803), 52–53.
7. 'The Poetic Mirror', *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1814* (1816), cccix–cccxxi.
8. 'Memoir of the Author's Life', in *Altrive Tales* (S/SC), p. 24. A list of abbreviations used in this introduction will be found at the end of the introduction to the Textual and Explanatory Notes.
9. Hogg had already published another poem in this newspaper, 'The Battle of Busaco', *Edinburgh Star*, 15 February 1811, p. 3, having published it first, a week earlier, in his own journal, *The Spy*, no. 24, 9 February 1811: see *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 253–54. In this case his response to contemporary events was not as swift: the battle had taken place in September 1810.
10. Introduction, *The Spy*, p. xxxviii.
11. Introduction, *The Spy*, p. xxvii.
12. Introduction, *The Spy*, p. xli.
13. For the full history of *The Spy* see Gillian Hughes's introduction to the S/SC edition.
14. For details of these contributions see Appendix I.

15. See Gillian Hughes, 'James Hogg, and Edinburgh's Triumph over Napoleon', *Scottish Studies Review*, 4.1 (Spring 2003), 98–111 (p. 100).
16. Prior to its appearance in the newspapers the poem was apparently first published in stand-alone form for the occasion of the dinner; hence it is not included in this volume. For an edition of the original stand-alone version see *Contributions to Musical Collections* (S/SC), pp. 517–23, 755–56.
17. Douglas Mack, Introduction, *The Queen's Wake* (S/SC), p. lii.
18. For more detail see the textual note to 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage', pp. 507–10.
19. Introduction, *Contributions to BEM*, I, lvii.
20. See Hughes, *Life*, pp. 103, 166.
21. Neither of these two poems is included in our volume as this is not their first publication.
22. *Letters*, I, 403.
23. Introduction, *Contributions to BEM*, I, xxxiii.
24. *Letters*, I, 356. Punctuation and capitalisation as in the original; 'W.' is 'Wilson' and the word 'of' is obviously to be inserted after 'rejection'.
25. *Letters*, I, 421.
26. *Letters*, I, 372.
27. See 'Advertisement', *Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (May 1818), 1–2 (p. 2).
28. Robert Cadell to James Hogg, 27 September 1821, NLS MS 791, p. 210. Quoted in *Contributions to BEM*, I, xlv.
29. *Letters*, II, 150. As the 'Hints' were virtually unchanged from *The Spy* they are not included in this volume.
30. 'Hints for Reviewers' has been edited by Gillian Hughes: see 'Two Rejected Contributions to Periodicals', *SHW*, 17 (2007), 81–92.
31. See James Hogg to William Blackwood, 3 July 1821, *Letters*, II, 97.
32. In *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* Hogg in effect admits Bulmer's letter and manuscript and the poems allegedly in it are his own work: see *Songs* (S/SC), pp. 148, 156, 159.
33. 'His quirkier article on acquiring fresh Jacobite Relics, which might have appeared wildly comic and appealingly irresponsible in a livelier setting, simply looks bizarre in the *Edinburgh Magazine*' (Introduction, *Letters*, II, xlii).
34. John Ballantyne to James Hogg, January 1815, NLS MS 2245, fol. 11v.
35. Introduction, *Contributions to BEM*, I, lxii–lxiii.
36. Introduction, *Contributions to BEM*, I, lxiii.
37. See below and Appendix II, 'Accounts of the Border Games in Edinburgh Newspapers'.
38. Introduction, *Letters*, II, xlv.
39. Introduction, *Letters*, II, xlv.
40. *Letters*, II, 425.
41. See the textual note to the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, p. 539.
42. For further discussion see Appendix II.
43. For details of these contributions see Appendix I.
44. There is also a much earlier publication of extracts of a Hogg essay in a digest prepared from entries for a Society Premium: see Appendix I for details of this contribution.
45. Introduction, *Contributions to BEM*, I, lxx.
46. Letter of Robert Chambers to James Hogg, 4 October 1832, NLS MS 2245, fol. 214v.

47. Robert Chambers to James Hogg, 17 May 1833, NLS MS 2245, fol. 220r.
48. See *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), p. 107.
49. See p. 305 of this volume.
50. *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, ed. by P. D. Garside (S/SC, 2001), p. 3.
51. See p. 321 of this volume.
52. See p. 376 of this volume.
53. See p. 353 of this volume.
54. See p. 344 of this volume.
55. See Hogg's parody of Leigh Hunt, 'New Poetic Mirror', *Contributions to BEM* (S/SC), 1, 57–61.
56. For a possible review by Hogg of a novel called *The Davenels*, see textual note to 'Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd', p. 518.
57. See 'Memoir of the Author's Life', in *Altrive Tales* (S/SC), p. 32. These reviews have not been definitively identified although David Groves has offered a persuasive argument for Hogg's authorship of a review of *The Isle of Pines* in the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review*, later known as the *Scottish* [sic] *Review* and has suggested three other possible Hogg reviews: see 'Four Unrecorded Book Reviews by the Ettrick Shepherd, 1811–1812', *Studies in Scottish Literature*, 25 (1990), 23–48.

THE SCOTS MAGAZINE

Epitaphs on Living Characters

By James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd

I.

“Stop friend, do you know who lies under this sod?”
The most terrible man in the world by —.
Yes, here lies the man, Sir, demolish’d and weaken’d,
Who well might be stil’d Bonaparte the second.

The one kept the monarchs of Europe in awe; 5
But this to the genius of Europe gave law.
So sharp was his lash, when his temper was fired,
At the breath of his nostrils the authors expired.

So dreadful his fiat, and public his fame,
He nearly had d—n’d both a Bailey and Græme; 10
But thanks to the tyrant, who let him alone
Until he got time to repent and atone.

His wit and his humour were free and unbounded,
But his sense and his fancy were strangely confounded;
For the rich or the poor he car’d never a button; 15
But stuck to his party, and ventur’d his mutton.

On author immoral, or nobleman dull,
He spar’d not his powder, his blood, nor his scull.
A brave independence exalted his mind;
A soul so capacious, a taste so refined, 20
In one little fellow were never combined.

But here he lies quiet, and peace to his dust,
He had faults, he had foibles, confess it I must;
But where does the mortal that’s free of them dwell.
He had virtues to balance, and balanced them well. 25

II.

Some spirit wakes the Border lyre,
 To ring her Minstrel's parting wail;
 For sounds, replete with heavenly fire,
 Come sailing on the southland gale.

List, gentle friend, that dying strain, 30
 That harp hath often cheer'd our toil:
 Hath pour'd o'er Tiviot's daizied plain,
 And the wild woods of Aberfoyle;

Hath rous'd the hero's spirit high, 35
 To danger, death, and warrior deed;
 Taught blooming maid the tender sigh,
 And pity's gentle heart to bleed.

Now all unstrung the skilful hand
 That peal'd her magic notes so high!
 The Border spear, and Highland brand, 40
 May now unsung forgotten lie.

But long, on Yarrow's fairy vale,
 His tales the evening ring shall cheer;
 And many a maid his loss bewail,
 And stream for him the shepherd's tear. 45

His faults were only faults of taste;
 Thro' clouds his genius splendour threw;
 No hand could stay his rapid haste;
 Thro' fire and flood he furious flew.

Sound be thy sleep, our Minstrel wild! 50
 And sweet thy dreams till time shall flee!
 And every eve, and morning mild,
 Moisten the green turf over thee.

The History of Rose Selby

By the Ettrick Shepherd

WHAT book is that! old woman, said I, which you are perusing so earnestly, and which is so much soiled, you cannot possibly read it with accuracy?—It is a very good book, said she, looking up with seeming surprise at being accosted by a stranger; not that the matter is of much importance to one of my age, but I like the book, and many a tear I have shed over it; some of them at times have fallen *upon* it too, which makes it dim—with that she wiped the leaf gently with her arm, observing that a tear or two was newly fallen upon it, and on my approaching her, and seeming to eye the book with curiosity, she held it out to me open as it was.—It is a novel, said I, and the sufferings pourtrayed in it are wholly imaginary.—I cannot implicitly credit that, said she, I am rather inclined to believe that they are all founded on facts, for it is certain that such men existed. — Certain indeed, said I, that some of them did exist, but numbers of the incidents there related, as well as some of the characters that are introduced, are the offspring of a lady's brain, and never existed any where else. It is a chaos of truth and fiction, so intermixed and confounded, that the authenticity of our national annals, in future ages, runs the hazard of being much affected by it. I do not mean to insinuate, that ever historians will apply to such a work for information. It is nevertheless certain that such adventures and sufferings, ascribed to these celebrated characters, create a double interest in the hearts of their countrymen—the mind dwells upon the incidents—the tales become traditional—and though the source of these tales may happen to be discovered in this book, it may still be fondly believed that the relation is indeed the offspring of these traditions, of which it is truly the origin. I am astonished that a lady of such genius as the authoress should thus have compounded truth with fiction, and much more astonished at finding a woman of your years and sober appearance, weeping over those fictions.—I believe, after all, said she, there is nothing in the book more than in any other book, but I am an old foolish woman, and my mind is grown feeble and silly—I fear it is growing more and more so every day, and that it will soon dwindle away into mere oblivion. Natural affection has taken such a firm hold of my heart, that even shame and ingratitude have proved inadequate to loosen it. It has destroyed my peace in this world, and I fear may prove instrumental in destroying it for evermore. Would you believe it sir, I read

more upon that idle book than I do upon my bible?—I endeavoured to collect something to say by way of reply, but was so much affected by her manner that I felt utterly at a loss. I understood there was some mystery connected with her predilection for the book; but unable to comprehend it, I stood silent, looking alternately at her and at the book in her hand.—I do not know you sir, said she, nor what your business is with me, but you seem to be a good and a kind-hearted gentleman, and to pity me: pray are you, or were you ever yourself a parent?—I replied, that I was no stranger to the pleasures and pains of a parent, for that I had long been and still was one.—So was I, said she; and that book belonged to one for whom I will weep as long as I have a tear to shed. Here her sobs quite choaked her utterance for sometime. Look at the first leaf, continued she in an interrupted voice, putting forth her hand at the same time to turn over the leaves, for her heart was so full she scarcely knew what she was doing. As I did not interfere, she turned up the title page, and pointed with her finger to one corner of it—there I saw written in an elegant female hand, *Rose Selby, her book, College Street, May 20th 1811.*—It seems this was your child's book? said I.—Yes, that was my Rose's book, returned she.—And she is dead? said I inquisitively.—The old woman clasped her hands together—looked stedfastly up to heaven, and moving her head in a solemn manner from the one side to the other—“*would—she—were!*” said she, low and emphatically, the words seeming to burst from her bosom rather than to be articulated by her tongue. What? said I, is your child yet alive? and do you wish her dead? Alas! said she, I do not know what to say! I am quite crazed—no, no, I do not wish her dead, poor girl! she is not prepared to die. I do not wish her dead, but yet I think if it had pleased the Almighty who gave her me, to have taken her away by death—if I had followed her to an early grave, all pure, amiable and lovely as she was, I think I could have borne it—I could then have hoped to—what am I saying?—O God, that my hope in thy mercy should ever be lost or waver!—No, thou knowest all the weaknesses and failings of the human heart, and will not ask more of any of thy creatures than thou hast given—poor frail woman! continued she, after a pause; thou art a weak, dependant, defenceless being in the scale of existence.—“No blossom of spring is beleaguered like thee, though crushed by the lightning, the wind and the rain.”—I feared that her senses were actually beginning to waver, for I now perceived that her eyes were fixed on vacancy, while she appeared as if striving to recollect something that had escaped from her memory. As I still held the book open in my hand, and was anxious to draw her into a more regular conversation about her family concerns, in which I was interested, I again said, Good old lady, your daughter had doubtless

many more books than this one, how comes it that you are so much attached to it? She looked as one newly awaked from sleep, and seemed pondering long on the question in order to understand it.—That book, said she, at length, was a present from one who wished her well—it was the last she got here, and the last which she read over to me.—It affected her deeply; owing I suppose, to the perturbed state of her mind at the time—but her manner of reading it—the softness of her voice, with the modulation of her accents and features so suiting the various circumstances related, affected me so deeply too, that I can never forget it—we both wept—Ah! little did I then know of the various passions and affections which warred in her young and tender bosom—little did I think that love had there got the mastery of reason and filial duty, and that I was so soon to lose my only child, the object of all my wishes and prayers, and the hope of my declining years. As I told you before, I do not think it is the matter contained in that book which affects me, but with every thing in it the idea of my dear Rose is some way connected. I fear indeed that the faculties of my mind are greatly impaired, for I take no delight in any thing now, save weeping; and, unlikely as it may appear to you, there is nothing so apt to procure me that desired enjoyment, as a perusal of that book. You will think weeping a singular luxury to indulge in, yet, believe me, I sometimes long as earnestly for it as ever did the voluptuary for the gratification of any sensual appetite.—Pardon my officiousness good old woman, said I, but I am much interested in your concerns, and will take it extremely kind if you will favour me with a true history of yourself and daughter.—Our history is short and uninteresting, but you shall have it in few words, said she. My father was a clergyman in this city; my husband was of a good family in Northumberland, and a captain in the navy. After having one child, which died in infancy, his ship was ordered to a foreign station, and we were separated for ten years. In the year 1790 he again visited Britain, and on that same year my Rose was born, after we were both advanced in life.—He fell in the service of his country; and my daughter, my only child, the beautiful and unfortunate Rose Selby, was a few months ago seduced by a young Irish gentleman of high rank, with whom she eloped and left me a prey to the most poignant grief. Since that period I have seen her no more, and in all likelihood never shall see her again. Indeed she tells me so—yes, the little ingrate has, in a letter which I will show you, taken a final leave of her doating and distracted parent—thrown herself from under that parent's care, and from under the care of heaven, by abandoning herself to shame, guilt, and pollution. O! forgive my tears good sir—consider there is no sorrow

like my sorrow.—Is there one woe to which human nature is subject, comparable to that of having born and nourished a lovely and amiable daughter, implanted principles of morality and benevolence in her mind with the utmost care, in hopes of seeing her prove an ornament to society, and then to see that flower of her hope nipped in the blossom, and crushed in the dust at once? How can I live and see that daughter, in whose honour and welfare my very life was treasured up, debased by prostitution? It is more than my heart is able to bear!—Moderate your grief, good lady, said I, such things happen every day.—And pray is that any consolation? said she. That reflection only adds another pang to the soul that is wounded by the perversity of others. Surely there is something radically wrong in the principles of our nature, or the constitution of our bodies, that such things are. But surely Heaven will sooner or later recompence the specious villain who could thus deliberately bereave a fond parent of her hopes, a virgin of her purity and peace of mind, and an immortal soul of its fellowship with its creator. See, continued she, there is a letter I found in her bed chamber after her flight, and, grieved as I am at her departure from the path of rectitude, that still pleads to my heart in her excuse.—I read the letter, which ran thus:

My dear Rose,

I had not fortitude to tell you last night that I am obliged to leave you. On Monday next I take my departure from Edinburgh, perhaps never to return. It cuts me to the heart to think of parting with you altogether, for I well know when I am absent our fondness for each other will gradually subside, and vanish like a dream of the night. I am fully resolved at present to make you mine, as soon as circumstances will permit; but the best resolutions are often soon effaced by time, if no means are used to uphold and strengthen them. For this purpose I have a proposal to make, which I however by no means urge you to comply with. I only desire you to think of it; for my part I have thought of nothing else these many days. It is that you steal quietly from your mother, and accompany me to a distant county in Ireland, where I am to remain for a few years. I will there place you in some respectable boarding school, or lodging, where I will occasionally visit you, and renew my esteem and love at the shrine of your worth and beauty. I am convinced of your partiality for me, and I am likewise convinced that you can now trust every thing to my honour, without any protestations on my part, or jealousy on yours; therefore I only mention simply, that I will always hold your person

and honour sacred as if you were my sister, until the happy day arrive when we shall be one for ever. Pray think seriously of this plan, my lovely Rose; for my part I think it is next to absolutely necessary; not only to preserve our love for each other unimpaired, but to enable me to fit you for the high station you are in future to occupy, and the people of rank with whom you will be obliged to mingle. I leave it entirely to your own good sense and discernment, which I have always found so much superior to mine, to decide on this matter; and I even conjure you not to let love bias your decision, or induce you to do any thing in the smallest degree inconsistent with prudence. Meet me on Friday, at our usual trysting place, and believe me your's, for ever,
J. F.

Sure, said I, if that lover was not then sincere, never was hypocrisy before cloathed in a garb so specious.—You shall judge of his sincerity, said she, when you have perused this other letter, which I received without date from my child, ten days after his departure.

My dear Mother,

For I must still call you so, and still love you; but Oh! may sorrow never wring your heart like that which wrings mine at this moment. How will your kind and tender bosom bear the information that my visit to the border was a mere pretence, and that I have departed your parental bosom for ever?²—Nay, farther, that your Rose, your darling, whom you loved and cherished with so much fondness, is ruined and lost.—I dare not ask your forgiveness, nor durst I even desire you to think kindly and tenderly of such a creature as I now am, could I not conscientiously assert, that when I left you my motives and resolutions were most virtuous and honourable.— Alas! those resolutions did not hold good for two days—poor fool that I was! to have preserved my virtue in the situation where I had placed myself, was impossible.—I am now become very, very wicked, and I tremble to think what will be my fate.—Reason tells me plainly that I have been ill used, yet all my faculties are so overpowered by love, that reason, when endeavouring to remonstrate, is hushed to silence, and I embrace my bane with a fondness excelling that of life.—O my dear mother! pray for me; perhaps your prayers may yet be heard, for I cannot now pray for myself. Last night when I retired to my chamber, I had resolved to say my prayers as I wont to do.—I kneeled at the side of my bed, and turned mine eyes towards heaven; but when about to address my Maker the words stuck in my throat.—I dared not to take that holy name into my polluted lips—a shower of tears only pleaded

for me at the Throne of Grace—in my heart indeed I prayed for you, but I rose in silence, and in silence laid me down on my couch of shame.—I do not date this letter, for I wish to remain concealed from you and from all the world. I remain, dear mother, your unfortunate and deluded child,

ROSE SELBY.

Love Pastoral

By the Ettrick Shepherd

What ails thee, Shepherd o' the glen?
 What gars ye lie an' greet your lane?
 Your lambs are bleetin' o'er the Ben,
 Your ewes are to the moorland gane.

"O Allan, my poor heart is sair! 5
 Soon death will steik my weary e'en!
 A glance o' fire, shot thro' the air,
 Has laid me panting on the green.

"It didna blight the opening bud,
 Nor blast the May-flow'r on the lea; 10
 It cam' nae frae yon wreathy cloud,
 It cam' frae Meny's eagle ee."

Poor shepherd! lack an' well-a-day!
 Sair is your wound an' deep I ween:
 Pray what marks has your bonny Meny, 15
 That I may ken her on the green?

"Gae seek the bowers o' nature through
 For ilka thing that's sweet an' fair,
 Frae ilka bird a feather pu'
 That sooms the sea, or wings the air; 20

"The freshest virgin flower that blows,
 The blossom frae the forest tree,

The gem beneath the deep that glows,
But aught like her ye'll never see.

"Gae wale the sleys o' silk sae wan,
An' curl't in mony a wily row,
Hing't round the bosom o' the swan,
An' think ye see my Meny's brow.

 25

"There's ae wee bonny eastern star
That twinkles blue aboon the brae,
Gae watch yon mountain's brow afar,
An' steal that little gem away;

 30

"Gae steep it in the silver rill,
That bells aboon the Saint Mary,
An' when the sun keeks o'er the hill,
Trow ye hae seen my Meny's ee.

 35

"Her lip's the cherry on the bush,
Just droopin o'er the sunny wa';
Her cheek the dawnin's rosy blush
Deep shadow'd on a wreath o' snaw.

 40

"Her bonny breast, sae fair and dink,
Nae man may safely ponder on;
But ye may sigh, an' ye may think
Of rosebud on an ivory cone;

"Or cream-curd frae the silver cup,
Sae gelid an' sae round to see,
An' plantit on its yielding top
A red ripe little strawberry;

 45

"But dinna trow that ye hae seen
What ee o' man maun never see;
Nor trow my Meny's lovely mein
The maiden's fairest gift may be.

 50

"Sic as her form sae is her mind—
May heaven a' my thoughts forgive!
Could I, could ane o' human kind,
In that sweet bosom lie an' live!

 55

“No, I wad dream my soul away,
 Nor feel the pang that made her sever,
 I’d leave this tenement of clay,
 An’ dream that dream of bliss for ever.” 60

Poor shepherd! lack an’ well-a-day!
 O but my heart is sair for thee!
 But I will see thy lovely Meny
 Afore the sun douk in the sea.

An’ I will tell her of thy truth, 65
 An’ a’ the waes o’ maiden scorn;
 An’ I will say, the bloom o’ youth
 Is fading as the flower of morn.

I’ll paint the joys o’ early love
 Sae fair, her maiden breast shall burn 70
 Its soft, its silken bands to prove,
 An’ pine an’ long for thy return.

Then, shepherd! rouse thy love-sick mind,
 Not waste thy tears upon the rill;
 Be confident, an’ thou shalt find 75
 Thy Meny’s but a woman still.

Tam Wilson

By the Ettrick Shepherd

TAM WILSON was a queer queer man,
 He had nae ill nor gude about him;
 He op’d his een when day began,
 And dozed o’ernight, ye needna doubt him.

But mony a day and mony a night 5
 I’ve tried wi’ a’ the lights o’ nature,
 To settle what’s come o’ the wight,
 The saulless, senseless, stupid creature!

Tam lo'ed his meltith an' his clink,
 As weel as ony in the nation;
 He took his pipe, he drank his drink,
 But that was nought against salvation. 10

But war' the sants an' slaves o' sin
 Opposed in rank an' raw thegither,
 Tam ne'er did aught to cross the ane,
 An' ne'er did aught to mense the ither. 15

Tam graned an' died like ither men!
 O tell me, tell me, ye who know it,
 Will that poor useless rise again?
 O, sirs! I canna, winna trow it! 20

Nae doubt but He wha made us a'
 Can the same form an' feelings gie him,
 Without a lack, without a flaw;
 But what the deil wad he do wi' him?

He'd mak nae scram in cavern vile,
 Nor place that ony leevin kens o',
 He's no worth ony devil's while,
 Nor ought that's gude to tak a mends o'. 25

If borne upon the fields o' day,
 Where hills o' goud the vallies border,
 He'd ay be standin' i' the way,
 An' pittin' a' things out of order. 30

At catch, or hymn, or anthem loud,
 Tam wadna pass, I sairly doubt it;
 He coudna do't, an' if he could,
 He wadna care a dite about it. 35

O thou wha o'er the land o' peace,
 Lay'st the cold shroud and moveless fetter,
 Let Tam lie still in careless ease,
 For — him if he'll e'er be better 40

THE EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT

The Dawn of July

For The Courant

By the Ettrick Shepherd

Hail, lovely July! fair and gay,
Thou risest with this holy day:
The radiance of thy infant ray
 Betokens gay hilarity.

How sweetly spreads thy rising flush! 5
But why that rosy maiden blush?
While from the vale and verdant bush
 Distils the melting melody?

Is it because, when met thy view,
EDINA, set mid hills of dew, 10
And spires that bore the welkin blue,
 There all was dead serenity?

No eye the glorious scene to scan,
When up thy silken veil was drawn,
And broad, yon orb of flame began 15
 To mount the green wave's canopy.

Oft have I seen on life's lone way,
Its dawn, like thine, as fair and gay;
And all its splendors dashed away
 By storms of black adversity. 20

But welcome then sweet summer's queen,
Arrayed in robes of gaudy green,
With dazzling stripes and gems between,
 In richest wild variety;

The hedge-row bends in lines of snow, 25
 Deep blossoms o'er the vallies blow,
 And wild flowers deck the mountain's brow,
 In simple sweet simplicity.

Fair harbinger of plenty nigh!
 Calm be thy course, and mild the sky! 30
 That tear, that glistens in thine eye,
 Adds beauty to thy majesty.

'Now, Britain, Let thy Cliffs o' Snaw'

[A party of social friends having met on Friday evening last, in honour of the glorious news which arrived that day of the taking of Paris, Mr HOGG (the Ettrick shepherd) was called on for a song, when he recited the following verses:

Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw
 Look prouder o'er the merled main,
 The bastard eagle bears awa',
 An' ne'er will e'e thy shores again.

Come, bang thy banners to the wain, 5
 The struggle's past, the prize is won;
 Weel may the lion shake his mane,
 An' turn his grey beard to the sun.

Oft ha'e I bragg'd o' thine and thee,
 Even when thy back was at the wa'; 10
 Now thou my proudest sang shall be,
 As lang as I ha'e breath to draw.

Where now the coofs who boded wae,
 And caldness o'er thy efforts threw;
 And where the proudest fellest fae 15
 Frae hell's black porch that ever flew.

O he might conquer queens an' kings,
 They're nought but specks in Nature's plan;

But fool is he the yoke that flings
O'er the unshakled soul of man. 20

'Tis like a cobweb o'er the breast,
That binds the giant while asleep;
Or curtain hung upon the east,
The daylight from the world to keep.

Here's to the hands sae lang upbore 25
The rose and shamrock blooming still;
And here's the burly plant of yore,
The thistle of the norland hill.

Lang may auld Britain's banners pale
Stream o'er the seas her might has won; 30
Lang may her lions paw the gale,
An' turn their dewlaps to the sun.

Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry

By the Ettrick Shepherd

And art thou gone, thou fairest flower
That graced old Scotland's topmost tree?
And do I see thy honoured place
A waste and woeful vacancy?

Yes, thou art fallen! and o'er thy dust 5
This tear falls to thy memory.
Beshrew my heart if e'er I wept
For any Scott on earth but thee.

A form so fair, a face so sweet,
So gentle, lingers not behind; 10
But these a slight proportion bore
To the beauties of thy heart and mind.

Oh, I have seen that placid mein,
And watched that calm benignant eye,

When all unconscious thou wert moved,
Nor knew'st thou that thy bard was nigh. 15

If ever worth appeared on earth,
I weened I saw that worth in thee;
I saw what meet benevolence was,
What parent, and what friend should be. 20

Woe to the bard, whate'er his fame,
Who flatters power for pelf or meed,
Yet will not spare one parting strain
In memory of the honoured dead!

Farewel, thou dear thou holy shade! 25
Calm be thy rest till time is o'er!
Had'st thou been sister, lover, child,
This heart could not regret thee more.

Above thy tomb, with emblems blent,
Will glare the sculptor's herald art; 30
But thou hast left a monument
In every kindred virtuous heart.

There's not a cot in Yarrow dale,
Nor in the wilds of Ettrick green,
Where will not rise the funeral wail, 35
Where weeds of woe will not be seen.

And I will rear one little cairn,
Above thy bower on Yarrow side;
For worth departed I can mourn,
But never cringe to living pride. 40

And aye, on one returning day,
I'll seek that place when none shall see,
And pour one simple holy lay,
Memorial, beauteous saint, of thee.

When circling years have come and gone, 45
Some early hind may there espy
A minstrel on his old grey stone,
With the white hairs waving o'er his eye.

Anniversary of Burns

The following are some of the original songs which were sung at the anniversary of BURNS, the first was written by Mr HOGG, and sung by the bard himself:—

SONG.

Air—*“Lord Elcho’s Delight.”*

O wha is it says that a bard is neglected,
 When the cup of high honour o’erflows to his fame?
 O wha is it says that the bard is neglected,
 When hearts so congenial thus honour his name?
 ’Tis never for wealth we the muse wad degrade,
 All lucre and pelf to oblivion we doom;
 We sing for the wreath that is never to fade,
 Which time cannot wither, nor blight in the bloom.

There’s joy in the pleasures o’ ease and o’ money;
 There’s joy in possessing ilk thing we can crave;
 But ah!—there is something far sweeter than ony!
 The hope of remembrance ayont the cauld grave!
 Then here’s to the wight wha has wealth at his will,
 Nor maun we forget or slight him that has nane;
 Success to our bards wha remain wi’ us still,
 But honour—due honour, to them that are gane.

When the health of Mrs BURNS, the mother of the poet, was given from the chair, the following song, adapted for the purpose, by Mr HOGG, was sung by Mess LEES and TEMPLETON, with an effect which has been rarely witnessed:—

The day returns that gave me Burns,
 The blissful day I kindly greet;
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne’er summer sun was half so sweet.

Than all the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o’er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine!

While day or night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 Loved minstrel shall thy memory live.

Though that grim foe of life below
 Hath come between and bid us part,
 The iron hand that brake the band
 Hath chained thee closer to the heart.

SONG.

Written by a Gentleman, and sung by TEMPLETON and GALE.
 Air—*"Barbara Allan."*

Thou day of pride, thou day of wae,
 Thou day of joy and mourning,
 For the sake of ane now gane away,
 We welcome thy returning;
 For him who woke the shepherd's lay,
 By every shaw and fountain,
 That long had sunk into decay,
 Or lingered on the mountain.

O woe the while!—the precious boon,
 For which we gladly hail you,
 Untimely sorrows nipt too soon,
 Ere we knew half its value;
 The blighting eye, the slanderous tongue,
 The aching breast astounded;
 The generous heart was sorely wrung,
 The noble soul was wounded.

The winter past with woe and wail,
 The spring in sad condoling,
 But ah! along the summer gale,
 We heard the dead-bell tolling!
 The kindling ray hath died away,
 It's flame shall never leave us,
 And long we'll hail this honoured day,
 For the heavenly spark it gave us.

SONG.

Written by a Gentleman of the company. Sung by TEMPLETON
and GALE.

Air—*"The Legacy."*

The star of day ever brightly glows,
However dark be the midnight skies;
Though cold in death be our Bard's repose,
To kindred spirits he never dies.

His fame, to the pride of his country bequeathing,
Shall often with rapture be pledged to the brim;
His strains, the true pathos of nature breathing,
The eye of beauty full long shall dim.

The lover, reclining in trysting bower,
The heart to friendship and mirth resigned;
The warrior, in danger's darkest hour,
All borrow their fire from the Poet's mind.

Then, as life to a close so quickly is stealing,
O hallow this festival, when it returns.
In the full flow of national triumph and feeling,
O hallow the day that gave Scotland BURNS!

Shakespeare

The devotion which our countrymen of the present age pay to authors and works of genius, has not, perhaps, been equalled by any former generation, in any part of the world. By a long letter from a correspondent, which, for want of room, we are obliged to abridge, we are informed, that a Shakespeare Club has actually existed and flourished, since 1804, in Alloa. This society, it appears, is formed by a few select literary gentlemen of that town and neighbourhood, who have a hall purposely and appropriately fitted up for their meetings, at which they recite, sing, and read works of genius and fancy; and once a year, on the return of the anniversary of the great SHAKESPEARE's birth, they hold a kind of literary festival, dine together in grand style, recite and sing, as usual, and drink some swinging healths to their favourite bards, and to the memory of those that are gone. We have

been favoured with a list of their toasts, which are without end, but which breathe an ardour and enthusiasm which we could not have expected. There is something extremely romantic in the whole business.

We do not know that the birth-day of the greatest poet that ever was born is any where celebrated by his own countrymen; yet here, in a remote and unknown corner of Scotland, it is hailed as the most auspicious day in the annals of our land. This festival took place on Thursday last, when the beautiful bust of the poet, which is placed in the hall, was crowned with laurel, and adorned with wreaths of flowers. His picture was also hung with garlands. After "The Memory of the immortal Shakespeare" was given, and drunk in deep silence, the president recited the following ode, written by one of the members:—

ODE,
TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Spirit all limitless!
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Spirit of him whose high name we revere,
Come on thy seraph wings,
Come from thy wanderings, 5
And smile on thy votaries who sigh for thee here.

Come, O thou spark divine!
Rise from thy hallowed shrine!
Here, in the windings of Forth, thou wilt see
Hearts true to nature's call, 10
Spirits congenial,
Proud of their country, yet bowing to thee.

Here, with rapt heart and tongue,
While our fond minds were young,
Oft thy bold numbers we poured in our mirth; 15
Now, in our hall for aye,
This shall be holiday,
Bard of all nature, to honour thy birth.

Whether thou tremblest o'er
Green grave of Elsinore, 20
Stay'st o'er the hill of Dunsinnan to hover,
Bosworth, or Shrewsbury,
Egypt, or Phillipi,
Come from thy roamings the universe over!

Whether thou journeyest far 25
 On by the morning star,
 Dreamest on the shadowy brows of the moon,
 Or lingerest in fairy land,
 'Mid lovely elves to stand,
 Singing thy carols unearthly and boon; 30

Here thou art called upon,
 Come thou to Caledon,
 Come to the land of the ardent and free;
 The land of the lone recess,
 Mountain and wilderness, 35
 This is the land thou wild meteor for thee.

O never since time had birth,
 Rose, from the pregnant earth,
 Gems such as of late have in Scotia sprung;
 Gems that in future day, 40
 When ages pass away,
 Like thee shall be honoured, like thee shall be sung.

Then here by the sounding sea,
 Torrent and green-wood tree,
 Here to solicit thee, cease shall we never. 45
 Yes, thou effulgence bright,
 Here must thy flame relight,
 Or vanish from nature for ever and ever.

Our correspondent informs us that this ode was encored, and highly applauded; and to do the bard of Alloa justice, we have not seen a birth-day ode which displayed so much spirit and imagination. The antepenult verse we were disposed to regard as mere rhodomontade, but on looking over the toasts given by the club, we confess we were astonished to find, that in the course of so very few years Scotland has given birth to the poets whose names are subjoined, and which, to avoid every appearance of precedence, we shall give alphabetically—Miss J. Baillie, Lord Byron, Burns, Campbell, Cunningham, Gillespie, Graham, Hogg, Montgomery, Paterson, Scott, Tennant, Wilson, and we think we may with great propriety add the bard of Alloa to the number.

THE EDINBURGH STAR

Lament for Lord Melville

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I.

EDINA, veil thy haughty brow,
And trembling view this fatefull blow!
Thy BLAIR's firm heart and faithful tongue,
Thy MELVILLE's arm, lye all unstrung!
Thy bases quake! thy columns quiver! 5
Thy prop, thy sheild, are gone for ever!
Ah MELVILLE! where shall Scotland find
A soul so great, so clear a mind!
Thy eagle eye alone could ken
The source of dire events to men; 10
And well thy arm repress'd the tide
Of ruin, rolling wild and wide
Till foul aspersion reft the brand
Of Britain from her champion's hand.
But thy great name, with truth sublime, 15
Shall proudly sail the wave of time.
Unmov'd thy fall I cannot see!
A shepherd, MELVILLE, weeps for thee.
Above thy noble dust I'll bend,
My country's best and firmest friend! 20
And o'er thy ashes slumbering low
The emblem of thy mind shall grow.
No eglantine, nor heavy yew,
No rose, nor daisy bath'd in dew,
The oak her sheltering bough shall wave 25
Above our MELVILLE's honour'd grave.

THE CALEDONIAN MERCURY

Forum

FORUM.—From the address on page 1st, our readers will observe, that, in the course of little more than *two months*, this institution has given above L. 90 in charity. The following lines, which are part of a speech addressed by the Ettrick Shepherd to the President, at a dinner of the members and friends of the institution, on the 15th inst. give an animated and pleasing picture of its benevolent purposes:—

Believe me, dear Sir, every nerve we have strained
One object to gain, and that object we've gained;
For those whom misfortune hath humbled in dust,
We have rais'd some relief, and we safely may trust
Our City's support will be still manifested, 5
While we are, as we have been, quite disinterested.
These points we have fixed, and we'll firmly stand by them,
Then malice and slander we'll fairly defy them.

We have laid a foundation, on bases most sure;
We have laid a foundation I hope will endure; 10
A school for an art the most noble by far;
A school for the pulpit, the bench, and the bar;
To the wretched companions of misery and grief,
A succour of aid, for their constant relief.

Though cities late splendid like snows melt away, 15
Though nations should tremble and kingdoms decay,
Although a proud tyrant, the scourge of mankind,
Spread terror before him and ruin behind,
Still beauteous Edina in peace shall be seen,
Spread round her proud cliffs, and her mountains so green. 20
What makes her thus flourish, so wond'rous, so fair?
'Tis the sufferer's blessing, the indigent's pray'r.
Our earnings to such we have freely dispensed,
And fear not, dear Sir, we will be recompensed.
Our little—or all, we with pleasure have given, 25
And humbly we'd hope the protection of Heaven.

Guy Mannering

Extract from a letter from Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, to a friend in the country:—

“***** I cannot give you an analysis of all the new works about which you make inquiry, neither will I enter into any debate with you about *‘The Lord of the Isles.’* I gave you my opinion very faithfully of it before, and now that the common edition is forthcoming, I trust in seeing that opinion verified. *‘The Saxon and Gael’* is a good deal read, but much disapproved of here; let us, however, give the devil his due, it is a work of some merit. It has humour, character, and interest; but the plan is objectionable, for I think it is not only unfair, but mean.

“Every other novelty is however shaded at present by the appearance of *‘Guy Mannering, The Astrologer,’* a work of which I have no words to express my admiration: and now that it is in your hands, I will venture a few remarks on it, which I trust a candid perusal of the work will justify.

“In the first place, it will soon strike you that the stile is not very classical, nor even elegant. It is careless, and contains sundry words and sentences which, as forming part of the narrative, ought to have been English and are not. At the same time it is apparent, that the author looked upon such matters as of secondary concern, indeed, of no concern at all—his mind is intent on his subject, and that alone—every character which he draws seems familiar with his heart, and the moment they are introduced they become so to the reader, who all along is conversing with nature and that alone, without a caricature to render it ludicrous, an effort to excite sentimental feeling, or even a trick in the plot to surprise or astonish him. There is something so unaffected and manly in this, that I cannot but admire the author the more for it. Indeed, he is one with whom I would never quarrel about a plot, or any thing else; I consider the whole that he has produced as the ebullitions of a man of genius, who has looked upon Nature with a poet’s eye, and painted to please himself—who has entered into all the feelings of his fellow creatures, and likes to be bustling about among them, laughing at their foibles, exposing their faults, and sympathising with their sorrows or failings;—but chiefly among half cultivated society—on the great field of Nature’s broad-cast, to rove at large, and snatch flowers beyond the reach of art.

There is one excellence in the work which I am afraid will lose the effect on the mere English reader—it is the beauty and propriety of the Scottish dialect. It is not for an ingenious selection of the best old

Scottish words and terms that I commend the author, for this he has not done; it is for the happy adaptation of the words and terms which he has used—in short, for giving the dialect precisely as it subsists in the present age. Any literary person might write a prettier Scots dialect, and haply a much better, but on consulting that, it will generally be found to be no more than a broken mis-spelled English, and conducted precisely on the principles of English grammar. But among the mountaineers and peasantry of the south of Scotland, the sentences have a certain turn of ardent absurd simplicity which none but one whose ear has been long familiar with it can ever express literally.—This, as far as I recollect, I have never seen so happily executed as in the present work.—Ours has often been accounted a vulgar dialect—any one will appear so when spoke by vulgar people; but here there is no vulgarity, but a breathing of native simplicity, which never fails to give a happy effect both to the character and the thing described. I never met with any character which to me was so consistent and so interesting throughout as the Liddisdale farmer—every borderer will conceive he has often sat with the man—and I am convinced it would have been impossible to have supported such a character in any other dialect of our language. It seems to flow more immediately from the heart, and to have more of the impulse of internal feeling than any other.—What a treasure the author has yet before him in the character of our native shepherds, a class much more enlightened than their masters, and, not having, like them, any worldly concerns to manage, are, more than any other class of men, alive to the pure and romantic affections of the heart, I hope he has left the task to me—or haply he may have read Mr Craig's HUNTING OF BADLEWE.

I know whom you suppose to be the author of author of MAN-
NERING, and it is likely that you will think I go upon safe ground in commending it as a work of genius—but the reverse is the case. I know that he is *not* the author of it, and I do not know who is. It is therefore on my own simple judgment, the only monitor I ever trust, that I venture to pronounce it a work of the highest genius. In simplicity, humour, pathos, definition of character, and a kind of mystic sublimity, it is unequalled by any modern work, and “rivals all but Shakespeare here below.”

Gabriel's Road, March 1.

Shakespeare

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE CALEDONIAN MERCURY*

SIR

The devotion which our countrymen of the present age pay to authors and works of genius, has not perhaps been equalled by any former generation, in any part of the world.—I have just seen an account of the proceedings of a society, entitled the *Shakespeare Club*, which has actually existed and flourished in the little town of Alloa since the year 1804. It is formed by a few literary gentlemen of that town and neighbourhood, who have a hall purposely and appropriately fitted up for their meetings, at which they recite, sing, and read works of genius and fancy; and on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, they hold a literary festival, dine together, recite and sing, and drink to the healths of their favourite poets, and to the memory of the deceased. I do not know that the birth day of the great Shakespeare is any where celebrated in the country in which he was born, yet here, in a remote corner of Scotland, it is hailed as the most auspicious day in the annals of our land. This festival took place on Thursday last, when a beautiful bust of the poet, which is placed in the hall, was crowned with laurel, and adorned with wreathes of flowers; his picture was also hung with garlands. An endless list of toasts, breathing a poetic ardor and enthusiasm, were given. After the "Memory of the immortal Shakespeare," which was drank in deep silence, the President recited the following ode, written by one of the members.

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Spirit all limitless,
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Spirit of him whose high name we revere,
Come on thy seraph wings,
Come from thy wanderings, 5
And smile on thy votaries, who sigh for thee here!

Come, O thou spark divine!
Rise from thy hallowed shrine!
Here, in the windings of Forth thou wilt see
Hearts true to nature's call, 10
Spirits congenial!
Proud of their country, yet bowing to thee!

Here, with rapt heart and tongue,
 While our fond minds were young,
 Oft thy bold numbers we poured in our mirth; 15
 Now, in our hall for aye,
 This shall be holiday!
 Bard of all nature, to honour thy birth!

Whether thou tremblest o'er
 Green grave of Elsinore, 20
 Stayest o'er the hill of Dunsinnan to hover,
 Bosworth, or Shrewsbury,
 Egypt, or Phillipi,
 Come from thy roamings the universe over.

Whether thou journey'st far 25
 On by the morning star,
 Dream'st on the shadowy brows of the moon,
 Or linger'st in fairy land,
 'Mid lovely elves to stand,
 Singing thy carols unearthly and boon. 30

Here thou art called upon,
 Come thou to Caledon,
 Come to the land of the ardent and free;
 The land of the lone recess,
 Mountain and wilderness, 35
 This is the land thou wild meteor, for thee.

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 Rose from the pregnant earth,
 Gems such as of late have in Scotia sprung;
 Gems that in future day, 40
 When ages pass away,
 Like thee shall be honoured, like thee shall be sung!

Then here by the sounding sea,
 Torrent and green-wood tree,
 Here to solicit thee, cease shall we never. 45
 Yes, thou effulgence bright,
 Here must thy flame relight,
 Or vanish from nature for ever and ever.

This ode was encored, and highly applauded. On looking over the toasts given by the club, I confess I was astonished to observe, that in the course of so very few years, Scotland has given birth to the poets whose names I have subjoined; and which, to avoid every appearance of precedence, I shall arrange alphabetically, viz: Miss J. Bailey, Burns, Lord Byron, Campbell, Cunningham, Gillespie, Graham, Hogg, Montgomery, Paterson, Scott, Tennant, Wilson, and I think I may with great propriety add (though yet nameless) the bard of Alloa to the number.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER

The Ballad of King Gregory

KING Gregory sits in Dumbarton tower,
He looks far o'er the dale and down;
"What boots it me," said Gregory,
"That all the land I see's my own?"

"Scotland is mine by heritage, 5
And Erin yields and bows the knee,
And the southron lads they frown afar,
But they darena parl again wi' me;

"For they ha'e gotten the meddler's cast, 10
Their doughty raids ha'e cost them dear,
They'll come nae mair to fair Scotland,
Or dare her sons to deeds o' weir.

"The shield hangs useless in my hall,
The sword rusts on the yeoman's thigh,
The hind is whistling o'er the dale, 15
And here sits sachless Gregory.

"O I may spread my sails of silk,
And lightly sweep along the sea,
And I may mount my milk-white steed,
And chase the dun deer o'er the lea; 20

"But aye at e'en when I come hame
Frae the firth or the muirland hill,
I drink my wine and I list my fame,
But there's something wanting still."—

King Gregory sat in Dumbarton tower, 25
He looked afar o'er land and sea;

He saw his grey hills round him stand,
And the vale and the greenwood tree.

He saw the links and the shores of Clyde,
And the sea that rowed wi' ceaseless play; 30
It was dyed wi' green, it was dyed wi' red,
And it tried to climb the rock so grey,
But aye it fell wi' a grumbling sound,
And left behind the dewy spray.

It was not the mountain, it was not the dale, 35
Nor the fairy hues that dyed the sea,
Nor the wave that wrestled wi' the rock,
That drew King Gregory's wistful e'e;

It was the maidens of Leven side
That walked or played with blythsome glee, 40
For they were lythe of lire and limb,
And O but they were bright of blee!

King Gregory went into his bower,
That bower was fair and that bower was wide;
King Gregory went into his hall, 45
And he strode it o'er from side to side.

King Gregory went to his chamber,
And looked around with joyful brow,
He looked into his royal bed,
And he found there was meet room for two. 50

And sore he wondered that so long
Something awanting he should ken;
Something he lacked of happiness,
But knew not what it was till then.

King Gregory called his nobles in; 55
"My gallant knights, pray list to me;
My day of life is past the noon,
And the grey hairs wave aboon my bree.

"Seek me a may of noble kin,
I reck nought of her dower or land, 60

Be she a fair and comely dame,
As fits the queen of fair Scotland."

Then every baron rose with speed
Who had fair daughters of his own,
And ilk ane roosed the child he loved 65
Aboon all maids that e'er were known.

O they were all sae fair and sae good,
King Gregory was in extacy;
And every ane that was defined, 70
King Gregory thought "that's she for me."

But up spake Douglas of the dale,
A grim and stalwart carl was he;
"My liege, I have two maidens young,
But they're somewhat dark like you and me,

"But John of Erol has a maid, 75
For comely maik and courtesye,
Her like ne'er clove the summer gale
Since Scotland rose up frae the sea;

"That ever was bred a form sae fair
Of earthly life I could not ween, 80
And ever since I saw her face
I deemed her formed to be a queen."

Then every noble lord stood dumb,
And cast at him an angry ee,
But all allowed in sullen mood 85
That Erol's maid was fair to see.

The king has written a broad letter,
And he sealed it with his signet ring,
And he has sent to Erol's lord
To bring his daughter to the king; 90

"And see that she be robed in silk,
All fringed wi' the gouden cramasye,
For I have neither spouse nor child,
And queen of Scotland she shall be."

When Erol looked the letter on, 95
A blythe and happy man was he,
But ere the half of it was done
There was something glistened in his e'e.

Then Erol turned him round about,
And he stamped and he cried, "O woe is me, 100
I have pledged my word to Athol's lord,
And a queen my child must never be.

"O might I live to see that day,
How blythely would I close my e'en;
I've seen enough could I but see 105
My bonny Hay the Scottish queen.

"Haste to the king, my little page,
And say my daughter he shall see,
That she's o'ercome with grateful love,
Say that, and leave the rest to me." 110

O but King Gregory was fain,
The beauteous Hay was all his dream,
And aye he combed his raven locks,
And aye he bathed him in the stream,

And aye he haunted Leven side, 115
And bent above the wave so cool;
For there was no mirror in the land
But the streamlet or the standing pool.

And King Gregory saw his buirdly form
With pleasure never known before; 120
And King Gregory thought his hanging brow
Of majesty the signal bore.

But the rimy fringe upon his beard
O but it grieved his heart to see,
And ill he brooked the silver hairs 125
That floated o'er his dark e'e-bree.

But John of Erol he was sad,
Nor wist he how to win the day;

He feared the pride of Athol's lord,
 And he feared the heart of bonny Hay. 130

For well he knew he long had wooed
 With fondest love and fervency,
 And rowed her in his highland plaid
 When there was never an eye to see;

And well he knew that maiden's love 135
 Is by such lone endearments won,
 And much he feared that Athol's lord
 Erol and Stormont would o'er-run;

He knew that should the king assay
 To wear him in his highland glen, 140
 He had much better meet again
 Canute the Dane and all his men.

The lovely Hay sat in her bower,
 Her gouden locks the breezes swung;
 And aye she looked to the Athol hills, 145
 And aye she lilted and she sung.

"The Highland hills are bonny hills,
 Altho' they kythe so darkly blue:
 The rock-rose nods upon the cliff,
 The heather-blooms their brows bedew, 150

"The braes are steep, and the dells are deep,
 And the water sings unto the tree.
 Fair is the face of Lowland dale,
 But dearer far yon hills to me!

"For all yon hills will soon be mine, 155
 Their grisly tops and glens of dew;
 And mine shall be the bravest lord
 That ever gathering bugle blew.

"O he has rowed me in his plaid,
 And he has made my bosom fain, 160
 Which never man has done but he,
 And never man shall do again."—

And aye the southland breeze came bye,
 And blew aside her kirtle green,
 And aye it kissed her glowing cheek,
 And aye it heaved her bosom's screen. 165

And sure so light and fair a form,
 Was never stretched on Ila's shore,
 And sure that moulded lily breast—
 Ah! it was ne'er so white before! 170

Yet from that fair and comely form
 The lady raised a startled e'e,
 The colour altered on her cheek,
 And the tear-drop fell upon her knee.

Her song is past, and gone the blast,
 Up stands her father by her side:
 "Rise up, rise up, my daughter dear,
 Thou ne'er canst be Lord Athol's bride, 175

"Or else my life lies in a wad,—
 Our royal liege has sent for thee;
 He bids me robe you in the silk,
 With gouden gear and cramasye, 180

"For he has neither spouse nor child,
 And past and signed is this decree,
 That thou, the fairest of the land,
 Forthwith shalt Queen of Scotland be." 185

"My faith is pledged, and so is thine;
 No royal bed nor crown for me,
 I shall be bride to Athol's lord,
 Or bride on earth I'll never be." 190

"O daughter, of thy father's house
 Hast thou no memory nor fear?
 And well I ween the Athol chief
 Would quit thee for a herd of deer."

"He'll sooner brave the king and thee:
 He'll come with all his hardy clan, 195

And then the king will buy his bride
 With blood of many a Lowland man.

“The Grants, the Frazers, and M‘Leods,
 And wild Macphersons him will join;
 The warlike Comyns of the north,
 The Gordon and the brave Aboyne. 200

“Oh, ere he won Lord Athol’s bride,
 Or brave the lion in his den,
 Trust me, he’ll easier cow again
 Canute the Dane and all his men. 205

“Should Athol’s lord yield up his right,
 And neither love nor wrath bewray,
 I’ll plight King Gregory my troth,
 And blythely, cheerly, trudge away.”— 210

The king walked forth by Leven side,
 His leesome thoughts were all of love;
 There he beheld a palmer man,
 That watched his path amid the grove.

And ah! he told him such a tale
 Of danger, brooking no delay:
 It was of threatened northern feud,
 Of Athol’s love to bonny Hay. 215

The king sent out a belted knight
 To greet the gallant chief, and say,—
 “Lord Athol, thou wert aye the man
 Who stood by me in battle fray. 220

“A hardier wight, or braver knight,
 Ne’er conquered by his sovereign’s side,
 And thee I’ll trust, and only thee,
 To bring me home my lovely bride; 225

“For I have courted Erol’s maid,
 And gained her heart right pleasantly;
 Be thou bedight in goodly gear,
 My knight and bridesman thou shalt be.” 230

Lord Athol strode into his hall;
 It was too bounded for his grief;
 Lord Athol strode into the field,
 In proud resolve to seek relief.

He weighed it up, he weighed it down, 235
 The circumstance, and the degree;
 He found the king was blameless knight,
 And sighed for woman's treachery.

"Woe that my eye was ever turned
 On piece of false and fickle clay, 240
 Woe that my peace was ever set
 Upon that floweret of a day.

"O she could love, and she could smile,
 And she could sigh, and weep withal,
 But, ah! that love of selfish wile 245
 Could not withstand a coronal.

"And she expects that I will come
 And whine and talk of broken vow!
 And she expects that I will kneel
 Beneath her pride and scornful brow! 250

"But I will show that imp of pride,
 Her hopes of triumph are but vain;
 And though revenge is in my power,
 How easily I can break her chain."

The days rolled on. O they were long! 255
 Yet still regretted past away;
 The nights went bye with weary pace,
 O sleepless nights to lovely Hay!

For every hour she hoped to see
 Lord Athol at her father's door, 260
 She longed to see the Highland clans,
 The target, and the broad claymore.

No rescue came!—The day arrived,—
 Oh, cold, cold ran old Erol's blood!

There came a loud rap to the gate,
And at that gate Lord Athol stood,

265

With sevenscore clansmen him behind,
Well mounted and in bright array.
Old Erol ran into the hall,
Shouting "To arms, to arms, hurra!

270

"Haste, warder, to the northern tower,
And peal the gathering note amain,
Till every tree bawl forth the sound
From Ila ford to Dunsinnane."

O loud loud did the maiden laugh,
To see old Erol in the gin,
And loud loud was the knock and call,
But none would let Lord Athol in.

275

He heaved the guard-stone from the earth,
With strength beyond the wizard's spell,
And dashed it on the iron gate,
Till bolts and bars in flinders fell.

280

Old Erol came into the court,
He saw that better might not be,
He touched his bonnet with his hand,
Aware of Athol's injury.

285

"Lord Athol, if thou'rt come to fight,
Trust me, thou shalt have routh of weir;
Lord Athol, if thou'rt come to feast,
There is no knight so welcome here."

290

A frown hung on Lord Athol's brow;
He turned him round upon his heel,
"I come to bear the king his bride,
Here is his hand and royal seal."

Old Erol looked the letter on,
He scarcely could believe his ee;
"Our royal liege is sore misled,
I will not yield the maid to thee."

295

“Then by my faith I must her take
In spite of all that bars my way; 300
I bear my order from my king,
Which yet I never did gainsay.”

He pulled his broad sword from his thigh,
It flickered like the meteor’s ray;
“Lay on them, lads,” Lord Athol cried, 305
“I long with such to have a fray.”

Clash went the swords along the van,
That onset might not be withstood,
The highland horse they were so fierce,
They bathed their hooves in lowland blood. 310

The battle’s lost—the bride is won,
The pipes a merry strain resound;
She weened it was a bold device,
And to the highlands they were bound.

O, never was a maiden’s look 315
So fraught with wonder and dismay,
They did not turn to Ila ford,
But downward bore upon the Tay.

They plunged into the darksome wave,
O but the ford was deep and wide; 320
But they set their faces to the stream,
And steadily they stemmed the tide.

Away they rode by Almond ford,
And by the side of silver Earn,
But where they went, or what was meant, 325
The bonny Hay had yet to learn.

And aye the bride had something wrong,
Her veil or scarf was discomposed,
Her bridle twisted on the mane;
A belt was broke, a band was loosed. 330

And then her fair and dainty foot
From out the golden stirrup fell,

And none but Athol might her near,
But yet no look her doubts dispel.

The live-long day nor sign of love, 335
Nor censure did his looks express;
O his was distant kindness all,
Attention and obsequiousness.

When they came in by fair Montieth,
She asked a henchman carelessly,
Whose land is this?—Has Athol here 340
A castle or a bastailie?”

“No, lady fair, these lands are held
By Comyn Glas of Barnygill,
Lord Athol has no tower nor land 345
Besouth the brow of Birnam hill.”

She turned her face back to the north,
That face grew blenched and pale as clay;
And aye the clear and burning tear
Hung on the cheek of lovely Hay. 350

Lord Athol turned him round about,
“Why does the tear stand in your eye?
Say, are you weary of the way,
Or does your steed bear you o’er high?

“Or does the west wind blirt your cheek, 355
Or the sun fa’ on your bonny bree?”
She hid her face within her vail,
“Canst thou such question ask at me?”

“Beshrew my heart, if I can guess,
When honours thus thy path belay;— 360
Minstrels, play up the music meet,
And make our royal bride look gay.”

As they went down by Endrick side,
They met our good King Gregory,
Who came with all his gallant court, 365
And welcomed them right courteously;

He kissed his fair and comely bride,
 And placed her on a chariot high;
 "Why does Lord Erol stay behind?
 Why comes he not to give me joy?" 370

"My royal liege," Lord Athol said,
 "It fits him not thy face to see;
 I showed your order and your seal,
 But he would not yield the maid to me.

"I broke his bolts and bars of steel, 375
 I beat his yeomen on the lea,
 I won his towers by dint of weir,
 And here I've brought her safe to thee."

The king looked east, the king looked west,
 And asked the maid the truth to tell; 380
 "Sooth, my good lord, the tale is just;
 I nothing wot how it befel."

King Gregory drew a long, long breath,
 He pressed his brow and stroked his beard:
 "Now, by the rood," King Gregory said, 385
 "So strange a tale I never heard."

* * * * *

What ails our fair and comely bride,
 That thus she breathes the broken sigh,
 That ever and anon she looks
 As if to meet some pitying eye? 390

No pitying eye, alas! is there;
 Lord Athol jests and looks away;
 True love is blighted in the bloom,
 And hope takes leave of bonny Hay.

The holy abbot oped the book, 395
 The twain arose from royal seat,
 The prayer was said, the question put,
 Her tongue refused the answer meet;

But aye she wept and sobbed aloud,
 To cheer or comfort her was none, 400

And aye she glanced to Athol's lord
 With looks would pierce a heart of stone.

His heart was pierced—he deemed her wronged;
 But now regret could nought avail;
 O when her silken glove was drawn, 405
 He trembled like the aspin pale;

The king put her fair hand in his!
 “Now, abbot, *here* thy question try.”
 The abbot stared and straight obeyed,
 Ah, it was answered readily! 410

“Then join them, sire, and bless the bond,
 I joy such lovers blest to see,
 The one respected sovereign's will,
 The other, parent's high decree.”

Lord Athol kneeled and clasped his king, 415
 And shed the tears upon his knee;
 But the fair bride hung round his neck,
 And kissed his lips in extacye.

“Go with thy lover, bonny Hay,
 Thou well befitt'st his manly side, 420
 And thou shalt have the fairest dower
 That ever went with highland bride.

“I ne'er saw such a lovely face,
 I never looked on form so fair,
 But a foolish thought rose in my breast,— 425
 That Athol's child might be my heir!

“Go, my brave Douglas of the dale,
 And bring your Madeline to me;
 I oft have marked her eagle eye—
 The Queen of Scotland she shall be.” 430

Old Douglas bowed and left the hall,
 How proudly waved his locks of gray!
 A sound was issuing from his breast,
 Laughing or crying none could say.

O such a double bridal and feast,
And such a time of joyful glee,
And such a wise and worthy king,
Dumbarton town shall never see.

THE KELSO MAIL

Carterhaugh Cattle Show

In consequence of certain Premiums offered by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for the best breeds of Cattle and Sheep in the county of Selkirk, the competition took place at Carterhaugh, one of his Grace's farms, on Monday last.—The following Gentlemen were appointed Judges of the Stock, viz.—George Pott, Esq. Penchryst; William Bell, Esq. Allars; and Thomas Scott, Esq. Lethem; who, after a due examination, adjudged the Premiums as follow: —

Premium 1st.—For the best Ram of the Cheviot breed, to Mr Thomas Milne, of Dryhope.

2d.—For the best Pen of five Gimmers, of the same breed, to Mr George Grieve, of Craik.

3d. —For the second best ditto, to Mr George Brydon, Crosslee.

4th.—For the best Bull of the short-horned breed, to Mr Anderson, Nether Barns.

5th.—For the best Cow of the short horned breed, to Mr Milne, Dryhope.

6th.—For the best Quey of the same breed, to Mr Beattie, Oakwood.

After awarding the Premiums, the Judges stated, that they felt particularly satisfied with the quality of a great proportion of the sheep exhibited; so much so, that they felt considerable difficulty in deciding upon their merits; and they thought it their duty further to state, that the parcel of tup lambs shewn by Mr Grieve of Craik, although not comprized in the list of Premiums, were of the very first quality. The breeds exhibited by Mr Scott of Singlee, Mr Gibson of Shaws, and Mr Ballantyne of Tinnies, were also much admired.

After the competition for the Premiums, several cattle belonging to the Duke were shewn, which met with the entire approbation of all present. His Grace's one-year-olds were considered as fully a match for the best two year-olds, while those of the latter age were estimated by the first breeders present, to be at least sixty stone weight. His Grace seemed particularly interested in his excellent breed of Highland cattle.

Upon the whole, this exhibition was a most pleasing and interesting scene, from the beauty of the day, the number and respectability of the company, and the variety of fine cattle and sheep gathered together from every part of the county: and nothing contributed more to the

agreeable feelings of the spectators, than the lively interest taken by the Duke in the stock exhibited by his tenants, and his evident anxiety for its amelioration. When men of high rank and great influence thus exert themselves to excite and keep alive the spirit of improvement, the happiest results may be anticipated.

After the exhibition, between three and four hundred persons partook of an excellent and plentiful dinner, provided by the Duke at Carterhaugh; and a select party accompanied his Grace to Bowhill, where they dined, and spent the day in the most festive manner. In the course of the evening the Duke announced his determination to make a similar exhibition, at least once a year, and oftener, if it should appear that the interests of the county would be promoted by a more frequent exhibition.

THE SALE-ROOM

The Gipsies

HAST thou not noted on the by-way side,
Where England's loanings stretch unsoil'd and wide,
Or by the brook that through the valley pours,
Where mimic waves play lightly through the flowers,
A noisy crew, far straggling in the glade, 5
Busied with trifles, or in slumber laid,
Their children lolling round them on the grass,
Or pestering, with their sports, the patient ass?

The wrinkled grandam there you may espy,
The ripe young maiden with the glossy eye, 10
Men in their prime—the striplings dark and dun,
Scathed by the storms, and freckled with the sun;
O, mark them well! when next the group you see
In vacant barn, or resting on the lea.
They are the remnant of a race of old— 15
Spare not the trifle for your fortune told!
For there shalt thou behold with nature blent
A tint of mind in every lineament,
A mould of soul distinct, yet hard to trace,
Unknown except to Israel's wandering race; 20
From thence, as sages say, their line they drew,
O, mark them well! the tales of old are true.

'Tis told that once in ages long gone by,
When Christian zeal ran to extremity,
When Europe, like a flood no might could stem, 25
Pour'd forth her millions on Jerusalem,
One roaming tribe of Araby they won,
Bent on the spoil and foray just begun:
Great was their value—every path they knew
Where sprung the fountain, where the forage grew, 30
And better wist than all the Christian men
How to mislead and vex the Saracen.

But when the nations by experience knew
 Their folly, and from eastern realms withdrew,
 The alien tribe durst not remain behind, 35
 Empires and hordes against them were combined.
 Thither they came.—But still the word of Heaven
 Stedfast remains to ancient Abram given,
 “Wild shall they be, mid nations, from their birth,
 “All hands against them—theirs against all earth.” 40
 Thus still they wander, unrestrain’d and free,
 As erst their fathers did in Araby;
 Peopled or not—it is the same—they view
 The earth as their unalienable due,
 And move by one undeviating plan 45
 To take whate’er they may—protect who can.
 Strange are their annals!—O, regard them well!
 For thou hast much to hear, and I to tell.

* * * * *

Z.

To the Editor of the *Sale-Room*.

Despising
 For you the city, thus I turn my back;
 There is a world elsewhere!

SHAKESPEARE

SIR,

It has always appeared to me that there are few exercises more amusing than the contemplation of the exaggerated views which the various classes of society are disposed to take of one another; and in no instance is this disposition carried to greater excess, or less conformable to the real existing state of society, than as applied to country people and those that are bred in a city. Of this I have seen so many instances in our own metropolis, and in the districts which surround it, that I am led to suppose it may exist in many other places where the circumstances of the people are similar.

The townsman views the delights of a country life, its truth, simplicity, and moral rectitude, through a perspective-glass, wherein every

thing is magnified in a superlative degree. If he be assisted in his visions by the sympathetic effusions of a sickly and beloved spouse, or the verbiage of flowers, shrubs, and scenery, by romantic daughters, it is wonderful how much the effect is heightened.

The countryman, again, views the life and character of the snug, spruce citizen, likewise through a glass; but he turns the wrong end toward him, and sees every thing on a diminished and contracted scale. This makes him relish his homely fare, and, like the chief of a savage clan, regard his more polished neighbours with jealousy and contempt. When, he pays his occasional visit to the city, he is obliged to be always upon the alert to counteract as much as possible the meditated imposition that awaits him, though to prevent it altogether he knows to be impossible. If he wants a bushel of salt to preserve his braxy mutton from getting "a wee humphed an' quick o' the saur," as he calls it, he forthwith sets out to Prestonpans to make his purchase there, confirmed in the belief that the retailers in the city take an unconscionable profit upon it. He dare not purchase a parcel of dark-brown sugar, extremely soft of substance, for the gudewife's tea, unless he get it at least a penny a pound cheaper than the imposing grocer asks for it; nor venture to buy an Indian silk napkin until he has tried all the *cheap shops* in rotation, tabled the money in order to tempt the needy haberdasher, offered one third less than prime cost, and threatened to go to another shop where he can have it even cheaper; and after all this, he has often a lurking dread that "he has been sadly taken in." He views us all, sir, as a peddling race, assuming an importance to which we have no right, nor even any fair pretension; and each and all of us bent upon making our prey and spoil of honest country people.

I was once highly amused by the importance of such a man, and his sapient remarks on his returning from the *bad town* to the midst of his confused, noisy, and uncultivated family. He enquired about every thing that had been done in his absence, found fault with all, and at length placed himself at the cheek of his parlour chimney to "gie the mistress an' the weans a' the cracks o' Edinbroch."

"Now, father, thrav aff your shoon, an' your leggins, an' let us hear a' the news about the grand folk."

"Good sooth, my bairn, the mair I hae to do wi' the folk o' Edinbroch, I think the less o' them. They are a bike o' the sairest skemps that ever war a' huddled thegither in ae bit! Gude saif us, if yon place be nae the very mouth o' the pit!—The young anes, they rin just bellyflaught into sin and iniquity; an' the auld anes they think o' naething i' this world but just how to get haud o' folk's siller! siller! siller! Hech! but they are yaup for that! sic an ee as they hae til't! They wad see a body speetit

for't! They stand i' their braw shops yonder, wi' their black boots an' their powdered pows, an' they'll scrape t'ye, an' they'll bow t'ye, an' they'll thank ye for a penny, though they pretend to gi'e ye value for it besides! It will be seen the gate they'll gang yet, yon creatures! For my part, I wonder whar they get a' meat!"

"Hae ye gotten me a clerkship amang them, father?" demanded the lubberly eldest boy.

"Or hae ye gotten me putten up as a leddy's maid, father?" asked the daughter.

"Hae I gotten ye putten up as a lady's snuff, dochter! Ye dinna ken what ye wad be at, nane o' ye! Wad ye hae me, after keeping mysel baith bare an' bizzy for mair nor twenty years to bring up a set o' gillygaupies, sell them at last to be slaves o' sin an' Sautan? Or I sent ye in yonder, I had better just stap ye baith into the pit at ance an' be done w'ye."

Now, sir, I hope you are aware that nothing can be worse founded than such prejudices. From the man thus regarded with jealousy and contempt—from the man whose credit depends on his fair and honourable dealings, we are in general sure of experiencing such; but in the country, where arts to over-reach in bargaining are not only allowed, but accounted a mark of cleverness, a great deal of selfishness and narrow-mindedness often prevails. The country laird or farmer, (for it is to that class I advert,) is, it must be acknowledged, a most hospitable and generous man; for if you visit him he will fill you drunk if he possibly can, and entertain you at great length with his schemes of farming, with the characters of his servants, and what scoundrels the greater part of them are. When we visit the fire-side of these hinds, and converse with them, sir, a scene widely different from the above picture is gradually developed; but, as I intend to send you by and by another paper on the characters of the Scottish peasantry, I must at present fold up the simple but interesting scene.

I was led into these cursory remarks by a trifling incident that occurred to me yesterday. As I was sauntering about Prince's Street, I espied at a distance some one moving along, at whom all the passers by turned round and gazed; indeed, the person or persons seemed to be moving on in the midst of a considerable crowd of people, all of whom expressed by their looks no small degree of interest. Supposing the police-men had either seized some unhappy wretch, or else that Miss M—n was returned to delight us, I hastened towards the place, and soon discovered the object of their curiosity. It was a tall Herculean countryman, rather coarsely and singularly dressed. He had huge topped boots, all of one colour tops and all, steel spurs, a

rough coat of Galashiels grey, a good oak staff below his arm, and immense whiskers that curled over his cheek. How silly these people are, thought I, thus to interest themselves in every thing of country extract; certainly, if I may judge from appearance, that farmer there is a very clownish ignorant fellow. I have heard some people say that the *multitude never are wrong*; of this I shall not pretend to judge, but I had not made up to this man, and walked by his side half a minute, till I discovered there was something original about him,—his very manner of walking the street had something novel in it. When any very well-dressed or beautiful women met him, he looked them full in the face, with a sort of good-natured familiarity, as if he wished to say to each of them, “How’s a’ w’ye the day, my bonny lassie?” while they in return could scarcely maintain the gravity of their deportment till fairly past him. At length a little spruce old man, with a powdered wig, was shoved against him by the crowd; “Tak care, callant,” said he, “ye’ll ding wee folk ower if ye stite that way;” and then turning his face half up to the sun, and laughing at his own jest, he strode on.

It struck me that I had somewhere seen such a figure before, though I could not remember in what place, and I therefore kept close by him in hopes of finding some opportunity of introducing myself. In a short time he stepped into a Sale-room in Hanover-Street, the very same, for any thing that I know, that gives the title to your paper. He sauntered some time in the front shop, took some papers and prospectuses from the counter, and pretended to be reading their contents, but was all the while looking out at the tail of his eye upon the clerk, as if he were a fellow of whom he had some jealousy, or with whom he wanted to pick a quarrel; but perhaps he only suspected that the man was angry at him, or might not quite understand what was his business there. At length, seeing some gentlemen passing up the stair, he likewise ventured up, but with a considerable degree of caution. The sale was over, at which he appeared disappointed, looking always around as if he wished to see the auctioneer. A tall spare gentleman now made up to him, who I suspected to be none other than your Peter Grievance, though he did not answer the description in every respect. This man accosted him instantly with some common observations about the weather, and the books at which they were looking. I drew near, and, pretending to read, listened to the following curious conversation between them.

“What news from the country? How are matters going on there?”

“How do ye ken that I come frae the country, lad?”

“Oh, quite well—We know a countryman at first sight, from his very appearance.”

"Appearance! What do you mean by his appearance?"

Here the farmer looked at his clothes on both sides, and all around, to see if there was any thing particularly wrong.

"Though it is not easily defined, yet there is always something materially different in the manner, air, and make."

"Make! Yes, thank God, there is some little odds there. I doubt aye that you towns bodies get nae feck o' meat."

"Rather doubt that the greater part of us get far too much, friend."

"It disna kythe on ye, man!—Ye surely pit your meat into ill skins, for de'il hae me if there is nae a hantle o' ye just like reestit kippers. But ye war speering about the news—Indeed, honest man, they war never sae ill in my day, nor my father's afore me. I hae heard him say, that things got a sair slump at the end o' the 'Merican war, but naething ava to this. The half o' the farmers are maistly ruined already, but the weather's turned unco gude—the braxy hasna been ill this year—Candlemass-day turned out foul, an' we wad fain hope that things are gaun to turn a wee better wi' us."

"Do not you hope any such thing. The vain and foolish hopes of the farmers have ruined them. Young man, you must look farther than a change of the weather, before you begin again to cherish such ridiculous and extravagant hopes. We are a ruined nation—a nation on the very point of bankruptcy, and its attendants, anarchy and confusion; and, instead of things growing better, to every reflecting person it is as plain as that two and two make four, that they will yet be many degrees worse."

"I'm unco vext to hear that, man; for I cam just into Edinburgh to tak' twa or three farms, trowin' that things couldna be waur wi' us. The sheep stocks are comed to ha'f naething, and there's plenty o' land out; there's my Lord Hickathrift, Sir Duncan M'Grip of the Hungry-Hall, and Mr Screw-him-up, the Laird o' Bareboddem, have a' sequestered their tenants and warn'd them away; an' now they canna get a single bode for their land; they darena stock it theirsels, an' by this time, I trow, they'll gi'e ane a farm for a sma' matter. Now, sir, if ye be nae gay and sure o' what ye're sayin', I like unco ill to gang hame wanting a farm or twa; for, to tell the truth, there's a bit bonny lassie that I hae an ee to—I downa bide to want her muckle langer—I canna bring her in ower the head o' my auld mither, honest woman, an' my titties; an' unless we get a mailin o' our ain, we'll be obliged to pit aff; I hae a gay pickle siller—she has mair, an' my uncle Dan, he's to be cation for the lave. Ye'll maybe ken him?—a hantle o' folk ken him."

"I do not at this moment recollect—pray, sir, may I ask your name?"

"I'm Charlie Dinmont o' the Waker-Cleuch; I leeve just a wee bit aff

the hee-road as ye gang to the Cauldstane Kirk, where Dr Christoff the original-sin-man preaches, ye ken. An' if ever ye gang bye that way, ye'll find a prime road to the right, through Drowncow, alang the Pikitstane-Brae, an' out ower the mids o' Hobblequa-Moss, till ye come in sight of a lang theekit house, wi' three chimleys—that's ours, an' my mither an' titties will be happy to see you, an' I'll tak in hand to mak ye fatter than ye're just now in eight days, tho' I sude pit ye i' the kirn."

"You are very kind—very kind, indeed, sir; but"—

"Come, nane o' your *buts*—ye had better do't; ye had muckle need o't; we hae aye plenty o' meat, sic as it is, about the Waker-Cleuch, an' we hae whiles something to drink too—for d'ye ken our herd keeps a bit 'ewie wi' the crooked horn,' in his ben-end, that gies mair milk, and straunger milk, an' heartsomer milk, than a' the ewes o' Dead-forcauld. I count mysel muckle behadden t'ye for your advice about the farms, an' if I were sure that ye warna for some o' them yoursel, I wad mak nae ill use o't, for I hae great hopes that ye'll maybe pruve wrang in your calculations."

"I wish there were but a bare possibility of it; no one would rejoice more heartily than I. But whoever considers the state of our finances, and the enormous load of debt under which the nation is groaning, must soon perceive that neither private nor public credit can longer be maintained. We are duped, cheated, and ruined."

"Hout man! I dinna like thae sweepin', halesale remarks. We hae studden some dourer striffles than ony that are facin' us up just now. D'ye ken I hae thought a great deal about that national debt; an' there was ae year I had very near comprehendit it—I countit, an' I reckoned, an' I addit, an' I multiplied, till I had a grit lang raw o' *nothings*, that geed amaist across the slate; but when I cam to substract, it didna answer ava; it was aye *nothing from nothing*, an'—we's no mention the remainder.

"Weel, sir, I thought it was a' ower wi' us, as ye say; but instead o' that, things gaed aye just on as weel as ever, an' rather better; an' I saw that I had never fathomed it in the least; sae I'm now resolved never to puzzle my harns mair about the *causes* of ony thing, but just stand by the *effects*. If any body war to speer at ye, how the cauld moon could gar the sea rise an' fa'—how a wee bit clippit thing that gangs harlin' athwart the lift suld heeze up the great ocean frae its very marl-pits—Lord, ye wad think the thing impossible. Aha! look at the effect, lad! I can lippen till her that she'll keep her time wi't to a second! But the thing that has convinced me maist ava is the stane stairs in the New-Town o' Edinburgh; od, ye wad think they're hingin' i' the air. An'

tak me beuk-sworn, I canna comprehend how they stand—still I see they do stand—an’ I can trust to them, an’ gang up an’ down them as freely as I war on the solid yird. I was aince a wee concerned about the national debt, till I saw the stane stairs o’ Edinburgh, but they hae satisfied me. Now, sir, I rede you do the same. Wad ye but just look upon the nation as a great stair-case; and the *debt* neither mair nor less than the *stair* that bears a man up or down preceesely as he behaves an’ manages himself, I’ll lay thee a guinea thou turns a third fatter. Look at me; I think, for a’ the warld, you an’ I standin’ thegither are exactly like *cause* and *effect*.”

About this time I went forward and shook honest Charlie by the hand, reminding him of our having once met before. I soon drew him into a conversation about Border tales and Border manners, and at length he put a story into my hands to get printed, which he assured me he “tuke down i’ black an’ white frae his mither’s ain mouth.” As that will better illustrate the theory with which I set out, than all the reasoning I am master of, I shall probably send it to you at some future period.

I am yours, &c.

Z.

No. 5, Liddisdale-place.

THE CLYDESDALE MAGAZINE

An Old Soldier's Tale

For the Clydesdale Magazine

"YE didna use to be sae hard-hearted wi' me, goodwife," said Andrew Gemble to old Margaret, as he rested his meal-pocks on the corner of the table: "if ye'll let me bide a' night I'll tell you a tale." Andrew well knew the way to Margaret's heart. "It's no to be the battle o' Culloden, then, Andrew, ye hae gart me greet owre often about that already." "Weel, weel, goodwife, it sanna be the battle o' Culloden, though I like whiles to crack about the feats o' my young days." "Ah Andrew! I'll never forgie you for stabbing the young Stewart o' Appin. I wish God may forgie you; but if ye dinna repent o' that, ye'll hae a black account to render again *ae day*." "Aye, but it will maybe be lang till that day; an' I'll just tell ye, goodwife, that I'll *never* repent o' that deed. I wad hae stickit a' the rebel crew, an' their papish prince, the same way, if I could hae laid my neeves on him; Repent, quo' she!"

"Andrew, ye may gae your ways down to Deephope, we hae nae bed to lay ye in; ye're no gaun to bide here a' night, an' the morn the Sabbath day." "There's for ye now! there's for ye! that's the gratitude that an auld sodger's to expect frae the fock that he has sae often ventured his life for! Weel, weel, I'll rather trodge away down to Deephope, auld an' stiff an' wearied as I am, ere I'll repent when ony auld witch in the country bids me." "Come your ways into this cozy nook ayont me, Andrew; I'll e'en tak' you in for ae night without repentance. We should a' do as we wad like to be done to." "The deil tak' ye, goodwife, gin ye haena spoken a mouthfu' sense for aince; fair fa' your honest heart, you are your father's bairn yet, for a' that's come an' gane." But the unyielding spirit of Andrew never forsook him for a moment. He was no sooner seated, than, laying his meal pocks aside, and turning his dim eye towards old Margaret, with a malicious grin, he sung the following stanza of an old song, with a hollow and tremulous croon:

O the fire, the fire and the smoke
That frae our bold British flew,
When we surrounded the rebels rude
That waefu' popish crew!

And O the blood o' the rebels rude
Alang the field that ran!
The hurdies bare we turned up there
Of many a Highland Clan.

But ere he had done with the last stanza, his antagonist had struck up in a louder and shriller key, "Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet." &c. which quite drowned Andrew, and sharpened the acrimony of his temper. He called her "an auld jacobite—and wished he had kend her in the year forty sax, he wad hae gotten her strappit like a herring." He had, however, given her her cue; she overpowered him with songs on the side of the Highlanders, against whom Andrew had served, all of them so scurrilous and severe, that he was glad to begin his tale that he might get quit of them: it was to the following effect, but were I to tell it in his own dialect, it would be unintelligible to the greater part of readers.

"You will often have heard, goodwife, that the Duke of Cumberland lay long in a state of inaction that year that he pursued the rebels to the north, so long indeed that many had concluded that he durst not follow them into their native fastnesses. The Duke however acted with great prudence, for the roads were bad, and the rivers impassable, and by remaining about Aberdeen until the return of spring, he kept the rebels up among their mountains and prevented them from committing depredations on the Lowlands.

"I was a sergeant in the royals then, and was ordered to the westward, along with some of the Campbells, to secure certain passes and fastnesses, by which the rebels kept up a communication with the south. We remained two weeks at a little village on the Don, but all was quiet on that road, nor did we ever lay hold of one suspicious character, though we kept a watch at the Bridge-end both night and day. It was the beginning of March, and the weather was dreadful, the snow was drifting every night, and the roads were so blocked up by wreaths and ice that to march seemed impossible, although we knew that on the road west from us the Highlanders had established a line of communication; and besides we could get nothing where we were, either to eat or drink. The gentlemen at head-quarters knew not that the snow lay so deep in the heights of Strath-Don, and we received orders to march directly to the westward, to the next line of road. None of us liked the duty we were engaged in, for besides being half famished with cold and hunger, we had accounts every day of great bodies of rebels that were hovering about the country of the Grants, and Brae-Marr, laying all true subjects under contribution,

and taking from the country people whatever they pleased. We were likewise alarmed by a report that John Roy Stuart, accompanied by the Maclauchlans, had cut in pieces all our forces stationed at Keith, which turned out a very trifling matter after all, but it left us, as we supposed, quite exposed to every incursion from the north, and we were highly discontented. Captain Reginald Campbell commanded this flying party, a very brave fellow, and one to whom a soldier might speak as a friend. One day he came up from Lord Kintore's house, and after inspecting the different companies, he took me aside, and asked how I liked the service. "Faith, Captain," says I, "if we stay long here, you will soon have a poor account of us to render; the men are positively dying with hunger and cold. The Campbells make good shift, for they can talk the horrid jargon of the country; but as for we of the Royals, we can get not a morsel," says I; "and by G—d, Captain, if these d—d Mackintoshes come down upon us, we will not be a mouthful to them. Poor Renwick and Colston are both dead already; and curse me, if I was not afraid that these hungry ragamuffians of the village would eat them."

"If ye are gaun to tell us a story, Andrew," said old Margaret, "tell it even on, without mixing it up wi' cursing and swearing. What good can that do to the story? Ye gar a' my heart dirle to hear ye."

"Owther let me tell it in my ain way, goodwife, or else want it."

"Weel, Andrew, I'll rather want it than hear ye tak' *His* name in vain."

"Wha's name? The deil's, I fancy; for the deil another name blew frae my tongue the night. It is a pity, goodwife, that ye sude be sic a great hypocrite! I hate a hypocrite! An' a' you that mak' a fike, an' a cant about religion, an' grane, an' pray, are hypocrites ilka soul o' ye. Ye are sodgers that haena the mense to do your duty, and then blubber and whine for fear o' the lash. But I ken ye better than ye ken yoursel'; ye wad rather hear nought else but swearing for a month or ye didna hear out that story. Sae I'll e'en gae on wi't to please mysel; the deil-ma-care whether it please you or no!"

"When men die of cold, sergeant, it is for want of exercise," said he; "I must remedy this. Gemble, you are a brave fellow; take ten men with you, and a guide, and proceed into the district of Strathaven; look at the state of the roads, and bring me all the intelligence you can about these rebel clans that are hovering over us."

"Accordingly I took the men and a guide, and one of the Campbells, who could talk Gaelic, and proceeded to the north-west till I came to the Avon, a wild and rapid river; and keeping on its banks, through drift and snow, we turned in rather a southerly direction. We had not

travelled long by the side of the stream till I observed that the road had very lately been traversed, either by a large body of men or cattle, yet it was so wholly drifted up that we could in nowise discover which of these it had been. It was moreover all sprinkled with blood, which had an ominous appearance, but none of us could tell what it meant. I observed that the two Highlanders, Campbell and the guide, spoke about it in their own language, in a vehement manner, and from their looks and motions, I concluded that they were greatly alarmed; but when I asked them what they meant, or what they were saying, they made me no answer. I asked them what they supposed it to have been that made that track, and left all that blood upon the snow? but they only shook their heads and said, "they could not pe tehlling me." Still it appeared to have been shed in larger quantities as we proceeded; the wet snow that was falling had mixed with it, and gorged it up so, that it seemed often as if the road had been covered with hillocks of blood.

"At length we came to a large wood, and by the side of it a small hamlet where some joiners and sawers resided, and here we commenced our enquiries. My two Highlanders asked plenty for their own information, but they spoke English badly, and were so averse to tell me anything, that I had nearly lost all patience with them. At length, by dint of threats and close questioning, I understood that the rebels had fortified two strong Castles to the southward, those of Corgarf and Brae-Marr—that a body of the Mackintoshes had past by that same place about three hours before our arrival, with from twenty to thirty horses all laden with the carcasses of sheep which they had taken up on the Duke of Gordon's lands, and were carrying to Corgarf, which they were provisioning abundantly. I asked if there were any leaders or gentlemen of the party, and was answered that Glenferret and Spital were both with it, and that it was likely some more either of the Farquharsons or Mackintoshes would be passing or repassing there that same night, or next morning. This was an unwelcome piece of news to me, for owing to the fatigue we had undergone, and the fall of snow, which had increased the whole day, we could not again reach Strath-Don that night, nor indeed any place in our rear, for if we had essayed it, the wind and drift would have been straight in our faces. It appeared the most unaccountable circumstance to me I had ever seen, that the country at so short a distance should be completely under the controul of the different armies; but it was owing to the lines of road from which there were no cross ones, or these only at great distances from one another.

"Necessity has no law; we were obliged to take up our quarters at this wretched hamlet all night, at the imminent risk of our lives. We

could get nothing to eat. There was not meat of any description in these cots that we could find, nor indeed have I ever seen any thing in these Highland bothies, saving sometimes a little milk or wretched cheese. We were obliged to go out a foraging, and at length, after great exertion, got hold of a she-goat, lean, and hard as wood, which we killed and began to roast on a fire of sticks. Ere ever we had tasted it, there came in a woman crying pitiously, and pouring forth torrents of Gaelic of which I could make nothing. I understood however that the goat had belonged to her: it had however changed proprietors and I offered her no redress. I had no trust to put in these savages, so I took them all prisoners, man and woman, and confined them in the same cot with ourselves, lest they might have conveyed intelligence to the clans of our arrival, placing the two Highlanders as sentinels at the door, to prevent all ingress or egress until next morning. We then dried our muskets, loaded them anew, fixed our bayonets, and lay down to rest with our clothes on, wet and weary as we were. The cottagers, with their wives and children, lighted sticks on the fire, and with many wild gestures babbled and spoke Gaelic all the night. I, however, fell sound asleep, and I believe so did all my companions.

"About two in the morning one of the soldiers awaked me from a sound sleep, by shaking me by the shoulder, without speaking a word. It was a good while before I could collect my senses, or remember where I was, but all the while my ears were stunned by the discordant sounds of Gaelic, seemingly issuing from an hundred tongues. "What is all this, friend?" said I. "Hush!" said he; "I suppose it is the Mackintoshes; we are all dead men, *that's all*." "Oh! if *that be all*," returned I, "that is a matter of small consequence; but d—n the Mackintoshes, if they shall not get as good as they give." "Hush!" whispered he again; "what a loss we cannot understand a word of their language. I think our sentinels are persuading them to pass on." With that one of our prisoners, an old man, called out and was answered by one of the passengers who then seemed to be going away. The old man then began a babbling and telling him something aloud, always turning a suspicious glance on me; but while he was yet in the middle of his speech, Campbell turned round, levelled his musket at the old rascal, and shot him dead.

"Such an uproar then commenced as never was before seen in so small a cot—women screaming like a parcel of she goats; children mewling like cats; and men babbling and crying out in Gaelic, both without and within. Campbell's piece was reloaded in a moment, and need there was for expedition, for they were attacked at the door by the whole party, and at least twenty guns were all fired on them at

once. The sod walls, however, sheltered us effectually, while every shot that we could get fired from the door or the holes in the wall, killed or wounded some, and whoever ventured in had two or three bayonets in each side at once. We were in a sad predicament, but it came upon us all in an instant, and we had no shift but to make the best of it we could, which we did without any dismay; and so safe did we find ourselves within our sod walls, that whenever any of them tried to break through the roof we had such advantage that we always beat them off the first assault; and moreover, we saw them distinctly between us and the snow, but within all was darkness and they could see nothing. That which plagued us most of all was the prisoners that we had within among us, for they were constantly in our way, and we were falling over them, and coming in violent contact with them in every corner; and though we kicked them and flung them from us in great wrath, to make them keep into holes, yet there were so many of them, and the house so small, it was impossible. We had now beat our enemies back from the door, and we took that opportunity of expelling our troublesome guests: our true Highlanders spoke something to them in Gaelic, which made them run out as for bare life. "Cresorst, cresorst," cried our guide; they ran still the faster, and were soon all out among the rebels. It was by my own express and hurried order that this was done, and never was any thing so imprudent! The whole party were so overjoyed that they set up a loud and reiterated shout, mixed with a hurra of laughter. What the devil's the matter now? thinks I to myself. I soon found that out to my sad experience. The poor cottagers had been our greatest safeguard, for the rebels no sooner found that all their countrymen and their families were expelled and safe out, than they fell on and set fire to the house on all sides. This was not very easily effected owing to the wet snow that had fallen; besides we had opened holes all the way around the heads of the walls, and kept them off as well as we could. It was not long however till we found ourselves involved in smoke and were like to be suffocated. I gave orders instantly to sally out but we found the door triply guarded and could not effect it. In one second we undermined the gable, which falling flat, we sallied forth into the midst of the rebels with fixed bayonets, and bore down all before us. The dogs could not stand our might, but reeled like the withered leaves of a forest that the winds whirl before them. I knew not how the combat terminated, for I soon found myself overpowered, and held fast down by at least half a dozen Highlanders. I swore dreadfully at them, but they only laughed at me, and disarming me, tied my hands behind my back. "I'm not in a very good way now," thought I, as they were all keckling

and speaking Gaelic around me. Two of them stood as sentinels over me for about the space of an hour, when the troop joined us in a body, and marched away, still keeping by the side of the river, and taking me along with them. It was now the break of day, and I looked about anxiously if I could see any of my companions, but none of them were with us, so I concluded that they were all killed. We came to a large and ugly looking village called Tamantoul, inhabited by a set of the most outlandish ragamuffians that I ever in my life saw; the men were so ragged, and rough, in their appearance, that they looked rather like savages than creatures of a Christian country; and the women had no shame nor sense of modesty about them, and of this the Highland soldiers seemed quite sensible, and treated them accordingly. Here I was brought in before their commander for examination. He was one of the Farquharsons, a very civil and polite gentleman, but as passionate as a wild bull, and spoke the English language so imperfectly, that I deemed it convenient not to understand a word that he said, lest I should betray some secrets of my commander.

“Surcheon,” said he, “you heffing peen tahken caring te harms, tat is te kuns and te sorts, akainst your most plessit sohofrain, and his linnach more prince Charles Stehuart, she shoold pe kiffing you ofer to pe shot in te heat wit powter and te pullets of kuns till you are teat. Not te more, if you will pe cantor of worts to all tat she shall pe asking, akainst te accustoms of war you shall not pe shot wit powter and te pullets of kuns in te heat and prains till she pe teat, put you shall pe hold in free pondage, and peated wit sticks efry tay, and efry night, and efry mhorning, till she pe answering all and mhore.”

“I beg your pardon, Captain,” says I, “but really I dinna understand Gaelic, or Earse, or how d’ye ca’t; it is sic a blether o’ a language that nae living creature can understand it, gin it be na corbies and wullcats.”

“Cot pe t—ming your improotence, and te hignorant of yourself, tat cannot pe tahking town hany ting into your stuhpid prain tat is not peing spohken in te vhide Lowlands prohgue. Hupupup! Cot pe tahking you for a pase repellioner of a Sassenach tief! Finlay Pawn Peg Macalister Monro, you are peing te most least of all my men, pe trawing hout your claymhore, and if you to not pe cutting hoff tat creat Sassenach repel’s heat at wan plow, py te shoul of Tonalid Farquharson, put yours shall answer for it.”

“I’m in a waur scrape now than ever,” thinks I to myself; however I pretended to be listening attentively to all that the Captain was saying, and when he had done I shook my head. “I am really sorry, Captain,” says I, “that I cannot understand a word that you are saying.”

“Hu, shay, shay,” said he, “she’ll pe mhaking you to understand

petter enough." I was then conducted to the back of the house, with all the men, women, and children in the village about me. The diminutive Finlay Bawn sharpened his claymore deliberately upon a stone—the soldiers bared my neck, and I was ordered to lay it flat upon the stump of a tree that they had selected as a convenient block. "Captain," says I, "it is a shame for you to kill your prisoner whom you took fighting in the field for what he supposed to be the right; you are doing the same, and which of us is in the right let heaven decide. But I'll tell you what it is, Captain, I'll bet you a guinea, and a pint of aqua-vitæ into the bargain, that if none of you lend any assistance to that d—d shabby fellow, he shall not be able to cut off my head in an hour." The Captain swore a great oath that no one should interfere, and laughing aloud he took my bet. My hands only were bound. I stretched myself upon the snow, and laid my neck flat upon the stump. Finlay threw off his jacket, and raised himself to the stroke. I believe the little wretch thought that he would make my head fly away I do not know how far! I however kept a sharp look out from the corner of my eye, and just as his great stroke was descending, I gave my head a sudden jerk to the one side towards his feet, on which he struck his sword several inches into the solid root of the birch tree. He tugged with all his might, but could in no-wise extricate it. I lost not a moment; but plaiting my legs around his, I raised myself up against his knees and overthrew him with ease. I had now great need of exertion, for though I was three times as strong and heavy as he, yet my hands being fettered was greatly against me. It happened that in trying to recover himself as he fell, he alighted with his face downward. I threw myself across his neck, and with my whole strength and weight squeezed his face and head down among the snow. The men and women shouted and clapped their hands until all the Grampian forests of Strathaven rang again. I found I now had him safe, for though he exerted himself with all his power, he could only drag himself backward through the snow, and as I kept my position firm, he was obliged to drag me along with him, so that not being able to get any breath his strength soon failed him, and in less than five minutes he could do no more than now and then move a limb, like a frog that is crushed beneath a waggon wheel.

"None of them, however, offered to release their countryman, until I, thinking that he was clean gone, arose from above him of my own accord. I was saluted by all the women, and many of them clapped me in their arms and kissed me; and the prettiest and best dressed one among them took off my bonds and threw them away, at which the Captain seemed nothing offended. I was then conducted back to the inn in triumph, while poor Finlay Bawn Monro was left lying among

the snow, and his sword sticking fast in the stump of the birch tree, and for any thing I know it is sticking there to this day.

I was loaded with little presents, and treated with the best that the village could afford; the Captain paid his wager, but before we had done drinking our whisky I got as drunk as a boar, and I fear behaved in a very middling way. I had some indistinct remembrance afterwards of travelling over great hills of snow, and by the side of a frozen lake, and of fighting with some Highlanders and being dreadfully mauled, but all was like a dream; and the next morning when I awoke I found myself lying in a dungeon vault of the Castle of Brae-Marr, on a little withered heath, and all over battered with blood, while every bone of my whole body was aching with pain. I had some terrible days with these confounded Farquharsons and Mackintoshes, but I got a round amends of them ere all the play was played; it is a long story but well worth telling, and if you will have patience—”

“Andrew,” said old Margaret, “the supper is waiting; when we have got that an’ the prayers by, we’ll then hae the story out at our ain leisure; an’ Andrew, ye sal hae the best i’ the house to your supper the night.”

“Gudewife, ye’re no just sic a fool as I thought ye were,” said Andrew; “that’s twice i’ your life ye hae spoken very good sense. I trow we’ll e’en take your advice, for ye ken how the auld sang ends,

“Gin ye be for the cock to craw,
Gie him a neivefu’ groats dearie.”

H.

The Good Grey Cat

Rendered in English

We have prevailed with the author of *The Poetic Mirror* to favour us with a copy of this admirable ballad, in a language intelligible to common readers, to which, in its original state, it had no pretensions. It is needless to intimate that it was written as a caricature imitation of Mr. Hogg’s *Pilgrims of the Sun*, and his other witch and fairy ballads, or that it is superior to any of them.

THERE was a cat and a good grey cat
That dwelt in the Tower of Blain;
And many have heard of that good cat;
That never shall hear again.

She had a brind upon her back,
 And a bend above her bree;⁽¹⁾
 Her colours were the marled hues
 That dapple the crane-berrye.

5

But she had that within her eye
 That man may never declare,
 For she had that within her eye
 That mortal could not bear.

10

Sometimes a lady sought the tower
 Of rich and fair beautye;
 Sometimes a hare came slyly there
 Hitching right wistfully.

15

But when they searched the Tower of Blain,
 And sought full hard and long,
 They found nought but the good grey cat
 Sitting thrumming at her song.

20

Then up she rose and paced away
 Full stately o'er the wall,
 And streekit out her braw hind leg⁽²⁾
 As nought had hap'd at all.

Well might the wives in that countrye
 Raise up a greivous stir,
 For never a cat in all the land
 Durst moop or mell⁽³⁾ with her.

25

Whenever they looked into her face
 Their fears upgrew so rife
 They snirted and they yelled⁽⁴⁾ thro' fright
 And ran for death and life.

30

The laird of Blain had had a spouse
 Right comely good and kind,

(1) Bree.—Eye-brow.

(2) Streekit out her braw hind leg.—Stretched out her elegant or seemly hind leg.

(3) Moop or mell.—Joy or caress.

(4) Snirted and yelled.—Sniffed and caterwauled aloud.

But she had gone to the lands of peace,
And left him sad behind. 35

He had seven daughters all so fair,
Of more than earthly grace;
Seven bonnier babes ne'er breathed the air,
Nor smiled in parent's face. 40

One day, when they were all apart,
He said with heavy moan,
"What will become of my dear babes
Now when their mother's gone?"

O who will lead your tender minds
The path of ladyhood?
To think as ladies ought to think
And feel as maidens should? 45

Well wull it kithe on maiden's mind,
And maiden's modesty;
The want of one was fitted well
For task unmeet for me!" 50

But up then spoke the good grey cat,
That sat by the hearth-stone,
"Now hold your tongue, my dear master,
Nor make so deep a moan, 55

For I will breed your seven daughters
To winsome ladyhood,
To think as ladies ought to think,
And feel as maidens should; 60

I'll breed them fair, I'll breed them free
From every shade of sin,
Fair as the blooming rose without,
And pure in heart within."

Full sore astounded was the laird,
A frightened man was he;
But the sweet babys were full fain,
And chuckled joyfully. 65

May Ella took the good grey cat
Right fondly on her knee: 70
“And hath my pussy learned to speak?
I trow she learned of me!”

The cat sat thrumming at her song,
And turned her haffat ⁽⁵⁾ sleek,
And drew her bonny bawsined side 75
Against the baby’s cheek.

But the laird he was a cunning laird,
And he said with speeches fair,
“I have a feast in hall to night,
Sweet pussy be you there.” 80

The cat she set a look on him
That turned his heart to stone;
“If you have feast in hall to night,
I shall be there for one.”

The feast was laid, the table spread 85
With rich and noble store,
And there was set the Bishop of Blain
With all his holy choir.

He was a wise and wily wight
Of witch and warlochry, 90
And many a wife had burnt to lime,
Or hanged upon a tree.

He knew their marks and moles of hell,
And made them joyfullye
Ride on the red hot goad of ir’n, 95
A pleasant sight to see.

The Bishop said a holy grace,
Impatient to begin;
But nothing of the good grey cat
Was found the tower within. 100

(5) *Haffat*.—Side of the head.

But in there came a fair ladye,
 Clad in the silken sheen,
 A winsomer and bonnier May
 On earth was never seen.

She took her seat at table head 105
 With courtly modestye,
 While every bosom burnt with love,
 And fixt was every eye;

Sweet was her voice to all the ring,
 Unless the laird of Blain, 110
 For he had heard that very voice,
 From off his own hearthstane.

He barred the doors and windows fast,
 He barred them to the gyn;⁽⁶⁾
 "Now in the grace of Heaven," said he, 115
 "Your exercise begin;

There is no peace nor happiness
 For my poor babys' souls,
 Until you try that weirdly witch,
 And roast her on the coals." 120

"If this be she," the Bishop said,
 "This beauteous comely May,
 'Tis meet I try her all alone,
 To hear what she will say."

"No, by the rood," the laird replied, 125
 "None shall from this proceed,
 Until I see that wicked witch
 Burnt to an izel⁽⁷⁾ red."

The Bishop kneeled him down and prayed
 Till all their hairs did creep, 130
 And aye he sounded and he prayed
 Till all were fast asleep;

(6) *Gyn*.—Farthest extremity of the chain.

(7) *Izel*.—Cinder.

He prayed 'gainst sin and Satan both,
And deeds of shift and shame;
But all the while his faithful hands
Press'd close the comely dame. 135

Well saw the laird, but nothing said,
He knew, in holy zeal,
He groped round for the marks of hell,
Which he did know full well. 140

The Bishop stop'd and started sore,
Wide gaping with affright,
For oh! that fair and lilly hand
Had turned a paw outright!

A paw with long and crooked claws!
That breast of Heavenly charm,
Had turned to brisket of a cat,
Full hairy and full warm. 145

And there she sat on long-settle
With eyes of glancing flame, 150
And they were on the Bishop set,
Like pointer's on his game.

The bishop turned him round about,
To see what he might see;
She struck a claw in every ear, 155
And thro' the roof did flee:

The ceiling folded like a book,
The sarking crashed amain,
And shreds and flaws of broken stones
Fell to the ground like rain. 160

The broad full moon was up the sky,
The night was like a day,
When the great Bishop took his jant
Up thro' the Milky Way.

He cried so loud and lustily, 165
The hills and skies were riven,

Oh such brave cries were never heard
Between the earth and Heaven.

They saw him spurring in the air,
And flinging horridlye, 170
And then he prayed and sung a psalm,
For frightened sore was he,

But still his wailings fainter grew,
As the broad Heaven he cross'd,
While some said that they heard them still, 175
And some said, all was lost.

There was a herd on Dollar Law,
Turning his flocks by night,
Or stealing in a good *haggies*
Before the morning light. 180

He heard the sound come thro' the air,
And saw the twain pass by,
The cat she screwed her tail about
As sorely pinched to fly;

Yet still was thrumming at her song, 185
Though he was sore in thrall,
As cat that hath a jolly mouse
Goes purring round the hall.

That grey cat's song it was so sweet
As on the night it fell, 190
The moorcocks danced a sevensome ring
Around the heather bell.

The founarts⁽⁸⁾ jigg'd around the dubs,
The⁽⁹⁾ maukins round the kail;
And the otter tripp'd a minuet 195
As he walked o'er the dale;

The hurcheons held their bumkin dance
Along the broomy heugh,

(8) *Founarts*—Pollcats.

(9) *Maukins*.—Hares.

And the good tup-hogg rose from his lair,
And waltzed with the ewe. 200

THE GRAY CAT'S SONG.

Murr, my Lord Bishop,
I sing to you;
Murr, my Lord Bishop!
Baw-lilli-lu!
Murr, my Lord Bishop, &c. 205

That night a hind on border dale
Chanced at his door to be,
He saw a great 'clypse of the moon,
And ben the house ran he;

He laid a wisp upon the coals, 210
And blew full lang and sair,
And read the Belfast almanack,
But the 'clypse it was not there!

Oh but that hind was sore aghast,
And half to madness driven, 215
For he thought he heard a drowning man
Sighing alongst the heaven!

That night a great philosopher
Had watched on Ætna's height,
To see the rising of the sun, 220
And the beauteous dawning light,

And all the lightsome lines of gold
As on the sea they fell;
And watch the fiery flame and smoke
Come smouldering up from hell. 225

He looked East—the day came on
Upon his jocund path;
And the broad moon hung in the West,
Her paleness was like death:

And by her sat one little star 230
When all the rest were gone,

'Twas like a wan and fading gem,
In the wide heaven alone!

Then the philosopher grew sad
And turned his eye away, 235
For it minded him of the earthly great
In death or in decay;

He turned his face unto the North,
The falling tear to dry,
And saw a thing of curious make 240
Between the earth and sky:

'Twas like a bird without a wing,
Most wondrous to behold,
And bore a forked thing along
With swiftness manifold: 245

And aye it grew as nigh it drew;
Oh but his heart beat sore!
The sun, the moon, and stars were gone,
He thought of them no more.

His eyes were dazzled with the sight, 250
Thick crept his bristling hair,
When he beheld a jolly priest
Come swigging thro' the air.

The cat she hung him by the lugs
Above the awsome hole; 255
And oh the dread that he was in
No mortal man could thole.⁽¹⁰⁾

He roared out, "pussy hold your gripe,
Hold fast and do not spare,
Oh drop me on the earth or sea, 260
But do not drop me there."

But she was a doure⁽¹¹⁾ and deadly cat,
And she said with lightsome air,

(10) *T'hole*—Suffer.

(11) *Doure*—Determined.

“You know heaven is a blessed place
And all the priests go there.” 265

“Oh sweet, sweet pussy, hold your gripe!
Spare neither click nor claw!
Is ever that like heaven above
In which I’m like to fa’?”

But aye she shook him by the lugs 270
Attour the dreadful den,
Until her gripe gave slowly way
Sore was he gasping then!

Down went the Bishop, down like lead
Into the hollow night! 275
His gown was flapping in the air
When he was out of sight!

They heard him hooing down the deep
Till the croon it died away;
It was like the stound of ane great bomb-bee. 280
Swift sounding thro’ the day.

All was in slumbering quietness
When he went down to hell,
But such a morn was never seen
When the great Lord Bishop fell! 285

Then came the din, the fire, and smoke,
Up rushing violently,
And towered away upright to heaven,
A glorious pile to see.

For ay it rolled its fleecy curls 290
Out to the rising sun,
Its eastern side all gilded gold,
The rest a darksome dun.

Sore the philosopher was moved,
And wist not what to say, 295
For he saw naught of the good grey cat,
But he saw a lady gay.

Her gown was of the grass green silk,
 Her eye was like the dew,
 Her hair was like the threads of gold 300
 That round her shoulders flew,

Her garters were the rainbow's hem
 That she tied beneath her knee,
 And ay she comb'd her yellow hair,
 And sung full pleasantly; 305

"I am the queen of the Fairyland,
 I'll do no harm to thee,
 For I am the guardian of the good,
 Let the wicked beware of me.

There are seven pearls in yonder tower, 310
 Their number soon shall wane—
 There are seven flowers in fair Scotland,
 I'll pu' them ane by ane.⁽¹²⁾

And the wee'st bird in a' the bower
 Shall be the last that's ta'en. 315
 The laird of Blain hath seven daughters,
 But soon he shall have nane!

I'll bathe them all in the living stream
 Thro' Fairyland that flows;
 And I'll seek the bowers of paradise 320
 For the bonniest flower that grows;

And I'll distil it in the dew
 That falls on the hills of heaven;
 And the hue that lovely angels wear
 Shall to those maids be given: 325

And I'll try how comely and how fair
 Their forms may be to see;
 And I'll try how pure the maiden's mind
 In this ill world may be.

(12) This verse, with some that follow, are so plain that I have suffered the original structure of them to stand as it was. The ballad is greatly injured by the change made in the language.

The day may dawn and the darkness fly, 330
And truth her wings expand,
But none shall blame, when I am gone,
The queen of the Fairyland."

The laird of Blain he walks the wood,
But he walks it all alone; 335
The laird of Blain had seven daughters,
But now he hath not one:

They never were on death-bed laid,
But they vanished all away;
He lost his babies, one by one, 340
Between the night and day.

He wist not what to do or say,
Or what did him beseem,
But he wandered through this weary world
Like one that's in a dream. 345

Yet still his faith was firm and sure,
And his trust in heaven still;
He hoped to meet them all again
Beyond the reach of ill.

When seven long years, and seven long days, 350
Had slowly come and gone,
He walked out through the good green wood,
But he walked it all alone;

He thought of his lost family,
And kneeled him down to pray, 355
But he was so moved with tenderness,
That a word he could not say.

He look'd out-o'er his left shoulder
To see what he might see,
There he beheld seven bonny maids 360
Coming tripping o'er the lea.

Such beauty eye had never seen,
And never again shall see;

Such lovely forms of flesh and blood
On earth can never be. 365

The joy that beamed in every eye
Was like the rising sun,
And the whitest blossoms of the wood
Beside their forms were dun.

There was a wreath on every head, 370
On every bosom two;
And the fairest flowers the world e'er saw
Were nodding o'er the brow.

But cease your strain, my good old harp,
O cease and sing no more! 375
If you should of that meeting tell,
Oh I might rue it sore!

There would no eye in fair Scotland,
Nor rosy cheek be dry;
The laverock would forget her song, 380
And drop dead from the sky;

And the daisy would no more be white,
And the lily would change her hue,
For the blood-drops would fall from the moon
And redden the morning dew. 385

But when I tell you out my tale
Full plainly you will see,
That where there is no sin nor shame
No sorrow there can be.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

Alloa Speeches

I

We have received a long detail of the proceedings of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, from one of our correspondents, containing all the speeches, toasts, and songs, given at their last annual meeting. But the toasts given at a literary meeting are now so obvious, that every one knows by anticipation what they are, and to publish them would only be making out a muster roll of names that are published twice or thrice every year. The speeches and songs are a different matter; and for the amusement of our readers, we cannot help selecting one or two of these as specimens how these Allovidians think and feel with regard to some of our poets, ancient as well as modern. They are curious, as a proof of the present literary enthusiasm of Scotland, which penetrates into corners where we should least expect to find it. The following is the substance of the speech delivered from the chair, which, we regret to say, is the only one that we can find room for at present.

“Gentlemen, Before proposing the next toast, I beg leave to say a few words by way of introducing it. It is well known to all present for what purpose we are met here to-day. We are met to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the greatest poet that ever appeared in any age or in any nation. This may seem an unwarrantable distinction to some present, for there are many who do not relish poetry in the dramatic form, but are rather disposed to account the *EPIC* the great standard whereby to judge of the poetry of an age, a nation, or to stamp the estimate among individuals. There are some among us who, I know, love to dwell on the majestic strains of Homer, and on the pictures of an age in which only the ruder energies of the human soul were nourished, painted, or, indeed, could be called into existence. Others among us delight to linger on the still more circumscribed field to which the lays of Ossian were confined. Both of these are the primitive traditional poetry of an original people, and both have great beauties, and merits not easily to be appreciated. Their cancelment would leave a mighty blank in the poetry of the world. They are testimonials of a theory that with some difficulty has been maintained by this Club; namely,

that though true poetry has been the same in all ages, it has always shone with the brightest effulgence, when freed from the trammels of education and models whereby to proceed.

“There may be some also among us who take most delight in studying Virgil, and his contemporaries; and who choose the classical, elegant, and systematical style of the Roman poets for their model. But still it must be allowed, that of all nations, ancient or modern, the poetry of Great Britain occupies the most extensive range, and is the most rich in variety. How innumerable are the shades of gradation between Milton and Butler,—between Geoffrey Chaucer and James Thomson,—between Spenser and Robert Burns! The varieties are absolutely infinite, and the more one studies them, the prouder will he be of the poetical genius of his native country. The poetry of Britain is like an enchanted island that possesses every degree of brilliant light and chastened shade,—of the simple, the terrific; the playful, and the sublime; and on which one may wander out the period of his existence, and still be discovering new beauties.

“When this is minutely considered, and I am giving no exaggerated picture surely, the poetic palm must be given to Britain. Yes, to our own country! Who is he that will hesitate in giving his sanction to the award? And now, my brethren, among all her sons whose brilliancy of imagination have contributed to earn for her that, where is he whom we can compare with Shakespeare? Some of them excel in one department of nature, and some in another; but he is the poet of universal nature,—the poet to whose heaven-lighted eye every movement of the human soul was apparent, yea, familiar, as the various species of flowers are to the most skilful botanist. He could trace every passion from its embryo state, —from its first undefined yearnings in the soul of man through all its ramifications to its final close. He could even take in its lateral branches, and trace their fruits and effects in commensuration with the growth of the original stem; and he never defines these but with truth and distinctness. It is in this that our Shakespeare farthest surpasses all who ever wrote; his *perfect knowledge of the human heart*. I have ever, on perusing the cloyless pages of Shakespeare, heard, as it were, a voice within me continuing to repeat, ‘If ever since the days of the Prophets, the inspiration of Heaven guided a human pen, it was that of Shakespeare.’ The heart feels that there is something there that is not to be met with in any other author, and it wonders how such fancies entered into a human head. The dignified ease with which he treads over the heights that all others have panted and toiled in vain to ascend,—the manner in which he bursts away into the uttermost limits of creation, visiting the regions of thought, and all the varied

shades of a visionary existence, are *not to be* imitated. These are his own province, and his alone. Were all the works of genius and imagination to be consumed from the earth, and the works of one author alone preserved, I would have little hesitation in fixing the choice. Indeed, if the alternative were left to me, whether I would preserve the works of that one author for the delight and benefit of mankind, or suffer them to be obliterated, and all the rest preserved, I believe I would grasp at my beloved Shakespeare, and leave the rest to their fate.

“We are told by our contemporaries, and have even been told this very day, that it is absurd in us, who dwell in this remote corner, on the verge of the Highlands of Scotland, to take our patronimic from the bard of another nation. ‘If you want a literary club established on a permanent basis,’ say they, ‘and an annual literary festival, let them be in honour of some bard of our own nation, of whom we have plenty worthy of the distinction.’ But let us despise such illiberal insinuations. England is our country; and Englishmen are our brethren! We are one with them, and we rejoice in the communion. And, moreover, what has the cause of genius to do with nationality? What has the sun of the mind, the light of the soul, to do with one nation more than another? As well may we presume to depreciate or despise the light of heaven, because it does not spring from Scotland. I cannot speak nor think of our national poetry, without enrolling them as one, for they are in effect the same, and will be accounted so by all nations and by all ages. Thirty years ago, if the poetry of the two nations had been weighed in the balance, that of our own would have been found grievously wanting. Now, to say the least of it, a good counterpoise has been added. As a whole, long may we compete with all the nations of the world.

“No, my brethren, let us never degrade the anniversary of the birth of the poet of universal nature, with any narrow-minded prejudices. Let our sentiments, as well as our toasts, be universal, and as liberal and unrestrained as his whose name we revere. He was, indeed, in a more particular manner, the *poetical historian* of England, but he was the bard of all nature, and of all nations; and in a very eminent degree the bard of Scotland. Is it not evident that he dwells with peculiar delight on every excellence in our national character? Witness his Malcom, his Macduff, and his Douglas on the field of Shrewsbury. Let us be proud, therefore, of the appellation of our society, as we are to uphold its honour and respectability. It began with our youth, but it will not terminate with our lives; and since it has been deemed suitable to distinguish it by the name of a poet, there is but one above all others to whom that distinction is due. To his memory let us consecrate this

glass. 'The memory of our revered, immortal Shakespeare; the poet of universal nature!!'"

The toast was drank with the silent honours and every token of enthusiasm; approbation gleamed in every eye, and the company seemed animated with a temporary elevation, proud of the object of their meeting, and more so of this, that the celebration of the birth of the greatest poet the world ever saw should be left *solely* to them.

On the rest of the company sitting down, the croupier continued to stand, and recited with great effect an original ode to the genius of Shakespeare; but as that has already found its way into some newspapers, we decline giving it here. Several members then joined in singing *THE WARWICKSHIRE LAD*, which was received with loud applause, and three times encored. *THE MULBERRY TREE*; and several other songs and recitations from the works of Shakespeare followed these.

There is certainly an enthusiasm, animation, and liberality in all this that does great credit to our countrymen of Alloa. It is what we could scarcely have expected from any provincial trading town, subject to the same local disadvantages.

The speech which followed shall appear in our next Number.

THE MERMAID. A SCOTTISH BALLAD,
BY JAMES HOGG

"O WHERE won ye my bonny lass,
Wi' look sae wild an' cheery?
There's something in that witching face
That I lo'e wonder dearly."
"I live where the harebell never grew; 5
Where the streamlet never ran;
Where the winds o' Heaven never blew—
Now find me gin ye can."

"'Tis but your wild an' wily way,
The gloaming makes you eiry; 10
Ye are the lass o' the Braken Brae,
An' nae lad maun come near ye.
But I am sick, and very sick,
Wi' a passion strange and new,
For ae kiss o' thy rosy cheek, 15
An' lips o' the coral hue."

“O laith, laith wad a wanderer be,
 To do your youth sic wrang!
 Were you to reave a kiss frae me,
 Your life would not be lang. 20
 Go hie you from this lonely brake,
 Nor dare your walk renew,
 For I’m the maid of the mountain lake,
 And I come wi’ the falling dew.”

“Be you the maid of the crystal wave, 25
 Or she of the Braken Brae,
 One tender kiss I mean to have,
 You shall not say me nay.
 For beauty’s like the daisy’s vest,
 That shrinks frae the early dew, 30
 But soon it opes its bonny breast,
 An’ sae may it fare wi’ you.”

“Kiss but this hand I humbly sue;
 Ev’n there I’ll rue the stain,
 O the breath of man will dim its hue, 35
 ’Twill ne’er be pure again!
 For passion’s like the burning beal
 Upon the mountain’s brow,
 That wastes itself to ashes pale,
 And so will it fare with you.” 40

* * * * *

“O mother, mother, make my bed,
 And make it soft and easy;
 And with the cold dew bathe my head,
 For pains of anguish seize me.
 Or stretch me in the chill blue lake, 45
 To quench this bosom’s burning,
 And lay me by yon rueful brake,
 For hope there’s none returning.

I’ve been where man should not have been,
 Oft in my lanely roaming; 50

And seen what man should not have seen
 By green-wood in the gloaming!
 O passion's deadlier than the grave,
 A human thing's undoing!
 The maiden of the mountain wave 55
 Has lured me to my ruin."

'Tis now an hundred years and more,
 And all these scenes are over,
 Since rose his grave on yonder shore,
 Beneath the wild-wood cover. 60
 And late I saw the maiden there,
 Just as the daylight faded,
 Braiding her locks of gowden hair,
 And singing as she braided.

The Mermaid's Song

LIE still my love, lie still, and sleep, 65
 Long is thy night of sorrow!
 Thy maiden of the mountain deep
 Shall meet thee on the morrow,
 But O! when shall that morrow be
 That my true love shall waken? 70
 When shall we meet, refined and free,
 Amid the moorland braken?

Full low and lonely is thy bed,
 The worm ev'n flies thy pillow!
 Where now the lips so comely red, 75
 That kiss'd me 'neath the willow?
 O I must laugh, do as I can,
 Ev'n 'mid my song of mourning,
 At all the fuming freaks of man
 To which there's no returning! 80

Lie still, my love, lie still, and sleep!
 Hope lingers o'er thy slumber!
 What though thy years beneath the steep
 Should all its flowers outnumber;
 Though moons steal o'er, and seasons fly, 85
 On Time's swift wing unstaying;

Yet there's a spirit in the sky
That lives o'er thy decaying!

No more I'll come at gloaming tide
By this green shore to hover, 90
And see the maid cling to the side
Of her dismayed lover;
To meet the fairy by the bower,
The kelpy by the river,
Or brownie by the baron's tower, 95
O vanish'd all for ever!

Still my lov'd lake from fading day
The purple gleam shall borrow,
And heath-fowl from his mountain grey
Sing to the dawn good morrow! 100
But on a land so dull and drear
No joy hath my attendance;
Fled all the scenes in Scotia dear,
When fled her independence!

In dome beneath the water springs 105
No end hath my sojourning;
And to this land of fading things
Far hence be my returning.
I leave this grave, and glassy deep,
A long last farewell taking; 110
Lie still, my love, lie still, and sleep,
Thy day is near the breaking!

II

Hic et *Aloidas* geminos
Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

WE have room for only one other speech of our Alloa friends. We gave the Chairman's in our last. Here follows the Croupier's.

"Gentlemen, Notwithstanding all that our worthy and respected Chairman hath said, reprobating every feeling of nationality as far as it regards the estimation of genius, yet after the leading toast that was lately given, I think I cannot follow it better up than by naming the name of a poet of our own country,—a name that is dear to every

Scottish bosom, and mixes with its most tender feelings. I do not propose this toast on any selfish or contracted principle. I declare I would rather have avoided it; but on pondering over the names of the bards who have left this earthly scene, I feel that my heart clings to him with a fondness which it does not feel for any other—the more impressive, perhaps, because it is mixed with regret. The bard to whom I allude, my brethren, is the boast, the glory, and the disgrace of our country. His strains are its honour, and ever will be; but his fate throws a stain on our national character not to be washed out. No; though his monuments rise to heaven, they will only tend to commemorate the land's disgrace. Who will every cast his eyes on one of these costly monuments, without saying to himself, 'This has been raised to the memory of a man to whom his country denied, not only the comforts, but the necessities of life; to a man cut off in the prime of life, and vigour of mind, by the neglect of those very men who have contributed to raise this— who not only neglected him, but poured contempt on his character till his injured heart was broken. One tenth of what has been thus expended might have saved the poet's life, conferred a benefit on mankind, and done honour to our country,—But—our poets ask us for bread, and we give them a stone!'

"I have no native eloquence of my own, Gentlemen. I therefore beg leave to recite a passage out of a poem, which I have never been able to read without being deeply affected. The poem is anonymous, and should the author by any chance be of the company, he will excuse me.

"It chanced that on the cold wet field, we found
 A mountain daisy blooming all alone.
 I paused, and spoke of Burns the Scottish bard.
 Peter had heard the name. I then conned o'er
 His lines unto the daisy, in a strain 5
 Most tender and affecting. Peter look'd
 As he would look me through. He could not ween
 Of feeling for a flower, and yet he felt
 A kind of sympathy that overpowered
 All his philosophy. He took a stone, 10
 And placed it tall on end. Herbert, said he,
 When thou plow'st down this field—
 Spare me this flower—
 I charge thee note it well, and for thy life
 Do it no injury. * * * 15
 * * * * *

That night at board Peter sat silent long.
 Thoughtful he was. I think I've heard, said he,
 That Burns, of whom you spoke, was a bad man:
 A man of a most vicious tainted mind,
 Fit to corrupt an age. Was it not so? 20

Alas! said I, never was man abused
 So much as he! He was a good man, Peter,
 A man of noble independent mind,
 So high, that wealth's low minions envied it,
 Exerting all their malice to assail 25
 His only part that was assailable.
 Keen were his feelings, and his passions strong,
 Such as your own. The vantage ground was gained;
 The foes of genius came in social guise,
 Luring to gusts of blindfold levity 30
 The bard that sore repented. These were blabbed
 With double zest, until the injured heart
 Of genius was wrung. It broke! And then,
 The foes of humble and inherent worth,
 O how they triumph'd o'er the poet's dust! 35

D—n them, said Peter. He thrust back his chair,
 Dash'd one knee o'er the other furiously;
 Took snuff a double portion, swallowed down
 His glass at once—looked all around the room
 With wrathful eye, and then took snuff again.” 40

“It was indeed thus, Gentlemen, that Scotland was deprived of the brightest rose in her poetical wreath; and as if that were not enough, these worthy members of society have attempted to justify the miserable part they acted, by throwing every obloquy on the memory of the deceased. While his pure, elegant, and unaffected strains are the delight of every society, from the prince to the peasant, must our ears still be dunned, and our pleasure alleviated, by the remarks of a few croaking individuals, who sit grovelling and scraping in the earth to harrow up the dust of the departed, regardless of the feelings of the widow and fatherless, and of parental and filial affliction.

“What is past cannot be recalled. We are deprived of our bard, but his strains remain with us. The song is saved, the bard is lost, but long be his memory cherished, and dear to all the lovers of genuine poetry.

“The memory of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, and the renovator of Scottish song.” (*Silent honours.*)

We should be happy to insert several speeches of equal merit with the preceding, in praise of other great poetic names of Scotland, more especially Walter Scott; but we must here break off, for we have this moment got hold of the

TALES OF MY LANDLORD, THIRD SERIES.

Pictures of Country Life

Nos I and II

Old Isaac

“BRING me my pike-staff, daughter Matilda, the one with the head turned round like crummy’s horn, I find it easiest for my hand. And—do you hear, daughter Matty?—Stop, I say; you are always in such a hurry.—Bring me likewise my best cloak, not the tartan one, but the grey marled one, lined with green flannel. I go over to Shepherd Gawin’s to-day, to see that poor young man who is said to be dying.”

“I would not go, father, were I you. He is a great reprobate, and will laugh at every good precept that you inculcate; and, more than that, you will heat yourself with the walk, get cold, and be confined again with your old complaint.”

“What was it you said, daughter Matilda? Ah, you said that which was very wrong. God only knows who are reprobates, and who are not. We can judge from nought but external evidence, which is a false ground to build calculations upon, but he knows the heart, with all our motives of action, and judges very differently from us. You said very wrong, daughter. But women will always be speaking unadvisedly. Always rash! always rash! Bring me my cloak, daughter, for as to my getting evil from my walk, I am going on my Master’s business; my life and health are in his hands, and let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight; I will devote all to his service the little while I have to sojourn here.”

“But this young man, father, is not only wicked himself, but he delights in the wickedness of others. He has ruined the principles of all his associates, and often not without toiling for it with earnest application. Never did your own kind and benevolent heart yearn more over

the gaining of an immortal soul to God and goodness, than this same young profligate's bosom has yearned over the destruction of one."

"Ah! it is a dismal picture, indeed! but not, perhaps, so bad as you say. Women are always disposed to exaggerate, and often let their tongues outrun their judgments. Bring me my cloak, and my staff, daughter Mat. Though God withdraw his protecting arm from a man, are we to give all up for lost? Do not you know that his grace aboundeth to the chief of sinners?"

"I know more of this youth than you do, my dear father; would to heaven I knew less; and I advise that you stay at home, and leave him to the mercy of that God whom he has offended. Old age and decrepitude are his derision, and he will mock at and laugh you to scorn, and add more pangs to the hearts of his disconsolate parents. It was he, who, after much travail, seduced the principles of your beloved grandson, which has cost us all so much grief, and so many tears."

"That is, indeed, a bitter drug for this poor frail and fading flesh to swallow; nevertheless it shall down. I will not say the Lord reward him according to his works, although the words almost brooded on my tongue; but I will say in the sincerity of a Christian disposition, may the Lord of mercy forgive him, and open his eyes to his undone state before it be too late, and the doors of forgiveness be eternally shut. Thanks to my Maker, I now feel as I ought. Go bring me my cloak, daughter Matilda; not that tartan one, with the gaudy spangles, but my comfortable grey marled one, with the green flannel lining."

"Stay till I tell you one thing more, father."

"Well, what is it? Say on, daughter, I'll hear you. Surely you are not desirous that this young man's soul should perish? Women's prejudices are always too strong, either one way or another. But I will hear you, daughter, I will hear you. What is it?"

"You knew formerly somewhat of the evil this profligate youth did to your grandson, but you do not know that he has most basely betrayed his sister, your darling Euphemia."

Old Isaac's head sunk down toward his knee, on which some tears involuntarily dropped; and to conceal his emotion, he remained silent, save uttering a few stifled groans. Natural affection and duty were at strife within him, and for a time neither of them would yield. His daughter perceived the struggle, and contented herself with watching its effects.

"Where is my cloak, daughter Matilda?" said he, without raising his head.

"It is hanging on one of the wooden nags in the garret, Sir," said she.

"Ay. Then you may let it hang on the nag where it is all day. It is

a weary world this! and we are all guilty creatures! I fear I cannot converse and pray with the ruthless seducer of both my children."

"Your resolution is prudent, Sir. All efforts to regain such a one are vain. He is not only a reprobate, and an outcast from his Maker, but a determined and avowed enemy to his laws and government."

"You do not know what you say, daughter," said old Isaac, starting to his feet, and looking her sternly in the face. "If I hear you presume to prejudge any accountable and immortal being again in such a manner, I shall be more afraid of your own state than of his. While life remains, we are in a land where repentance is to be had and hoped for, and I will not hear the mercy of God arraigned. Bring me my cloak and my staff instantly, without another word. When I think of the country beyond the grave, and of the eternal fate that awaits this hapless prodigal, all my injuries vanish, and my trust in the Lord is strengthened anew. I shall at least pray with him, and for him; if he will not hear me, my Father who is in heaven may hear me, and haply HE will open the victim's eyes to the hope that is set before him; for the hearts of all the children of men are in his hands, and as the rivers of water he turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth."

So old Isaac got his staff in his hand that had the head turned round like the horn of a cow, and also his cloak round his shoulders, not the tartan one with its gaudy spangles, but the grey marled one lined with green flannel. Well might old Isaac be partial to that cloak, for it was made for him by a beloved daughter who had been removed from him and from her family at the age of twenty-three. She was the mother of his two darlings, Isaac and Euphemia, mentioned before; and the feelings with which he put on the mantle that day can only be conceived by those who have learned to count all things but loss save Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and how few are the number who attain this sublime and sacred height!

"The blessing of him that is ready to perish shall light on the head of my father," said Matilda, as she followed with her eye the bent figure of the old man hasting with tottering steps over the moor, on the road that led to Shepherd Gawin's; and when he vanished from her view on the height, she wiped her eyes, drew the window screen, and applied herself to her work.

Isaac lost sight of his own home, and came in view of Shepherd Gawin's at the same instant, but he only gave a slight glance back to his own, for the concern that lay before him dwelt on his heart. It was a concern of life and death, not only of a temporal, but of a spiritual and eternal nature, and where the mortal concerns are centered, on that place, or toward that place, will the natural eye be turned. Isaac

looked only at the domicile before him—all wore a solemn stillness about that dwelling that had so often resounded with rustic mirth,—the cock crowed not at the door as was his wont, nor strutted on the top of his old dunghill, that had been accumulating there for ages, and had the appearance of a small green mountain; but he sat on the kailyard dike, at the head of his mates, with his feathers ruffled, and every now and then his one eye turned up to the sky as if watching some appearance there of which he stood in dread.—The blithesome collies came not down the green to bark and frolic half in kindness and half in jealousy;—they lay coiled up on the shelf of the hay-stack, and as the stranger approached, lifted up their heads and viewed him with a sullen and sleepy eye, then uttering a low and stifled growl,—muffled their heads again between their hind feet, and shrouded their social natures in the very depth of sullenness.

“This is either the abode of death, or deep mourning, or perhaps both,” said old Isaac to himself as he approached the house; “and all the domestic animals are affected by it, and join in the general dismay. If this young man has departed with the eyes of his understanding blinded, I have not been in the way of my duty. It is a hard case that a blemished lamb should be cast out of the flock, and no endeavour made by the shepherd to heal or recal it,—that the poor stray thing should be left to perish, and lost to its master’s fold. It behoveth not a faithful shepherd to suffer,—and yet—Isaac, thou art the man! May the Lord pardon his servant in this thing.”

The scene continued precisely the same until Isaac reached the solitary dwelling.—There was neither ingress nor egress by the door, nor any human creature to be seen stirring, save a little girl, one of the family, who had been away meeting the carrier for some medicines, and who approached the house by a different path. Isaac was first at the door, and on reaching it he heard a confused noise within like the sounds of weeping and praying commingled. Unwilling to break in upon them, ignorant as he was how matters stood with the family, he paused, and then with a soft step retreated to meet the little girl that approached, and make some inquiries at her. She tried to elude him by running past him at a little distance, but he asked her to stop and tell him how all was within. She did not hear what he said, but guessing the purport of his inquiry, answered, “He’s nae better, Sir.” “Ah me! still in the same state of suffering?” “Ae no—no ae grain,—I tell ye he’s nae better ava.” And with that she stepped into the house, Isaac following close behind her, so that he entered without being either seen or announced. The first sounds that he could distinguish were the words of the dying youth; they had a hoarse whistling sound, but they

were the words of wrath and indignation. As he crossed the hallan he perceived the sick man's brother the next to him in age sitting at the window with his elbow leaning on the table, and his head on his closed fist, while the tints of sorrow and anger seemed mingled on his blunt countenance. Farther on stood his mother and elder sister leaning on each other, and their eyes shaded with their hands, and close by the sick youth's bed-side; beyond these kneeled old Gawin the shepherd, his fond and too indulgent father. He held the shrivelled hand of his son in his, and with the other he held that of a damsel who stood by his side: And Isaac heard him conjuring his son in the name of the God of heaven. Here old Isaac's voice interrupted the affecting scene.

"Peace be to this house,—may the peace of the Almighty be within its walls," said he with an audible voice. The two women uttered a stifled shriek, and the dying man a "poh! poh!" of abhorrence.—Old Gawin the shepherd, though he did not rise from his knees, gazed round with amazement in his face; and looking first at his dying son, and then at old Isaac, he drew a full breath, and said with a quivering voice, "Surely the hand of the Almighty is in this!"

There was still another object in the apartment well worthy of the attention of him who entered—it was the damsel who stood at the bed-side;—but then she stood with her back to Isaac, so that he could not see her face, and at the sound of his voice, she drew her cloak over her head and retired behind the bed, sobbing, so that her bosom was like to rend. The cloak was similar to the one worn that day by old Isaac, for, be it remembered, he had not the gaudy tartan one about him, but the russet grey plaid made to him by his beloved daughter. Isaac saw the young woman resting behind the bed, and heard her weeping, but a stroke of electricity seemed to have affected the nerves of all the rest of the family on the entrance of the good old man, so that his attention was attracted by those immediately under his eye. The mother and daughter whispered to each other in great perplexity. Old Gawin rose from his knees; and not knowing well what to say or do, he wiped the dust with great punctuality from the knee-caps of his corduroy breeches, even descending to the minutiae of scraping away some specks more adhesive than the rest, with the nail of his mid finger. No one welcomed the old man, and the dying youth in the bed grumbled these bitter words, "I see now on what errand Ellen was sent! confound your officiousness!"

"No, on my word, Graham, you are wrong; therefore hush. The child was at T—r to meet the carrier for your drugs," said old Gawin.

"Poh ! poh! all of a piece with the rest of the stuff you have told me. Come hither Ellen, and let me see what the doctor has sent." The girl

came near, and gave some vials with a sealed direction.

"So you got these at T—r, did you?"

"Yes, I got them from Jessy Clapperton; the carrier was away."

"Lying impertinent imp! who told you to say that? Was it your mamma there or your worthy dad? Answer me!" The child was mute and looked frightened. "Oh! I see how it is! You have done very well my dear, very cleverly, you give very fair promise. Get me some clothes, pray—I will try if I can leave this house."

"Alas, my good friends, what is this?" said Isaac, "the young man's reason, I fear, is wavering. Good Gawin, why do you not give me your hand? I am extremely sorry for your son's great bodily sufferings, and for what you and your family must suffer mentally on his account. Pray how do you do?"

"Right weel, Sir. As weel as may be expected," said Gawin, taking old Isaac's hand, but not once lifting his eyes from the ground to look the good father in the face.

"And how are you, good dame?" continued Isaac, taking the old woman's hand and shaking it.

"Right weel, thanks t'ye, Sir. It is a cauld day this. Ye'll be cauld?"

"Oh no, I rather feel warm."

"Ay, ye have a comfortable plaid for a day like this, a good plaid it is."

"I like to hear you say so, good Agnes, for that plaid was a Christmas present to me, from one who has now been several years in the cold grave. It was made to me by my kind and beloved daughter Euphy. But enough of this—I see you have some mantles in the house, of the very same kind."

"No: not the same. We have none of the same here."

"Well, the same or nearly so, it is all one. My sight often deceives me now." The family all looked at one another. "But enough of this," continued old Isaac, "I came not thus far to discuss such matters. The sick young man, from what I heard, I fear, is incapable of spiritual conversation?"

"Yes I am," said he, from the bed, with a squeaking hectic voice, "and I would this moment that I were dead. Why don't you give me my clothes? Sure never was a poor unfortunate being tormented as I am! Won't you have pity on me, and let me have a little peace for a short time? It is not long I will trouble you. Is it not mean and dastardly in you all to combine against an object that cannot defend himself?"

"Alack, alack!" said old Isaac, "the calmness of reason is departed for the present. I came to converse a little with him on that which concerns his peace here, and his happiness hereafter: to hold the mirror up to his conscience, and point out an object to him, of which,

if he take not hold, all his hope is a wreck." "I knew it! I knew it!" vociferated the sick man. "A strong and great combination: but I'll defeat it, ha, ha, ha! I tell you, Mr Confessor, I have no right or part in that object you talk of. I will have no farther concern with her. She shall have no more of me than you shall have. If the devil should have all, that is absolute—Will that suffice?" "Alas! he is not himself," said old Isaac, "and has nearly been guilty of blasphemy. We must not irritate him farther. All that we can do, is to join in prayer that the Lord will lay no more upon him than he is able to bear, that he will heal his wounded spirit, and restore him to the use of reason; and that, in the midst of his wanderings, should he blaspheme, the sin may not be laid to his charge." Gawin the shepherd was about to speak and explain something that apparently affected him; the dying youth had likewise raised himself up on his elbow, and with an angry countenance was going to reply; but when the old man took off his broad brimmed hat, and discovered the wrinkled forehead and the thin snowy hair waving around it, the sight was so impressive that silence was imposed on every tongue. He sung two stanzas of a psalm, read a chapter of the New Testament, and then kneeling by the bedside, he prayed for about half an hour with such fervency of devotion, that all the family were deeply affected. It was no common-place prayer, nor one so general that it suited any case of distress; every sentence of it spoke home to the heart, and alluded particularly to the very state of him for whom the petitions were addressed to heaven. Old Gawin gave two or three short sighs, which his wife hearing, she wiped her eyes with her chequered apron. Their fair daughter made the same sort of noise that one does who takes snuff, and the soft harmless youth, their second son, who leaned forward on the table instead of kneeling, let two tears fall on the board, which he formed with his forefinger into the initials of his name; the little girl looked from one to another, and wondered what ailed them all, then casting down her eyes, she tried to look devout, but they would not be restrained. The dying youth, who at the beginning testified the utmost impatience, by degrees became the most affected of all. His features first grew composed, then rueful, and finally he turned himself on his face in humble prostration. Isaac pleaded fervently with the Almighty that the sufferer's days might be lengthened, and that he might not be cut off in the bloom of youth, and exuberance of levity;—at that season when man is more apt to speak than calculate, and to act than consider, even though speech should be crime, and action irretrievable ruin. "Spare and recover him, O merciful Father, yet for a little while," said he, "that he may have his eyes opened to see his ruined state both by

nature and by wicked works; for who among us liveth and sinneth not, and what changes may be made in his dispositions in a few years or a few months by thy forbearance? Thou takest no pleasure in the death of sinners, but rather that all should repent and turn unto thee and live; therefore, for his immortal soul's sake, and for the sake of what thy Son hath suffered for ruined man, spare him till he have time and space to repent. Should his youthful mind have been tainted with the prevailing vice of infidelity, so that he hath been tempted to lift up his voice against the most sacred truths revealed by thyself; and should he, like all the profane, have been following his inclinations rather than his judgment, how is he now prepared to abide the final result? or to be ushered into the very midst of those glorious realities which he hath hitherto treated as a fiction? And how shall he stand before thee, when he discovers, too late, that there is indeed a God whose being and attributes he hath doubted, a Saviour whom he hath despised, a heaven into which he cannot enter, and a hell which he can never escape? Perhaps he hath been instrumental in unhinging the principles of others, and of misleading some unwary being from the paths of truth and holiness; and even in the flush of reckless depravity, may have deprived some innocent, loving, and trusting being, of virtue, and left her a prey to sorrow and despair; and with these and more grievous crimes on his head, all unrepented, and unatoned,—how shall he appear before thee?"

At this part of the prayer, the sobs behind the bed became so audible, that it made the old father to pause shortly in the midst of his fervent supplications at the footstool of grace, and the dying youth was heard to weep in suppressed breathings. Isaac went on, and prayed still for the sufferer as one insensible to all that passed, but he prayed so earnestly for his forgiveness, for the restoration of his right reason, and for health and space for repentance and amendment, that the sincerity of his heart was apparent in every word and every tone.

When he rose from his knees there was a deep silence, no one knew what to say or to whom to address himself, for the impression made on all their minds was peculiarly strong. The only motion made for a good while was by the soft young man at the table, who put on his bonnet as he was wont to do after prayers, but remembering that the minister was present, he slipped it off again by the ear, as if he had been stealing it from his own head. At that instant the dying youth stretched out his hand. Isaac saw it, and looking at his mother, said he wanted something. "It is yours—your hand that I want," said the youth, in a kind and expressive tone. Isaac started, he had judged him to be in a state of delirium, and his surprise may be conceived when

he heard him speak with calmness and composure. He gave him his hand, but from what he had heard fall from his lips before, knew not how to address him. "You are a good man," said the youth, "God in heaven reward you!" "What is this I hear?" cried Isaac breathless with astonishment. "Have the disordered senses been rallied in one moment? Have our unworthy prayers indeed been heard at the throne of omnipotence, and answered so suddenly? Let us bow ourselves with gratitude and adoration. And for thee, my dear young friend, be of good cheer, for there are better things intended toward thee. Thou shalt yet live to repent of thy sins, and to become a chosen vessel of mercy in the house of him that saved thee."

"If I am spared in life for a little while," said the youth, "I shall make atonement for some of my transgressions, for the enormity of which I am smitten to the heart."

"Trust to no atonement that you can make yourself," cried Isaac fervently. "It is a bruised reed, to which, if you lean, it will go into your hand and pierce it; a shelter that will not brook the blast. You must trust to a higher atonement, else your repentance shall be as stubble, or as chaff that the wind carrieth away."

"So disinterested!" exclaimed the youth. "Is it my wellbeing alone over which your soul yearns? This is more than I expected to meet with in humanity! Good old father, I am unable to speak more to you to-day, but give me your hand, and promise to come back to see me on Friday. If I am spared in life you shall find me all that you wish, and shall never more have to charge me with ingratitude." In the zeal of his devotion, Isaac had quite forgot all personal injuries. He did not even remember that there were such beings as his grandchildren in existence at that time; but when the young man had said those words, that "he should find him all that he wished, and that he would no more be ungrateful," the sobs and weeping behind the bed grew so audible, that all farther exchange of sentiments was interrupted. The youth grasped the old father's hand, and motioned for him to go away, and he was about to comply, out of respect for the feelings of the sufferer, but before he could withdraw his hand from the bed, or rise from the seat on which he had just sat down, the weeping fair one burst from behind the bed; and falling on his knees with her face, she seized his hand in both hers, kissed it an hundred times, and bathed it all over with her tears. Isaac's heart was at all times soft as wax, and at that particular time in a mood to be melted quite—he tried to soothe the damsel, though he himself was as much affected as she was—but her mantle was still over her head, and how could he know her?—His old dim eyes were moreover so much suffused with tears, that he did

not perceive that mantle to be the very same with his own, and that one hand must have been the maker of both.—He shook her hand so close below her bosom, that his had not room to move, then drawing it forth, he embraced her neck and shoulders, saying, “Be comforted, love, he will mend—He will mend, and be yet a stay to you and to them all—be of good comfort, dear love.”

When he had said this, he wiped his eyes hastily and impatiently with the lap of his plaid, seized his old pike-staff, with the head turned round like crummy’s horn; and as he tottered through the door, drawing up his plaid around his waist, its purple rustic colours caught his eye, dim as it was; and he perceived that it was not his tartan one with the gaudy spangles, but the grey marled one that was made to him by his beloved daughter. Who can trace the links of association in the human mind? The chain is more angled, more oblique, than the course marked out by the bolt of heaven—as momentarily formed, and as quickly lost. In all cases, they are indefinable, but on the mind of old age, they glance like dreams and visions of something that have been, and are for ever gone. The instant that Isaac’s eye fell on his mantle, he looked hastily and involuntarily around him, first on the one side and then on the other, his visage manifesting trepidation and uncertainty. “Pray what have you lost, Sir?” said the kind and officious dame. “I cannot tell what it was that I missed,” said old Isaac, “but methought I felt as if I had left something behind me, that was mine.”

Isaac went away, accompanied by his old acquaintance Gawin, the shepherd, but left not a dry eye in the dwelling that he quitted. It was but two days till Friday, and on that day Isaac had formed a resolution to see them all again.

WHEN Gawin the shepherd set old Isaac on his road that day he left his cottage, there still seemed an embarrassment in his manner. All that he said was under a certain degree of restraint, insomuch that Isaac, who was an observer of human nature, could not help taking notice of it; but those who have never witnessed, in the same predicament, a homebred honest country man, accustomed to speak his thoughts freely at all times, can have no conception of the appearance that Gawin made. From the time that the worthy old man first entered his cot, till the time they parted again on the height, Gawin’s lips were curled, the one up, and the other down, having an inordinate space flared between them; his eyes never met those of the old father, but they were that instant withdrawn, and, with an involuntary motion, fixed vertically on the summit of some of the adjacent hills; and when they stopped to converse, Gawin was always laying on the ground

with his staff, or beating some unfortunate thistle all to flitters. The one family had suffered a private injury from the other, of a nature so flagrant in Gawin's eyes, that his honest heart could not brook it, and yet so delicate was the subject, that when he essayed to mention it, his tongue refused the office. "There has a sair misfortune happened," said he once, "that ye ablins didna ken o'. But it's nae matter ava!" And with that, he fell on and beat a thistle, or some other opposing shrub, most unmercifully.

There was however one subject on which he spoke with energy, and that was the only one in which old Isaac was for the time interested. It was his son's religious state of mind. He told Isaac, that he seemed to have conceived of the youth aright, for that he was in fact a scoffer at religion, because it had become fashionable in certain college classes, where the religion of Jesus was never mentioned, but with scorn and ridicule; but that he had always been convinced, his infidelity sprung from a perverse and tainted inclination, in opposition to his better judgment, and that if he could have been brought at all to think or reason on the subject, he would have thought and reasoned aright; but that he had avoided it by every means, seeming horrified at the very mention of the subject, and glad to escape from the tormenting ideas that it brought in its train.—"Even the sight of your face to-day," continued he, "drove him into a fit of temporary derangement and passion; but from the unwonted docility and kindness that he manifested to you afterwards, I have high hopes that this visit of yours will be accompanied by the blessing of Heaven. He has been a dear lad to me; for the sake of getting him forret in his lair, I ha'e pinched baith mysel' and a' my family, and sitten down wi' them to mony a poor and skrimpit meal. But I never grudged that, only I ha'e whiles been grieved that the rest o' my family ha'e gotten sae little justice in their schooling. And yet, puir things, there has never ane o' them grieved my heart, which he has done aftener than I like to speak o'. It has pleased Heaven to punish me for my partiality to him; but I ha'e naething for it but submission. Ha! do ye ken, Sir, that that day I first saw him mount a poopit, and heard him begin a discourse to a croudit congregation, I thought a' my pains and a' my pinching poverty overpaid. For the first quarter of an hour I was sae upliftit, that I hardly kend whether I was sitting, standing, or flying in the air, or whether the kirk was standin' still, or rinnin' round about. But, alake! afore the end o' his twa discourses, my heart turned as cauld as lead, and it has never again hett in my breast sinsyne. They were twa o' thae cauldribe, moral harangues, that tend to uplift poor wrecked, degenerate human nature, and rin down divine grace. There was nae

dependence to be heard tell o' there beyond the weak arm o' sinfu' flesh; and oh, I thought to mysel', but that will afford sma' comfort, my man, to either you or me, at our dying day."

Here the old shepherd became so much overpowered, that he could not proceed, and old Isaac took up the discourse, and administered many words of sublime and heavenly comfort: then shaking him kindly by the hand, he proceeded on his way, while Gawin returned slowly homeward, still waging war with every intrusive and superfluous shrub in his path.—He was dissatisfied with himself that he had not spoke his mind to the worthy father, who so well deserved his confidence, on a subject that most of all preyed on his heart.

Matilda, who sat watching the path by which her father was to come home, beheld him as soon as he came in view, and continued to watch him all the way with that tender solicitude which is only prompted by the most sincere and unbiassed love.— "With what agility he walks!" exclaimed she to herself; "bless me, sirs, he is running! He is coming pacing down yon green sward as if he were not out of his teens yet. I hope he has been successful in his mission, and prevailed with that abandoned profligate to make some amends to my hapless niece."

How different are the views of different persons! and how variable the objects of their pursuit! Isaac thought of no such thing. He rejoiced only in the goodness and mercy of his Maker, and had high hopes that he would make him (unworthy as he was) instrumental in gaining over an immortal soul to Heaven and happiness. He sung praises to Heaven in his heart, and the words of gratitude and thankfulness hung upon his tongue. His daughter never took her eye from him, in his approach to his little mansion. Her whole dependence was on her father—her whole affection was centered on him: she had been taught from her infancy to regard him as the first and the best of men; and though she had now lived with him forty years, he had never in one instance lessened that esteem, or defaced that pure image of uprightness and sincerity, which her affectionate heart had framed. When he came in, every thing was wrong with him; his feet were damp, although he assured her of the contrary—his right hand sleeve was wringing wet, and there was even a dampness between his shoulders, which was exceedingly dangerous, as it was so nearly opposite the heart. In short, every stitch on old Isaac was to shift piecemeal, though not without some strong remonstrances on his part, and the good-natured quotation several times repeated from the old song:

"Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea."

When she had got him all made comfortable to her mind, and his

feet placed in well-toasted slippers before the fire, she then began her inquiries. "How did you find all at Gawin's to-day, now when I have gotten time to speir?"—"Why, daughter Matty, poorly enough, very poorly. But thanks be to God, I think I left them somewhat better than I found them."

"I am so glad to hear that. I hope you have taken Graham over the coals about Phemy?"

"Eh! about Phemy?"

"You know what I told you before you went away? You were not so unnatural as to forget your own flesh and blood, in communing with the man who has wronged her?"

"I did not think more of the matter; and if I had, there would have been no propriety in mentioning it, as none of the family spoke of it to me. And how was I assured that there was no misstatement? Women are always so rash spoken, and so fond of slander, that I am afraid to trust them at the first word; and besides, my dear Matty, you know they are apt to see things double sometimes."

"Well, my dear father, I must say that your wit, or raillery, is very ill timed, considering who it relates to. Your grand-daughter has been most basely deceived, under a pretence of marriage, and yet you will break your jokes on the subject."

"Stop, Matty. Do not wrong me. I never broke a joke on such a subject in my life. It was you whom I was joking, for your particular piece of news, which I never heard mentioned by any other; and if I had all my life taken up every amour in the parish, at your first hints, and taken the aggressors over the coals for them, I should often have been in a fine scrape, you know."

Matilda was silenced. She asked for no instances, by way of denying the insinuation; but she murmured some broken sentences, like one who has been fairly beat in an argument, but cannot think to yield. It was rather a hard subject for the good lady; for ever since she had bidden a trembling adieu to her thirtieth year, she had become exceedingly jealous of the conduct of the younger portion of her sex. But Isaac was too kind hearted to exult in a severe joke; he instantly added, as a palliative, "But I should hold my tongue. You have many means of hearing, and coming to the truth of such matters, that I have not."

"I wish this were false, however," said Matilda, turning away her face from the fire, lest the flame should scorch her cheek; "but I shall say no more about it, and neither, I suppose, will you, till it be out of time. Perhaps it may not be true, for I heard, since you went away, that she was to be there to-day, by appointment of his parents, to learn his final determination, which may have been as false as the other."

If she had been there, you would have seen her, you know.”—“Eh?” said Isaac, after biting his lip, and making a long pause; “What did you say, daughter Matty? Did you say my Phemy was to have been there today?”—“I heard such a report, which must have been untrue, because, had she been there, you would have met with her.”

“There was a lass yonder,” said Isaac. “How many daughters has Gawin?”—“Only one who is come the length of woman, and whom you see in the kirk every day capering with her bobbs of crimson ribbons, and looking at Will Ferguson.”—“It is a pity women are always so censorious,” said Isaac. “Always construing small matters the wrong way. It is to be hoped these little constitutional failings will not be laid to their charge. So Gawin has but one daughter?”

“I said, one that is a grown-up woman. He has, besides, little Ellen, a pert idle brat, who has an eye in her head that will tell tales some day.”

“Then there was indeed another damsel,” said old Isaac, “whom I did not know, but took her for one of the family. Alake, and wo is me! Could I think it was my own dear child hanging over the couch of a dying man! The girl that I saw was in tears, and deeply affected. She even seized my hand, and bathed it with tears. What could she think of me, who neither named nor kissed her, but that I had cast her off and renounced her? But no, no, I can never do that; I will forgive her as heartily as I would beg for her forgiveness at a throne of mercy. We are all fallible and offending creatures; and a young maid, that grows up as a willow by the water courses, and who is in the flush of youth and beauty, ere ever she has had a moment’s time for serious reflection, or one trial of worldly experience—that such a one should fall a victim to practised guilt, is a consequence so natural, that, however much to be regretted, is not matter of astonishment. My poor misguided Euphemia! Did I indeed have you kneeling at my knee, and bathing my hand with your affectionate tears, without once deigning to acknowledge you? And yet how powerful are the workings of nature! They are indeed the workings of the Deity himself: for when I arose, all unconscious of the presence of my child, and left her weeping, I felt as if I had left a part of my body and blood behind me.”

“So she was indeed there, whining and simpering over the bed of her honourable lover?” said Matilda. “I wish I had been there, to have pushed her out at the door! The silly, inconsiderate being! To be gulled out of fair fame, name, and character, by such a worthless profligate, bringing disgrace on all connected with her. And then to go whimpering over his bed!—O dear love, you must marry me, or I am undone! I have *loved* you with all my heart, you know, and you must make me your wife. I am content to beg my bread with you,

now that I have *loved* you so dearly! only you must marry me. Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall become of me else!”

“Dear daughter Matilda, are you going to act me a scene of a comedy for my amusement after my journey? Women are always so vehement! Fume! fume! fume! No patience or forbearance with them. Where is the presumptuous being of the fallen race of Adam who can say, Here will I stand in my own strength? What will the best of us do, if left to ourselves, better than the erring, inexperienced being, whose turning aside you so bitterly deprecate? It is better that we lament the sins and failings of our relatives, my dear Matty, than rail against them, putting ourselves into sinful and angry passions, thereby adding one iniquity on the back of another.”

The argument was kept up all that evening, and all next day, with the same effect; and if any of them had been asked what it was about, neither could have told: the one attached a blame which the other did not deny, only there were different ways of speaking about it. On the third day, which was Friday, old Isaac appeared at breakfast in his Sunday clothes, giving thus an intimation of a second intended visit to the house of Gawin the shepherd. The first dish of tea was not well poured out, till the old subject was renewed, and the debate seasoned with a little more salt than was customary between the two amiable disputants. Matilda disapproved of the visit, and tried to make it appear indecorous, by all the eloquence she was mistress of. Isaac defended his measures on the score of disinterestedness and purity of intention; but finding himself hard pressed, he brought forward his promise, and the impropriety of breaking it. Matty would not give up her point; she persisted in it, till she spoiled her father’s breakfast, made his hand shake so, that he could scarcely put the cup to his head, and, after all, staggered his resolution so much, that at last he sat in silence, and Matty got all to say herself. She now accounted the conquest certain, and valuing herself on the influence she possessed, she began to overburden her old father with all manner of kindness and teasing officiousness. Would he not take this, and refrain from that, and wear one part of dress in preference to another that he had on? There was no end of controversy with Isaac, however kind might be the intent. All that he said at that time was, “Let me alone, dear Matty; let me have some peace. Women are always overwise—always contrary.”

When matters were at this pass, the maid came into the room, and announced that a little girl of shepherd Gawin’s wanted to speak with the minister. “Alas, I fear the young man will be at his rest!” said Isaac. Matilda grew pale, and looked exceedingly alarmed, and

only said, "she hoped not." Isaac enquired at the maid, but she said the girl refused to tell her any thing, and said she had orders not to tell a word of aught that had happened about the house.

"Then something must have happened," said Isaac. "It must be as I feared! send the little maid ben."

Ellen came into the parlour with a beck as quick and as low as that made by the water ouzel, when standing on a stone in the middle of the water; and without waiting for any enquiries, began her speech on the instant, with, "Sir—hem—heh—my father sent me, Sir—hem—to tell ye that ye warnna to forget yer promise to come ower the day, for that there's muckle need for yer helping hand yonder—Sir, that's a', Sir."—"I hope there is no change taken place, my dear?"—"D'ye, Sir? ye're surely very kind, Sir."—"For the worse, I mean; I hope there has nothing serious happened, my little dear?"—"I ha'e nae mair to tell, Sir."—"You surely know, Ellen," said Matilda, "whether your brother is better or worse, and whether he is dead or alive, do you not?"—"What's to hinder me, Miss—*Madam*?—I mean my mother bade me ca' ye *Madam*."—"Then tell me, little Ellen, what way he is, and all that has happened, and I will give you some good things."—"Aha, Miss! are ye but there yet?—*Madam*, I mean; my mother charged me to ca' ye *Madam* an ye spoke to me. He! he! he! Some things folk may tell, an' some things they manna tell, ye ken, Miss—*Madam*."

"Did ever any body hear such impudence as that!"

"She is but a child, Matty, my dear, and has not learned her manners as yet. You may tell your father, that I will come as soon as I am able. I will by twelve o'clock be there, God willing."

"Are you wise enough, my dear father, to send such a message? You are not able to go a journey to-day. I thought I had said enough about that before."—"Sae ye maybe did, Miss—*Madam*."—"You may tell your dad, Miss Pert, that my father cannot come the length of his house to-day, nor does it behove him to come, after such a message, delivered by such a messenger, and from such a pack."

"Thank ye, *Madam*. I'll tell my father what the minister bade me. He! he! he! Ye think to get folk's secrets for yer good things, d'ye, *Madam*? I never saw nane o' them yet, nor nane o' the parishers for me, I reckon.—I'll say, Sir, that ye'll be there by twall o'clock, will I, Sir?"—"Yes, if you please; and go away. Go just your way, like a good child."

"Yes, Sir. By twall o'clock, God willing?—Fare ye weel, Miss—*Madam*. He! he! he! Gude-bye. Ye manna ken a' things,"

"A proper twig of a goodly bush!" exclaimed Matilda, as the elf made her abrupt curtsy, and skipped out of the room. "Who would

be connected with such a family, far less maltreated and mocked by it? Were I you, I would scorn to enter their door, after the manner in which the profligate villain has behaved: first to make up to your grandson at the college—pervert all his ideas of rectitude and truth—then go home with him to his father's house, during the vacation, and there live at heck and manger, no lady being in the house save your simple and unsuspecting Phemy, who now is reduced to go to a shepherd's cottage, and beg to be admitted to the family's alliance, the best of whom are not entitled to aught higher than cleaning her shoes. Wo is me that I have seen the day! I shall cry till my laces give way, and burst from top to bottom."

"If the picture be correctly drawn, it is indeed very bad; but I hope his recent sufferings will have the effect of restoring him to the principles in which he was bred, and to a better sense of his heinous offences. I must go and see how the family fares, as in duty and promise bound. Content yourself, dear daughter; perhaps the unfortunate youth has already appeared at that bar from which there is no appeal."

This consideration, as it again astounded, so it put to silence the offended dame, who suffered her father to depart on his mission of humanity without farther opposition; and old Isaac was again on the road, meditating as he went, and often conversing with himself on the sinfulness of man, and the great goodness of God. So deeply was he wrapt in contemplation, that he scarcely cast an eye over the wild mountain scenery by which he was surrounded, but plodded on his way, with eyes fixed on the ground, till he approached the cottage of Gawin the shepherd. He was there aroused from his reverie, by the bustle that appeared about the door. The scene was changed indeed from that to which he introduced himself two days before. The collies came yelping and wagging their tails to meet him, while the inmates of the dwelling were peeping out at the door and as quickly vanishing again into the interior. There were also a pair or two of neighbouring shepherds sauntering about the side of the kailyard dike, all dressed in their Sunday apparel, and every thing bespeaking some *great occasion*, as any uncommon occurrence is generally denominated over a large department of the country.

"What can it be that is astir here to-day?" said Isaac to himself.—"Am I brought here to a funeral or corpse-chesting, without being apprised of the event? It must be so. What else can cause such a bustle about a house where trouble has so long prevailed? Ah! there is also old Robinson, my session-clerk and precentor. He is the true emblem of mortality: then it is all over with poor Graham indeed!"

Now Robinson had been at so many funerals all over the coun-

try, and was so punctual in his attendance on all that were within his reach, that to have seen him pass with his staff, and black coat without the collar, was the very same as if a coffin had gone by. A burial was always a good excuse for giving the boys the play, for a refreshing walk into the country, and was, besides, a fit opportunity for moral contemplation, not to say any thing of hearing the country news. But there was also another motive, which some thought was the most powerful inducement of any with the old dominie. It arose from that longing desire after pre-eminence which reigns in every human breast, and which no man fails to improve, however small the circle in which it can be manifested. At every funeral, in the absence of the minister, Robinson was called on to say grace; and when they were both there, whenever the parson took up his station in one apartment, the dominie took up his in another, and thus had an equal chance, for the time, with his superior. This is a true picture of country life; often have I witnessed it, and listened with gravity and attention both to the one and the other. It was always shrewdly suspected that the clerk tried to outdo the minister on such occasions, and certainly made up in length what he wanted in energy. The general remarks that I have heard on this important point amounted to this, "that the dominie was langer than the minister, and though he was hardly just sae conceese, yet he meant as weel;" and that, "for the most part, he was *stronger on the grave*." This interlude comes in by the bye, but as I am sketching pictures, not telling a tale, it will be excused. Suffice it, that the appearance of old Robinson confirmed Isaac in the solemnity of the scene awaiting him; and as his mind was humbled to acquiesce in the Divine will, his mild and reverend features were correspondent therewith. He thought of the disappointment and sufferings of the family, and had already begun in his heart to intercede for them at the throne of Mercy.

When he came near to the house, out came old Gawin himself. He had likewise his black coat on, and his Sunday bonnet, and a hand in each coat-pocket; but for all his misfortune and heavy trials, he strode to the end of the house with a firm and undismayed step. "Aye, he is quite right," thought Isaac to himself; "that man has his trust where it should be, fixed on the Rock of Ages; and he has this assurance, that the Power on whom he trusts can do nothing wrong. Such a man can look death in the face, undismayed, in all his steps and inroads."

Gawin spoke to some of his homely guests, then turned round, and came and met father Isaac, whom he saluted, by taking off his bonnet, and shaking him heartily by the hand.—The bond of restraint had now gone off both Gawin's lips, and his eye met the minister's

with the same frankness it was wont. The face of affairs was changed since they had last parted.

"How's a' w'ye the day, Sir?— How's a' w'ye?—I'm unco blithe to see ye," said Gawin.—"Oh, quite well, thank you. How are you yourself? And how are all within?"

"As weel as can be expectit, Sir—as weel as can be expectit."

"I am at a little loss, Gawin.—Has any change taken place in family circumstances since I was here?"

"Oh, yes; there has indeed, Sir; a material change—I hope for the better."

Gawin now led the way, without further words, into the house, desiring the minister to follow him, and "tak' care o' his head and the bauks, and no fa' our the bit stirk, for it was sure to be lying i' the dark."

When Isaac went in, there was no one there but the goodwife, neatly dressed in her black stuff gown, and check apron, with a close 'kerchief on her head, well crimped in the border, and tied round the crown and below the chin with a broad black ribbon. She also saluted the minister with uncommon frankness—"Come away, Sir, come away. Dear, dear, how are ye the day? It's but a slaitery kind o' day this, as I was saying to my man, there; dear, dear, Gawin, says I, I wish the auld minister may be nae the waur o' coming ower the muir the day. I wat weel that's very true, says I. And dear, dear, Sir, how's Miss Matty? Oh, it is lang sin' I ha'e seen her. I like ay to see Miss Matty, ye ken, to get a rattle frae her about the folks, ye ken, an' a' our neighbours, that fa' into sinfu' gates, for there's muckle sin gangs on i' the parish. Ah, aye! I wat weel that's very true, Miss Matty, says I. But what can folk help it; ye ken folks are no a' made o' the same metal, as the airn tangs, like you—"—"Bless me with patience!" said Isaac in his heart; "this poor woman's misfortunes have crazed her! What a salutation for the house of mourning!" Isaac looked to the bed, at the side of which he had so lately kneeled in devotion, and he looked with a reverend dread, but the corpse was not there! It was neatly spread with a clean coverlit. "It is best to conceal the pale and ghostly features of mortality from the gazer's eye," thought Isaac.—"It is wisely done, for there is nothing to be seen in them but what is fitted for corruption."

"Gawin, can nae ye tak' the minister ben the house, or the rest o' the clan-jamphery come in? said the wife. "Hout, aye, Sir, step your ways ben the house. We ha'e a ben end and a but end the day, as weel as the best o' them. And ye're ane o' our ain folk, ye ken. Ah, aye! I wat weel that's very true! As I said to my man, Gawin, quo' I, whenever I see our old minister's face, I think I see the face of a friend."

"Goodwife, I ha'e but just ae word to say, by way o' remark," said

Gawin; "folk wha count afore the change-keeper, ha'e often to count twice, and sae has the herd, wha counts his hogs afore Beltan.—Come this way, Sir; follow me, an' tak' care o' your head and the bauks."

Isaac followed into his rustic parlour Gawin, who introduced him to one he little expected to see sitting there. This was no other than his son, who had so long been attended on as a dying person, and with whom Isaac had so lately prayed, in the most fervent devotion, as with one of whose life few hopes were entertained. There he sat, with legs like two poles, hands like the hands of a skeleton, yet were his emaciated features lighted up with a smile of serenity and joy. Isaac was petrified. He stood still on the spot, even though the young man rose up to receive him. He deemed he had come there to see his lifeless form laid in the coffin, and to speak words of comfort to the survivors. He was taken by surprise, and his heart thrilled with unexpected joy.

"My dear young friend, do I indeed see you thus?" said he, taking him kindly and gently by the hand. "God has been merciful to you, above others of your race. I hope, in the mercy that has saved you from the gates of death, that you feel grateful for your deliverance; for, trust me, it behoves you to do so, in no ordinary degree."

"I shall never be able to feel as I ought, either to my deliverer or to yourself," said he. "Till once I heard the words of truth and seriousness from your mouth, I have not dared, for these many years, to think my own thoughts, speak my own words, or perform the actions to which my soul inclined. I have been a truant from the school of truth; but have now returned, with all humility, to my Master, for I feel that I have been like a wayward boy, groping in the dark, to find my way, though a path splendidly lighted up lay open for me. But of these things I long exceedingly to converse with you, at full length and full leisure. In the mean time, let me introduce you to other friends who are longing for some little notice. This is my sister, Sir; and—shake hands with the minister, and go away, Jane—And do you know this young lady, Sir, with the mantle about her, who seems to expect a word from you, acknowledging old acquaintance?"

"My eyes are grown so dim now," said old Isaac, "that it is with difficulty I can distinguish young people from one another, unless they speak to me—Eh? But she won't look up. Is this my dear young friend Miss Mary Sibbet?"

"Nay, Sir, it is not she. But I think, as you two approach one another, your plaids appear very nearly the same."

"Phemy! My own child Phemy! Is it yourself? Why did you not speak?—But you have been an alien of late, and a stranger to me. Ah,

Phemy! Phemy! I have been hearing bad news of you. But I did not believe them—no, I *would not* believe them.”

Euphemia for a while uttered not a word, but keeping fast hold of her grandfather's hand, she drew it below her mantle, and crept imperceptibly a degree nearer to his breast. The old man waited for some reply, standing as in the act of listening; till at length, in a trembling whisper, scarcely audible, she repeated these sacred words—“Father, forgive me, for I knew not what I did!” The expression had the effect desired on Isaac's mind. It brought to his remembrance that gracious petition, the most fully fraught with mercy and forgiveness that ever was uttered on earth, and bowed his whole soul at once to follow the pattern of his great Master. His eye beamed with exultation in his Redeemer's goodness, and he answered, “Yes, my child, yes. He whose words you have unworthily taken, will not refuse the petition of any of his *repentant* children, however great their enormities may have been; and why should such a creature as I am presume to pretend indignation and offence, at aught further than his high example warrants? May the Almighty forgive you as I do!”

“May Heaven bless and reward you!” said the young man. “But she is blameless—blameless as the babe on the knee. I alone am the guilty person, who infringed the rights of hospitality, and had nearly broken the bonds of confidence and love. But I am here to-day to make, or offer at least, what amends is in my power—to offer her my hand in wedlock; and, since I seduced her from her father's house, that whether I live or die, she may live without dishonour. But, reverend Sir, all depends on your fiat. Without your approbation she will consent to nothing; saying, that she had offended deeply by taking her own will once, but nought should ever induce her to take it unadvisedly again. It was for this purpose that we sent for you so expressly today, namely, that I might intreat your consent to our union. I could not be removed from home, so that we could not all meet, to know one another's mind, in any other place. We therefore await your approbation with earnest anxiety, as that on which our future happiness depends.”

After some mild and impressive reprehensions, Isaac's consent was given in the most unqualified manner, and the names were given in to the old dominie's hand, with proper vouchers, for the publication of the banns. The whole party dined together at old Gawin's. I was there among the rest, and thought to enjoy the party exceedingly: but the party was too formal, and too much on the reserve before the minister. I noted down, when I went home, all the conversation, as far as I could remember it, but it is not worth copying. I see that Gawin's remarks are all measured and pompous, and, moreover, delivered in a sort of

bastard English, a language which I detest. He considered himself as now to be nearly connected with the *Manse family*, and looking forward to an eldership in the church, deemed it incumbent on him to talk in a most sage and instructive manner. The young shepherd, and an associate of his, talked of dogs, Cheviot tups, and some remarkably bonny lasses that sat in the west gallery of the church. John Tweedie of the Hope recited what they called “lang skelps o’ metre,” a sort of homely rhymes, that some of them pronounced to be “far ayont Burns’s fit.” And the goodwife ran bustling about; but whenever she could get a little leisure, she gave her tongue free vent, without regard either to minister or dominie. “Dear, dear, Sirs, can nae ye eat away? Ye ha’e nae the stamacks o’ as mony cats. Dear, dear, I’m sure an’ the flesh be nae good, it sude be good, for it never saw either braxy or breakwind, bleer ee nor Beltan pock, but was the cantiest crock o’ the Kaim-law. Dear, dear, Johnie Tweedie, tak’ another rive o’t, an’ set a good example; as I said to my man there, Gawin, says I, it’s weel kend ye’re nae flae-bitten about the gab, and I said very true too.”

Many such rants did she indulge in during that afternoon, always reminding her guests, “that it was a names-gieing-in, whilk was, o’ a’ ither things, the ane neist to a wedding,” and often hinted at their new and honourable alliance, scarcely even able to keep down the way in which it was brought about, for she once went so far as to say, “As I said to my goodman, Gawin, says I, for a’ the fy-gae-to ye ha’e made, it’s weel kend faint heart never wan fair lady. Aye, weel I wat that’s very true, says I; a bird in the hand is worth twa on the bush. Won a’ to an’ fill yoursels, Sirs; there’s routh o’ mair where that came frae. It’s no aye the fattest foddering that mak’s the fu’est aumry—an’ that’s nae lee.”

Miss Matilda, the minister’s maiden daughter, was in high dudgeon about the marriage, and the connection with a shepherd’s family; and it was rumoured over all the parish that she would never countenance her niece any more. But the last time I was at the Manse, the once profligate and freethinking student was become helper to old Isaac, and was beloved and revered by all the parish, for the warmth of his devotion, and soundness of his principles. His amiable wife Euphemia had two sons, and their aunt Matty was nursing them with a fondness and love beyond that which she bore to life itself, which brought to my mind a line of my favourite author, “*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*” Upon the whole, I have always considered the prayers of that good old man as having been peculiarly instrumental in saving a wretched victim, not only from immediate death, but from despair of endless duration.

The Powris of Moseke

*Ane rychte plesant Ballaunt,
Maide be Maistere Jamis Hougge.*

BLYNDE Robene sat on Bowman Hawe,
And houlit upon his horne;
And aye he bummit, and aye he strummit,
Quhille patience wals forworne;

And the verye hills in travail seemit, 5
Thoché noe yung hills ware borne;
For they yellit and youtit soe yirlischly
Als their boullis hald bene torne.

And by him sat ane byzenit boie, 10
Ane brat of brukit breide;
His moder wals ane weirdlye witche
Of Queen's foreste the dreide;

But whether the devil did him bygette,
Or ane droiche of elfinlande,
Or ane water-kelpie horrible 15
I colde not understande.

But hee had not tasted broz that daie,
Nor kirne-mylke, wheye, nor brede;
So hunger raif at his yung herte,
And wals like to be his dede. 20

And aye he said, "Dere maister mine,
Quhat spring is that you playe?
For there are listeniris gadderyng rounde,
And I wish we were awaye."

"Quhat doste thou se, my bonny boie, 25
I pray the tell to mee?
I won these notis fra the fairye folke
Benethe the grene-wode tre;

“And I weenit it wals ane charmed spryng,
 By its wilde melodye: 30
 Och wo is me that I am blynde!
 Littil boie, quhat doste thou se?”

“I see the hartis but an the hyndis
 Stand quakyng to the morne,
 And wildlye snouke the westlin wyndis, 35
 And shaike the braken horne;

“And the littel wee raes they cour betwine,
 With their backis of dapplit greye;
 And the gaitis they are waggyng their auld greye berdis—
 Lorde, gin we were awaye!” 40

“Sit still, sit still, my bonny boie;
 I haif shawit you, with gode wille,
 Ane littil of the powris of grande moseke,
 I will show you greater stille.

“Lende me thyne eire, and thou shalt heire 45
 Some thrylling fallis I wis,
 By mynstrelis maide, and eithlye playit,
 In oder worldis than this.”

Blynde Robene liftit his stokel horne,
 And brushit all full cleine, 50
 It wals laide with the eevorye and the goude,
 And glancit with the silver sheine;

And heesit the horne unto his muthe,
 And soundit the aixel hole,
 And the melodye that that horne spake 55
 His herte it colde not thole!

For the soundis went hie, and the soundis went lowe,
 Sae laigh and sae hie did they spryng,
 That the laigh anes bummit in the world belowe,
 And the hie maide the heavinis ryng. 60

“Och hold thyne hande, mine deire maistere!
 Thou maikest mine herte to bleide!

And hold that heavenly braith of thyne
Or the soundis will be mine deide."

"Ha! sayest thou soe, mine bonny boie?
To mee thou art still more deire!
I trowit not of thyne taiste before,
Nor of thyne blessit eire. 65

"But looke the rounde, my bonny boie,
And looke to holme and heathe, 70
And caste thyne eyne to heavin abone.
And to the yird benethe,

"And note the shadowis and the shapis
That hover on hill and gaire;
And tell me trowlye, my bonny boie, 75
Of all thou seest there."

The elfin stooode up on his feite.
And Robenis bruste he saynit;
And aye he chatterit with his tethe,
And grefously he grainit: 80

And the sobbis that rase fra his stamocke
Wolde birste ane herte of claye;
But neur ane worde he saide but this—
"Lorde, gin we were awaye!"

Blynde Robene stymit him rounde about, 85
And he gapit gastrously—
"Och tell mee, tell mee, my littil boie,
Of all that thou dost se."

"I se the cloudis creipe up the hill,
And down the hill likewise; 90
And there are spiritis gadderyng rounde
Fra baithe the yird and skyis;

"The ghastis are glyming with their deide eyne
Lapperit with mist and claye,
And they are fauldyng out their wynding shetis, 95
And their flyche is faidyng awaye."

“If that be true, my bonny boie,
 Strainge visiteris are rife!
 Welle, we moste gif them ane oder spryng,
 To sweiten their waesome life. 100

“I nefer kenit, so helpe mee heavin,
 The ghastris had had soche skille;
 Or knewe so welle ane maisteris hande;
 Sothe theye moste haif their fille.

“For come they up, or come they downe, 105
 The ghastris or the elfin greye,
 Till the fairies come and heire their spryng
 I cannot goe awaye.”

“Och deire! och deire!” thochte the littil boie,
 The teire blynding his ee, 110
 “We are far fra ony meite or drynk,
 Quhat wille become of mee?”

“Och, holde thyne hande, deire maistere mine,
 For pitye’s saike now staye,
 Or helle will sone be aboute our luggis, 115
 And deirlye we shalle paye;

“The bullis are booyng in the wode,
 The deiris stande all abreiste;
 You haif waikenit the deide out of their graifs—
 Lorde! quhat shalle you do neiste?” 120

“Take thou noe caris, my littil boie,
 Quhat evir thou mayest vewe,
 For sholde ane elf or fairye rise
 From every belle of dewe,—

“Sholde all the feindis that evir gowlit 125
 Downe in the deepis for paine,
 Spiele up, and stande in thousandis rounde,
 I wolde play them downe againe.”

“Faythe that is strainge!” then thochtis the boie,
 Bot yet he saide no thyng: 130

“Och moseke is grande, my bonnye boie,
We’ll haif ane oder spryng.”

The boyis lip curlit to his noz,
Als bende als ony bowe,
And syne his muthe begoude to thraw.— 135
Quhat colde the hurchon doo?

His fasting spittol he swallowit downe,
With rattling rhattyng dynne;
But hit hardlye wet the gyzenit throte,
For all wals toome withynne. 140

Blynde Robene set his horne to his muthe,
And wet his ariel hole;
“Tout-tout! tout-tout!” quod blynde Robene,
Quhille the very rockis did yolle.

But the boie he said unto himself 145
Als bitterlye als colde bee,
“Gin I hald but my mornyng broz,
Devil fetch the spryng and the!”

He lokit to hill, he lokit to daille,
Then rose with joyous speide— 150
“The fairyis moste come, there is no doubte,
Or dethe is all my meide!

“Now holde thyne hande, deire maistere mine,
And fly rychte speidilye,
There are seventy-seven belted knychtis 155
Comyng rankyng downe the le;

“There are fire and furye in their lokis,
Als theye tredde on the wynde,
And there are seventy-seven bonnye damis 160
All dauncyng them behynde.

“The fairye knychtis haif sordis and sheldis
Like chrystal spleetis to se;
And the damis are cledde in gresse-grene sylke,
And kilted abone the kne.”

“Quhat’s that you saye, mine bonnye boie?” 165
Och Robene’s muthe grew wyde!
And he poukit the hurchon with his hande,
And held his lug asyde.

And aye he glymit him round about,
And strainit his dim quhyte eyne; 170
For he grenit to se the dapper lymbis
All quidderyng on the grene.

“Ochon! ochon!” quod blynde Robene,
“My blyndnesse I may rewe!
But quhat it wals to want mine sycht 175
Till now I nevir knewe!

For ane glance of the bonnye damis
Dauncyng sae blythe on le,
Eache with her sayling grene seymar
Sae far abone the kne.” 180

“Och, not sae far, mine deire maistere!
It is modeste all and meete;
And like the wynde on sunnye hille
Skimmer their lovelye feete.

“But the knychtis are in ane awsum raige 185
Rampauging on the le;
For lofe of lyfe, now blynde Robene,
Come let us ryse and fle.”

“And can I leife the winsome damis
All frysking on the grene? 190
Och no! och no! mine littil boie,
More manneris I haif sene.

“I will gif them ane spryng will gar them skyppe
And ryse with michte and maine,
Quhille they ding their hedis agynst the sternis, 195
And bob on the yird again.

“I will gar them jompe sae merrelye hie.
The blythsum seventy-seven,

Quhille they coole their littil bonny brestis
 Amid the cloudis of heavin. 200

“Liloo—liloo—” quod blynde Robene,
 (Heavinis mercye! als he blewe!)
 “Now I shall gar the fairye folkis
 The powris of moseke vewe.”

But the boie he weepit rychte piteouslye, 205
 And downward sore did bowe,
 And helde his middis with both his handis
 For feire he sholde fall through.

Saint Bothan! als blynde Robene blewe,
 Sae yerlish and sae cleire! 210
 And aye he turnit his stokol horne
 That fairyis all mochte heire.

And aye he glymit with his quhyte eyene,
 Thoche sore the horne colde jar;
 For he longit to se the lily lymbe, 215
 And kilted grene seymar.

Looke yet againe, my bonny boie,
 At the fairy damis anew,
 And tell me how their robis appeire
 In texture and in hewe!” 220

“Och they are lychtlye cledde, maistere,
 Sae lychte I dare not showe,
 For I se their lovely tiny formis
 Als pure als mountain snowe.

“Their robis are maide of the gossamere, 225
 Wove of the misty sheine,
 And dyit in the rainbowis gaudy gaire
 Sae glancyng and sae grene.”

Blynde Robene clewe his tufted heide,
 And raif his auld graye hayre, 230
 And the teris wolde haif fallen from his eyne,
 Had anie eyne bene there;

He turnit up his cleire face for braith,
 And to eisse his crouchand backe;
 And then he toutit and he blewe, 235
 Quhille bethe his luggis did cracke.

“Och hold your hand, deire maistere mine!”
 Cryit the boie with yirlisch screime,
 “For there is the devil comyng on
 With his eyne like fierye gleme; 240

“His fingeris are like lobster tais,
 And long als barrow tramis;
 His tethe are reide-hot tedderstakis;
 And barkit are his hammis:

“His tail it is ane fierye snaike 245
 Aye writhyng farre behynde,
 Its fangis are two cloth yardis in lenth,
 And it is coolyng them in the wynde.”

Blynde Robenis face grew lang and brede,
 And his lyppe begoude to falle;— 250
 “That is ane gweste, mine little boie,
 I lyke the worst of all!

“The fairyis are mine own deire folkis;
 The ghostis are glyding geire;
 But the devil is ane odir chappe! 255
 Lorde! quhat’s he sekying here?”

Blynde Robene maide, als he wolde rise,
 To flye als he were faine;
 But the fairye damis came in his minde,
 And he crouch’d him downe againe. 260

“Come well, come wo, I shall not goe,”
 Saide Robene manfullye,
 “I will playe to my welcome fairye folkis,
 And the devil may raire for mee.”

Againe the notis knellit throu the ayre 265
 Sae mychtie and sae deavin,

For ilkane burel hole he loosit,
 Ane hole wals blown in heavin;

And the soundis went in, and the soundis went ben,
 Quhille the folkis abone the skie 270
 And the angelis caperit ane braif corante
 Als they went stroamyng bye.

The powris of moseke wals sae greate,
 Sae mychtie and devyne,
 That Robene raivit for very joie, 275
 Quhille his quhite eyne did shyne;

And his cleire countenaunce wals blente
 With a joie and a pryde sublime—
 “There is no hope!” quod the littil boie,
 “He will play quhille the end of tyme!” 280

—

But in the grenewode ower the hill
 There graissit ane herde of kyne,
 Waidyng in grene gerse to the knes,
 And gropellyng lyke to swyne;

For they snappit it with their muckil mouis, 285
 Quhille sullenlye they lowit;
 And aye they noddit their lang quhyte hornis,
 And they chumpit and they chowit.

Och they were fierce! and nefer fedde
 At mainger nor at stalle; 290
 But among them there wals ane curlye bulle,
 The ferceste of them alle.

His hornis were quhite als driven snowe,
 And sharpe als poynted pole;
 But his herte wals blacker than his hide, 295
 Thoche that wals like ane cole.

This bulle hee hearit blynde Robenis notis
 Pass ower his heide abofe,

And he thoughte it wals ane kindly cowe
Rowting for gentel lofe. 300

And this bulle hee thochtis into himselle
How this braife courteous cowe
Mychte haif passet far for lofe that daye,
And travellit fausting too.
“I will goe and meite her,” thochtis the bulle, 305
“Als gallante brote sholde doo.”

And this bulle hee thochtis into himselle,
“This dame rowtis mychtie loude!
I will send furth ane voice shall make her quaille,
And she shall not be sae proude!” 310

And ower the hill, and down the hill,
The bulle came roaryng furth,
And with his hofe but an his horne
He ture the shaikyng yirth;

And aye hee brullyit and aye hee bruffit, 315
Quhile his braith it singit the grasse;
And then he raisit his noz and squeelit
Rychte lyke ane coddye asse.

But the wofulle boie hee laye acrose,
And grapplit on the grounde, 320
And with the blare of Robenis horne
He nefer heirde the sounde!

But the soundis they percit blynde Robenis eire,
For ane sherpe eire hald hee;
“Is that the devil, my littil boie, 325
That rairis sae boysterouslye?”

“Och maisterel! it is ane great black bulle
Cumyng fomyng madlye here;
He has fleyit awaye the fairye folkis,
And the devil has fledde for feire. 330

With his hornis sharper than ane spiere
The hillis grene breste is rift,

And his taile is curlying up the cloudis
And swooping on the lyfte.

“His eyne are two reide colis of fire;
You heire his horryde crie;
The mountain is quaiking like ane deire
When the houndis are yowting bye.” 335

Blynde Robene raisit hit face and smylit,
And shoke his lokis of snowe—
“Och! graite is the powir of moseke, boie!
Graiter nor oucht is belowe! 340

“I haif playit the spyritis from the deipe,
And playit them down againe;
And that is the bulle of Norrowaye
I haif brochte outower the maine. 345

“He is something, I haif heirde them saye,
Betwene ane gode and beiste;
But sit thou still, my bonny boie,
I will charme him to the eiste.” 350

The bulle now lookit eiste and weste,
And he lookit unto the northe;
But he colde not se the kyndlye dame
For quham he hald comit furthe.

“Too-too, tee-too!” quod blynde Robene,
Quhille he raife the herkenyng ayre;
Then the bulle he gallopit like ane feinde,
For he thochte his cowe wals there. 355

But quhen he came nere to the plaisse,
Thochtyng his lofe to finde,
And saw nochtis but ane auld mynstrelle,
He wals nouthar to houlde nor binde! 360

He rippyt the grounde with hofe and horne,
And maide the rockis to yelle,
For every rore that the blacke bulle gae
Wals like ane burste of helle. 365

Blynde Robene's breath begoude to cut,
 His notes begoude to shaikie,
 These burstis of raige he colde not stande,
 They maide his herte to aike. 370

"Och maistere, maistere!" cryit the boie,
 Squeiking with yirlish dynne,
 "It is but ane bowshote to the wode
 That owerhingis the lynne;

"Let us haiste and won the Bowman Lynne, 375
 And hide in boshe or tre;
 Or, by Saint Fillanis sholder bone,
 Charme als you like for mee!"

Blynde Robene bangit him to his feite,
 Alane he dorste not staye; 380
 For he thochte, als welle als the littil boie,
 It wals time he were awaye.

He held out his lang necke and ranne,
 Quhille low his backe did bowe;
 And he turnit up his cleire quhyte face 385
 Als blynde men wonte to doo.

And ower rocke, and ower rone,
 He lyftit his feite fulle hie;
 And ower stocke, and ower stone,
 Blynde Robene he did flie! 390

But Robenis braith is all forespente!
 He gaspette sore anone!
 The bulle is thonderyng at his backe;
 Blynde Robene he is gone!

For his haiste grewe graiter than his speide, 395
 His bodie it pressit on
 Faster than feite colde followe up,
 And on the ground he is prone!

But yet to profe blynde Robenis speide,
 Quhen he felle on his face before, 400

He plowet ane furrow with his noz
For two cloth yardis and more.

Ah! Laikaday! now Blynde Robene,
Thy moseke maste depairte;
That cursit bulle of Norrawaye
Is fomyng ower thyne herte. 405

Och, wo betyde that wicked boie,
Als he sat up on hyghte!
I wat he leuch quhille neirlye dede
To se blynde Robenis plyghte. 410

For the bulle gaed rounde, and the bulle gaed rounde
Blynde Robene with horryd dynne;
He hald nevir bene usit to stycke ane man,
And he knowit not how to begynne.

And he scaipit ane graif with his fore fute,
With manye ane rowte and raire;
And he borit the truff a thousande tymis
Arounde blynde Robenis haire. 415

Poore Robene hald but ane remeide,
And trembilyng houpe hald hee;
He set his stokel horne to his muthe
And blewe 'yblastis thre. 420
"Quhat worme is this," then thochtis the bulle,
"That mockis my lofe and mee?"

He shoke his heide, and he gaif ane prodde,
Quhille his hornis ranne to the brymme:
"I shalle bore your bodie," thochtis the bulle,
"Throu the lifebloode and the lymbe." 425

And out-throu and out-throu blynde Robene
He hes maide his quhite hornis gae,
But they nouthier touchit his skynne nor bone,
But his coate and his mantel graye. 430

And he has hevit up blynde Robene,
And tossit him like ane reide;

And aye he shoke his curly powe,
To drive him from his heide. 435

And he was in ane grefous frychte,
Yet wist not quhat to feire,
But he laye acrossse like an ousen yoke,
Mervillyng quhat wals asteer. 440

But hald you seine the devilish boie;
An ill deide mot hee de!
Hee leuch until he tint all powris,
Als hee sat on his tree.

Then the bulle he gaif Robene ane toss,
By some unchauncy fling, 445
And owre the verge of the Bowman Lynne
He maide the auld man to swing.

At first he flewe acrossse the voide,
Then downward sank like lede, 450
Till hee fell into ane hazil boshe,
Soft als ane fether bedde.

And there he laye, and there he swung,
Als lychte als lefe on tree;
He knew nochtis of his graite daingere, 455
Nor yet of his safetye.

And the bulle he broolyit and he trootit
Outower the Bowman Lynne,
And sore he yernit for life bloode,
But durste not venter in. 460

Poore Robene herde the defenyng noisse,
And laye full sore aghast;
At length he raisit his forlorne houpe,
To charme him with ane blaste.

Whenever the bulle hee herde the soundis, 465
His aunger byrnit like helle,
And rounde the rocke he raschit in raige,
But missit his fote and felle.

And down the bank and down the brae
 He bumpit and he blewe; 470
 And aye he stoatted frae the stonis,
 And flapperit as he flewe.

He wals like ane mychtie terre barrell
 Gawn bombyng down the steipe,
 Quhille he plungit in the howe of the Bowman Lynne, 475
 Full fiftie faddom deipe.

And the ekois claumb frae rocke to rocke,
 Roryng the dark wode under,
 And yollerit, yollerit, frae the hillis,
 Like ane ryving cleppe of thunder. 480

“Holla! quhat’s that?” cryit blynde Robene,
 “Is there anie here to telle?”
 “It is the bulle,” quod the littil boie,
 “You haif charmit him down to helle.

“The mychtie featis that you haif done, 485
 This beatis them all to daye!
 Rysse up, rysse up, deire maistere mine,
 I will guide you on your waye.”

Och Robene wals ane braif proude man
 That daye on Bowman brae, 490
 And he braggit of that mornyngis featis
 Until his dying daye.

And aye his quhite face glowit sublyme,
 And aye his brente browe shone;
 Ane thoche hee toulde ane store of les, 495
 To help it there wals none.

He saide that he drew the dapplit raeis
 Frae out the dingillye delle,
 The nut-browne harte but an the hinde
 Downe frae the hedder belle; 500

And broughte the gaitis, with their graye berdis,
 Far from the rockye glenne,

And the fairyis from some plesaunt lande
That Robene did not kenne.

And then hee tauld how hee raisit the deide. 505
In their wynding shetis so quhite,
And how the devil came from his denne
And lystenit with delychte:

How he brochte the bulle of Norrawaye
Outower the sea-waife grene, 510
And charmit him down to the pytte of helle,
Quhare he nefer more wals seen.

But then the false and wickede boie,
He nefer wolde allow
That hee charmit ouchtis but ane wycked bulle, 515
Quha tooke him for ane cowe.

May nefer poore mynstrel wante the worde
That drawis the graitfulle teire,
Nar ane waywarde brat his mornyng broz,
For bothe are harde to beire. 520

MORALITAS.

Och nefer bydde ane bad mynstrelle playe,
Nor seye his mynstrelsye,
Onlesse your wyne be in your honde,
And your ladye in your ee.

Ane singil say will set him on, 525
And sympil is the spelle;
But he nefer will gif ofer againe,
Not for the devil himselle.

Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection

MR EDITOR,

SINCE the time that the Jacobite Relics of Scotland were published, two very extensive collections have been sent to me; the one from London, and the other from a gentleman in the North of England, (Mr Bulmer of Adderston). Like all the huge collections of Jacobite songs and poems that have fallen into my hands, there are many of those in the two volumes mentioned, that are either absolute trash, or quite common-place verses. Nevertheless, there are many of them that I have never before seen or heard of; and as they have impressive marks of originality about them, I have judged it incumbent on me to preserve some of the best of them in your Magazine, as the only old standard National Work, in which such relics ought to be registered. Some people will perhaps think it would have been as natural, and as consistent with good economy in me, to have published them in an Appendix to a new edition of my National Work: but such people do not know, in the least, how the world goes. They do not know that it is an invariable principle with my booksellers, never to publish a second edition of any book; and were I to put off till it is time to publish a *third edition*, there is little doubt that those genuine relics would fall out of mind, or be quite lost, in handing from one to another. The present moment only is ours, and an opportunity once lost, it may never be in our power to recal.

That there may be no suspicions of any imposition, I subjoin the letters of the two gentlemen who favoured me with the collections. Mr W. B. Marshall, of Beaufort-Row, Chelsea, first forwarded me the one collection, through the hands of my booksellers. I wrote to him, acknowledging the receipt of the manuscripts; and requesting him to give me the history of them as far as he knew. His answer was as follows:

“THE history of the Jacobite bagatelles which I had the honour of transmitting to you, is short, and will, I fear, be unsatisfactory. It is, however, and all things of the same nature that I possess, fully at your service. An aged man of superior manners, but dressed in shabby habiliments, came in contact with me one day, some twelve months ago, and solicited some eleemosynary relief. I gave him a trifle, and he took his leave. A few days after, he came to me again, and offered me, for a few shillings, the volume which I had hoped would have been of

some service to you. And besides, he had a small quarto common-place book, half filled with notes, of a similar hand-writing to that of the relics.—I purchased the twain, obtained the person's address, and heard no more of him. He directed me to seek him in Prince's-Square, Ratcliffe Highway; but no such a one could I ever find; and I have great reason to suppose that he imposed a false name and address on me. The common-place book having on one of its fly-leaves, "ffra: Lynn Trin: Coll. Cantab: 1691 $\frac{1}{2}$," which being in the same *autograph* with that of the Relics, and the date corresponding with theirs, I think that must have been the writer of both manuscripts. The book I have alluded to, if you think it would be of the smallest service to you, shall be forwarded immediately. Here, then, my dear Sir, is the whole, but, I am sorry to say, very imperfect history of what, had I had the happiness of an earlier knowledge of your Jacobite lucubrations, should have been at your service much sooner.

(Signed) W. B. MARSHALL.

9, *Beaufort-Row, Chelsea.*"

No one can suspect the truth of the above plain unvarnished tale. It carries that species of conviction along with it, which leaves no manner of lurking doubt. Mr Bulmer's account of the manner in which he recovered his, is a great deal more circumstantial and fanciful, but in all probability not the less true. It came along with the manuscripts at first. I have to ask both these gentlemen's pardon for thus publishing their letters.

"Adderston House, Sept. 3d, 1821.

"SIR,

"ALONG with this you will receive a collection of Jacobite songs and poems, which you may make what use of you please, only taking care to preserve the originals, and return them to me, after you have selected such as suits you for publication. Should you be desirous of tracing the history of these songs so as that you may be convinced of their authenticity, I shall relate to you the circumstances that led to their discovery, and then leave you to judge for yourself.

Last August, happening to be at Gilliesland Wells with a niece of my own, and not having any thing to do, I pored a great deal on the first volume of your Jacobite Relics, which a party had brought with them for amusement, and there was a country-man there whom I always heard condemning them as imperfect. I ventured one day to take up the cudgels in your defence, and urged that this was but a part of the work, and being the earliest part, would of course be the most imperfect, but that it was unfair to attach unqualified blame, until he saw what you would make out in the remaining part.

‘Imperfect, Sir!’ exclaimed he; ‘they are just so imperfect, that he has left out all the good ones together, and published all the worst.—He boasts of having been at much pains collecting them; I can tell him, however, that he has been at no pains at all. I know a widow woman (that was his expression) who has more verses, and better ones too, than all that Hogg has published together.’

I said that might be all true, but her’s would not be Jacobite songs.—He swore they were all Jacobite songs every one. I ventured to dispute the fact, the assertion appearing so extraordinary, I could not swallow it. On this he repeated all he had said before in high heat, and confirmed it all with a tremendous oath, giving me to know that his word was not to be disputed. I then said, if such a relic existed, it ought at once to be sent to you, for that the work in which you were engaged was a national one, and every man was concerned in the preservation of such old and once-proscribed pieces as came within the sphere of his knowledge. That I had no doubt you would take care of the manuscripts, as you had avouched to do in your introduction, and would besides make any reasonable remuneration. He said he was sure Widow H—t did not set the value of twopence on the songs, and any one might get them for the asking. After conversing on the same subject occasionally, for several days, as he still maintained his point, I engaged him to procure me a reading of the songs, which he undertook without hesitation: but I heard no more from him.

On the beginning of the following March, being on my way from Carlisle to Whitehaven, and being desirous of searching more into the affair of the Relics, principally, I believe, from the desire of confuting Mr Anderson’s assertions, which I had at first disputed, and still entertained strong doubts concerning their correctness, I went a little out of my way and called on him. He said he had waited on the widow again and again, but the volume could not be found, as she had given it away to somebody. I now conceived that all my prepossessions were well founded, and that the whole had been a cock and bull story from the beginning. So to be at the ground of the matter, I took him with me, and waited on the widow, resolved either to learn something of the manuscripts, or convict him to his face. But I had not questioned her two minutes concerning them, before I was convinced that all that Anderson had told me had been consistent with truth; and at all events, that there had been an extensive collection of Jacobite songs in her possession. She had no conception, she said, what had become of them, unless her son Tommy, who lived all the way at Bishop-Wearmouth, had taken them away; but as he came regularly twice a-year to see her, she would make enquiry at him, and cause him to bring

them back; and with this promise I was obliged to be satisfied.

I asked her how they came into her possession? and she replied, that they were collected by a brother of her's, who spent the greatest part of his life 'poultering after such nonsense;' and when I enquired anent this brother of hers, the account she gave me of him was so original, that I have been induced to send it to you in her own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

'Way, didst thou never hear of me brwother Tommy? I thought all Coomberland had known Tommy.—He was a kyind of a swort of a dowmonie, wi' mayer lear nor wot to gyuide it, and they ca'd him aye 'the limping dowmonie,' for he was a cripple a' the days o' his lyife. A swort of a treyfling nicky-nacky body that he was, and never had the power owther to de a good turn to the sel' o' him, nor ony yeane that belwonged to him. Aweel, thou'lt no hinder Tommy, but he'll gather up a' the feyne songs in the world, and get them prentit in a beuk; and after he had spent the meast pairt o' his lyife gathering and penning, he gyangs his ways—whey but he?—to a prenter in Carlisle, to make a great fortune. Whew!—the prenter wad never look at nowther him nor them lawles songs. Tommy was very crwoss then; and what does he do, but aff he sets wi' them, crippling all the way, to Edinbrough, and he woffers them to tway measter prenters there, for a great swom o' money; but they leugh at the poor dowmonie, and thought him crackit i' the head. The meast that Tommy could get for them there, was yene o' the measter prenters woffered him a beuk o' prented sangs for his written yenes. 'Wow, Tommy, man!' quoth I, 'thou was a great feul no to chap him; for then thou wad ha'e had a beuk that every body could ha'e read, and now thou has neything but a batch o' scrawls that ney body can read but the sel' o' thee.' Tommy braught heam his beuk o' sangs aince mayer, and at length there comes a chap to Carlisle, and he was speering about Tommy's sangs, and then he was up as hee as the wund, and expectit to pouch a' the money i' the hale coontry. But, afwore the Scots gentleman came back, there comes anwother visitor by the bye, and that was measter Palsy, and he teuk off poor Tommy like the shot of a gun; and then a' his great schemes were gane like a blast o' wund. The sangs are a' to the fwore, and for ney use that I ken o' but making sloughs to the wheel spindle.'

The songs were forwarded to me this year, with a letter accompanying them, written by the widow's son, desiring me to take care of the manuscripts, unless I found it convenient to make his mother a small remuneration, which he named, and in that case I might keep them altogether. These are the terms on which I hold them, and on these terms I send them to you, hoping they may be of some utility

in your Jacobite researches. I consider yours as a National Work, in which every admirer of the heroism and genius of his country is interested, and all who keep back such relics as remain in their hands, are blameable, and answerable to posterity for their neglect; it being likely that no such collection will ever be attempted again. It is a work with which I have been greatly amused, and for which I honour the Highland Society more than for any other work they have patronised. My own ancestors were engaged on the side of the STUARTS, and suffered severely in their cause, therefore it is the less wonder that I feel so much interested in it.

(Signed) ED. BULMER.

Adderston-House, Sept. 3, 1821."

All that I have to say in addition to these statements of my two ingenious correspondents is, that the two collections have been manifestly made at very different periods, the one sent by Mr Bulmer being the latest. His are, besides, all border songs; while those sent by Mr Marshall relate mostly to the English court. I shall extract a song from both for your next Magazine, and you may be sure I shall not begin with the worst in my own estimation.

CLAN-RONALD'S MEN.

A Jacobite Song, to the tune of "Paddy of Molla's Hymn."*

There's news!—news! gallant news!
 That carle disna ken, joe;
 There's gallant news of tartan trews,
 And RED CLAN-RONALD'S MEN, joe.

There has been blinking on the bent, 5
 And flashing on the fell, joe;
 The red-coat sparks ha'e got their yerks,
 But carle darena tell, joe.

CHORUS.

There's news!—news! &c.

* I have heard this fine air. It has a manifest resemblance to a Scots tune called "Honest Duncan," which seems to be taken from it; the two second parts being nearly the same. J. H.

The prig dragoons, they swore by 'zoons, 10
The rebels' hides to tan, joe;
But when they fand the Highland brand,
They funk it and they ran, joe.

There's news!—news! &c.

Had English might stood by the right, 15
As they did vaunt full vain, joe;
Or play'd the parts of Highland hearts,
The day was a' our ain, joe.

There had been news! &c.

O wad the frumpy froward duke, 20
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But meet our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe,

There wud be news! &c.

We darena say the right's the right, 25
Though weel the right we ken, joe;
But we dare think, and take a drink,
To RED CLAN-RONALD'S MEN, joe.

And tell the news! &c.

Afore I saw the back of ane 30
Turn'd on his daddy's ha', joe,
I'd rather see his towers a waste,
His bonnet, bends, an' a', joe.

But yet there's news! &c.

Afore I saw our rightful prince 35
From foreign foggies flee, joe,
I'd lend a hand to Cumberland
To row it in the sea, joe.

But still there's news! &c.

Come fill your cup, and fill it up, 40
We'll drink the toast you ken, joe;

And add beside, the Highland plaid,
And RED CLAN-RONALD'S MEN, joe!

And cry our news! &c

We'll drink to Athol's bonny lord; 45
To Cluny of the glen, joe;
To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
And RED CLAN-RONALD'S MEN, joe.

And cry our news! our gallant news!
That carle disna ken, joe; 50
Our gallant news, of tartan trews,
And red Clan-Ronald's men, joe!

This is a very curious song, and appears to relate to some particular event, although the precise meaning is inexplicable. Had the term Carle been written *Carlisle*, or even *Caril*, as it is uniformly pronounced in Cumberland, I would have concluded that the song related to the battle of Clifton, where King George's own dragoons were so gallantly repulsed by the rear of the Highland army in its retreat through the North of England, on the 18th of December 1745. No action could be more brilliant than this. The Highlanders were attacked in their rear in the fall of the evening, when they were almost wearied to death, and encumbered with baggage, horses, and waggons. They had no intelligence of the Duke of Cumberland's approach, until he appeared in their rear with the Royal Dragoons and Kingston's Horse. Could any man have calculated on ought but an entire rout? In place of which, the Highlanders faced about, and, in the midst of a hot fire, attacked the dragoons sword in hand, and certainly beat them back in the finest style. Neither Prince Charles, nor one of all his army, knew of the attack till it was over, save a few companies that were behind, guarding the baggage; and yet these few wearied men beat off two regular regiments of dragoons, slew one hundred and fifty of them, and wounded more; while, of the Highlanders, there were only twenty-four killed, and about thirty wounded. There is another circumstance which does not apply to the battle of Clifton Moor. I have read somewhere, though I cannot at present light on the place, that it was *the Glengary Highlanders* who bore the brunt of that skirmish, and not the followers of Clan-Ronald. *Query.* May not this old song be brought as a proof of what the chief of the Macdonell has been urging of late, namely, that Glengary and Clan-Ronald were regarded by this

bard as one and the same person? Upon the whole, if this song does not relate to the action at Clifton, I cannot find that it applies in the most distant degree to any other.

The next I send you is of a much older date, and copied from Mr Marshall's collection.

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of "Deer Catolick Broder," &c.

PRAY, shentlemens, come now and zee my vine show,
And den I vill tell you no more den you know;
I'll open my box, and you'll zee vid your eyes,
If I tell you no truth, I vill tell you no lies.

Virst dere is de vine king, just landed at Greenwich, 5
But dere is a brave king, dat still remains banish;
He came a great vay, to save dis poor people,
Who, vor vear of de Pope, have made choice of de Devil.

Some say he has brought us a great deal of monish,
But if you look dere, it is vone, two, tree, Connish; 10
Dis is de Hannover, and dose are his bishes,
Who vill gul de poor English of all deir brave rishes.

Dere is his wif, in de castle of stone,
And vat she is dere vor is very vell known;
Dere lies de poor man, too, whose blood he did shed, 15
Vor planting of horns upon his dull head.

But now you sall zee him, and both his two Turks,
At mending deir stockings, because dey love work;
And dere dey are rubbing, and scrubbing his skin,
To keep de louse out, which he knows vould creep in. 20

Look dere is de vine Prince, and don't he look pretty?
But do you all know, dat de vool is not vitty;
You zee de artillery, all kissing his hand,
And will have him before dem, to valk and to stand.

He vore little vigs, boys, when virst he came here, 25
But now he has great vones, as you may zee dere;
And I have been told it, both over and over,
Ven he puts on de vine vig, no brains he can cover.

Pray look now and zee, how he holds up his head,
 In hopes you'll give him and his children zome bread; 30
 You may give dem zome sheese too, and if you tink fitt,
 But de devil sall take me if I give dem a bitt.

Look on dat zame voman, vor dhat is his vife,
 Who ne'er vas so vine all de days of her life;
 She's as vat as a pork, he's as proud as a pimp, 35
 And all de whole crew are a parcel of imp.

Cast but your eyes round, and view dat brave hero,
 Who, if you'll assist him, vill kick out dis Nero;
 Now he is de best king dat ever I knew,
 And it is great pity ye are not all true. 40

I pray and I hope dat you soon vill be vise,
 And de valse king instead of the true vone despise;
 And zure none vill grudge vor to gie me vone guinea,
 'Tis to drink a good health to noble king Jamie.

This is the old subject again of King George I. and his two mistresses, his queen, whom, as long as she lived, he confined in "de castle of stone" on mere suspicion, and also his son Prince Fredrick, and his wife. Many anecdotes of these illustrious persons are to be found in the Jacobite Relics, and I have selected this old song for publication, merely on account of the whimsical fancy that runs through it, of exhibiting the various personages in a show-box.

JAMES HOGG

Altrive-Lake, Nov. 7, 1821.

Cary O'Kean

A Poem

By James Hogg

THE streams of Kilalla were never so sheen,
 Her mountains so fair, nor her vallies so green;
 The birds of the woodland are blythe as before,
 Why hear we the song of the maidens no more?

There's something a-wanting that's nearer the heart,— 5
 O, Nature is strong when unshackled by art;
 The prospects of beauty on others rely;
 Heart links unto heart, and eye kindles to eye;
 And many a dawning shall blush o'er the scene,
 Ere the maids of Kilalla be chearful again. 10

'Tis true, that the streams of her mountains are sheen,
 Her woodlands are fair and her meadows are green,
 The sunbeam of morning is bright as of yore,
 And the shades of the mountain as dark as before;
 As mild is the evening, as pure is the dew, 15
 Her breeze is as sweet and her heaven is as blue;
 But, ah! there is one who is miss'd in the ring,
 Then, how can the maidens be blythesome or sing?
 The youth is away, for whose pleasure they sung,
 The pride of the old, and the joy of the young, 20
 Who made the fair bosom beat briskly and high,
 Gave the tint to the cheek, and the dew to the eye;
 He is gone! he is gone over channel and main,
 And the tears run in torrents for Cary O'Kean.

Young Cary had lov'd, for his heart it was kind, 25
 He loved with a flame that was pure and refin'd;
 Of honours or pelf he despised the name,
 He lov'd from his heart, and expected the same;
 But just as the day of the bridal came on,
 The bride look'd disdainful, and bade him begone; 30
 She wedded a squire, who was sordid and vain,
 But ten times as rich as young Cary O'Kean.

Serene is the woe, and the sorrow sublime,
 When a friend is removed from the precincts of time;
 For hope, from the fetters of cumbersome clay, 35
 On the wing of eternity journies away,
 And views the abodes of the happy and blest,
 Where lovers and friends from their sorrows shall rest;
 The gloom of the spirit soon grasps the alloy,
 And sorrow expands to a twilight of joy. 40

But ah! there is something beyond all redress,
 Which nature may feel, but can never express;

Too wide for the fancy, too high for the tongue,
 When passion is ardent, and reason is young,
 A banquet of bliss, or a feeling of grief, 45
 When bound there is none, and when death is relief;
 The bourne of the spirit, by misery beset,
 I know it too well, and shall never forget
 The days of enchantment, the joys that had birth,
 Ere she whom I lov'd above all on this earth, 50
 Deceiv'd me, ah!—wo that these hopes e'er had been!
 O God, thou hast will'd it!—I liv'd, and have seen
 Another possessing her heart and her charms,
 And the child of a fool in her delicate arms:
 Down, down with reflection, it maddens my brain— 55
 O, well may I feel for poor Cary O'Kean;
 It seem'd as if nature combin'd to destroy
 A heart that was form'd for its tenderest joy.

Away and away he has sail'd o'er the deep,
 But oft turn'd his face to green Erin to weep! 60
 "Adieu! once lov'd country, thy name be forgot,
 For interest pervades thee, and feeling is not.
 I'll circle the earth, some sweet island to find,
 Where primitive innocence models the mind;
 Where nature blooms fair on the face of the free, 65
 Where kindness conferr'd shall redouble to me.
 There, there will I sojourn, till mem'ry is o'er,
 And think of false Ella and Erin no more."

Away they have sail'd over channel and main,
 Till vanish'd behind them the stars of the wain; 70
 Unknown was the sky and the track of the wind,
 For the sun he was north, and Orion behind;
 Over ocean's wide waste, by lone island and shore,
 Which the eye of proud science ne'er measured before;
 Over waves never plow'd, wave their streamers unfurl'd, 75
 For hope was their leader, their limits the world.

The bounds of humanity saw them withdraw,
 And all but the triple-wall'd stone house they saw,
 Where the world's own axletree thunders and rolls,
 In groove of blue icicle hung from the poles; 80
 Unknown are its workings—unseen is the dome,
 Unless by the whale from his window of foam.

But, in all the wide world they found nothing so sweet
 As the groves and the streamlets of fam'd Otaheite;
 That paradise island, where joys never cease, 85
 That lies like a gem midst an ocean of peace;
 Where the verdure and flow'rs never fade on the lea,
 And the fruit and the blossom are aye on the tree;
 Where beauty blooms wild, which no land can outvie,
 And guileless simplicity laughs in the eye. 90

No sooner had Cary beheld the retreat,
 And the beauty misguided that blossom'd so sweet;
 The forms so enchanting, the manners so kind,
 The bloom of ripe maidhood, with infancy's mind;
 The mountains o'er mountains that tower'd to the sky, 95
 And the sweet sheltered vales in their bosoms that lie,
 Than a life in that island he fondly devis'd;
 The dreams of his fancy were all realiz'd,
 For he deem'd that with freedom and honour allied,
 As freely he came, he was free to abide. 100

He rang'd through the woodlands, he heard the birds sing,
 He ate of the fruit, and he drank of the spring,
 The maids he saluted, with courtesy kind,
 For love was the passion that temper'd his mind:
 His choice was select, when his chance was to see, 105
 That pearl of the ocean, the young Oraee;
 He lov'd her at first, for her beauty and youth,
 But her artless esteem and unblemished truth
 So gain'd on his heart, and his feelings so mov'd,
 Man never so felt, and man never so lov'd! 110
 When on board she was borne, all the wonders to view,
 She look'd but at Cary! to Cary she grew.
 Her dark liquid eye, like the dew on the sloe,
 Still follow'd her lover above and below;
 And yet where his smile of sweet sympathy told, 115
 That eye still abroad on the far ocean roll'd;
 Unconscious of ought that could evil imply,
 She blush'd, and she falter'd, yet never knew why.
 No morning so early the land could he reach,
 But there she was waiting with smiles on the beach; 120
 Her slender arms spread, while the words she address'd,
 Well noted the welcome that glow'd in her breast.
 And when in the bower of the mountain he slept,

Still o'er him, unwearied, a guardship she kept;
 Her arm was his pillow, and over him flew 125
 Her dark tresses warding the sun and the dew:
 Then oft when awak'ning, he caught the sweet smile,
 And the kiss lightly press'd on his temple the while;
 And well of her bosom he felt the fond strife,
 Like a pressure of down that had motion and life; 130
 And then she would tell him, as o'er him she hung,
 The words that the little birds said when they sung.

How poor the expression, his love to convey,
 To say that he loved her as life or as day!
 All nature to him had but one only gem, 135
 A treasure unvalued—one sole diadem.
 Too high were his raptures for mortal to bear,
 If they had not been mellow'd by feeling of fear,
 For his all was subjected to Nature's behest,
 And too good and too dear to be ever possess'd. 140

He heard of their leaving those isles of the main—
 He heard of their sailing to Britain again
 Without all emotion, save gladness of heart,
 For fix'd was his mind that they never should part.
 But what was his pain, when his Captain he told, 145
 A smile of contempt in his eye to behold!
 He turn'd from him scornful, and laughing amain,
 "Such things may not be—you must think once again."

Forthwith he foresaw, that a terrible blow
 Awaited his peace, which he could not forego; 150
 A blow with more exquisite torments combin'd,
 Than the change of his being from matter to mind;
 So he fled with his love to a lonely retreat—
 A cave in the mountains of green Otaheite,
 Where deep they lay mured from the beams of the sun, 155
 Their only resource what they dreaded to shun.

There oft as they felt the sweet breath of the day,
 The trembling deserter to heav'n then would pray,
 While poor Oraee, sadly sighing, withdrew,
 And sung a wild hymn to the great Eatoo. 160
 They started at step of the prowling racoon,
 And gather'd their fruits by the light of the moon.

The search is extended to cavern and tree—
 The Prince is a captive, and found they must be.
 Full hard was their fate, for beset was each way, 165
 And poor Oraee was ill able to stray,
 For, ah! an unmentioned season drew near!
 A time of alarm and anxiety dear!
 Yet nightly she travell'd, and 'plaining forbore,
 From island to island, from mountain to shore, 170
 Till in a lone forest, of mother forlorn,
 Was the beautiful babe of the fugitives born.

Round came their pursuers, intent on their prey,
 As helpless at eve in the woodland they lay;
 There were they surrounded—there Cary was ta'en, 175
 As tending his darling, and soothing her pain.
 All pale was she seated, beneath the wild tree,
 With a fair son of Erin asleep on her knee;
 With loud shout of triumph they rush'd on their prey,
 They seiz'd on O'Kean, and they bore him away, 180
 Regardless of delicate mother and child,
 Her faint cries of sorrow, and ravings so wild.
 They scarce look'd around, though she sunk on the sward,
 For great was the capture, and high the reward.
 O sad was that parting! and woeful the scene! 185
 And frantic the anguish of Cary O'Kean!

On board he is carried, and pinioned fast—
 The orders for sailing are issued at last;
 And the crew, with a sigh, the last ev'ning greet,
 That e'er they should see on the lov'd Otaheite. 190

That night pass'd away with loud bustle and wail,
 And song of the sailor as heaving the sail;
 The sounds on the ears of the islanders fell
 Like the aerial night-concert which shepherds know well,
 When phalanx of swans, at December's behest, 195
 Are journeying to winter on shores of the West,
 With whoopings untuneful they wing the dark sky,
 And the peasant turns pale at the storm that is nigh.

When dawning arose from the breast of the main,
 With earnestness pleaded the wretched O'Kean, 200

That, bound to the mast, he might stand on the hoy,
One last longing sight of the land to enjoy.

Scarce there was he plac'd, when he saw from the bay
A sightly canoe coming sailing away,
And plac'd on the prow a lov'd figure he knew, 205
Array'd in the mantle of scarlet and blue,
Which erst had her form of virginity drest,
When first with her hand and her love he was blest.

Alert were the rowers, and light the canoe;
She came like a meteor, till under the prow, 210
When oh! the young mother look'd pale and aghast,
When she saw her poor Cary bound up to the mast.
She flew to his bosom, and clasp'd him in pain,
But his pinioned arms could not clasp her again.

O never was pleading so warm from the heart! 215
They pleaded together—they pleaded apart;
With the child in her bosom poor Oraee kneel'd,
Imploring the Captain, whose bosom was steel'd.
"O grant me my husband! O leave him with me!
Or let me go with him across the wide sea.
But sever not two hearts so faithful and true, 220
Else dread the high vengeance of great Eatoo!
Your love and your home you shall never see more,
But your blood shall flow red on the tide of the shore."

Though then the tear rush'd to the Captain's proud eye, 225
Stern duty forbade, and he would not comply.
The moment is come that concluded her stay,
And the mother and infant are order'd away;
She clung to her husband, refusing to go,
And force must compel her to seek the canoe. 230
She begg'd for one moment a farewell to take,
For the love of their God, and humanity's sake.
'Tis granted;—in tranquil and temperate mood
She went to her lover, who motionless stood;
Her face was serene with a paleness thereon, 235
Like the face of the sky when the storm is o'erblown:
She kiss'd—she embrac'd him,—and fondly took leave—
Held up her young son the last kiss to receive,

Then, swift as an arrow, she sprung in the main,
Div'd under the keel, and arose not again! 240

With shrieks of distraction the air was appall'd,
For madness the brain of the husband enthrall'd;
He struggl'd in fury from bonds to get free,
But strong were the cords, and enfeebl'd was he.
"O God!" cried the Captain, with tears in his eyes, 245
"O save her, though all I possess be the prize!"
Sheer into the deep plung'd the throng of the crew,
But all was confusion, and nothing they knew;
They sought the deep channel, impatient for breath,
But diver met diver, and grappl'd beneath; 250
On board they returned, with wonder and woe,
For the body appear'd not above nor below.

With a quiv'ring lip, and an eye of red fire,
Convulsion of spirit, and utterance dire,
The injured O'Kean, to extremity driven, 255
In the name of the Son, and the Virgin of heaven,
Pronounced on his Captain a curse that befell,
And a prayer which mercy forbids me to tell.
O wo to the deed to those words that gave birth,
For the curse of the injur'd falls not to the earth! 260

They spread out the white sails so broad and so high,
That they gather'd the gales from the sea to the sky,
Their bosoms all turn'd to the eastward away,
Down bowing sublime to the God of the day.
The harsh creaking sounds of the rigging are loud; 265
The sailors' own music is shrill on the shroud;
Slow heaves the wet breast of the ship as in pain,
She growls, and departs to her pathless domain.

She roll'd; she mov'd onward; then heeling, forth ran;
And just in the wake, as the boiling began, 270
A sight was beheld that may scarcely be sung,
That chill'd the gay spirit, and silenc'd the tongue!
A slender pale corse was hove up on the tide,
One arm lock'd a beautiful babe to its side,
But the other was stretch'd on the breast of the ocean, 275
Spread forth like the hand of a maid in devotion,

And, long as they look'd at her watery grave,
That spread hand was seen on the breast of the wave.

That ship sought the limits of ocean again,
But reason return'd not to Cary O'Kean! 280
A being he was that had motion and breath,
But affected by nothing of life or of death;
By day he was silent, by night he reclin'd
On the deck, and conversed with the waves and the wind,
Till far in a desert, on Asia's coast, 285
This man of misfortune and sorrow was lost;
They left him, unwept, through the desert to hie,
Among a wild people to sojourn and die.
O long of the miseries that sufferer befel
The dames of Kilalla to lovers shall tell! 290
And grieve for their country, the ward of the sea,
Where all but its gallant defenders are free!

But there is a feeling engrafted on mind,
A shoot of eternity never defin'd,
That upward still climbs to its origin high, 295
Its roots are in nature, its blooms in the sky:
On that may the spirit immortal, enthron'd,
(The pangs of this life and sorrows beyond,)
Enjoy the bright future in glory's full glow,
And the still voice that whispers "IMMORTAL ART THOU!" 300
On that be thy anchor when sorrows assail,
Else vain are thy sufferings, and vain is my tale.

Pictures of Country Life

No. III

The School of Misfortune

IMPATIENCE, under misfortunes, is certainly one of the failings of our nature, which contributes more than any other to imbitter the cup of life, and has been the immediate cause of more acts of desperate depravity than any passion of the human soul. The loss of fortune or favour is particularly apt to give birth to this tormenting sensation;

for, as neither the one nor the other occurs frequently without some imprudence or neglect of our own having been the primary cause, so the reflection on that always furnishes the gloomy retrospect with its principal sting.

I had an old and valuable friend in the country, who, on any cross accident happening that vexed his associates, or inflamed them with wrath, made always the following sage observations: "There are just two kinds of misfortunes, gentlemen," said he, "at which it is folly either to be grieved or angry; and these are, things that cannot be remedied." He then proved, by plain demonstration, that the case under consideration belonged to one or other of these classes, and showed how vain and unprofitable it was to be grieved or angry at it.

This maxim of my friend's may be rather too comprehensive, but it is nevertheless a good one; for a resolution to that effect cannot fail of leading a man to the proper mode of action. It indeed comprehends all things whatsoever, and is as much as to say, that a man should never suffer himself to grow angry at all; and, upon the whole, I think, if the matter be candidly weighed, it will appear, that the man who suffers himself to be transported with anger, or teased by regret, is commonly, if not always, the principal sufferer by it, either immediately, or in future. Rage is unlicensed, and runs without a curb. It lessens a man's respectability among his contemporaries; grieves and hurts the feelings of those connected with him by the tender and social ties of love and friendship; harrows his own soul; and transforms a rational and accountable creature into the image of a fiend.

An extreme impatience, under misfortunes, is so nearly allied to the passion of anger, that they seem to originate in the same principle, and both to be produced by the collision of opposite and prominent features in the dispositions of the mind. They likewise both point toward the same direction. The one breaks forth uncontrolled, and wreaks its vengeance on others; the other is nursed silently in the bosom, where it sheds its malignant influences on the ruins of his peace who gives it shelter. Some justify their anger by a reference to the Scriptures, where, it is said, "be ye angry, and sin not;" but the experiment is extremely ticklish, and ought to be risked as seldom as possible; and sharp regret for that which cannot be recalled, is heap-
ing fuel on a fire in order to extinguish it. A man is really, in a great measure, either happy or miserable, fortunate or unfortunate, as he believes himself to be so.

I do not recommend a stupid insensible apathy with regard to the affairs of life, nor yet that listless inactive resignation which persuades a man to put his hands in his bosom, say, it is the will of heaven,

and sink under embarrassments without a struggle. The contempt which is his due will infallibly overtake such a man, and poverty and wretchedness press hard upon his declining years.

The most judicious way of encountering misfortunes of every kind, is to take up a firm resolution never to shrink from them when they cannot be avoided, nor yet be tamely overcome by them, or add to our anguish by useless repining, but, by a steady and cheerful perseverance, endeavour to make the most of a bad bargain. That still remains in our power, for it is a grievous loss, indeed, with regard to fortune or favour, that perseverance will not, sooner or later, overcome.

The various ways in which misfortunes affect different minds, are often placed in extremes so manifestly opposite, that in contemplating them, we may well be led to suppose the human soul animated and directed in some persons by corporeal functions, formed after a different manner from those of others—persons of the same family frequently differing most widely in this respect.

I have a female cousin, on whom unfortunate accidents have the singular effect of causing violent laughter, which, with her, is much better proportioned to the calamity, than crying is with many others of the sex. I have seen the losing of a rubber at whist, when there was every probability that her party would gain it, cause her to laugh till her eyes streamed with water. The breaking of a tureen, or set of valuable china, would quite convulse her. Danger always makes her sing, and misfortunes laugh. If we hear her in any apartment of the farm-house, or the offices, singing very loud, and very quick, we are sure something is on the point of going very wrong with her; but if we hear her burst out a-laughing, we know that it is past redemption. Her memory is extremely defective; indeed she scarcely seems to retain any recollection of past events; but her manners are gentle, easy, and engaging; her temper good, and her humour inexhaustible; and, with all her singularities, she certainly enjoys a greater share of happiness than her chequered fortune could possibly have bestowed on a mind more enlightened.

It will appear on a philosophic scrutiny of human feelings, that the extremes of laughing and crying are more nearly allied than is sometimes believed. With children, the one frequently dwindles, or breaks out into the other. I once happened to sit beside a negro, in the pit of our theatre, while the tragedy of Douglas was performing. As the dialogue between old Norval and lady Randolph proceeded, he grew more and more attentive; his eyes grew very large, and set immoveably in one direction; the tears started from them; his features went gradually awry; his under-lip curled and turned to one side; and

just when I expected that he was going to cry outright, he burst into the most violent fit of laughter.

I have another near relation, who, besides being possessed of an extensive knowledge in literature, and a refined taste, is endowed with every quality requisite to constitute the valuable friend, the tender parent, the indulgent husband, and the faithful lover; yet his feelings, and his powers of conception, are so constructed, as to render him a constant prey to corroding care. No man can remain many days in his company without saying, in his heart, "that man was made to be unhappy."

What others view as slight misfortunes, affect him deeply; and in the event of any such happening to himself, or those that are dear to him, he will groan from his inmost soul, perhaps for a whole night after it first comes to his knowledge, and occasionally, for many days afterwards, as the idea recurs to him. Indeed, he never wants something to make him miserable; for, on being made acquainted with any favourable turn of fortune, the only mark of joy that it produces is an involuntary motion of the one hand to scratch the other elbow; and his fancy almost instantaneously presents to him such a number of difficulties, dangers, and bad consequences attending it, that although I have often hoped to awake him to joy by my tidings, I always left him more miserable than I found him.

I have another acquaintance whom we generally denominate the *knight*, who falls upon a method totally different to overcome misfortunes. In the event of any cross accident, or vexatious circumstance, happening to him, he makes straight towards his easy chair—sits calmly down upon it—clenches his right hand, with the exception of his fore-finger, which is suffered to continue straight—strikes his fist violently against his left shoulder—keeps it in that position, with his eyes fixed on one particular point, till he has cursed the event and all connected with it most heartily,—then, with a countenance of perfect good humour, indulges in a pleasant laugh, and if it is possible to draw a comical or ridiculous inference from the whole, or any part of the affair, he is sure to do it, that the laugh may be kept up. If he fails in effecting this, he again resumes his former posture, and consigns all connected with the vexatious circumstance to the devil; then takes another good hearty laugh, and in a few minutes the affair is no more heard or thought of.

John Leggat is a lad about fifteen, a character of great curiosity, whom nature seems to have formed in one of her whims. He is not an idiot, for he can perform all the drudgery about his master's house, herd the cows, and run errands too, provided there be no dead horses

on the road, or any thing extremely ugly, in which case the time of his return is very uncertain. Among other singularities in his character, the way that misfortunes affect him is not the least striking. He once became warmly attached to a young hound, that was likewise very fond of him, paying him all the grateful respect so peculiar to that faithful animal. John loved him above all earthly things—some even thought that he loved him better than his own flesh and blood. The hound one day came to an untimely end. John never got such sport in his life; he was convulsed with laughter when he contemplated the features of his dead friend. When about his ordinary business, he was extremely melancholy; but whenever he came and looked at the carcass, he was transported with delight, and expressed it by the most extravagant raptures.

He next attached himself to a turkey-cock, whom he trained to come at his call, and pursue and attack such people as he ordered. John was very fond of this amusement; but it proved fatal to his favourite—an irritated passenger knocked him dead at a stroke. This proved another source of unbounded merriment to John; the stiff half spread wing, the one leg stretched forward, and the other back, were infinitely amusing; but the abrupt crook in his neck—his turned-up eye and broken bill, were quite irresistible—John laughed at them till he was weak. Few ever loved their friends better than John did while they were alive—no man was ever so much delighted with them after they were dead.

But out of every twenty worldly misfortunes, nineteen occur in consequence of our own imprudence. This position I hold as good as established. Many will tell you, it was owing to such and such a friend's imprudence that they sustained all their losses. No such thing. Whose imprudence or want of foresight was it that trusted such a friend, and put it in his power to ruin them, and reduce the families that depended on them for support, from a state of affluence to one of penury and bitter regret? If the above position is admitted, then there is but one right and proper way in which misfortunes ought to affect us; namely, *by stirring us up to greater circumspection and perseverance*. Perseverance is a noble and inestimable virtue! There is scarcely any difficulty or danger that it will not surmount. Whoever observes a man bearing up under worldly misfortunes, with undaunted resolution, will rarely fail to see that man ultimately successful. And it may be depended on, that circumspection in business is a quality so absolutely necessary, that without it the success of any one will only be equivocal.

The present laird of J—s—y, better known by the appellation of *old Sandy* Singlebeard, was once a common hired shepherd, but he

became master of the virtues above recommended, for he had picked them up in the severe school of misfortune. I have heard him relate the circumstances myself, oftener than once. "My father had bought me a flock of sheep," said he, "and fitted me out as a shepherd; and from the profits of these, I had plenty of money to spend, and lay out on good clothes, so that I was accounted a thriving lad, and rather a dashing blade among the lasses. Chancing to change my master at a term, I sold my sheep to the man who came in my place, and bought those of the shepherd that went from the flock to which I was engaged. But when the day of payment came, the man could not pay me my sheep, and without that money, I had not wherewith to pay mine own. He put me off from week to week, until the matter grew quite distressing; for, as the price of shepherd's stock goes straight onward from one hand to another, probably twenty, or perhaps forty people, were all kept out of their right by this backwardness of my debtor. I *craved* him for the money every two or three days, grumbled, and threatened a prosecution, till at last my own stock was pointed by dint of law. I thought myself shamed and disgraced beyond all repair, and exerting what little credit I had, I borrowed as much as relieved my stock; but I never could get the payment of my own, only getting myself deeper and deeper into law expences to no purpose. Many a day it kept me bare and busy before I could clear my feet, and make myself as free and independent as I was before. This was the beginning of my misfortunes, but it was but the beginning; year after year, I lost and lost, until my little all was as good as three times sold off at the ground; and at last I was so reduced, that I could not say the shirt on my back was my own.

'This will never do,' thought I; 'they shall crack well that persuade me to sell at random again.' Accordingly I took good care of all my sales that came to any amount. My rule was, to sell my little things, such as wool, lambs, and fat sheep, worth the money; and not to part with them till I got the price in my hand. This plan I never rued; and people finding how the case stood, I had always plenty of merchants; so that I would recommend it to every man who depends on business such as mine for procuring the means of living. What does it signify to sell your stock at a great price, merely for a boast, if you never get the money for it? It will be long ere that make any one rich or independent. This did all very well, but still I found, on looking over my accounts at the end of the year, that there were a great many items in which I was regularly taken in. My shoemaker charged me half-a-crown more for every pair of shoes than I could have bought them for in a market for ready money: the smith, threepence more for shoeing them. My

haberdasher's and tailor's accounts were scandalous. In shirts, stockings, knives, razors, and even in shirt-neck buttons, I found myself taken in to a certain amount. But I was never so astonished, as to find out, by the plain rules of addition and subtraction, assisted now and then by the best of all practical rules—(I mean the one that says, 'if such a thing will bring such a thing, what will such and such a number bring?')—to find, I say, that the losses and profits in small things actually come to more at the long-run, than any casual great *slump loss or profit*, that usually chances to a man in the course of business. Wo to the man who is not aware of this! He is labouring for that which profiteth him not. At length I saved as much as stocked the farm of Windlestrae-knowe.—That proved a fair bargain; so when the lease was out, I took Doddysdamms in with it; and now I am, as you see me, the laird of J—s—y, and farmer of both these besides. My success has been wholly owing to this:—misfortune made me cautious—caution taught me a lesson which is not obvious to every one, namely, *the mighty importance of the two right-hand columns in addition*. The two left-hand ones, those of pounds and shillings, every one knows the value of. With a man of any common abilities, those will take care of themselves; *but he that neglects the pence and farthings is a dishclout!*"

Any one who reads this will set down old Singlebeard as a miser; but I scarcely know a man less deserving the character. If one is present to hear him settling an account with another, he cannot help thinking him niggardly, owing to his extraordinary avidity in small matters; but there is no man whom customers like better to deal with, owing to his high honour and punctuality. He will not pocket a farthing that is the right of any man living, and he is always on the watch lest some designing fellow overreach him in these minute particulars. For all this, he has assisted many of his poor relations with money and credit, when he thought them deserving it, or judged that it could be of any benefit to them; but always with the strictest injunctions of secrecy, and an assurance, that, if ever they let the transaction pass the tips of their tongues to any one, they forfeited their right to his assistance. The consequence of this has always been, that while he was doing a great deal of good to others by his credit, he was railing against the system of giving credit all the while; so that those who knew him not, took him for a selfish, contracted, churlish old rascal.

He was once applied to in behalf of a nephew, who had some fair prospects of setting up in business. He thought the stake too high, and declined it; for it was a rule with him, never to credit any one so far, as to put it in his power to distress him, or drive him into any embarrassment. A few months afterward, he consented to become

bound for one half of the sum required, and the other half was made up by some poorer relations in conjunction. The bonds at last became due, and I chanced to be present on a visit to my old friend Singlebeard, when the young man came to demand his uncle's quota of the money required. I knew nothing of the matter, but I could not help noticing the change in old Saundy's look, the moment that the lad made his appearance. I suppose he thought him too foppish to be a sole dependant on the credit of others, and perhaps judged his success in business, on that account, rather doubtful. At all events, he had a certain quizzical dissatisfied look that I never observed before, and to that all his remarks were conformable.

"That's surely a very fine horse of your's, Jock? Hech, man, but he is a sleek one. How much corn does he eat in a year, this hunter of your's, Jock?"

"Not much, Sir, not much. He is a very fine horse that, uncle. Look at his shoulder; and see what limbs he has got; and what a pastern!—How much do you suppose such a horse would be worth, now, uncle?"

"Why, Jock, I cannot help thinking he is something like Geordy Dean's daughter-in-law, nought but a spindle-shankit devil; I would not wonder if he had cost you eighteen pounds, that greyhound of a creature."

"What a prime judge you are! Why, uncle, that horse cost eighty-five guineas last Autumn. He is a real blood horse that; and has won a great deal of valuable plate."

"Oh! that indeed alters the case! And have you got all that valuable plate?"

"Nay, nay, it was before he came into my hand."

"I think that was rather a pity now, Jock. I cannot help thinking that was a great pity; because if you had got it, you would then have had something you could have called your own. So you don't know how much corn that fellow eats in a year?"

"Beshrew me if I know; he never gets above three feeds in a day, unless when he is on a journey, and then he takes five or six."

"Then, take an average of four: four feeds are worth two shillings now, at least, as corn is selling. There is fourteen shillings a week: fourteen times fifty-two—why, Jock, there is £.36:8s for horse's corn; and there will be about half as much for hay, or more, besides: on the whole I find that he will cost you about £.50 a year at livery. I suppose there is an absolute necessity that a manufacturer should keep such a horse?"

"O! God bless you, Sir, to be sure. We must gather in money and orders, you know. And then, consider the ease and convenience of

travelling on such a creature as that, compared with one of your vile low-bred hacks; one goes through the country as he were flying, on that animal."

Old Sandy paddled away from the stable, toward the house, chuckling and laughing to himself; but again turned round, before he got half-way.—"Right, Jock! quite right. Nothing like gathering in plenty of money and orders. But, Jock, hark ye—I do not think there is any necessity for *flying* when one is on such a commission. You should go leisurely and slowly through the towns and villages, keeping all your eyes about you, and using every honest art to attain good customers. How the devil can you do this, if you *go as you were flying through the country*? People, instead of giving you a good order, will come to their shop-door, and say—there goes the manufacturer.—Jock, they say a rolling stone never gathers any moss. How do you think *a flying one should gather it*?"

The dialogue went on in the same half-humorous, half-jeering tone all the forenoon, as well as during dinner, while a great number of queries still continued to be put to the young man; as—How much his lodgings cost him a year? The answer to this astounded old Saundy. His comprehension could hardly take it in; he opened his eyes wide, and held up his hands, exclaiming, with a great burst of breath, "What enormous profits there must be in your business, How much did those fine boot and spurs cost?"—What was his tailor's bill yearly? and every thing in the same manner, as if the young gentleman had come from a foreign country, of which Saundy Singlebeard wished to note down every particular. The nephew was a little in the fidgets, but knowing the ground on which he stood, he answered all his uncle's queries but too truly, impressing on his frugal mind a far greater idea of his own expenditure than was necessary, and which my old friend could not help viewing as utterly extravagant.

Immediately on the removal of the cloth, the young gentleman removed into another room, and sending for his uncle to speak with him, he there explained the nature of his errand, and how absolutely necessary it was for him to have the money for the relief of his bond. Old Saundy was off in a twinkling. He had no money for him—not one copper!—not the value of a hair of his thin grey beard should he have from him! He had other uses for his money, and had won it too hardly to give it to any one to throw away for him on rooms and grand carpets, galloping horses, and four-guinea boots.

They returned to the parlour, and we drank some whisky toddy together. There was no more gibing and snapping. The old man was civil and attentive, but the face of the young one exhibited marks of

anger and despair. He took his leave, and went away abruptly enough; and in order, as I thought, to humour my old acquaintance and entertainer, I began to break some jests on the flying manufacturer. But I mistook my man, well as I thought I knew him. His shaft was shot, and he soon let me know he had a different opinion of his nephew from what I supposed. He said he was a good lad; an ingenious and honest one; that he scarcely knew a better of his years; but he wanted to curb a little that *upsetting spirit* in him to which every young man new to business was too much addicted.

The young gentleman went to his other friends in a sad pickle, and represented himself to them as ruined beyond all redress; reprobating all the while the inconsistency of his uncle, and his unaccountable and ill-timed penury.

The most part of the young gentleman's relations were in deep dismay at this default of the uncle's; but one of them the most deeply engaged in the transaction, after listening seriously to the narration, instead of being vexed, only laughed immoderately at the whole affair, and said he never heard any thing so comic and truly ludicrous. "Go your ways home, and mind your business," said he; "you do not know any thing of old uncle Sandy: leave the whole matter to me, and I shall answer for his share of the concern." "You will be answerable for that which never will happen, then," said the nephew. "If the money is not paid till he advance it, the money shall never be paid on this side of time. You may as well try to extract it from the rock on the side of the mountain." "Go your ways," said the other. "It is evident that you can do nothing in the business; and were the sum three times the amount of what it is, I shall be answerable for it." It turned out precisely as this gentleman predicted; but no man will conceive old Sandy's motive for refusing that which he was in fact bound to perform. He could not bear to have it known that he had done so liberal and generous an action, and wished to manage matters so, that his nephew might believe the money to have been raised by some other means, and that he was nothing obliged to him for it; besides, he could not put his nephew to the same school in which he himself had been taught, namely, the school of actual adversity; but he wanted to give him a touch of *ideal misfortune*, that he might learn the value of independence.

Jacobite Relics, Not in Hogg's Collection

The Farre;

OR A GRAND TRAGI-COMEDY BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Being an excellent new Ballad.

To the tune of "The Fast of St James's."

From Mr Marshall's collection—See our November Number, p. 439.

OF late, as they say,
On a Christmas day,
Old Jove oped his great blue eyes,
To take a general view,
Of the worlds old and new, 5
From his capital mansion in the skies.

Chorus.

With his hum, hum, hum!
And his bum, bum, bum!
And his rat-a-ta-tatt!
Like a drum, drum, drum. 10

The god stood amaz'd,
As Northward he gaz'd,
(For he looks down but once in a while,)
To see Great Britain drunk,
Or rather wholly sunk, 15
To make room for some Hottentot isle,
With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then to cheer his old eyes.
Straight to Phoebus he hies,
Where he kept household at Capricorn; 20
Whence he, with due regard,
Cast a glance at court, and star'd
To see nothing there but—horns, horns, horns!
With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

And princes by the nose,
 Led by fools or by foes,
 Pimps, dukes, Turks, and fine foreign doxies;
 Whilst a man of sense and grace,
 Could no more show his face,
 Than a footman his front in the boxes.
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

There no language was fix'd,
 But all jargons were mix'd,
 Which gave the new courtiers much trouble;
 And though in all the herd
 No cloven tongue appear'd,
 Yet each tongue was both forked and double,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

The farce was complete,
 Both in church and in state,
 And the drawing-room was left to the rabble;
 Which made great Jove to doubt,
 The old isle was gone to pot,
 Or transformed to a bedlam or a Babel,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

"Hum, hum," quoth the god,
 With a shake and a nod,
 That shook all the firmament round him;
 "What a vile disorder's here!
 Straight away, my wing'd courier,
 Bring the guilty here, that I may confound them,"
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

The little airy post,
 As the welkin he cross'd,
 Spied three royal dames laid all along;
 Britannia the bold,
 Caledonia the old,
 And Hibernia with harp all unstrung,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

As he nearer did advance,
 "What the devil means this trance?"

Cried Merky, and he plied them with his wand;
 "Arouse, ye drones !" quoth he,
 "Tis great Jupiter's decree,"
 Whereat suddenly they started and they yawn'd, 65
 With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then they, somewhat abash'd,
 Follow'd Merky in haste,
 Till they reach'd Jove's throne of mighty wonder;
 At the sight his haughty blood 70
 Boil'd in such an angry mood,
 'Twas a mercy he withheld his red thunder,
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c.

"What avails it now," cried he,
 "To have given to you three, 75
 You pack of ungracious jades!
 Such fair domains to till,
 If you doze thus and lie still,
 While a stranger your sacred right invades?"
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c. 80

"Look ye, yonder is a court
 That makes you the sport
 Of all the nations around you.
 Get you gone from whence ye came,
 To bear witness to your shame, 85
 Or by heaven I will straightway confound you!"
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then, seiz'd with wild affright,
 They all posted off by night
 To St James's, where in truth they espied 90
 Their great monarch in a trance,
 With his trews in sad mischance,
 And the princess a-puking by his side,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

"What the deuce have we got here?" 95
 Quoth bold England to Mynheer,
 "What! a madman for all my great pains?"
 "Aha!" quoth Caledon,
 "I smell a rat, and so I'm gone,

Devil a drop of my blood is in his veins!" 100
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Hibernia she sigh'd,
 As 'tis oft her way, and cried,
 "Too long have I serv'd you, hard masters!
 'Tis all at your own doors, 105
 For I strove with all my powers
 To prevent all those shameful disasters,"
 With my hum, hum, hum, &c.

But after much pother,
 And rage at one another, 110
 These three most abandoned cullies
 Cried for help about the court,
 But, alas! no good support
 Could be had from Turks, panders, and bullies!
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c. 115

Thus helpless in their smart,
 They were urg'd to take heart,
 And resolve to be no more afraid;
 But in vain! 'tis too well known
 They could ne'er pluck off a crown, 120
 Except from the right owner's head,
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

Whilst the dastards were thus
 In their cowardly fuss,
 Jove, still arm'd with thunder and threats, 125
 Would have blasted them to hell,
 Had not Pallas us'd a spell,
 That gave a quick turn to their fates,
 With her hum, hum, hum, &c.

For the goddess of Peace, 130
 With such wisdom and grace,
 Interpos'd to assuage his fierce fire;
 That seeing them repent,
 He withdrew his dire intent,
 And calm'd the hot rage of his ire, 135
 With a hum, hum, hum, &c.

Then Jove, all serene,
 With a fatherly mien,
 And that voice that decrees mortal fate,
 Said, "Fair daughter, for thee 140
 I absolve the guilty three,
 Though they've oft mov'd my anger and hate,"
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c.

"In vain do they dare
 Their past errors to repair, 145
 With their foul sacrilegious hands;
 But I'll bring a youth ere long,
 From a race of heroes sprung,
 That shall free them from their shame and their bond!"
 With their hum, hum, hum, &c. 150

"For him, the righteous heir,
 I've reserv'd all my care;
 He shall make this vile discord to cease;
 By joining, as he shou'd,
 The ancient Stuart blood, 155
 With the spirit of our brave Tudor race,"
 With his hum, hum, hum, &c.

"For him I do ordain
 Golden days to come again
 To these lands long oppress'd with wasting war; 160
 And from him there shall come down
 A race to wear the crown,
 As fix'd as the bright Northern star,"
 With its hum, hum, hum, &c

Then all the gods on high 165
 With a shout rent the sky,
 To welcome the true heir to his own;
 And great Jove gave such a roar
 As was never heard before,
 Till he made the tyrant totter on his throne, 170
 With his hum, hum, hum!
 And his bum, bum, bum!
 And his rat-a-ta-tatt!
 Like a drum, drum, drum.

THE TWO MEN OF COLSTON, OR THE TRUE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

An excellent new Song,

To a celebrated Scotch air called, "Go to the kye wi' me."

From Mr Bulmer's Collection—See our November Number, p. 441.

"Why Joey, mon, where be'st thou going,
 Woth all theyne horses and kye,
 Woth thee pocks on thee back leyke a pether,
 And bearnies and baggige foreby?"
 "Why dom it, man, wost thou nwot hearing 5
 Of all the bwad news that are out?
 How that the Scwots devils be's cwoming
 To reave all our yauds and our nowt?

"So I's e'en gwoing up to the muirlands,
 Among the weyld flosches to heyde, 10
 Woth all mee haille haudding and getting,
 For fear that the worst mey beteyde.
 Lword man! heast thou neaver been hearing?
 There's noughts but the devil to pey;
 There's a Pwope coming down from the Heelands 15
 To herry, to bworn, and to sley.

"He has mwore than ten thousand male women,
 The fearsumest creatures of all:
 They call them rebellioners—dom them!
 And canny-bulls some do them call. 20
 Why, mon, they eat Christians leyke robbits;
 And bworn all the chworches for fwon;
 And we're all to be mwordered together,
 From the bearn to the keyng on the thrwone.

"Why our keyng he sends forth a great general, 25
 Woth all his whole airmy, no less!
 And whot does this Pwope and his menzie?
 Why Tommy, mon, feath thou'lt not guess—
 Why they folls all a rworing and yelling,
 Like a pack of mad hounds were their gowls; 30
 And they comes wopen mouth on our swodgers,
 And eats them oop bodies and sowls.

“There wos not one creature escap’d them,
 The great mighty general foreby;
 And one of the canny-bulls seiz’d him— 35
 Swoch canniness! dom it, say I!
 For he fix’d his twong teeth in him’s roomple,
 And held leyke grim death for the wheyle,
 And he kept his firm hould without flinching,
 Till the general he gollop’d one meyle. 40

“Why, Hester! what devil’s thou doing?
 Coome caw up the yaud woth the cart;
 Let us heaste out to Burten’s weyld sheeling,
 For mee bleud it rwons could to mee heart.
 So fare thee weel, Tommy!—I’s crying! 45
 Command me to Mwooll and thee weyfe.
 If thou sees oughts of Josey’s wee Meary,
 Lword! tell her to rwon for her leyfe.”

“Why Joey, mon! ha ha! thou’s raving,
 Thou’st heard the wrong side of the truth: 50
 For this is the *true keyng* that’s coming,
 A brave and mwoch wrong’d rwoyal youth.
 Thou’s as ignorant as the yaud that thou ride’s on,
 Or the cauve that thou dryves out the lwone;
 For this Pwope is the Prince Charles Stuart, 55
 And he’s cwome but to cleyrn what’s his own.

“His feythurs have held this ould keyngdom
 For a matter of ten thoosand years,
 Till there cwomes a bit vile scrwoggy bwody,
 A thievish old rascal I hears; 60
 And he’s stown the brave honest lad’s crown fro’m,
 And kick’d him out of house and hold;
 And reun’d us all woth his taxes,
 And hang’d up the brave and the bold.

“Now Joey, mon, how wod’st thou leyk it, 65
 If swome crabbed, half-wotted loun,
 Should cwome and seize on thee bit haudding,
 And dryve thee fro all that’s theyne own?
 And Joey, mon, how wod’st thou leyk it,

If thou in thee friends had soome hwope,
If they should all turn their backs on thee,
And call thee a thief and a pwope?" 70

"Why, Hester! where devil's thou gwoing?
Thou'l drive the ould creature to dead;
Stop still thee cart till I consider, 75
And take the ould yaud by the head.
Why Tommy, mon, what wast thou saying?
Cwome say't all again without fail:
If thou'lt swear unto all thou hast tould me,
I've had the wrong sow by the tail!" 80

"I'll swear unto all I hast tould thee,
That this is our *true sovereign king*:
There neaver was house so ill guided,
And by swoch a dwort of a thing!"
"But what of the canny-bulls, Tommy? 85
That's reither a doubtfull concern;
The thoughts of them horried male women
Make me quake for poor Hester and bearn."

"There's the clans of the North, honest Joey,
As brave men as ever had breath; 90
They've ta'en the hard side of the quarrel,
To stand by the right until death.
They have left all their feythurs and mothers,
Their wyves and their sweethearts and all,
And their heames, and their dear little bearnies, 95
Woth their true prince to stand or to fall!"

"Oh! God bless their souls! noble fellows!
Lword, Tommy, I's crying like mad:
I don't know at all what's the matter,
But 'tis summat of that rwoyal lad. 100
Why, Hester, thou dom'd stupid hussy!
Turn back the yaud's head towards heame;
Get up on the twop of thee panniels,
And dreyve back the rwoad that thou came.

"Now, Tommy, I's deune leyke me betters; 105
I's chang'd seydes; and so let that stand,

And mmore than mmost gentles can say, for
 I've chang'd both woth heart and woth hand.
 And since this lad is *our true sovereign*,
 I'll give him all that I possess; 110
 And I'll fight for him too, should he need it;
 Can any true swobject do less?"

"Now give me theyne hand, honest Joey!
 That's spoke leyke a true English man!
 He needs but a plain honest story, 115
 And he'll do what's reyght, if he can.
 Come thou down to auld Nanny Corbat's;
 I'll give thee a quart of good brown;
 And we'll drink to the health of Prince Charles,
 And every true man to his own." 120

Jacobite Relics, Not in Mr Hogg's Collection

UP AN' RIN AWA, GEORDIE.—A JACOBITE SONG.

Tune—"Up an' war them a', Willie."

(From Mr Bulmer's Collection)

Up an' rin awa, Geordie;
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie;
 Fient a stand in Cumberland,
 Your men can make ava, Geordie:
 Your bauld militia are in qualms, 5
 In ague fits and a', Geordie;
 And Auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade,
 Is delving through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

The lads of Westmoreland came up, 10
 And wow but they war braw, Geordie!
 But took the spavie in their houghs,
 And limpit fast awa, Geordie:
 Oh, had ye seen them at their posts,
 Wi' backs against the wa', Geordie; 15
 Ye wad hae thought, "It matters not!

Flee over seas awa, Geordie!"
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

These Highland dogs, wi' hose an' brogs,
They dree nae cauld at a', Geordie; 20
Their hides are tann'd like Kendal bend,
And proof to frost and snaw, Geordie:
They dive like moudies in the yird;
Like squirrels mount a wa', Geordie;
And auld Carlisle, baith tower and pile, 25
Has got a waesome fa', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

Brave Sir John Pennington is fled,
And Doctor Waugh an' a', Geordie;
And Humphrey Stenhouse he is lost, 30
And Acran Bank's but raw, Geordie;
And Andrew Pattison's laid by,
The prince o' provosts a', Geordie:
'Tis hard to thole, for gallant soul,
His frostit thumbs to blaw, Geordie. 35
Up an' rin awa', Geordie, &c.

Prince Charlie Stuart's ta'en the road,
As fast as he can ca', Geordie;
The drones to drive frae out the hive,
And banish foreign law, Geordie: 40
He's o'er the Mersey, horse and foot,
An' braid claymores an' a', Geordie;
An' awsome forks, an' Highland durks,
An' thae's the warst ava', Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c. 45

I canna tell—ye ken yoursel',
Your faith, an' trust, an' a', Geordie;
But 'tis o'er true, your cause looks blue:
'Tis best to pack awa', Geordie.
An' ye maun take your foreign bike, 50
Your Turks, and queans, an' a, Geordie,
To pluff and trig your bran new wig,
And your daft pow to claw, Geordie.
Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

There's ae thing I had maist forgot, 55
 Perhaps there may be twa, Geordie;
 Indite us back, when ye gang hame,
 How they receiv'd you a', Geordie:
 And tell us how the langkail thrive,
 And how the turnips raw, Geordie; 60
 And how the seybos and the leeks
 Are brairdin through the snaw, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

That Hanover's a dainty place,
 It fits you to a flaw, Geordie; 65
 Where ane may tame a buxom dame,
 And chain her to a wa', Geordie:
 And there a man may burn his cap,
 His hat, and wig, and a, Geordie;
 They're a' sae daft, your scanty wits 70
 Will ne'er be miss'd ava, Geordie.
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie, &c.

Ye've lost the Land o' Cakes an' Weir,
 Auld Caledonia, Geordie,
 Where fient a stand in a' the land 75
 Your Whigs could make ava, Geordie.
 Then tak' leg-bail, and fare-ye-weel,
 Your motely mumps an' a', Geordie;
 There's mony ane may rue the day
 That ye came here ava, Geordie. 80
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 Up an' rin awa, Geordie,
 For fient a stand in all England,
 Your Whigs dare make ava, Geordie.

NOTES.

This being a local song, like the greater part of those in Mr Bulmer's collection, the few following notices, from the journals of that day, may not be unacceptable, by way of explanation. As soon as it was known that Prince Charles and the clans were on their march southward from Edinburgh, the whole of the militia of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland were marched into Carlisle, in order to make a formidable defence there, and to prove an insuperable bar

against the farther advance of the Highland army into England. The opposition did not prove so formidable as the Government expected.

It was on the 9th of November that the Highlanders first appeared before Carlisle. On that day, sixty gentlemen, all well mounted, appeared on Stanwix Bank, a hill close to Carlisle. The castle fired on them; and after some time, they withdrew towards the vanguard of their army, but seemed entirely to disregard the firing. When it was growing late, Mr Pattison, the redoubted Mayor of Carlisle, received a message from the Commissary of the Highland army, desiring him to provide billets for 13,000 men that night, which he refused; and on the instant the city was surrounded by upwards of 9000 of them. Next day, a body of men approached the walls, first bending towards the Irish gate, but afterwards marching round to the English gate, in order to reconnoitre the place. At three, the Prince summoned the city and castle to surrender in his father's name; but to this summons the heroic Mayor returned no other answer than by firing the cannon upon him.

A close fire was kept up till after midnight; but the next morning, word having been brought to the Prince of the approach of Marshal Wade, he drew off the army, and marched forward on the road to Newcastle, to meet him half way. He stopped short at Brampton, where he remained all that night and next day, the army being quartered in the villages around, till hearing of Wade's return, he marched back to Carlisle on the 13th. On the 14th, his army broke ground within 300 yards of the citadel, at Spring Garden, near the race-ground, in the midst of the whole fire of the town and castle; and the next day the town surrendered at discretion. The excuses sent by the Mayor are really worth inserting.

"For whole seven days, (observe, whole *seven days*,) neither officers nor men of the garrison had ever got *above an hour's rest at one time*, having been so perpetually alarmed, by the vicinity of the Highland army. Besides, many were grown sick, by reason of the excessive fatigue they underwent; and these being hopeless of a speedy relief, they absolutely refused to hold out any longer. The whole of the men were so disheartened, that numbers of them went over the walls, and deserted every hour of the day, some of whom fell into the hands of the enemy. The officers of many companies were actually left, before the end, with three or four men each; so that, in spite of Colonel Durand's protestation, the Mayor and Corporation determined on hanging out the white flag on the very second day of the siege, and making the best terms they could for themselves. When the first proposals of surrendering were made, the Colonel determined on holding out the

castle, and got 400 men to give their consent to join him, as well as the two companies of invalids; but before eight o'clock next morning, every one of them had changed his resolution, and left him, except about 80 invalids, therefore he was obliged to give up the castle, along with the city, after nailing up ten of the cannon."

The Mayor farther complains, that the militia were put to great and severe hardships, for that they could not, for any money, procure "*a sufficient quantity of straw to make beds for themselves!*" Now this was certainly very hard! Was it any wonder that that gallant garrison, of three thousand men, gave in so soon? But what was worse, "Captain Wilson, the son of Daniel Wilson, Member of Parliament for Westmoreland, was actually obliged to pay thirty shillings for the use of a cobbler's stall under the walls!" After this, it was impossible to hold out a city and fortress, or even to think of it. Such privations as these were never before heard of!

The Duke of Perth, and his division, were the first of the Highland army that entered the city. He made all the garrison swear, never more to carry arms against the house of Stuart, and, shaking the officers by the hands, he commended them for brave fellows, and regretted that they had chosen a different cause from that which he had espoused. He took above 200 good horses, and all the arms from the militia, besides 1000 stand lodged in the castle. He found a rich booty in the castle, the people of the country round about having lodged the most valuable of their effects there for safety. The militia piled their arms in the market-place, but several of them endeavoured to escape over the walls, without being compelled to take the oaths; as did also some of Cope's men, who had made their escape from their guards. But next day, when Prince Charles arrived in the city from Brampton, he caused all the silver-plate, and other valuable effects found in the castle, to be delivered back to the owners. Besides great abundance of military stores, they found all the broad-swords that had been taken from their fathers at Preston in 1715. On Saturday, the 16th, the Prince and his father were proclaimed with all ceremony, the Provost and Magistrates walking before the Highland officers, in their robes, and bearing the mace; and, on the 18th, the army set out on their march southward, a small body of horse lodging in Penrith that night. The van of the army reached Lancaster on the 24th, and Manchester on the 28th, where they beat up for men, and enlisted a considerable number, to whom they gave white cockades, and five guineas in money. The Prince arrived there at two o'clock next day, (the 29th,) walking on foot at the head of one of the divisions of his army, splendidly dressed in the Highland Garb, and surrounded by Highland gentlemen of the clans; and the two following days

He cross'd the Mersey, horse and foot,
 And braid claymores an' a',
 where our bard takes leave of him, and so must we, till some further
 opportunity.

A NEW BALLAD.

(*From Mr Marshall's Collection.*)

To the Tune of Lillibullero.

ARE foxes guardians for the geese?
 Or rooks for squires, or wolves for sheep?
 Can sparks descend? can fire freeze?
 Or rakes bid girls their virtue keep?
 Or Cromwell for the Martyr weep? 5
 If so, the Whigs may guard thy throne,
 And rebels may protect the state;
 But, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late. 10

The mushroom vermin now at court
 Have levell'd monarchy with dirt,
 A cutler's fry, just ooz'd from mud,
 A traitor to all royal blood,
 With griping hand, 15
 Now rule our land,
 'Fore George, 'tis shocking to repeat;
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late. 20

What men but they who'd basely sport
 With kings, could so affront the court,
 As to impose upon the Crown
 The common foot-mats of the town,
 Fenwich, Rochfort, Jeiry Man, 25
 I blush when I this tale repeat?
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

These tinsel pageants ne'er are bright, 30
 But, like our glow-worm in the night,

When day breaks forth you'll see the cheat;
 But then may call your friends too late.
 Consider how they serv'd King Charles,
 The just, the brave, the wise, the great; 35
 And, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What mortal can with patience see
 These dregs of Forty-One caress'd? 40
 Roundheads insulting loyalty,
 And every honest man oppress'd
 By rogues, who'll lead you to the block?
 May Heaven avert th' impending fate!
 But, haste over, Hanover, 45
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

What Briton can, with temper, see
 The Dutch our primum mobile?
 A King ingross'd, controll'd by knaves. 50
 Proscribing worth, and raising slaves?
 Your precious Whigs will dock your reign,
 No mortal can reverse your fate;
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over, 55
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late.

Poor Teagueland has a junto got
 Of glorious patriots, God wot,
 Offspring of mists, of bogs, of brogues,
 Ordure of mankind, scum of rogues, 60
 Dissenting bishops, knotting thieves,
 And all the Benches filled with beeves;
 No churchman has justice,
 Or fit for a post is;
 The junto to such no shelter affords; 65
 All men of birth and worth are out,
 And grubs and bats compound the state:
 Then, haste over, Hanover,
 Fast as you can over,
 Side with your friends, before 'tis too late. 70

A TOAST.

From the same.

HERE'S a health to the King whom the crown doth belong to;
Confusion to those who the right King would wrong so;
I do not here mention either old King or new King;
But here is a health, boys—a health to the true King.

Here's a health to the Clergy, true sons of the Church,
Who never left King, Queen, nor Prince in the lurch;
I do not here mention either old Church or new Church;
But here is a health, boys—a health to the true Church.

THE DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY COURIER

Verses

[The following simple, but touching verses, relate to the demise of a most worthy character, whose name appeared in our obituary of last week.]

O, is he gane, my good auld man!
And am I left forlorn?
And is that manly heart at rest—
The kindest e'er was born?

We've sojourned here, through hope and fear, 5
For fifty years and three;
And ne'er in all that weary space
Said he rough words to me.

And mony a braw and boordly son,
And daughters in their prime, 10
This trembling hand laid in the grave,
Lang, lang afore the time.

I dinna greet the day to see,
That he to them has gane;
But O! 'tis fearfu' thus to be 15
Left in a world alane,

Wi' a poor bleeding, broken heart,
Whose race of joy is run,
And hence has little opening left
For aught beneath the sun. 20

My life or death I winna crave,
Nor languish nor despond;
But a' my hope is in the grave,
And the dear home beyond.

THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL

A Letter from Yarrow

The Ettrick Shepherd to the Editor of THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

MR JOURNALIST,

A GLAD man was I last night when your Prospectus was put into my hand, particularly at reading your announcement of “the strictest impartiality, which will give way to no private interests whatever.” If he stick by that resolution, thought I, I shall be a contributor to any extent he pleases. For do you know, sir, it is a literal fact that I have never had any thing ado with one periodical work in which I did not find the editors devoted to a party, not only in politics, which is allowable, but in literature. Yes, sir, every one of them have a party in literature, which they laud and support through thick and thin, however despicable the merits of that party may be to all eyes but their own. My worthy friend, old Christopher there, supposes himself quite fair, liberal, and impartial, in every department of literature, and to every literary person under the sun; and I never contradict him. But, Lord help him! not he! He is a greater aristocrat in literature than he is in politics; and the amount of that is well known to be quite sufficient. For instance, I have a great number of literary friends, of whom I think very highly, because perhaps they are something of the same school with myself—of that school which Morison, the Galloway man, calls THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.—well, sir, of not one of these will Kit say a favourable word! He cannot hinder me from speaking in their recommendation. But then he makes no answer, but smiles, takes a glass, and begins another subject; and whenever I try to edge in a line or two, even sideways, to bring them to notice, that line does not appear.

Of course, sir, when I read your announcement, and the invitation to take a share in it, and found that I would now be at liberty to publish my free and unbiassed sentiments of all my literary contemporaries, I felt precisely like the Laird of M’Nab, when he had got, with some difficulty, up to the winning-post at Perth races, “By the Lord, but this is me now!”

In articles “second” and “third,” I likewise found several departments in which I felt quite at home. But in the fourth! ah! there I was a little staggered! I was obliged to scratch my elbow, and exclaim to myself, “This is no me at a’.” “Religious discussion!” Mr Journalist, are you horn-mad? Have you in any degree studied the spirit of the times, and the manifest dispositions of churchmen to wrangle and contend?—to fume, and flame, and censure each other, with an acrimony at which laymen would blush? You will be bayed, sir, you will be worried outright, and both you and your Journal “blawn to the deil” in five weeks, if you meddle with religious discussion at this perilous moment of sacerdotal animosity. There is a prophecy in the Revelations, (a favourite book of mine—the foundation of our school of poetry,) that Satan is to be loosed on the earth for a season; and is it not apparent to you, sir, that that period is arrived? that he is already loosed, and, in order to improve his time to the best advantage, has begun with the churchmen, and even fixed on the most ardent professors of religion for his purpose? Presbyterian and Seceder, Catholic and Episcopalian, are all in a fume against each other. Even the most popular of the Covenanters have gone to fisticuffs; and therefore to begin a *religious discussion* just now, would be the same as snapping an improved patent percussion cap over a barrel of gunpowder. I shall conclude this serious and well-meant letter by an advice which I once heard a father give to his son. “Let us alane o’ your glaibering about religion, ye rascal. I wish you wad think mair, and pray mair, and haver less about it.—D’ye think that religion’s naething but a pease-kill for chicken-cocks to cackle about?” I am, &c.

JAMES HOGG.

*Mount Benger,
Oct. 30th, 1828.*

A Pastoral Sang

By the Ettrick Shepherd

AWAKE, my bonnie Marrion Graham,
And see this scene before it closes,
The eastern lift is a’ on flame,
And a’ besprinkled o’er wi’ roses;
It is a sight will glad your ee,
A sight my Marrion lo’es to see.

Here are the streaks of gowden light,
 Fair as my Marrion's locks o' yellow;
 And tints of blue as heavenly bright
 As smile within her ee sae mellow; 10
 Her cheeks, young roses, even seem
 To dimple in yon heavenly beam.

Awake, my bonny Marrion Graham,
 Ye never saw sae bright adorning;
 I canna bear that my sweet dame 15
 Should lose the pleasures o' this morning;
 For what wad a' its beauties be
 Without some likeness unto thee?

I see thee in the silver stream,
 The budding rose, and gracefu' willow; 20
 I see thee in yon morning beam,
 And beauty of the glowing billow;
 I see thy innocence and glee
 In every lamb that skims the lea.

And could you trow it, lovely May, 25
 I see thee in the hues of even;
 Thy virgin bed the milky way,
 Thy coverlet the veil of heaven?
 There have I seen a vision dim
 Hush'd by an angel's holy hymn. 30

And, Marrion, when this morn, above
 The gates of heaven, I saw advancing
 The morning's gem—the star of love,
 My heart with rapture fell a-dancing;
 Yet I in all its rays could see, 35
 And all its glories, only thee.

Ah! Marrion Graham! 'tis e'en ower true,
 And gude forgie my fond devotion,
 In earth's sweet green, and heaven's blue,
 And all the dyes that deck the ocean, 40
 The scene that brings nae mind o' thee
 Has little beauty to my ee.

Get up, ye little wily knave!
 I ken your pawky jinks an' jeering,
 You like to hear your lover rave,
 An' gar him trow ye dinna hear him;
 Yet weel this homage you'll repay,
 Get up, my love, an' come away!

45

Noctes Bengerianæ

(For *THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL*)

By the Ettrick Shepherd

MY DEAR MR JOURNALIST,

A MERRY Christmas to you, and many happy returns of the season, not only to you, but to your new mistress, The Literary Journal, who really looks better in her monthly lead-coloured gown and slippers, than I ever conceived she could have done when flying about the house like the sibyl's leaves. You request me the news from Yarrow; but deil a news there are that I can think of. The salmon are swarming, and closetime very ill kept by our feuars, &c. The hares have either vanished from the face of the earth, or have got the way of ensconcing themselves under the heath and long grass so completely that it is the same thing to us whether they are in the country or not. The geese are suffering,—the sheep thriving,—the ground particularly green,—and there is a close ryegrass braird an inch and a half long on the crown of Henry Young's Siberian bonnet.

But when I am writing to a friend, whatever is uppermost with me must out, let it be as great nonsense as it will. So yesterday, as I was coming home with a good long hare over my shoulder, I espied a wight going up our haugh in the strangest fashion I ever saw. He had on a grey hat and a long coat, looking like faded remnants of gentility; and he was always running one while, and standing still another, and sometimes travelling with a motion like a pacing horse. It was impossible to look at his gait without being moved to laughter, and I thought him drunk. At length he run himself off the road, and got entangled among the scaurs of the river; and though the way out was quite obvious, he could by no means discover it, until Gordon the innkeeper came to him, and set him once more on the highroad. I came over to Gordon, and asked whether the man was daft or drunk? Gordon said he supposed he was both, for he was the queerest fish ever he had seen.

He having gone by my cottage, I did not expect ever to see more of him; but behold, as it grew dark, the same wight came and placed himself down before our kitchen fire without any preamble. I went straight to see this *outré* person, and certainly his first address to me gave promise of some sport. He looked gravely over his shoulder at me—"James, bring me my slippers, if you please?"

"Faith lad, I hae nae slippers to mysell, as ye may see," says I; "an' I dinna ken where yours are stannin'."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you the master here?"

"Ay, a' that's for him."

"Humph! who would have thought it? You are a very extraordinary gentleman, it seems;—a *very* extraordinary person, indeed: at least so the world takes on it to say of you."

"Only a very plain, stupid, simple man, sir," returned I.

"Faith, I think so; but I must be wrong. Come, sit down here, and sing me a song, and then I'll know what is in you. Don't think I'll bid you do it for nothing. I'll pay you for it, and that I will. Here's plenty of money. Why, now, that's too bad,—you despise me; but you do not know who I am, sir? I am ten times a greater man than you, for I too am an author, and besides am grandson to a lord;—and I'll sing you one in return."

I inquired his name, but he shook his head, and replied—"That will I never tell in this country. I have been imprisoned, maltreated, and sent to the house of correction; and though the mention of my name would have made my judges bow down before me, and lick the dust, yet that name have I never mentioned in Scotland, nor would I, were it to profit me a thousand pounds. In the country here I go by the name of THE MAN; but if you have any particular occasion to address me by name, you may call me Lord Archbald."

"What countryman are you?"

"What is that to you? Who has any thing ado with my name or my country? I am no thief, no murderer, no notorious breaker of the laws, either human or divine; but I have been very foolish! very improvident! Mine is a strange story!—But you will not sing me a song, won't you? That is rather ungentlemanly. I regret asking you. But my story is soon told; and I am well used to think of it, if not to tell it. I was born to a considerable fortune; although a younger brother, I was independent with economy, and I meant to have been provident and economical outgoing all precedent, had not every one of my whims misgiven. There was no imprudence on my part, for I always meant well in my speculations. I always meant to increase my fortune; and who can say there was imprudence in that? If matters went the contrary of what I had calculated on, that might be an error in judgment,

but not in intention. Even at the gaming-table, or on the racecourse, or in the lottery, I calculated with certainty on gaining. But who can stand out against evil destiny!"

"Oho! is that the gate how ye hae lost your siller?" said I. "Ane needna be astonished at the result. But I expected to hear that you had lost it in some other way, for I never saw ane sae sair reduced, an' as completely daft, unless his ruin had been effected by woman."

"Hilloa! A hit! a palpable hit!" cried he, springing to his feet, and holding his side. "That was an unfair lunge! I was taken at disadvantage there! Was it fair, after challenging me to fight with a cut-and-thrust, to pull out a pistol clandestinely, and shoot me to the heart? Yet that is what you have done, a wound that brings a thousand reminiscences to mind, too scorching to be borne by mortal man. O woman, woman! let no man break his jests or scatter his general and unqualified reflections over thee; for if thou art confided in, and trusted with that deference which is due to thy sex and relative situation in life, thou art all truth, honour, and fidelity; and sooner will the day change into night than thy love into laxity and indifference. And why is it that we rail so much against thee for fickleness and change? Because, whenever we suffer from these, we feel that we have deserved it, which makes the wound fester the more deeply. But if the depravity of man will still sit like a canker in the flower of thy delicacy, let him feel the ground on which he stands with thee,—let him be cast off and abandoned to shame and contempt. The world often hears of thy dereliction of thine own duty, but seldom of its bitter and discordant preludes. I have been a lover—yea, I have loved as never man loved before or after me. I have been a husband—a parent. And what am I now? An outcast on the earth—a vagabond—a madman!"

"Whisht, whisht! Moderate your vehemence a wee bit, man," said I. "Ye're no just a madman, Gude be thankit, but only a wee thing crazed i' the head; an' I'm really sorry for't, for ye hae that in you that mid hae been metal for the best moulded mind. Come, tell us some o' your love adventures; I'm mad fond o' love stories."

"Go to your prayers, James—you have much need; and pray for an absolute and general indemnity to be extended to all your household as well as yourself, for you are all guilty alike. You think you sit like a little prince here. These are all your servants; and you believe that you are beloved and respected by them to a most superb degree. You kiss the maids and commend them, and they laugh at you behind your back. You scold the men servants and the boys, and think you have cowed them into attention and regular subordination; but no sooner is your back turned than they cheat you. Every one of the family cheats you. Your hinds cheat you—your maids cheat you. Even your children

and your wife cheat you; and all your neighbours and dependents cheat you to a man. Yet there you sit in stupendous apathy, and will not so much as go to your prayers. Or could you not divest yourself of all these incumbrances, as I have done, and soar away into the unutterable regions of delirium, where one day is as a thousand years, and one day's journey as a survey of immensity, where the spheres are all dancing round you, and the elements subject to your control?"

"Faith, lad, I wish ye maunna hae been snapping up a doze o' opium, like Maister De-Quincy. But if you'll remember, it was a love story that I wantit, an' no a definition o' the fields o' delirium. An' yet it maun be confessed that there is a dash o' poetry in siccan extreme vagaries. I have had dreams like these mysell sometimes. Have you ever tried your hand at poetry?"

"Often. I have written more poetry than you have done; but my verses were never of that imaginative kind; they consisted of invectives against my race and against human nature. The King and his ministers have always moved my greatest indignation; and my best verses have had their source in contempt of them and their measures."

"Od, man, that beats a' the absurdities that ever I heard uttered by a human creature. Ye maun be a great deal dafter than I apprehendit. For, in the first place, if ye set yoursell up to ridicule an' pour out your invectives against human nature, what else have you that is imposing, grand, or beautiful in the creation of God? Wad ye set the horses aboon us, as Dean Swift does in his abominable Yahoo story? or the kye an' the cuddy-asses? What kind o' society wad these form for a rational an' immortal being? Or, taking the haill animal creation together, what kind o' warld wad they make? Wad they sail the seas? wad they navigate the rivers? or wad they Macadameeze their turnpike roads? Deil's i' the man! Without human nature in its fourfold state it would be nae world at a'. Is it not weel kend to the geologists that the Great Maker o' the universe tried this planet twice without the sovereignty of human nature, an' he had sae little mense o' his handiwork, that he had as aften to overturn the haill fabric, leaving nought but the bones of its brutal inhabitants to testify the existence of both? As for the King an' his ministers, let folk rooze the ford as they find it. I'm sure they canna hae done less for you than they hae done for me; but it shall be lang afore I either stain paper or taint the air o' heaven with any obloquy against my Sovereign, whom I know to be the Lord's anointed, and without whose appointment he could not have been placed there. Indeed, I have always thought it argued much in behalf of the virtue of the present generation, that the Supreme Governor of the universe saw us deserving of such a kind and benevolent Prince to reign over us. And I would have thought that

your own state would have led you rather to strains of pathos than invective. Have you never vented your feelings in any of the former?"

"I have never succeeded much in that way, nor do I remember these sort of verses so well as the others. The following are some, among many others, which I composed while lying in prison at Fort George; but they are not equal to the worst of my satirical ones."

Here he repeated several verses, in the Don Juan style, relating to our late and present monarchs, that were truly horrible; then on Mr Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, and several others, till at last he came upon the Rev. E. Irving, the stanzas upon whom were far too blasphemous to be set down here. The following are some of the verses he had alluded to previously:

What tongue can speak the glowing heart,
 What pencil paint the glistening eye,
 When your command came to depart
 From scenes of triumph, hope, and joy?

Cross'd in life—by villains plunder'd, 5
 More than yet you've given belief;
 Fortune's bolts have o'er me thunder'd,
 Till my very heart is deaf.

Hard lives the willow by the strand,
 To every pelting surge a prey; 10
 Nor will it leave its native land,
 Till every root is torn away.

So I, like the poor passive willow,
 Cling unto my native shore,
 Till the next returning billow 15
 Cast me down for evermore.

Ah! who hath seen the desolation
 Of the earthquake's dismal reign,
 E'er can hope the renovation
 Of his peaceful home again? 20

So I, distracted and forlorn,
 Look back upon my youthful prime;
 And forward to the happy morn
 That frees me from the hand of time.

“Wae’s my heart, for thy wounded spirit, poor fellow!” said I. “May he that provides a home for the wild beast of the desert, feeds the young ravens, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, be with you in all your wanderings, and restore that reason, which is only deranged, not blotted out.”

By this time the servants had all come in, and were crowding round him, intent on the stranger. “What ill-looking fellows are these?” said he; “there’s one looks as if he would storm hell, (turning to Wat Nicol); and here’s another looks as if he had been there already, and made his escape, (meaning old Donald.) But I daresay you are all very good fellows. There are none of you major-generals, I suppose. (No, no.) Very well, come round, and sit down here. Come, old fellow, give us a song. What the devil is all this whining about.”

Wat Nicol. I canna get a moment’s time for thae beasts if I wad ever sae fain sing. I never saw aught like them. They wad just tak a body to work on them night an’ day.

Ld. Archbald. You are working on no beasts just now, friend,—only standing chewing tobacco; I suppose that is the hardest part of your employment. Come, give us a song!

Wat sings.

I’LL sing of an auld forbeire of my ain,
 Tweedlem, twaddlem, twenty-one,
 A man that for fun was never out-done,
 And his name was brave John Nicol o’ Whun.
 Auld John Nicol he lo’ed his glass,
 Tweedlem, twaddlem, twenty-one,
 And weel he likit the toast to pass,
 An’ it’s hey for brave John Nicol o’ Whun!

Wat. I hae forgot the rest o’t. It would tak me a June day to sing ower a’ his tricks.

Ld. Arch. Blow up! Prithee go on, old Cappernoity.

Wat. Nah! I canna get a moment’s time for thae confoundit beasts.

(*Exit Wat, singing* “Hey for auld John Nicol o’ Whun!”)

Ld. Arch. Come, young man, give us a song.

Will. Aye, that I will, man.

Sings.

Here I sit, the king o’ the Yarrow,
 An’ lang I hope king to be;

My name it is Will Goodfellow,
 An' wha dare wrestle wi' me?
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',
 Hammers an' mells an' a',
 At races an' wrestles I beat them,
 At hap-step-an'-jump an' a'.

Ld. Arch. It is vexatious that your songs should be so short here, when they are so full of glee. Come, you tall girl, that suppose yourself so very handsome, will you give us a song?

Nancy. With all my heart, my Lord.

Sings.

Mary is my only joy,
 Mary is blithe and Mary is coy,
 Mary's the gowd where there's nae alloy—
 Though black—yet O she's bonny!
 Her breath is the birchen bower of spring, 5
 Her lips the young rose opening,
 And her hair is the hue o' the raven's wing—
 She's black—but O she's bonny!

The star that gilds the evening sky,
 Though bright its ray, may never vie 10
 Wi' Mary's dark an' liquid eye,
 The gem that cheers our valley.
 In yon green wood there is a bower,
 Where lies a bed of witching power;
 Under that bed there blooms a flower, 15
 That steals the heart unwary.

O there is a charm and there is a spell,
 That, O and alack, I know too well!
 A pang that the tongue may hardly tell,
 Though felt both late an' early. 20
 The beauteous flower beneath the tree,
 The spell of the wildest witchery,
 The gowd an' the gear, an' a' to me,
 Is my black but bonny Mary!

The poor wanderer then sung the following verses in a strain truly moving and melancholy. I think I have seen them, but cannot recollect where. He said they were Campbell's, but that I judge to be a mistake. I could only get off from singing, by a promise to give him a song in writing. He is still here.

I'll bid my heart be still,
And check each struggling sigh,
And there's none e'er shall know
My soul's cherish'd wo,
When the first tears of sorrow are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
But the deeper I mourn,
Since he cannot return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay,
For peace and freedom won,
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his death dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

(Exeunt Omnes.

Mount Bengier, Dec. 22d, 1828.

The Wanderer's Tale

By the Ettrick Shepherd

"Cross'd in life—by villains plunder'd,
More than yet you've given belief;
Fortune's bolts have o'er me thunder'd,
Till my very heart is deaf."

I TOLD you that I had loved,—and heaven is my witness how dearly and how sincerely! Yes! I saw my Clara,—I wooed and won her from a feared and hated rival, just when he thought he had nothing to do but to lead her to the altar. From that day he took every opportunity of picking a quarrel with me; but I bore all triumphantly, proud of the prize of which I had bereaved him.

He was a Major-General at this time; and, not long after my marriage, my embarrassments induced me to accept an appointment in the army; and it so fell out, that in about three years afterwards, this same rival became my commanding officer. This was a humility not to be borne, and I had already taken measures to get rid of it, which, however, could not be brought to bear for some time; and, in the meanwhile, I fear my temper had grown surly and severe with my charming wife, for I had been chagrined by many losses and crosses of late. So one night when I came home to my lodging, after a week's absence on duty, I kissed my little boy, and, as usual, was going to kiss his mother; but behold! I was repulsed with indignation and scorn; and before I got time to articulate a word in my astonishment, I was addressed in the following unbrookable terms: —

“Go and bestow your kisses on those who have enjoyed them for these eight days past,—nay, for these eight months and more. I have suffered your irregularities and insults long; but I will suffer them no longer.”

In utter consternation, I asked an *eclaircissement*, I believe good-naturedly, or nearly so, when the woman of my heart and soul,—the woman on whose face I had never seen a frown,—accused me broadly of infidelity to her, and of seducing the wife of another,—a crime of which I had kept her in concealment for the best part of a year. And she added,

“I knew of it long ago, and would fain have passed it over in silence; but now, it is become so public that decency is outraged, and I desire you to return to her, and leave me as I am, with my poor child here.”

Here I fell into the greatest error of my life. I got into an ungovernable rage, and there is no doubt that I used my beloved wife very badly. The crime of which I was accused was entirely without foundation. I had never so much as in thought been for a moment alienated from Clara, and the accusation put me actually beside myself; and perhaps my misfortunes had rendered my mind rather unstable by this time.

“You are a poor, weak-minded miserable woman, to believe any such report of me,” said I; “and if you were a thousand times dearer than you are, I would tear you from my heart and affections; for how could I take a being to my bosom who entertains such a mean

opinion of me?"

"You may save yourself the terror of such a conjunction," said she. "You shall never take me to your bosom. I hope in God we shall never again sleep under the same roof."

"Just as you please, madam. Make the most of your pride and insolence that you can. In the meantime, you will please to remember that this is *my* house;" and so saying, I strode majestically into my own room.

The horrors of that night will remain engraven on my distracted memory for ever! I overheard her hushing our beloved baby to sleep, with many sobs and tears, and still I had not the power to return and fling myself at her feet. I found that in my heart she was forgiven already; but, wondering who could have poisoned her ear, I resolved to let her feel my resentment for such ungrounded suspicions for a little while. As I was hugging myself on the propriety of this demeanour, I heard a carriage stop at the street door; but, it being a place where carriages were constantly stopping, I paid no attention to it. Our door-bell was never rung; and though I heard some bustling on the stair, I regarded not that either. The carriage drove off, and all was quiet. At length, being unable to contain myself longer, I rung the bell, and asked the girl for Clara.

"My lady is gone out, sir."

"Out! Whither is she gone at this time of night?"

"She is gone out, sir. She went away in that carriage."

"And the child? What, then, has become of the child?"

"He is gone out too, sir. My lady has taken him along with her."

"When is she to be in again?"

"I could not be saying, sir. But I suppose she is going to make some stay away; for when she went she kissed me, gave me a guinea, and, squeezing my hand, she said, 'Farewell, Nancy,' and I felt the tears dripping off at her chin,—'farewell, Nancy,' said she; 'God be with you!' and poor, dear lady, she was crying. What could ail her, your honour? I cannot comprehend it, for indeed she *was* crying."

Every word that the girl spoke went like a dagger to my heart, and I felt that my fate was sealed, and that misery, desolation, and utter oblivion, only awaited me. I was mad already; for I seized my hat, ran down stairs, and, without ever asking which way the carriage went, pursued, running till at the farther end of the town, and then along another street, till quite exhausted. Twice was I taken up by the police ere morning, while running and calling her name, like a child that had lost its mother.

Had I been capable of any proper exertion at all adequate to my

love and regret, I might still have recovered my beloved Clara; but I was petrified, benumbed, overwhelmed with astonishment, and I knew of no place to which she could retreat whither to follow her; so I took to my bed, and abandoned myself to despair. I was called on to attend parade, and, being obliged to comply, I found the General more than usually insulting that day; but I bore all with unmoved apathy, caring neither for him nor aught in this world. As I refused going to mess, one of my companions, who sympathised with me, accompanied me home, and by the way said to me,—“I am truly sorry for you, Archibald; but I fear you have been the author of this flagrant and disgraceful business yourself; and now it is irremediable.”

I asked him to what he alluded, every joint in my body in the meanwhile trembling like an aspen, when he told me shortly, as a fact known to the whole mess, that my wife was now living under the General's protection. This was a blow indeed! Could any man's reason have stood this shock? Could yours, sir? I deny it, if you had any spark of the feelings of a man. I instantly penned a challenge,—a terrible one; but my companion refused to carry it to his commanding officer, telling me that I would be found in the wrong. But knowing another gentleman who hated the General, I got him to deliver the challenge. But his honour refused to meet me. Yes, the dog, the craven, refused giving me satisfaction, and, what was worse, answered my note in a calm, exulting style, as I had answered his injurious remarks formerly. He told me he had done me no wrong, but rather a service, by granting my wife and child an asylum, when I had turned them out of doors; and that such a fellow was not worthy to be *whipt* by the hands of a gentleman—a fellow who could turn a lovely and amiable lady, with a babe at her bosom, out to the streets at midnight.

This was blow upon blow! There never was a poor wretch humbled as I was. I swore to myself to have revenge, and went and watched the villain's door early and late to assassinate him. But, aware of his danger, he always eschewed me, and soon went away to a distant part of the country to review some troops, taking my wife in the carriage with him. I followed him, and, waylaying him on his path to the field, I met him, with only one servant riding a good way behind him. I challenged him to fight me, or die on the spot. When he saw it was me, he was terrified, and put spurs to his horse; but I seized it by the reins, and fired a pistol in the villain's face, determined to blow his brains all abroad upon the high way. In the struggle I missed my aim; the ball only grazed his cheek, and took off his left ear. He then either fell or flung himself from the horse, roaring out murder. I drew my sword in order to exterminate him, and, it seems, gave him one wound,

when at that moment I was knocked down by a blow from behind by the servant's loaded whip. When I recovered, I found myself in a dungeon. I was tried, found guilty, and condemned. But I cannot tell you what I suffered. No tongue can relate the half of the contumely, disgrace, and humiliation, that I underwent. Man has done his worst to me—woman has done her worst to me—the world has done its worst to me—and I have done with them all!

The General soon turned off Clara. He had got his revenge. He had got the victory, and he wanted no more,—ruined her, and broken and disgraced me. It was long before I ventured to go and see her. At length I ventured; but she only screamed and fainted, and I was obliged to retire. We exchanged several letters; and, after some months had elapsed, I was permitted to visit her, under a promise that it was to be for the last time. But what passed at that meeting I can never describe. You see, it makes me shed tears to think of it even now. I kneeled at her feet; but she would not permit me to touch her. The boy called me father, and I caressed him; but Clara kept a reserved and determined distance, saying, that no motive should ever induce her to live with me again, which she considered an injustice to me that she was incapable of. She knew long ago, she said, that I was blameless; but she had been misled by the miscreant with alleged proofs, which she deemed conclusive. We exchanged forgiveness in the name of the Lord, and in the same name cursed our destroyer, and parted, never to meet again in this world.

1828

By the Ettrick Shepherd

Thou art gone! thou art gone with thy sceptre of mildness!
Thy smiles, and thy tears, and thy moments of wildness.
But this humble memorial to thee I dedicate,
Mild 1828.*

For thou hast dispell'd our despairing and sadness,
And industry and toil hast enlighten'd with gladness,
And bustled in our harbours with commerce and freight,
Blest 1828.

5

* For the sake of the rhythm, name the year thus,—“Eighteen hundred twenty and eight.”

The reaper rejoiced as he counted his sowing,
 And heap'd up his garner's and barns to o'erflowing; 10
 And thy winter has breathed with a soft autumn heat,
 Kind 1828.

No frost ever stilled our rivers and fountains,
 No drifted snow ever cover'd our mountains,
 And thou leavest our flocks on an ever-green height, 15
 Sweet 1828.

In the region of love thy reign has been glorious,
 In the hearts of the maidens thy sceptre victorious;
 And there will yet be news of great moment and weight,
 Of 1828. 20

It is true thou hast run some extravagant rigs,
 Making idiots and fools of the Catholics and Whigs;
 But still thou hast left us triumphant as yet,
 Strong 1828.

Thou hast chill'd the soul of the mariner with wonder, 25
 Thou hast howl'd in the wind, thou hast boom'd in the thunder;
 But the smiles of repentance in thee were innate,
 Good 1828.

Thou hast garnish'd the fields of Greece that were gory,
 (Restored to her quiet, but not to her glory!) 30
 And humbled the pride of a vain autocrat,
 Brave 1828.

Thou art gone ! thou art gone, to return to us never,—
 In the sepulchre of Time thou art shrouded for ever;
 And the shadows of Oblivion shall over thee set, 35
 Mild 1828.

Mount Bengier, 31st Dec. 1828.

A Scots Sang

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I HAE lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
 I hae lost my love, an' I carena;
 For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,
 And to sit down an' greet wad be bairnly;
 But a screed o' ill-nature I canna weel help, 5
 At having been guidit unfairly;
 An' weel wad I like to gie women a skelp,
 An' yerk their sweet haffets fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly an' demure,
 As pawkie as deils wi' their smiling; 10
 As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,
 The hearts of a' mankind beguiling;
 As sour as December, as soothing as May,
 To suit their ain ends never doubt them;
 Their ill faults I coudna tell ower in a day, 15
 But their beauty's the warst thing about them!

Ay, that's what sets up the hale warld in a lowe;
 Makes kingdoms to rise an' expire;
 Man's might is nae mair than a flaughten o' towe,
 Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire! 20
 'Twas woman at first made creation to bend,
 And of nature's lord prince made the fellow!
 An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end,
 An' that will be seen an' heard tell o'!

Noctes Bengerianæ

No. II

By the Ettrick Shepherd

Present—WAT, COLLINS, DONALD, NANCY, and JEAN.

Wat. Sit down an' sing out the sang wiselike, ye glaikit jaud. What signifies bizzing up an' down the house that gate, i' the time of a good sang, and letting folk just hear a screed now and then?

Nancy. Time about wi' ye, Wat, either for tale or sang, as lang as ye like.

Wat. Fient a sang ever I could sing in my life but auld John Nicol o' Whun, an' I darna for my life sing it, for fear the master hear me.

Nancy. Na—na—he'll no hear us the night; he's ower thrang making poets, to heed what we are doing.

Wat. Eh? What's the gowk saying?

Donald. Hersell no pe hafing great mooch deal to lippen to she's mhaster. Him have nothing to do but lay him's lug to te hole in te wa', and ten she pe hearing te whole *gnothac*.

Collins. Ay, and then he will be after putting it all in the papers, that the whole country may be put upon taking it out again, and making an exposition of us. I have many songs of my own dear country, but the devil a one of them dare I be after singing, for fear of an exposition.

Nancy. I never thought ony shame o' aught I ever said or sang yet, an' I carena if it were a' put in black an' white. An' sae, if nane o' you will begin, I'll gie ye a sang that a sweetheart o' mine made about mysell, and sent me it in a Valentine.

NANCY *sings*.

1.

O saw ye this sweet bonny lassie o' mine,
Or saw ye the smile on her cheek sae divine;
Or saw ye the kind love that speaks in her ee?
Sure naebody e'er was sae happy as me!

2.

It's no that she dances sae light on the green,
It's no the simplicity mark'd in her mien;
But O, it's the kind love that speaks in her ee,
That makes me as happy as happy can be.

3.

To meet her alane 'mang the green leafy trees,
When naebody kens, an' when naebody sees;
To breathe out the soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth here there's naething is equal to this.

4.

I have felt every bliss which the soul can enjoy,
When friends circled round me, and nought to annoy;

I have felt every joy that illumines the breast,
When the full flowing bowl is most warmly caress'd;—

5.

But O, there's a sweet and a heavenly charm
In life's early day, when the bosom is warm;
When soul meets wi' soul in a saft melting kiss—
On earth sure there's naething is equal to this!

Wat. Od, you women are aye singing about kissing. Fient haet ye can sing about but kissing! I wish ye were a' kissed blind!

Donald. She pe a very cood and a very lhaving song.

Collins. Why, now, Nancy, 'pon my shoul that was no lover of yours at all—at all—who made that song; for the fellow who made it has been as good a poeter as my own dare beloved Paddy Whack. And so, if it was a lover of yours, you must be after telling us his name.

Nancy. I will not tell his name, for he is a very modest young man; and if he heard me singing it, he wad be fit to sink down through the ground. But a J and a H stand for his name.

Collins. A J and a H? Why, then, that stands for Robie Burns, and to be sure it does.

Wat. The man's a gowk; for that stands for our master's name.

Collins. The devil it does? Why, and to be sure, I knew it stood for somebody.

Nancy. But it is not a song o' our master's, for the lad that wrote it is a diker to his business, and a very good an' amiable lad he is, though I say it that shoudna say it. But come now, Wat, ye promised us Auld John Nicol.

Omnes. O, Auld John Nicol! Auld John Nicol!

Wat. I maun gang an' look what thae deevils o' beasts are doing first.

Omnes. No, no! If you gang to the beasts, we'll no see you the night again. Auld John Nicol! Auld John Nicol! and sing him without the owerword.

Wat. Nah ! It winna sing for man alive without the owerword.

AULD JOHN NICOL.

I'll sing of an auld forbear o' my ain,
Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
A man that for fun was never outdone,
And his name it was Auld John Nicol o' Whun.
Auld John Nicol he lo'ed his glass,

Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
 An' weel he likit the toasts to pass,
 An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun!

Auld John Nicol gaed out to fight, &c.
 But a' gaed wrang that should hae gane right, &c. 10
 Then auld John Nicol kneel'd down to pray,
 But never a word John Nicol could say.

Auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
 But I darena tell you what came to pass;
 For the beadle came up in an unco haste, 15
 An' summon'd him down to speak wi' the priest.

Then auld John Nicol he changed his hue,
 His face it grew red, an' his face it grew blue,
 John Nicol gaed out, John Nicol gaed in,
 An' he wish'd he had been in the well to the chin. 20

"Shame fa' it!" quo' John, "I often hae thought
 Wha wins at women will lose at nought;
 But I hae heart to do ill to nane,
 Sae I will e'en mak the lassie my ain."

Then auld John Nicol he got a wife, 25
 And he never got siccan fun in his life;—
 Now, John Nicol he sings frae morn till e'en,
 Tweeddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
 The happiest man that ever was seen,
 An' it's hey for brave John Nicol o' Whun! 30

Donald. It was peing te very pest ting te ould fellow could doo to pe taking the pretty mhaid's altogether.

Nancy. What for have you never taken a pretty maid a'thegither, then, Donald? could ye no get ane i' your ain country?

Donald. Hut, ay, hersell could have been ketting one petter enough, and she was very creat in lhove with te minister's mhaid of Assint, and was very sorry when she had to go and left her. Put it is te love story—Who sings now?

Collins. Why, I'll sing you a song, that I will, and a genuine one of my own dare country too, maide be that blessed fellow, Paddy Whack, the poet of Tipperary.

DENNIS DELANY.

In sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,
 I have danced a good jig, and have sung a good song;
 On the green, as I caper'd, I scarce bent the grass—
 To a bottle a friend—and no foe to a lass.
 At hurling, my fellow could never be found, 5
 For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground;
 And the girls all swore that they ne'er could meet any
 Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany.

Chorus.

With my whack about, see it out, Dennis my jewel,
 Och! why will you leave us? How can you be cruel? 10
 Paddy Whack may go trudge it, and Murtoch O'Blaney,
 We'll part with them all for dear Dennis Delany.

Young Sheelah O'Shannon was so fond of me,
 That whenever we met we could never agree;
 Says I, "My dear Sheelah, we'll soon end the fray, 15
 For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay."
 When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
 They swore that from death the world could not save them:
 "O we'll leave all our friends, though ever so many,
 If you'll let us go with you, swaite Dennis Delany!" 20
 With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudged it along,
 And, by way of being silent, I lilted a song;
 "Hey for Dublin!" says I, "where I'll see the fine lasses,
 Get married, and drink, and ne'er mind how time passes." 25
 But when I arrived, and found every lady
 Short-waisted—thinks I, They are married already.
 "By my shoul, now," says I, "marriage here is the fashion,
 To breed young recruits for defence of the nation."
 With my whack about, &c. 30

To the grand panorama, that every one talks of,
 Away then I goes and immediately walks off;
 But I were astonished, as much as e'er man was,

To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvass.
 But some were a-weeping, and some were a-wailing, 35
 Where Dublin once stood to see ships now a-sailing;
 But what in my mind made it still seem the stranger,
 Though I stood in the midst, I stood out of all danger.
 With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before, 40
 To Crow Street I went, without three or four more;
 And up stairs I walk'd, for to see things the better,
 And bought a play-bill, though I knew not a letter.
 But the crowd was so great, and the players so funny,
 I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money; 45
 But the boys went all mad, and I maddest of any,
 When all the musicians play'd Dennis Delany.
 With their whack about, &c.

Donald. She be a very nonsensical bhaist of a song, and not half so good as a fine Scottish song. There is not a little girl in all my native country of Assint, who will not pe mhaking a bettermost song tan tat whenever she pe coing into lhove.

Collins. 'Pon my shoul and body, but you are out of your reckoning there, old buckeen! for there never was a man or maid among you all could make a song with Mr Paddy Whack.

Nancy. I'll wager our ain little Jeannie there has made as good a sang sin' she fell in love as ony in a' Ireland.

Donald. Ha, ha, ha! She would be liking to hear it, just to put town te Erisher wit his crhaund songs, ha, ha, ha! She would pe liking very great to hear it.

JEAN *sings.*

1.

There's a bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!
 There's a bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'!
 And although he be but young,
 He has a sweet wooing tongue,
 The bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'! 5

2.

He has waled me for his ain, an' I trow him, O!
 For it's needless to deny that I loe him, O!

When I see his face come ben,
 Than a' the lads I ken,
 I think them sae far far below him, O! 10

3.

There is Annie, the demure cunning fairy, O!
 Our Nancy, an' Burns' bonny Mary, O!
 They may set their caps at him,
 An' greet till they gae blin',
 But his love frae his Jean will never vary, O! 15

4.

He'll come to me at e'en though he's weary, O!
 An' the way be baith darksome an' eiry, O!
 An' he'll tirl at the pin,
 An' cry, "Jeannie, let me in,
 For my bosom it burns to be near ye, O!" 20

5.

He's a queer bonny laddie that I ken o'!
 He's a dear bonny laddie that I ken o'!
 For he'll tak me on his knee,
 An' he'll reave a kiss frae me,
 The bonny bonny laddie that I ken o'! 25

Wat. Gude forgie us, on o' kissing again! *No thing* do they think about, frae morning till night, I believe, thae lasses, but kiss—kissing! Shame fa' me gin ever I heard aught like it!

Nancy. Wat, what was your sang about?

Wat. Hem !—I maun away see what thae plaguit beasts are doing.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Donald. Ha, ha, ha! te Erisher pe peat creat much by a *cailiag og*.

Shepherd (behind the ceiling.) Ye hae done verra weel for ae night, bairns, an' ye may gie ower now when you like, for my sheet's filled up, an' I hae down every word that you have either said or sung. What are ye feared for?—an' what are ye skirling at? Tell tale about the next week, and whoever tells the best ane, my friend Harry and I will baith gie a good fairing to.

An Eskdale Anecdote

Extract of a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd

ANOTHER time I chanced to be on a week's visit to a kind friend, a farmer in Eskdale-muir, who thought meet to have a party every day at dinner, and mostly the same party. Our libations were certainly carried rather to an extremity, but our merriment corresponded therewith. There was one morning, indeed, that several of the gentlemen were considerably hurt, and there were marks of blood on the plaster, but no one could tell what had happened. It appeared that there had been a quarrel, but none of us knew what about, or who it was that fought.

But the most amusing part of the ploy (and a very amusing part it was) regarded a half hogshead of ale, that was standing in the lobby to clear for bottling. On the very first forenoon, our thirst was so excessive, that the farmer contrived to insert a spigot into this huge cask, and really such a treasure I think was hardly ever opened to a set of poor thirsty spirits. Morning, noon, and night, we were running with jugs to this rich fountain, and handing the delicious beverage about to lips that glowed with fervour and delight. In a few days, however, it wore so low, that before any would come, one was always obliged to hold it up behind; and, finally, it ran dry.

On the very morning after that, the farmer came in with a wild raised look. "Gentlemen," said he, "get your hats—haste ye—an' let us gang an' tak a lang wauk, for my mother an' the lasses are on a-scrubbing a whole floorfu' o' bottles; an' as I cam by, I heard her speaking about getting the ale bottled the day."

A Real Love Sang

By the Ettrick Shepherd

LOVE came to the door o' my heart ae night,

And he call'd wi' a whining din—

"Oh, open the door! for it is but thy part

To let an old crony come in."

"Thou sly little elf! I hae open'd to thee

Far aftener than I dare say;

An' dear hae the openings been to me,

Before I could wile you away."

"Fear not," quo' Love, "for my bow's in the rest,
 And my arrows are ilk ane gane; 10
 For you sent me to wound a lovely breast,
 Which has proved o' the marble stane.
 I am sair forspent, then let me come in
 To the nook where I wont to lie,
 For sae aft hae I been this door within 15
 That I downa think to gang by."

I open'd the door, though I ween'd it a sin,
 To the sweet little whimpering fay;
 But he raised sic a buzz the cove within,
 That he fill'd me with wild dismay; 20
 For first I felt sic a thrilling smart,
 And then sic an ardent glow,
 That I fear'd the chords o' my sanguine heart
 War a' gaun to flee in a lowe.

"Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean," 25
 I cried, wi' the tear in my ee;
 "Ay! sae ye may say!" quo' he, "but I ken
 Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me."
 And what do you think? by day and by night,
 For these ten lang years and twain, 30
 I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
 And we'll never mair part again.

Reminiscences of Former Days

My First Interview with Allan Cunningham

By the Ettrick Shepherd

ONE day about the beginning of Autumn, some three-and-twenty years ago, as I was herding my master's ewes on the great hill of Queensberry, in Nithsdale, I perceived two men coming towards me, who appeared to be strangers. I saw, by their way of walking, they were not shepherds, and could not conceive what the men were seeking there, where there was neither path nor aim toward any human habitation. However, I stood staring about me, till they came up, always ordering my old dog Hector to silence in an authoritative style, he being the only servant I had to attend to my orders. The men approached me

rather in a breathless state, from climbing the hill. The one was a tall thin man, of a fairish complexion, and pleasant intelligent features, seemingly approaching to forty, and the other a dark ungainly youth of about eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly marked manly features. The very model of Burns, and exactly such a man, as that, had they been of the same age, it would not have been easy to have distinguished the one from the other.

The eldest came up and addressed me frankly, asking if I was Mr Harkness's shepherd, and if my name was James Hogg?⁹ to both of which queries I answered cautiously in the affirmative, for I was afraid they were come to look after me with an accusation regarding some of the lasses. The younger stood at a respectful distance, as if I had been the Duke of Queensberry, instead of a ragged servant lad herding sheep upon it. The other seized my hand, and said, "Well, then, sir, I am glad to see you. There is not a man in Scotland whose hand I am prouder to hold."

I could not say a single word in answer to this address; but when he called me SIR, I looked down at my bare feet and ragged coat, to remind the man whom he was addressing. But he continued, "My name is James Cunningham, a name unknown to you, though yours is not entirely so to me; and this is my youngest brother Allan, the greatest admirer that you have on earth, and himself a young aspiring poet of some promise. You will be so kind as excuse this intrusion of ours on your solitude, for, in truth, I could get no peace either night or day with Allan, till I consented to come and see you."

I then stepped down the hill to where Allan Cunningham still stood, with his weather-beaten cheek toward me, and, seizing his hard brawny hand, I gave it a hearty shake, saying something as kind as I was able, and, at the same time, I am sure as stupid as it possibly could be. From that moment we were friends; for Allan has none of the proverbial Scottish caution about him; he is all heart together, without reserve either of expression or manner: you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence, of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies. Young as he was, I had heard of his name, although slightly, and, I think, seen one or two of his juvenile pieces. Of an elder brother of his, Thomas Mouncey, I had, previous to that, conceived a very high idea, and I always marvel how he could possibly put his poetical vein under lock and key, as he did all at once; for he certainly then bid fair to be the first of Scottish bards.

I had a small bothy upon the hill in which I took my breakfast and dinner on wet days, and rested myself. It was so small, that we had to

walk in on all-fours; and when we were in, we could not get up our heads any way, but in a sitting posture. It was exactly my own length, and, on the one side, I had a bed of rushes, which served likewise as a seat; on this we all three sat down, and there we spent the whole afternoon,—and, I am sure, a happier group of three never met on the hill of Queensberry. Allan brightened up prodigiously after he got fairly into the dark bothy, repeating all his early pieces of poetry, and part of his brother's, to me. The two brothers partook heartily, and without reserve, of my scrip and bottle of sweet milk, and the elder Mr Cunningham had a strong bottle with him—I have forgot whether it was brandy or rum, but I remember it was excessively good, and helped to keep up our spirits to a late hour. Thus began at that bothy in the wilderness a friendship, and a mutual attachment between two aspiring Scottish peasants, over which the shadow of a cloud has never yet passed.

From that day forward I failed not to improve my acquaintance with the Cunninghams. I visited them several times at Dalswinton, and never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember of seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination.

When Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics came to my hand, I at once discerned the strains of my friend, and I cannot describe with what sensations of delight I first heard Mr Morrison read the Mermaid of Galloway, while at every verse I kept naming the author. It had long been my fixed opinion, that if a person could once succeed in the genuine ballad style, his muse was adequate for any other; and after seeing Allan's strains in that work, I concluded that no man could calculate what he was capable of.

I continued my asseverations to all my intimate friends, *that Allan Cunningham was the author of all that was beautiful in the work*. Gray, who had an attachment to Cromek, denied it positively on his friend's authority. Grieve joined him. Morrison, I saw, had strong lurking suspicions; but then he stickled for the ancient genius of Galloway. When I went to Sir Walter Scott, (then Mr Scott,) I found him decidedly of the same opinion; and he said he wished to God we had that valuable and original young man fairly out of Cromek's hands again.

I next wrote a review of the work, in which I laid the saddle on the

right horse, and sent it to Mr Jeffrey; but, after retaining it for some time, he returned it with a note, saying, that he had read over the article, and was convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, but he did not think it worthy of exposure. I have the article, and card, by me to this day.

Mr Cunningham's style of poetry is greatly changed for the better of late. I have never seen any improve so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling caldron, and when once he began, it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end. If these reminiscences should meet his friendly eye, he will pardon them, on the score that they are the effusions of a heart that loves to dwell on some scenes of our former days.

JAMES HOGG.

Mount Benger, May 6, 1829.

Epistle to Mr William Berwick

By the Ettrick Shepherd

[A few years ago, Mr Berwick sent the Ettrick Shepherd a present of a half hogshead of his best ale, with directions, written in plain prose, how to use it; but the Shepherd, forgetting or misunderstanding these, made some mistakes—the consequence of which was, that the one-half of his bottles burst; and what was saved of the ale was so thick, that about a third of each bottle was lost. This year Mr Berwick sent him another cask, and, that he might pay a little more regard to the directions, wrote them in verse, which had the proper effect; and the ale turned out such a beverage as never before was tasted in Ettrick Forest,—

“So pure, so genuine, and so bright,
One turns to ’t aye with new delight.”]

BRAVE Berwick! best of breath's renewers,
Thou best of men, and best of brewers,
(For I defy the Scottish nation
To match me at alliteration,)
Thou art a hero inch by inch,

A friend, a brother in a pinch;
 I thought I scann'd thy heart—thy head—
 As many do—Not we, indeed!
 For never could I ween that thou
 Could have surprised me so as now! 10

I knew thee sterling at thy trade,
 The ae best brewer e'er was made;
 I long knew this, have watch'd and noted it,
 Have said it, sworn it, sung it, quoted it;
 I knew thee too a sturdy angler, 15
 No blundering blusterer or brangler,
 But one who would in courteous way
 Stand to thy tackle, night or day,
 And, at the last would weigh a creel
 With any man that winded reel; 20
 And, though I grieve the world should know it,
 Even with a shepherd and a poet.

I knew thee, too, a horseman good,
 As e'er bestrode the Highland brood;
 For I once saw thee do a deed 25
 Which chivalry could scarce exceed,
 When leaving Yarrow, long ago, once,
 With Ritchie, for the famed St Ronan's,
 Even when the hues of night were seen,
 Tinging our mountains darkly green, 30
 And the young gloaming 'gan to draw
 Her airy veil o'er Bengier Law,—
 Though toddy jugs had kept us late,
 And darkness threatened by the gate,
 A horseman met thee fiercely galloping, 35
 With legs and arms all walloping, walloping,
 And, without pause to stay or greet him,
 You turned, you ran him, and you beat him.

All this I know, and twenty times
 As much, that will not mould to rhymes. 40
 And why should virtues mentioned be
 Which others know as well as me?
 I know thee, all the rest to pass,
 An excellent callant o'er a glass;
 And when a third or halfins mellow, 45
 A right-unbowsome, stubborn fellow,
 With bladds of eloquence about thee,

Which make the best disputers doubt thee,
 Draw in their horns, and make't their object,
 On the first chance, to change the subject. 50

Shrewd Henry Scott, who argues madly,
 I've seen thee make him stutter sadly;
 And Forbes, who wants neither sense
 Nor yet a touch of eloquence,
 I've seen him oft, when hardly wrung, 55
 Obligated to laugh and hold his tongue.

As for Dunlop, when hardly press'd,
 He turns the matter to a jest,—
 Looks shy, as without care or pother,
 First to the one side, then the other, 60
 And says—"My mannie, that may be
 Sound sense to you that's nane to me;
 But this I still maintain—In *one* sense
 Your argument is downright nonsense."

Stand to them, Berwick! yield to none!
 Of all thy peers I know but one,
 In pith and ardour, beats thee thorough—
 A provost of an eastern borough:
 A tall, unsonsy, headstrong loun,
 Can beat a parliamenter down, 70
 With biting sauce his language season,
 And crack a crown as well's a reason.

But, honest Berwick, 'tis not that
 I have so long been aiming at;
 Yet, when a rhyme with friendship mellows,
 My intimates are such queer fellows, 75
 Such bold, impetuous, fervent masses
 Of law, of gospel, love and lasses,
 That whether I try to laud or scoff them,
 It is not easy to get off them. 80

However, all know these things true;
 But, till this day *I* never knew,
 Nor do I think mankind yet know it,
 That thou'rt a genuine, sterling POET;
 Yes, I profess, and risk the sequel, 85
 Of whom I ne'er beheld the equal.

I've been presented oft with rhyme,
 From doggerel to the true sublime—
 From David Tweedie to Lord Byron—

Which any mortal man would tire on; 90
 But all their poems put together,
 Compared with thine, are but a feather,
 Which every breeze away can puff;
 But thine's the genuine, sterling stuff,—
 So strong, so mellow, and so bright, 95
 One turns to it aye with new delight,—
 It hath a freshness and a zest,
 As Mr Jeffrey would express't,
 That bears it forth afar before
 The first of all the rhyiming lore. 100

'Twas wrote in friendship—men may crave it,
 The world may beg, but shall not have it;
 But whae'er comes with thy permission,
 I'll trust it to his fair decision,
 And ten to one that he'll agree 105
 In the same sentiment with me,
 That William Berwick's verse surpasses
 All bards that e'er have climb'd Parnassus.

They grow so stale, so dead, so flat,
 One quite forgets what they'd be at, 110
 And scarcely one of them discover
 Charms to induce a twice going over;
 But thine, dear Berwick, can beguile
 The dourest face into a smile—
 Can move the spirit man within, 115
 Till in his ears a singing din
 Informs him, to his consternation,
 That Berwick's strain is inspiration.

It suits not the old Shepherd's tongue
 To flatter either old or young, 120
 Except a blithe and bonny lassie,—
 He is for that a deal too saucy:
 So I protest, in downright plainness,
 For vigour, purity, and fineness,
 That of all poetry, (whoe'er grudge it, 125
 And I by this should be some judge o't,)
 I give the preference express
 To this same friend whom I address,—
 Even William Berwick, whose libations
 Have crown'd him, by all estimations, 130
 Head brewer of the Modern Athens.

This I subscribe, on column narrow,
 James Hogg, head shepherd of the Yarrow,
 Before these witnesses of note,
 George Anderson and Walter Scott.
Mount Bengier, March 25th, 1829.

135

Reminiscences of Former Days

My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott

By the Ettrick Shepherd

ONE fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Shiel came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramseycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to me."

"Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that wants me, Wat?"

"I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Border*, and had copied a number of old things from my mother's recital, and sent them to the Editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan' to them, with which Mr Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed, and her answer was, "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae ane auld Baby Mettlin, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They

war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're neither right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said "It was true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramseyleuch with the Messrs Brydon, but Mr Scott and Mr Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramseyleuch I met with Mr Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

"O, ay, lad, the Shirra's come," said he. "Are ye the chiel that mak the auld ballads and sing them?"

I said "I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made ony very *auld* ballads."

"Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an' speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is. He'll be very glad to see you."

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced Forest breed being always called *the short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr Walter Brydon and said, "I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of *a long sheep*?"

Mr Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—*"It's the woo, sir—it's the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and these are just kind o' names we gie them like."* Mr Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually away, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the Black Dwarf, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankeburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of

the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and a mill and mill-lead, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,

The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's black-mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a font stone of blue marble, in which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, digged out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came upon one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "We had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to *be* seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, who had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes his rider kept his seat despite of his plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "we have been very oft, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old Castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined

and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise. In the fields—on the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass himself, but that of all other men. I remember of leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by the same Mr Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better, than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I will draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. Of course I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him;—

Blest be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,

Pointed my way with ready will,
 Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill,
 Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
 And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
 He little ween'd a parent's tongue
 Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

The Bards of Britain

By David Tweedie

[We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr David Tweedie has had less to do with the following composition than our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, through whom the manuscript reached us.—*Ed. Lit. Jour.*]

WE begin with Sir Walter Scott, Who is, and yet is not, A poet of the first note; Yet I think it has been his lot Some things to have wrote That will never be forgot.	5
There's that mighty Lord of Byron, Who is like a red-hot iron, Or, as in Scripture told, Like Ephraim of old; One side with passions burn'd, Like a cake that is unturn'd, And the other cold as leaven Unto either earth or heaven.	10
Mr Robert Southey— He is rather mouthy; His poems are very long, And mostly very drouthy.	15
There's one Wordsworth by name, A poet of some fame, And none by line or letter Knows the WORTH of WORDS better. If he were not so affected, He would not be so neglected; But let them say what they can, There is something in the man.	20 25

I write this paragraph at him
To hinder folks to laugh at him.

Mr Professor Wilson,—
People won't have their fill soon 30
Of all that he can write,
And of all he can indite;
For his soul is a moon-streamer,
And a very glorious dreamer!

There's his friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, 35
Who is spotted like a leopard,
With faults and beauties mix'd,
And but little room betwixt:
He's as vulgar as a sailor,
And conceited as a tailor; 40
But no more with him I'll meddle,
For he plays upon the fiddle.

There's one Allan Cunninghame,
Who is mentioned by fame;
But I'm sorry I scarce know of him 45
So much as I would show of him.
I have only seen his tragedy,
Right clever, though quite mad she be,
And some ballads, which I know
Are but rather so and so; 50
For he uses terms too holy
For a strain of mirth and folly.

But too long I have neglected
One who long will be respected,
For a poem I love well 55
On the Warning of Lochyell;
And there's likewise one on Hope,
Where he gives his muse some scope;
But Gertrude of Wyoming
Is but a sickly thing. 60

There are poets of great fame,
Which I scarcely know by name;
Such as Mr Moore or Little,
Who seems to have been kittle
When the lasses were concern'd, 65
Which can easily be learn'd
From spontaneous confession
In the turn of his expression.

There's a chap I fain would mangle,
With a name like a triangle— 70

A poet most profound,
If poetry is sound;
But, for all the world, one I call
With a tinkling harmonical;—
That man's common sense to gather 75
Goes beyond the length of my tether.

Willie Aitchison (deil tak' him!)
Still raves of one John Malcolm,
And his verses o'er does blunder,
In a voice like rolling thunder; 80

Now, I could him allow
To talk well of tarry woo,
Which would be a deal discreeter
Than to turn a bad repeater,
And pretended judge of metre. 85

I have lately heard some raillery
Of a poet, Mr Sillery,
A name the most egregious,
And a poet most outrageous. 90
And Kennedy and Motherwell,
Who seem to know each other well.

Then of one Bell I've heard,
A chap that wears a beard,
A freak that's rather drollish,
And shows the man is foolish. 95

But the names that stand around me
Of rhymers quite confound me;
And some patience I must crave,
Ere I either damn or save.

Bad luck to every creature here, 100
That wants a spark of nature here;
And, for all their fume and trouble,
Can raise naething but a bubble.

Of all the poetations,
In the monthly publications, 105
And the sickening verbalities,
That fill up the annualities,

The best that we can say,
They are *poetry of the day*,
And quite sufficient whereof 110

For the day is the evil thereof;
 But I think of all the women's,
 I like that of Mrs Hemans;
 For I fear that L. E. L.
 Is a moorfowl of the fell, 115
 That pretty bird of game,
 Which is devilish hard to tame;
 But for verse emphatical,
 Jacky Baillie beats them all.
 * Now begging pardon of the whole 120
 Whom I have brought into my scroll,
 I sign myself, lest there should need be,
 And they should think I were ill-deedie,
 Their humble servant,

DAVID TWEEDIE.

July 16th, 1829.

A New Poetic Mirror

By the Ettrick Shepherd

No. I—Mr W. W.[†]

Ode to a Highland Bee

ASTOUNDING creature, what art thou,
 Descending from the mountain's brow
 With such a boom, and passing by
 Like spirit of the nether sky?
 While all around this mountain reign 5
 I look for thee, but look in vain;
 Thee I shall never behold again!
 And it is painful thus to sever
 From trumpeter of heaven for ever.
 Thou art a wonder, I confess, 10
 Thou journeyer of the wilderness;
 Yet a holy thing art thou to me,
 As emblem of pure industry—

* Here my verse changes.

† Query—Mr William Wordsworth?—ED

And as an emblem higher still,
 Which made my heart and spirit thrill; 15
 For I bethought me thou mightst be
 The angel of eternity,
 Sent down, with trumpet's awful boom,
 To summon nature to her doom,
 And make the churchyards heave and groan, 20
 With flesh to flesh, and bone to bone:
 I choose not say the wild emotion
 Of my moved soul, and its devotion,
 At thy astounding locomotion.

Blest be thy heart, sweet Highland bee, 25
 That thou pass'd by, and changed not me;
 For though I know what I am now,
 (The world knows not, I must allow,)
 Yet the wild wonder strikes me dumb,
 What I shall be in time to come! 30
 Whether a zephyr of the cloud,
 A moving and mysterious shroud,
 A living thing without a frame,
 A glory without sound or aim,
 Or a creature like thee of a thousand years, 35
 Booming through everlasting spheres!
 Such bolt of bold sublimity,
 Man never has seen, and never shall see,
 As the great W. a bumbee!

Therefore, blest creature of thy kind, 40
 I laud thy speed upon the wind,
 And, dream or spirit as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart—
 God speed thee to thy latest years;
 I neither know thee nor thy peers, 45
 And yet mine eyes are fill'd with tears.

For, as a bee, if thou hadst been
 As perilous as some I've seen,
 When my rash boyhood's hands were given
 (Hands made to strike the harp of heaven) 50
 To feel the poignancy and smart
 Of thy empoison'd ruthless dart,
 How with that dart of ebony
 Mightst thou have wrong'd my friend and me;
 And dreadful damage mightst have done 55

To our beloved Miss Hutchison!
 Therefore, it doth behove me well
 To bless thee and thy little cell.
 And now, again, sweet bee, I say,
 With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away. 60

Again I hear thy voice devout,
 About—about—and all about,
 As stretch'd recumbent on the grass—
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 Sounding to me like trump of death, 65
 Far o'er the brown astonish'd heath;
 I look to cloud, to sky, and tree,
 A thousand ways, yet cannot see
 Thy faery path of mystery. 70

'Tis thus the high poetic mind
 Can trace, with energy refined,
 The slightest atom on the wind
 To its high source; and to the goal,
 Where perishes its tiny soul, 75
 Then step by step ascend on high,
 From dunghill to the yielding sky:
 And thus shall I ambitious be,
 When inquest is perform'd on me,
 So rise above my grovelling race, 80
 Bounding, like thee, and one day trace
 My path on high, like heavenly dove,
 Which none dare challenge or reprove,
 A path all human walks above!

Wat the Prophet

By the Ettrick Shepherd

ABOUT sixty years ago there departed this life an old man, who for sixty years previous to that was known only by the name of Wat the Prophet. I am even uncertain what his real surname was, though he was familiarly known to the most of my relatives of that day, and I was intimately acquainted with his nephew and heir, whose name was Paterson,—yet I hardly think that was the prophet's surname, but that

the man I knew was a maternal nephew. So far I am shortcoming at the very outset of my tale, for in truth I never heard him distinguished by any other name than Wat the Prophet.

He must have been a very singular person in every respect. In his youth he was so much more clever and acute than his fellows, that he was viewed as a sort of phenomenon, or rather "a kind of being that had mair airt than his ain." It was no matter what Wat tried, for either at mental or manual exertion, he excelled; and his gifts were so miscellaneous, that it was no wonder his most intimate acquaintances rather stood in awe of him. At the sports of the field, at the exposition of any part of Scripture, at prayer, and at mathematics, he was altogether unequalled. By this, I mean in the sphere of his acquaintance in the circle in which he moved, for he was the son of a respectable farmer who had a small property. In the last-mentioned art his comprehension is said to have been truly wonderful. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the science of figures from beginning to end, and needed but a glance at the rules to outgo his masters.

But this was not all. In all the labours of the field his progress was equally unaccountable. He could with perfect ease have mown as much hay as two of the best men, sown as much, reaped as much, shorn as many sheep, and smeared as many, and with as little extra exertion could have equalled the efforts of three ordinary men at any time. As for ploughing, or any work with horses, he would never put a hand to it, for he then said he had not the power of the labour himself. However unaccountable all this may be, it is no fabrication; I have myself heard several men tell, who were wont to shear and smear sheep with him, when he was a much older man than they, that even though he would have been engaged in some fervent demonstration, in spite of all they could do "he was aye popping off twa sheep, or maybe three, for their ane."

I could multiply anecdotes of this kind without number, but these were mere atoms of the prophet's character—a sort of excrescences, which were nevertheless in keeping with the rest, being matchless of their kind. He was intended by his parents for the church—that is, the church of the covenant, to which they belonged. I know not if Wat had consented thereto, but his education tended that way. However, as he said himself, he was born for a higher destiny, which was, to reveal the future will of God to mankind for ever and ever. I have been told that he committed many of his prophecies to writing; and I believe it, for he was a scholar, and a man of rather supernatural abilities; but I have never been able to find any of them, though I still

have hopes of recovering a part. I have often heard fragments of them, but they were recited by ignorant country people, who, never having understood them themselves, could not make them comprehensible to others. But the history of his call to the prophecy I have so often heard, that I think I can state the particulars, although a little confused in my recollection of them.

This event occurred about this time one hundred years, on an evening in spring, as Wat was going down a wild glen, which I know full well. "I was in a contemplative mood," (he said, for he told it to any that asked him,) "and was meditating on the mysteries of redemption, and doubting, grievously doubting, the merits of an atonement by blood; when, to my astonishment in such a place, there was one spoke to me close behind, saying, in the Greek language, 'Is it indeed so? Is thy faith no better rooted?'"

"I looked behind me, but, perceiving no one, my hairs stood all on end, for I thought it was a voice from heaven; and, after gazing into the firmament, and all around me, I said fearfully, in the same language, 'Who art thou that speakest?' And the voice answered me again, 'I am one who laid down my life, witnessing for the glorious salvation which thou art about to deny; turn, and behold me!'"

"And I turned about, for the voice seemed still behind me, turn as I would, and at length I perceived dimly the figure of an old man, of singular aspect and dimensions, close by me. His form was exceedingly large and broad, and his face shone with benignity; his beard hung down to his girdle, and he had sandals on his feet, which covered his ankles. His right arm and his breast were bare, but he had a crimson mantle over his right shoulder, part of which covered his head, and came round his waist. Having never seen such a figure, or dress, or countenance before, I took him for an angel, sent from above to rebuke me; so I fell at his feet to worship him, or rather to entreat forgiveness for a sin which I had not power to withstand. But he answered me in these words: 'Rise up, and bow not to me, for I am thy fellow-servant, and a messenger from Him whom thou hast in thy heart denied. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Come, I am commissioned to take thee into the presence of thy Maker and Redeemer.'

"And I said, 'Sir, how speakest thou in this wise. God is in heaven, and we are upon the earth, and it is not given to mortal man to scale the heavenly regions, or come into the presence of the Almighty.' And he said, 'Has thy learning and thy knowledge carried thee no higher than this? Knowest thou not that God is present in this wild glen, the

same as in the palaces of light and glory,—that his presence surrounds us at this moment,—and that he sees all our actions, hears our words, and knows the inmost thoughts of our hearts?”

“And I said, ‘Yes, I know it.’

“‘Then, are you ready and willing at this moment,’ said he, ‘to step into his presence, and avow the sentiments which you have of late been cherishing?’

“And I said, ‘I would rather have time to think the matter over again.’

“‘Alack! poor man!’ said he; ‘so you have never been considering that you have all this while been in his immediate presence, and have even been uttering thy blasphemous sentiments aloud to his face, when there was none to hear but He and thyself.’

“And I said, ‘Sir, a man cannot force his belief.’

“And he said, ‘Thou sayest truly; but I will endeavour to convince thee.’” Here a long colloquy ensued about the external and internal evidences of the Christian religion, which took Wat nearly half a day to relate; but he still maintained his point. He asked his visitant twice who he was, but he declined telling him, saying, he wanted his reason convinced, and not to take his word for any thing.

Their conversation ended, by this mysterious sage leading Wat away by a path which he did not know, which was all covered with a cloud of exceeding brightness. At length they came to a house like a common pavilion, which they entered, but all was solemn silence, and they heard nobody moving in it, and Wat asked his guide where they were now. “This is the place where heavenly gifts are distributed to humanity,” said the reverend apostle; “but they are now no more required, being of no repute. No one asks for them, nor will they accept of them when offered, for worldly wisdom is all and all with the men of this age. Their preaching is a mere farce; an ostentatious parade to show off great and shining earthly qualifications, one-third of the professors not believing one word of what they assert. The gift of prophecy is denied and laughed at; and all revelation made to man by dreams or visions utterly disclaimed, as if the Almighty’s power of communicating with his creatures were not only shortened, but cut off for ever. This fountain of inspiration, once so crowded, is now, you see, a dreary solitude.”

“It was, in truth, a dismal-looking place, for in every chamber, as we passed along, there were benches and seats of judgment, but none to occupy them; the green grass was peeping through the seams of the flooring and chinks of the wall, and never was there a more appalling picture of desolation.

“At length, in the very innermost chamber, we came to three men

sitting in a row, the middle one elevated above the others; but they were all sleeping at their posts, and looked as if they had slept there for a thousand years, for their garments were mouldy, and their faces ghastly and withered. I did not know what to do or say, for I looked at my guide, and he seemed overcome with sorrow; but thinking it was ill manners for an intruder not to speak, I said, 'Sirs, I think you are drowsily inclined?' but none of them moved. At length my guide said, in a loud voice, 'Awake, ye servants of the Most High! Or is your sleep to be everlasting?'

"On that they all opened their eyes at once, and stared at me, but their eyes were like the eyes of dead men, and no one of them moved a muscle, save the middlemost, who pointed with a pale haggard hand to three small books, or scrolls, that lay on the bench before them.

"Then my guide said, 'Put forth thine hand, and choose one from these. They are all divine gifts, and in these latter days rarely granted to any of the human race.' One was red as blood, the other pale, and the third green; the latter was furthest from me, and my guide said, 'Ponder well before you make your choice. It is a sacred mystery, and from the choice you make, your destiny is fixed through time and eternity.' I then stretched out my hand, and took the one farthest from me, and he said, 'It is the will of the Lord; so let it be! That which you have chosen is the gift of the spirit of prophecy. From henceforth you must live a life of sufferance and tribulation, but your life shall be given you for a proof, in order that you may reveal to mankind all that is to befall them in the latter days.' And I opened the book, and it was all written in mystic characters, which I could not decipher nor comprehend; and he said, 'Put up the book in thy bosom, and preserve it as thou wouldst do the heart within thy breast; for as long as thou keepest that book, shall thy natural life remain, and the spirit of God remain with thee, and whatsoever thou sayest in the spirit, shall come to pass. But beware that thou deceive not thyself; for, if thou endeavour to pass off studied speeches, and words of the flesh for those of the spirit, woe be unto thee! It had been better for thee that thou never hadst been born. Put up the book; thou canst not understand it now, but it shall be given thee to understand it, for it is an oracle of the most high God, and its words and signs fail not. Go thy ways, and return to the house of thy fathers and thy kinsfolk.'

"And I said, 'Sir, I know not where to go, for I cannot tell by what path you brought me hither.' And he took me by the hand, and led me out by a back-door of the pavilion; and we entered a great valley, which was all in utter darkness, and I could perceive through the gloom that many people were passing the same way with ourselves; and I

said, 'Sir, this is dreadful! What place is this?' And he said, 'This is the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Many of those you see will grope on here for ever, and never get over, for they know not whither they go, or what is before them. But see'st thou nothing beside?'

"And I said, 'I see a bright and shining light beyond, whose rays reach even to this place.'—"That," said he, 'is the light of the everlasting Gospel; and to those to whom it is given to perceive that beacon of divine love, the passage over this valley is easy. I have shown it to you; but if you keep that intrusted to your care, you shall never enter this valley again, but live and reveal the will of God to man till mortality shall no more remain. You shall renew your age like the eagles, and be refreshed with the dews of renovation from the presence of the Lord. Sleep on now, and take your rest, for I must leave you again in this world of sin and sorrow. Be you strong, and overcome it, for men will hold you up to reproach and ridicule, and speak all manner of evil of you; but see that you join them not in their voluptuousness and iniquity, and the Lord be with you!"

There is no doubt that this is a confused account of the prophet's sublime vision, it being from second hands that I had it; and, for one thing, I know that one-half of his relation is not contained in it. For the consequences I can avouch. From that time forth he announced his mission, and began a-propheying to such families as he was sent to. But I forgot to mention a very extraordinary fact, that this vision of his actually lasted nine days and nine nights, and at the end of that time he found himself on the very individual spot in the glen where the voice first spoke to him, and so much were his looks changed, that, when he went in, none of the family knew him.

He mixed no more with the men of the world, but wandered about in wilds and solitudes, and when in the spirit, he prophesied with a sublimity and grandeur never equalled. He had plenty of money, and some property to boot, which his father left him; but these he never regarded, but held on his course of severe abstemiousness, often subsisting on bread and water, and sometimes for days together on water alone, from some motive known only to himself. He had a small black pony on which he rode many years, and which he kept always plump and fat. This little animal waited upon him in all his fastings and prayings, with unwearied patience and affection. There is a well, situated on the south side of a burn, called the Earny Cleuch, on the very boundary between the shires of Dumfries and Selkirk. It is situated in a most sequestered and lonely place, and is called to this day the Prophet's Well, from the many pilgrimages that he made to it; for it had been revealed to him in one of his visions that this water

had some divine virtue, partaking of the nature of the water of life. At one time he lay beside this well for nine days and nights, the pony feeding beside him all that time, and though there is little doubt that he had some food with him, no body knew of any that he had; and it was believed that he fasted all that time, or at least subsisted on the water of that divine well.

Some men with whom he was familiar—for indeed he was respected and liked by every body, the whole tenor of his life having been so inoffensive;—some of his friends, I say, tried to reason him into a belief of his mortality, and that he would taste of death like other men; but that he treated as altogether chimerical, and not worth answering; when he did answer, it was by assuring them, that as long as he kept his mystic scroll, and could drink of his well, his body was proof against all the thousand shafts of death. His unearthly monitor appeared to him very frequently, and revealed many secrets to him, and at length disclosed to him that he was STEPHEN, the first martyr for the Gospel of Christ. Our prophet, in the course of time, grew so familiar with him, that he called him by the friendly name of Auld Steenie, and told his friends *when* he had seen him, and *part* of what he had told him, but never the whole.

When not in his visionary and prophetic moods, he sometimes indulged in a little relaxation, such as draft-playing and fishing; but in these, like other things, he quite excelled all compeers. He was particularly noted for killing salmon, by throwing the spear at a great distance. He gave all his fish away to poor people, or such as he favoured that were nearest to him at the time; so that either for his prophetic gifts, or natural bounty, the prophet was always a welcome guest, whether to poor or rich.

He prophesied for the space of forty years, foretelling many things that came to pass in his lifetime, and many which have come to pass since his death. I have heard of a parable of his, to which I can do no justice, of a certain woman who had four sons, three of whom were legitimate, and the other not. The latter being rather uncultivated in his manners, and not so well educated as his brethren, his mother took for him ample possessions at a great distance from the rest of the family. The young blade succeeded in his farming speculations amazingly, and was grateful to his parent, and friendly with his brethren in all their interchanges of visits. But when the mother perceived his success, she sent and demanded a tenth from him of all he possessed. This rather astounded the young man, and he hesitated about compliance in parting with so much, at any rate. But the parent insisted on her right to demand that, or any sum which she chose,

and the teind she would have. The lad, not wishing to break with his parent and benefactor, bade her say no more about it, and he would give her the full value of that she demanded as of his own accord; but she would have it in no other way than as her own proper right. On this the headstrong and powerful knave took the law on his mother; won, and ruined her; so that she and her three remaining sons were reduced to beggary. Wat then continued: "And now it is to yourselves I speak this, ye children of my people, for this evil is nigh you, even at your doors. There are some here who will not see it, but there are seven here who will see the end of it, and then they shall know that there has been a prophet among them."

It having been in a private family where this prophecy was delivered, they looked always forward with fear for some contention breaking out among them. But after the American war and its consequences, the whole of Wat's parable was attributed thereto, and the good people relieved from the horrors of their impending and ruinous lawsuit.

One day he was prophesying about the judgment, when a young gentleman said to him, "O, sir, I wish you could tell us when the judgment will be?"—"Alas! my man," returned he, "that is what I cannot do; for of that day and of that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, but the Almighty Father alone. But there will be many judgments before the great and general one. In seven years there will be a judgment on Scotland. In seven times seven there will be a great and heavy judgment on all the nations of Europe; and in other seven times seven there will be a greater one on all the nations of the world; but whether or not that is to be the last judgment, God only knoweth."

These are dangerous and difficult sayings of our prophet. I wonder what the Rev. Edward Irving would say about them, or if they approach in any degree to his calculations. Not knowing the year when this prophecy was delivered, it is impossible to reason on its fulfilment, but it is evident that both the first eras must be overpast. He always predicted ruin on the cause of Prince Charles Stuart, even when the whole country was ringing with applauses of his bravery and conquests. Our prophet detested the politics of that house, and announced ruin and desolation not only on the whole house, but on all who supported it. The only prophecy which I have yet seen in writing relates to that brave but unfortunate adventurer, and is contained in a letter to a Mrs Johnston, Moffat, dated October 1st, 1745, which must have been very shortly after the battle of Prestonpans. After some religious consolation, he says, "As for that man Charles Stewart, let no spirit be cast down because of him, for he is only a meteor predicting a sudden

storm, which is destined to quench the baleful light for ever. He is a broken pot; a vessel wherein God hath no pleasure. His boasting shall be turned into dread, and his pride of heart into astonishment. Terror shall make him afraid on every side; he shall look on his right hand, and there shall be none to know him; and on his left hand, and lo! destruction shall be ready at his side—even the first-born of death shall open his jaws to devour him. His confidence shall pass away for ever, even until the king of terrors arrive and scatter brimstone upon his habitation. His roots shall be dried up beneath, and the foliage of his boughs stripped off above, until his remembrance shall perish from the face of the earth. He shall be thrown into the deep waters, and the billows of God's wrath shall pass over him. He shall fly to the mountains, but they shall not hide him; and to the islands, but they shall cast him out. Then shall he be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the land.

“Knowest thou not this of old time, that the triumph of the wicked is of short duration, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up unto the heavens, and his pride reach the stars, yet shall he perish for ever, like a shadow that passeth away and is no more. They who have seen him in the pride of his might shall say, Where is he? Where now is the man that made the nations to tremble? Is he indeed passed away as a dream, and chased away as a vision of the night? Yea, the Lord, who sent him as a scourge on the wicked of the land, shall ordain the hand of the wicked to scourge him till his flesh and his soul shall depart, and his name be blotted out of the world. Therefore, my friend in the Lord, let none despond because of this man, but lay these things up in thy heart, and ponder on them, and when they are fulfilled, then shalt thou believe that the Lord sent me.”

From the tenor of this prophecy, it would appear he has borrowed largely from some of the most sublime passages of Scripture, which could not fail of giving a tincture of sublimity to many of his sayings, so much admired by the country people. It strikes me there are some of these expressions literally from the Book of Job; but, notwithstanding, it must be acknowledged that some parts of it are peculiarly applicable to the after fate of Charles Edward.

When old age began to steal on him, and his beloved friends to drop out of the world, one after another, he became extremely heavy-hearted at being obliged to continue for ever in the flesh. He never had any trouble; but he felt a great change take place in his constitution, which he did not expect, and it was then he became greatly concerned at being obliged to bear a body of fading flesh about until the end of time, often

saying, that the flesh of man was never made to be immortal. In this dejected state he continued about two years, often entreating the Lord to resume that which he had given him, and leave him to the mercy of his Redeemer, like other men. Accordingly, his heavenly monitor appeared to him once more, and demanded the scroll of the spirit of prophecy, which was delivered up to him at the well in the wilderness; and then with a holy admonition he left him for ever on earth. Wat lived three years after this, cheerful and happy, and died in peace, old, and full of days, leaving a good worldly substance behind him.*

The Auld Man's Wife's Dead

A Parody

By the Ettrick Shepherd

The auld man's wife's dead,
 The poor body's wife's dead,
 The old man's wife's dead,
 An' feint a mair has he.
 There was hay to won, an' lint to weed, 5
 An' deuks an' hens an' a' to feed,
 An' peats an' turs an' a' to lead—
 What meant the wife to dee?

The auld man's wife's dead,
 The poor body's wife's dead, 10
 The old man's wife's dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.
 Now, when her back is at the wa',
 She had a faut, an' maybe twa,
 But now she's dead, that's warst of a', 15
 An' what a gouk was she!

The auld man's wife's dead,
 The poor body's wife's dead,
 The old man's wife's dead,
 An' feint a mair has he. 20

* Since receiving the above, we have been informed that this old prophet's surname was Laidlaw, being of a race that has produced more singular characters than any of our country.

She had the cauld but an' the creuk,
 The mirliegos an' maltman yeuk,
 The skrink, the skaw, the scarlet breuk,
 An' yet the jaud to dee!

The auld man's wife's dead, 25
 The poor body's wife's dead,
 The old man's wife's dead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.
 She was wry-faced, an' blench-lippit,
 Heme-hough'd, an' haggis-fittit, 30
 Lang-neckit, chandler-chafit—
 Yet the jaud to dee!

Anecdotes of Highlanders

By the Ettrick Shepherd

THE REV. James M'Queen, one of the ministers of Skye, once told me, that a man of the name of M'Pherson, from the Braes of Lochaber, came to him for the baptism of one of his children. He being a stranger, the minister enquired his name, connexions, and what parish he had come from; and, in particular, if he had brought a testimonial of his character?

"Huich? A testimoniel? Fat pe she?"

"Why, it is just a written account of the character you have borne; and testified by the minister and elders of the parish."

"Oach, no, Mr M'Queen; she didna brought her."

"But you ought to have done it. What was the reason you did not bring it with you?"

"Because hersell was thoughting she would be as petter without it."

A gentleman of Strathdon said to his maid one night, "Tell Finlay to rise very early to-morrow morning, and go down to Aberdeen for the upholsterer."

"Yes, sir. For the what did you say, sir?"

"For the upholsterer. He knows him."

"Finlay, you are to rise very early, master says; and you are to call on me to make you a brose, and you are to go down to Aberdeen, and bring home a polsterer."

"A polsterer? What's that?"

"Master says you have seen him, and know what he is like."

"Me seen him? I'll be—if ever I did!"

So, next morning, Finlay comes in to his master very early, with his great-coat and long whip, and says, "Master, must I take a one-horse cart or a two-horse cart for that fulthy bhaist?"

"What beast, you blockhead?"

"Whoy, that viled lubberly bhaist the polsterer."

Mr David Paterson once told me that he saw a black man standing at a door in Glasgow, and a young Highlander from the country, passing by at the time, chanced to cast his eyes on him with a gleam of prodigious interest. Paterson, anticipating some grand sport, drew near, and saw the Highlander come briskly forward, and begin a-feeling the black servant's hands and clothes, muttering to himself all the while, "Aih, Cot a mercy on us all! what is made up for te pawpee here!" At length he began as briskly to handle the Black's face, on which the latter gave him a rude push, and cried, "Stand back, sir!" The young Highlander uttered a loud shriek, and sprung almost to the middle of the street, and then, turning round in utter astonishment, he exclaimed, "Cot's crace! Cot's crace! wha ever saw'd the like of tat? I'll be tamn if I didna thought she was a timber."

The same Mr Paterson once saw another Highlander standing looking at the head of a black man on a tobacconist's sign-board, which head kept constantly moving on springs. Paterson drew near, and began to look with still greater astonishment; on which the Highlander said, "Pray, coot shentlemhan, can you pe telling her if yonter head pelong to one of Cot's crheatures?"

A Highlander from the small isles, who had never been in a church, or heard sermon in his life, came over to a Sacrament on the mainland, and the service being in his native tongue, he paid great attention till the psalm was given out, for he had missed the first one. When the precentor fell a-bawling out, Donald could not comprehend that, and called to some to stop him; but how was he astounded, when the whole congregation fell a-gaping and bawling with all their energy! Donald, conceiving it altogether a fit of madness, of which the precentor was the primary cause, bustled up to him, and gave him a blow on the side of the head, till the book dropped from his hand. "What do you mean, sir?" said the clerk. "Humph! pe you taking tat," said Donald; "for you was te pekinner of tis tamn toohoo!"

An elderly man, from the Braes of Athol, who had never seen either a ship or sea in his life, once chanced to be crossing from Kinghorn to Leith on a very stormy day, and as the vessel heeled terribly, he ran to the cords and held down with his whole vigour to keep her from upsetting. "For te sake of our lhives, shentles, come and hold town!" cried he; "or, if you will nhot pe helping mhe, I'll lhit you all go to the bhotom in one mhoment. And you ploughman tere, cannot you kkeep the howe of te furr, and no gang ower te crown of te rhiggs awaw? Heich?" The steersman at this laughing aloud, the Highlander was irritated, and with one of the levers he ran and knocked him down. "Nhow! laugh you nhow?" said he; "and you weel deserve it all, for it was you who put her so mhad, kittling her thail with tat pin."

About thirty years ago, I first visited the Spital of Glenshee, and at that time I never had seen a greater curiosity than the place of worship there. It is a chapel of ease belonging to a parish called Kirkmichael, is built with stone and lime, and the roof is flagged with slate. The door was locked, but both the windows were wide open, without either glass or frame, so that one stepped as easily in at the windows as at the door. There were no seats, but here and there a big stone placed, and as things of great luxury, there were two or three sticks laid from one of these to another. The floor was literally paved with human bones, and I saw that the dogs had gnawed the ends of many of them by way of amusing themselves in the time of worship. There were also hundreds of human teeth, while in the north-west corner of the chapel there was an open grave, which had stood so for nearly three months. It had been made in the preceding December for a young man who had died in the Braes of Angus, but it came on such a terrible storm that they could not bring the corpse, so they buried him where he was, and left this grave standing ready for the next. When the service was ended, the minister gathered the collection for the poor on the green, in the crown of his hat, and neither men nor women thought of dispersing, but stood in clubs about the chapel, conversing, some of them for upwards of an hour. I have seen many people who appeared to pay more attention to the service, but I never saw any who appeared to enjoy the crack after sermon so much.

I once came to a parish in the west of Ross-shire, in which both the manse and church were thatched with heather, of which the following pleasant anecdote was related to me. It had always been customary there to fine persons guilty of what is fashionably termed a *faux pas*, five groats and a burden of heather. The money went to the support

of the poor, and the heather to keep the manse and kirk in thatch, and both were so liberally supplied that the minister unadvisedly doubled the fine. From that day forth there was never one groat more came in to the support of the poor, and the church and manse were both tirlid to the bare ribs. At length one Sunday, after sermon, the parish beadle made this memorable proclamation: —

“Ho yes! Tis pe to give notice to all concerned, tat from tis tay forth to te end of te world, tere will pe in tis place te coot ould cluich at te coot ould price, te five croat and te purden of heather.”

In a short time the manse and church were as well thatched as ever.

The following genuine Highland proclamation was recited to me by one who heard it, and took a copy on the spot: —

“Ho yesh! And a two time, Ho yesh! And a tree time, Ho yesh! Tid ony pody saw a little grey kirnaggie? He was over te prig of Tee six tays before te mhorn. Wit twa peck of pear mheal; tree peck puffan; ten ceached; te score and five squadden, and five hard huishk. If any pody have not sawed him, let them come to my father’s house on the hill of Drumfhamdrum, and they will kit their phull for te saiffitty of him.”

It seems to mean, “Did any person see a little horse, who had crossed the Dee six days ago; on his back three pecks of barley meal, two of pease meal, ten hens, five-and-twenty herrings, and five hard fish.” The terms of the reward I do not understand.*

The New Poetic Mirror

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

No. II—Mr T—. M—†

ON the banks of the Liffey I lay,
And look’d in its waters so bright,
For oft I had heard lovers say,
That there, at the noon of the day,
They could see the stars basking in light.

5

* The meaning seems to be;—“Let any one who has seen him, come to my father’s house, and he will be allowed to eat his fill for the tidings.”—ED.

† *Query*—Thomas Moore?—ED.

There, far on a heaven below,
I saw the light clouds lie at rest;
And though of a sweet sunny glow,
They were pure as the first early snow
As they slept on that sky's lowly breast. 10

My soul was to softness subdued,
And in languor I lay and gazed on;
Some thoughts of delight I pursued
As the depths of that heaven I view'd,
But planets or stars I saw none. 15

At length, there appear'd unto me
Two bright little stars in the tide,
They were nigher than stars wont to be,
And sweeter and fairer to see
Than aught in those heavens beside. 20

I gazed till my eye-sight grew dim,
For I almost believed I beheld
A form so enchantingly slim,
So lightsome of air and of limb,
That in nature was never excell'd. 25

I saw the lips ope with a smile,
And the breast of the rose was their hue,
And the twin stars shed blushes the while,
Enough any heart to beguile
That ever loved beauty to view. 30

O stay, lovely vision! I cried;
O stay and depart not away,
I will quickly be there by thy side,
For I'll plunge in the depth of the tide
The form I love dearest to stay. 35

Just as I made ready to bound,
In ecstasy none can divine,
A shriek in my ears did resound,
And fair arms enclosed me round,
With a dear grasp I could not untwine. 40

I turn'd, and the maid of my heart,
 In terror press'd me to her breast;
 But I kiss'd her, as well was my part,
 And, her fears for my life to divert,
 My love and my vision confess'd. 45

I said that her form I had seen,
 As she stood on the summit above;
 That an angel's I thought it had been,
 And her eyes were so bright and so sheen,
 That I ween'd them the twin stars of love. 50

And whenever these sweet eyes I view,
 Which now I do morning and even,
 I think of the Liffey's bright hue,
 The clouds and the valleys of dew,
 And the stars of that mild lowly heaven. 55

A Song

By the Ettrick Shepherd

Row on, row on, thou cauldrie wave—
 Weel may you fume, and growl, and grumble—
 Weel may you to the tempest rave,
 And down your briny mountains tumble;
 For mony a heart thou hast made cauld 5
 Of firmest friend and fondest lover,
 Who lie in thy dark bosom pall'd,
 The garish green wave rolling over.

Upon the waste of waters wide
 Though ray'd in a' the dyes o' heaven, 10
 I never turn my looks aside
 But my poor heart wi' grief is riven;
 For then on ane that loe'd me weel
 My heart will evermair be turning;
 An' oh! 'tis grievous aye to feel 15
 That there is nought for me but mourning.

For whether he's alive or dead,
 In distant lands for maiden sighing,
 A captive into slavery led,
 Or in thy beds of amber lying,
 I cannot tell—I only know
 I loved him dearly and forewarn'd him;
 I gave him thee in pain and woe,
 And thou hast never more return'd him.

Still thou row'st on with sullen roar—
 A broken heart to thee is nothing;
 Thou only lov'st to lash the shore,
 And jabber out thy thunder, frothing.
 Thy still small voice send to this creek,
 The wavy field of waters over;
 Oh! Spirit of the Ocean, speak!
 And tell me where thou hold'st my lover!
Mount-Benger.

A Ballad about Love

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I AINCE fell in love wi' a sweet young thing,
A bonny bit flower o' the wilder'd dell;
Her heart was as light as bird on the wing,
And her lip was as ripe as the moorland bell.
She never kend aught o' the ways o' sin,
Though whiles her young heart began to doubt
That wi' its ill paths she might fa' in,
But never—she never did find them out.

She oft had heard tell o' love's dear pain,
 An' how sae sair as it was to dree; 10
 She tried it and tried it again and again,
 But it never could wring a tear frae her ee.
 She tried it aince on a mitherless lamb
 That lay in her bosom, and fed on her knee;
 But it turn'd an unpurpose and beggarly ram, 15
 And her burly lover she doughtna see.

She tried it neist on a floweret gay,
 And O! it was sweet and lovely of hue;
 But it droopit its head, an' fadit away,
 An' left the lassie to look for a new; 20
 An' aye she cried, O! what shall I do?
 Why canna a lassie be happy her lane?
 I find my heart maun hae something to loe,
 An' I dinna ken where to fix it again.

The laverock loes her musical mate, 25
 The moorcock loes the mottled moorhen,
 The blackbird lilt it early an' late,
 A-wooing his love in the birken glen;
 The yammering tewit and grey curlew,
 Hae ilk ane lovers around to flee, 30
 An' please their hearts wi' their whillie-ba-lu,—
 But there's naething to wheedle or sing to me.

Quo' I, My sweet, my innocent flower,
 The matter's as plain as plain can be,
 That this heart o' mine it was made for yours, 35
 An' yours was made for loving o' me.
 The lassie she lookit me in the face,
 An' a tear o' pity was in her ee;
 For she thought I had lost a' sense o' grace,
 An' every scrap o' fair modestye. 40

The lassie she thought an' thought again,
 An' lookit to heaven if aught she saw;
 For she thought that man was connectit wi' sin,
 And that love for him was the warst of a'.
 She lookit about, but she didna speak, 45
 As lightly she trippit outower the lea;
 But there was a smile on her rosy cheek,
 That tauld of a secret dear to me.

The lassie gaed hame to her lanely dell,
 It never was lovelier to her view; 50
 An' aye she thought an' thought to hersell,
 An' the mair she thought she began to rue—
 If ilk sweet thing has a mate o' its ain,
 Wi' nature's law I e'en maun gang;

I never was made for living my lane—
The laddie was right an' I was wrang. 55

O Nature! we a' maun yield to thee;
Your regal sway gainsay wha can?
For you made beauty, an' beauty maun be
The polar star o' the heart o' man. 60
There's beauty in man's commanding frame,
There's beauty in earth, in air, an' sea,
But there never was beauty that tongue could name
Like the smile of love in a fond young ee.
Mount-Benger.

A Story of the Forty-Six

By the Ettrick Shepherd

On the 17th of July, 1746, there was a tall raw-boned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq., in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs Shaw and her three daughters, for the Laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the lady of the house that his name was Sergeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband, as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs Shaw said, that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the Prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians, who had risen against their lawful Prince, to cut their brethren's throats.

The Highlander, without being in the least ruffled, requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events the ladies were safer from insult in a countryman's hands, than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it, and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying, that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the Campbells. He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny; and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady, in the meanwhile, saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent, he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointed to a bed, shaking his hand at the same time.

Simple as that motion was, it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment, and both she and her eldest daughter uttered loud shrieks at the same instant. At that moment there entered an English officer and five dragoons, who hastened to the apartment, and enquired what was the matter.

"O, sir," said Mrs Shaw, "here is a ruffian of a sergeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despite, is breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy."

"Oho! is that all?" said the cornet: "I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship or some of the handsome young rebels there. Desist, you vagabond, and go about your business;—if any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them."

"Nay, nay," said the Highlander, "I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege. The right of search is mine, and whoever are found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head-quarters, I order you hence."

"Show me your commission then, you Scotch dog; your search-warrant, if you so please?"

"Show me your authority for demanding it first."

"My designation is Cornet Letham of Cobham's dragoons, who is ready to answer every charge against him. Now, pray tell me, sir, under whom you hold your commission?"

"Under a better gentleman than you, or any who ever commanded you."

"A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded me?—The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is high treason; and on this spot I seize you for a Scotch rebel, and a traitor knave."

With that he seized the tall red-haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him as threatening a blow, but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst lift his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander lent him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse-pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but he took shelter behind the press, or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay, for the entrance between the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time; and certain death awaiting the first to enter, none of them chose to run the risk. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind, which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing

himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols at his bonnet, his antagonists having made sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting farther, either to fire or receive theirs, he broke at them with his drawn sword; and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending probably to fight him in the open fields. But a heavy dragoon of Cobham's was no match for a kilted clansman six feet high; before they reached the outer door, two of them were cut down, and the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken them to their horses, and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer's horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape, still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop. But stop they would not; and a grander pursuit never was seen. Peter Grant and Alexander M'Eachen, both in hiding at the time, saw it from Craig-Neart, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons, spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and, behind all, came the tall Highlander, riding rather awkwardly, with his bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist, and he thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would, till his horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him; he then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned, leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant, then ran from the rock and saluted him, for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired Colonel, John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs Stewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an outhouse on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was, the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for, beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch-Garry, were all concealed at the time, and she perceived that that door was no secret to Sergeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced, the ladies hastened to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them; but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up,

for they said, that one who was mangling the red coats at such a rate, could scarcely be an enemy to them. We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment; and perceiving, from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons come in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to what place they were bound, and hastened before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friends in repelling the aggressors.

There was now no time to lose. Mr Shaw, Captain Finlayson, Alexander M'Eachen, and another gentleman, whose name I have lost, mounted as King George's dragoons, effected their escape to Glasgow through a hundred dangers, mostly arising from their own friends. In particular, the very first night of their flight, in one of the woods of Athol, at the dead of the night, they were surrounded by a party of the Clan-Donnach, and would have been sacrificed, had not Stewart Shaw called out, "*Jo-lach! Càrdeil Cearlach!*" or some words to that effect, which awakened as great an overflow of kindness. Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry escaped on foot, and fled towards the wild banks of Loch-Erriched, where they remained in safety till they went abroad with Prince Charles.

It is amazing how well this incident was kept secret, as well as several others that tended to the disgrace of the royalists, owing to the control they exercised over the press of the country; but neither Duke William, nor one of his officers, ever knew who the tall red-haired Sergeant Campbell was, who overthrew their six dragoons. The ladies of Inch-Croy did not escape so well, for Cumberland, in requital for a disgrace in which they were nowise influential, sent out another party, who plundered the house and burnt it, taking the ladies into custody, and every thing else that was left on the lands of Inch-Croy and Bally-Beg—an instance of that mean and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious.

Aughteen Hunder an' Twanty-Nine

By the Ettrick Shepherd

O AUGHTEEN Hunder and Twanty-Nine!

Thy skaith is past retrievin',—
I'm glad to see that back o' thine

Out ower the wast gaun skrievin';
 Thou plishy-plashy, cauldriife quean, 5
 Bane o' the farmer's biggin,
 Deil that your tail war rumpit clean,
 Braw curlin' ower your riggin!

In vain we bleer'd our een at morn,
 Glowrin' for sunshine weather,— 10
 Down cam' the burns, in fury borne,
 Winds, rains, an' a' thegither;
 The ewes stood hurklin' on the hill,
 The lambs aneath them bowin',
 The croonin' kie misca'd the bill, 15
 Whene'er he cam' a-wooin'.

Our houms grew lather ankle deep,
 Our neeps a' bleach'd an' blacken'd;
 Our corn laid down its head to sleep,
 An' never mair awaken'd; 20
 Then took the gee our hopes o' thee,
 Nae profit mair could wait us;
 Nought we could do wi' tarry woo,
 But set our yam potatoes.

Frae Paisley town to Spitalfiel's 25
 Was mony a hungry meetin';
 An' even the painfu' Galashiels
 Fell down afore thee greetin';
 The very bairnies changed their cheer,
 An' lookit gash an' grievin'; 30
 Thou dour, unsonsy, Papish year,
 Thy skaith is past retrievin'!

O, thy warst crime is yet to name,
 An' laith am I to say it,
 For thou hast brought our land to shame, 35
 An' ruin'd those who sway it;
 'Gainst all experience tried an' good,
 Sin' mankind's first creation,
 Thou'st open'd a devouring flood
 To overwhelm the nation. 40

Now let the cocks o' Calvin craw,
 Their kaims are croppit sairly;
 An' Luther's rhamers to the wa'
 Hae got their backs set fairly;
 Faith thou hast gien them baith a fa', 45
 For a' their blausts an' barming,
 And left them caulder coal to blaw
 Than thou hast done the farming.

Fareweel, thou auld sneckdrawin' jade!
 The queen o' priests an' prozers; 50
 Where ane by thee has profit made,
 A thousand hae been losers;
 But yet I owe thee farewell meet,
 For gift whilk nane could marrow,
 For thou hast brought an angel sweet 55
 Unto the Braes o' Yarrow.

Mount Benger, December 25, 1829.

Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage *By the Ettrick Shepherd*

I'll tell you a tale of Davie Dale;
 On Monanday at morn
 He tedderit his tyke ayont the dike,
 And bade him wear the corn.

But the tyke laup, the tedder brak,
 The ewes gaed in the corn;
 And that's a tale of Davie Dale,
 On Monanday at morn.

Old Nursery Rhyme.

WHETHER the hero of whom I write was a descendant of this foolish shepherd or not, I am not quite certain; but I have always deemed it probable, as he bore the same name, and inherited a portion of the same credulous propensity. Why or whence he had his degree I

never learned, but certes, he was always designated Dr Dale; and thus much I have heard of his history, that he got involved in a labyrinth of lawsuits, all arising out of one another, and all owing to his simplicity and credulity—for he believed every word that the limbs of the law told him, until they wrested from him a fair estate, and reduced him from affluence to a very precarious subsistence. These severe losses and disappointments had the effect of deranging his intellect in a very extraordinary manner. Instead of curing him of his credulity, they heightened it an hundred degrees, insomuch that there was nothing too hard for him to swallow as a literal fact; and the more incredible the story was, and the more out of nature, he believed it the better. He had, moreover, a facility of conception that has seldom fallen to the lot of man, by the power of which he added incidents of his own, and even conceived whole stories, which he related, and, I am convinced, believed, as having really happened.

As a pleasant instance of this versatility and interminable concatenation of incidents, I shall here relate one of his stories, which, considering the odd circumstances in which it was related, altogether is without a parallel, especially in viewing it as a man caught taking a marten for a fox, or rather in having a wrong sow by the ear.

Happening to call late one evening at the house of Mr Smith, vintner in Minnyhive, a town on the borders of Galloway, Mr Smith said he would introduce me to the strangest character I ever had met with in my existence. Accordingly, he took me into a little parlour, and introduced me by name to Dr Dale, an old man with a cheerful countenance, and loquacious beyond measure. He had been drinking; from this, however, the hallucinations of his fancy did not appear to be derived, but rather from some erratic visions of the soul.

It so happened, that in an exceedingly short space he asked my name more than a dozen times, forgetting it always the next minute. At length, in order to impress him in some degree with my consequence, or at all events make him remember my name, I asked him if he had ever heard of an old odd fellow, styled “The Ettrick Shepherd?”

“The Ettrick Shepherd!” exclaimed he; “well may I remember him! And well may he remember me!—which he will do the longest day he has to live. I wonder if the old cock be still alive—for if he be, he must be a very old man.” Mr Smith made answer that he had never heard of his death, and that he surely did behove to be a very old man, for he had been mentioned as a poet from the time that any body living recollected.

“Oh, much longer than that, sir, I assure you,” said the Doctor, “much longer than that. As to his poetry, God mend it! If telling the

most extravagant lies be poetry, we have a grand set of poets now-a-days! But I think, of them all, there have never any told so many confounded lies as that Jock Hogg. These are not all to go for nothing, Mr Smith. I dislike a character that entertains people with fables as if they were true stories. There is nothing like sticking by the genuine truth." Here Mr Smith tipped me the wink, hinting to me to note whether or not the Doctor told the truth.

"Well, talking of that Ettrick Shepherd, there was once the strangest hap befell to him and me that ever befell to two human beings. And that is more than thirty years ago; and he was an old man then, I should think approaching to sixty, for his hair was white as snow, rugged and shaggy, and stood up on his crown like the mane of a polar bear. But I must tell you the story, gentlemen, for it was such an act of cruelty and injustice as never was practised upon two innocent and unsuspecting men.

"Well, you see, gentlemen, my great lawsuit came to that critical and important point, that unless I could be removed out of the way, all was lost to my opponent. The Bard had, likewise, given a sort of hearsay evidence, which, as it tended strongly to authenticate my statement of facts, although they tried to invalidate it as much as they could, they dreaded abominably. And Harry Erskine being the counsel against me, what out of security to his client, what of fun and what of mischief, I have no doubt but he was the mainspring of the following intense practical joke.

"One morning, Harry calls for me very early, and says, 'Doctor, I should like to have a quiet walk with you, that we may talk over yon affair. It is now coming to a perilous crisis, and I think some compromise between the parties should be attempted.'

'Nay, nay, sir, that will never do for me,' says I; 'but there is no man alive with whom I would be happier to take a walk than Mr Erskine.' So he led me on, and led me on, always talking and talking about the lawsuit in the most careless and indifferent manner imaginable, which I could not avoid remarking. At length, on the North Meadow Walk, we came upon something like a wicker tent, and a few very knowing like fellows placed around it. 'Oh, I am so glad we chanced to come this way,' says Harry; 'we shall see fine sport. This is a fellow, who, for a great pretended wager, is to try the powers of a self-moving machine which he has contrived. Let us go and examine it before it sets out.'

"We did so, and behold there was the old Shepherd sitting in one of the two seats, and with great glee, and a most obstreperous voice, was defying the owner to set the machine *a-hotching*, as he called it,

because it had no *lokomotive* powers. I instantly sided with the Bard, declaring, as my opinion, that it was all a hoax, for there was no self-moving principle about the machine.

"The owner being much offended at this, we laughed immoderately; and as for Erskine, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and said there were more self-moving principles in the world than some folk dreamed of. They then persuaded me, by way of experiment, to take the other seat beside the Shepherd, which I readily did. The owner desired us to make ourselves firm, as the movement was of a very uneasy nature, and he buckled two strong belts round each of our waists, which fastened us to the machine. The Shepherd then waved his bonnet, and cried, 'Set her a-ganging, now, lad! set her a-hotching! There will be an awfu' gallop soon. Hup, yaud! hoit, yaud! Hey to the gate, yaud! Ha, ha, ha! I think the yaud has ta'en the reest. Awm thinkin she'll be spavied i' the hint legs. Ye had better tak' a reed-het gaud o' ern, lad, and stap it atween her hips; I hae whiles seen that gar a reestin yaud set to the gate—ha, ha, ha!'

"Harry Erskine was by this time lying rolling on the green with laughter, and we were all laughing as loud as we could, when what did the infernal villains do, but let go a baloon at the back of the wall, which was quite concealed from our sight! This at first gave us such a jerk, that it deprived me of sensation, so that I knew not to what sort of movement we were subjected. But the old Bard had not been so callous, for the moment after he uttered a tremendous yell of despair, which was echoed far below—and, as I am a man of honour, ere ever we could draw our breath, we were entering the clouds, and losing sight of the earth. The last sight that I got of Edinburgh, the Castle was not so large as a mole-hill.

"I now became alarmed for the reason of my companion, for a man so overcome with terror I never beheld. He was staring all about him among the dark clouds, and braying out 'Murder! murder!' in a voice so Stentorophonick, that I question but it was heard at the North Meadow Walk, which would have been glorious fun to our enemies. 'Sir, consider where you are, and abate these cries of horror, which can avail you nothing. We are now, by the wiles and contrivance of my mortal enemies, sent out on a voyage of discovery in the heavens, without either helm, rudder, or compass,—but nevertheless, we are still in the hand of the Lord.'

'In the hand of the Lord, ye auld raggamuffin?' says Hogg; 'I think it wad hae been wiser like if ye had said we war hinging at the tail o' the devil, whilk I'm sure we are. Aih, what a monstrous auld dragon he is! See how he is boring through yon thunner cludds without ever

singing his auld shapeless pow, but clearing the way for his cargo!—Gudeness and mercy! whaten shapes are these? We are coming into the keuntry o' the bogles already. Heigh! preserve us!

"This last sentence of the Bard's was expressed in a loud frantic bellow, as if something had a hold of him, which made all the hairs on my head creep, for I perceived, or thought I perceived, a number of hideous shapes, resembling warriors clad in black, but twenty times as large as the human form. 'Who or what can these be?' said the Shepherd. 'Is it not terrible that the verra cludds o' the firmament should be inhabited, and that by siccan giants as these? I wonder what they get to eat, for I see naething for them here but to gobble up hailstones an' fire.'

'That phenomenon, my friend,' said I, 'can only be accounted for in the refraction of the rays of light upon a denser body. For example, the refraction which the rays of light suffer in slanting across the higher regions of the air, is greater than what calculation assigns to the corresponding density of the medium. But the supposed discrepancy would entirely disappear, were we to suppose those strata to consist of hydrogen gas, which is known to possess in a remarkable degree the power of refraction.'

'Hech, man, but I daursay that is very deep and very grand philosophy!' said the impatient and intractable Bard; 'but the warst fau't that it has, it's a babble o' nonsense. I'll tell you at aince what yon awesome apparitions are, without ony palaver about the density o' the medium. They are the deil's artillerymen, for I saw their lang matches in their hands; an' you'll hear a tremendous volley soon, for I thought I heard his majesty, our muckle haggis-headed friend there, gi'en orders as he came by, to fire—an' I hope there will ane o' the bolts at least light on the North Meadow Walk at Edinburgh! O! to hear tell that it drave a' yon blackguards helter-skelter, and left them lying wi' their banes as saft as roasted ingans!'

"Accordingly, by the time the Shepherd had done speaking, there was a tremendous volley of thunder right below our feet, the effect of which, even to men hasting to their long homes, was grand and impressive. 'That's perfectly terrible!' said the Shepherd. 'Od, I believe their cannons are run away on their wheels rattlin' to the far end o' the heavens. There they go again, raat-tat-tat boorrrr! Level at the North Walk, brave old harquebusiers!—O what a glorious voyage this would be, if we had aught to eat and drink! But to be set adrift through the heavens to perish wi' hunger an' thirst, is a waefu' prospect indeed. It has ta'en away a' my relish for thae grand gangins-on o' nature already, when I think o' the weary weird we hae to dree. Od, I wadna wonder

gin we war found in some far polar keuntry, twa dried skeletons, like Egyptian mummies, an' eaten for hams by the Esquimaux or the Greenlanders! Even already I find my stameck beginning to crave me, for how chill an' thin the air feels up hereabouts! A waught o' the mountain dew just now wad be worth a warld o' wally-wonders. I fancy the deil gets a' the lawyers; at ony rate, if no, he is sure of a batch in the North Meadow Walk the day. O that he may tattoo them wi' reed-het spindles, for sending us up to speel the lift like a wheen hungry craws! Od, the very fear o' deeing for hunger, will tak the breath frae me in a few hours.'

'Have patience, have patience, my dear sir,' said I; 'it's in vain to fret or fume, which will only put an end to our precarious existence the sooner. Perhaps the gas may be exhausted in these celestial regions, and then the attraction of gravity may draw us again to the earth in life and breath.'

'The attraction of what? Od, ane can hardly keep their gravity, when hearing you speak! Aboon a' things, I hate to journey wi' a philosopher, for he is always bothering ane wi' ox's gin and headraw gin, when his hearer wadna gie a bottle o' Peter Forbes's Hollands for them a'.'

"I now began to feel truly sorry for the poet as I saw the terror of dying of hunger and thirst would infallibly drive him mad, and that he would thereby lose every frail chance of surviving; and perceiving a great covered space all around us, I began to reconnoitre, and the very first spring-latch that I opened, was in the space between the Shepherd's knees and mine, and behold, on opening the lid, there stood a keg of at least six gallons, and the thrilling name GLEN-LIVET written on it in large characters. When the poet beheld this, he gave such a spring for joy in his wicker-seat, that he made the balloon bob, and put her so much off her balance, that she kept a rocking motion for an hour afterwards, while for five or six minutes of the time he continued to utter one scream of joy after another; and perceiving a spigot in the cask, and a queich in a corner of the wicker-chest, he forthwith filled himself a bumper, spilling a great deal in laughing. Then taking off his bonnet, he said, 'Here's a health to Harry Erskine! He's witty Harry yet. An' here's to a' the lawyers wha war on the North Meadow Wauk this morning. God bless them a' for a wheen sensible, clever chieils! Here's t'ye, Doctor, min.—Hay, it is a grand thing yon philosophy! Hae ye ony mair o't now?'

'That keg appears to have changed the nature of things with you, most elevated Bard,' said I. 'But see, what is here all around us—wines, biscuits, tongues, pies, I know not what all, provisions for months to

come. Now, I'll bet that the hydrogen gas is rarified to that degree as to carry us half the circuit of the globe, for it is evident the villains have set us off never more to be seen or heard tell of. It is likely we may fall in some of the polar regions, among snow and ice.'

'Ay, or maybe into the mids o' the sea, Doctor, an' be draggit at the tail o' that great hellfire monster, bumping frae the tap o' ae wave to another, till we be chokit. An' then to be gaun on plashing in the same style after we are dead, is an awfu' thing, ha, ha, ha! Never mind, Doctor, here's a queich o' most excellent stuff for you. Do ye ken, sir, that I hae suffered sae muckle wi' hunger an' thirst in my life, that when a man has plenty to eat and drink, I never account ony circumstances hard that he can be in? Take off that, an' I'll een fill another to mysell.—Where's that blood coming frae?'

'Oh, lak-a-day, sir,' said I, 'we are now so elevated, and the column of air so light, that we can no longer keep the blood in our veins. It is oozing from the top of your brow like a purple perspiration, as well as from the tips of my fingers.'

'Ay, deil care, let it uze on,' said he, 'we hae the mair need of a little o' the *creature* to supply the blood's place. We's hae ilk ane another queich, at ony rate.' We took each of us another, and some venison pie, and while eating, owing to the excessive chillness of the region, we fell both sound asleep; and slept I know not how long, nor do I think I should ever have awakened again, had it not been for the obstreperous notes of the Shepherd, who, as soon as his nap was over, had begun again to the Glen-Livet, and was now singing the following verses, till the arches of heaven responded:

SONG FIRST

The tempest may tout, and the wind may blaw
 With its whoo-rhoo, morning and even,
 For now the auld Shepherd's aboon them a',
 Winging his way through the sternies of heaven.
 He has had dreams of the night an' the day,
 Journeys sublime by streamer and rainbow,
 Over the clifts of the milky-way,
 And by the light of the seraphim's window.

Now in his flesh, his blood, and his bone,
 Far o'er his cliffs and mountains of heather,
 Here he careers through the starry zone,
 Bounding away on the billows of ether.
 Whoo-rhoo Gillan-an-dhu,

This is a scene from the future we borrow;
 This is the way each spirit must stray,
 Mazed in delight, in terror or sorrow—
 Hech wow! that's a serious thought! *Amen!*

'Weel, weel, *Amen!* be't.—Doctor, wauken up, like a good lad, an' say *Amen* for aince. There's a grand sunshine hill, which I think is like Ben-Nevis. An' there's a moon in the lift, as big as a wheel-rim. I think ye're amazed, Doctor,—an' weel ye may.'

'Sir, you are inebriated,' said I; 'intoxicated beyond measure! For this is no earthly mountain that we are coming upon, but the moon herself, while yon immense pale globe that you see at such a distance is the earth.'

'Aih, Lord preserve us! is that the case?' cried the Shepherd. 'Then, if she has that power of attraction that you talk of as the all-regulating law of nature, we are likely to get some hard bumps against her majesty very soon. An' it is hard to tell what kind o' welcome we may get frae the folk, for it is a question if ever they have heard tell o' the Ettrick Shepherd. She is very like Ben-Nevis at the sun-setting, however. Hand me the prospeck by, an' let me get a look at her, for it strikes me, an' has done this hour past, that we are receding frae her.'

'Then it appears that the moon has neither atmosphere nor attractive power of her own,' said I, 'but is involved in those of the earth, and borne round the sun with it in her concentric and various motions. And truly, if that were not the case, she would sometimes be seen beyond the sun, which she never is. Look well if you perceive any inhabitants.'

'No, I see no inhabitants; but I see some slate quarries, whilk is a gayan good sign that inhabitants are there,' said the Shepherd. 'But we are now fleeing like an arrow out of a bow away frae her. Here, Doctor, take the prospeck, and gie us a screed o' philosophy, for I'm gaun to gie ye another sang.'

SONG SECOND.

Now fare ye weel, bonny Lady Moon,
 Wi' thy dark look o' majesty,
 For though you hae a queenly face,
 'Tis yet a fearsome sight to see:
 Thy lip is like Ben-Lomond's base,
 Thy mouth a dark unmeasured dell,
 Thine eyebrow like the Grampian range,
 Fringed with the brier and heather bell.

Yet still thou bear'st a human face,
 Of calm and ghostly dignity;
 Some emblem there I fain would trace
 Of Him that made both thee and me.
 Fareweel, thou bonny Lady Moon,
 For there's neither stop nor stay for me;
 But when this mortal life is done,
 I will take a jaunt and visit thee.

'Weel, Doctor, what do ye see about her ladyship that ye didna ken afore?'

'I can't see distinctly with the telescope,' said I, 'owing to the rapidity of our motion. But I see she's a round opaque mass of matter, without internal light, without an elemental atmosphere, and consequently without inhabitants.'

'Ha, gude faith, lad, but that's a muckle discovery, an' a deep ane—or, I should rather say, an elevated ane,' said the Shepherd, who was busily engaged with something else. 'But it is a braw elemental sphere this o' ours, for here's a good queich o' claret for ye, an' a shag o' butter-an'-bread.'

'And these are not blessings to be despised, James,' said I; 'but now we are descending rapidly in a northerly direction. We have formed a great paracentral parabola, and I think must come to the ground somewhere in the North Highlands. Do you know what a parabola is, James?'

'Ou, finely that, man.—Here's t'ye.—It is just a kind o' representation o' things by similitude—and a very good way it is. It answers poetry unco weel.'

'It is strange to me how ever you came to be accounted a man of genius,' said I, 'for such an opacity of intellect I never encountered. It was one of the conic sections of which I was talking.'

'O, that is a part of geometry,' said he. 'Weel, I could try you on that subject too, though it is rather a kittle ane. Mr Constable has published a singularly able book on mathematics just now, which I would fain have had a lend o', but didna like to ask him for it, as he had given me Marmion so lately. However, I'll take a spell wi' ye at geometry, for I dinna like to be countit ignorant by ony body but mysell. I understand the parabolic and the hyperbolic curves; the cycloid and the epicycloid; the catenary and the logarithmic; the magnetic curve, and the curve of tangents, an' what the mischief mair wad ye hae for the understanding the principles o' geometry?'

'I am astonished how you even know their designations and ar-

rangements,' said I. 'But here is something more serious to think of, for we are now wearing fast to the earth, and I perceive the ocean under us. And it appears that we have been a day and a night in the upper regions of the firmament, for see the sun is again in the east, and the whole face of the country free of the dark clouds in which we were involved yesterday morning. There is land between us and the sun, but we are yet far from it. And as the sun, from his height above the horizon, must be about E.S.E., so we are sailing on a south-west wind, and descending slowly towards the north-east.'

'Then that must be the coast of Norway afore us,' said the Shepherd; 'and a curious and romantic country it is, whilk I'm very fond o' seeing. Gin it hadna been James Wilson, the great naturalist, wha lives out at Canaan, that mistrystit me aince, I had seen a' the Dophrines lang syne. But I hardly trow that we hae been a night an' a' day swinging along the floors o' heaven, for I haena ta'en aboon a dozen noggins o' the whisky yet, an' I think ye hae only gotten fourteen, whilk wad hae been but an unco scanty allowance in twenty-four hours in sic a climate as we war in.'

'But then, sir, we know not how long we slept,' said I; 'for above a certain altitude the human frame is subject to torpidity, and I remember that mine was such, that if you had not awakened me, I think I should never have awakened again.'

'An we had fa'n baith in the sea sleeping, we wad hae gotten a terrible gliff,' said he; 'and really, if we had been near the land or near a ship, I wad hae likit to have seen it, for the fun o' the thing. But the truth is, that I hae nae inclination ava to light as lang as our provisions last, for I think it a grand ploy to swoop through the heavens wi' plenty to eat an' drink. Na, na, I hae nae wish to light this lang time yet, an' least of a' in the open sea. Think ye there's nae way o' tickling her to gar her spring up again?'

'Why, there is one certain method,' said I; 'which is, by throwing out our ballast.'

'Ballast! where is't?' said the Shepherd, in astonishment.

'Why, all that superfluous stuff of victuals, wines, and spirits,' said I.

'The deil be in your fingers gin ye touch them as lang as I hae the pith of a man in my fore-spaulds,' said he. 'Ballast! My truly, billy, but ye ballast weel! Sic ballast as this winna dunt at our doors every day. No, gin ye were trailing ower the waves at our grey yaud's tail like a dolphin, wad I suffer ye to throw out these precious benefits? Sae ye may fit on your cork jacket an' prepare for the warst, for that resource disna await you.'

'Finding it in vain to reason with this thirsty and ravenous son

of the mountains, I began to look about me for some other resource, assured that there would be some way of letting the gas escape, should we perceive a ship or proper lighting place. I had long noted a small brass handle, attached to a tube which seemed to connect our tent and the balloon, but I did not understand it, for at the handle was written, *If like to alight, turn this*. But seeing that we approached nigher and nigher to the sea, I now watched for an opportunity of turning it and letting the gas escape; and accordingly, perceiving a large ship at a due distance before us and some small craft farther on, I tried the handle with all my might, but it would not budge. I tried it the other way, when it instantly turned with a jerk and a spring; and thereby letting forth a supply of gas, away mounted the balloon once more in the most beautiful slanting style imaginable. The Shepherd was actually delirious with joy. He clapped his hands, waved his bonnet, took a queich of whisky, and then sung out

SONG THIRD.

Hurray! hurray! The spirit's away,
 A racket of air with her bandelet;
 We're up in the air on our bonny grey mare,
 But I see her yet! I see her yet!
 We'll ring the skirts o' the gouden wain,
 Wi' curb an' bit, wi' curb an' bit,
 An' catch the bear by the frozen mane,
 An' I see her yet! I see her yet!
 Away again o'er mountain and main
 To sing at the morning's rosy yett,
 An' water my mare at its fountain clear—
 But I see her yet! I see her yet!
 Away, thou bonny witch o' Fife,
 On the foam of the air to heave an' flit,
 An' little reck thou of a poet's life,
 For he sees thee yet! he sees thee yet!

'Aha, Doctor, I ken where we are now! This is nae Norway, but the Western Isles of Scotland. We hae been half-way ower the Atlantic, an' brought back again by the changing o' the wind. Weel, this is really grand!—to see sae mony islands, a' like dark spots o' ebony on a sheet o' silver an' gold! This is a scene that's worth the living for! Weel do I ken a' their shapes an' sizes, for I hae been ower them a' an' ower again. Yon farthest away ane is the Lang Island, stretching frae

Barra to the Butt of Lewis 166 miles, an' containing about as many inhabitants. A waefu' wretched country as ever my fit was in, aince the inheritance o' the M'Leods an' M'Donalds; but, alak! they'll soon no hae as muckle land on the haill island as to bury the hinder-end o' them. Then, yonder is Sky; a fine island, an' maistly theirs yet. Then here is the fertile Isla, the barren Jura, the bonny little Colonsay, and the inhospitable Mull. Oh, but my heart is light at flying ower them in this style!—ay, beyond the flight o' the Hebridean eagle hersell! See how they scour away frae aneath us, as if borne by an irresistible flood of an ocean river! And then, here come the valleys and gentle hills of Lorn, with the towering cliffs far beyond them. But how insignificant their appearance from this point! Ah, auld Scotland, how my heart warms to thee! Wha could look on sic a scene, an' no turn a poet?

“Man never look'd on scene so fair
 As Scotland, from the ambient air;
 On hills in clouds of vapour roll'd,
 On vales that beam with burning gold;
 Or, stretching far and wide between,
 Her fading shades of fairy green;
 The glassy sea that round her quakes,
 Her thousand isles, her thousand lakes,
 Her mountains frowning o'er the main,
 Her waving fields of golden grain;
 On such a scene, so sweet, so wild,
 The radiant sunbeam never smiled.”

‘That is very good, James, and very appropriate,’ said I; ‘who in the world can have written that?’

‘Ay, what need you speir, Doctor,’ returned he; ‘wha writes a’ the good sangs an’ ballads in our keuntry, an’ never ane either kens or thanks him for it?’

SONG FOURTH.

O for an angel's pencil new,
 With canvass of the ocean's span!
 For such a panoramic view
 Ne'er met the eye of mortal man:
 There flies Loch-Awe, like silver zone,
 She's speeding to the south away;
 And there's Cruachan's clifted cone,

Less than Mount-Benger coils of hay.
 Now speed, now speed, our wondrous steed,
 Though now thou'rt skiffing on the sky,
 In kind Glengarry's snuggest bed
 We'll find a shelter by and by.
 There goes Ben-Nevis' sovereign head,
 Soon o'er the Border will he be;—
 Ha, speed thee! speed! my wondrous steed,
 The world's on wing from under thee!

'We were very near the top of that broad unshapely hill that you call Ben-Knaves,' said I; 'we might have cast anchor on it.'

'Ay, but how wad ye hae gotten aff it again?' said the Shepherd; 'I was very feared for a game at hardheads wi' some o' his rocks, but the current o' wind that streaks up his ravines carried us safely over. And now, hey for Glengarry! It is straight before us as the crow flies.'

'He is spoken of as a wild savage chief that,' said I, 'and one who will account very little of cutting off the heads of two Sassenachs like you and me.'

'An' that's nae lee neither—but only if we were gaun to cross him or bully him; whilk we hae nae call to do, for a mair refined an' ceevileezed gentleman I never crossed the door threshold o'.'

'Here is a fine house, like the castle of a chief, on our left hand,' said I; 'I suppose that is the castle of Invergarry?'

'No, no,' said the Shepherd, 'that is Lochiel's castle, bonny Auchnacarry. I have seen it a ruin, all black as ink wi' the flames that Cumberland's brutal soldiers raised in it—sae mean and grovelling was the malice they bore against a man that had frightened them sae aft on the field. Lochiel has now renewed it in mair than its primitive splendour. But he's a gouk; for instead o' leeving at that lovely romantic mansion, and spending his income amang his Camerons, he'll be snowking about the vile stinking shores o' East-Lothian. When I think o' the gallant, matchless heroism o' their forefathers, the very thought o' siccan chiefs as Clan-Ranald and Lochiel is aye like to turn my heart. Fient a ane o' them a' has the true an' proper feelings of a chief but Glengarry himsell, let them a' say o' him what they like!—And now we are coming very near the bit, Doctor, for as soon as we cross the corner o' that ugly black hill, then Invergarry is plump below us.'

'Then over it we must go,' said I, 'for how are we to bring down that inexhaustible machine? Hogg, you are accounted a powerful fellow; take a bottle and throw at it with all your force, perhaps you will be able to burst it.'

‘Hand me up a bottle then, Doctor,’ said he; ‘but od, be sure it be a toom ane, else I winna fling it.’ He then set himself firm in his basket, and holding with the one hand, he flung a bottle at the balloon with all his force, which only rebounded away into the air. He tried another, and another, all with the same effect; and I think I never saw aught so ludicrous as the Shepherd standing biting his lip, pelting the balloon with one bottle after another, and cursing her for a muckle unpurpose swine’s blether. At length, perceiving the chief himself at his side, Hogg, with a voice like a trumpet, shouted out, ‘Help, Glengarry! help, help! for the love o’ M’Donnell’s name an’ the Jacobite Relics o’ Scotland, bring us down, bring us down!’

‘Glengarry ran for his rifle, but when the Bard saw it cocked and pointed towards him, he roared out, ‘Tak care what ye’re about, ye deil’s buckie, an’ dinna haud at the basket!’ Crack went Glengarry’s rifle, and before one could have said Mahershallalhashbaz, we were plashing in Loch-Garry. Still the intractable machine, notwithstanding her wound, was dragging us on, whiles beneath the water and whiles above it; but always as the Shepherd’s head came above, he uttered a loud Hilloa! in a half-choked style, while Lady Glengarry and her Misses were screaming with laughter at the miserable floundering figure we made in the loch. Glengarry was all activity; he manned a boat to our rescue, but before it could reach us, we were dragged ashore and bumping up the hill, away for Inch-Laggan; and I firmly believe, that if we had not fastened firm among the branches of an elm-tree, we had been taken to the heavens a third time.

“So much unaffected kindness and hospitality I never experienced as in the house of Glengarry, but we never told him how we were set off, nor does he know till this day but that we took the jaunt out of good-will and enthusiasm. Hogg even told him that he was engaged to another jaunt with a literary friend. He gave us £100 for our balloon, in which he proposed to go a-eagle-shooting, and take some jaunts to his estates in Knoidart and Morrer. He was delighted with this mad aerial visit of the Shepherd’s, and the two sung Jacobite songs the whole night over. I was obliged to leave our kind entertainer, and haste to Edinburgh, being distressed about my lawsuit, but I could not make Hogg budge; so there I left him, sitting drinking and singing with Glengarry, and, for any thing I know, he is sitting there to this day.”

My Love She's But a Lassie Yet

By the Ettrick Shepherd

My love she's but a lassie yet, A lightsome lovely lassie yet; It scarce wad do To sit an' woo, Down by the stream sae glassy, yet:	5
But there's a braw time coming yet, When we may gang a-roaming yet, An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be, When fa's the modest gloaming yet.	10
She's neither proud nor saucy yet, She's neither plump nor gaucy yet, But just a jinking, Bonny, blinking,	15
Hilty-skilty lassie yet: But, O, her artless smile's mair sweet Than hinney or than marmelite; And, right or wrang, Ere it be lang, I'll bring her to a parley yet.	20
I'm jealous o' what blesses her, The very breeze that kisses her, The flowery beds On which she treads,— Though wae for ane that misses her:	25
Then O to meet my lassie yet, Up in the glen sae grassy yet, For all I see Are nought to me, Save her that's but a lassie yet!	30

A Letter from Yarrow

The Scottish Psalmody Defended

To the Editor of THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL

["Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" In common, we doubt not, with many of our readers, we have perused Mr Tennant's acute and able criticisms on the different versions of the Psalms with the highest pleasure. But if Mr Tennant be entitled to espouse one side of this question, the Ettrick Shepherd is no less entitled to take up the other; and, as our pages are at all times open to free and fair discussion, we cannot say that we regret to see two such worthy champions riding a friendly tilt against each other. The subject-matter is of importance; and there are no two men living more able to do justice to it in all its bearings.—ED.]

DEAR SIR—What the devil does the amiable and ingenious Mr Tennant mean by trying to turn our ancient Scottish psalmody into ridicule, and, in particular, by daring, for his soul, once to compare it with, far less estimate it below, the cold, miserable, correct feeling of Tait and Brady? Tait and Brady, forsooth! Lord help the man! Has he so lost all taste for the ancient ardour and simplicity of the primitive fathers of the Scottish Church, as to degrade their touching and sublime strains with those of any modern sacred lyrist, far less with the most common-place of them all? It is certainly the strongest dereliction from good taste that I ever lamented over in a man whom I have always esteemed as one of true genuine feeling. Indeed, in such estimation do I hold our ancient Scottish psalmody, that Mr Tennant's lucubrations have rung in my ears as blasphemy. For my part, I never read any poetry in my life that affected my heart half so much as those sublime strains of Zion, sung in what I conceived to be the pure spirit of their ancient simplicity; and the antiquated rhymes and Scotticisms at which Mr Tennant jeers so much, are to me quite endearing qualities. Does he really suppose that the Scottish language, as spoken or written in the days of James the Sixth, should be conformable to the rules of Lindley Murray? Fie, fie, Mr Tennant! And, moreover, many of the rhymes which he picks out to turn to ridicule are legitimate rhymes to this day—*vide* Sir Walter Scott. And does he make no allowances for the great difference in the pronunciation of two centuries? If he take the old readings, he will

find that the very worst rhymes he quotes are quite correct. Does he not know that, even within these fifty years, the word *imperfect* was always sounded *imperfite*; and he will hear every old countryman use it, in his common discourse, to this day. Where, then, lay the *monstrum horrendum* of this rhyme?—High was always pronounced *hee*; bow, *boo*; eye, *ee*; reign, *ring*; so that all the rhymes are strictly correct. You had better take care, Mr Tennant. Touch not, taste not, handle not. What would Sir Walter Scott or Mr Surtees say of a fellow who would pull down an ancient and beautiful structure, because some of the shapes of the panes of glass were gone out of fashion? I can tell you what they would say—That the fellow ought to be hanged. Perhaps you are engaged in correcting our ancient psalmody; but again I say, *take care*. These Psalms have an old watchman guarding over them here, who has had them all by heart since he was ten years of age; and what he wants in erudition and ability, he has in zeal to keep every innovator in due subordination.

It is true, and no person will attempt to deny, that some of the verses are antiquated and plain. But that is one of their chief beauties; because these verses only occur where the original is equally unpotetical; and to have attempted to have made such verses grand, would only have been a caricature. But wherever the original is capable of it, how beautifully simple and sublime they are! Now, as I never opened the Psalms of Tait and Brady save to despise them, and have our old version all by heart, I shall just open the former by random, and compare notes.

Very well. Here is the 65th Psalm, from the beginning:

“For thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Zion waits thy chosen seat,
 Our promised altars there we’ll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
 O thou who to my humble prayer
 Didst always lend thy listening ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.”

There’s for you, Mr Tennant! There’s a correct drawl for you, of which you seem so much enamoured! Listen to the thunder of the old Calvinist:

“Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord,
 To thee vows paid shall be;

O thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to thee."

I declare my old hand shakes as I write this, though it was merely by random that I opened the book. Where is the preponderance there, Mr Tennant? On which side is the pith, the beauty, and the sublimity? Why, the one is just like a cold winter sky, and the other a rainbow; and such is the model you would introduce into our church! No, no, Mr Tennant! Believe me, the simplicity and energy of our primitive psalms suit exactly our worship, for which they were framed. They are models of one another, even to their blemishes; and sorry would my heart be to see them corrected out of your elegant Tait and Brady! I might well then sing the old song,

"Scotlande be a' turn'd England now."

Suppose, for a further experiment, without turning the leaf, we try another first verse:

"Lord, thee my God I'll early seek:
My soul doth thirst for thee.
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
Wherein no waters be."

"O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'r shall offer'd be;
For thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want."

How do you like this for a change, Mr Tennant? Why, notwithstanding that wee antiquated word *be*, which, you carp so beautifully at, the one verse is worth fifty of the other. Why should any man take a forehammer to break an egg with, when he can do it with a penknife?

Suppose we now turn to a single verse, a particular one, which is generally sung at a deathbed in Scotland:

"Into thine hands I do commit
My soul, for thou art he,
And thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth,
That hast redeemed me."

Many a time have I seen the souls of both old and young sighed away with those sweet words quivering last on the lips. Now, really, I have not the face to quote the Tait and Brady lines against these, but they are well enough known to Mr Tennant, for often has he presented them two lines at a time, and sung them with the dying wives about Dollar; and I am sure, if he liked to tell the truth, he would confess that they gave every one of them the hiccup.

But turn to any thing pathetic, beautiful, or sublime in the whole psalmody, I care not where it be,—nay, let any person do it, however prejudiced, and say candidly, which is the most simply beautiful, and closest to the original. Remember there is a great deal lies in that; for is it not a glorious idea that we should be worshipping the same God, in the very same strains that were hymned to him by his chosen servants in the Tabernacle 3000 years ago? But in the modern English version I will defy any man to trace the same strain of thought that runs through the prose translation. In ours, they are literally the same. Therefore, the less that Messrs Brady and Tait—(by the by, I do not know if that is the English way of spelling the latter gentleman's name—Is it, Mr Tennant? I know it is spelled that way in the song of “Jock Tait;”)—I say, I think the seldomer they measure weapons “wi auld Geordie Buchanan, young man,” the better for them. Or if there is to be a modification, let the ancient and original spirit of ours be installed into theirs, which would be an incalculable advantage. As I said, read any truly poetical part of the psalms in both versions. Read the 8th, the 23d, the 84th, the 116th*; and in thus turning over my borrowed psalmody, I cannot help comparing the opening lines of each version of the latter sweet psalm:

“My soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.
Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair,
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray’r.”

That is very respectable, is it not, Mr Tennant? Is it really esteemed as a literal and energetic opening this at the Dollar Academy? Alas! hear how our antiquated reformer has it:

* Read also Psalm 73d, from the 24th verse.

“I love the Lord, because my voice
 And prayers he did hear;
 I while I live will call on him,
 Who bow’d to me his ear.”

Now turn to the prose translation. The Scottish version is literal; it is the same, verbatim: the other is quite the reverse. Observe, Messrs Tait and Brady *do not* love the Lord because he has heard their prayer. But they have some *grateful thoughts* of loving him some time for doing it—nay, their souls are *entirely possessed* by this laudable resolve. There is no such idea expressed by the divine Psalmist, in “I love the Lord.” And in the second verse, they say they are determined never more to despair, now that the Lord has once inclined his ear to them. Where did they pick up that sentiment about despair? Not from the words of the son of Jesse. And note farther. They are only going to address their prayers to him in the *straits of life!* no other time. Now, that is hardly fair in Dr Brady and Mr Tait, and quite abstract from the sentiments of gratitude expressed by David. But it is ever thus. The English versifier is constantly going about the bush, and, like a preacher who has very few ideas, wants to blow up the few he has with as many large swelling words as he can press into the sentence. In the same spirit every one must read the two openings of the 137th; the whole of the 139th;—and, by the by, I wish you would read the 13th verse of this psalm over again, and tell me what the fellows mean by the *threads in the loom* there mentioned. What threads in what loom? Or where did they pick up the idea, far less the expression?

But enough of this carping and foolery, from which I have been unable to refrain; for my veneration of our ancient psalmody is such, that to see an innovation in it would almost break my heart. The venerable Principal Baird sent me a special invitation to his house one evening, many years ago, and in his own name, and those of his brethren, presented a request to me to new versify a part of the Psalms. I answered, that he might as well propose to me to burn my Bible, or renounce my religion. The reverend father looked astonished, and asked an explanation. I said, “it was because these verses, modelled as they were now, had long, long been the penates of Scotland. Every peasant in Scotland had them by heart, and could repeat any part by day or by night, as suited his or her family’s circumstances. The shepherd recites them to his son on the lonely hill, the mother to the child in her bosom. They are the first springs of religion in the peasant’s soul, mingled with all his thoughts and acts of devotion through life, and hymned on the cradle of death; and to make any

innovation there, would be with a reckless hand to puddle and freeze up the pure springs of religion in the hearts of the most virtuous and most devout part of our community. No, no, Dr Baird; for the love of God and your fellow-men, have no hand in such an experiment! Our country communities would be less shocked, and their religious rites less degenerated, by the introduction of the liturgy at once, than by a new psalmody. I will versify as much of the other parts of Scripture as you want or desire, but never shall I alter, or consent to the alteration of, a single verse of our old psalmody, for they are hallowed round the shepherd's hearth."

So say I to Mr Tennant. I respect him, nay, I love him as a brother; but, for the household gods of the Scottish peasant,

"As long as I can wield a sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

And if there is really to be an edition of the Psalms from Dollar, if you, my dear Editor, will grant me the first reviewing of them, they shall be an edition of dolour to somebody. I am, dear sir, yours ever,

JAMES HOGG.

Andrew the Packman

After the Manner of Wordsworth

By the Ettrick Shepherd

IN vale of Bassenthwaite there once was bred
 A man of devious qualities of mind;
 Andrew the Packman, known from Workington,
 And its dark and uncomely pioneers,
 Even unto Geltsdale forest, where the county 5
 Borders on that of Durham, vulgarly
 Called Bishoprigg. But still within the bounds
 Of ancient Cumberland, his native shire,
 Andrew held on his round, higgling with maids
 About base copper, vending baser wares. 10
 Not unrespective, but respectfully,
 As suited several places and relations,
 Did he spread forth muslins, and rich brocades
 Of tempting aspect; likewise Paisley lace,

Upholden wove in Flanders, very rich 15
 Of braid, inwove with tinsel, as the blossoms
 Of golden broom appear in hedgerows, white
 With flowers of budding hawthorn. Then his store
 Of maidenish nick-nacks greatly overran
 My utmost arithmetical operation. 20

Andrew knew well, better than any man
 In all the eighteen towns of Cumberland,
 The prime regard that's due to pence and farthings,
 The right-hand columns of his ledger-book.
 This I call native wisdom, and should stand 25
 Example to us of each small concern
 That points to an hereafter. For how oft
 Is heaven itself lost for a trivial fault!
 First we commit one sin—one little sin—
 A crime so venial, that we scarcely deem 30
 It can be register'd above. Yet that one
 Leads to another, and, perchance, a greater:
 Higher and higher on the scale we go,
 Till all is lost that the immortal mind
 Should hold to estimation or account! 35

Thus wisdom should be earn'd. But I forgot,
 Or rather did omit, at the right place,
 To say that Andrew at first sight could know
 The nature, temper, habits, and caprices
 Of every customer, man, wife, or boy, 40
 Stripling, or blooming maid. Yet none alive
 Could Andrew know, for he had qualities
 Of eye, as well as mind, inscrutable.
 For when he look'd a person in the face,
 He look'd three ways at once. Straightforward one, 45
 And one to either side. But so doth he,
 That wondrous man, who absolutely deducts,
 Arranges, and foretells, even to a day,
 Nature's last agony and overthrow.
 Presumptuous man! Much would I like to talk 50
 With him but for one hour. So I am told
 Looks a great man—a man whose tongue and pen
 Hath hope illimitable. One who overrules
 A great academy of northern lore.
 So look three of our noble peers. And so 55
 Looks one—and I have seen the man myself—

A fluent, zealous holder forth, within
The House of Commons. So look'd Andrew Graham,
That peddling native of fair Bassenthwaite.

Now this same look had something in't, to me 60
Deeply mysterious. For, if that the eye
Be window of the soul, in which we spy
Its secret workings, here was one whose ray
Was more illegible than darkest cloud
Upon the cheek of heaven; whene'er he look'd 65
Straight in my face, and I return'd that look,
His seem'd not bent on me, but scatter'd
To either hand, as if his darkling spirit
Scowl'd in the elements. Yet there was none
Could put him down when loudly sceptical, 70
But I myself. A hard and strenuous task!
For he was eloquence personified.

Now it must be acknowledged, to my grief,
That this same pedlar—this dark man of shawls,
Ribbons, and pocket napkins—he, I say, 75
Denied that primal fundamental truth,
The Fall of man! Yea, the validity
Of the old serpent's speech, the tree, the fruit,
The every thing concerning that great fall,
In which fell human kind! The man went on, 80
Selecting and refusing what he chose
Of all the sacred book. Samson's bold acts,
(The wonders of that age, the works of God!)
The jaw-bone of the ass,—the gates of Gaza,—
Even the three hundred foxes, he denied— 85
Terming them fables most impossible!
But what was worse,—proceeding, he denied
Atonement by the sacrifice of life,
Either in type or antitype, in words
Most dangerously soothing and persuasive. 90

Roused into opposition at this mode
Of speech, so full of oleaginousness,
Yet sapping the foundation of the structure
On which so many human hopes are hung,
It did remind me even of a pillar 95
Of pyramidal form, which I had seen
Within the lobby of that noble peer,
The Earl of Lonsdale. On the right hand side,

As entering from the door, there doth it stand
 For hanging hats upon. Not unapplausive 100
 Have I beheld it cover'd o'er with hats.
 Apt simile in dissimilitude
 Of that most noble fabric, which I have
 In majesty of matter and of voice
 Aroused me to defend. "Sir, hear me speak," 105
 (Now at that time my cheek was gently lean'd
 On palm of my left hand; my right one moving
 Backwards and forwards with decisive motion,)—
 "Sir, hear me speak. Will you unblushingly
 Stretch your weak hand to sap the mighty fabric, 110
 On which hang millions all proleptical
 Of everlasting life? That glorious structure,
 Rear'd at the fount of Mercy, by degrees
 From the first moment that old Time began
 His random, erring, and oblivious course? 115
 Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it Thou who framed
 The universe and all that it contains,
 As well as soul of this insidious pedlar,
 Aberrant as his vision! O, forbid
 That one stone—one small pin—the most minute, 120
 Should from that sacred structure e'er be taken,
 Else then 'tis no more perfect. Once begun
 The guilty spoliation, then each knave
 May filch a part till that immortal tower
 Of refuge and of strength,—our polar star, 125
 Our beacon of Eternity, shall fall
 And crumble into rubbish. Better were it
 That thou defaced the rainbow, that bright pledge
 Of God's forbearance. Rather go thou forth,
 Unhinge this world, and toss her on the sun 130
 A rolling, burning meteor. Blot the stars
 From their celestial tenements, where they
 Burn in their lambent glory. Stay the moon
 Upon the verge of heaven, and muffle her
 In hideous darkness. Nay, thou better hadst 135
 Quench the sun's light, and rend existence up,
 By throwing all the elements of God
 In one occursion, one fermenting mass,
 Than touch with hand unhallow'd, that strong tower,
 Founded and rear'd upon the Holy Scriptures. 140

Wrest from us all we have—but leave us that!”

The spirit of the man was overcome,
 It sunk before me like a mould of snow
 Before the burning flame incipient.
 He look'd three ways at once, then other three, 145
 Which did make six; and three, and three, and three,
 (Which, as I reckon, made fifteen in all,)
 So many ways did that o'er-master'd pedlar
 Look in one moment's space. Then did he give
 Three hems most audible, which, to mine ear 150
 As plainly said as English tongue could say,
 “I'm conquer'd! I'm defeated! and I yield,
 And bow before the majesty of Truth!”

He went away—he gave his pack one hitch
 Up on his stooping shoulders; then with gait 155
 Of peddling uniformity, and ell
 In both his hands held firm across that part
 Of man's elongated and stately form
 In horses call'd the rump, he trudged him on,
 Whistling a measure most iniquitous. 160

I was amaz'd; yet could not choose but smile
 At this defeated pedlar's consecution;
 And thus said to myself, my left cheek still
 Leaning upon my palm, mine eye the while
 Following that wayward and noctiferous man: 165

“Ay, go thy ways! Enjoy thy perverse creed,
 If any joy its latitude contains!
 How happy mightst thou be through these thy rounds
 Of nature's varied beauties, wouldst thou view
 Them with rejoicing and unjaundiced eye! 170

The beauteous, the sublime, lie all before thee;
 Luxuriant valleys, lakes, and flowing streams,
 And mountains that wage everlasting war
 With heaven's own elemental hosts, array'd
 In hoary vapours and majestic storms. 175

What lovely contrasts! From the verdant banks
 Of Derwent, and the depths of Borrowdale,
 Loweswater, Ennerdale, with Buttermere
 And Skiddaw's grisly cliffs. Yet, what to thee
 Are all these glimpses of divinity 180
 Shining on Nature's breast? Nay, what to thee
 The human form divine? The form of man,

Commanding, yet benign? Or, what the bloom
 Of maiden in her prime, the rosy cheek,
 The bright blue laughing eye of Cumberland, 185
 Loveliest of England's maids? What all to thee,
 Who, through thy darkling and dissociate creed,
 And triple vision, with distorted view,
 Look'st on thy Maker's glorious handywork,
 And moral dignity of human kind! 190
 —Even go thy ways! But, when thou com'st at last,
 To look across that dark and gloomy vale
 Where brood the shadows and the hues of death,
 And see'st no light but that aberrant meteor
 Glimmering like glow-worm's unsubstantial light 195
 From thy good works, in which thou put'st thy trust,
 Unhappy man! then, woe's my heart for thee!"

Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd

[OUR readers will recollect, that we some time ago published some highly poetical lines on the living bards of Britain, which were so contrived that they appeared to come from the pen of Mr David Tweedie. We have since ascertained that they were the production of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, and that Mr Tweedie has been in a state of high excitement and most just indignation ever since he saw them. He has at last, however, forwarded to us a reply, in which he certainly gives the Shepherd a Roland for his Oliver, and all we wish is, that he had paid the postage from the Crook Inn. But poets continually forget these minor details.—ED.]

YE powers of retribution! Dark avengers
 Of innocence and genius degraded,
 Assist my quill! Assist my labouring muse,
 That, like the sovereign trout of Tallo's flood,
 Struggles as dragged out by the rude horse hair,— 5
 Assist me all, to hurl the vengeance due
 On Hogg's audacious and devoted head!
 Was it a little thing to take the name
 Of one, his senior in the vale of life
 And lists of fame, and tie a fiery brand 10

Unto his tail to set the world on flame,
 As Samson with the foxes? To bring all
 The host of poetasters on *my* head,
 Who of them nothing knew? And, worst of all,
 My best and warmest friend the Borderer, 15
 He of the nut-brown hair and hollow voice,
 Whom I esteem as brother. I have fish'd
 With this same Hogg in Tweed, even to its fountains,
 Core water, Froode, and Tallo's sluggish stream,
 Yet nothing knew of him more than I saw— 20
 A rash and inconsiderate plunging blockhead,
 And a most awkward handler of his lister.
 I've prick'd the salmon out by tens and dozens,
 While Hogg stood scratching his audacious pate,
 And cursing his bad luck.—Alas! how oft 25
 Misconduct so is term'd! But, at the last,
 I parted all and equal with poor Hogg,
 Because I liked the lad. Nay, I have sat
 Till midnight, teaching his unwieldy fingers
 To touch the tuneful chords. Plague on the wight! 30
 And this is my reward! With doggerel rhymes
 To charge my guiltless name! Well, after all,
 I grieve for Hogg, and wish he had not done it,
 For I would rather be ten men's warm friend
 Than one man's enemy. I charged him with it, 35
 And, like an honest man, he did confess
 The perverse deed. He wanted some home-thrusts
 At certain poets, and he chose to place
 Old David of the Lin 'twixt them and him.
 I call upon the literary world 40
 To say if this was fair? But having now
 Clear'd up this matter, here I let him see
 How an old man can write with his own pen:
 This is my own, and freely I subscribe it.

DAVID TWEEDIE.

Linhouse, March 31.

Verses for the Eye of Mr David Tweedie of that Ilk

By the Ettrick Shepherd

YE auld, catwuddied, canker'd carle,
What set you on to growl an' snarl,
An' try to raise your puny quarrel
 Wi' folks afore ye,
Wha wadna gie an auld tar barrel
 For half-a-score o' ye? 5

Your lines, in carping, crabbit mood,
About the rhyming brotherhood,
They gart me glowr, they war sae good;
 An' troth I swore 10
That never ane o' Tweedie blood
 Made sic afore.

'Tis needless now the joke to bandy—
But you, or else some muirland Sandy,
Composed the lines, when drunk wi' brandy, 15
 An' quite forgot them;
An' then assertit, like a randy,
 Ye never wrote them.

Nae mair you did—But hear the truth:
Ane copied them—an' gay far south— 20
When right weel slocken'd was your drouth,
 An' the blue lowe
Came sometimes toving frae your mouth
 Like wirricowe.

He said the lines came thudd for thudd, 25
Like riftings o' the thunner cludd,
An' though he wrote as he war wudd,
 An' scarce could ken them,
They pour'd sae fast, that spite o's blood
 He coudna pen them. 30

But when the joke look'd rather risky,
 That Aitchison play'd me a pliskie,
 He ca'd the poem free an' frisky,
 An' then to crown it,
 He bribed me wi' a cask o' whisky,
 To gar me own it. 35

When weel ye ken this is nae fiction,
 What deuce needs a' this predilection
 To yerm about a thing wha's diction,
 Though rank an' weedie, 40
 Yet needna be sic great affliction
 To David Tweedie!

But as for rhymes wi' a' their cranks,
 Or these grand things that you ca' *blanks*,
 Believe me, Bard o' boardly shanks, 45
 I quite despise them,
 An' wadna gie a body thanks
 To laud or prize them.

But ah, ye auld sneck-drawing rogue,
 Ye weatherbeaten skrinkit scrogg, 50
 Faith ye hae gi'en to Shepherd Hogg
 A settled dishing,
 By jeering, in your Milton brogue,
 About his fishing.

Fishing! That man was never born 55
 In Tweed, Breadalbin, or in Lorn,
 That e'er could stand wi' me at morn,
 An' count at night:
 To let him kill a fish I'd scorn,
 If but in sight. 60

There you have skirl'd my muse awake,
 An' gart me girn, an' growl, an' quake;
 Chap! rouse nae mair a sleeping snake,
 Lest ye be stung;
 But keep to your potato stake, 65
 An' haud your tongue.

But o' your music to be gaffin
 Is really mair than squares wi' daffin,
 Though, for your squeaky skiffy-skaffin,
 I didna chide ye; 70
 'Twas only for the sake o' laughing
 I sat beside ye.

Although I owe you little thanks,
 I'll stake my credit at the banks,
 For sangs, or tunes, or rhymes, or *blanks*— 75
 Leister, if need is—
 I'll throw the bridle o'er the branks
 Of a' the Tweedies.

Then fare ye weel, auld dorty Davie,
 In froward mood I downa leave ye, 80
 In days o' auld we war a bevy
 O' sportsmen keen,
 And night or day ye wadna leave me
 To gang my lane.

But eild will cool the hottest blood;— 85
 Nae mair on Tallo or on Frood,
 Or by the crooks o' auld Polmood,
 We'll raise the foray,
 But o'er sic rambles fret and brood,
 Wi' haffets hoary. 90

Fareweel, auld carle o' the cross-grain,
 Be sure to pump your moody brain,
 An' some Miltonic verses drain
 Of strife or story,
 For no to hear frae you again, 95
 Wad mak me sorry.

If luck attend me night an' day,
 The kind o' luck I wont to hae,
 I'll send ye ower a fish or twae
 When they are kipper'd, 100
 An' mair ye needna look for frae
 The Ettrick Shepherd.

The Meeting of Anglers; Or, The St Ronan's Muster-Roll

[THE silver medal, given annually by the St Ronan's Border Club to the best angler, was competed for on Thursday, the 5th inst., and won by W. McDonald, Esq. of Powderhall. On the night before the competition, two of the principal office-bearers of the Club sat enjoying themselves in Riddell's Inn till a late hour, and the debate growing very keen about the prowess of the various candidates for the prize, the one director, to put an end to it, proposed to the other to sing a song. The proposal was willingly acceded to, and the following composition was the result. If any part of it has subsequently turned out true, it can only be attributed to the spirit of prophecy, or the second sight.*]

LITTLE wat ye wha 's comin'—
Will o' Powderha' 's comin',
Jock is comin', Sandy's comin',
Mr Nibbs an' a' 's comin';
Scougal 's comin', Rose is comin',
Robin Boyd, to blaw, 's comin', 5
Philosophy an' poetry,
An' doctor's drugs, an' a' 's comin'.

Meat is comin', drink is comin',
The silver medal braw 's comin',
Hens an' cocks, an' bubbly jocks, 10
An' good fat soup an' a' 's comin';
A' the members look sae stout,
At every cast they 'll draw a trout,
But nane that 's in will e'er come out,
For a' that crack an' craw 's comin'. 15

Cricks are comin', tricks are comin',
Neither shame nor law 's comin',
Mellers, spellers, yettlin-sellers,
E'en-down lees an' a' 's comin';
Some trouts are gather'd for a week, 20

* If our friend the Ettrick Shepherd be the author of this song, he has, with great modesty, made no allusion to himself; but we are willing to back him, at the next competition, against any man who ever switched the Tweed with horse-hair.—ED.

An' some amang the sand to seek,
 An' some in grass as green as leek—
 O! little wat we wha 's comin'!

But wha to trust nae man can tell, 25
 My ain 's the warst o' a' strummin',
 But there are tricks a man may *smell*,
 An' find his mou' a-thraw comin'.
 Come, dinna glower, an' dinna grin,
 Cheating an' leeing are nae sin; 30
 There 's ay some hope o' truth in ane,
 Sin' Will o' Powderha' 's comin'.

A borrow'd trout, there's little doubt,
 Is but a very sma' hummin',
 But siccan tricks, as five or six 35
 Frae poet's creel to draw, comin'—
 The thing's enough to pit ane out,
 May wae light on his silly snout!
 But let us drink our glasses out,
 For little wat we wha 's comin'. 40

A Grand New Blacking Sang

By the Ettrick Shepherd

BLACK-MAKERS now their shops may seal,
 Warren may gang an' black the deil;
 For a' their whuds an' a' their wiles,
 They'll ne'er compare wi' Jamie Kyle's:
 I've tried them a', by burnish'd gold! 5
 And Kyle's is best a thousandfold.

But gude preserve my glancin' cloots—
 The cocks come fightin' wi' my boots!
 The dogs sit gurrin' at their shadows,
 An' a tom cat completely mad is! 10
 The birds come hangin' wing an' feather,
 To woo upon my upper leather;
 An' the bull trout, (the warst of a'),
 Whene'er my glancin' limb he saw,
 Came splashin' out frae 'mang the segs, 15

An' bobb'd an' swatter'd round my legs;
 For in these mirrors, polish'd gleaming,
 He saw a mate in crystal swimming:
 This I ca', joking all apart,
 Complete perfection o' the art. 20

Sae a' the blousterin' Blacking-makers
 May claw their pows, an' turn street-rakers,
 Or gang wi' ane that's right auld farren,
 The sly, redoubted Robin Warren,
 To hunt the otter an' the beaver 25

By sources of Missouri river,
 Or fly to Afric's sultry shores,
 An' help to black the Blackamores;
 For business here they can have none—
 Othello's occupation's gone. 30

While Kyle, the sprightly Kyle, shall stand
 The chemist of his native land—
 A blacking-maker, all uncommon,
 Is equall'd or excell'd by no man—
 The greatest ever born of woman! 35

N. B. Pray call, before 'tis over late,
 At hunder an' twall the Canongate.

Song

By the Ettrick Shepherd

"AFORE the moorcock begin to crawl,
 Lass an ye loe me, tell me now
 The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,
 For I canna come every night to woo."
 "The gouden broom is bonny to see, 5
 An' sae is the milk-white flower o' the haw,
 The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,—
 But the bud o' the rose is the bonniest of a'."

"Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,
 Lass an ye loe me, tell me now; 10
 It's no the thing that I would be at,
 An' I canna come every night to woo!"

"The lamb is bonny upon the brae,
 The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,
 The bird is bonny upon the tree—
 But which is the dearest of a' to you?" 15

"The thing that I loe best of a',
 Lass an ye loe me, tell me now;
 The dearest thing that ever I saw,
 Though I canna come every night to woo, 20
 Is the kindly smile that beams on me,
 Whenever a gentle hand I press,
 And the wily blink frae the dark-blue ee
 Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess."

"Aha! young man, but I cou'dna see, 25
 Wha I loe best I'll tell you now,
 The compliment that ye sought frae me,
 Though ye canna come every night to woo;
 That I would rather hae frae you
 A kindly look, an' a word witha', 30
 Than a' the flowers o' the forest pu',
 Than a' the lads that ever I saw."

"Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,
 Sin' a' the truth ye hae tauld me now,
 Our hearts an' fortunes we'll entwine, 35
 An' I'll ay come every night to woo;
 For, O I canna describe to thee
 The feeling o' love's and nature's law,
 How dear this world appears to me
 Wi' Bessie my ain for good an' for a'!" 40

A Ballad from the Gaelic

By the Ettrick Shepherd

THE eagle flew over the Laggan Loch,
 And down by the braes of Badenoch,
 And eastward, eastward sped his way,
 Far over the lovely links of Spey,
 Till the lord of Balloch turn'd his eye 5

To the haughty journeyer of the sky,
 And he said to his henchman, "Gill-na-omb,
 What brings the eagle so far from home?"

Then Gillion watch'd his lord's dark eye,
 And his voice it falter'd in reply; 10

And he said, "My lord, who needs to care
 For the way of the eagle in the air?
 Perhaps he is watching Lochdorbin's men,
 Or the track of the Gordons of the Glen,
 For he spies, from his stories of the wind, 15
 That the dead are often left behind;

Or, haply, he knows, in our forest bounds,
 Of some noble stag dead of his wounds."

"Go, saddle my steed without delay,
 I have mark'd yon eagle, day by day, 20
 Still hovering over yon lonely dell—

There's a dread on my soul which I dare not tell.
 Gillion, no mystery may I brook,

I like not your suspicious look.
 And have noted your absence from my hand 25

More than I approve or understand;
 Say, have you heard no word at all

Of some one miss'd from her father's hall?"

"No, my good lord—No, not one word,
 As I shall be sworn upon my sword; 30
 And why should the eagle's yelling din

Awake suspicions your heart within?"

That lord he mounted his gallant steed,
 But at his henchman he shook his head,

And gave him a look as bounding away, 35
 That fill'd his black heart with dismay;

And he fled to hide in the bosky burn,
 For he durst not wait his lord's return.

The lord of Balloch away is gone,
 With beating heart, to the wild alone; 40
 For in the dead of night he had dream'd

Of that dell o'er which the eagle scream'd,
 And there, with his mortal eye, had seen

A vision of terror and of teen;
 And something was borne on his soul oppressed, 45
 Of a deed that would never be redress'd;

For there are spirits that the truth can scan,
 And whisper it to the soul of man.

The eagle he sail'd upon the cloud,
 And he spread his wings, and scream'd aloud, 50
 For he durst not light in the lonely dell,
 But his rage made all the echoes yell;
 For he saw the blood below his feet,
 And he saw it red, and he knew it sweet,
 And though death was pleasing to his eye, 55
 The silken tartans stream'd too nigh.

The lord of Balloch rode on and on,
 With a heavy gloom his heart upon,
 Till his steed began to show demur,
 For he snorted and refused the spur, 60
 And, nor for coaxing nor for blow,
 Farther one step he would not go;
 He rear'd aloft and he shook with fear,
 And his snorting was terrible to hear.
 The gallant steed is left behind, 65
 And the chief proceeds with a troubled mind.

But short way had that good lord gone,
 Ere his heart was turn'd into a stone;
 It was not for nought that the steed rebell'd;
 It was not for nought that the eagle yell'd; 70
 It was not for nought that the visions of night
 Presented that lord with a grievous sight,—
 A sight of misery and despair:
 But I dare not tell what he found there!
 For the hearts of the old would withhold belief, 75
 And the hearts of the young would bleed with grief,
 Till the very fountains of life ran dry!
 Sweet sleep would forsake the virgin's eye,
 And man, whose love she had learn'd to prize,
 Would appear a monster in disguise— 80
 A thing of cursed unhallow'd birth,
 Unfit to dwell on his Maker's earth;
 The very flowers of the wilder'd dell
 Would blush, were I that tale to tell!

Ah! the clan of Lochdorbin for ever may rue 85
 That the dream and the result proved so true,
 For twenty ruffians of that dome,
 And at their head base Gill-na-omb,
 Were hung by the necks around that dell,
 To bleach in the snows and rains that fell, 90
 And there they swung, the wild within,

Till the dry bones rattled in the skin;
 And they hung, and they hung, till all was gone
 Save a straggling skull and white back-bone,
 A lesson to men of each degree, 95
 How sacred the virgin form should be.
 As for Lochdorbin's brutal chief,
 He was pinion'd like a common thief,
 And cast into a dungeon deep,
 Below the Balloch castle-keep, 100
 Where he pined to death, there not the first
 Who had died of hunger and of thirst;
 On his own flesh he strove to dine,
 And drank his blood instead of wine,
 Then groan'd his sicken'd soul away, 105
 Cursing the lord of Balloch's sway,
 And wishing, with dying grin and roar,
 That twenty maidens, and twenty more,
 Were in his power in the lonely dell,
 And all by that lord beloved as well. 110
 He is gone—extinct, and well away—
 His castle's a ruin unto this day,
 And neither the shepherd nor hind can tell
 The name of the chief that there did dwell,
 And all that remains of that cruel beast, 115
 Who laid the Buchan and Bogie waste,
 Are some shreds of bones in the Balloch keep,
 Still kick'd about in that dungeon deep;
 Or haply some films of dust unshrined,
 Whirl'd on the eddies of the wind. 120
 So perish all from noble range,
 Who would wrong a virgin for revenge!*

* The scene of this ancient and horrible legend seems to have been in the country of the Grants, whose chief may have been the Lord of Balloch. In the same district, also, there is an ancient castle, or rather garrison, of great strength and magnificence, called Lochindorb. It is situated on an island. Its walls are twenty feet thick, and it covers fully an acre of ground. It has a spacious entrance of hewn stone, and strong watch-towers at each corner. The inhabitants of the district can give no account of it, but say it was the residence of a great cateran chief, who was put down by the Earl of Moray and the Laird of Grant. Another account is, that he and all his followers were surprised, and cut off to a man, by the Laird of Grant. It is not improbable that this cateran chief may have been one of King Edward's officers.

Allan Dhu

A Love Song

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I LIKE to see you, Allan Dhu,
 I like wi' you to meet,
 But dinna say to me you lo'e,
 For that wad gar me greet.
 I like to see you smile on me 5
 Amang our maidens a',
 But, oh! ae vow o' love frae you
 I cou'dna stand ava.

Ay, ye may smile, but dinna speak;
 I ken what ye've to say; 10
 Sae, either haud your tongue sae sleek,
 Or look another way;
 For, should it be of love to me,
 In manner soft and bland,
 I wadna ye my face should see 15
 For a' Breadalbin's land.

Oh! Allan Dhu, 'tis nought to you
 Of love to gibe and jeer,
 But little ken ye of the pang
 A maiden's heart maun bear, 20
 When a' on earth that she hauds dear,
 The hope that makes her fain,
 Comes plump at aince—Oh, me! the thought
 'Maist turns my heart to stane!

No, Allan, no—I winna let 25
 You speak a word the night;
 Gang hame an' write a lang letter,
 For weel ye can indite.
 An' be it love, or be it slight,
 I then can hae my will, 30
 I'll steal away, far out o' sight,
 An' greet, an' greet my fill.

A Genuine Love-Letter

By the Ettrick Shepherd

MY Mary, maiden of my meed,
 Thy beauties soon will be my dead;
 Thy hair's the sunbeam o' the morn,
 Thy lip the rose without the thorn;
 The arch above thine ee sae blue, 5
 A fairy rainbow on the dew:—
 O Mary, thou art all to me—
 This warld holds nought sae sweet as thee!

Thy foot so light, thy step so fleet,
 Like the young roe's as lithe and meet, 10
 That scarcely brushes o'er the fell
 The dew-drap frae the heather-bell.
 Thy voice upon the breezes light,
 In gloaming's cradle-hymn of night,
 Sounds like the lute's soft melody, 15
 Or seraph's melting strain, to me.

Then, since I may not, dare not tell,
 Whom I so fondly love, and well,
 I send you this, my darling maid,
 To say what I would oft have said, 20
 In hopes, that when you have it read,
 You'll hide it in a snowy bed—
 A bed so lovely and so meek,
 It would not stain a cherub's cheek.

Then meet me in our trysting dell, 25
 And not one word I'll bid you tell;
 The liquid eye the tale will say,
 The melting kiss will all betray—
 Ay, they will tell, my Mary dear,
 What you dare neither say nor hear; 30
 And sweeter to my heart they'll prove,
 Than all the winning tales of love!

Some Remarks on the Life of Sandy Elshinder

By the Ettrick Shepherd

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY JOURNAL

DEAR SIR,—THIS Life of Alexander Alexander, or Sandy Elshinder, as he is called here, is a remarkably queer book—one of the most interesting narratives I ever perused; and it is scarcely accountable how it should be so interesting, for certainly the life of a greater goose never was written. For an absurd, dissatisfied, petted deevil, certainly his equal never was born of a woman. I know not how it is, but, from long and curious observation, I have remarked that bastards of both sexes are extremely liable to this capricious disposition; and, in a general point of view, Falconbridge was wrong—manifestly and specifically wrong—in proof of which, I only appeal to every man and woman's recollection. Let them take a retrospective view of the characters of all the natural children they ever knew, and they will find that seven out of every ten of them are not like other people, either in body or mind; either they are decrepit and misshapen in the one, or crooked and perverse in the other. The greatest cowards I have ever known among mankind were all bastards—the very thoughts of some of whom never fail to set me a-laughing. There was one—a gentleman who had, indeed, a little of the Blackamoor blood in him, but not much—the whole tenor of whose life was one uniform track of fear and astonishment; even in his most festive hours he was seized with emotions of wild apprehension, while day and night he was on the look-out for objects of terror. A sound of thunder sent him home running with eyes like to leap out of his head; and once, on going out to the moors by himself—a rare thing with him—a certain sound which he heard, which, from his description, must have been the cry of a mountain falcon, frightened him so, that he left gun, game-bag, coat and hat, on the waste, and came home running in a state of absolute derangement. At another time, one very warm day, I saw him going with a particular swagger down towards the river, I think to bathe, when, just at an abrupt corner of a hedge, he came upon a huge black Aberdeenshire ox, with tremendous long horns. He was almost close on the animal's face before he saw it, and, although the beast was looking quite innocent, standing in the shade, and shaking his head

and ears at the flies, it struck such a terror into the young man's heart, that he lost all power of his limbs, and stooping forward, and leaning his hands upon his knees, looking his adversary straight in the face, he bellowed out in the most frightful manner, every bray following hard at the tail of the other, till the ox himself was confounded, and, first cocking up his head and then his tail, he scampered off. Our gentleman then tried to fly in the adverse direction, which had not once come into his head till the stot showed him the example—but no; he could fly none. Down he came at every three steps, and at every fall uttered a cry of horror, which waxed fainter and fainter. I never saw a more laughable scene. It did him a great deal of ill, however. Every one of these frights made him worse and worse, till at length he went fair mad with fear; and his friends were obliged to confine him in a lunatic asylum, where, for any thing I know, he is to this day; for, though he was pronounced well, he was so terrified for men, women, and beasts of all descriptions, that he would not come out again, judging himself only safe within double-bolted doors.

The women, on the other hand, are all unstable and wavering in their minds, never knowing to-day what they are to do to-morrow, and constantly fretting at their lot, and impatient for something else. This is the general character of all that spurious race, to say no worse of them; and in countries where they greatly abound, these qualities are known, and the race despised. If a thousand natural children were to write autobiographies, they would be all tintured with a shade of the same dye with that of poor Alexander, and the fewer that any town or country has of that sort of breed the better.

I think there can be no doubt that these unhappy constitutional failings generally proceed from the irritated state of the mother's mind, both during the time that she is nursing, and before the child is born. Disappointed affections, terrors of a discovery, and visions of infamy and want surrounding her, all prey upon her heart, and produce that trembling irritability of soul, known only to those who have wept under its baneful influence. Why, sir, one may as well expect to find a ripe and luscious cherry on an unhealthy tree, as a steady frame of body and mind from such a parent stock.

It is on this principle alone that I can account for the inconsistencies of Alexander, for he seems to have been a sensible, sober, and honest man, and his work is manifestly a narration of simple, downright facts, and the only pill in it that is hard to swallow, is the wretched degradation of the British troops in India, and the overpowering superiority of the native regiments. Such a revolting picture never was drawn, as that of the economy of the 19th and 66th regiments while

in Ceylon. But no man could, or durst, have invented such scenes and published them.

To speak of the work shortly, as a whole, I have read it with the most thrilling and painful interest. It is ten times better worth reading than Robinson Crusoe, and I hope it will at least go through half as many editions. The one is a romance, founded on a single extraordinary incident. The other is a narrative of simple facts, of a far more wonderful description, transacted in every corner of the world, and told with equal simplicity, energy, and candour. I wish from my heart that Johnie Howell had left out a line here and there, half-a-dozen in the whole work would have counted in its favour; but that can easily be effected in the next edition.

When I was in Edinburgh, I heard Alexander's father upbraided with the utmost vituperation. I differ from them in this respect, and think that the son was ten times more to blame than the father; for certainly a more provoking, self-willed wretch never existed than the former, although evidently a man of many estimable qualities. I will state my sentiments to you candidly on this subject, and should they fall into the elder Alexander's hand, I hope he will approve of them.

You know then, sir, that no man can account for the feelings of such a father towards such a son; but any man can conceive them, after they have been manifested by deeds. Alexander was ashamed of his son, and of his connexion with that son's mother, as a virtuous and conscientious gentleman ought to have been. In order, then, to break off that connexion for ever, was it not the most natural thing imaginable that he should send away the child to a distance from himself and friends, to be brought up in private? He did this, and the boy was brought up in a poor, but respectable family; and Mr Alexander never had wit that he was harshly used. He next learned business with Mr B—, in Kilwinning, a most worthy man. Then was completely fitted out for the West Indies; for he confesses himself—"my father did me every justice, for I was well supplied with every necessary both for use and comfort." What could any father, in such circumstances, do more? He proffered him a commission in the army; the other refused it, and preferred the West Indies. He proceeded there as well as heart could wish for a young adventurer—better than he deserved; and there is not a doubt, that, had he continued to fight his way like a man, his father would have assisted him forward, and that he might, at this time, have been one of the first planters on those islands. It is quite manifest to me, that Mr Alexander wished the lad well, and meant to forward his views in life, but that he was intent on keeping him out of his sight, and at a distance from him. Sandy was quite sensible of this

himself. But what does he next, with this assurance before his eyes and impressed on his heart? What! but from the fairest prospects, he takes the pet,—comes home crying with vexation again, pops himself under his father's nose, and asks a commission in the army! Confound the fellow! Who could have any patience with him? His father answered the demand very properly. If I had been in his place, I would have been in a greater rage than he. Really there was nothing to be made of such an inconsistent being. He says of himself, and very truly, "I was the sport of fortune. I never could remain when she took a turn in my favour; I had had so many disappointments, I had no faith in her smiles. I think the *maladie du pays* was upon me."

The last scenes with his father are, indeed, most painful ones: but in my heart I justify the elder Mr Alexander throughout. It is too plain that his son had written him bitter and threatening letters; and worse than all, this had constantly been his threat from the beginning, "If ever you show yourself within my door, I will throw you off for ever." He was at this time paying the poor fellow L.20 per annum, though much dissatisfied with his behaviour; yet, with the above threatening impressed on his heart from infancy, he pops into his father's house to give him a call! Although kicked out by the domestics, and a law-burrows put into his hand, on the 14th of December following, he thought proper to pay his father another friendly visit, and another, till at length he was taken up and sent to jail, the peace having been sworn against him.

Now, Sandy had nothing ado to intermeddle with the justice or injustice of his father's feelings towards him. He was perfectly aware what these feelings were, and it was his duty to have respected them. He knew what his orders were, and he ought to have obeyed them, and his temerity only met with the punishment it deserved. I have no doubt that the elder Mr Alexander is a very just and worthy gentleman, and that he will yet leave his wretched son an annuity that will add some comfort to his broken-down frame and helpless age. I have a great mind to go and see him.

There is only one thing I would impress upon the father's consideration, and it is this—that the constitution of his son's mind is absolutely not like other people's; and as harsh treatment has no effect on it, there is nothing for him but to bear with it, and take it as it is. I have no doubt that he is a sober, honourable, conscientious being, though nearly as great a coward as my friend who met with the ox; and as for the formation of his mind's frame, for that he is not accountable. I have shown from whence it proceeded, and Mr Alexander was partly to blame himself.

Another principal recommendation of the work is, the unaffected and very curious descriptions of events, characters, manners, and customs, in so many and distant corners of the world; for honest Sandy, for all his unfortunate heirships, is a man of acute observation, and no extraordinary incident, particularly of the horrible sort, seems ever to have escaped his notice. But of all the insolent and intolerable wretches I ever read of, I give the British officers, when abroad, the precedence. The description of those in South America, where there were whole hordes of officers without any body to command, is highly ludicrous while the whole of their behaviour, particularly to one another, is perfectly disgusting. I would fain hope there may be a little exaggeration of circumstances here; and yet, I am sorry to say it, truth is too plainly engraved on the tale. The sanguinary nature of that war of liberty is truly horrible.

In short, there never was so unaccountable a chap as Sandy Elshinder:

“O! had I a headstane as high as a steeple,
I would tell what he was, and astonish the people:
How solid as gold, and how light as a feather;
What sense and what nonsense were jumbled together!”

Among his other qualifications, he was perfectly stupid, and never yet could travel a road by himself, without going wrong; and the serious way in which these misadventures are described, is really beyond all bounds ludicrous. There is one, but I have lost the place, which made me laugh till the tears ran down on the spectacles. He was riding upon a dour ass; and a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, coming on, he became quite dumfounded, and lost himself, of course, In the midst of his greatest perplexity, the ass got into a vile pool with him, and Sandy, not knowing the proper way out again, adopted what struck him as the next best resource. I will defy any man or woman who has not read the book, to guess what that expedient was! Let such prepare their cheeks and jaws for a hearty laugh. It was to sit still there on the ass's back all the night! Now, we must not lose sight of Mr Watson Gordon's picture. To think of Sandy's demure face sitting on the back of the cuddy, in the midst of a pool, with the lightning dashing, the rain pouring, and the water waxing every minute, is really beyond any thing that ever happened in nature. But the best of all is to come. In the darkness of that awful night it struck him that he was dead, and that his soul, for his stupidity, was condemned to sit on the back of that cuddy till the day of judgment! I am not joking, sir, he tells it seriously that he thought so.

He had another grand adventure with a mule in the West Indies, a beast of Belial, who threw him over its head into the fosse surrounding the garrison, broke away into the woods with him, and, in fact, carried him wherever it listed. Finally, sir, it is my humble opinion that this book will be extensively read, and the longer it is known, the more extensively, for when it gets among the common people, it will be read with as much avidity as Robinson Crusoe or the Pilgrim's Progress. As to the interest that Mr Blackwood has taken in the work, he certainly never did any thing more laudable, and I shall like him the better for it as long as I live. I feel disposed to apply a Covenanter's verse to him which I have somewhere seen:

"If good deeds count in Heaven, ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye hae dune a deed will save your soul,
Though ye should ne'er doe mair."

I Dinna Blame thy Bonny Face

A Song

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I DINNA blame thy bonny face, Thy pawky smile an' wit refined, Nor thy fair form's bewitching grace, As lightsome as the mountain wind; For these how many a lover brooks,	5
Since lovelier man can never see! But sair I blame thy kindly looks, And kindly words thou said'st to me.	

I could have gazed both morn and even On that entrancing face of thine,	10
As I would gaze upon the heaven, Yet never think of it as mine; I could have joy'd to see thee blest, A comely bride, a happy wife,	
But what thy tongue to me profess'd Has ruin'd a' my peace for life.	15

I never valued aught sae dear
 As Mary's hand an' Mary's smile;
 But, ah! I never had a fear
 That baith were grantit to beguile; 20
 Yet I can never cease to love,
 And when to Heaven I bow the knee
 To ask a blessing from above,
 My heart shall ask the same for thee!

A Highland Song of Triumph for King William's Birthday

By the Ettrick Shepherd

To the pine of Lochaber
 Due honours be given,
 That bourgeons in earth,
 And that blossoms to heaven.
 Ho urim! sing urim,* 5
 With pipe and with tabor,
 To the tree of great Bancho,
 The lord of Lochaber!
 Ho urim! sing urim, &c.

That tree now has flourish'd 10
 From stock that is hoary,
 Encircling the ocean
 And globe in its glory;
 O'ershadow'd the just,
 And the wicked restrain'd too; 15
 It has pierced the dark cloud,
 And dishevell'd the rainbow.
 Ho urim! sing urim, &c.

Long flourish our stem,
 And its honours rise prouder; 20
 The stem of the Stuart,
 And Rose of the Tudor.

* Urim, Gael.—glory.

Ho urim! sing urim!
 Let's hallow together
 The day that gave birth
 To our king and our father.
 Ho urim! sing urim, &c.

25

Ho urim! sing urim
 To the best and the latest,
 And honour'd King William,
 The last and the greatest.
 Heaven's arm be around him
 To guard and secure him
 The hearts of his people,
 Ho urim! sing urim!

30

35

Ho urim! sing urim,
 With pipe and with tabor,
 To the SON of great Bancho,
 The lord of Lochaber!

A Story of the Black Art

By the Ettrick Shepherd

PART I

THERE was once a beautiful lady in the north of Scotland, whose beauty exceeded that of all others, and her name shall, for the present, be Lady Elizabeth. But that which has rendered her name famous in legendary lore, was a certain art, in which it afterwards appeared she had excelled all living men or women. Where she was initiated into these unholy mysteries is not known, or whether she was initiated into them or not; but certain it is, she had the power of personifying more people than one, and was brought up in a celebrated convent in France, which, for its notorious offences against order and decency, was long ago put down and annihilated. Her parents meant her to have taken the veil; but her extraordinary beauty and rare accomplishments induced her father to bring her home, in order to strengthen his interest by a marriage between her and some of the powerful nobles of the land,—for the aristocracy then carried all before them,

and combinations were the order of the day.

Such an acquisition was an easy matter to this lady; and had there been a king in Scotland at that time, as there was none, she could as easily have secured him for her husband as any other. Her father had no doubt of this, but he judged merely from her beauty and sweet demeanour; for he knew nothing of her powers, nor were they known to any without the walls of that convent. He had not seen her for five years; and when she was introduced to him, he was so much astonished at the elegance of her form and features, that, for a good while, he was struck motionless. At length he took her in his arms, and wept over her, and said, "My dear daughter, I hope the Holy Virgin will forgive me, but I must deprive her of your services. Such a flower was never planted by God to wither in a convent."

Then the lady rejoiced exceedingly, and embraced her father, and danced around him, screaming for joy at one time, and weeping at another, until the Lady Abbess became exceedingly wroth, and rebuked both her and her father, denouncing curses on them both, on account of this sinful alienation; and after throwing every possible obstacle in the way, and having very nearly effected her purpose, she said at length to her father, "Then, since you will have her away, take her with you; but you shall repent it while you live, for she is one of the very worst of women. I hoped, in the course of time, to have purified her from her sin; but as yet she is reeling in the middle of its vortex, which will soon swallow her up and devour her. And I conjure you to remember this, that whatever you see of her, blame not our convent, where every thing has been done for her as far as human power extends; but the bonds of Satan are riveted upon her, and great is the woe she will bring upon thee. Blame not me, else it shall be the worse for both thyself and her."

"I will consider of it before I remove her finally," said her father, and went home to his hostel somewhat cast down; and, calling his daughter to him, he said, "Elizabeth, my dear girl, I believe I must leave you in this country and this convent."

"Do with me whatever you please, sir," said she, with a cheerful countenance; "I know my duty better than once to complain of what my father wills me to do." The good old nobleman kissed her, again bestowed his blessing on her, and sat down and wept when he thought of the character that the Lady Abbess had given so lovely and dutiful a child. The young lady retired from her father's presence in great good humour, quite satisfied what the result would be, and prepared to put in practice a specimen of that art in which, perhaps, she excelled all who ever drew the breath of human life.

Though I believe this story to be founded on truth, and the greater part of the incidents literally true, yet, lest they should not be so, I forbear giving the family names of the noblemen that figure in it, although tradition bears them all, and shall only distinguish each by his Christian name.

When the lady departed, then, Lord Robert sat down in a painful reverie, and in vain tried to reconcile one part of what he had heard and seen with another; and, after sitting a good space in this abstracted state of mind, the door again opened, and a very extraordinary visitant entered. This was no other than his lady, who had been in her grave nine years. She was clothed in her usual way, and beautiful and cheerful as in her best days; and she had in her hand a small flowering shrub, with which she played in a careless manner. He was so much taken by surprise, that he sprung to his feet, and was going to embrace her, but a motion that she made, holding out both her hands, restrained him, and brought him to himself. Still he was nowise overcome with terror, for it was fair forenoon, and the form of his once dearly beloved wife had nothing in it repulsive. He retired a few steps, and sat down on a sofa, with a movement as soft as if afraid that every breath would dissolve the vision, and then uttering a deep sigh, he breathed her name in a whisper.

“You are astonished at seeing me here, my lord,” said she; “and well you may. But I saw your perplexity, and am commissioned to set you right. I now charge you, by our earthly love, and the oaths that bound us together, to remove our child from this place. It is the lap of hell, and the nursery of every horrible and unheard-of vice; and the Abbess, in place of being concerned about our daughter’s well being, is only afraid of her own courses being exposed. Fly, therefore, without delay, else they will find means to detain Elizabeth, either by right or wrong; and if they do, she is lost. This is the crisis of her fate; for if she escape, a high destiny awaits her in her native country. Adieu, my lord. Lay to heart what I have told you.” And having said so, she retired with a graceful curtsy, as any other high-born dame would retire from a nobleman’s presence.

Lord Robert was petrified with astonishment. He had, however, the presence of mind to haste to the window to see the mysterious visitor depart, but there was no person left the house. He then made enquiry at all the menials concerning the lady, but they denied all knowledge of her, assuring him that there was no lady in the hostel but his own daughter. His resolution was soon taken, for he was conscious of the reality of all he had seen and heard. It was no dream or vision of the

imagination; it was his wife herself. He knew her eye, her voice, her manner in every respect, and the words that she addressed to him sunk deep into his heart. He summoned his daughter again into his presence, desired her to make herself ready for immediate departure, and that night they reached the harbour where the ship lay at anchor, and without loss of time they went on board and set sail.

This ship was a splendid yacht, which belonged to the earl, his brother, and was manned by their own vassals. The captain was a Mr John Lesley, a firm adherent of Lord Robert, a very brave and honest man, but abundantly ignorant and superstitious withal. He was married to one Janet Elphingston, the same who had nursed this young lady, and attended her from the time she was weaned till the death of her mother, when she was sent abroad; and this connexion bred an instant friendship between the young lady and Johnnie Lesley, but in the end it proved a dear intimacy to him. He was the only man she conversed with besides her father, and his broad and homely dialect amused her exceedingly. His wife, her beloved Jenny Elphingston, was the theme of her constant enquiries, until Johnnie became rather impatient; and one day, while she was sitting beside him at the helm, the following confabulation ensued:

"Do you know, Captain, that I am wearying exceedingly to see your wife, my own dear Jenny Elphingston? Why did you not bring her with you?"

"Becass I thught she wuld ruther be butter at heeme, me ledy. They're nee gueed sheepmeets, the wimmun."

"Has she a large family of children?"

"I cudnee be saying."

"What! do you not know how many children you have?"

"Ay, mine are nee sae ill to count. But how munny she might have had whun she leaved in your grand house, that's another quastion."

"O fie, Captain, to speak that way of your own wife!"

"There's nane of you wimmen foks meekle to luppen tee, and I'll wurrant she's nee butter nor her nubbers."

"Well, Captain, I regard such a speech as a sort of blasphemy,—an insinuation that deserves some manifest judgment from heaven. I would not wonder to see your wife rise out of the waves and reprove you for such a breach of duty."

"Ah! Gueed forbud that uver ye see sucken a sught as that, my ledy!"

The lady retired to her gilded cabin, while Johnnie Lesley kept his post at the helm, whistling on the south-land breeze, and singing the following rude stanzas between:

"O weel mut the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Weel mut the keel row,
 That my young leddy's in;
 She has an ee o' meenlight,
 O' meenlight, o' meenlight,
 She has a smile o' queenlight,
 And a duple on her chin!

Blow now, sweet breeze! Blow from that wucked keentry o' France, and bring me in sight of me awn neetaf hulls again!—Gueed be my salveetion, wha have we here!"

Johnnie turned round his face from the stern, whither he had been propitiating the southern wind, and lo! and behold! on the seat which the lady lately occupied, there sat his own wife, Janet Elphingston, looking him ruefully in the face. "Gueed be my salveetion, wha have we here!" and before the apparition had time to make any reply, Johnnie broke from his post, and ran along the deck bellowing like one distracted, his eyes like to leap from their sockets, and his hair standing like bulrushes. The sailors sprung from their berths, and gathered round him; but he could do nothing but roar, and offer to throw himself in the sea. Lord Robert at last came, and seizing him by the breast, cried, "Tell me, you rascal, what is it?"

"Fwat is it?" cried Johnnie, with a quivering voice. "Oh, gueed my lord, it is the ghust of my weef cum to akkuse me for a theeng o' neething. Oh, gueed my lord, lay her! Lay her in the deips of the sea that she has cum out of, or else we are all dead mun; for how can we sail wi' a ghust on beerd?"

"Not so fast, John Lesley," said the apparition, moving towards him with a cloudlike motion; "I retire not again to the elemental world till I have reprov'd you for your insolence, and likewise read to you your doom." Here the uproar grew excessive on board, for every one of the crew knew Jenny Elphingston, and all of them were horrified, and, roaring aloud, sought shelter, some in one hole, and some in another. As for Lesley, he fled backward by instinct, as far as he could get, and at length, coming in contact with the windlass, he leant his back to that, held both his hands and one of his feet out as his last defence, and brayed most lustily. The apparition, perceiving all things in this state of utter confusion, only shook her closed fist at her husband, and said, "Well, craven, you are not fit to be spoken to now; but—we shall soon meet again!"

“Oo! nu-nu-nu-no meet again! I beg your pardon a thousand tumes, but no meet again,” cried Johnnie Lesley, as the vision retired astern, where it vanished behind the binnacle.

Great was the consternation aboard that ship, and every man wished himself heartily ashore, for this apparition, like the other, appeared in fair daylight, and not like other phantoms, at the close of twilight, or at the still hour of midnight, and it was likewise visible to all on board. But there was none who laid the circumstance so deeply to heart as Lord Robert. It was so strange that both the dead and the living should thus appear in their bodily shapes, and that only in the place favoured with the presence of his daughter. He recalled to mind the words of the Lady Abbess, and likewise his own daughter’s words, of the vices nursed in that abode of iniquity. But always in Lady Elizabeth’s presence, she was so kind, so courteous, and so like an angel, that it was impossible for a fond parent to believe any thing evil of her.

Johnnie Lesley continued in a very restless and unquiet state of mind, his nerves having got such a shock that he was startled by every sound and every sight. Whenever a head rose slowly from the fore-castle or companion-door, his jaws fell down, and he was rendered speechless for some time; once more during the voyage, and once only, he perceived her rising from the companion-door, having her eyes fixed on him, on which he raised the same commotion as before, and the being vanished without having been seen by any other person.

I pass over all the other incidents of the voyage, the surmises that passed, the searching of Lady Elizabeth’s cabin, from a belief that the real Jenny Elphinston was there concealed, and shall now carry our party to their own home, an ancient seaport town in the north, near which Lord Robert’s castle stood. Great was the anxiety of the crew, as well as of the good nobleman himself, to visit Johnnie Lesley’s abode, which was close on the quay at the foot of *The Town*, for so the village was uniformly denominated.

Accordingly, no sooner did they set foot on shore, than they went in a body to Lesley’s house, with Lord Robert at their head, and their captain in the rear, whose mind seemed visited by some strange misgivings, from a conviction either that his wife, Jenny Elphinston, was dead, and he had seen her ghost, or else that she was a witch, and had the power of transporting herself through the air; and in either of these cases he naturally conceived that he stood rather on ticklish ground. However, Jenny came bustling out as usual, and welcomed

them all home while every one looked to another without speaking, but Johnnie Lesley the most blank of any.

"Hey! gueed be here!" cried Janet, "fwat are ye a' gupping and glearing that gaity for, as if ye seedit a ghaist? Gueedman, I think ye be gruppit wi' the glinders tee; fwat are ye leeking in that keemical way for?"

"Trith, gueedweef, I had a bittock of a strim-strimming in mee head, and abut me hurt; for do you kene I thought you wur aiblins dead."

"Fwat? dead? And you are lukking so blait, and so stringe, and so blue, because you find me leeving? Thunk you, gueedman—He—he—he—he! Dud ye never heard such a compliment, me Lurd?"

"But tuld me this, Shunnet," said Johnnie, still keeping at a distance, and laying the points of his two fore-fingers together; "have you been at heem in all your pursonal preeperties own sunce I gaed awa?"

"In truth, gueedman, and I hae nut, for I hae been over the meen, and over the sturns, and over the seas sunce you gaed awa. And fwat do you thunk of that?"

"Aih, Gueed preesarve me fra sich an a wucked wummon! It was no wunder I was fruchtned on beard!" And so saying, Johnnie and his messmates retreated to the ale-house, and left Jenny Elphingston and her adored young Lady Elizabeth to converse at freedom. From that time forth, Jenny paid no more attention to the household and affairs of her husband. She attached herself again to her young lady, and waited on her at all times, and strange were the reports that circulated of the two. The connexion between them must now remain a mystery till the end of time. Whether the lady Elizabeth had the power of ventriloquism, then unknown in this land, and the art to disguise her person and voice so completely as to personify any acquaintance, or whether she had a familiar spirit who appeared at her command, in the persons of these acquaintances, there seems to be no doubt remaining that she had the personal appearances of these persons, their several voices, manners, and qualities, entirely at her command, no matter at what distance removed from them. Of Jenny Elphingston in particular, or her shade, she had the complete command, and the whole land was kept in agitation by their auguries and pranks, of which the following was their first after the lady's return; and, when compared with those already recounted, and with others, convinces me that the Lady Elizabeth had the rare art of personifying any person with whom she was intimately acquainted.

The fright that Johnnie Lesley had gotten by the apparition of his wife on board, and a sort of vague idea that she had two existences, impressed him with the notion that the seldomer he came in contact

with her it would be both the better and the safer for him. Accordingly, he came no more home to his own house during the time his vessel lay at anchor, but boosed away with his companions, and slept either on board, or in the house of his friend, Andrew Chisholm.

Well, one afternoon, as Johnnie and his associates were carousing away in the Blue Bell Tavern, in came Jenny Elphingston, and upbraided him for his continued dissipation, and disregard of all family and social duties; and, finally, she took a seat beside them, and declared her resolution to remain there till her husband accompanied her home. Johnnie durst not say much, nor refuse to go home, though there was nothing farther from his intention; but as he particularly wanted some things out of the house, he determined to go there in her absence, secure these articles, and escape with them aboard. In accordance with this plan, he said to Jenny, if she would sit still a few minutes, and take a glass with his friends till he made a call, he would then go home with her. In this she acquiesced without hesitation, and Johnnie flew home on the wings of the wind, to secure the treasure he wanted; but any person may judge of his feelings, when, on entering his own house, he found another Jenny Elphingston there, gloomy and discontented, and upbraiding him in no very measured terms. "Ay, ay, Mistress Janet, are you here already? I thought you wur to bide till I cum'd back."

"I dunna ken what you mean, John," said she; "I havena been ower the deer-threshilt the day, except for a wee drappie of water in the fore-day."

Johnnie's heart grew cold within him. He saw that he wandered in a world of enchantment, and durst not say that either his senses or his life were his own. He only stammered, and said something about glamour being in his een, but that he would be at the bottom of this affair; and, making his escape once more, he fled with all his might to his friend Andrew Chisholm's. But no sooner was he entered, than he found there another Jenny Elphingston, who had sat long awaiting his arrival, determined to have him home with her to his own house that night, while Mistress Chisholm also took her part with great energy. Johnnie could not speak a word, but he began to wink with his eyes, and rub them; then stare wildly at every thing around him, suspecting that he was in a dream. "This is werry udd," said he; "I think there will seen nae be a wummens in the warld wha isna a Jenny Elphingston. Wull ye be sae gueed, Mistress Janet, as bite my finger, for I'm surely in a drim. Hooh! ha! gueed futh, ye're nae ghaist, however."

Johnnie fled with precipitation down to the quay, unchained his yawl, and, without calling assistance, rowed away to his vessel in the offing,

but, on reaching her, the only person who appeared on deck to receive him, as he mounted the ship's side, was another Jenny Elphingston, who had already begun to abuse him for leaving her so long aboard by herself. But Johnnie answered her only with a loud bray, and flung himself back into his yawl, resolved to make another attempt to escape from this phantom of a wife, that waylaid him everywhere; and as he rowed back, he prayed to the Virgin Mary in this wise:—"O thou guded Ledy, whae tuck'st vile amung the wummens, I dunna pree to thou for a deed weef, or for a liffig weef; all that I pree for is, to hae but ane weef, whether she be deed or liffig; for a weef who has the power of multiplying herself, is eneef to pit a man beside himself."

"Hilloa, dear John!" cried the wife in the ship; "will you no stay, an tuck me ashore vit you?"

"Na; you may come ashore in the same way you came there," said John.

Johnnie landed once more, and, from instinct, locked his boat to the ring; but he had nowhere now to go where there was any hope of escape, so he returned to his comrades at the Blue Bell, in a state of mind fairly wriggling with distraction. His wife was still there, waiting his return, and on the instant began abusing him for making her wait so long, in which she was joined by all present, who declared her to be an obedient, sensible, and good-natured dame, who deserved other sort of attentions. Johnnie, in utter desperation, began to defend himself, but his defence rather made matters worse. "Och! Guede bless you all!" he exclaimed; "you dunna kene fwat you're ackeesing me of! It isna ane weef, nor twae weefs, that I hae, but I hae a weef in ilk ane house I dit the deer of. I have met with nane fewer nor feeve o' mee weefs in this place alreedy, and I luttle kene how munny mae I hae."

"O fie, John! fie for shame!" cried Janet, "to expose your wuckedness in that gait, and affrunt baith yourself and me! I dreeded as much,—at least I dreeded that you had ane or twae mistresses, but neever that you had half-a-dozen weefs. Alaik, that uvair I should have been wedded to such an unconscientious man!"

Here Janet Elphingston fell a-crying; and her associates, being by this time half-seas-over, every one of them opened upon John like hounds on a hot track, for the manner in which he had wounded his wife's feelings; and, in the meantime, Jenny, who wished not to hear farther explanations, went away home, discharging her profligate husband from ever again coming under the same roof with her, and, at the same time, warning him to take care of his tongue, else it should prove the worse for him. This last was a severe restraint on John. He would at once have told his messmates that his wife was a witch, and had the

power of appearing in any place she chose under heaven; but he had already suffered severely for speaking freely of her, and, dreading her appearance as death, he held in his words, although often like to burst with the effort.

PART II

LADY ELIZABETH and Janet being now left free to their own exercises, to work they went, and their first effort was to attempt gaining for the young lady's husband, a near neighbour of theirs, the first Catholic nobleman in the kingdom, if not the most powerful subject in it; and this nobleman we shall denominate Earl George, as that was really his Christian name.

But Lady Elizabeth had never seen him; and therefore, before she put any of her charms to the test, she resolved to go and see him in disguise; and her father, Lord Robert, having been sent for to court, she had full leisure for her design. Accordingly, either Jenny Elphinston, or that other being who appeared so often in her likeness, waylaid Lord George one morning as he was taking his accustomed early walk. She was dressed like a wandering gipsy, or fortune-teller; and as Lord George approached, she burst out a-laughing. This caused him to pause and eye her with a curious and good-humoured look; for it is almost impossible to hear one laughing very heartily, without at least smiling in accompaniment. "I cry you pardon, noble earl," said she; "may our Lady bless you, and mend your wit, for really I cannot help laughing at you!"

"And pray, why so, impertinent vagrant?" said his lordship.

"Because you have been on a fool's errand for these three days," said she, "and you are going on another to-day, and a third to-morrow. What a pity that so goodly a young chief should have no better wit!"

Lord George was astounded when he thought of what he had been engaged in for the last three days, and also of the purposes of his heart. "What devil hath told thee this, old crone?" said he; "or art thou one of the hellish fraternity thyself, or a witch that skimst through the air invisible, and hast seen what I have been doing? for, otherwise, neither thou nor any human being save one knowest that."

"I know all that you *have* done, and all that lies before you to do," said she; "and among other things, where your head lay the night before last, and also how dearly you will repent it."

"Hold your peace concerning that, infernal hag!" cried he, in utter consternation. "And now that I know you either deal with heaven or hell, pray tell me what *is* to be my fortune?"

"Give me two French crowns, then," returned she, "of which you have plenty in your possession, and not very fairly come by either."

The earl made the sign of the cross on his brow and his breast—looked up to heaven, and, with a deep sigh, blessed himself in the name of the holy Virgin, and all the saints of the holy Calendar; and taking out two French crowns, he gave them to her, and then said, "Now."

"Ay, now," said she;—"and what does that import? Do not you know that there was never a well-done deed, nor a wise saying, with a NOW at the end of it? But to show you that I know the past, the present, and the future, have not you, for the last three days, been parleying with a great man, the mortal enemy of your house and your religion? And you think you have outwitted him; but he has outwitted you. But what a fool were you to propose the strengthening of his party!"

"You are right, beldam, you are right," said he, quickly and emphatically; "but I never purposed it in my heart."

"No, you did not," said she. "But you have taken fire in your bosom, and you are burnt with it; for methought I saw a beautiful, plump, and amorous lady, with red hair and black eyes, not over young though, for whose love you betrayed the secrets of your party. What a fool you were, if I saw truly! But what do you think?—the earl knows all that passed between you."

"May all the powers of heaven and hell forbid it, witch!" exclaimed he furiously. "I would not for the half of my earldom that these words were true."

"He knows all; so look to yourself. And now you purpose to go forthwith and ask the Lady Margaret Ogilvie in marriage. You know you will not be refused, for your powerful interest is at present the prize of competition between all parties. But you know, or ought to know, that she is affianced to the Earl Marischal; and in even making the proposal, you make your best and most powerful friend your enemy."

"Who the devil are you, wife? for I declare that you not only amaze, but terrify me. Surely it is impossible that a familiar spirit, that is, a demon, can know the purposes of the human heart. Therefore, declare to me who you are, and whence you have this knowledge, and I will reward you; for at present you are to me a being quite incomprehensible."

"So I am to myself. Hold your peace on that point. But confess that I am right."

"So far you are; but also so far wrong. For, when I wed the Lady Margaret Ogilvie, I have a sure bait for the Earl Marischal."

"Ha—ha—ha! Ay! Go away with your baits, and your gossamer-woven purposes! But I tell you beforehand, that you will *never* wed the

Lady Margaret Ogilvie. Nay, you will never ask her; for before you see her, you will lose your heart to another, and that other will fool you. Good by, my lord. I have told you enough to engage your thoughts at present;—enough for my two French crowns. When you require my advice, I will come to you unsent for.” And with that she glided away, leaving the noble earl riveted to the spot, and thus conversing with himself:

“When you require my advice, I will come to you unsent for!” Confound me if ever I heard any thing like this in the course of my life! A man had need take good care what he says and what he does in this world; for there are seers and hearers that he little weens of in his philosophy. Why, here is a quean, a merry-conceited quean, who knows all the purposes of my heart, as well as if they were written on it, and a window in my breast through which to read the scroll. I am utterly confounded at what she has told me, and confess myself an egregious fool. But I’ll give her the lie for once; for I’ll go and ask the Lady Margaret Ogilvie, and wed her too, if it were for nothing more but rendering that inscrutable witch’s forebodings of none avail. Yes, I will. I had resolved on it before, it is true, and am resolved on it still.”

The next day, as he was riding in light armour, and mounted in green and gold, through the wood of Craigy, and, it was believed, on his road to court and to wed the Lady Margaret Ogilvie, he met with a beautiful young lady riding on a black palfrey, and clothed also in green, with a veil of green gauze, that hung down to her knee. The earl doffed his velvet bonnet to her, that waved with splendid plumage, and accosted her in courtly phrase—for his heart was overcome by her great beauty, which excelled all that he had ever beheld in woman; and he felt earnestly disposed to do homage at its shrine. With badinage of wit and flattery, he detained her, eager to discover her name and lineage; but she concealed both with great good-humour, at one time calling herself Bess, at another Marjory, and finally told him, that she was the Queen of the Fairies. Lord George was as much delighted with her good-humour and pleasantry, as with her extraordinary beauty, and resolved, if possible, not to part with her; and when she asked to be directed to the chapel of Craigy, he instantly proffered to accompany her, and likewise find some business with the chaplain when they got there.

But, in place of conducting her to the chapel of Craigy, which lay several miles to the westward, he rode straight with her into his own castle, which, owing to the venerable woods that then surrounded it, she never saw till she rode into the court, and that moment the portcullis fell behind them.

"If this be the chapel of Craigy, sir," said she, "it is on a very extensive scale, and its sacred portals rather of a singular construction. What may be the meaning of this?"

"The chaplain is here, my lady Queen of the Fairies," said he; "and, explicitly, you are now my prisoner for the remainder of this day and the following night."

"Well, I like this extremely, it is so romantic," said she. "And now that I know whose hands I am in, and his high honour and gallantry, instead of pretending to take offence, I assure you, my lord, I am very happy at being under your roof. You know I can fly off like a beetle, or sail away in a gossamer shroud, on any offence taken."

The earl was never so much delighted. He lifted her from her palfrey in his arms, carried her into the entrance-hall, kissed her, and welcomed her to his castle. To describe all the endearments which he lavished on her that day, and that evening, is impossible; for he became every hour more and more enamoured of her as he discovered her rare endowments, and heard her converse and sing with such fluency, both in the French and Italian languages; and, at a late hour, they parted, highly delighted with each other.

The next morning, the earl was early astir, impatient again to meet his lovely guest; and he waited and waited, but still she did not leave her apartment. At length his impatience was in part diverted by a servant telling him that there was a woman in the castle, who refused to go away till she had seen him in private; and, moreover, that no one knew how she came there, for that the portcullis had never been raised since the time that he himself had entered; and he added, "Inteed, my lord, she pe fery strainge kerling, and have creat teall of chatt; and we tink she pe a witch, a fery creat terrible witch, for she pe knowing all tings tat efer was done since te world was maide. And she pe knowing fwhat man's pe kissing te mhaid, and fwhat mhaid pe under lhoving to men; and she know some tings apoot you too, my lord,—He, he, he! Ay, she pe knowing some tings apoot you too."

Lord George went down to the entrance-hall, and ordered her attendance; and behold, there was his unaccountable friend the gipsy-woman! He was greatly struck by her appearance there, especially as it at that moment occurred to him what she had so lately foretold, namely, "that he should never ask the Lady Margaret Ogilvie, for that before he beheld her, he should lose his heart to another;" and he already found these words verified. She addressed him jocularly, asking for the Lady Margaret Ogilvie, and how his suit there had thriven; but he answered, that he was much more concerned about another, and if she would tell him who that other one was, where she was, and

what was her lineage, he would give her other two French crowns.

"I can only tell you, my noble lord," said she, "that she is not *who* you think she is, *where* you think she is, nor *what* you think she is. And haply, if you knew all these things truly, you would not like her so well, and mayhap you might like her better. But my errand here was to warn you not to pursue this amour farther, till you see the issue of your last one; for the deeds then done, and the words then uttered, must be answered for."

"Out upon them all, and upon you, witch!" exclaimed he, as if with disgust. "I will have no farther connexion with any of that house."

"My lord, I have but one thing to say. You have committed yourself—the words have been said that cannot be unsaid; and, be assured, you must either take a wife out of that house, or lose your head. There is that power engaged in it that resistance is vain."

"Out upon you, witch," cried he; "you are some emissary of that malignant house, therefore hence with you. I am more concerned about one word you said, than about all that house and its too powerful faction;" and so saying, he left her, and hasted up the stair. "It is true," said he to himself, "that I do not know who she is; but sure I know well enough *where* she is." He then sent his aunt to call the lovely stranger, but the lady was gone—vanished once and for ever—and how she made her escape, no man could tell—but her palfrey still remained in the stall. The earl was now rendered quite stupid with astonishment, and caused his servants to run here and there, and search the most unfeasable places, but the lady was lost.

In the course of a week, and while the earl was still ruminating on the angelic beauty of the young lady and her mysterious disappearance, and really reasoning with himself whether or not she could have been a human creature, he was seized by a warrant from the regent and carried to prison, to answer for the deforcement of a lady of high rank, and making away with her in his own castle! When examined, he withheld nothing, but his tale gained no credence; and there being a powerful faction then against him, and the lady's palfrey and part of her dress being found, he was declared guilty by a majority of his peers, and the advocate pleaded hard for his immediate execution and forfeiture to the lady's father; but he was adjudged to imprisonment for a year and a day in the first place, lest the lady should make her appearance.

Although matters stood thus hard with him, he was overwhelmed only with love. He scarcely thought of his own perilous state, but ever and anon of the lovely creature who had brought him to it. He saw her night and day in his mind's eye, in all her beauty, sweetness,

and condescension, and he would have given the whole world to have seen her again in reality.

In the midst of these hardships, he was assailed by another great personage, mentioned before, regarding his conduct to one of his family, and a sacred promise of marriage given. This was made out an exceedingly bad story, and excited the indignation of the reformers in a terrible degree, though it seems only to have been an affair of very common gallantry, which the lady herself seems never to have resented. The earl was hardly set; his life was at stake, and if he escaped with that, he saw nothing but debasement and ruin before him. At the same time, the great person, his opponent, proffered to save both his life and his honour, if he would ally himself by marriage to his house, and join interests with him. Lord George refused absolutely for a while, but the weariness of confinement, and the dread that a warrant might be signed for his execution, at last overcame his spirit, and he consented.

Accordingly, his brother John was dispatched to make choice of one to the earl, for he himself was quite callous about the matter. Neither would they suffer him to leave prison till he was married firm and fast. Sir John had plenty of choice of sisters, cousins, and aunts, and took the one he thought his brother would like best. The two were married in prison, the lady wearing a veil; but in troth the earl never looked at her, for he abhorred the very thoughts of her, thinking only of his beloved fairy queen, and the love-tokens which they had exchanged. They went to the earl's house in the Canongate, where a banquet was prepared, but the bride did nothing but sob and weep, and the earl sat as glum as if his death warrant had been signed. It was a melancholy wedding, and, notwithstanding the efforts of some gentlemen and ladies to raise a little mirth, they failed, and a funereal gloom hung over the assembled friends. When the ladies retired, the earl began and drank at the wine as through desperation, or as if he resolved to be cheery in the midst of his despair; but at rather a late hour his squire announced to him that a stranger lady was in the hall who desired to speak with him. "Ask her what she wants," said Lord George; "I will speak to no more ladies tonight."

The squire went and did as desired, and came back with a small diamond cross in his hand, saying, "The lady desires to return you this, my lord, but she requests the favour to give it into your own hand." The earl struck the table with his closed hand till every cup jangled, sprung to his feet, overturned the chair, and then leaped over it, and seizing the squire by the throat, he cried, "I would give my earldom, you dog, to have the lady who owns that under my roof."

“Hoo-hoo! and so you would ?” said Ranald, a servant mentioned formerly; “put you need not be kiffing half te mare of tat, for she pe te fery same lady, and I know her goot enough.”

The earl burst into the hall, and there indeed was his lovely countess, standing in the same green habit and green veil in which he had first beheld her. He first bowed to her and kissed her hand, and then taking her into his arms, he kissed her cheek and chin, and then her cherry lips, as if inhaling the soul of love from them. He was in perfect rapture, and knew not what he was doing, for he forthwith led his queen of the fairies into the festal hall among his new wife’s relations, and proclaimed his recovered fair one his betrothed and his own true love, declaring that he would never part with her again till death separated them.

The company stared at one another, and believed the earl gone quite mad, and more so when he addressed the great nobleman as follows: “And now, my good lord, take home your daughter, or your niece, or whatever she be, safely with you again. She is none the worse of me, but she shall be the better. I am quite in earnest. Take her home with you, and require what dowery you please with her, even to the half of all I possess.”

The great earl could scarcely contain himself, but, springing up, he came to the twain and said, “My Lord George, have you really lost your reason, or has the wine deprived you of your true sight, that thus you insist on my taking home my young kinswoman with me, and at the same time stand swearing you will never part with her? That lady, my lord, is your bride, your married wife. Look at the ring you so lately put on her finger.”

The lady stretched forth her hand, and Lord George mechanically stretched forth his; but his eyes were dazzled, he could distinguish no one thing from another. He could only kneel at her feet, kiss her hands in an agony of joy, while the tears trickled from his eyes.

This lady, notwithstanding the mystery that hung over her art, proved a most exemplary wife, and mother of a fine family. There are many other curious stories about her and Jenny Elphinston; but these being quite distinct from this, can be told by themselves at any time. It appears, both from oral and written lore, that Jenny Elphinston and she, when combined, could almost have effected any thing, which all the country weened to have been done by the black art.

The Bogle

A Song

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I MET a bogle late yestreen, As gaun to see my dearie, Wi' crookit tail, an' waulin een, And wow but I was eiry: Its face was black as Bryant coal, Its nose was o' the whunstane; Its mou' was like a borel hole, That puff'd out fire an' brimstane.	5
 I tried to speak, but, without doubt, Some glamour had come o'er me; My voice gaed in, instead o' out, An' darkness cam' afore me. If sickan fearsome things are rife, An' raking in the gloaming, There's nae man certain o' his life, That ventures forth a-roaming,	10 15
 A fairy is a spirit sweet, The Brownie kind an' just, too; A ghaist, row'd in its windin' sheet, I own, is nought to trust to: The Kelpie, by the eiry pool, I wadna like to try him, For Will-o'-wisp he's but a fool, An' ane can whiles get by him.	20
 The winter spirit's whew is drear, No music can it soften; The mermaid's song is sweet to hear, An' I have heard it often. But o' the awsome things complete To ruin youthfu' sporting, A bogle is the warst to meet, When fo'ks gang to the courting.	25 30

The Minister's Annie

Communicated by the Ettrick Shepherd

SIR,—When I was a girl I was boarded in the house of the Rev. Joseph Taylor for several years, and was therefore an eye and ear-witness of many of the incidents which I shall endeavour to narrate to you in this letter, and which I shall do as closely accordant with truth as the events remain engraven on my memory.

Mr Taylor had been left a widower, with a family of daughters, but their eldest sister Anne was all that the most tender mother could be to them. She was their nurse in sickness, and their monitor in health; their milliner, their dressmaker, and their instructor in every virtue under heaven. I and my cousin Caroline were sent there to reside, and receive the rudiments of our education in the kind vicar's house, along with his daughters, and in all my life I have never seen a more admirable young woman than Miss Taylor. She was so lovely in her person, so amiable in her deportment, and elegant in her manners, that she attracted, as she deserved, very general admiration. Her worthy father doted on her—her sisters obeyed and loved her; and the life of no young lady could be more usefully or happily spent, until love, that everlasting intruder on the female heart, deranged all the internal motions of that virtuous and industrious family.

The cavalry barracks being immediately adjoining to the village where the vicarage is situated, we often went in the evenings to listen to the music, where Anne, during the second year that I was there, attracted the attention of the officers so much, that a number of them fell deeply in love with her, at least so I imagined, so did her sisters, and I believe so did the lovely and amiable young lady herself. Among the rest there was a Captain George Ascot, a distant relation of her mother's, by whose attentions she seemed often pleased, although those attentions were not of the respectful and delicate nature which such a girl would naturally have estimated highly. He was constantly teasing and playing tricks on her; misleading her in all her little enquiries about the other officers, promising her one thing and performing quite the reverse, and was, in short, a most intolerably provoking person; yet, with none of the other gentlemen's visits did Miss Taylor appear so well pleased.

The old vicar was kind to him, for indeed it was not in his nature to be unkind to any living creature, but he often smiled at his extravagance, and would say, "Hush, George! that will never do," or, "You

must not believe all that he tells you, Anne, my dear." It is almost impossible to conceive how a species of tormenting should have had any charms for the heart of such a lady. I never could comprehend it, for while he was causing her to blush at one time, to laugh at another, and cry at another, yet she appeared more and more unhappy when he was not present.

Thus matters stood, when Colonel Allerbeck of the same regiment made proposals for Anne, and offered such a settlement that her father at once acceded to the match. She had never been accustomed to dissent from her father's opinions and talents—no, not in the smallest instance in her whole life; she held them sacred, and prepared to yield to this as she had done to them all; but alas! her heart went not with it, for I remember well of the confused and abstracted state of her mind at that period—she could not settle at any work, and would run up stairs fifty times a-day to the window that looked towards the barracks.

How her former handsome and teasing lover got the intelligence I know not, but suspect that she must have sent him word in a letter, for he had not seen her before he came upon her one day when I was present, and I being a little girl he paid no attention to me. He was haughty and scurrilous with her beyond measure, as if she had been the sole cause of the arrangement; wished her joy of her *most excellent* colonel, and caused her to shed tears again and again, till my heart was like to break for her, for she had not the spirit to justify herself. He then began and fearlessly loaded his colonel with every obloquy he could invent; called him an old debauchee, and a man void of every principle, either of feeling or morality, and said he had plenty of wives and mistresses beside herself.

This intelligence seemed to set poor Anne's heart at rest, as fixing her resolution not to marry the colonel; and as soon as she got her father by himself, she began with some little exultation to inform him of what she had learned, and how impossible it was for her to be united to such a man.

"My dearest Anne, you know not what you say," replied he; "that wild relation of yours, the captain, misleads your simple mind in every instance. I have made the most particular enquiries, and can assure you, that there is not a more upright and honourable gentleman in his majesty's service than Colonel Allerbeck, for never shall my sanction be given to my beloved child's union with an unprincipled man, be his rank what it may."

The regiment having received orders to march to Derby, the colonel came to take leave of his betrothed, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place in two months. Captain Ascot came not

nigh, but marched off in disdain, as if his high captainship had been grievously wronged. But behold, in less than a month after that, Miss Anne vanished, to the inexpressible grief and astonishment of her father and sisters. I, too, was grieved as much as any of them, but not astonished, for I saw and knew how her heart was engaged. They would not believe that she had eloped with Captain Ascot. Her father said she was incapable of such behaviour, and, if she had eloped with him, she must have been carried off by force. He rode all the way to his brother-in-law's house in Caernarvon, where, hearing no account of his beloved child, he was obliged to follow the regiment to Derby. He soon found the captain, and charged him with the abduction of his daughter; but Ascot positively denied all knowledge of the lady or the transaction, and treated the affair with a degree of carelessness and levity that smote the old vicar to the heart. He said, "he was very sorry on account of Miss Anne—very sorry, indeed! She was a fine girl—very fine girl—very kind, and very obliging. Hoped matters would not be so bad; but, at all events, there was no help for it—no help whatever. Women would not be hindered from taking their own ways—would not be hindered by any manner of means. Many of them preferred seduction to marriage—preferred it a great deal. Did not know if they were greatly in the wrong either—did not positively know if they were. No help for it at all—none!"

The worthy old vicar had nothing from this harangue. He applied to the colonel, who treated both him and the subject in a very different manner, expressing the most profound grief. They searched for her everywhere—they advertised her, but she was lost; and the poor old vicar was obliged to return home broken-hearted, and, though resigned and pious as ever, there was evidently a weight of grief within that bowed down his spirit to the dust.

Years came and passed over, and no word of the Minister's Annie, as she was affectionately called by all the neighbours. She was only remembered as a dream, as a lovely flower untimeously plucked from its stalk, as a being that had been and was not, until one evening in November, a poor manufacturer's wife in the village, who had once been a servant in the vicar's family, came running to the door, with the skirt of her gown drawn over her, and with tears and the greatest earnestness requested to see the minister. There was something so distressed like and so vehement in her manner, that I could not resist going to listen what she was wanting, when I heard the following dialogue, which, on the wife's part, was carried on in an ardent whisper.

"Thee must coome awa down to our house, sir, for O dost thee know that there is one yonder has much need to see thee."

"Certainly, Esther; I will go with thee on the instant. Is it a person in distress?"

"Indeed so! Indeed so, sir! In distress great enough, God wots! And dost thee know, sir, there be more than one in distress. More than one, indeed!—more than one —Oh—oh—oh! poor, dear, sweet souls! How shall I tell it! Oh, alack and woe is I, that ever I should have seen the day! for what is to become of them Heaven only knows, for it is unknown to I."

"Esther, I beseech you to moderate your vehemence, and say in plain terms the circumstances of this case, that seem to affect you so deeply."

"O I cannot indeed, sir—I cannot tell it thee in plain terms, nor any other terms; for dost thee know, sir, that there are some things so bad, that men such as officers or captains may transact, that there be no terms for them, sir,—no terms that be known to hie."

This abstruse hint went to the vicar's heart like an arrow. A sort of qualm came over him, which I am sure he comprehended not; for he could not utter a word, but sat and gazed at his old servant with a paralyzed look, while she, after sobbing, and wiping her eyes for a space, went on thus:

"Ay, it is no wonder thee is taken by surprise. But if thee 'ad seen hie! If thee 'ad seen 'ow hie was taken at our meeting! Where art thee going, poor woman, says hie, with thy two pretty babies, for both thee and they look very wearied?"

"I little know where to go, Esther," says she, "for I have now no house nor home to hide my head and theirs. But dost thou not know me, Esther?"

"Alak, no," says I. "How like that I should know thee? And yet thee knows my name, and I am sure I 'ave 'eard that there voice."

"Why I be's the Minister's Annie," says she.

"You the Minister's Annie!" cried I. "Then out upon mine blind heyes that did not know you!" And oh that mine two old heyes had been closed in death before I beheld this sight! The Minister's Annie a-begging with two poor babies! And then I took her in my arms, and cried and wept as loud as I could,—ay, louder than I am doing just now—oh—oh—oh!"

Here the good woman's cries becoming so loud and impassioned, I burst in, and beheld my old worthy monitor sitting pale and speechless, and the tears streaming o'er his venerable cheeks. He beckoned me away, and then, after uttering some heavy groans, I heard him say, "I see how it is, Esther. I know all now, and the long-dreaded bolt of heaven has at last fallen on this old devoted head. While

there was uncertainty there was hope. Ay, there was even hope that her Creator had taken her to himself, guiltless and pure as she was. But I cannot go with you, Esther—I cannot see her! Nor can I bring her home among my other daughters, and the young ladies of family under my tutelage. But be kind to her, Esther—Oh be kind to the poor returning and repentant prodigal, and, as far as my poor means go, I will reward you!”

Esther returned to the Minister’s Annie with the heavy tidings that her father could not see her. But the good man could enjoy no rest. He wept and he prayed, commending himself to the direction of his heavenly Father, and never did he close his eyes till he went and embraced his beloved though lost child, and rejoiced her heart with a father’s forgiveness. He laid his hands on the heads of the two children, and blessed them in the name of the Holy Trinity; then kneeling on the earthen floor, while his daughter kneeled beside, holding one child to her bosom, and another by the hand, and perhaps there never was a more fervent prayer uttered at the footstool of mercy, than was there that evening expressed by a father imploring forgiveness for his erring child. From that time forth the good man’s manner was again changed into his former cheerful and contented frame of mind. He visited his daughter four days in the week, and we all visited her occasionally, though privately, and there was not one in the village better seen to than the Minister’s Annie.

The regiment to which Captain Ascot belonged had been for some years in Ireland, and during the whole of that period poor Anne and her children had been abandoned. He had deceived her by a sham marriage, which he had kept closely concealed from every soul of the regiment, and then left her a prey to grief, sorrow, and misery, and every agony to which the female mind can be subjected. But when he learned that the regiment was to return to the scene of his former injuries, he felt so awkward that he tried to exchange into a regiment on foreign service; but not being able to effect it in time, back to the barracks at the village he came with the rest, exactly two months after the reappearance of Anne.

The vicar sent for him to the field to expostulate with him privately, but licentiousness had steeled his heart, and he would only answer the good man in terms of abandonment. “Why, Mr Parson, you surely do not pretend to lay all the blame upon me? Women will have their way, you know,—and what is done cannot be undone. But do not go to be saying, that I have not behaved as a gentleman, for it is false. Quite false, I assure you! I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, whenever you please;—quite ready, I assure you! A gen-

tleman can do no more than that, you know. So that since you think I have injured you, nothing more to do than just name your friend and your day;—nothing more at all.”

“Young man,” said the reverend father, “I know my duty better as a Christian minister, than either to throw away my own life, and leave my family without a father, and my flock without a pastor, or to send you to your account with the blackest of sins on your head.”

“O, thank you, my old fellow; but never mind the account,—that’s current you know. Quite ready, I assure you.”

“Why, sir, how dare you speak in that way to me?” said the venerable divine, his eyes kindling with indignation,—“To me, whom you have injured in the tenderest part?—To me, whose heart you have pierced with a wound a thousand times more cruel and severe than any that either your sword or murderous bullet could inflict? If you had one spark of the feeling of a gentleman or a Christian left, you *could not* hold up your face and speak to me in that profligate style. But I tell you that my daughter is your wife in the eye of Heaven, and before God and his holy angels you will be obliged to acknowledge her as such; and since you have neither honour nor sympathy left, the laws of our country shall compel you to make provision for her as your wife.”

“O, very well, ould one! Most nobly said, my brave ould worthy. The law is quite welcome, I assure you; but neither the law nor the gospel can compel a gentleman to give what he has not—ha, ha, ha! Quite right, ould one! Forward! Push on! Ha, ha, ha!”

The vicar was obliged to return home, grieved and shocked at the profligacy of the man of whom his daughter had made choice, and who still loved him, notwithstanding her deep injuries. It was evident that the law would compel him to make reparation, and to that the reverend father now resolved to apply. But Providence had otherwise determined the disgraceful affair to end, for that very day the whole story reached the ears of the colonel, whose detestation of such an act recognised no bounds, save in chastisement. So that evening at the mess he soon gave the offender to understand that he knew him, and something of the injury he had suffered from his hand, while the other officers were astonished at seeing how Ascot sunk into silence, and cringed beneath the rod,—so meanly does guilt and profligacy look when exposed to virtue and honour. Finally, the colonel told him that he occupied a seat at present which he had no right to occupy, for that he now knew him well, and his behaviour, instead of being that of a gentleman, was the conduct of a villain and a ruffian. The officers were confounded, and several of them sprung to their feet in order to ask an explanation, but Ascot only held down his head, and

left the mess-room without speaking a word.

The consequence of this was a challenge and duel early the next morning. The meeting took place close at the back of the vicar's garden, that being the only quiet place near to the barracks, and at the first fire the aggressor was shot through the body, and the wound pronounced to be mortal. Colonel Allerbeck and the two seconds of course fled, and the surgeon, knowing nothing of the circumstances which had occasioned the quarrel, had the dying man conveyed into the vicarage, where he dressed his wound, and left him in a state of total insensibility, giving charge that he should be kept quiet, as without that there was no chance of life whatever.

The vicar, learning the circumstances, and who his guest was, wondered greatly at that singular visitation of Providence. Yet, in the true spirit of Christianity, he forgot all the injuries and insults he had received, and wept over the untimely fate of the imprudent young man, praying for him in the most earnest and fervent manner, as one just entering the dark valley of the shadow of death. He fevered and continued quite delirious; and the surgeon, who visited him twice a-day, having ordered him a nurse at the request of the mess, the Minister's Annie came of her own accord, and would not suffer any other to come near him; and, poor woman, for all the injuries she had received, she watched him night and day with many bitter tears—for woman's heart is ever prone to kindness, and yearns over all who are in deep distress, even though they be her enemies.

The captain continued in the most perilous state for the space of six weeks. But youth and a good constitution prevailed, and a favourable change began to be observed. All this time he was unable to be removed, and was attended in the vicar's house with as much care and concern as if he had been in the house of his own father and mother, and every day the reverend pastor prayed over him for the grace of repentance, forgiveness, and the recovery of his reason and bodily health.

The first thing that he appeared to take any notice of, was these prayers of the good man, which occasionally seemed to strike his disordered fancy with an undefined astonishment. He next began very frequently to fix his bewildered eyes on Anne, but from his incoherent expressions, it was manifest that he took it for a dream or vision. One day, while she was busied about him, and not taking notice of his looks, she was greatly astonished when she heard him saying to himself in an emphatic whisper, "The Minister's Annie! My own Annie! Alas! I wonder where she died."

It was a good while after this before he took any note of her pres-

ence, but it appeared that he had noted it; for one day she heard him whispering as before, "There it is again! There it is again! But her babies are not here. No, no, they have not come to heaven with her! Lovely as when I first saw her!" After this the worthy vicar caused his daughter to leave the house, and not come in sight of the sufferer any more; who, when he came to his senses, and understood in whose house he had been attended for the last two months, with such care and attention, that these had been the means of saving his life, and restoring him to the use of reason, was smitten to the heart, and acknowledged the hand of Providence in his punishment. Yet he refused to leave his lodging for the barracks, although the surgeon gave permission, and in all his demeanour he appeared an humbled and altered man.

One day, he said to old Esther, his attendant, "Nurse, a vision that I had some time since, never ceases to haunt my memory, but now that I know where I am, I have some hopes that the impression left here may have been from a real appearance. Pray, can you inform me in any respect of one whom I have not power to name?" Esther burst out a-crying, "Oh! indeed so, sir, indeed so, it was no vision that thee saw, but a dear being of flesh and blood. But I may not tell! I may not tell! Only—there was one dear soul who nursed you night and day for seven weeks, and that you might know and that you might feel that there was somebody shed many bitter tears over you, when she thought you dying, and many were the kisses somebody impressed on your lips. Oh indeed so! Indeed so! And I would not have used her as somebody has done, for all the riches of this world. But that is between somebody's conscience and the God that gave it!"

The captain then begged that he might see Anne once more. But Esther shook her head, and said, "No, no, that he should not do, for her father had resolved that he should never see her more after the cruel and heartless way in which he had used her."—"But, my good woman," said he, "reparation may still be in my power. My heart is crushed and broken within me for the evil I have done to that worthy man and his family. I must see her." Then away ran Esther, dizzy with joy, the skirt of her gown drawn over her head, and her tongue going without intermission. She soon had the Minister's Annie dressed out in her sister's best clothes, and the two children all neat and clean, and away she led them to the feeble man's chamber, which she entered with three low curtsies, and a great many vehement expressions, alluding sometimes to the captain, sometimes to the lady and the children, and not unfrequently all in one.

The meeting between the captain and his Anne was, on her part, tender and affectionate, without one bitter reflection; and on his, fraught

with repentance, gratitude, and returning affection, while Esther stood blubbering behind. He embraced and kissed her, begging her forgiveness, and then he kissed his children, took their lovely mother, who was weeping with joy, by the hand, and declared, that as the only man he had ever insulted or injured, had proved his warmest friend in affliction, and not only so, but had opened his eyes to the true character of a man and a Christian, he had made up his mind to claim him as his father for ever. The worthy vicar then reunited them in the holy bands of matrimony. They lived happily while I knew them, and are still living abroad, blessed with a numerous offspring; and the captain has often declared in my hearing, that he never knew what happiness was until once he was reconciled to that injured woman and her family, and that he would not have exchanged the feelings of that period for the highest licentious pleasures that the world afforded.

I am, sir, yours most respectfully,

MARIA WESTLEY.

North Leach, April 27th, 1830.

The Dominie

By the Ettrick Shepherd

A DOMINIE! what judge you of the term?
 Is't not equivocal, with something in't
 Of doubtful point? or is't a word at all?
 'Tis not in Walker, nor in Dr Johnson,
 And yet no term's more common. It must be 5
 Some word of that old language spoke in Rome,
 That language modell'd by cursed terminations;
 The bane of youth, and pride of pedagogues,
 Support of colleges and pompous drones.
 A Dominie! once when I heard the term, 10
 The title, appellation, what you will,
 I saw him full before me. There he stood,
 Or sat, or walk'd, or lean'd, with threatening frown,
 The real epitome of domination;
 The noun, the preposition, the metabasis, 15
 Of every thing was dreaded and abhorr'd.
 And then how callous his thin shrivell'd cheek,
 And grey eye of intolerant tyranny!

His wig of dirty brown that scanty reach'd
 Half way into his ear: all frizzled round 20
 With fringe of thin grey hair. His coat threadbare,
 Long-back'd and shapeless, and the pocket-holes
 A weary width between. Yet what a shake
 Of majesty was there! I see him still,
 In my mind's eye, with dread and admiration! 25
 Could man believe that I a thousand times
 Have cherish'd the prospective sweet resolve
 Of ample, hideous, and most dire revenge
 For youthful degradation? Was not this
 A noble and illustrious resolution? 30
 But long ere manhood had my flagrant brain
 Temper'd with wisdom, I could have fallen down
 At the good old man's feet, and worshipp'd him.

O when I thought of all his sufferance,
 Contending with the obstinate, the stupid, 35
 The petulant, the lazy, every one
 His mortal enemy—like old Ishmael,
 His hand against a whole obstreperous host,
 And every urchin's heart and hand 'gainst him—
 I marvell'd at his patience. Then I thought 40
 Of all his virtuous precepts, of his care,
 His watchful vigilance o'er rectitude
 In every moral duty; then each morn
 Of his orisons at the throne of mercy,
 For grace and favour on each stripling's head, 45
 And on his painful labour's blest success.

Then of his poverty, and endless task
 Of duty and necessity: the sigh
 And smile, oft ill-conceal'd, in haughty dread
 Of aught approaching familiarity; 50
 A face of brass, to hide a heart of love!
 For when obliged to punish rigorously,
 Then with majestic swagger would he turn,
 That none might see him wipe the falling tear
 From off the wither'd cheek. O, good old man!
 Remembrance now weeps o'er thy narrow house, 55
 And sore-neglected precepts learnt from thee.

When I compare thee with the modern prig,
 With well-starch'd collar, hair of formal cut,
 Thin listless class, and independent strut, 60
 I weep to think that the great magic fountain

Of Scotland's glory and ascendancy
 Is soil'd with lucre, mudded in the spring,
 And her pre-eminence for ever gone;
 Then I recall *thy* vigilance, *thy* toils, 65
 Thy crowded, noisy school, where every eye
 Burn'd with keen emulation.—Thou art gone,
 And our parochial honours gone with thee!
 My old preceptor, if thy spirit knew
 How thy once wayward pupil mourns for thee, 70
 And broods upon thy memory, it might add
 Unto the joys which now thy grateful heart
 Reaps in thy Father's house—the sure reward
 Of sterling rectitude and moral worth,
 Long-suffering, patience, holiness of life, 75
 Contentment, charity, and Christian love.

The Poetic Mirror

Veluti in speculum

CAMPBELL

WHAT plaintive sobs thy filial bosom rent,
 Daughter of Adam, when thy father went
 Forth from the home, that erst in other years
 Witness'd his joys, nor sweeter less, his tears.
 While in that old blue bag you stuff these things, 5
 No raptured heart, to love responsive, sings;
 Ah, no! the loaded cart is at the door,
 Drawn by a hack of twenty year, and more,
 Who, 'gainst all law of gravitation, stands
 On three stiff legs, deep swath'd in thick straw bands. 10
 'Tis true, your father's reign on earth is o'er;
 Adam's long sign is torn from 'bove the door;
 No more upon that board, turn'd idly by,
 We'll list his nimble goose in glory fly;
 His web of life has little more to stretch, 15
 Of this world's cloth he's little more to stitch;
 Duns at his door, and debts a glorious lot,
 'Tis time, all cry, the tailor should—to pot!

CRABBE

That was a happy day, of days the chief,
 Jack Sprat and Janet Coomb became one beef; 20
 Jack long had cast a sheep's eye on the maid,
 And Janet to some end her charms display'd.
 "Tis not for nothing," said old Samuel Græme,
 "That Janet Coomb has turn'd a saucy dame,
 "Cocks up her head, stuck round with gaudy flowers, 25
 "Stands at the close-foot at untimely hours."
 Ah, no! the gallant butcher's done his part;
 Ah, lack-a-day! he's stuck her through the heart ;
 And she, that once did faint at bloody knives,
 Blesses the red cowl while he's taking lives! 30

The Flower o' Glendale

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I'LL sing you a sang,
 An' it sanna be lang,
 'Tis of a queer body, a wild little body,
 Wha came o'er Ben-Grierson,
 Some hunders o' years syne, 5
 To woo bonny Jeanie the flower o' Glendale.

Young Jeanie she caper'd,
 Young Jeanie she vapour'd,
 And geek'd at the body, the daft little body;
 Though daily discardit, 10
 He never regardit,
 But pester'd young Jeanie the flower o' Glendale.

He sent her love-letters
 Of darts and of fetters,
 That gall'd the wee body, the fond little body, 15
 And then pretty presents
 Of moorcocks an' pheasants,
 Of rings an' of ribbons, came oft to Glendale.

The heart of the lady
 Grew rather unsteady, 20
 An' flighter'd at sight of the mad little body;
 Wha vex'd her and teas'd her,
 Yet oftentimes pleas'd her,—
 Alas! for young Jeanie the flower o' Glendale!

But word's gane through by-lands, 25
 Away to the Highlands,
 Of this little body, this wild wooer body,
 To Duncan M'Grigor,
 Wha came like a tiger,
 That badger to drive frae the flower o' Glendale. 30

He swore he would knab him,
 An' thump him, an' stab him,
 That queer little humplety bumplety body;
 But Jeanie look'd eery,
 An' rather wancheery,— 35
 Alas! for young Jeanie, the flower o' Glendale!

Wi' fury an' vigour,
 Bauld Duncan M'Grigor
 Attack'd the wee body, the mad little body,
 But wi' a wild caper 40
 He whipped out his rapier,
 Crying, "Now for young Jeanie the flower o' Glendale!"

Though Duncan M'Grigor
 Laid on him wi' vigour,
 To smash the wee smattering, blattering body, 45
 Right soon he repentit,
 An' like ane dementit,
 Was scampering round the wee man on the dale.

"The deil's in the creature,
 He's no human nature, 50
 This cursed little widdlety waddlety body,"
 Cried Duncan M'Grigor,
 And grinn'd like a tiger,
 But never could touch the wee man on the dale.

- They fought till the blood red
 Away in a flood gaed, 55
 But a' frae M'Grigor, bold Duncan M'Grigor;
 The wee body thrash'd him,
 And knab'd him, and smash'd him,
 Till Duncan fell prostrate and faint on the dale. 60
- "There lie on your ligor,
 Bauld Duncan M'Grigor,"
 Says that little hipperty skipperty body,
 "An' if there's another
 In all your Balwhither 65
 That's better than you, send him down to the dale."
- From that very same day
 No wooer durst gainsay
 This queer little, fear-little, mad little body;
 He danc'd an' he caper'd, 70
 He bow'd an' he vapour'd,
 And carried off Jeanie the flower o' Glendale.
- When seven braw seedtimes,
 And seven braw breedtimes,
 Had pass'd over Scotland and sunk on her strand, 75
 Then Jeanie, lang mourn'd,
 In her chariot return'd,
 The queen o' some unkend an' far-away land.
- She had twenty brave Norsemen,
 And twenty brave horsemen, 80
 And twenty brave gentlemen cover'd with mail;
 With arms brightly gleaming,
 Like sunbeams a-streaming,
 What think you of Jeanie the flower of Glendale?
- She came and pass'd over, 85
 And deign'd not to hover
 Around the loved home of her youth and her joy;
 A meteor to gaze at,
 Whose brilliance betrays it,
 For something unreal, a garnish'd decoy. 90

For where was her dwelling,
 No tongue has been telling,
 Or where her dwarf husband her splendour maintains;
 Some say from a fountain,
 On breast of the mountain, 95
 Each seventh September he flies his domains.

But that he's a creature,
 Beyond human nature,
 Bold Duncan M'Grigor is said to have sworn;
 A dwarf or a spirit, 100
 That did not inherit
 One germ of a creature that ever was born.

The Poetic Mirror

A COMMON LOT

Montgomery

PAST what our parish record scans,
 There lived a man, and *who* was he?
 Mortal! if bred to mending pans,
 That youth resembled thee!

Unknown the hovel of his birth, 5
 The dykeside where he died unknown;
 His name hath perish'd from the earth,
 This truth survives alone:

That ducks and hens, when he was near,
 Alternate vanish'd from the loans; 10
 His bliss and woe, roast fowl, small beer!
 Oblivion hid the bones.

The tatter'd coat, the old straw hat,
 The breeches pepper'd at the knees;
 They say that he was round and fat, 15
 His eyes were hid in grease.

He stole—but now his art is done;
 Loved ducks—his taste for fowls is dead;
 Had friends—each ragged soul is gone;
 Had foes—the horde has fled. 20

He loved—but her he loved, a scamp
 One evening bore her from his embrace;
 Oh! she was fair, but prone to tramp
 With every taking face.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and wind and rain,
 Tann'd, blighted, batter'd, pour'd downright 25
 On him, but all in vain.

Each gift turn'd up as gipsies find,
 Where blear-eyed Sawney found the tongs;
 He toy'd when tawny dames were kind, 30
 And sang when they loved songs.

The coat and breeches which he wore,
 The brimless hat that bound his brow,
 Search ye the Cowgate o'er and o'er, 35
 There hangs no vestige now!

The annals of the gipsy race
 Bear not this friend to pot and pan;
 Than this, you'll find no other trace—
 Once lived poor tinkler Dan. 40

I'm A' Gane Wrang

A Sang

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I'm a' gane wrang! I'm a' gane wrang!
 I canna close my wakerife ee;
 What can it be has sent this pang
 To my young heart unkend to me.
 I'm fear'd, I'm fear'd that it may prove

An ailment which I daurna name;
 What shall I do?—If it be love,
 I'll dee outright wi' burnin' shame!

I hae a dream baith night an' day,
 Of ane that 's aye afore my ee, 10
 An' aye he looks as he wad say
 Something that 's unco kind to me.
 Yet love 's a word my youthfu' tongue
 Has ne'er durst utter to mysell,
 I'm a' gane wrang, an' me sae young, 15
 What shame for maiden's tongue to tell!

I find an aching at my heart,
 An' dizziness that ill portends;
 A kind o' sweet an' thrilling smart
 Gangs prinkling to my fingers' ends, 20
 Then through me wi' a stoundin' pain;
 But yet I like that pain to dree,
 Then burnin' tears will drap like rain,—
 'Tis love, as sure as love can be!

I dinna ken what I'm to do, 25
 The end o' this I canna see;
 I am sae young an' bonny too,
 'Tis a great pity I should dee.
 Yet dee I maun,—I canna prove
 This tide o' pleasure an' o' pain; 30
 There's nought sae sweet as virgin's love,
 But, O, to be beloved again!

Grizel Graham

By the Ettrick Shepherd

PART I

WHERE is the man, or where is the woman, or where is the wee bairn, between the fells of Cheviot and the tops of the Louthers, who has not heard tell of Grizel Graham? I never met with any, and if

there are any, I would like to see them, and then I could tell them how they ought to have known her, or heard of her, and perhaps convince them that they had done both.

Nobody knew any thing of Grizel's early youth, or in which of the three kingdoms she was born and bred, the tones of her voice having a little tint of them all. Her manner and language bespoke superior breeding. She was haughty, stern, and severe, and spoke often in mysterious rhymes, the drift of which it was impossible to comprehend. But the thing for which she became first remarkable, was for two tame white rabbits, which attended her day and night, and slept in her bosom. Their names were Penny and Tit, and two pretty little creatures they were; yet no child would play with or caress them, for they had a red gleam in their eyes that even adults turned away from. It was afterwards found out, that these creatures were two familiar spirits, that could turn themselves into any form they chose, and had great power in the elements, as well as among sinful men.

Many were the ridiculous stories that were circulated about the origin of Grizel, and perhaps they were all wide of the truth. Some said that her father was a robber, and was hanged at Lancaster, and that her mother drowned herself in the Eden. But that, in those days thieving being a profitable trade, he had secured great wealth, of which Grizel was the sole possessor. Some said again, that her father was a professor of the black art at Oxford, and brought up his only daughter in the same unearthly studies, initiating her into all the mysteries of enchantment. Others said again, that she was brought up a lady of rank, and was so disgracefully used by a relation whom she loved, that she lost her reason, and sold herself to the devil, to obtain full revenge on the wretch that had deceived her, whom she found means of torturing to death, as well as his lady and child. But it is an awful story, and, as I never believed it, I shall not relate it here.

Many of her pranks in Scotland were of a merry cast, though leavened with a bitterness of disposition. On her first appearance on the Border, she took and furnished the well known cottage called Rowie's Peel, from a small old tower that stood beside it, which had always been kept in repair by the proprietor, as the residence of a noted ancestor. Now, the east angle of the Peel serving for the west gable of Grizel's cottage, and there being a concealed communication from the one to the other, no residence in the world could be better fitted for a witch.

Her cottage was elegantly furnished. It had a room in each end of it, and a kitchen in the middle, and each of the apartments contained a bed, as was customary in all the cottages of that period. But Grizel had no servant. She and her rabbits lived by themselves; and she

did not even keep a cat, for fear that the adverse natures of the little animals should not dispose them to agree.

A bruit of Grizel's immense riches had spread over the country, and wooers were often spoken of, but seldom seen. She was perhaps forty years of age, but looked younger, tall and straight as an arrow; but her person was of too large dimensions to be accounted handsome. As to her character, that was incomprehensible, for it could assume every shade of human nature.

A big, jolly, well-mounted gentleman rode up to the Peel cottage door one day, at which he rapped boldly with his large whip. Grizel moved not from her seat, but sung out:

“Come in, Sir John—come in, Sir John,
Page or playmate have I none;
Nor a mouse in the house to contend with thee,
Save two little birds on the rannletree.”

“O, she knows me of old, this dame,” said the gentleman to himself; and, turning his horse loose, he stepped boldly in. He was a drover of sheep and cattle, a cheat and a blackguard, was nicknamed Sir John from the airs that he assumed, although a low-bred, vulgar, and assuming fellow as any that lived. His first movements and address on entering made Grizel stare and smile. His buirdly frame, short-cuttèd bows, and broad dialect, were irresistible. And, moreover, with his hat in one hand, and his whip in another, he first sat down on a chair at the door, and then lifting it up behind him, came, in that half-sitting guise, round to the stately Grizel, who beckoned him, in vain, to keep his distance.

“Why, dame, the truth is,” said he, “that I learned that you and I were cousins. So I joost came to call on you and see you, in hopes of making up our acquaintance, and being more nearly connected still.”

“Ay, the price of stots is high, Sir John,
The price of stots is high;
And the purse is light, and the trade is bright,
But there's plenty of money nigh, Sir John,—
There's plenty of money nigh,”

sung out Grizel in a careless chant.

“Noa, noa! If I could not love thee, I would not ax thee for a waife on no account whatsoever; but now that I have seen thee, I tell thee that I *can* love thee, and *do* love thee.”

"Yes, love is all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologic sense;
 The real substance of the shadow,
 Which all address and courtship's made to;—
 Say, rather, 'It is not your person
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
 But 'tis your better part, your riches,
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
 For money, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things."

"Whoy now, dropping them rhames, coosin, doesn't thou think
 that marriage is a natural oobject? Now, there's thou an unprotected
 wooman leeving be thyself; here's the arm that shall protect thee."

"And who is to protect the arm of Ajax,
 Which any puny elf may subjugate?
 I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
 Than have my mighty energies of soul
 Coop'd up in barrels, sense's nurselings.
 A maid can hold community with angels,
 But when subjected to a man's caprice,
 And the low drudgery of rearing up
 Intolerable brats,—foh! what a change!
 Prithee be gone."

"Why, now, coosin, for all thy grand soobloony speech, I contend
 that marriage is a natural oobject, and best for both body and soul.
 Begone, didst thou say? My horse will shift for himself, so shall I; for I
 shall have ane night's coorting of thee, though I should never get more."

"The child may rue that is unborn,
 The courting of this night,"

exclaimed Grizel, holding up her hands in mock ecstasy. But, notwithstanding all she could say, her wooer kept good his point, and insisted on remaining overnight, which he did; but the whole of his conversation consisted of the most fulsome and vulgar flattery, save now and then a complaint of her *rhames*, as he called them. To his great disappointment, she left him at an early hour, requesting him either to go away or bolt his door well, else he might be favoured with a female visit overnight. This only proved a double inducement for

Sir John to stay; for it instantly struck his obtuse intellect, that this rich and haughty dame was coming to share his bed, at which he was quite overjoyed, as in that case he assured himself of her great wealth being at his command.

His apartment was the one next the old castle, and of course as far from that of his mistress as the dimensions of the house would admit of. But he valued himself far too much on his courage, as well as his gallantry, to take Grizel's advice in bolting his door, for instead of that he left it open, and lay tossing and wearying for her arrival. She came not, and it is supposed that Sir John had fallen sound asleep. He said he had not, but was lying wide awake, when he heard a gentle whisper close to his ear. "Is that you?" said he. "To be sure it is. Who can it be but I?" said a tiny voice, which struck him as not being the voice of Grizel. But knowing there was no person in the house, or near it, but himself, he said, though with some hesitation, "Thou hast been dogged long in coming."

"You will possibly think we are come soon enough, ere all the play be played," said the creature.

"*We?* Whom dost thou mean by *we*? Thou hast not brought any body with thee, hast thou?"

"To be sure I have. Did you think I could come to you alone, at such an hour as this?"

"Why, then, dost thou not know that that is excessively awkward? Nothing can be more so. Who is it?"

"Only sister Penny. Surely you have often heard tell of Penny and I?"

"Penny and I!" said he, mimicking the small childish voice of the speaker; "and who the devil is Penny, and who art thou? for it strikes me I doesn't know thy bit shilly-shally voice at all." The creature answered, by chanting the following strain:

"Not know sister Penny and I!
Then open thine ear and open thine eye,
Open every pore of the skin,
And open the heart that lies within;
For thou must taste the healing potion,
That puts every sense in motion,
And never more, till the day you die,
Ask who are sister Penny and I.
"Penny and I on the cloud can sail,
Dance on the rainbow, ride on the gale,
Climb on the ladder of gold away,
That's framed of the moon's soft midnight ray;

And there can we frolic so light and boon,
 Washing our cheeks in the dews of the moon.
 But at this hour of the night we win,
 To an open door and a knave within—
 O, there's no frolic in earth or sky,
 So dear to sister Penny and I!"

"Now, did ever any body hear sic a string of blethers as that?" said Sir John. "If thou be'st coming in beyond me, come, and let us alone with thy rhames. A man can hear nothing in this house but metre poetry. Are you coming?"

"Coming, coming,
 The beetle's bumming,
 And now for the drubbing and the drumming,"

said the elf; and that moment off went the bed-clothes, and the two creatures fell a-beating him, one on each side, with great energy, and with something so exceedingly sharp and hot, that Sir John swore it was either bunches of nettles, or red-hot wires. At the first, he took it for a wicked joke, and tried to bear it out, ensconcing himself first below the pillow, and afterwards below the mattress; but no covering would remain on him a moment, for an invisible power always whipped it off, and the two malevolent beings kept scourging him without mercy, giggling and laughing all the while.

Sir John then fell a-cursing and swearing, and laid about most furiously, but this only added to the mirth of his tormentors, who continued their castigation without a moment's interval. Throwing himself over the bed, he tried to escape on all-fours, but a third person, as he imagined, whipped his nightgown over his head, and held it down with such force, that he could not move his face from the floor; and still the two imps kept thrashing on, although he felt that the skin was by that time wholly stripped from his back parts. He roared out murder, and, making a desperate effort, he laid hold of the fire-shovel, with which he fought most manfully, knocking a great number of his tormentors down, as he weened; yet the number of his stripes were nothing abated, while the din of laughter was redoubled.

At this moment Grizel entered with a light, when a novel and outrageous scene was presented to her. No less than her redoubted wooer, leaping, bellowing, and rampaging about—fighting furiously with some beings which seemed to have no existence—for at that time no person was visible in the room but himself, while the bed and the

furniture were smashed to pieces. When the candle appeared, he cried, "Don't let them out! Don't let them out! Dom them, but I'll mortify their members for them." And all the while he kept wheeling round and round, heaving mighty strokes; but no one was there on whom to bring them down.

He was, however, in a paroxysm of rage, and began abusing his mistress most furiously, for sending in a pack of gipsies to skelp him to death with nettles. She denied the allegation, and bade him observe that there was not a nettle leaf in the whole room. But he returned answer, that if they were not nettles, they were wire taws, heated red-hot in the fire of hell; and he thought it was nae mair than half good manners to send a parcel of imps, with screeds of metre poetry, which he detested, to flay a man alive, who meant her nothing but good.

Grizel said it was rather less courteous in him to force himself into the house of a lonely woman, who desired none of his company, and not only refuse to go away, but fall on and smash all her furniture to pieces, which she now requested he would pay before leaving the house, otherwise it should cost him dearer. He said she should first put the skin upon his back, and, uttering many bitter epithets, he left the house.

He was very ill, and lay long under the hands of his surgeon, and, as he told the story plainly out, he got plenty to laugh at him. The cause was at last tried before the sheriff-substitute in the county town, and never was there better sport in a court than was afforded by Sir John's defence, every sentence of which sent the whole court-house in a roar. Yet the surgeon's evidence puzzled the judge a good deal. Grizel's representation of circumstances, however, turned the scale in her favour. She said that it appeared to her that the gentleman had been attacked by an erysipelas, or some severe cutaneous distemper, over night, and had awaked in a frenzy, and smashed every thing in the room to pieces, for that there was no living creature in the room; and he admitted that he never saw any one, but that he felt them with a vengeance, and heard them both speak and sing him a song. This made matters still worse, so the sheriff dismissed it as a troubled dream, and Sir John was fined in swinging expenses. These he absolutely refused to pay, out of inveteracy at the witch, and lay in the prison a twelvemonth. But Grizel was a dangerous opponent to provoke. From that day forward, she made him the butt of her malice and enchantments.

He had not been long in prison, when one night he was awakened from his sleep by a sweet wild song, which was apparently chanted at his bed-side by two tiny voices, that seemed sometimes to die away

in the distance, and again approach close to his ear. It was something as follows:

“The spirits that lie on the heaven’s brink,
Behind their downy curtains wink;
The drowsy stars play blinkity-blink,
And all but we, and all but we,
On damask roses sleep supine,
On the blue violet’s breast recline,
Or kiss and woo in the pale moonshine,
For the love of spirits is ecstasy.

“But where there’s folly, or where there’s sin,
Or where there’s pride in the heart within,
What joy it is to tirl the skin
In peelings from his fair bodye.
Then hey for right, and hey for slight,
And hey for Merlin’s matchless might;
The bumpkin’s bones shall rue the night
That ever he dared to lodge with me.”

The forlorn drover lay all the time that this strain was a-singing in an agony of terror. His hair crept upon his head till it brushed off the nightcap, and his palate grew to a cinder; for he knew the small tinkling voices too well, and dreaded that they were come there for evil, and not for good. But when they sung this last strain, he could contain himself no longer, and, instead of asking protection from where alone he could have had it, he broke out a-cursing the singers and their metre songs, at which they were overjoyed, as it made their power over him complete. So to him they fell once more, stripping him naked, and belabouring him, till he roared with anguish, and, setting his nose through the grate, he shouted out *murder*, till at length the jailer came with a light, but, conceiving the man gone mad, he durst not enter, but spoke through the grated door to him.

Sir John’s complaint, and the frequent recurrence of these outrages in the prison by night, convinced the magistrates that the man was a lunatic, and they were glad to be quit of him; so they set him at liberty, with an injunction to pay the honest lady her damages, lest a worse thing should befall him; but to this behest he swore a great and blasphemous oath, that he never would comply, and away he rode, his heart burning with vengeance against Grizel.

Being in that vicinity one night, and greatly inebriated, such was

his malice, that he determined to go and fasten the door outside, and burn Grizel and her imps, and great wealth, all to ashes. She had some young people with her that night to have their fortunes read, with whom she and her imps were amusing themselves prodigiously, by working on their terrors and superstitions; for the imps appeared to them in the persons of their various sweethearts, filling them with astonishment. The scene was highly poetical, and would have been much more so, had Grizel not manifestly been labouring under some forebodings of evil. At length, about midnight, she got the young people to assist her in conveying some of her valuables through the private door into the vault of the Peel, for he said she dreaded there would be an attempt to break up her house that night. The cottage was then darkened, while she and her gossips continued to watch the issue, either from the Peel, or within. A little after midnight, the inebriated drover came, and set it on fire, and, it being thatched, was soon all in a blaze. The party were just about to seize him, when, to their horror, a dreadful apparition came running at him, with a long purple weapon, as if it had been redhot, and dyed with blood. Sir John fled, roaring out in dreadful dismay, the apparition following close behind him, and round the flame and round the flame the one ran, and the other pursuing hard after him. The culprit never let one bellow abide another, until his breath was exhausted, that he could roar no longer, but only utter short barks, like those of a mastiff dog half choaked. At length they plunged away into the darkness, and the watchers saw no more of them, but heard now and then an agonized shriek, which at length died away, either in death or in distance.

Among the on-lookers there was none so much affected at this terrific scene as Grizel herself. Her young visitors deemed all the while it was some cantrip of her own to punish an incendiary, and on that account, having her for their friend, they were not greatly afraid. But when they saw her in such terror it spread among them like an infection, and they were all so benumbed with fear that they made no effort to extinguish the flames; the cottage was burnt to ashes.

Sir John reached the old laird of Peel's house in the morning before day, in a state of utter distraction. His speech was quite incoherent, and he talked of having committed a murder, but never of fire-raising. Word, however, came, of the deed he had perpetrated, early in the morning, and he was secured, and again carried to jail. The proofs of wilful fire-raising were now so cogent as to leave no doubt in the minds of the judges, his former malevolence kept in view, and he was consequently condemned, and left for execution. Nevertheless, for all that his ghostly comforters could say to him, he never would

believe that he was really to suffer. He would acknowledge as oft as they desired him, that he deserved death. "Buot wuat," he said, "fwor bworning a beet of a thwakit hooase, and that belwonging to a woatch, too. It would be out of all courhse of rheason to take a brhaw fellow's life fworh that."

In this principle he continued till the last day of his life; but once when asked, "If he knew any thing regarding the apparition that was said to have appeared to him during the last desperate act of his life?" he answered that "he knew too well about it, but that was between the devil and himself, and no other man had any thing to do with it." The clergymen continued to visit him, and pray with him, but they ceased asking him any questions, on account of the depraved answers they received.

The night before his execution, however, he sent for Mr Dickson, shortly after he had left him, and then for the first time appeared in a humble frame of mind. He there and then made the following confession to him, as nearly as Mr Dickson could make it out of his broad uncultivated dialect.

"There is one little circumstance, sir, which I must account to you for, and for which I am both sorry and afraid to die. It is not for burning the witch's cottage, for of that I in nowise repent me. I only wish she had been in the midst of it, for she deserved it all; and if that woman is not yet brought to the stake and burnt to a cinder, she does not get justice, and this I say and swear to you, on the prospect of instant death.

"You did not know my brother-in-law, James Armstrong. But it is no matter. He was another than a good one, that you may depend on. As great a blackguard, between you and me, as strode between the sea and the sun; yet with all his cheating, he did no good, either to himself or any other body, but ruined every one connected with him. For, you see, sir, he ventured far above his capital in the droving, and I for one always supported his credit, until I found myself so deeply in that I could never get out again; for, the moment that I withdrew my support, then he would break, and deprive me of every farthing I ever possessed.

"So, there was one time, about five years ago, which you will remember very well, we lifted conjunctly an immense number of valuable beasts in Galloway and Dumfries-shires, and drove them to the far south markets, where we sold them at a disadvantage. I then saw that we must go down, and was very much disheartened, and in coming by St Faith's, a gentleman, a stranger, came up with me, and we talked about indifferent matters. At length he asked me if I knew

an extensive drover of the name of James Armstrong? I said I knew him a little, having had some few transactions with him. 'He must be a bad-hearted fellow, and a great rascal,' said he, 'for he has just entered into an engagement with another fellow of the same stamp to go off to America instantly together, and leave all their friends in the lurch. It being known that I meant to go there to purchase land this year, his associate applied to me to join them; but coming to the knowledge of their plan of robbery—for what is it else?—I eluded them; and now being in possession of their secret, I judge my life not over safe, and am making out of the way as fast as I can. But I wish from my heart they may be found out; and if you meet any of Armstrong's friends, you may warn them to look to themselves.'

"With that he rode off to the eastward at full gallop, and left me in the gall of bitterness, my heart being inflamed with the most deadly determinations. I know not who this man was, never having even asked his name. I have had many strong misgivings since that he was the devil, but I was too long of suspecting it, else I declare I would have acted with more caution.

"On coming to the inn where my brother-in-law and I were to meet, he had not arrived, and I would have concluded he was off, had not the best half of the bills been in my hand. I spent, however, a most unhappy day, not knowing what to do, but determined to prevent his escape: towards the evening he arrived, and appeared in a terrible bustle. 'Come, now, dear brother Jack,' says he, 'you must indorse all your bills over to me, for I find there are some birds of passage after us, and I must have them all transformed to cash as fast as possible.'

"'I'll be — if I will!' says I.

"'What do you mean?' says he.

"'Nay, what do you mean?' says I, 'for your meaning is beyond my comprehension. It would be much more conformable to reason that you should indorse all yours over to me, considering how deeply I am involved with you.'

"'That is all very true, Jack,' returned he; 'but you know we must now stand or fall together, and there is nothing for it but placing unlimited confidence in one another. Now you know I have some transactions to settle at Ashton, and you must really, for both our credits, indorse me over these few bills; you know I will give you a good account of them.'

"'We'll talk about it as we ride onward,' said I; so we rode away; and when I got him fairly out on the fells, I told him a piece of my mind, charging him with his intended villainy. He denied it with the most hideous oaths and curses upon himself if he intended any such

thing; but his violence confirmed my suspicion; and I said, 'James, I am informed of the whole plot, and as you know your whole debts will land upon me and your unfortunate wife, my sister, all that I ask is, that you will put me in possession of the whole of the bills and money that are in your possession, and I promise to stand by you as long as there is a halfpenny in my purse, or a button on my waistcoat.'

"I'll be — if I will, to one whom I have known to be a knave from his cradle!" said he. And turning off to the left, right across the moor, he set off at the full gallop. I pursued him, and for a good while was scarcely able to keep sight of him, but on coming into a morass he bogged his horse, on which he flung himself from his back and ran. I kept my horse, and holding a little to the left, I escaped the flowe, and soon made up to him, calling him to stop, but he only ran the faster, and making for some more broken and boggy ground, he called out, 'Murder!' on which I was so irritated, that I pulled out my pistol and shot him.

"What a hideous night that was, for the poor fellow was not dead, though past all possibility of recovery, being shot through the body! But he denied all intentions of flying the country to the very last; gave me up all his money and bills, and pleaded hard with me still to save his life, but that was out of the question. So, to make a long tale short, there I murdered and buried him; and the word of his flight to America spunking out, which I helped well, and his horse being found going at large, saddled and bridled, the tale was implicitly believed. The creditors pitied me exceedingly, and took what terms I offered them, accounting them liberal, all things considered.

"And now, sir, this is the small business which I wished to confide to you. Here is a list of all the debts due to me and the sureties. They amount to a good sum, and I bequeath them all to my sister, Mrs Armstrong, and her family. But if you would be so kind as transmit to her in small annuities, as if sent by her husband from America, it would give her heart's ease, poor creature. When I was giving Armstrong his last wounds, which you know I was obliged to do out of pity, he cried out, 'Oh, you wretch! you murderer! you hell-hound! I will see you once in life yet, and hunt you out of this world!' and he has kept his word with me, the villain, the only time he ever kept it to me that I remember of.

"And now, sir, I have said all that ever I will say, and made all the confession that I ever will make."

The wretch was executed the next day, and Grizel Graham and two beautiful nymphs were stationed in a window close by, looking on.

PART II

GRIZEL'S cottage soon rose anew, on the same site, in a more elegant form; and this time it was slated, to insure it against the fire of an incendiary from without. It was long before any more tragic events were imputed to her. Hers was the abode of song, of fortune-telling, and of good cheer; and every one, both old and young, was rather fond of visiting Grizel, and of listening to her answers in rhymes and chants, borrowed from books, as they supposed, of profound necromancy. The old Laird of Peel, her landlord, having had his house broken, and his purse stolen, applied to her directly; and as he suspected a kinsman, to whom he had been more than ordinarily kind, he was very anxious to get some hint on that head, which he intended to improve to the utmost. Grizel and her familiars got a good deal of amusement with him. She knew him well. He was conscientious and honest; but withal so wedded to the attainment of wealth, that that was his ruling passion. So she made him recite mysterious speeches after her, and sing songs, to charm the spirits that were to give him the intelligence he wanted, which he did with scrupulous hesitation. But still she pretended that they were wanting, but would arrive the next charm; and so eager was the laird to regain his purse, and discover the perpetrator of the crime, that he remained with Grizel, trying one cantrip after another, for a summer night. The following song and speech are preserved as part of the enchantments used that night; and it is only for these scraps that the legend is worth preserving.

"Now, laird, you must sing a song, word for word after me," said Grizel; "and you must not only do that, but you must sing it to the same air, and take the same position."

"Od, I'll try't, if there's nae blasphemy nor ill words in't, nor ought that may gar a body sin away his salvation: for od, ye see, my gear's a' honestly won, Mrs Grizel, an' I wad do a good deal to get it back again. An' no only that, but to see the rascally face o' the villain that took it frae me. I ken wha it is, but I hae nae proof o't. But oh wad ye skelp an' scourge him wi' the taws o' hell till he be glad to gie it up again, I wad be i' your debt mair than I'll name!"

"Well, then, say as I say, and do as I do, laird, and your account with me shall be easily settled." She then took a theatrical position, with her face and one hand raised, the other pointing downward. The laird took the same. Nothing was ever more ludicrous, and they sung the following canzonet, two lines at a time.

"Hear'st thou, hear'st thou, lightsome liver,
 Sweet little spirit of cottage and grove?
 Thine are the eyelids that close them never,
 Thine the delights of fervour and love.
 Come without charm or spell,
 Come from the haunted dell;
 Come at the call of thy mistress and me,
 And thine be the unguous part,
 Sphere of the honest heart—
 Grateful and faithful thy suppliants shall be."

At every one of the laird's grand recitals, a shrill, wild laugh ran through the rigging of the cot, yet he kept his position wonderfully, in spite of the interruptions, until the end, and then he broke out with, "Od, wha's a' thae creatures ye keep i' the house wi' ye? I can see nought but a bit stray burdie or twa, and yet the house seems to be stockit wi' some kind o' beings. Od, Mrs Grizel, I'm no very sure about this place, and thae cantrips. Ye dinna mean in your sang to say that we pledge our hearts to ony spirit for the information we want?"

"If a *man* will not risk something, laird, for the recovery of his property, how can he expect that a weak woman will do it?"

"Od, that's very true too. There's common sense there. As lang as ye dinna bid me sup ony hotter kail than you do yoursell, it's but right that I follow you up. Go on, then, for I'm sure the creatures are come now—I ken by the fine flavour that's wauffing through the house."

"Then recite, line by line, after me, and be sure to rise in vehemence and passion to the end." The two then recited the following sublime incantation:

"By all the spirits of wild and wood,
 All that haunt the frith and flood,
 All that descend from the ether blue,
 To pipe and dance on the midnight dew,
 Or wheel their saraband, and sing 5
 In the circle of the dark green ring;
 But from none of those do we conjure power
 That ever bent the daisy flower,
 That ever left trace on the green behind,
 Or a tint upon the tassell'd wind. 10
 By all the mighty shades that sail
 At midnight on the moaning gale;
 Or show their forms to the visionist

From windows of the clouds of mist;
 By the polar spirit's hideous form, 15
 That rides the whirlwind and the storm,
 Or splits the livid bolt asunder,
 And rolls the chariot of the thunder;
 By all the guardian spirits' might,
 That watch the good man's home by night, 20
 Or leave the radiant walks above,
 To guard the virgin's bower of love,
 Or with virtue's fragrance load the breeze
 Of all she breathes, or hears, or sees;
 By all the spirits of thrift and thrall, 25
 And by him that made and controls them all,
 We charge thee, sinner, in mandate brief,
 We charge thee, housebreaker and thief,
 Whether thou comest by air or earth,
 Flood, fire, or elemental birth, 30
 Hear, and appear at our command,
 With the stolen treasure in thy hand."

The laird shouted out the last couplet at the height of his voice, and then added, "Ay, od that's right, Mrs Grizel, that's right! Haud him at it, the villain. That's the only sensible part o' the rhame. Bring him up! bring him up wi' the hale purse in his hand, every bodle. Ay, though I should gie you the half o't to yoursell. But, od one's never sure o' himsell in this place. Whaten twa bits o' cats are these twa now, wi' the lang lugs an' the red een? Are they real rabbits, or fairies?"

"Ask them—they will tell you."

"Od, can they speak? Gudeness preserve us! then they're nae cannie creatures. But I'm fear'd. They can do me nae ill? Whaten twa bits o' bonnie creatures are ye, wi' your red sharp-looking een that glimmer as gin they wad look through a body." The tiny creatures then danced a saraband round the laird, and sung, in answer to his question,

"Whiles we are birds upon the tree,
 Whiles we are maidens as you may see,
 Whiles we are larks that skim the sky,
 Now we are sister Penny and I."

"Did ever ony living hear or see the like o' that!" exclaimed the laird. "Sweet little, queer little creatures! Another lilt, gin it be your will." They danced round the laird, and sung again.

“Little ken ye where we have been,
Little ken ye what we have seen,
A rogue and a thief a-kneeling his lane,
Praying aloud at an auld gray stane.”

“Ay, then I ken weel wha it is by the praying!” said the laird; “prime at that, the villain! Progg him on! Will he no come ony farther?”

“Ah! if you knew but what he is suffering just now,” said Grizel, “you would be sorry for him! Although it is no more than he deserves. Come? Ay, he’ll be blithe to come, and give up the stolen treasure, too. Hark! I hear him roaring already.”

“Ay, that’s his yowl! I ken it brawly. They are pricking him, and pinking him now. Well done, little cutties!” As the laird was clapping his hands and rejoicing, in rushed his relative, the very man he suspected, with a countenance of terror. He held up the stolen pocket-book in the one hand, and with the other he presented a cocked pistol at the laird. In the meantime he appeared to be streaming with blood, and was roaring out with pain and fury. It was a most frightful apparition, and appalled the laird in no ordinary degree. He banged in behind Grizel, crying out, “Od, haud him! od, haud him! Haud the villain, else I’m gone!” Grizel then seized on the ruffian, or rather the apparition, and held him as easily as he had been a child, repeating some charm that the laird did not understand.

“Ay, od that’s weel done! Haud the villain! and secure the purse! By a’ means keep a good grip o’ the purse, and gar him account for it, ilka plack.”

While the laird was in the midst of his directions, a flash of dim lightning filled the house, and a loud clap, as of an explosion, was heard. It was momentary; but the laird was both blinded and stupified; and when he came to himself again, thief and purse and all were gone, at which he felt ludicrously disappointed. But Grizel, after entertaining him with her best viands and songs till the break of day, then told him a certain spot where he would find his stolen property returned, all save forty shillings, which he found accordingly. I remember, that on hearing this tale first told, people laughed at it, and said it was no more than a dream that the laird had.

But this is certain, that he always attributed it to Grizel, and accounted himself obliged to her all his life, both for the discovery of the thief, and the recovery of the stolen treasure. He returned home that morning, with his money in his pocket, a right happy man, saying to himself, “Od, I’ll ken after this wha to take ben the house, an’ wha to leave sittin at the kitchen fire. He’ll be hanged yet, the hash, but

od it sanna be by me.”

Grizel, many years subsequent to this, was blamed for frightening some young maidens out of their wits, and of being the death of one very amiable girl, by showing her a coffin with her name and age upon it, instead of a husband; but I have recorded this singular event somewhere else.

In short, no one knows to this day what sort of a being Grizel was; but there is little doubt that, had she lived a century earlier, she would have been burnt; and yet few people were said to live more cheerful and happy. She never was within the door of a church, for she mocked at our religious tenets; but it was supposed she had a religion of her own, for she read much and sung more. But her death was the most mysterious event of all. She was found lying dead on her own cottage hearth, her body much mangled, and every bone out of joint. The legends that remain of her death-wake and funeral, are too extravagant even for my pen.

THE EDINBURGH EVENING WEEKLY CHRONICLE

Border Games

From a Correspondent

On Thursday, the 17th. those celebrated games took place at Mount Benger on Yarrow. The day proved exceedingly unfavourable, as the wind blew a hurricane, mixed with bitter showers of sleet, and of course the numbers assembled were fewer than usual. There were no ladies and few gentlemen, but plenty of country lasses, agile youths, and grey-headed hinds and shepherds—the latter still intent on viewing the feats in which they once excelled.

The sports commenced as usual with hop-step-and-leap—nine competitors, each being allowed five trials. When they were done, Mr. Archibald Glendinning and George Laidlaw were equal (or elieds, as it is called), on which each of the two victors were allowed other two leaps on new ground. Mr. Glendinning then fairly won. The distance gained was forty-four feet nine inches.

The second was throwing the light cannon ball, sixteen pounds. It was won by George Laidlaw, shepherd to Mr Bryden, Crosslee. The distance gained was thirty-two feet, five inches.

The third was throwing the heavy ball, twenty-four pounds. It was won by William Goodfellow in Mount Benger. The distance gained was thirty-eight feet ten inches. The putting was from behind a dyke on a level plain, and certainly about the best throws measured at these games.

The fourth was a foot race of seven hundred and twenty yards. It was gained with ease by George Laidlaw, the same who won the first prize at putting.

The fifth was a foot race of the same distance. Won by Thomas Douglas, shepherd in Glen-Kerry:—A fine race.

The sixth was a foot race of the same distance: Gained by Walter Scott, shepherd to Mr. Anderson of Sundhope.

The seventh was the high leap, and was gained by James Welch, Hangingshaw, but the height was not ascertained. When our reporter asked the judges the height gained, they answered that it was the height

of the *sixth button*, meaning, we suppose, the sixth of a man's breast.

The eighth was wrestling for a silver medal. There were thirty-two competitors, and the sport was excellent. The best exhibitions were those between young men of great agility and little science, with whom the contests were desperate and prolonged. It was at last gained by William Clerk, ploughman to Mr. Scott of Leadhope, though there is no doubt that there were many stronger men and better wrestlers on the field.

The ninth was also wrestling—sixteen competitors, but there were sundry false throws, and the prize not so well contested as the first. It was won by Andrew Matthison, a young day labourer.

There being none of the heroes at hammer throwing present, and the day far spent, the games were given up. There were five prizes won by the Yarrow men, three by those of Ettrick, and one went to Eskdale.

The ball was then thrown up by the Ettrick Shepherd, among shouting multitudes. The first game was a beautiful one, and hardly contested, but was finally won by the Yarrow men, the lads of Ettrick, who are always deemed the best players, being rather overborne by numbers this year.

The second game was also won by the Yarrow people, by one of those chance escapes that often spoil the sport, and which settled the fortune of the day by the best of three. These are the original border games of the south, and have been kept alive by Mr. Hogg's exertions alone, in Ettrick and Yarrow for a space of nearly forty years. The club has no member but himself, and is now regarded merely as a ramification of the great St. Ronan's Border Club.

PRIZE ESSAYS AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND

Statistics of Selkirkshire

By Mr James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd"

Names and Etymologies.—The name of the pastoral stream from which this county derives its appellation of ETTRICK FOREST, is manifestly of Celtic origin. In old deeds and charters it is first found written *Alterick*, then *Atterick*, and finally *Ettrick*. *Alterick*, which is really as good Gaelic as a borderer could spell *Alt-Ericht*, signifies the rising stream, or stream of the rapid ascent; and on tracing it from its junction with the Tweed westward to its source, no term could be more appropriate. It runs only thirty miles in all, in a north-easterly direction, and yet the uppermost farm-house on its banks stands 1212 feet above tide-mark. Indeed the upper division of Ettrick is supposed to be the most elevated pasture-land in Scotland, speaking of the bed of the river, with the exception of the Athol Garry.

The name of the sister stream Yarrow is likewise from the same language, and nearly synonymous. It was originally *Garve*, in the Celtic spelled *Garubh*. Now it is found spelled *Garof* in the chartularies of Melrose at an early date, which, like the other, is almost literal. It was then softened down by the Saxon language to *Zarof*, and ultimately to *Yarrow*. The original term signifies rough or rugged, and is highly applicable to the river. Of these two derivations there remains no shadow of doubt.

Tyma, a river that joins the Ettrick from the south, near to the parish church, appears to have had its name also direct from the Gaelic *Tìamaidh*, meaning gloomy or solitary, than which term nothing can be more strikingly descriptive of this wild and remote river, on which, before the new road was lately made along its side, from the bottom to the top, there was not one cheering spot to relieve the eye from the sombre gloom of the glen. There was not even the least mark of cultivation bespeaking it an inhabited country. Dalglish, the name

of a large farm on this river, is likewise Gaelic; *Dal-glas* signifying the grey haugh or valley.

Rankle-burn, a parallel river with Tyma, has a compound name like many others, of Gaelic and Saxon, which signifies the ferny or brakeny glen (*Rainaichal*); while Meggat is likewise supposed to be from the Gaelic word *Magudh*, a place of echoes or mocking, and its rocks, not to speak of its woods, which, though renowned in tradition, have now no existence, render the name boldly descriptive. This district was anciently called Rodonno, which term I do not comprehend, if it was not from *Righ* and *dun*, the King's Fortress. And here the kings of Scotland had a hunting-seat for centuries, the ruins of which are still extant. It has consisted of two strong towers, and a court between them. All these etymologies plainly attest that the country had been originally inhabited by a tribe of Celts or ancient Britons.

Extent, Form, and Boundaries.—This celebrated classical district is so irregular in its outline, that it is impossible to describe its form. A view of the county map will shew that it is shaped somewhat like the Island of Skye, and indented in the same way with the surrounding counties as Skye is by the ocean. I once heard a Skye-man say, that rather than go round that island following all its inlets, he would go round the world; and though I would not go this length with regard to the county of Selkirk, yet I aver that, before a man should follow the whole of its outline on foot, he might sooner sail round Britain. In some instances he would have forty miles to walk without advancing two. It is only possible to account for this fantastical and interminable division, by supposing that all these isolated parts had formed portions of the ancient Royal Forest, which their wild and rugged character seems to justify. It is altogether thirty miles long, and from ten to twenty broad, and contains, as nearly as can be calculated, an area of 270 miles. But as Meggat-dale naturally belongs to this district, the river forming a branch of the Yarrow, and the whole having been included in the ancient hunting-forest of the kings; therefore, though now politically attached to Peebles-shire, it belongs to the same pastoral range with Ettrick and Yarrow, and I include it in the description.

Mountains.—These do not properly belong to my sphere, they being treated of in every county survey and gazetteer of the country. Neither should they have been mentioned here, had not the statements given of many of them by the county surveyors been so totally at variance with every thing like truth. This will appear self-evident, if we look in Dumfriesshire at the height given of the Pen of Eskdale Moor, and in Selkirkshire for Ettrick Pen (the same mountain), and see how they

coincide. Or look at Hartfeldt in the former county, and the same mountain in Tweeddale, and it will be seen there is a difference of 1100 feet in the height specified, rather a fair height for a Tweeddale hill altogether. Besides these, I could adduce many more absurdities of the same sort, which are dogmatically given in the encyclopedias as matters to be depended on, whereas another leaf gives them the lie.

As to the real heights of any one of these mountains above the sea, I can only take some one of the surveyors' words which I deem the nearest to the truth. But as to the relative heights of the several mountains of any district, these are as well known to the old shepherds and farmers as the relative heights of any person's nearest friends are known to him. They are easily distinguished from the phenomena of nature, both in summer and winter,—as well as looking over the country from different quarters, in which case the practised eye cannot be mistaken.

The mountain, then, that is by far the highest of the surrounding district is the White Coom of Polmoody, which rises in the immediate neighbourhood of the boundary of Selkirkshire on the west, though not touching it. It is the highest in the south of Scotland. From east, west, north, and south, it is seen with its broad head, like Ben-Nevis in the north, rising above all its brethren. The view from this mountain is prodigious, and not to be equalled in Scotland, excepting that from Ben-Lomond, in richness and variety. The Friths of Forth, Clyde, and Solway are all in view, and it is said the sea at Berwick, though I never could distinguish it. The whole range of the Grampians from Ben-Lomond to Ben-Voirlich is seen; the Cheviot Hills on the east borders; all the high mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the Isle of Man, Arran, and the intermediate mountains of Galloway, Ayrshire, and Nithsdale, rising behind each other like waves of a stormy sea. It is said that fifty towns are seen from it, which I doubt; but I have no doubt that it may be seen from fifty towns. If Dr Walker's measurement of Hartfeldt be at all correct, which I likewise doubt, then White Coom is precisely 4040 feet above the Solway, for the difference of their elevation was ascertained last year by Mr Johnston. The hills of the next great range are all on a par in point of elevation, or so near it, that every shepherd accounts his own the highest. These are, Winterhope Height, Broad Law, Black Doddy, Crawmel Craig, Dunse Law, Dollar Law, Blaik Law, Black Cleuch Head, and Windlestraw Law, all approximating to the same height, and averaging about 3400 feet, forming an immense range of southern Grampians, with White Coom and Hartfeldt at the head of them.

The next in degree are Ettrick-Pen, Andro-Whinny, Ward-Law,

White-Wuss, Mount-Benger, Minch-Moor, and Hangingshaw Law of Elibank. All these are on a par in height, and average about 2200 feet above tide-mark. From these they degenerate into the common green dumpling-looking hills, so common in the forest, and generally named Laws, from the Gaelic word *lagh* (a bent bow), to the form of which the outline of every one of them bears a resemblance. This minute description of the ranges and heights of the mountains, will give the stranger some idea of the face and appearance of this famed pastoral country.

Lakes and Rivers.—The only lakes in the country are St Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, lying both close together, and famed for the angler's sport and the stillness and pastoral beauty of the surrounding scenery. But they are now so well known as not to require any particular notice here; and whoever wishes to read a graphic description of them, such as never will be equalled, let him turn up Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto II.

Loch Skene lies close on the border of the ancient forest, but is all within the lordship of Annandale. There are likewise a number of large but abominable lakes in the south-east division of the county, discharging themselves into the river Ale. The largest of these is Hellmoor Loch! What a horrible name! Yet it is scarcely worse than the appearance of the lake itself. But there are nine of them, all much of a piece in ugliness, surrounded with interminable morasses, and filled with voracious pike. There is very little good trout-angling amongst them all save in Clearburn Loch, and the less that is said of them the better.

The rivers are Ettrick, Yarrow, Tweed, and Gala-water, besides the smaller ones, whose etymologies were given before. What a world of pastoral allusions these names alone recall to the lovers of Scottish song! Ettrick rises on the lands of Pott of Pott-Burn, four miles and a half to the south-east of Moffat, and running thirty miles, falls into the Tweed a little to the west of Abbotsford. Its first seven miles are excellent pasture land, but lie extremely high, and have no valleys. Its next seven miles, including the vales of Thirlestane and Ettrickhall, are a highland dale of great beauty. Its next seven miles are bare-looking, and any thing but beautiful and picturesque. But its lowest seven miles are the richest of all.

The two uppermost branches of the Yarrow both rise near Loch Skene, one of them within a bow-shot of it. The one of these merges in the Meggat, the principal branch of the Yarrow, and the other in the south water of Chapel-Hope, sometimes denominated Little

Yarrow. Both these branches run into the lochs, and combined they form the Yarrow, which flows out of these and joins the sister stream below Bowhill, after a course of twenty-five miles from its source, and fourteen from St Mary's Lake.

Meggat-dale is wholly a pastoral district. Its hills are dark, high, and shaggy in appearance, yet there is no better or surer sheep-land in Scotland. All the land round the lochs is likewise exclusively pastoral, but the holms of Yarrow, from the lake downward, are well cultivated, although much of the district is an indifferent soil, being mixed with water-gravel.

About the lakes the scenery is good. In the middle division, like the Ettrick, it is exceedingly bare and plain-looking, but the banks in the lower division cannot be excelled in beauty. The agriculture of both valleys is carried on in the most improved modern system, generally by the five-shift rotation, but wheat can only be raised in the eastern division of the county, and even there on a circumscribed scale. There are no fiars for it.

The Tweed intersects the county for ten miles of its wildest and most romantic course, from the march of Caberstan below Innerleithen to that of Nether Barns near Abbotsford; and the Gala forms the east boundary to the north-east separating the county from Roxburghshire. The rivers Borthwick and Ale are likewise partly in the county, but do not properly belong to it, and of these detached parts there is nothing particular that can be advanced.

Woods and Forests.—It appears manifest, that anciently Selkirkshire consisted of two royal forests, the Forest of Ettrick and the Forest of Selkirk, for, in the accounts of their teinds to the Abbeys of Melrose and Paisley, they are sundry times distinctly stated. The forest of Selkirk is supposed to have included all that wild range of country from Philliphaugh to Caddenhead, and the forest of Ettrick to have included the two pastoral rivers, with all their tributary streams, and the lands around them.

There are few marks remaining of the ancient woods with which the district is believed to have been covered, and of which unequivocal marks remain in every morass and bog, besides others which fall afterwards to be noticed. The upper parts of the county are, indeed, quite bare of natural wood, it being wholly a pastoral country, and nothing else. About the borders of St Mary's Loch, indeed, a few straggling old trees and ancient thorns remain to mark where a forest has once been; lower down, however, on the banks of the Ettrick and Yarrow, as well as at Yair and Elibank, considerable remnants of the

ancient woods remain.

But of modern plantations there are many, all of which are in a thriving and prosperous state, proving that wood was an indigenous production of the soil. The late Duke Charles of Buccleuch planted liberally, but confined his operations too exclusively to the vicinity of Bowhill, his favourite residence. But the hills of Ettrick Forest are so green, and form such excellent ranges of sheep pasture, that plantations of any great extent would appear in the eyes of the farmer a grievous encroachment. Yet, for the sake of beautifying that wild and far-famed country, the present Duke should submit to a little temporary loss by planting liberally, which, in the course of a few years, would greatly ornament his two pastoral rivers, and ultimately enhance the value of his property materially. On Yarrow, in particular, there are several points so singularly calculated to beautify the ride from Bowhill to St Mary's Lake, that it is wonderful they never attracted the notice of these liberal and spirited noblemen. And there ought, by all means, to be a large forest at the lochs.

The present Lord Napier no sooner came home to reside in Ettrick then he began planting with a liberal hand, and that, too, in the upper parts of the district, where wood was most wanted. It is truly astonishing what his efforts have effected in so short a time. They have beautified the country exceedingly. The fine old woods of Hangingshaw have likewise been well flanked with young ones by Johnstone of Alva. Boyd of Broadmeadows has done his part adjoining these; so have all the Pringles on their lands of very ancient inheritance in the eastern parts of the country.

Roads.—The ancient roads of the county are a great curiosity. They are generally termed Thief roads, or King's roads, as if the terms had formerly been synonymous. They are uniformly made along the ridges of hills, and appear in many instances to have been formed with great labour, morasses being cut through to the bottom, and the stony channels laid bare; rocks splintered, and broad roads cast, winding up steeps to gain the level or slanting height; whereas, in all the valleys and hollows, there was not a vestige of a road formed before the middle of the last century, a clear manifestation that the country had not only been formerly covered with forest-trees, but overrun with underwood, which had rendered it impervious to travellers, the hollow ways and openings being the paths naturally followed, if at all passable.

Of those ancient king's roads there have been astonishing numbers. Traces of them may be seen almost on every ridge of hills leading from south to north, but in no other direction. A few of them are still kept

open as travelling paths, which may not be shut up, such as one over Minch-moor, one over Whitehope-ridge, and one over the Kirk-ridge of Traquair. But the most ample and curious one is that from Nidpath Castle at Peebles into the Royal Forest, along the heights of Newby and Glenrath, and must have been that on which the royal train passed to the hunting; but since that day it has lain in total desuetude, not having been formed for answering any other purpose.

So late as the year 1788, there was not a single carriage-road through the county, save the London mail road, that intersects a part of it by Selkirk. There were a few narrow paths, formed here and there, leading to gentlemen's houses, but no communication through the county with any other. In that year, there was a mutual agreement between the counties of Dumfries and Selkirk, to open a communication between the latter town and Moffat, nature having there formed a fine natural opening. The scheme being a grand one, and promising many advantages, it was begun with energy on both sides, and soon finished. But such a road! Why, imagination could not have conceived such a line of communication unless in ridicule of human judgment. It is still traceable, and whenever looked at must excite a smile of pity, if not of derision, at the absurdity of the last generation. The survey of the Ettrick and Yarrow division deserves to be kept on record, it was so excellent. Mr Adam Laidlaw was road-surveyor for the county then, and a set of experienced pioneers came and contracted for eight miles of the road upon the ground, and after a deal of wriggling, the bargain was closed *at fourteen pence per rood of seven yards!* for forming, finishing and altogether.—“Think of that, Mr Brook.” Then, after the bargain was struck, the head contractor said to Mr Laidlaw, “Now, are we to follow the old footpath all the way, or will you not rather mark out a better line?”

“What it behoves you to do is this,” answered Laidlaw; “wherever the old path is the best line, follow it. But when you can get a better, take that.” “Very well, Sir,” said the contractor, “that’s quite sufficient;” and this was the whole of the survey made of these eight miles. The men of course took always the line that was easiest made, up hill and down hill, it was all the same to them. Laidlaw swore terribly at some of the abrupt ascents afterwards, when it was out of time.

But the roads and bridges were never put into a complete state of repair, till the present Lord Napier settled in the country; and to his perseverance Ettrick Forest is indebted for the excellence of her roads, now laid out and finished in every practicable direction, as well as for many other valuable improvements. With an indomitable spirit of perseverance, he has persisted against much obloquy and vituperation,

and from none more than the writer of this article. But, honour to whom honour is due, Lord Napier has effected wonders, and the late impervious Ettrick Forest may compare in the beauty and efficiency of her roads, with any mountain district in the united kingdom.

Improvements, Ancient and Modern.—The forest of Ettrick continued a hunting station of the kings of Scotland from the days of Alexander the Third to those of Queen Mary Stuart, who was the last sovereign that visited it, and who remained a few days there principally on account of some silver mines which her people were then working at Glengaber, near St Mary's Loch, of which a printed account is still extant, written by Bulmer, her chief miner, who appears to have been the original of the celebrated Dousterswivel. But by some means or other, the Douglasses and other feudal lords had taken the whole of the revenues of the forest into their hands, for the space of 200 years. In 1503, however, James the Fourth resumed his royal rights over the district, took it all again into his own hands, stocked it with 20,000 sheep, and endowed his queen, the Lady Margaret of England, with the whole of the revenues thereof, together with the castles and manors of Selkirk and Newark; and thus began the first attempt at improvement in Selkirkshire, by a brave and beloved sovereign, whose temerity afterwards cost the natives so dear. It is quite apparent, that before this period the forest was never occupied as a sheep country. The revenues of the Abbeys of Melrose and Paisley derived from it were extensive, but paid in deer, oxen, capons, and victual. James stocked it with 20,000 black-faced sheep, which were not the indigenous breed of the Scottish Lowlands, but from that period continued to be termed the Forest-breed, till no longer bred there. Where King James could get this immense stock of sheep, at a time when sheep were so little used as a farm stock in Scotland, would be a curious inquiry, but one not likely ever to be satisfactorily answered. It has been generally supposed that he brought them from Fife, not a very likely sheep district. Pitscottie indeed says that the king got as good an account of them as if they had been pasturing on the lands of Fife; but does not say, as if they *still* had been pasturing there.

King James's sheep-farming speculation under Mr John Wood having turned out a good one, the district was by degrees wholly stocked with sheep, all from the king's breed, and continued to be stocked with the same excellent and hardy breed, until the late ruinous war prices induced the farmers to change them for finer-woolled kinds. But before we come to speak of these breeds more particularly, we must make a few remarks farther on the ancient mode of farming in that district. It having been only the middle division of the county

that the king stocked with sheep; the two Deloraines, the two Mount Bengers, and all the other farms held now by the house of Buccleuch; of course it was a long while before ancient prejudices were laid aside, and that the sheep stocks reached the outer boundaries of the county. In all the high lying grassy farms, the occupiers had shielings for the summer tending of cattle, of which there are unequivocal marks in every glen. You have the mark of the little bothy or shieling there, the small round fold for the calves, the larger one for the cows, and the little milking bught for the cross camstary ones. There you have the long ragged fence between the high and the low grounds, or between the summer and winter grazing. Within this all their arable ground was contained, spread in patches here and there, over an immense surface, and within this fence the cattle were not admitted till the harvest was over. The extent of land that had once been cultivated on these hills is truly amazing, and that before the usage of the plough was known. There are thousands of acres which must have been cultivated by the hands with mattocks of some description, on which there are no marks of the plough. Indeed, the irregular heaps of gathered stones on these parts precluded the practicability of cultivating them with the plough, while at the same time they prove that they have been under cultivation. The inhabitants appear to have been put to the hardest shifts to obtain food; for every laird was obliged to keep a number of retainers proportioned to the extent of his lands, while the subordinate occupiers of the soil held their leases on the same terms. As a natural consequence of a numerous population, cattle and tillage had long continued the principal avocations of the forest farmers; and the county all over still bears, and will bear for ever, the indubitable marks of this antique system of farming.

But the great improver of Ettrick Forest, and the greatest benefactor she ever saw, was Duke Henry of Buccleuch, grandfather to the present Duke. When that worthy and amiable nobleman came to the possession of his ample domains, he found nothing there but amplitude to recommend them, save what had been done by the hand of nature. There was not a property in Britain, no, not in the most remote Highlands, in a more deplorable situation. There seemed never to have been a single amelioration attempted on it, from the time that it had been a scene of constant warfare between the Scots and their powerful neighbours. The best farm-houses were mere hovels. There was not a single enclosure, not even a round for sheltering the flocks in a storm. There was not a thorn hedge, a planted tree, nor a surface drain, over all that extensive property. It was singular that it should have been so, but so it was, which must have been partly owing to

the confusion the family was thrown into by the death of Monmouth, and the political troubles which ensued. Francis, the second Duke, engaged keenly into politics, and at all events paid no attention to his patrimonial domains, so that the whole improvement of a valuable country was left for Duke Henry to begin. He entered upon it with a spirit and liberality unequalled in the annals of Scottish improvement; and it is needless to add, that he proved amply successful, and lived to enjoy the effects of his liberality, to see the face of that country, the prosperity of which was the highest delight of his heart, altered from a desert to a land of beauty, of profit, and of gladness. These were the halcyon days of the forest farmers, days of prosperity, which there is too much reason to fear they will never experience again; for it is easy to imagine that a proprietor who finds his rent-roll increasing even beyond his most sanguine calculation, can more naturally afford to be liberal than he who finds it decreasing in the same proportion.

I am sorry to say that improvements of utility are retrograding sadly on his Grace's lands in Selkirkshire, owing, it is said, to the nine years' leases, and no ameliorations of any kind allowed by these leases, save what the farmer pleases to lay out himself. Neither is there any remuneration allowed for these, if he is turned out or gives up at the end of the lease. So that if the sentiments of the farmers of whom I made inquiries be correct, it so happens that though his Grace has all the kindly national feelings which the best of his ancestors had, both his estate and his farmers are fast going the wrong way.

There is something peculiarly grievous and discouraging in all this, at a period so gloomy, and among a class that were wont to be envied by all the farmers of Britain. No man blames his master, for his discounts have been liberal, but all are dissatisfied, and at present greatly discouraged. Johnstone of Alva and Lord Napier again accept of yearly rents, apportioned to the sales from each farm, and thus still keep their farmers going on and contented; but a great part of his Grace's farmers have been obliged to give in, so that the present system requires to be modified.

Proprietors, Tenures, &c.—As nearly as I can calculate, from information gained on the lands, the Duke of Buccleuch possesses about one-half of the extent of the whole county, and about one-third of the rental, he having scarcely any of the eastern division, which is mostly low land and arable. Then follow Johnstone of Alva, Lord Napier, and Lord Traquair, with sixteen other proprietors, whose lands stand valued in the cess-books from L. 1000 to L. 2000 Scots. The royal possessions in the forest seem to have fallen mostly by some means

or other to the house of Buccleuch. I suppose that, on the downfall of the old feudal lords of the forest, the Douglasses, the Scotts got easy possession. Many of the smaller proprietors held their lands in feu from Melrose Abbey, and on its final breaking up remained the proprietors. But such of those as retain possession of royal lands still pay a small feu-duty to the crown, which, to the amount of L. 320, is annually collected by Lord Dunglas, the present ranger of Ettrick Forest. Several of the farms are likewise held blench of the crown, for the payment of a bow, a pair of broad arrows, a dog-leash, a rose, &c. all of which I suppose the present honourable ranger does not trouble his head about.

Present Stock of Sheep.—From the days of King James, downward to the year 1785, the black-faced or forest breed had continued to be the sole breed of sheep reared in the district, and happy had it been for the inhabitants had no other been introduced to this day. However, about that period, the farmers in the eastern division of the county began to introduce the Cheviot breed, which, for the space of ten years, continued to creep westward by slow and doubtful degrees, till the year 1796, when the demand for Cheviots began to increase so rapidly, and still to go on progressively, till it grew absolutely little better than the tulipo-mania that once seized on the Dutch. The border districts, with all their exertions, could not supply the twentieth part of the demand. There were instances of 18s. 6d. being given for second ewe lambs, and 23s. for runs off the top ones, scarcely half drawn; and for these trash the excellent black-faced native ewes descended from the royal flock were dismissed with contempt, and disposed of for a mere trifle, probably about half the price that was given for the Cheviot lambs.

The old shepherds were extremely indignant at these mad proceedings of their masters, and several of them, it was said, died out of chagrin, and raved about *the doddies*, as they called the new stock, in their last illness. They could no more live in a country in which they saw at every turn the white-faced shilpit-like wretches crawling about the laiggins of the hills, all attended to as if they had been fine ladies, and the powerful native sheep driven to the heights, and running wild like deer. They actually despised to mix with the intruders, as decidedly as hares do with rabbits, seeming not to regard them as creatures of the same species with themselves; and, when gathered to the same fold or shedding-place together, the old stock made such breaks out through the others that they run great numbers of them down.

But a number of other farmers, in order to approximate as nearly to the fashion as possible, were obliged, through their necessity, to

cross their ewes with Cheviot rams. For these latter, without doubt, they paid swinging prices, yet the expenses attending this experiment were nothing at all compared with those of the true stock, and in a few years the cross breed proved by far the best of the two. There have never been such good sheep of the white-faced breed seen on these mountains as were produced on some farms from the second to the fourth generation of these crosses, and in some instances for a year or two longer. In the course of time, however, they degenerated as the rest improved, which a cross-breed of every description will ultimately do if suffered to breed on.

It is now decidedly the opinion of experienced farmers in general, that the old black-faced breed of sheep is the best for at least one-half of the pasture lands of Scotland; provided, and be it enacted, that pains be taken to make the wool of that particular breed as fine as possibly it can be made, without a mixture with any other more delicate breed. This never has once been attempted, but precisely the reverse; for the breeds of the short or black-faced sheep, were always chosen from the roughness or shagginess of their fleeces, and always the coarser the truer was the breed held to be.

I am now going to tell the pastoral farmers what many of them will not believe, it being against both general theory and practice; it is, that the bright brocked, or black-and-white-faced ewe, with the horns turned backward, rather low at the shoulder, and having the fore-part of the fleece exceeding close and fine,—this kind, I say, which is constantly guarded against, is the heaviest, the hardest, the best nursing, and the best feeding sheep of the breed. True, they have lowish shoulders and round rumps; but these are in fashion with short ladies at present, and why not with short ewes. If these could but be supposed beauties, they are in every respect the best and most profitable stock of the breed. The fashionable breed with black faces, wheel horns, forming two-thirds of a circle, and shake-rough fleeces, is the handsomest breed, indeed the handsomest breed in the world, but in every thing else the other is their superior.

Moreover, every short stock has a propensity to turn into that shape, and particular species, and it takes more changes of rams to keep it out of a stock than is required to preserve any other breed. Whereas, were the finest woolled brocked-faced rams always selected, the best breed of sheep might be reared with wool equal in quality to the first cross between the black-faced and Cheviot breeds. It would be necessary to submit to the low shoulder and great round heck, but in all such matters utility ought to rule fashion.

With the number of sheep in the county I would not have med-

dled, had it been at all truly stated, either in the Statistical Account of Scotland, or in the late Survey of Selkirkshire, published by Oliver and Boyd; for my object in this essay is only to delineate such things as are not generally known, and have never been touched upon by any other writer. But the census of the sheep as given in both these works is so much exaggerated, that I am obliged to contradict it. For instance, the number of sheep in the parish of Yarrow alone is stated at 55,000. Would not any reader of experience start at the number and exclaim, "That is a great number indeed for a lowland parish in the small county of Selkirk!" So it certainly is, but it happens to be upwards of 20,000 too many, and must have been taken when the lambs were following their dams, which is no true census of the stock, nor is any other save exactly the winter holding. I have ascertained the numbers of wintering stock in that parish to be nearly 33,000; of these, 2000 are of the black-faced breed, resorted to again; 2000 Leicesters; and the rest of the Cheviot breed.

The parish of Ettrick, in these accounts, is stated to contain 30,000 sheep, which are likewise fully one-third overrated; so that, to come near the truth, we must subtract one-third from these accounts, which are borrowed in the one work from the other. In all other things they are pretty correct.

Cattle.—The cattle kept for domestic purposes are mostly of the short-horned breed; but small farmers and feuars prefer Ayrshire cows, as they produce more milk from the same weight of carcass, and require proportionally less food. There are consequently many crosses between this latter breed and the short-horns, and these constitute a very handsome, hardy, and useful kind of animals. The whole of the domestic class of these animals last year amounted to 3000.

But there are besides these a great number of the Highland breed grazed on the sheep-pastures, it having been found by experience, that, since the complete draining of the district, the overflow of succulent grasses is such, that, without correction, by a mixture of cattle with sheep, proportionate to the extent of drained land, the grass is totally lost, and all lodged before Lammas.

This is a wise provision of Nature, giving the farmer a chance of both kinds of stock. In all these boggy drained districts, the more cattle a farmer keeps from the beginning of May to the middle of August, the more sheep he will be enabled to keep through winter, as they make the grass and sprouts rise with a much stronger and thicker sward, and prevent them from lodging.

From Lammas forward their beneficial effects with regard to the

pasture become hardly equivocal. And though it has become customary both to winter and summer them, it has always appeared to me, that by buying them at Dumbarton, or any of the May markets, and selling them again at Burghill in autumn, a great deal of trouble and occasional loss would be saved.

Towns and Villages.—SELKIRK, the county town and only market town in the Forest, is a royal burgh of ancient erection, and celebrated of old for the valour of its inhabitants. No situation can be more beautiful and commanding than that of Selkirk, on the crown of a hill overlooking the Ettrick, and with an extensive view of the Forest hills to the westward, and those of Roxburghshire eastward, many rich vistas being interspersed among them. But as all its rights and immunities, with every minute thing relating to it, are published in the late Political Survey of the County, they lie quite out of my way; my aim being to avoid all previously published information.

I have great hopes that Selkirk will be ultimately benefited by the changes in the representation, and the choosing of burgh magistrates, for, with all its ancient honours and surrounding pastoral beauty, it was in other respects a queer place. It never having possessed any manufactory worth mentioning, save the highly estimated one of manufacturing the fourth part of a member of Parliament, it was amazing how the whole hearts and souls of the burgesses were wrapt up in that important concern, and how much ill blood it frequently engendered among them. They were generally divided into two inveterate parties, of nearly equal numbers and advantages, and it depended much on the pioneers of each party which of them carried each of the important points. And then they entered with such vehemence into the discussion of these affairs, with strangers of all descriptions, who knew nothing about them, and cared less; so that really if this change in affairs should prove of no farther advantage to Selkirk, it will at all events prevent them from making fools of themselves.

GALASHIELS is a place of far more importance to the country, and inhabited by a class of unequalled industry and perseverance; and though they have met with some severe losses, like the phoenix they arise from the ashes with fresh vigour and beauty. No account has ever been given of the extent of the Galashiels manufactories at all commensurate with the truth, but that they have increased far beyond what the most sanguine ever calculated on, is only an indefinite truism; for the fact is, that I cannot state it with certainty, nor do I think any man could, without a trouble for which the information would form no recompense, the business being separated into so many

companies, and their ramifications. The author of the Political Survey, published last year, says, with a grave face, that Galashiels consumes no less than 412 packs of wool *annually*! Had he said *weekly*, he would have been nearer the point. But I really do not know the quantity manufactured of late years; only this I know, that they consume the greater part of the wool in the country around, together with great portions of the best wool of the Borders, besides laying out thousands every year on the fine foreign wools. Of late years, indeed, when the wool became such a drug in the market, had it not been for the spirit of the Galashiels manufacturers, the farmers of Ettrick Forest might have set their potatoes with their tarry wool, for no other person would give money for it.

I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Galashiels manufacturers an honour to their country, and men who are entitled to all confidence and encouragement. For the rapid improvement that they have made, they have been a good deal indebted to their chief proprietor, Scott of Gala, who has always behaved towards them with a great deal of public spirit and liberality. But they have been far more indebted to their late pastor the Rev. Dr Douglas, and Mr George Craig. This last gentleman, being a native of Galashiels, and deeply interested in its prosperity, and being likewise Gala's factor, and the original banker of the town, has always stood a stronghold to the manufacturers in time of need. It is needless to deny that these two have been the making of Galashiels. It has lost the one, and when it loses the other, his place will never be supplied.

Local Improvements.—The Honourable Lord Napier falls to be first mentioned under this head. Indeed he is the only living proprietor who has at all exerted himself for the general improvement of the country, and suffered no local advantage, either for beauty or utility, to escape. Besides his indefatigable exertions in completing the roads already mentioned, he has raised many thriving plantations, which have quite altered the face of the wild but beautiful dale, and on a smaller scale he has also beautified the sources of the Yarrow. He has built many handsome and comfortable cottages for tradesmen and labourers, which serve both for ornament and utility. He has established sheep markets on his own land, free of all customs or expenses, at which a great deal of business is now transacted in lambs, draft-ewes, and wool, greatly to the advantage of the farmers. He has established a pastoral society for the improvement of the breed of all sorts of live stock, the effects of which, in a local point of view, have been as beneficial as those of the Highland Society in a general one.

There is an annual exhibition, and a member knows he can get a premium for superior stock of whatever description. In short, there is no nobleman or gentleman whom I know of, who has done so much for a district as Lord Napier has done, and all only from resources rather limited. He deserves well of his country; and the good that he has done for an ungrateful district shall not die with him, but shall be remembered and estimated at its full value when he is no longer to enjoy the approbation.

Ballantyne of Holylee has made a gem of a new mansion on the banks of Tweed, and when I have mentioned the late improvements made by Scott of Gala in the town of Galashiels, I may be said to have exhausted this head.

Disadvantages.—The great disadvantage under which Ettrick Forest labours, can never be removed, and therefore it is needless to regret it;—the great distance from coal and lime which in many of the southern parts of the county cannot be got nearer than forty miles, and from that to twenty. This is a great drawback, but no more can be done than has been done, if we except the finishing of one line of road, which has shamefully stuck still on entering Lothian. But as the county abounds with excellent peat-mosses, the necessity of coal is in a great measure superseded. Great exertions have likewise been made to supersede the lime by burning earth into ashes for manure; but, though it succeeded to a certain degree, it was found that the same expenses laid out on lime had a better and more permanent effect.

But the far greatest drawback on the society, elegance, and animation of Ettrick Forest, is the late wretched practice of laying it all out in led farms. In some divisions of the county, where there were of late respectable farmers, with large families, and numbers of servants and retainers, there are now nothing but a few solitary shepherds stalking over the country. This, to the elder inhabitants, who have seen and enjoyed other days, gives a prospect of desertion which is truly melancholy. To such a height has this been carried of late, that, where there are even the best farm-houses, and policies befitting gentlemen, for the miserable pittance which these farms bring more of rent, they are at once turned into led farms. There was one so let last year on which the reduction of inhabitants was thirty-five! I know five farms, all lying adjacent, on which I recollect of former inhabitants, forty-five souls of farmers, their wives, sons, and daughters, with male and female servants in proportion. There is now a solitary shepherd, or at most two in each of them. If this calls not for some legislative interference, I know not what does. There ought to be a tax laid on led

farms, equivalent at least to the advance of rent which they produce, otherwise the class of pastoral farmers must vanish from the land.

Character of the Inhabitants.—The shepherds are a most respectable and intelligent race of men; and, as far as regards the Scriptures and Church History, greatly superior to their masters. There is a singular difference between the shepherds of Ettrick parish and that of Yarrow; for it must be remembered that the inhabitants of both are principally shepherds. Those of the former are far more intelligent and dogmatic, great readers, and fond of research in history and polemical divinity. Those of Yarrow are more devout, regular, and decent in their demeanour, without any desire for reading or research at all. In Ettrick they have a well-stocked parish library, and a debating society. For Yarrow, the farmers established a library for general use; but there never was a shepherd joined it but one, and he got his share in a present. This is a singular contrast, but it has been observable for many generations, and has generally been placed to the influence of the Reverend Thomas Boston, who was minister of Ettrick for the greater part of his ministerial life, and whose energetic doctrines roused that spirit of intelligence in Ettrick, which continues to this day decidedly superior to the surrounding parishes. His memory lives embalmed in the veneration of the inhabitants, and justly so, for he impressed the hearts of their fathers with a love and a reverence for the doctrines of the Cross, for which their children still retain a strong enthusiasm. It has been the fashion for a good while past, with a certain class of professed Christians, both preachers and hearers, to sneer at the doctrines of Boston. I decidedly differ from them, and will venture to assert that there are no such fervour and strength of reasoning to be met with in any modern composition, as predominate in his. Let any person take up “The Four-fold State of Man,” and peruse seriously and without prejudice one of the divisions, or say only twenty pages at random, and he will join with me. There is even an originality of thought and expression in old Boston which are quite delightful and refreshing. He died in A. D. 1732, and of late years a neat monument has been raised over his tomb.

On the other hand, the people of Yarrow have, for the last seventy years, been in general much better supplied than Ettrick with the doctrines of Christianity. About the commencement of that period, they got the Reverend Dr Lorimer, a powerful and popular divine. Dr Cramond followed, a still more energetic preacher, and a most learned and able man. The present incumbent Dr Russel has been forty years minister of the parish; and the primitive simplicity, purity, and dig-

nity of his life and manners, as well as doctrine, have had the effect of modelling all those bred under his ministry to some resemblance of his character. Still, with all these advantages, the characters of the parishioners remain much the same, and as different as one country or colony is from another. There are no more parishes wholly within the county but these two.

Eminent Persons.—For these see Chalmers's Caledonia, the Statistical Account of Scotland, and the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; for, to copy any thing from any work extant, is not the object of this essay, but to supply desiderata where manifestly wanting. I must, however, mention two personal acquaintances connected with the county who have created a great deal of interest in the world. These are the late Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, and Sir Walter Scott, who has been Sheriff of Ettrick Forest now for thirty years. Park was born on the most romantic spot on the banks of Yarrow, in the then farm-house of Fowlshiels, which is now used as a lumber-house. I knew him partially both before he went first to Africa and after his return. When a young man he was modest and retiring with strangers, and did not speak much or freely, unless to very intimate acquaintances, with whom he was always gay. It was some time after his return to Scotland, and marriage with his first and only sweetheart, Miss Alicia Anderson, that I met with him again. He was then all good humour and glee, and his manner and address still very much like that of a superior farmer. He was tall, boardly, and muscular, the calfs of his limbs rather thin in proportion to his chest and loins. His countenance was kind and open, and altogether no person of moderate discernment could be in his company at that period without discovering that he was in the company of no ordinary man. In appearance, his brother Dr Adam Park might sit for his likeness, supposing them of the same age. His eldest son died in India, and the second perished wofully in Africa, endeavouring to trace his father's steps to the scene of his lamented death.

To speak of Sir Walter Scott as a literary man, would be the height of absurdity in a statistical writer. In that light he is known and duly appreciated over the whole world, wherever letters have found their way. But I shall say, that those who know him only by the few hundreds of volumes that he has published, know only the one half of the man, and that not the best half neither. As a friend, he is steady, candid, and sincere, expressing his sentiments freely, whether favourable or the reverse. He is no man's enemy, though he may be to his principles; and I believe that he never in his life tried to do an

individual hurt. His impartiality as a judge is so well known, that no man, either rich or poor, ever attempts to move him from the right onward path. If he have a feeling of partiality in his whole disposition, it is for the poachers and fishers, at least I know that they all think he has a fellow-feeling with them,—that he has a little of the old outlaw blood in him, and, if he had been able, would have been a desperate poacher and black-fisher. Indeed, it has been reported that when he was young he sometimes “leistered a kipper, and made a shift to shoot a moorfowl i’ the drift.”

He was uncommonly well made. I never saw a limb, loins, and shoulders so framed for immoderate strength. And, as Tom Purdie observed, “Faith, an he hadna’ been crippled he *wad* ha’e been an unlucky chap.” He is now sixty-one years of age, and hopes are entertained that he will yet recover his vigour both of body and mind.

Antiquities.—These have likewise been investigated and discussed by Sir Walter Scott in his Notes to the Border Minstrelsy, &c. and therefore one or two general remarks only remain to be made by me to complete all that can be known, for there is really little worth knowing. The most ancient castle, then, in the old forest range is that of Crawmell, on Meggat, which was a royal hunting residence long prior to the days of Robert Bruce. It is said to have been built at the same period with the castles of Nidpath and Oliver, by one of the Alexanders, kings of Scotland. The etymology of the name is doubtful, perhaps from the Gaelic *Croch-maol*, meaning the Brown Snout, which is quite applicable. There is only one baronial castle remaining, which is known to have belonged to the Douglasses, so long the hereditary lords of the forest. It is that of Blackhouse, or Douglas Burn, which differs from all the rest in its form. But the largest and strongest of these castles are those of Elibank and Newark, both built at an early period by chiefs of the Murrays. The rest of the towers, which are without number, have all been built by the Scotts during the reigns of the Jameses. The grave-stone of Cockburn of Henderland, beside St Mary’s Loch, whom King James V. hanged over the castle gate of Henderland, has a very antique appearance. It is shaped like the lid of a coffin, and the inscription, which is in Saxon characters, is across the head and down one side. “There lyis Peryis of Cockburn and Maigotlan.”

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

Emigration*

By the Ettrick Shepherd

I KNOW of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together and amusing themselves with trifles; and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew that they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attending to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of the parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks never can be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when clanship was abolished as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate.

* We willingly give insertion to this communication from Mr Hogg—for, though the prejudice of place should never interfere to a great extent with the prospects which an individual may have of bettering himself by emigration, it cannot be denied that there is a sentiment of a sacred, and, in one point of view, most useful kind, in one's attachment to his native country; which sentiment appears to us to be developed in a very touching manner by our respected correspondent.

But never till now did the brave and intelligent Borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable. The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity: in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, *Helen Douglas*, for the British settlements in America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and, I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:—

“Now, Aidie, my man, ye’re to behave yourself, and no be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin’ papplin’ ower thae manly young cheeks; for though you an’ Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an’ shield in America, in helpin’ me to clear my farm, it is out o’ my power to take ye wi’ me just now. Therefore, be good lads, an’ mind the thing that’s good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an’ be obedient to your masters; an’ the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an’ the bairns an’ me, an’ we’ll a’ work thegither to ane anither’s hands.”

“I dinna want to gang, father,” said Adam, “until I can bring something wi’ me to help you. I ken weel how ye are circumstanced, an’ how ye hae been screwed at hame. But if there’s siller to be made in

Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But aince friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gane wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd an' dee'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the *Helen Douglas* as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay, where a great number of people were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why, the poor fellows hae na left themsels a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother and me; how can they enter themsels as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination; but if any more is required, I am authorised to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened

my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independent man—at aince, tell me wha is the kind good man?—was it Mr Hogg?”

The captain shook his head. “I am debarred from telling you, Mr Haliday,” said he; “let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as *paid*.”

“I winna set my fit aff the coast o’ Scotland, sir,” said Haliday, “until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o’ an auld man’s prayers night and morning; no, I winna set a fit into the boat—I winna leave the shore o’ auld Scotland till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin’ I was born? Na, na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as weel tell me at aince.”

“Then, since I must tell you, I must,” said the captain; “it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat.”

“God bless him! God bless him!” fell, I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy, mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, “Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an’ mother sin’ the world stood up. An’ ye sall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye sall hae your siller.”

“Ay, that he sall!” exclaimed both of the young lads.

“Na, na, Aidie Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now,” said the pedlar; “d’ye ken, man, I had sundry verra strong motives for this; in the first place, I saw that you *could not* do without the lads; and mair than that, I am coming up amang’ my countrymen about New Dumfries an’ Loch Eiry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an’ I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o’ a night’s quarters. I’ll ca’ for my siller, Aidie, an’ I’m sure to get it, or value for’t; an’ if I dinna ca’ for’t, be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there’s never ony siller reaches this frae America.”

I never envied any man’s feelings more than I did the old pedlar’s that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

The Watchmaker

By the Ettrick Shepherd

DAVID DRYBURGH was the head watchmaker in the old burgh of Caverton, and a very good watchmaker he was; at least I never knew one who could better make a charge, and draw out a neat and specious bill. Every watch that went to him to clean required a new mainspring at least, and often new jewels for pivots to the fly-wheel, or a new chain or hairspring; or, if the owner had a very simple look, his watch needed all these together.

But experience teacheth fools wisdom. David, for all his good workmanship and handsome charges, never had one sixpence to polish another; so, after due consideration, he said to himself one day, "This will never do! I must have a wife! There is no respectability to be obtained in this world without a wife! No riches, no comfort, without a wife! I'll have one, if there is one to be had in this town for love or money. Money! God bless the mark! I'll not have a lady. No, no; I'll not have a lady; I never could find out what these creatures called ladies were made for. It could not be for mothers of families, for not one of them can nurse a child; and it is a queer thing if our Maker made so many handsome elegant creatures just to strum upon a piano, eat fine meat, an' wear braw claes. No, no! Before I married a lady, I would rather marry a tinkler. I'll marry Peg Ketchen. She can put a hand to every thing; and if any body can lay by something for a sore foot or a rainy day, I think Peg's that woman. I'll ask Peg! If she refuse, I have no less than I have."

David went that very evening, and opened his mind to Peg Ketchen. "Peg, I have taken it into my head to have a wife to keep me decent, sober, and respectable, and I'm going to make you the first offer."

"Thank you, sir; I'm singularly obliged to you. Only you may save yourself the trouble of making such an offer to me; for of all characters, a confirmed drunkard is the one that I dread most. You are a Sabbath-breaker; I know that. You are a profane swearer; I know that also. From these I think I could wean you; but a habitual drunkard it is out of the power of woman or man to reclaim. Oh, I would not be buckled to such a man for the world! As lang as Will Dunlop, or Jamie Inglis, or John Cheap, needed a dram, your last penny would go for it."

"It is ower true you say, Peg, my bonny woman. But ye ken I can work weel, an' charge fully as weel; an' gin ye were to take the

management o' the *proceeds*, as the writers ca't, I think things wad do better. Therefore, take a walk into the country with me on Sunday."

"Did ever ony leevin' hear the like o' that! preserve us a' to do weel an' right; the man's a heathen, an', I declare, just rinnin' to the deil wi' his een open. Wad ye hae me to profane the Sabbath-day, gaun rakin' athwart the country wi' a chap like you? Heigh-wow! I wad be come to a low mete then! What wad the auld wives be sayin' to the lads an I were to do that? I can tell you what they wad be sayin', 'What think ye o' your bonny Peg Ketchen now? When she should hae been at the kirk, like a decent lass, serving her Maker, she has been awa' flirtin' the hale Sunday wi' a drunken profligate, wha bilkit his auld uncle, an' sang himsel' hame frae London wi' a tied-up leg, like a broken sailor.' Ha, ha, Davie! I ken ye, lad."

"Now, you are rather too hard on me, Peg; I am proffering you the greatest honour I have in my power to bestow."

"The greatest dishonour, you mean."

"You know I am as good a tradesman as is in Scotland."

"The mair's the pity! And wha's the best drinker i' Scotland? For it will lie atween you an' John Henderson and Will Dunlop; for, as for Tam Stalker, he's no ance to be compared wi' you."

"But, Peg, my woman—my dear, bonny woman—hear me speak, will you?"

"No, no, David, I winna hear ye speak; sae dinna try to lead me into a scrape, for I tell you again, as I tauld ye already, that of a' characters i' the warld a confirmed drunkard is the most dangerous that a virtuous young woman can be connectit wi'. Depend on it, the heat o' your throat will soon burn the claes aff your back; an' how soon wad it burn them off mine too!—for, ye ken, a woman's claes are muckle easier brunt than a man's. Sae, gang your ways to the changehouse, an' tak a dram wi' Will Dunlop; ye'll be a great deal the better o't. An', hear ye, dinna come ony mair to deave me wi' your love, and your offers o' marriage; for, there's my hand, I sall never court or marry wi' you. I hae mair respect for mysel' than that comes to."

Was not Peg a sensible girl? I think she was. I still think she must naturally have been a shrewd girl; but no living can calculate what a woman will do when a man comes in the question. There is a feeling of dependence and subordination about their guileless hearts, in reference to the other sex, that can be wound up to any thing, either evil or good. Peg was obliged to marry David, after all her virtuous resolutions. The very night of the wedding he got drunk; and poor Peg, seeing what she had brought herself to, looked in his face with the most pitiful expression, while his drunken cronies made game of him, and were endless in their jests on "Benedict the married man."

Peg saw the scrape she had brought herself into, but retreat was impracticable: so she resolved to submit to her fate with patience and resignation, and to make the most of a bad bargain that she could.

And a bad bargain she has had of it, poor woman, apparently having lost all heart several years ago, and submitted, along with three children, to pine out life in want and wretchedness. The wedding booze increased David's thirst so materially, that it did not subside, night or day, for nearly a fortnight, until a kind remonstrance, mixed with many tears, from his young wife, made him resolve to turn over a new leaf. So away David went into the country, and cleaned all the people's clocks early in the morning before the owners rose, for fear of making confusion or disturbance in the house afterwards:—David was very attentive and obliging that way. Of course the clocks got nothing more than a little oil on the principal wheels; but the charge was always fair and reasonable, seldom exceeding five shillings. Then all the bells in each house required new cranks and new wires. They needed neither, but only a little oil and scrubbing up; but these were a source of considerable emolument. Then he gathered in all the watches of the country which were not going well, cleaned them all, and put in a great many nominal mainsprings, and really would have made a great deal of money, had it not been for the petty changehouses, not one of which he could go by; and when he met with a drouthy crony like Captain Palmer, neither of them would rise while they had a sixpence between them.

But the parish minister of the old burgh of Caverton though accounted a very parsimonious gentleman himself, had a sincere regard for the welfare of his flock, temporal as well as spiritual; and in his annual visit he charged every one of them, that, when David did any work for them, they were to pay the wife, and not him. The greater part of them acquiesced; but Wattie Henderson refused, and said, "O, poor soul, ye dinna ken what he has to thole! Ye ken about his drinkin', but ye ken little thing about his drouth."

The shifts that David was now put to for whisky were often very degrading, but still rather amusing. One day he and Dunlop went in to Mr Mercer's inn, David saying, "I must try to get credit for a Hawick gill or two here to-day, else we'll both perish." They went in, and called for the whisky. Mercer asked David if he had the money to pay for it? David confessed that he had not, but said Mr Elliot of Dodhope was owing him three-and-sixpence, and as he was in the town that day, he would give him an order on him, if he was afraid of the money coming through his hands. Mr Mercer said he would never desire a better creditor than Gideon, and gave them their three gills of whisky; but on going and presenting his order to Mr Elliot,

he found that he had never, in his life, been owing David any thing which he had not paid before he left the house.

Another time he met the clergyman, and said to him, "You have seen a great deal of money out of my pouch, sir, wi' your grand moral advices. I think you owe me one-and-sixpence about yon bells—would it be convenient to pay me to-day? I have very much need of it."

"And what are you going to do with it, David? I wish I were owing you ten times the sum; I should know whom to pay it to, for you have a wife and family that are worth looking after; but if you tell me the sterling truth of your necessity, perhaps I may pay you."

"Why, the truth is, sir—look yonder: yonder is Will Dunlop and Jamie Inglis, standing wi' their backs against the wa', very drouthy like. I wad like to gie them something, poor chields, to drink."

"Now, David, as I am convinced you have told me the sterling truth, and as there is no virtue I value higher, there is your eighteen-pence, although I shall tax myself with the payment of it a second time to Peg."

"God bless you, sir!— God bless you! and may you never want a glass of whisky when you are longing as much for it as I am."

Another day he came up with Will Dunlop, and said, "O man, what hae ye on ye? for I'm just spitting sixpences."

"I have just eighteen-pence," said Dunlop, "which I got from my wife to buy a shoulder of mutton for our dinner; and as it is of her own winning, I dare not part with it, for then, you know, the family would want their dinner."

"It is a hard case any way," said David; "but I think the hardest side of it is, for two men, dying of thirst, to lose that eighteen-pence. Give it to me, and I'll try to make a shift."

Dunlop gave it him, and David went away to Wattie Henderson, an honest, good-natured, simple man, and said that his wife had sent him "for a shoulder of mutton for their dinner, and she has limited me to a sum, you see (showing him the money). If you have a shoulder that suits the price, I must have it."

"We can easily manage that, David," said he; "for see, here is a good cleaver; I can either add or diminish." He cut off a shoulder. "It is too heavy for the money, David; it comes to two-and-four-pence."

"I wad like to hae the shoulder keepit hale, sir, as I suspect my sister is to dine with us to-day. Will you just allow me to carry the mutton over to the foot of the wynd, and see if Peg be pleased to advance the rest of the price?"

"Certainly," said Mr Henderson; "I can trust your wife with any thing."

David set straight off with the shoulder of mutton to Mrs Dunlop, who declared that she had never got such a good bargain in the

flesh-market before; and the two friends enjoyed their three gills of whisky exceedingly. Mr Henderson, wondering that neither the mutton nor the money was returned, sent over a servant to inquire about the matter. Poor Peg had neither ordered nor received the shoulder of mutton; and all that she and her three children had to dine upon, was six potatoes.

"Poor fellow," said Wattie, "if I had kend he had been sae dry, I wad hae wat his whistle to him without ony cheatery."

At length there came one very warm September, and the thirst that some men suffered was not to be borne. David felt that in a short time his body would actually break into chinks with sheer drought, and that some shift was positively required to keep body and soul together. Luckily, at that very time a Colonel Maxwell came to the house of John Fairgrieve, an honest, decent man, who had made a good deal of money by care and parsimony, and lived within two or three miles of Caverton. The colonel came with his dog, his double-barrelled gun, and livery servant, and bargained with John, at a prodigiously high board, for himself and servant. He said, as his liberty of shooting lay all around there, he did not care how much board he paid for a few weeks, only John was to be sure to get them the best in the country, both to eat and drink. He did so—laying in wine and spirits, beef and mutton; and the colonel and his servant lived at heck and manger, the one boozing away in the room, and the other in the kitchen, in both of which every one who entered was treated liberally. In the forenoons the colonel thundered among the partridges; but he never killed any, as he was generally drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning.

At length, John's daughter, Joan, a comely and sensible girl, began rather to smell a rat; and she says to her father one day, "Father, dinna ye think this grand cornel o' your's is hardly sickan a polished gentlemanly man as ane wad expect o' ane o' his rank?"

"I dinna ken, Joan; the man's weel eneuch if he wadna swear sae whiles, whilk I like unco ill. But there's ae thing that's ayont my comprehension: I wish he may be cannie; for dinna ye hear that our cock begins to crawl every night about midnight, an' our hens to cackle as gin they war a' layin' eggs thegither, an' the feint an egg's amang them a'?"

Joan could not repress a laugh; so she turned her back, and took a hearty one, saying, when she recovered her breath, "I think baith master an' man are very uncivil and worthless chaps."

"If either the ane or the ither hae been unceevil to you, my woman, just tell me sae. Say but the word, an' I'll—"

"Na, na, father; dinna get intil a passion for naething. I'll take

care o' *mysel'*, if ye can but take care o' *yoursel'*. It is that that I'm put till't about. Dinna ye think that for a' your outlay ye're unco lang o' fingerin' ony o' their siller?"

John gave a hitch up with his shoulder, as if something had been biting it, rubbed his elbow, and then said, "The siller will answer us as weel when it comes a' in a slump thegither; for then, ye ken, we can pop it into the bank; whereas, if it were coming in every day, or even every week, we might be mootering it away, spending it on this thing an' the ither thing."

"Yes, father; but, consider, if ye shoudna get it ava. Is nae the cornel's chaise an' horses standin' ower at the Blue Bell?"

"Ay, that they are, an' at ten shillings a-day, too. Gin the cornel warn a very rich man, could he afford to pay that sae lang, think ye?"

"Weel, father, take ye my advice. Gang away ower to Mr Mather, o' the Bell, an' just see what the carriage an' horses are like; for I wadna wonder if ye had to arreest them yet for your expenses. Mr Mather's a gayen auld-farrant chap, and, it is said, kens every man's character the first time he hears him speak. He'll tell you at aince what kind o' man your grand cornel is. And by a' means, father, tak a good look o' the carriage an' the horses, that ye may ken them again, like."

John knew that his daughter Joan was a shrewd sensible lassie; so, without more expostulation, he put on his Sunday clothes, went away to the old burgh of Caverton, and called on Mr Mather. No! there were no carriage nor horses there belonging to a Colonel Maxwell, nor ever had been. This was rather astounding news to John; but what astounded him more was a twinkling blink from the wick of Mr Mather's wicked black eye, and an ominous shake of his head. "Pray tell me this, John," said Mr Mather: "does this grand colonel of yours ever crow like a cock, or cackle like a laying hen?"

John's jaws fell down. "It's verra extrordner how ye should hae chanced to speer that question at me, sir," said he; "for the truth is, that, sin' ever that man came to our house, our cock has begun a crawin' at midnight, an' a' our hens a-cackling, as the hale o' them had been layin' eggs, an' yet no an egg amang them a'."

"Ah, John, ye may drink to your expenses and board-wages, then; for I heard of a certain gentleman being amissing out of this town for a while past; and I likewise heard that he had borrowed a hunting-jacket, a dog, and a gun, from John Henderson."

John went away home in a very great wrath, resolved, I believe, to throttle the colonel and his servant both; but they had been watching his motions that day, and never returned to his house more, neither to crow like cocks, cackle like hens, drink whisky, or pay for their

board and lodging.

Tom Brown was very angry at David about this, and reproved him severely for taking in an honest industrious old man. "But, dear, man, what could a body do?" said David. "A man canna dee for thirst if there's ony thing to be had to drink either for love or money." ' "

"But you should have wrought for your drink yoursel', David."

"Wrought for my drink? An' what at, pray? A' the house bells were gaun janglin' on, like broken pots, in their usual way; there wasna even the mainspring of a watch wanting. And as for the clocks, they just went on, tick-for-tick, tick-for-tick, with the most tedious and provoking monotony. I couldna think of a man, in the whole country, who didna ken my face, but John; an' I kend he was as able to keep me a wee while as ony other body. An' what's the great matter? I'll clean his watch an' his clock to him as lang as he lives, an' never charge him ony thing, gin it be nae a new mainspring whiles, an' we'll maybe come nearly equal again."

The last time I saw Peg Ketchen—what a change! From one of the sprightliest girls in the whole country, she is grown one of the most tawdry, miserable-looking objects. There is a hopeless dejection in her looks, which I never saw equalled; and I am afraid, that, sometimes when she has it in her power, she may take a glass herself, and even get a basting, for no man can calculate what a drunken man will do.

Now, though I have mixed two characters together in these genuine and true sketches, my reason for thus publishing them is to warn and charge every virtuous maiden, whatever she does, never to wed with a habitual drunkard. A virtuous woman may reclaim a husband from almost every vice but that; but that will grow upon him to his dying day; and if she outlive him, he will leave her a penniless and helpless widow. It is well known the veneration I have for the fair sex, and I leave them this charge as a legacy, lest I should not be able to address them again.

An Old Minister's Tale

By the Ettrick Shepherd

THE Rev. Mr M'Donald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit, related to me a great number of Highland stories, for the purpose, as he expressed it, that I should make something of them. One of them was about John Campbell of Kilcagar, who went out one day

to hunt on the lands of Glen-Orn, which then belonged to M'Culloch of Gresharvish. Mr Campbell not returning in the evening, his lady became very much alarmed, especially as his favourite pointer dog Eachen came home alone, and apparently very disconsolate, and his dam Oich did not come at all. Mrs Campbell did not know in the least where to send in search of her husband, but she raised the men-servants before daylight, some of whom went for the fox-hunter, who knew all the shooting ground in the vicinity, and they went searching and calling the whole day, but found nothing.

In the meantime, a shepherd of Glen-Orn arrived at Kilcagar, and told Mrs Campbell that he had found her husband, lying shot through the heart in Correi-Balloch, a wild wooded ravine on the lands of Glen-Orn, and his pointer bitch lying at his side moaning, but refusing to leave him. The man told his story so abruptly, that Mrs Campbell fainted, and was long unable to give orders about any thing. The body, however, was brought home, poor Oich following it, and finally buried in the island of Lismore, the burial place of the family; but Oich followed it there, and though brought home many times, and greatly caressed, she always went back again, until at last she died on the grave.

A strict investigation was immediately set on foot regarding the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, for, as his gun was found loaded, it was certain he could not have shot himself, and, after some inquiry, Mr M'Culloch was arrested, and taken to the prison of Inverary, examined by the sheriff, and committed for trial. And here is the trial on a single leaf, which I believe is nearly the truth.

Mr M'Culloch acknowledged, both before the sheriff and the lords of the justiciary court at the circuit, that he had heard the report of a gun on his lands, had gone to the place, and, on seeing the pointers, went to the spot, where he found his friend Mr Campbell lying at the point of death; that he turned him over, when he vomited some blood, and then expired.

Mrs Campbell, on being examined, said she did not believe Mr M'Culloch would have shot her husband, although the latter should have shot all the game on the other's estate; for that they were particular friends, and always shot together, visiting each other in the most friendly and amicable way very frequently. The paper then proceeds to detail the examination of William Bawn M'Nichol.

"Where were you that morning when Mr Campbell was murdered?"

"I was in Clash-ne-shalloch."

"How far is that from Correi-Balloch?"

"Hersel does not know; she never measured it."

"How far do you think it may be?"

"Why, hersel tink it will never be much farther than it is at present."

"In what time could you go from the one to the other?"

"She could take a tay to go it, or half a tay, or an hour if hersel was to rhun it."

"And you heard the shot fired from the one place to the other?"

"Nho, she did not hear it fired, but she heard it gho out with a great plow-off."

"And what made you leave the one glen to go to the other? Did you suspect any thing?"

"Hoo, yes, hersel did suspect something."

"What did you suspect?"

"She suspected that she would get a trham of te whisky, or te rhoom, or te prhandy at ltheast; and may pe a shilling into her sporrان."

"And what did you see when you arrived?"

"Hersel saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with their tails upon te ground, and one of them was poo-hooing; and then when she came dhowن, there was Mr Campbell himself lhying, and grheat strheam of blood running down from his pody."

"And was he quite dead then?"

"Hoo, yes, him was very dhead."

"And did you see any other person in the Correi that day?"

"Nho; she saw'd no other pody but Mr M'Culloch, who was rhuning very strong up the Balloch."

"Was it towards his own house that he was running?"

"Nho!—such a question! It would pe lhong pefore rhunning up to Balloch would take him to his own house. His own house lies down there, and he was rhunning here."

"And what did he do when you came to the corpse?"

"He turned back again, and came to me, and desired me to go with all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Campbell that her husband was lying in te Correi shot and dhead, and mhoordered, which I did with a heavy heart; for Mr Campbell was a good and kind man."

"Did you never hear of a great beauty, named Anne Gillespie, who did not bear the best character in the country?"

"Hoo! hersel will be telling you whatever she has seen with her own eyes, but she will swear to no reports."

"Was she not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's death, and was it not suspected that she likewise had been made away with?"

"Hersel has never saw'd her dhead nor alhive since that day, so that she may pe mhoordered, and dhead, and bhuried, or trown into te sea, and eahten up with te creat fushes, or she may pe living, and

as peautiful as ever, for any ting tat hersel does know."

"You say you have never seen her since that day—did you see her on that day?"

"Hersel saw—saw—saw oich ailidh rhunning down Corrie-Deach."

"What is oich ailidh, if you please?"

"Hersel not have it in te tongue."

A gentleman here explained to the judges that M'Nichol meant a comely well-dressed young woman.

"And was that handsome young woman Mrs Anne Gillespie?"

"It might pe her and it might not pe her; she could not say. Tere were words aproad."

"How far were you from her?"

"Hoo, hersel was very near: not above two or tree miles from her."

"That is a great distance."

"Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we had been any nhearer, we would have peen together."

"Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personally?"

"Hoo, yes, she knowed her very well."

"And what sort of a woman was she?"

"She was a very ghood, and a very peautiful, and a very plessed lhady; but she loved te shentlemans like other womans."

"Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or only one, that morn-ing?"

"Hersel was hearing two shots, one pefore and another after."

A great many more witnesses were examined, but their evidences were greatly at variance, and nothing more could be elicited, save that it was certain Mrs Anne Gillespie was a person of doubtful character, and that she was lost, and that many suspected she had got foul play for her life. Finally, the counsel for the crown demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'Culloch; but one of the judges, in summing up the evidence, expressed his doubts. He acknowledged that the circumstantial evidence was very strong against Mr M'Culloch, yet still, taking his character, temper, and disposition altogether into view, he could hardly conceive that evidence to be thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was the only man observed in the Balloch, and was discovered running away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody, and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'Culloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Anne Gillespie concerned in the matter? He

confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honourable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close at him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he peremptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict.

Mr M'Culloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a juryman on any other criminal, he thought he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in fierce and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of **GUILTY**, by a majority of two. M'Culloch was again brought into court, and the Justice-Clerk asked him if he had any thing to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word advanced against him, and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a juryman on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no reasons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'Culloch received all the admonitions of the several divines towards confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the Lord Justice-Clerk, who, being

a proud man, received him churlishly, saying, "What do you want with me, you ruffian-looking dog?"

"Hersel just pe wanting to tell your judgeship tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'Culloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on te jury? Te judge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could ony man get justice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could easily have seen trough tat tere could pe no shustice. And hersel can tell you, had it peen a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, that had peen shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same judge and jury, tere would have peen no word of guilty. Now, I tell you tat you, and your jury of Campbells, are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen with your mouths, suppose you had had no eyes in te heads of yourselves, tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of shooting his friend, John Campbell, than you were."

"Then I tell you that *you* are a knave, a ruffian, and a madman. Take him out, and give him into custody."

"Just stop, if you please, till I tell your honour's glorious majesty, tat I can give my porn oath tat when te shot was fired tat killed John Campbell, Duncan M'Culloch was half a mile off, and out of sight too."

"And how do you know that?"

"Pecause I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance."

"Who else could it be, then, that shot him?"

"Hoo, but let you and your Campbells, with your wise heads, find out tat! Tat pe your business, and none of mine. Only I'll swear tat it was not Duncan M'Culloch. Hersel will swear tat py all te oaths tat ever was made in hefen or earth. So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, but send word over to te prison to let him forth."

"Oh, the man is mad! stark staring mad. What flummery is this? Seize him, force him out, and see that he be properly secured."

The attendants then seized the fellow, and forced him out, while he continued calling over his shoulder, "Oh you creat pig plunder of a shudge! I tell you, if you do not take tent of what I say, and let Mr M'Culloch go free, tat Cot's creat shoogement will come over you, and you will——"

Here his anathemas were lost in the hubbub at the door, and the thing was totally disregarded by the proper authorities. It created, however, a sensation among the bystanders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to M'Culloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom

presented, I do not know; but it had not the desired effect. Reprieves and pardons were not so common in those days as now, and Duncan M'Culloch was left for execution.

Now, it so happened that the day appointed for Mr M'Culloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very one preceding the opening of the autumn western circuit; and on that morning, as the Lord Justice Clerk and the Lord Provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early breakfast, the attendants stated to them that there was a very black-guard ruffian-looking fellow at the door, who demanded an audience of their lordships; that they had repulsed him several times, but he would take no refusal, saying that his message was one of life and death, and he must and would speak with them.

"No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him," said the Justice-Clerk. "I like not such ruffians intruding themselves into our presence. There is danger in it."

"There shall be no danger to you, my lord, I answer for it," said the provost. "And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the fellow has to say. With all these attendants and ourselves, we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think, with your permission, we will admit him."

"Let him be searched, then, that he has no arms about him."

"Yes, my lord."

The fellow was then searched, and admitted, and a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was emaciated; his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking out all around, like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair protruding far beyond the rim of his crabbed Argyleshire bonnet, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but, stepping close up to the Lord Justice Clerk, he addressed him thus—"Does your honour's clorious mhajesty know mhe?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about you, nor do I wish to know anything; keep your distance."

"Then, sir, if you do not know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than yourself, for all te pride and wisdom tat is pelow tat creat pig mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you this day six months tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of the death of John Campbell of Kilcagar than you was? And did you tink tat a true Highlander was coming to tell you a porn lie for nothing? And yet you are suffering tat good honest shentleman to pe dragged to the gallows this day, and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you know he was not guilty; for did not I tell you so, and was not that enough? But here am I, Pheader Gillespie, who will not suffer an innocent shentleman to die for a crime in which he had no

hand. I was loth to give up the murderer before; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, shentlemans, that it was I myself that shot John Campbell."

"You who shot John Campbell!" cried the Lord Provost, starting to his feet; "I declare this surpasses all that I ever heard or witnessed in my life! My lord, this is a very serious matter indeed. We must take it upon ourselves to defer the execution of Mr M'Culloch till the truth of the circumstance be ascertained, and a reprieve can be obtained."

"No, no," said the Justice Clerk; "the man is deranged, and knows not what he is saying. Justice must have its way—the sentence must be executed."

"Oh you creat stupid bhaist of a shudge, have you no fear of Cot pefore your eyes!" cried the Highlander, with great vehemence, which rather looked a little like madness from such a figure. "Remember, if you murder an innocent man, you shall have to answer for it. Did I not tell you long ago that Duncan M'Culloch was innocent, and do I not tell you now that it was I who shot John Campbell of Kilcagar. Yes; it was I who shot him trough te pody and te heart; and I was not like you, for I had te fear of Cot pefore mine eyes, and I knowed that his heverlasting tamn would fall upon me if I left an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take te shustice of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to the mandate of te great Campbells, why, then, come pind my hands behind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I alone, did the deed for which he is contemned to suffer. But I'll first be tried by a jury of my countrymen, not by you nor by your clan, although we were once the same. No; I'll object to every man whose name is Campbell; but I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I shot John Campbell, and I did it with all my heart and soul; and were it to do now, I would do it still."

"You are a braver, an honeste, and a better man than your appearance bespeaks you, Gillespie," said the Lord Provost; "there is something truly noble in this voluntary confession of yours, and whatever may be the issue, you shall not want my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and take measures for the preservation of M'Culloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison."

"You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done, tere pe little occhession for it. If Duncan M'Culloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then."

"Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant

immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you. In the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose."

When the Lord Provost entered the prison, the head keeper opened the door, and announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. "I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord," said he; "you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready."

"I am very happy to hear it, Mr M'Culloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece of information has been communicated to me this morning. A wild savage-looking fellow, calling himself Peter Gillespie, or some such name, came into my house, and before the Lord Justice Clerk and me declared himself the murderer of Mr John Campbell, and offered himself to be executed in your place, for that he alone was the guilty person, and he says that you were half a mile distant, and out of sight, when the murder was committed; so that the sheriff and I have agreed to defer your execution until a pardon can be obtained from the proper authorities."

Mrs M'Culloch fainted with joy at this intelligence. As for M'Culloch himself, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I said the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to perish by an ignominious death, and a lovely and helpless family to be disgraced and ruined, and he has not disappointed me in the end! Oh, blessed, ever blessed be his name! for now that I am freed from the foul stain of murder, I regard death as nothing. But Pheader Gillespie, Pheader Gillespie to offer himself a sacrifice for me! Ah! that is what I do not deserve at his hand! Do you think the poor fellow will be condemned?"

"I am afraid he will; but he shall not want my best interests, for it was so noble of him to give up his life that an innocent man might be saved to his family."

The ladies now claimed the attention of the two gentlemen. Mrs M'Culloch was lying in a swoon, pale as death, on her husband's bosom; Miss M'Culloch was sitting with uplifted hands, her eyes fixed, and her beautiful lips wide apart, the statue of suspense, uncertain as yet whether or not her father's life was safe. It was a group well worth the chissel of Chantrey, and better worth that of lang Jock Greenshiels. That was a happy morning for the M'Cullochs, happier than if no such danger had ever hung over them. A free pardon was, of course, readily obtained from the Secretary of State's office, and

M'Culloch was released.

When Gillespie's trial came on, there was no one witness against him but himself; but he delivered a plain unvarnished tale, which amply sufficed for his own condemnation. He had been prompted to the dreadful deed by a jealousy but too well founded; and it appeared that the Mrs Anne Gillespie alluded to in an earlier part of our tale, was his wife, and the unhappy cause of the murder. When asked by the judge what had become of his wife, he answered, "My wife! what is that to you, or to the present cause? That was my concern, not yours. You may try to find it out; but you never will till the day of doom." In the course of a few weeks, Pheader Gillespie suffered the just penalty of his offence, universally regretted, however, on account of the lofty principles which had urged him to the deed, and actuated him ever since.

Nature's Magic Lantern

By the Ettrick Shepherd

It is well known, that, in warm summer mornings, the vallies among our mountains are generally filled with a dense white fog, so that, when the sun rises, the upper parts of the hills are all bathed in yellow sheen, looking like golden islands in a sea of silver. After one ascends through the mist to within a certain distance of the sunshine, a halo of glory is thrown round his head, something like a rainbow, but brighter and paler. It is upright or slanting, as the sun is lower or higher; but it uniformly attends one for a considerable space before he reaches the sunshine. One morning, at the time when I was about nineteen years of age, I was ascending a hill-side towards the ewe-buchts, deeply absorbed in admiration of the halo around me, when suddenly my eyes fell upon a huge dark semblance of the human figure, which stood at a very small distance from me, and at first appeared to my affrighted imagination as the enemy of mankind. Without taking a moment to consider, I rushed from the spot, and never drew breath till I had got safe amongst the ewe-milkers. All that day, I felt very ill at ease; but next morning, being obliged to go past the same spot at the same hour, I resolved to exert, if possible, a little more courage, and put the phenomenon fairly to the proof. The fog was more dense than on the preceding morning, and when the sun arose, his brilliancy and fervour were more bright above. The lovely halo was thrown around

me, and at length I reached the haunted spot, without diverging a step from my usual little footpath; and at the very place there arose the same terrible apparition which had frightened me so much the morning before. It was a giant blackamoor, at least thirty feet high, and equally proportioned, and very near me. I was actually struck powerless with astonishment and terror. My first resolution was, if I could keep the power of my limbs, to run home and hide myself below the blankets, with the Bible beneath my head. But then again, I thought it was hard to let my master's 700 ewes go cild for fear of the de'il. In this perplexity (and I rather think I was crying) I took off my bonnet, and scratched my head bitterly with both hands; when, to my astonishment and delight, the de'il also took off his bonnet, and scratched his head with both hands—but in such a style! Oh, there's no man can describe it! His arms and his fingers were like trees and branches without the leaves. I laughed at him till I actually fell down upon the sward; the de'il also fell down, and laughed at me. I then noted for the first time that he had two colley dogs at his foot, bigger than buffaloes. I arose, and made him a most graceful bow, which he returned at the same moment—but such a bow for awkwardness I never saw! It was as if the Tron Kirk steeple had bowed to me. I turned my cheek to the sun as well as I could, that I might see the de'il's profile properly defined in the cloud. It was capital! His nose was about half a yard long, and his face at least three yards; and then he was gaping and laughing so, that one would have thought he might have swallowed the biggest man in the country.

It was quite a scene of enchantment. I could not leave it. On going five or six steps onward, it vanished; but, on returning to the same spot, there he stood, and I could make him make a fool of himself as much as I liked; but always as the sun rose higher, he grew shorter, so that, I think, could I have staid, he might have come into a respectable size of a de'il at the last.

I have seen this gigantic apparition several times since, but never half so well defined as that morning. It requires a certain kind of background which really I cannot describe; for, though I visited the place by day a hundred times, there was so little difference between the formation of that spot and the rest of the hill, that it is impossible to define it without taking a mathematical survey. The halo accompanies one always, but the gigantic apparition very seldom. I have seen it six or seven times in my life, always in a fog, and at sun-rising; but, saving these two times, never well defined, part being always light, and part dark.

One-and-twenty years subsequent to this, I was delighted to read the

following note, translated, I think, from a German paper, concerning the Bogle of the Broken, an aërial figure of the very same description with mine, which is occasionally seen on one particular spot among the Hartz mountains, in Hanover. It was taken from the diary of a Mr Hawe, and I kept a copy of it for the remembrance of auld lang syne. I shall copy a sentence or two from it here; and really it is so like mine, that one would almost be tempted to think the one was copied from the other.

“Having ascended the Broken for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing the phenomenon. The sun rose about four o’clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene toward the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Hinrichshohe. In the south-west, however, a brisk wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four, I looked round to see if the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance, a human figure, of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having nearly carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same, on which the pleasure that I felt cannot be described; for I had made already many a weary step, in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity.

“I then called the landlord of the Broken (the neighbouring inn), and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made, these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faintly defined, and sometimes strong and dark.”

I can easily account for the latter part of the phenomenon; for it could only be when the clouds of haze, or, as he calls them, “thin transparent vapours,” were passing, that the shadows in the cloud could possibly be seen. But how there should have been *three* of them, and not either four, or only two, surpasses my comprehension altogether. It is quite out of nature; and I am obliged to doubt either Mr Hawe’s word or the accuracy of his optics.

Among the other strange sights which I have seen among the hills, I reckon one of the most curious to have been a double shadow of myself, at a moment when only the real sun was above the horizon. One morning, in April 1785, I was walking on the Moor-Brae of

Berry Knowe, gathering the ewes, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that I had two shadows. I immediately looked to the east, where the sun had just risen above the horizon, expecting to see two suns. But no—there was but one. There was not even one of those mock suns called by us weather-gaws. Yet there was I going to a certainty with two shadows—the one upright, and well defined, and the other tall, dim, and leaning backward, something like a very tall awkward servant waiting upon and walking behind a little spruce master. The tall one soon vanished, as I turned the hill into a glen called Carsen's Cleuch; but I never forgot the circumstance; and after I became an old man, I visited the very spot, as nearly as I could remember, again and again, thinking that the reflection of the sun from some pool or lake which I had not perceived, might have caused it; but there was no such thing. I never mentioned the circumstance to any living being before, save to Sir D. Brewster, who, of all men I ever met with, is the fondest of investigating every thing relating to natural phenomena: he pretended to account for it by some law of dioptrical refraction, which I did not understand.

But what I am now going to relate will scarcely procure credit, though, on the word of an honest man, it is literally true. I once saw about two hundred natural apparitions at one time, and altogether. One fine summer morning, as I was coming along the Hawkshaw rigg of Blackhouse, I perceived, on the other side of Douglas Burn, in a little rich glen called Brakehope, a whole drove of Highland cattle, which I thought could not be fewer than ten scores. I saw them distinctly—I never saw any beasts more distinctly in my life. I saw the black ones, and the red ones, some with white faces, and four or five spotted ones. I saw three men driving them, and turning them quietly in at corners. They were on each side of the burn of Brakehope, and quite from the drove road. I was once thinking of going to them myself, but I wanted my breakfast, was very hungry, and had no charge of that part of the farm: so I hastened home, and sent off the shepherd who had the charge of it, to drive the drove of cattle from his best land. His name was Robert Borthwick. He seized a staff in high chagrin at the drivers, and ran off; and Messrs William and George Laidlaw both accompanied him, with good cudgels in their hands. They are both alive and well to testify the truth of my report: at least, when they went to Brakehope, there were no cattle there, nor man, nor dogs, nor even sheep! There was not a living creature in the bottom of the glen where I had seen the drove, nor the mark of a cow's hoof. I was of course laughed at as a dreamer and seer of visions; for, in fact, after inquiring at our neighbours, we found that there was not

a drove of Highland cattle at that time in the district. I was neither a dreamer nor a seer of visions. I was in the highest health and spirits. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning of mingled clouds and sunshine. I was chaunting a song to myself, or perhaps making one, when I first came in view of the drove. I was rather more than half a mile from it, but not three quarters of a mile; and as there never was a man had clearer sight than I had, I could not be mistaken in the appearance. In justification of myself, I must here copy two or three sentences from my note-book; but from whence taken, I do not know.

"On Sunday evening, the 28th ultimo, as Anthony Jackson, farmer, aged forty-five, and Matthew Turner, the son of William Turner, farmer, aged fifteen years, while engaged in inspecting their cattle grazing in Havarah Park, near Ripley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart., they were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the park. Turner, whose attention was first drawn to the spectacle, said, 'Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!' 'Beasts!' cried Anthony; 'Lord bless us, they are not beasts, they are men!'

"By this time the body was in motion, and the spectators discovered that it was an army of soldiers dressed in a white military uniform, and that in the centre stood a personage of commanding aspect, clothed in scarlet. After performing a number of evolutions, the corps began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the spectators only at the distance of about one hundred yards. No sooner had the first detachment, which seemed to consist of several hundreds, and extended four deep over an inclosure of thirty acres, attained the hill, than another assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, arose and marched without any apparent hostility after the military spectres. These were dressed in a dark uniform, and, at the top of the hill, both parties joined, and formed what the spectators called an L, and, passing down the opposite side of the hill, disappeared. At this time a volume of smoke, like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain, and was so impervious, as for two minutes to hide the cattle from Jackson and Turner. They were both men of character and respectability, and the impression made on their minds was never erased."

In addition to this, I may mention, that, during the last continental war, all the military and volunteers in Ireland were hurried to the north to defend the country against a spectre fleet, which had no existence in those seas. And I find, likewise, in my note-book, the following extraordinary account, which I think was copied long ago from a book called "A Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland." I was

always so fond of those romantic and visionary subjects, that I have added thousands of *lees* to them, but in this I shall not deviate one word from the original writer's narrative.

"Souter Fell is nearly nine hundred yards high, barricaded on the north and west sides with precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. On this mountain occurred the extraordinary phenomena, that, towards the middle of the last century, excited so much consternation and alarm—I mean the visionary appearances of armed men, and other figures, the causes of which have never in the smallest degree received a satisfactory solution, though, from the circumstances hereafter mentioned, there seems reason to believe that they are not entirely inexplicable.

"On a summer's evening of 1743, as David Stricket, then servant to J. Wren of Wilton Hall, the next house to Blakehills, was sitting at the door with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along the side of Souter Fell, a place so steep that no horse can travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell.

"The next morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, as they were persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him. They expected likewise to find several dead horses, and a number of horseshoes among the rocks, which they were sure the horses could not but throw, galloping at such a furious rate. They were, however, disappointed, for there appeared not the least vestige of either man or horse, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf, or among the small stones on the steep. Astonishment, and a degree of fear perhaps, for some time induced them to conceal the circumstances; but they at length disclosed them, and as well might be supposed, were only laughed at for their credulity.

"The following year, 1744, on the 23d of June, as the same David Stricket, who at the time lived with Mr William Lancaster's father, of Blakehills, was walking a little above the house, about seven in the evening, he saw a troop of horsemen riding on the side of Souter Fell, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Mindful of the ridicule which had been excited against him the preceding year, he continued to observe them in silence for some time; but being at last convinced that the appearance was real, he went into the house, and informed Mr Lancaster that he had something curious to show him. They went out together, but before Stricket had either spoken or pointed out the place, his master's son had himself discovered the aërial troopers; and when conscious that the same appearances were visible to both,

they informed the family, and the phenomena were alike seen by all.

“These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lower part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. Thus they described a kind of curvilinear path, and both their first and last appearances were bounded by the top of the mountain.

“The pace at which these shadowy forms proceeded, was a regular swift walk, and the whole time of the continuance of their appearance was upwards of two hours; but farther observation was then precluded by the approach of darkness. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or the last but one, in a troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same changes were visible to all the spectators, and the view of the phenomena was not confined to Blakehills only, but was seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile. The number of persons who witnessed the march of these aerial travellers was twenty-six.”

It would therefore appear that my vision of a drove of Highland cattle, with their drivers, was not altogether an isolated instance of the same phenomena. It is quite evident that we must attribute these appearances to particular states of the atmosphere, and suppose them to be shadows of realities; the airy resemblance of scenes passing in distant parts of the country, and by some singular operation of natural causes thus expressively imaged on the acclivities of the mountains.

Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd

By Himself

It is now many years since, being informed by the people at the Castleton of Braemar, that no Lowlander, and perhaps no human being, had ever explored the sources of the Dee, I resolved to confer upon myself, if possible, the honour which Bruce obtained in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile, and for that purpose arose one morning before daylight, and having breakfasted, and loaded a guide with victuals, set off on my singular adventure. My guide's name was John Finlayson, a shrewd clever fellow, and one who really knew the mountains well, having been an incorrigible deer-stalker, of which the greater part of his discourse consisted.

We passed up by Mar Lodge, through the forest, and up by the linns of the Dee; but these have been already so truly and so accurately described in Chambers's Journal, that I can add nothing to them. All above that, the description does not coincide with my remembrance. The pines become thin and straggling, and stunted in their growth, and at length utter desolation reigns. We came to a farm-house, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher. He was very kind to us, and we got our dinner there. He took me out, and showed me a part of his sheep, ewes and wedders mixed. They were rather good black-faced sheep, but in low condition that year. He told me, however, that his farm had no bounds: he might farm as far as he liked in some directions—for upwards of twenty miles at least—and that his great concern was to keep his stock in some reasonable bounds. I think he said he had likewise a stock of Cheviot wedders.

I asked him how far we were from the sources of the Dee. He said he did not believe that any living man knew where the outermost sources of the Dee sprung, but that it could not be less than ten miles distance. The day being remarkably fine, we pushed on, but rather uncertain how our adventure was to terminate, Finlayson assuring me from the beginning that I little knew the task I was undertaking. As far as I remember, we walked for an hour; but I had drunk some of Fletcher's whisky-toddy, and may be wrong; I think it was at least four miles farther up the glen, that we came to a shepherd's bothy, the last inhabited place in that wilderness, where we got some milk. The shepherd could not speak English, but he told Finlayson that no man alive knew where the sources of the Dee were, for they had never been seen, and were inaccessible, but that we were at least twenty miles from them. This was staggering news. I made Finlayson ask him, as there was no house nor bothy beyond that, if we could not go from his cot early in the morning, reach the sources of the Dee, and the tops of the Grampian mountains surrounding it, and reach the Castleton of Braemar that night. He answered that it was out of the power of man, and Finlayson coincided in the opinion.

Resolved not to be foiled, we posted on until we came to the place where two mountain streams met, the one named by Finlayson the Guisachan, and the other the Garchary, as near as I can spell them. At this place, the two sister streams conjoining, take the name of the Dee, so that nominally I was at the head of the Dee. But no; that was not what I wanted. I yearned to see its very uttermost springs on the heights of the Grampians, and was resolved to accomplish that at any risk.

Where these two mountain streams meet, and the Dee nominally

begins, it is a very considerable river, as large as the Yarrow—pure as crystal, and very rugged and rapid, and I thought it a strange thing to see such a river swarming with fish, and not a human habitation nor a living creature within view, save a few straggling lean deer. As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river, straight N.N.W., I looked on that as the main source, and resolved to investigate that to its springs, the more particularly, as the same far surpassed all that I had ever seen for horrid grandeur. You say the hills are some miles asunder, but in the Garchary, which is at least five miles in length, they are in many places not above a bow-shot asunder. The east side is not far from perpendicular, the western side more than perpendicular, in many places overhanging the torrent. The bottom of the glen is crammed full of rocks, which have tumbled down for ages—ay, for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation—and over these the torrent roars, as white as snow, and a large torrent it is. I wondered to see the streams so large so near the tops of the mountains; but the everlasting clouds of rain and mist which shroud the Grampian depots keep the rivers always full.

In one place the Garchary tumbles over a waterfall, which is at least a thousand feet high. It is not a perpendicular fall like those of Foyers and Grey-mare's-tail, but it seemed to me to fall, at an average, about one foot in two. It is indeed a terrible scene. But as I described it in poetry on the spot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I shall present you with that instead of plain prose, and I hope you will acknowledge that Childe Harold himself never excelled it.

Well, the bottom of the Garchary being impervious, my guide carried me over the eastern branch with some difficulty, and taking a sweep to the right, we began to ascend the steep brows of Benmuichdhui; for the afternoon being uncommonly fine, and we having still some hours of sunshine before us, I resolved to avail myself of the rare opportunity, and gain the height—for at that time I cared not how much I walked, but rejoiced in it, and the more difficult the undertaking, I liked it the better. Long before we reached the top, we lost sight of vegetation, and got among small whitish stones; while the ptarmigans were croaking around us in hundreds, like as many puddocks, and often fluttering out from amongst our feet. How Finlayson did curse them in his broken dialect, between the Gaelic and the Aberdonian! for I had absolutely refused to let him take his gun with him, a huge fowling piece, like a carabine, that had been taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent; and, moreover, I had neither game licence nor liberty to shoot, and I could not think of being taken for a poacher in my friend the Earl of Fife's forests, with whom I was to dine at Mar

Lodge one of the following days.

Well, to the top of Benmuichdhui we got, not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, before sunset. What a glorious evening! and what a glorious scene for my enraptured eye! I saw every principal mountain in Scotland, from Ben More, in Balquhiddy, to Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire—every one of which I knew as well as the hills of Ettrick Forest. But the Grampian muse herself shall describe the scene, for it is far above the capabilities of the Ettrick Shepherd of the present day.

On grey M'Dui's upmost verge I stood,
 The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;
 The seas afar were streamer'd o'er with blood,
 Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;
 For nature glow'd beneath the evening sun, 5
 The western shadows darkening every dale,
 Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,
 Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,
 While o'er them pour'd the rays of light so lovely pale.

But, O, what bard could sing the onward sight, 10
 The piles that frown'd, the gulfs that yawn'd beneath,
 Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,
 Grim as the caverns in the land of death!
 Like mountains shatter'd in the Eternal's wrath,
 When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd— 15
 A grizzly wilderness—a land of scathe!
 Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled—
 A rent and formless mass, the ruins of a world.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,
 Hill behind hill erected locks of gray, 20
 And every misty morion was upraised
 To speak their farewell to the god of day;
 When tempests rave along their polar way,
 Not closer rear the billows of the deep,
 Shining with silver foam, and maned with spray, 25
 As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,
 Then foil'd, and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.

First died upon the peaks the golden hue,
 And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen;

Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue, 30
 Softening the hills and hazy vales between—
 Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,
 As darker shades of the night-heaven came on;
 No star along the firmament was seen,
 But solemn majesty prevail'd alone 35
 Around the brows of eve, upon her Grampian throne.

Whenever I reached the top of Benmuichdhuì, I saw decidedly that I stood upon the highest land in Britain. I had suspected as much for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west; and although it rose in the middle of the very highest range of the Grampians, I observed, from all quarters, that it still peered considerably above the rest—not much, but still so much as to show that it was the sovereign of them all. I affirmed from that day forth that it was the highest hill in Britain, and it is now proved by the trigonometrical survey, that my conjecture was right. I did, however, think that it was more elevated above Ben Nevis, in Lochaber, than it has turned out to be.

This was the sole survey that I got of “the infant rills of Highland Dee.” I think I saw them all which form that branch which is the main one, and the one which keeps the line with the river. I saw no crystal lake such as you describe. None. Before Glen Garchary begins to form between the two mountains, there is a long rivulet comes from the west, which I thought rose near to the sources of the Tilt, in Atholl. It is joined by five or six smaller ones, and their united waters pour together into the chasm of the Garchary. The springs of Glen Aven likewise lay below our feet, and we had a good view of about one-half of that horrible wilderness. I saw no lake, and Finlayson did not mention any, and I think it must have been a very small one indeed, if I had not seen it in such an evening. But it may perhaps be the source of the eastern branch, Glen Guisachan, which I did not see, for reasons which I shall make perfectly obvious. The wildness of the scene had such charms for me, that I remained on the top of this sovereign of the Grampians till the close of evening.

At length night coming on, Finlayson led me into a cavern, which he had known when a deer-stalking. It could scarcely be called a cavern, for it was merely a little level spot overhung by a rock. It was bedded with fresh heather, and seemed to have been very lately occupied. We took a hearty and plentiful supper, and there being a spring close by, we drank plenty of grog of the very best. I thought I never tasted any grog or toddy so good in all my life; and it not having been the

first of many hundreds of times that I had slept upon the mountains in worse circumstances, I wrapped myself well up in my shepherd's plaid, and slept as sound as I had been in a feather bed, resolved to see the sun rise from the top of Benmuichdhuì.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread."

When we awoke early next morning, the tops of the mountains were all shrouded in a dark cloud of mist, and a drizzly rain had begun to fall, so that farther investigation in that elevated region was impracticable. We then stretched our course eastward, and crossed the Guisachan high up, keeping always high on the hills along by the fringes of the mist, for I had determined, if the mist cleared up before mid-day, that I would visit the top of Beinnie-Boord, a great mountain which rises above the Mar Forest; for I had a strange propensity, when young and able, that I could never pass by a very high mountain without being on the top of it; and, what you may think as strange, the sensations of pleasure I have always felt on being thus elevated on a fine day, have been about the highest I ever experienced. I believe it is generally allowed that the depression or elevation of a man's mind is in a great measure conformable to the disposition of his bodily frame. What, then, can contribute so much to the elevation of his sentiments as placing him on the top of a very high mountain; for the body being the throne of the mind, who can deny that a mind so highly elevated as to be placed on the summit of Benmuichdhuì is not far exalted above all the grovelling creatures beneath. I felt that I was far above a king, and would not have changed stations with one on earth. I was placed above huge masses of eternal snow, above the habitations of the fox and the eagle, and looking down on some of the most shaggy and stupendous ravines of nature.

Well, on we walked, and on and on, through as rough and rugged a country as can well be conceived, till at length we came into the head of a stream called Glenquoich, which we followed, until, near the confluence with the Dee, we came to the house of Mr James Stewart, factor to the Earl of Fife, who received me with great kindness, I having been there with a friend once before. There I remained several days, experiencing the utmost hospitality; but I was greatly mortified to find that he did not know that I was a poet: indeed, I am not very sure if he knew what a poet was; he was nevertheless a kind-hearted gentlemanly Highlander, one of the Atholl Stewarts. He introduced me to his lord, Earl Fife, who had just newly come to the Forest Lodge, along with his brother and a foreigner. We dined with them one day; but even *they* did not know or discover that I was a poet, notwithstanding I was introduced to them by name. I was received and entertained

by them merely as Mr Hogg, a friend of Mr Stewart. This was very galling; but I have noted it a hundred times both in Edinburgh and London, that, when introduced to any family merely as Mr Hogg, I remained and went away without any one having the least idea who I was. I have often got apologies made to me afterwards; but never one recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced, in my life. I have often wondered what sort of being they had supposed me to be. Knowing this to have been uniformly the case, I need not have been surprised at my reception on this more than at other times. I certainly would have liked to have been recognised by the Earl, and his brother General Duff (whom I liked exceedingly), as the Ettrick Shepherd; but I durst not for my life tell them, lest they should never have heard of my name.

On the third day that I was with Stewart, who seemed to have imbibed a real attachment to me, he furnished me with a nice pony, well accoutred, to ride to the top of Beinnie-Boord, giving my guide directions as to the route he was to take, which, if he followed, I would never need to alight. I never did; for though I gave him the pony time about, one of us rode all the way, and we reached the great broad top of Beinnie-Boord before mid-day; but we could see nothing: for though there was no mist, there was a sort of blue haze pervading the mountains, so that we could not see the very hills that were nearest to us. We saw plenty of red deer that day, and some fine stupendous fellows among them. We saw seventeen in one herd on the side of Beinnie-Boord, all walking deliberately in a string. We saw also a few eagles, some scores of ptarmigans, and whole fields on the height trenched in search of the Cairngorm topazes.

I left Mr Stewart's house on the Saturday, and retired again to my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton of Braemar. Mr Watson had one very fine sister, Katherine, into whose good graces I tried, with all my sassenach eloquence, to get, but could make nothing of her; she thought it excellent sport, but only laughed at it.

On the Monday morning I rose very early, and again took the hills with my guide, to visit the top of Ben Aven, which being in my opinion the highest next to Benmuichdhui, and the easternmost of the range, if we except Loch-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range, I expected a grand view to the east and north-east. This was the most fatiguing day's march of all; for we could not get up any glen, but across a district, down one steep precipitous hill and up another, till at last we arrived on the summit of Ben Aven, a little after mid-day. After all my toil I could see nothing; the same dim haze still wrapped the mountains as on the Friday before, so that we

could only once see dimly the great mountain of Cairngorm, right over against us on the other side of the glen. It was, however, a curious and interesting scene; the ptarmigans were altogether without number—I think I may say thousands of them; and we found twenty-five men digging on the height for Cairngorm topazes and rock crystals of various kinds. We came to a cottage almost on the very height, thickly covered over with pitch, in which fifteen of them lodged; the rest shifted for themselves elsewhere. In one place we came to a field on the height, where there were upwards of twenty acres all trenched to a great depth; and it is well known that over all Scotland there are great blocks of granite lying, as if dropped down from heaven. Around all these, on the heights, the quarriers had digged to a great depth, until they met below them. They digged on two sides till they met, and then they propped these sides up with stones, and digged below the other two; and under and around these masses the crystals were always found plentiest and richest. The overseer and receiver, who was a rather sensible fellow, and an Englishman, said that he knew perfectly well, from the part of the stone that was above ground, what water the crystals would be of below it. It was his opinion that these Cairngorm crystals were what he called stalactites of granite, and had been distilled out of these rocks for ages, for that there was always a part of the granite adhering to their hinder part. He showed me a great number of various colours. They were regular hexagonal prisms, tapering to a very narrow point. He showed me, likewise, sundry specimens of a curious long irregular fossil, of a hazel colour, which he called asbestos, or some such ridiculous name. He was very proud of having got so many of them, and alleged that no man in the country knew where to find them but himself. He assured me, farther, that they were indissoluble either by fire or water, and that they could be converted into cloth, over which the fire had no power. I always think he must have been lying.

We reached Castleton at a late hour very wearied, and loaded with grand Cairngorm stones which we had gathered in the ravines of the mountains. I found Mr Stewart come down there to meet me and take a parting glass with me, and he and Mr Watson laughed heartily at my hoard of rich crystals, and made me throw them all into the Clunie, save six or seven, which I absolutely refused to part with. Thus terminated my only expedition to the springs of the Dee; but there was one view which I got of Glen Garchary which has left an impression of horrid grandeur on my mind never to be effaced.

Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd

THE following extract from a letter from Dr D—, a Scottish medical practitioner in Upper Canada, to his friend Mr James Hogg, has been put into our hands for publication by the Shepherd himself, though, we must confess, the *facts* which are mentioned are perhaps *too strongly* drawn to meet with *perfect credence*, and may be shrewdly suspected as a satire on the extravagant desire for dissection which animates the modern school of surgery:—

“Goderich, Upper Canada, July 12, 1833.

* * * * *

But why should you doubt my word about the resuscitation of those corpses which I wrote you about? You have written and published so many falsehoods yourself, that, when one tells you a wonderful story, you immediately suspect him to be one like yourself, I have always noted, that when you spoke you told the truth, sometimes a little exaggerated; but whenever you put your pen to paper there is no more hold to be had of you. With me it is quite the reverse. If you believe all that I say, I would not advise everybody to believe you; but when I write, I always relate the straightforward truth, as you will perceive before finishing this letter. Now, you must know that since ever I left Edinburgh, and my two glorious associates L— and S— (we three having performed such feats together), I have been very fond of dissection, and, since I came here, have plied the whittle to some purpose, and have made some curious discoveries both in anatomy and pathology, for the Indians are not formed like us: but these things are above your capacity: so to return to my narrative.

I think it was either in the winter of 1825 or 1826, that there was the body of a man found buried in the snow, and frozen to death; and as no one knew who he was, or to whom he belonged, so there were two Canadians brought him to me, and I gave them a guinea for him. The body was such a complete icicle, that I could not distinguish whether he was a white man or a native Indian; and I had to put him before a great fire for three days and three nights before he was fit for dissection. On the fourth, I found him lithe and limber, quite warm, and in capital condition; so I put on my jacket and apron, laid him upon the board, and began by making a gentle incision with my knife, when I was rather astonished at seeing, as I thought, the appearance of some dark red blood oozing from the wound like small drops of dew. I touched it with my palm, and imagined I felt it warm; but thinking it could only be from the heat of the fire, I gave another slash,

when behold my subject began a-writhing and muttering in a weak tremulous voice. I was thunderstruck, but had so much recollection left as to hold the wound firm with my hand, and ring the bell. The fellow opened his eyes, and looking me in the face with a drumbly stare, called, "Och, mhurder! what is it that you'll be after doing to me, mauster? Is it my life that you wants?"

I at once knew him to be an Irishman, though he was so dark of complexion: I had taken him for a Canadian all the while. "Why, my dear fellow," said I, "you were brought into me the other day dead, and frozen to an icicle, and I was only trying a little operation to bring you to life again, which I am happy to have effected."

"Was it daid that I was?" said he, in perfect good humour. "I thought I had bin only taking a slaip to myself. And true for me so I was, as Quinkum the shooter will tell you; for he was with me when I lay down in the snow to take a slaip. But is it the cutting up of the top of a man's belly, and taking out of his moniplies, that brings him to life? That is certainly a faisable plan."

I then sewed up the wound I had made, put a plaster on it, and bandaged it up; and my friend called for something to drink, and grew quite communicative. I asked him who he was, what he was, and how he was engaged when he lost himself among the snow.

"A man cannot be said to be lost who is found agin," said he. "Every man is not after being lost who lies down to take a slaip. But I must have been walking in my slaip, else how came I here? As for the rist, my name is Barney O'Towl, commonly called Black Barney; and was sint by my mauster all the way from Fair River with a litter to Mr Thomson; but havin' nothin' to drink, I fell down with fatigue and sleep yesterday, and here I am. The prime of the day and of health to you, mauster; but I cannot help laughin' when I think of your operation for raising the daid."

Barney never ailed any thing more, for I took very good care of him; but I never could persuade him that he was at all dead or in a torpid state. He cut open the lining of his vest, and showed me the letter, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that it was addressed to a friend of mine, Mr Thomson, surveyor. "Why, dear Barney," said I, "Mr Thomson left this country very nearly three years ago. You have slept in that snow-wreath three years."

"And, indeed, it wis a very fair refreshment of the sort," said Barney; "I fear I shall scarcely be able to make up the balance by three years' waking. But you know, mauster, that's all blarney."

I then opened the letter to Mr Thomson, and found it dated precisely three years, all save three weeks, previously to the day it was

opened. Barney never believed a word of all this until he went home to Fair River, and found his master's two daughters, whom he left girls, grown into fine women, and was obliged to take their words for the time of his absence.

But that's nothing at all. One discovery in any art or science always leads to greater anxiety and research. One day a piece of information came to my ear that interested me exceedingly. It was that a whole colony of the Strong-Bow Indians had at some former period been overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, on the very northmost part of the Rocky Mountains, and had every one, man and woman of them, perished; that an avalanche had lately shot down from a ravine in which were scores of bodies in a frozen state, and the fatal accident having happened long before the memory of any person living, so it behoved to be upwards of a century ago. This was a chance of an investigation not to be lost.

I provided every thing for a long journey; plenty to eat and to drink; with a number of excellent canoes, one of them not less than sixty feet long; and both skates and wheels for the portages. We sailed the whole way, it being spring, but in a very zig-zag direction, having only one considerable carrying-place, and another smaller one, until we came to M'Kenzie's River, which we sailed down to the influx of a river called the Liars. "Ay, weel named, Doctor, weel named," you will be saying to yourself when you read this. Well, we sailed up this with great difficulty, until we reached the nearest possible point for the object of our search. There we erected a temporary residence, and set out for the mountains. Having one of the Harefoot Indians for a guide, we went straight to the spot, and a singular scene was there presented to our view. There were corpses with their heads above the avalanche, and some with their heads downward, and their feet above; others, again, with one limb sticking up like a gun—a comical position; for all the parts that were above the snow were quite bare of flesh, consumed by the summer suns and beasts of prey; but the parts below the snow being jammed among solid ice, and quite rigid, appeared to be perfectly fresh. We brought home three subjects, apparently the most perfect, which we dug deep out from amongst the ice; and the very first that I thawed turned out to be a young man, short of stature, but well made, who, as soon as the rigidity was fairly overcome, began to emit some growling sounds from his throat, and was ultimately completely recovered.

The other two I did not venture to thaw, but first cut them in pieces, and thawed and dissected them afterwards. They are a pigmy, insignificant race, greatly inferior to us in all respects, and I think, in

that inhospitable climate of theirs, must soon die out. They regarded me as an enormous giant, come to eat them all up, and kept always at a due distance from me. I think the word of my dissections had spread abroad among them, which had put that ridiculous idea into their heads.

One of the Harefoot Indians, who acted as our guide, proposed to me that we should proceed to the place where the colony had first perished, where it was probable I should find plenty of whole bodies. I thought the scheme a plausible one, and we set out accordingly, well provided with hands and mattocks, and soon found the place, from the breach the shot snow had left, which was full twenty feet perpendicular. The Indians directed us where to dig. They knew, from the formation of the tremendous wreath, from whence the storm had blown, and where the hapless group would naturally take shelter. They were right. We soon recovered plenty of bodies; and a woeful sight it was. Some were lying in pairs, clasped in each other's arms; some in groups, lying above each other, apparently whole families lying together. We loaded sixteen sleighs with them, of the youngest and freshest we could wale, great part of them women, for there were no children, who must all have been left at the settlement, and perished. I thawed them carefully and gently round a great fire, and they mostly came to life, though many of them died shortly after. I preserved all the young women, and brought a few of the best home with me, and they have done very well, and two of them are married, and have families. When you come to Upper Canada, my dear Shepherd, which I understand from Mr Dickson you are preparing to do—and the sooner you come the better—I shall introduce you to some of those who were thus singularly brought to life, and who are, of course, of an immense age.

W— D—.

THE GLASGOW COURIER

The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London

General Sir George Murray being President that night, and Mr. Hogg seated on his right hand, Mr. Lockhart, observing that his old friend never proposed any toasts, gave him a hint in a whisper, knowing well his partiality for a certain class of society in his native country. On receiving the hint, the Shepherd sprung to his feet, and threw his plaid over his shoulder, his homely countenance glowing with ardour, while he addressed Sir George as follows. The speech is genuine, word for word; and as it never has been reported, we give it for the first time, and expect to see it printed in letters of gold in the Northern Papers:—

“Now, Sir George, you have given to-night the healths of many of the first Nobility of the United Kingdom, both of those who are connected with this Society, and many others who are not. You have, moreover, *slumped* them in scores, under certain great leaders, until, I suppose, you think you have included them all. You never were farther mistaken, Sir George. I shall therefore, with your permission, toast a Nobility greatly superior to them all. I'll give you, Sir, ‘Health and Prosperity to the only legitimate Nobility in the kingdom, nay, in the world—a nobility whose titles no King or Government can bestow, and no King or Government take away, THE CHIEFS OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.’ Theirs are patriarchal titles, ten thousand times more venerable, and of higher respect, than courtly ones, which can be obliterated at the will or caprice of a sovereign. But no attainder, no confiscation, can affect the Highland chiefs in their inherent rights of nobility. They have their charters from a higher source than the lordlings you have given us. They hold them from the KING OF HEAVEN: and I say again, that no power or influence of man can either bestow them, or take them away. And now, Sir George, when I am on my feet, and talking on this subject, I cannot help appealing to you, whom I know to be a sterling Highlander in the fullest sense of the term, and to have all the patriarchal feelings of that brave original people—is it not a shameful thing in society not to give the ladies and daughters of Highland chiefs honorary titles? I think I have proved to you, that they are the highest of our Nobility, so that the title of LADY

is not gratuitous, but so natural, that I wonder any well-bred person can resist it. It is true they get these titles among their own vassals and people, which is beautiful; but to hear them in London, and even in Edinburgh, addressed merely as if they were the wives of grocers or butchers, is to me perfectly insufferable and disgusting. And old as I am, and rather infirm too, I would not advise any man to call Lady Glengarry Mrs. Macdonald before me, or any one of them all. I once sent a challenge to a very particular and esteemed friend of my own, the Chief of Macleod, for calling his own lady Mrs. Macleod before me. He apologised, by saying that he deemed he had a right to call his own wife by what title he pleased. I denied the position, and wrote to him again that it was not the insult to Lady Macleod that I resented, but it went to invalidate the claim of all the wives and daughters of the other Highland Chiefs. He thought himself obliged to accept of my challenge, at which I was terribly alarmed, for I always thought he would recant and yield, especially as Lady Macleod sent me a note to stand to my system, for I was right. We met in a quiet spot at the back of Great Cumberland Street. The Duke of Argyll was his second, and Mr. Davidson of Tullich was mine. We fired I know not how often, for I got so frightened I lost my senses, and just fought by random, as if I had been an automaton. I, however, stood to him, till at last he wounded me in the head, and I fell; but even when lying flat, I would not give up the genuine claim that the wives and daughters of acknowledged Highland Chiefs have to the title of Lady. 'THE HIGHLAND CHIEFS,'—with all the honours—three times repeated."

Appendix I

James Hogg's Contributions to Scottish Periodicals 1810–1835

(excluding *The Spy* and *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*)

This appendix aims to list all of Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals from 1810 to the year of his death, including those which are not, for various reasons, collected in this volume, but excluding, as noted above, contributions to *The Spy* and *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* which are separately listed in their respective S/SC volumes. It is drawn from two main sources: an original list supplied by Gillian Hughes, to whom we are immensely grateful, and our own research in digitised versions of Scottish newspapers. While we have made every effort to make the list as complete as possible, we recognise that there are likely to be further items, particularly reprintings, which we have not traced, including works which were acknowledged as Hogg's work at the time of publication or subsequently identified as his and works which were published anonymously and remain unidentified. The items are listed under the periodical in which they first appeared, and the periodicals are themselves listed in chronological order of the first item in each periodical. Subsequent reprintings in Scottish periodicals are listed in brackets at the end of the record of the first publication. Items not included in this volume are marked with an asterisk and followed by an indication of the volume of the Stirling/South Carolina Edition of Hogg's works in which they have appeared or will appear. Where poems have generic titles such as 'A Song' and might be therefore difficult to identify the first line is given in brackets after the title. Untitled items are listed under a bracketed name supplied by the editors or, in the case of poems, by their first line.

***Scots Magazine* (June 1810–April 1814)**

'Epitaphs on Living Characters', *Scots Magazine*, 72 (June 1810), 447

'Love Pastoral', *Scots Magazine*, 74 (March 1812), 216

'The History of Rose Selby', *Scots Magazine*, 74 (March 1812), 179–83

'Tam Wilson', *Scots Magazine*, 76 (April 1814), 296

***Edinburgh Evening Courant* (July 1810–March 1815)**

'The Dawn of July', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 2 July 1810, p. 3.

'Now, Britain, Let Thy Cliffs o' Snaw', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 11 April 1814, p. 3 [Reprinted *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 15 June 1814, p. 4]

'Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 3 September 1814, p. 3 [Reprinted *Caledonian Mercury*, 10 September 1814, p. 3]

'Anniversary of Burns', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 January 1815, p. 3 [Reprinted *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 1 February 1815, p. 38; *Caledonian Mercury*, 2 February 1815, p. 3]

‘Shakespeare’, *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 4 May 1815, p. 3 [also *Caledonian Mercury*, 4 May 1815, p. 4; both items are included in this volume as they appeared on the same day and differ substantially]

***Edinburgh Star* (May 1811)**

*‘The Battle of Busaco’, *Edinburgh Star* of 15 February 1811, p. 3 [Originally published in *The Spy*, No. 24, 9 February 1811; see *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 253–54]
 ‘Lament for Lord Melville’, *Edinburgh Star*, 31 May 1811, p. 3

***Caledonian Mercury* (June 1811, March–May 1815)**

‘Forum’, *Caledonian Mercury*, 20 June 1811, p. 3
 ‘Guy Mannering’, *Caledonian Mercury*, 6 March 1815, p. 4
 *‘The Flag Waved o’er the Castle Wall’, *Caledonian Mercury*, 9 March 1815, p. 2 [Reprinted *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 13 March 1815, p. 3] [Previously published as a standalone item: see *Contributions to Musical Collections* (S/SC), pp. 519–23; also published in London in *The Globe*, 6 March 1815, p. 3 before its appearance in the *Caledonian Mercury*]
 ‘Shakespeare’, *Caledonian Mercury*, 4 May 1815, p. 4 [also *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 4 May 1815, p. 3; both items included in this volume]

***Dumfries and Galloway Courier* (September 1811–June 1827)**

*‘Border Song’ [‘Lock the door, Lariston’], *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 3 September 1811 [Wrongly ascribed there to James Gray] [Reprinted from *The Spy*, No. 31, 30 March 1811; see *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 318–19]
 *‘Verses, Written on Hearing of the Death of Mr Pitt’, *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 3 June 1817, p. 3 [Published earlier in *Carlisle Patriot*, 31 May 1832, p. 3; see *Contributions to English, Irish and Scottish Periodicals*, ed. by Adrian Hunter with Barbara Leonardi (S/SC, 2020), p. 17]
 *‘Hymn to the Evening Star’, *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 5 October 1819, p. 2 [Previously published in *The Spy*, No. 49, 3 August 1811: see *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 493–94]
 *‘Sheep Husbandry’, *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 21 September 1824, p. 3 [See *Letters*, II, 206–11]
 ‘Verses’, *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 5 June 1827, p. 2

***Farmer’s Magazine* (June 1812–May 1817)**

*‘On the Surest Means of improving the Breeds of Sheep, and the Quality of Wool. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Farmer’s Magazine*, 13 (June 1812), 173–76 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]
 *‘On the Cause, Prevention, Symptoms, and Cure, of a destructive Malady among Sheep. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Farmer’s Magazine*, 13 (August 1812), 306–12 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]
 *‘On the Diseases of Sheep. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Farmer’s Magazine*, 13 (November 1812), 475–80 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]

*‘On the Present State of Sheep-Farming in Scotland’, *Farmer’s Magazine*, 18 (May 1817), 144–49 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC), forthcoming]

***Edinburgh Annual Register* (1814–1816)**

‘The Ballad of King Gregory’, *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1812 (1814), pp. i–xii

*‘Poetic Mirror’, *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1814 (1816), pp. ccccx–ccccxxxi [Selections from *The Poetic Mirror* (1816); see *The Poetic Mirror* (S/SC), forthcoming]

*‘Prayer of a Dying Soldier on the Field of Waterloo’, *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1814 (1816), pp. cccccxxxi–ccccxxxv [Extract from ‘The Field of Waterloo’; see *Midsummer Night Dreams* (S/SC), pp. 123–41; this passage, pp. 135–40]

***Kelso Mail* (October 1816)**

‘Carterhagh Cattle Show’, *Kelso Mail*, 28 October 1816, p. 1

***The Sale-Room* (February–March 1817)**

‘The Gipsies’, *The Sale-Room*, 15 February 1817, pp. 53–54

‘To the Editor of the Sale-Room’, *The Sale-Room*, 8 March 1817, pp. 72–76

***Clydesdale Magazine* (July 1818)**

‘An Old Soldier’s Tale’, *Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (July 1818), 106–12

‘The Good Grey Cat, Rendered in English’, *Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (July 1818), 112–16

***Edinburgh Magazine* (May 1819–December 1821)**

‘Alloa Speeches’ [I and II], *Edinburgh Magazine*, 4 (May 1819), 398–401; (June 1819), 545–47

*‘Stanzas addressed to a Comet’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 5 (July 1819), 30 [Previously published in the *Poetical Register*, 8 (1810–11), 90–91 (actually published in 1814); see *Contributions to English, Irish and Scottish Periodicals*, ed. by Adrian Hunter with Barbara Leonardi (S/SC, 2020), pp. 15–16]

‘Pictures of Country Life. Nos I and II, Old Isaac’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (September 1821), 219–25; 9 (November 1821), 443–52

‘The Powris of Moseke, ane rychte plesant Ballaunt’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (October 1821), 356–61

‘Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg’s Collection’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (November 1821), 439–43

‘Cary O’Kean’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (December 1821), 575–81

‘Pictures of Country Life. No. III. The School of Misfortune’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (December 1821), 583–89

‘Jacobite Relics, Not in Hogg’s Collection’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (January 1822), 49–52

*‘Hints for Keeping the Sabbath’, *Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (February 1822), 205–09 [Previously published in *The Spy*, No. 31, 30 March 1811; see *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 311–17]

'Jacobite Relics, Not in Mr Hogg's Collection', *Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (April 1822), 460–63

***Edinburgh Literary Journal* (November 1828–December 1831)**

'A Letter from Yarrow', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 November 1828, pp. 9–10

'A Pastoral Sang', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 November 1828, p. 12

'Noctes Bengerianæ', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 27 December 1828, pp. 87–90

'The Wanderer's Tale', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 3 January 1829, pp. 109–10

'1828', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 3 January 1829, pp. 113–14

'A Scots Sang' ['I hae lost my love, an' I dinna ken how'], *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 17 January 1829, p. 141

'Noctes Bengerianæ. No. II', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 21 March 1829, pp. 258–60

'An Eskdale Anecdote', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 April 1829, pp. 337–38

'A Real Love Sang' ['Love came to the door o' my heart'], *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 2 May 1829, p. 352

'Reminiscences of Former Days. My First Interview with Allan Cunningham', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 16 May 1829, pp. 374–75

'Epistle to Mr William Berwick', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 30 May 1829, pp. 418–19

'Reminiscences of Former Days. My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 27 June 1829, pp. 51–52

'The Bards of Britain. By David Tweedie', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 1 August 1829, pp. 127–28

'A New Poetic Mirror. No. I.—Mr W. W. Ode to a Highland Bee', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 5 September 1829, p. 199

'Wat the Prophet', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 September 1829, pp. 207–10

'The Auld Man's Wife's Dead. A Parody', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 September 1829, pp. 212–13

'Anecdotes of Highlanders', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 October 1829, pp. 293–95 [Reprinted as 'Anecdotes of Highlanders. By the Ettrick Shepherd', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 12 April 1834, p. 88]

'The New Poetic Mirror. No. II.—Mr T—. M—.', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 October 1829, pp. 297–98

'A Song' ['Row on, row on, thou cauldrie wave'], *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 14 November 1829, p. 346

'A Ballad about Love', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 28 November 1829, p. 375

*[Letter regarding Taylor's Portrait of Burns], *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 5 December 1829, 384–85 [Reprinted *The Scotsman*, 23 December 1829, p. 7; *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 28 December 1829, p. 4] [Included in *Letters*, II, 360–64]

'A Story of the Forty-Six', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 December 1829, pp. 421–22 [Reprinted *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 10 May 1834, p. 118]

'Aughteen Hunder an' Twanty-Nine', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 December 1829, pp. 432–33

'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 23 January 1830, pp. 50–54

- 'My Love she's but a lassie yet', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 6 March 1830, pp. 147–48
- 'A Letter from Yarrow. The Scottish Psalmody Defended', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 13 March 1830, pp. 162–63
- 'Andrew the Packman. After the Manner of Wordsworth', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 20 March 1830, pp. 179–80
- 'Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 10 April 1830, p. 221
- 'Verses for the Eye of Mr David Tweedie of that Ilk', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 8 May 1830, pp. 276–77
- 'The Meeting of Anglers, or, The St Ronan's Muster Roll', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 May 1830, p. 290
- 'A Grand New Blacking Song', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 May 1830, p. 290
- 'Song' ['Afore the Moorcock begin to crawl'], *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 29 May 1830, p. 319
- 'A Ballad from the Gaelic', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 10 July 1830, p. 30
- 'Allan Dhu. A Love Song', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 9 October 1830, p. 232
- 'A Genuine Love Letter', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 23 October 1830, p. 262
- 'Some Remarks on the Life of Sandy Elshinder', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 30 October 1830, pp. 280–82
- 'I dinna blame thy bonny face. A Song', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 17 December 1830, p. 379
- 'A Highland Song of Triumph for King William's Birthday', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 December 1830, p. 385
- 'A Story of the Black Art', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 December 1830 pp. 396–99 and 1 January 1831, pp. 10–12
- 'The Bogle. A Song', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 March 1831, pp. 171–72
- 'The Minister's Annie', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 March 1831, pp. 189–92
- 'The Dominie', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 March 1831, p. 199
- 'The Poetic Mirror: Campbell, Crabbe', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 28 May 1831, p. 342
- 'The Flower o' Glendale', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 4 June 1831, pp. 361–62
- 'The Poetic Mirror: A Common Lot: Montgomery' *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 4 June 1831, p. 362
- 'I'm a' gane wrang. A Sang', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 2 July 1831, p. 15
- 'Grizel Graham', *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 and 31 December 1831, pp. 374–77, 385–87

***Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle* (March 1831)**

- 'Border Games. *From a Correspondent*', *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, 26 March 1831, p. 104

***Edinburgh Evening Post* (August 1831–April 1833)**

- *'To the Editor of the Edinburgh Evening Post', *Edinburgh Evening Post*, 6 August 1831, p. 254 [Included in *Letters*, II, 447–48]

*‘The Ettrick Shepherd’s Advice to Emigrants’, *Edinburgh Evening Post*, 6 April 1833, p. XXXX [Included in *Letters*, III, 147–48]

***Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland* ([1807,] 1832)**

*[Extracts of a Hogg essay in a digest prepared from entries for a Society Premium], in Andrew Duncan, ‘A Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep drawn up from Original Communications presented to the Highland Society of Scotland’, *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, 3 (1807), 339–535
 ‘Statistics of Selkirkshire’, *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, second series, 3 (1832), 281–306

***Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal* (May–August 1833)**

‘Emigration. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 18 May 1833, pp. 124–25
 ‘The Watchmaker. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 15 June 1833, pp. 153–54
 ‘An Old Minister’s Tale. By the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 29 June 1833, pp. 173–74
 ‘Nature’s Magic Lantern’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 28 September 1833, pp. 273–74
 ‘Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd. By Himself’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 19 October 1833, pp. 298–99
 ‘Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*, 28 December 1833, pp. 383–84

***Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* (1828–29 and 1831–32)**

*‘Mr Hogg on the Effects of Mole-Catching’, *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 1 (1828–29), 640–45 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]
 *‘Remarks on Certain Diseases of Sheep’, *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 2 (1829–31), 697–706 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]
 *‘On the Changes in the Habits, Amusements, and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry’, *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 3 (1831–32), 256–63 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]
 *‘On the Preservation of Salmon’, *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 3 (1831–32), 441–49 [To be included in *The Shepherd’s Guide* (S/SC, forthcoming)]

***Glasgow Courier* (October 1834)**

‘The Ettrick Shepherd’s Toast at the Highland Society of London’, *Glasgow Courier*, 7 October 1834, p. 1

Appendix II

Accounts of the Border Games in Edinburgh Newspapers

Hogg established two sets of Border games, the first held on 17 March, St Patrick's Day, at his farm Mount Benger in Yarrowdale, and the second established in 1827 under the name of the St Ronan's Border Club and held in July at Innerleithen. For a full account of these games see David Groves, *James Hogg and the St Ronan's Border Club* (Dollar: Douglas Mack, 1987). Regular accounts of these games appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers and were sometimes reprinted in newspapers outside Edinburgh, including in Glasgow, Kelso and Inverness, although only the articles in Edinburgh-based newspapers are listed below. The account of the Yarrow games in the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, 26 March 1831, p. 104 (included in this volume on pp. 322–23) is the only newspaper account of these games which can be confidently attributed to Hogg, since we have his letter of 20 March 1831 asking his friend John Aitken to 'send the inclosed account of the Border games to the Chronicle' (*Letters*, II, 435): for further information see the textual note to the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, p. 539. However the format of the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle* article is exactly similar to other newspaper articles on both sets of games, including an article on the Yarrow games in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 28 March 1829 (p. 4), reprinted in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of 6 April (p. 4), and another on the Innerleithen games published in the 29 July 1829 issue of the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* (p. 109) and the 30 July issue of both the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* (p. 4) and the *Caledonian Mercury* (p. 4). The fact that the first of these accounts talks of George and John Laidlaw as 'brothers, and great grandsons to the far-famed Will o' Phaup', and the second of George and Robert Laidlaw as 'brothers and great-grandsons to the celebrated Will o' Phaup, the swiftest runner this country ever knew', strongly suggests Hogg wrote these articles as well, as Groves has suggested in relation to the second (*Border Club*, p. 16). Hogg had a special interest in Will o' Phaup (William Laidlaw of Phawhope; 1691–1775), who was his own maternal grandfather; when he erected a tombstone in his memory, he described him as 'the far-famed Will o' Phaup, who for feats of frolic, agility, and strength, had no equal in his day': see Sir George Douglas, *James Hogg* (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 1899), p. 4. Hogg celebrated his grandfather's swiftness as a runner with two anecdotes in his piece 'Odd Characters': see *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), pp. 103–05.

If Hogg wrote the accounts of the March and July 1829 games, as suggested above, then it is entirely possible that he also wrote other accounts of the games in other years. Below are listed articles on the Yarrow and Innerleithen games which appeared in the Edinburgh newspapers during Hogg's lifetime. In most cases where more than one report on a particular event was published the reports are almost identical. This applies, for example, to the three articles of July 1829 mentioned above. Either the articles were sent to the newspapers separately or they copied from each other. Details of articles marked with an

asterisk have been taken from Groves but we have sighted all others. It is highly likely that there are further articles in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* that we have not been able to access. While the authorship of the articles listed below cannot be determined, it is certainly possible, and maybe even probable, that Hogg wrote at least some of them.

- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 23 March 1826, p. 3
- 'Border Games', *Scots Magazine*, 1 April 1826, p. 119
- *'First Meeting of the St Ronan's Border Club', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 3 October 1827, p. 317
- 'First General Meeting of the St Ronan's Border Club', *Caledonian Mercury*, 6 October 1827, p. 3
- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 27 March 1828, p. 4
- 'Border Games', *Scotsman*, 29 March 1828, p. 7
- *'Border Games', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 2 April 1828, p. 109
- 'St Ronan's Border Club', *Caledonian Mercury*, 28 July 1828, p. 3
- *'St Ronan's Border Club', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 30 July 1828, p. 245
- 'St Ronan's Border Club', *Scotsman*, 30 July 1828, p. 5
- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 28 March 1829, p. 3
- 'Border Games', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 6 April 1829, p. 4
- 'St Ronan's Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 30 July 1829, p. 4
- 'St Ronan's Border Games', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 July 1829, p. 4
- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 25 March 1830, p. 4
- 'Border Club', *Caledonian Mercury*, 7 August 1830, p. 4
- 'Border Games', *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, 26 March 1831, p. 104 (certainly by Hogg and included in this volume)
- 'The St Ronan Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 4 August 1831, p. 3
- 'St Ronan's Border Club', *Caledonian Mercury*, 6 August 1832, p. 3
- 'St Ronan's Border Club', *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 9 August 1832, p. 3
- *'St Ronan's Border Club', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 15 August 1832, p. 260
- 'St Ronans Border Club', *Caledonian Mercury*, 5 August 1833, p. 3
- 'St Ronans Border Club', *Scotsman*, 7 August 1833, p. 3
- 'St Ronan's Border Club', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 14 August 1833, p. 262
- *'Border Games', *Edinburgh Evening Post, and Scottish Literary Gazette*, 17 August 1833, p. 259
- *'Border Games', *Edinburgh Evening Post, and Scottish Literary Gazette*, 22 March 1834, p. 507
- 'The St Ronan Border Games', *Scotsman*, 13 August 1834, p. 3
- 'The St Ronan Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 14 August 1834, p. 3
- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 30 March 1835, p. 3
- 'Border Games', *Caledonian Mercury*, 8 August 1835, p. 3
- *'Border Games', *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 12 August 1835, p. 260

Note on the Text

The aim of this edition is to present James Hogg's contributions to Scottish periodicals in the form they first appeared, including, where appropriate, the surrounding context. In keeping with this, the text of each contribution follows that of its first publication with minimal emendation so that the reader can experience it in the form it originally appeared. The text Hogg submitted was no doubt modified by the various periodicals to conform to their house style and perceived errors would have been corrected. Although this involved some variation from his manuscript, such modification would have been expected and accepted by Hogg. Nevertheless some readings in the texts are clearly errors, whether due to misreading of Hogg's handwriting or to misprints or to misunderstanding of his meaning leading to false corrections. These obvious errors have been corrected since Hogg would not have accepted them had he become aware of them (as was often the case in later reprintings). We have been sparing in introducing emendations: unusual spellings have been retained so long as they had some currency in Hogg's time, and incorrect factual details have not been emended except where the manuscript or a subsequent edition indicates that they were mistakes of the printer or publisher, not of Hogg himself (e.g. the misreading of 'Roy' as 'Hay', corrected in a later published version).

The Notes to this volume include a textual note outlining the history of the genesis and composition of the each item (where they are known), details of its initial publication, and an account of later reprintings, including a brief summary of the ways the text was changed from the original text. Any substantive emendations are listed in the following form: page and page line number in this volume; the reading adopted in this volume; an indication in brackets of the authority for any emendation, whether manuscript (MS) or another edition; a square end-bracket; the reading in the original text. (Please note, the line number is counted from the top of the page beginning after the running head, whether the item is in prose or verse: it is *not* the verse line number given on the right hand side of the page with verse texts). Where there is no bracketed indication of the authority for any emendation it has been made by the editors on their own judgement. The following kinds of emendations have been made silently and are not included in the emendation list: missing punctuation (e.g. no full stop at end of sentence followed by a new sentence beginning with a capital letter; quotation marks omitted at the beginning or end of speech); missing letters where there is a gap and the required letter is obvious; wrong division of words (e.g. 'mal ewomen' for 'male women'). The spelling of proper names has also been standardised within each item. Formatting, such as italics and small capitals, follows the original text except that titles (but not titles of sections within the text) have been given a standard form throughout the volume.

This Note on the Text is a statement of overall policies without reference to any particular contribution in this collection. For any further information the reader is referred to the textual note attached to each of Hogg's contributions.

Hyphenation List

Various words are hyphenated at the end of lines in this edition of Hogg's *Contributions to Scottish Periodicals*. The list below indicates those cases in which hyphens should be retained in making quotations. Each item is referred to by page and line number; in calculating line numbers headings have been ignored.

- 86, ll. 20–21 bed-side
- 142, ll. 11–12 Windlestrae-knowe
- 143, ll. 22–23 eighty-five
- 174, ll. 24–25 good-naturedly
- 190, ll. 23–24 one-half
- 228, ll. 1–2 now-a-days
- 324, ll. 15–16 tide-mark
- 369, ll. 9–10 black-faced

Textual and Explanatory Notes

The notes in this section of the present volume are of three kinds: general notes on each of the periodicals in which Hogg's work appeared; notes on the textual history of each item; and explanatory notes on each item. The notes on periodicals provide an overview of Hogg's involvement with each periodical. They include references to items published in the periodical but not included in this volume for various reasons that are outlined in the final section of the introduction. Textual notes outline the history of the genesis, evolution, publication and subsequent republication of each item, including details of surviving manuscripts and the differences between various manuscript and print versions of the text. Notes on subsequent publication cover only publication in Scottish periodicals and in books published during Hogg's lifetime, including collections such as his *Poetical Works* (1822), *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831) and *Altrive Tales* (1832), and musical collections containing texts by Hogg. Also included are items published in the Blackie collection *Tales and Sketches by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1836–37), as there is evidence Hogg played some part in the selection of texts for this collection (even though it appeared after his death). However the list of subsequent publications does not include reprinting in the companion Blackie collection *The Poetical Works of the Ettrick Shepherd* (1838–40), in which Hogg evidently played no part at all. Explanatory notes provide information about places, people, writing and historical events mentioned in the text. They include glosses of phrases, but individual words are covered by the Glossary. In topographical notes references to Scottish counties relate to the historic counties as they were in Hogg's time and before the boundaries were redrawn in 1892.

We have drawn on a number of sources for material in the notes. Information about Scottish periodicals is drawn from John S. North's *Waterloo Directory of Scottish Newspapers and Periodicals 1800–1900* (Waterloo, Ont.: North Waterloo Academic Press, 1989) and from the periodicals themselves. *The Scottish National Dictionary* (SND), *The Oxford English Dictionary* (OED), *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (ODNB) and *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* (ODEP) have been essential sources of information but are referenced only when directly quoted. Biographical details are taken from ODNB but also from the Old Parish Registers (OPR) held by the National Records of Scotland and available on the ScotlandsPeople website: the latter are referenced by parish name when a precise reference is needed. In the absence of a comprehensive dictionary of Scottish place-names the records of place-names compiled for the Ordnance Survey between 1845 and 1880 (OS Name Books), held by the National Records of Scotland and available on the ScotlandsPlaces website, have proved to be an invaluable source of information, especially of the names of small localities. These name books are referenced by county name and volume and page number. Other important online resources are Canmore: National Record of the Historic Environment and the Traditional Tune Archive. (Further details of these resources are given in the list of abbreviations below.) As well as these standard works of reference we have been greatly assisted by the work of the editors of other volumes in the Stirling/South Carolina Research Edition of the Collected Works of James Hogg, in particular those volumes which include versions of some of the texts in this volume: these are all noted in the textual notes. Page references are to the S/SC volumes of Hogg's works (when they exist) except for the details of subsequent publication where the original publication is given, followed by the pages of the S/SC edition in square brackets. As always with Hogg, especially useful resources are the

Collected Letters edited by Gillian Hughes and others and Hughes's *James Hogg: A Life*.

References in the notes are by page number and the letters (a) to (d), representing the four quarters of the page from top to bottom. Cross references are by reference to these page numbers, but within an individual item cross reference is by 'see note above/below'. The following abbreviations are used in the notes.

Abbreviations of Works by Hogg

Altrive Tales: *Altrive Tales*, ed. by Gillian Hughes (S/SC, 2003)

Anecdotes of Scott: *Anecdotes of Scott*, ed. by Jill Rubenstein (S/SC, 1999)

Contributions to Annuals: *Contributions to Annuals and Gift-Books*, ed. by Janette Currie and Gillian Hughes (S/SC, 2006)

Contributions to BEM: *Contributions to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, ed. by Thomas C. Richardson, 2 vols (S/SC, 2008/2012)

Contributions to Musical Collections: *Contributions to Musical Collections and Miscellaneous Songs*, ed. by Kirsteen McCue with Janette Currie and Megan Coyer (S/SC, 2014)

Highland Journeys: *Highland Journeys*, ed. by Hans de Groot (S/SC, 2010)

Jacobite Relics I: *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, ed. by Murray G. H. Pittock (S/SC, 2002)

Jacobite Relics II: *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland: Second Series*, ed. by Murray G. H. Pittock (S/SC, 2003)

Letters: *The Collected Letters of James Hogg*, ed. by Gillian Hughes with Douglas S. Mack, Robin MacLachlan and Elaine Petrie, 3 vols (S/SC, 2004/2006/2008)

Midsummer Night Dreams: *Midsummer Night Dreams and Related Poems*, ed. by Jill Rubenstein and completed by Gillian Hughes (S/SC, 2008)

Poetical Works (1822): *The Poetical Works of James Hogg*, 4 vols (Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1822)

Songs: *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, ed. by Kirsteen McCue with Janette Currie (S/SC, 2014)

Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd (1831): *Songs, by the Ettrick Shepherd* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1831)

Tales and Sketches: *Tales and Sketches by the Ettrick Shepherd*, 6 vols (Glasgow: Blackie and Son, 1836–37)

The Forest Minstrel: *The Forest Minstrel*, ed. by P. D. Garside and Richard D. Jackson (S/SC, 2006)

The Mountain Bard: *The Mountain Bard*, ed. by Suzanne Gilbert (S/SC, 2007)

The Queen's Wake: *The Queen's Wake: A Legendary Poem*, ed. by Douglas S. Mack (S/SC, 2004)

The Shepherd's Calendar: *The Shepherd's Calendar*, ed. by Douglas S. Mack (S/SC, 1995)

The Spy: *The Spy*, ed. by Gillian Hughes (S/SC, 2000)

Winter Evening Tales: *Winter Evening Tales*, ed. by Ian Duncan (S/SC, 2002)

Other Abbreviations

ATL: Alexander Turnbull Library, National Library of New Zealand

The Buildings of Scotland: Borders: Kitty Cruft, John Dunbar and Richard Fawcett, *Borders*, *The Buildings of Scotland* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006)

- Canmore:** Canmore: National Record of the Historic Environment—canmore.org.uk
- Dwelly:** Edward Dwelly, *The Illustrated Gaelic-English Dictionary*, 9th edn (Glasgow: Gairm Publications, 1977)
- Garden, *Memorials*:** Mary Gray Garden, *Memorials of James Hogg*, 3rd edn (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1904)
- Garside:** P.D. Garside, 'An Annotated Checklist of Hogg's Literary Manuscripts in the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand', *The Bibliothek*, 20 (1995), 5–23
- Groves, *Border Club*:** David Groves, *James Hogg and the St Ronan's Border Club* (Dollar: Douglas Mack, 1987)
- Hughes, *Life*:** Gillian Hughes, *James Hogg: A Life* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2007)
- Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn:** Walter Scott, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3rd edn, 3 vols (Edinburgh: James Ballantyne and Co., 1806)
- NLS:** National Library of Scotland
- Muster Roll*:** *No Quarter Given: The Muster Roll of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's Army, 1745–46*, ed. by Alistair Livingstone, Christian W.H. Aikman, and Betty Stuart Hart (Glasgow: Neil Wilson Publishing, 2001)
- ODEP*:** *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, ed. by William George Smith and E. G. Wilson, 3rd edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970)
- ODNB*:** *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, www.oxforddnb.com
- OED*:** *The Oxford English Dictionary Online*, www.oed.com
- OS Name Books:** Name Books of the Ordnance Survey 1845–80, National Records of Scotland, scotlandspeople.gov.uk
- SHW*:** *Studies in Hogg and His World*
- SND*:** *The Scottish National Dictionary*, ed. by William Grant and David Murison, 10 vols (Edinburgh: Scottish National Dictionary Association, 1931–76)
- S/SC:** The Stirling/South Carolina Research Edition of the Collected Works of James Hogg
- Traditional Tune Archive:** www.tunearch.org/wiki/Annotation

THE SCOTS MAGAZINE

[January 1739–July 1817 (from January 1804 known as *The Scots Magazine*, and *Edinburgh Literary Miscellany*); Hogg's Contributions October 1794–April 1814]

By the time Hogg's first known publication in the long-running *Scots Magazine* appeared in October 1794 it had reached its fifty-sixth volume. Its full title in that year was 'The Scots Magazine; or, General Repository of Literature, History, and Politics' and it was as wide-ranging in its interests as this title suggests. The first section of the October 1794 issue contained, amongst other things, such items as 'Biographical Sketch of the Late Lord Mansfield', 'Manners of the Turks at Aleppo', 'Account of the Herring Fishery on the coast of Fife' and 'Portrait of Robespierre' (reminding us that Hogg began writing in the full flow of the French Revolution). This was followed by 'State Papers' (documents relating to foreign affairs), 'Review of New Books' (books dealing with France, Holland, England and Italy) and 'Poetry' (four poems, including Hogg's). The next section provided information on current court proceedings, followed by the 'Monthly Register' (mainly concerned with events in France), 'Foreign Intelligence' (from the Americas and Europe), and London and Edinburgh news, before the issue ended with an account of the weather and lists of

births, deaths, marriages, promotions and the prices of grain and stocks. This array of topics is typical of the journal at this time and for succeeding years. Even though the *Scots Magazine* ranged far outside Scotland in its subject matter, and only four of the seventy pages of this issue were dedicated to poetry, the poetry section was of crucial value to emerging Scottish poets by providing an outlet for their work where few others existed. Authors received no payment but they also did not have to pay for the printing, and thus working-class authors like Hogg were able to publish their work without the expense of issuing volumes of their poems. Publication in the *Scots Magazine* was crucial in Hogg's efforts to establish himself under his favourite persona as the Etterick Shepherd, initially by signing his work as by 'a Scots Shepherd' or simply as by 'A Shepherd' writing from 'Etterick' [*sic*] ('Bonny Jean', *Scots Magazine*, 65 (May 1803), 339; 'Song for the Earl of Dalkeith's Birthday', 65 (June 1803), 410), then as by 'James Hogg' writing from 'Etterick Banks' ('Scotia's Glens', 65 (October 1803), 725), and finally as by 'James Hogg, the Etterick Shepherd' ('The Death of Douglas Lord of Liddisdale', 66 (May 1804), 378–79). Hogg covered a number of familiar poetic genres in the magazine including songs and ballads, an epistle to a fellow poet and an address to his dog, and wrote on topics which he would follow throughout his life, such as love, peasant life, and Scottish history, particularly the Forty-Five (including, in this case, a song that would find its way eventually into his *Jacobite Relics* much later in his career). Moreover it appears that, even before his first poem had been published in the *Scots Magazine*, Hogg had already taken his first step as a published writer of prose: Charles Rogers, using a 'MS. narrative of the poet's life' (now apparently lost) by Hogg's close friend William Laidlaw, reports that 'As the committing of his thoughts to paper became a less irksome occupation, Hogg began, with commendable prudence to attempt composition in prose: and in evidence of his success, he had the satisfaction to find short essays which he sent to the *Scots Magazine* regularly inserted in that periodical. Poetry was cultivated at the same time with unabated ardour, though the bard did not yet venture to expose his verses beyond the friendly circle of his associates in Etterick Forest': see *The Modern Scottish Minstrel*, ed. by Charles Rogers, 6 vols (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1855–57), II, 5, 7. These early prose pieces can no longer be identified. Hogg later put his name to two 'Letters on Poetry by the Etterick Shepherd', a series of letters from his Highland tours, and, as an attempt to raise his profile as a serious commentator on the Highlands, 'Suggestions on the Utility of Forming Some New Lines of Road in Scotland'. Thus the *Scots Magazine* allowed Hogg to serve his apprenticeship as a published writer and played a crucial early role in his development as a writer of both prose and verse, even if, as far as we know, he was not yet writing prose fiction. Although he wrote to Walter Scott in April 1806 that 'I am grown dissatisfied with the editors of the Scots M. and am going to discontinue my correspondence which has been constant for so many years' (*Letters*, I, 59) he resumed publication in the journal in August 1807, with two poems, and published a few further items there up to May 1808. However, after his move to Edinburgh in February 1810, in an attempt to establish himself as a professional writer, the *Scots Magazine* became less important to him. After he published 'Epitaphs on Living Characters' in it in June 1810, a gap of twenty-one months ensued until the cessation in August 1811 of his own journal, *The Spy*, after which he returned to the *Scots Magazine* with three last contributions, two in March 1812 and one in April 1814. As noted in the introduction, Hogg's early poetry and his 'Letters on Poetry' are covered in the Stirling/South Carolina edition of *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC, 2007) or in *The Forest Minstrel* (S/SC, 2006) or will be covered in the forthcoming S/SC edition of *Scottish Pastorals*.

Since these volumes will cover all of Hogg's poetry in the *Scots Magazine* (and his 'Letters on Poetry') up to his arrival in Edinburgh in February 1810, none of that material is included in the present volume. Similarly the letters from his Highland tours have been edited by Hans de Groot in *Highland Journeys* (S/SC, 2010), and are not included here, while 'Suggestions on the Utility of Forming Some New Lines of Road in Scotland', which appeared in the magazine in January and February 1806, has been edited by Gillian Hughes in *Studies in Hogg and His World*, 22 (2012), 75–79, and will be included in a volume of Hogg's uncollected writings edited by Sharon Alker and Holly Faith Nelson. For further information on Hogg's relationship with the *Scots Magazine* see David Groves, 'James Hogg and the *Scots Magazine*', *The Library*, 6th ser., 9 (1987), 164–69.

Epitaphs on Living Characters

[*Scots Magazine*, 72 (June 1810), 447]

Hogg had not published in the *Scots Magazine* since October 1808 but now published two poems in a new genre, 'epitaphs' of the still very much living Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott. He was to continue this series of premature epitaphs in the second, fifth and tenth numbers of *The Spy*.

1(a–d) Stop friend ... balanced them well this first epitaph refers to Francis Jeffrey (1773–1850), the formidable critic and editor of the *Edinburgh Review* for 25 years from 1803. His critical judgements carried enormous authority.

1(b) Bonaparte Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), Emperor of the French (1804–14, 1815). At the time this poem was written Napoleon had not yet been defeated and was still the dominant figure in Europe who 'kept the monarchs of Europe in awe'.

1(c) Bailey Joanna Baillie (1762–1851), Scottish dramatist and poet, much admired by Walter Scott, a close friend, for her *Plays on the Passions* (1798–1812). Jeffrey reviewed the second volume of *Plays on the Passions* (1802): see *Edinburgh Review*, 2 (1803), 269–86. His review was in many ways unfavourable, particularly of her comedies, and claimed that 'Miss Baillie's plan of composing separate plays on the passions, is ... in all respects extremely injudicious' (p. 277), although he did concede that 'there is no want of genius in this book' (p. 286). He followed up with a review, likewise mostly unfavourable, of the third volume of *Plays on the Passions* (1812): see *Edinburgh Review*, 19 (February 1812), 261–90. However in 1820 Baillie met Jeffrey and they became friends: see Henry Cockburn, Lord Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1852), 1, 260.

1(c) Graeme James Grahame (1785–1811), lawyer and author of various poems, including *The Sabbath* (1804), praised by Walter Scott. Jeffrey reviewed the second edition of *The Sabbath* (1805): see *Edinburgh Review*, 5 (January 1805), 437–42. In his opinion 'passages in the poem ... bear marks of genius; but the greater part of it is written in a heavy and inelegant manner' (p. 441). His review of Grahame's *British Georgics* (1809) also contains much unfavourable commentary but praises 'many very pleasing and beautiful passages': see *Edinburgh Review*, 16 (April 1810), 213–23 (p. 223). However before Grahame's early death he and Jeffrey became very close friends: see Cockburn, *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, 1, 111–13.

1(c) his party Francis Jeffrey supported the Whig party at a time when literary criticism often had a party-political bias.

- 1(d) **one little fellow** Jeffrey seems to have been under five feet tall. According to J.G. Lockhart Jeffrey's 'stature [was] so low, that he might walk close under your chin or mine without ever catching the eye even for a moment' (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, 2nd edn, 3 vols (Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1819), I, 55).
- 2(a-d) **Some spirit wakes ... green turf over thee** this second epitaph refers to Walter Scott (1771-1832), at this stage primarily known as a poet and editor of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-03), to which Hogg had contributed some material.
- 2(b) **Tiviot's daizied plain** the River Teviot, or Teviot Water, flows northeast through Roxburghshire to join the Tweed at Kelso. Branksome Castle (or Branksome, as Scott spells it), the setting for Scott's first verse romance, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), is situated on the Teviot.
- 2(b) **wild woods of Aberfoyle** Aberfoyle is a village and parish in the south-west corner of Perthshire, bounded on the north by Loch Achray and Loch Katrine, the latter being the setting for Scott's immensely successful verse romance *The Lady of the Lake*, which was published in May 1810, just before the appearance of this poem. The area was (and is) notably wooded.
- 2(b) **Border spear, and Highland brand** subjects respectively of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*.
- 2(c) **Yarrow's fairy vale** Yarrow Water is a river in Selkirkshire; from St. Mary's Loch it flows 12 miles to the east before joining the Ettrick just west of Selkirk. Although born in the parish of Ettrick, Hogg worked for nine or ten years from the age of 19 at James Laidlaw's farm of Blackhouse in the parish of Yarrow: see 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg' (1807) in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 11 and note on p. 398. Walter Scott, writing of 'The Young Tamlane', a ballad set at Carterhaugh 'at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow', remarks that 'In no part of Scotland ... has the belief in Fairies maintained its ground with more pertinacity than in Selkirkshire' and offers as an example of this a story 'said to have happened late in the last century' of a 'victim of elfin sport' at Peatlaw in the valley of the Yarrow: see *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, II, 178-79.

The History of Rose Selby

[*Scots Magazine*, 74 (March 1812), 179-83]

Hogg returned to the *Scots Magazine* after a gap of nearly two years with this story and the following poem. While there is no evidence his earlier contributions to the *Scots Magazine* included any prose fiction, he had, since last writing for the magazine, taken his first steps as a prose fiction writer in *The Spy* with short narratives like 'The Danger of Changing Occupations' in the third and fourth numbers and 'Affecting Narrative of a Country Girl' in the twenty-second number. This story is thus amongst his earliest pieces of prose fiction and the first to be published in a journal not controlled by himself; it appeared in the first section of the magazine amongst a number of pieces of non-fiction prose. As noted below, two lines quoted in this piece are from Night the First of Hogg's *The Queen's Wake*, suggesting that Hogg had composed that section of the poem before writing this piece.

Emendations:

- 3, l. 12 It is a novel, said I] It is a novel said I
 4, l. 13 Look at the first leaf, continued she] Look at the first leaf continued she
 4, l. 22 "would-she-were!" "would-she-were!"
 4, l. 30 I could have borne it] I could have born it

5, l. 10 little did I then know] little did I then knew

7, l. 2–3 think seriously of this plan, my lovely Rose] think seriously of this plan my lovely Rose

7, l. 13 Sure, said I] Sure said I

4(c–d) will not ask more of any of thy creatures than thou hast given compare ‘There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it’ (I Corinthians 10. 13).

4(d) No blossom of spring ... and the rain these lines occur in ‘Young Kennedy’, one of the poems performed on Night the First of *The Queen’s Wake* (I, 349–50; (S/SC), p. 32). Since *The Queen’s Wake* was not published until January 1813, it would appear that Hogg had written at least this part of the poem by March 1812. This conforms with a notice, quoted by David Groves, from the March 1812 issue of a journal of varying title which appeared on that occasion under the title of the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review*: ‘Mr. Hogg, the ‘Etterick Shepherd,’ is preparing for publication a Legendary Tale called the ‘Queen’s Wake,’ in ten cantos’: see *Edinburgh Quarterly Review* (March 1812), 279; and David Groves, ‘Four Unrecorded Book Reviews by the Ettrick Shepherd, 1811–1812’, *Studies in Scottish Literature*, 14 (1990), 23–48 (p. 24).

8(a) the Throne of Grace phrase used by St Paul in urging sinners to seek God’s mercy: ‘Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need’ (Hebrews 4. 16).

Love Pastoral

[*Scots Magazine*, 74 (March 1812), 216]

With this poem, in the same issue as ‘The History of Rose Selby’, Hogg returned to the pastoral dialogue form he had employed in some of his earliest poetry but had also used in one of his recent poems, ‘Will and Davy, A Scotch Pastoral’, which had appeared in the twenty-second issue of *The Spy*.

Emendations:

8, l. 20 Meny’s eagle ee] Mary’s eagle ee

10, l. 1 No, I wad dream] No I wad dream

8(b) your lane by yourself.

8(c) Meny a Scots diminutive and affectionate form of the name Williamina.

9(a) rill ... aboon the Saint Mary possibly a reference to one of a number of streams flowing into St Mary’s Loch, a small lake at the upper reaches of Yarrow Water in Selkirkshire, or one which passes by St Mary’s Chapel, located on a hillside to the north of the lake. Hogg had strong associations with the loch and a statue of him now stands overlooking it. However the setting of the poem seems otherwise to be a generalised one.

10(a) tenement of clay the human body; compare Job 4.19, where humans ‘dwell in houses of clay’, an image which draws on biblical references to humans as made of clay (e.g. Isaiah 64. 8). Although this particular phrase had been used before him, Dryden made it famous in his satirical portrait of Shaftesbury: ‘A fiery soul, which working out its way | Fretted the pigmy body to decay: | And oe’r inform’d the tenement of clay’ (*Absalom and Achitophel*, I. 156–58).

Tam Wilson[*Scots Magazine*, 76 (April 1814), 296]

In a letter to Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch of 7 March 1813 Hogg refers to 'a mean fellow named Wilson' who is the tenant of a farm which Hogg would like to hold. Gillian Hughes in a note to this letter suggests that 'It is possible that he was the unpleasant protagonist of Hogg's poem, "Tam Wilson" in the *Scots Magazine*' (*Letters*, 1, 133). Thomas Wilson had been the tenant of a property belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, then known as 'Eltrieve Moss', since at least 1795. Wilson was dead by 11 July 1814 when Hogg referred to his widow in a letter to William Laidlaw (*Letters*, 1, 187). In 1815 the Duke of Buccleuch granted the farm to Hogg, who preferred to refer to it as 'Eltrieve (or Altrive) Lake'. For a discussion of Wilson, Hogg and the farm see Peter Garside, 'Hogg, Eltrive, and *Confessions*', *SHW*, 11 (2000), 5–24 (pp. 9–10). Much later in his career, in July 1826, Hogg returned to the poem when, in severe financial straits, he was desperately looking for something that might earn him some money from *Blackwood's*. As he told Blackwood, 'I have patched up a few things none of them original but quite unknown and hope they will serve to vary the scene a little. I cannot do anything at present being very much embarrassed and threatened with arrestment. At this moment of utter paralyzation I will be obliged to stop payment although a very small sum would have kept me going at least till times amended' (*Letters*, 11, 248). The 'few things' presumably referred to 'Tam Wilson' and 'I lookit East—I lookit West', both of which appeared in the October 1826 issue of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, having both appeared previously elsewhere in, respectively, 1814 and 1815. Hogg evidently submitted 'Tam Wilson' under its original name, but Blackwood renamed it 'Tam Nelson', perhaps to avoid unfavourable writing about a man long dead (if he was aware of the original identity of Tam Wilson), or perhaps to avoid its being recognised as a recycled work. Whatever the reason for the change, Blackwood liked the poem, telling Hogg that 'Tam whom you will see we have called Nelson is most humourous' (NLS MS 30,309, p. 386), and, in the end, changes in the text are minor apart from the change of name. The spelling is slightly revised, sometimes moving from Scots to English ('gude' to 'good'), sometimes English to Scots ('died' to 'dee't'), a few words are changed ('hills' to 'rails', 'catch' to 'psalm'), '—' is made more explicit as 'd—d', and one line is rewritten, changing from 'Nor ought that's gude to tak a mends o' to 'No upright thing to take amends o''.
Subsequent publication: [as 'Tam Nelson'] *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 20 (October 1826), 623 [*Contributions to BEM*, 1, 254–55].

Emendation:

10, l. 30 saulless, senseless, stupid] suless, senseless, stupid (SM)

10(c) Tam Wilson see textual note above.

11(b) scram possibly a mistake for *scran* 'food'.

EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT

[December 1718–December 1871: Hogg's Contributions July 1810–March 1815]

The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* was a longstanding newspaper, which, in the 1810s, consisted of four pages of very small print, appeared thrice a week, and cost sixpence or six and a half pence. As was normal at the time, its circulation was small but copies would have been passed around from reader to reader. An example of its contents is provided by the issue for Saturday 2 October 1813, which appeared

in the middle of the period in which Hogg was publishing in the paper. The first page contains notices of various kinds (e.g. offers to provide education including dancing classes, advertisements for shops and insurance companies, the forthcoming Stirling races, classes beginning at the University of St Andrews and, of significance for Hogg, an announcement of the topic of debate for the Forum for the following week); the second page includes items from the French and Portuguese papers and reports from London, much of it concerned with the movement of troops on both sides and fighting in the continuing war with Napoleon, as well as a report from American papers of the massacre of the crew of the *Tonquin* off Vancouver Island; the third page continues international as well as local news, including the gruesome story of the drowning of a boy in a soapworks, a report of the trial and conviction of two boys under fourteen years of age for culpable homicide, and the setting up of a subscription for the relief of British prisoners in France; the final page is almost wholly occupied with notices offering real estate for sale. Clearly literature was not an important part of its contents although, as Hogg's contributions demonstrate, the paper was willing to publish poetry when it was concerned with topical events. Material by Hogg sometimes appeared in the *Courant* before its appearance in the other leading Edinburgh newspaper, the *Caledonian Mercury*, but on at least one occasion an item by him appeared in both newspapers on the same day.

The Dawn of July

[*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 2 July 1810, p. 3]

After publishing this topical poem in the first July issue of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* for 1810, his first known appearance in a Scottish newspaper, Hogg included it in No. 14 of his own journal, *The Spy*, which appeared on 1 December 1810. Hogg's urgent need to provide material for his weekly journal evidently prompted him to recycle the poem at a less topical moment. In the version in *The Spy* the original fifth stanza has been moved to the end but there are only a few minor changes of wording. **Subsequent publication:** *The Spy*, 1 December 1810, p. 111 [*The Spy* (S/SC), p. 150]; *Poetical Works* (1822), iv, 249–51.

Emendation:

12, l. 19 veil was drawn, (PW)] veil was drawn

12(c) **Edina** a poetic Latin name for Edinburgh, used by Fergusson, Burns and others.

'Now, Britain, Let Thy Cliffs o' Snaw'

[*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 11 April 1814, p. 3]

On 31 March 1814 the allies opposed to Napoleon entered Paris with Czar Alexander of Russia at their head. Napoleon abdicated in favour of his son on 4 April, but the allies rejected the arrangement and forced him to renounce the throne for himself and his heirs on 11 April. News of the allies' entry into Paris reached Edinburgh on Friday 8 April and led to great celebration in the city. Hogg was prepared for the occasion, the newspapers having previously reported the allies' advance, and he recited this poem at a social occasion on the evening of the day the news of the fall of Paris reached Edinburgh, as the heading explained when it was published on the following Monday. Despite this apparent end to the Napoleonic wars, Napoleon returned in 1815 for the Hundred Days only to be defeated at Waterloo on 18

June. The allies again entered Paris on 7 July 1815. In April 1817 Hogg's poem was reprinted in the first issue of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, soon to be converted into *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, preceded by the note that it was 'Recited by the Author, in a party of his Countrymen, on the Day that the News arrived of our final Victory over the French'. Hogg's 1817 version, revised quite substantially in wording and expanded with an additional stanza, made no specific reference to the events of 1815; this heading, even though it accurately described the origins of the poem in 1814, was likely to be interpreted in 1817 as referring to the actual final victory over the French in 1815. This misleading impression may have been designed to suggest the poem was more up to date than it was. The poem was also included in Hogg's *Poetical Works* of 1822, where the text reverts to the 1814 version except for the omission of the fifth and sixth stanzas. The 1814 text appeared again in the *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* of 1831, this time including all eight stanzas, arranged, however, as four 8-line stanzas, Hogg's preferred format for songs, and bearing a new title, 'A National Song of Triumph'. Curiously the 1831 version, while retaining the 1814 text virtually unchanged, follows the 1817 version in changing line 18 to read 'Those [1817: These] bars in Nature's onward plan' and in revising line 17 where 'feckless kings' replaces 'queens an' kings', although here the 1817 version had the more uncompromising 'idiot kings'. In both 1822 and 1831 the headnote explains the poem's reference to events of 1814, with the 1831 headnote adding the information that the social gathering at which Hogg first recited the poem took place at Young's tavern. For a full discussion of this and other poems by Hogg relating to the overthrow of Napoleon see Gillian Hughes, 'James Hogg, and Edinburgh's Triumph over Napoleon', *Scottish Studies Review*, 4.1 (Spring 2003), 98–111.

Subsequent publication: *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, 1 (April 1817), 4 [*Contributions to BEM*, 1, 5–6]; *Poetical Works* (1822), 1v, 276–77; [as 'A National Song of Triumph'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 258–59 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 114–15].

- 13(c) **The bastard eagle** from 1804 during the reign of Napoleon the eagle appeared on his coat of arms as Emperor of the French, and a bronze eagle was carried on top of regimental flagpoles in his armies.
- 13(c) **the wain** the Wain (popularly the 'Charlie-Wain', the wain of Charles, i.e. Charlemagne) is an alternative name for Ursa Major (the Plough).
- 13(c) **the lion** symbol of England, as the unicorn is of Scotland; although both appear as supporters on the British royal coat of arms, the lion came to be seen as a symbol of Britain as a whole. As Thomas B. Richardson notes, lions appear on the royal coats of arms of both England and Scotland (*Contributions to BEM*, 1, 394), although this is more obviously applicable to the *Blackwood's* text, where 'the lion' becomes 'thy lions'.
- 14(a–b) **rose ... shamrock ... thistle** respectively the floral symbols of England, Ireland and Scotland.
- 14(b) **Britain's banners pale** referring to the White Ensign, a flag with a white background flown on ships of the British Royal Navy.
- 14(b) **her lions paw the gale [...] turn their dewlaps to the sun** see note on 'the lion' above. The lions on the English royal arms raise the right foreleg and on the Scottish royal arms both forelegs; both the lions raise their heads. The dewlap is the loose skin hanging from an animal's throat.

**Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch
and Queensberry**

[*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 3 September 1814, p. 3]

In 1810 Hogg dedicated his collection *The Forest Minstrel* to Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, later Duchess of Buccleuch; she responded with a gift of one hundred guineas. Hogg deeply appreciated her patronage and when she died on 24 August 1814 (presumably from complications arising from giving birth to a daughter on 13 August) he responded swiftly with this poem, published only two weeks later in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. He had written to her on 7 March 1813 asking for the lease of a small farm, and after her death her husband, Charles, 4th Duke of Buccleuch granted Hogg the lease of Altrive Lake. Hogg's continuing devotion to the duchess was such that in 1827 he named his daughter Harriet Sidney in her memory (recalling the fact that she was the daughter of Viscount Sydney). After its appearance in the *Courant* the poem was reprinted a week later in almost identical form in the *Caledonian Mercury*. In the *Courant* (but not in the *Mercury*) the poem is followed by a long article, copied from an editorial in the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, beginning with the claim that the duchess's death 'must be regarded by all who had any knowledge of her virtues as a public calamity' and ending with a description of her as 'a human being, approaching, on earth, so near to the perfection of celestial natures, and, amidst the allurements and vanities of time, steadily pursuing the path which leads to the joys of eternity' (for the original editorial see *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 30 August 1814, p. 3). Publication of Hogg's poem in both the *Courant* and the *Mercury* had been preceded by a letter about the duchess in the *Mercury* noting that 'her delight was chiefly placed in the practice of the domestic and retired virtues—virtues known only to her adoring family, and the select few who, with them, share the honour of her confidence'. This wording suggests it was written by a member of her family, perhaps, since it is signed 'B.', by the Duke of Buccleuch himself (*Caledonian Mercury*, 29 August 1814, p. 3). The following month Hogg's poem was included in the *Repository of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics* with minor variations of spelling (e.g. 'grac'd' for 'graced'). However one spelling change totally distorts Hogg's meaning: he had written 'Beshrew my heart if e'er I wept | For any Scott on earth but thee' but the *Repository's* change of 'Scott' to 'Scot' makes nonsense of his meaning, making him hostile to all Scots rather than simply expressing a lingering prejudice in the Borders against the dominant Scotts. Finally the poem appeared the following year in *The Nithsdale Minstrel, Being Original Poetry, Chiefly by the Bards of Nithsdale*, again with no significant textual variation from the *Courant's* text: Hogg qualified for inclusion in this collection by virtue of having spent time working at Mitchelslacks farm in Nithsdale. For a full discussion of the origins of the poem and differences between the manuscript and the version printed in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, see Gillian Hughes, 'Hogg's Poetic Responses to the Unexpected Death of his Patron', *SHW*, 12 (2001), 80–89.

Manuscript: A manuscript version of the poem entitled 'Verses Written on reading of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry' is in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Subsequent publication: *Caledonian Mercury*, 10 September 1814, p. 3; *The Repository of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics*, 12 (October 1814), 243–44; *The Nithsdale Minstrel: Being Original Poetry Chiefly by the Bards of Nithsdale* (Dumfries: Preacher and Dunbar, 1815), pp. 59–61.

- 14(b) Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry** Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry (1773–1814), Hogg's patroness. The daughter of Viscount Sydney, she married Charles Scott, then styled Earl of Dalkeith, in 1795 and became Duchess on the death of her father-in-law in 1812. Hogg petitioned her for the small farm of Eltrieve Moss in Yarrow, but it was only after her death that the Duke of Buccleuch granted his request. She died at Dalkeith House on 24 August 1814 at the early age of 40. Hogg also mourned her loss at the end of *Pilgrims of the Sun* (1814).
- 14(c) old Scotland's topmost tree** a reference to the preeminent position of the Duke of Buccleuch as one of the largest landholders in Scotland and perhaps also as holder of the second oldest surviving Scottish dukedom, yielding precedence only to the Duke of Hamilton. Elsewhere Hogg noted that 'the house of Buccleugh, by many of mine honest countrymen [i.e. the people of Ettrick Forest], is believed to be the most ancient and honourable now existing' (*Highland Journeys*, p. 7).
- 14(d) if e'er I wept | For any Scott on earth but thee** Hogg had mixed feelings about the Scotts, who had become the dominant landed family in the Borders after the overthrow of the Douglasses. This ambivalence is expressed in a number of works including *The Three Perils of Man*. Tensions between the Laidlaws (Hogg's mother's family) and the Scotts, upon whom they were originally dependent, were of long standing, as Hogg explained in 'The Laidlaws and the Scotts: A Border Tradition', published in *The Club-Book*, ed. by Andrew Picken, 3 vols (London: Cochrane and Pickersgill), II, 143–64.

Anniversary of Burns

[*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 January 1815, p. 3]

On 25 January 1815, the anniversary of Robert Burns's birth, a large group met at Oman's Hotel in Edinburgh to celebrate the event. Hogg had been planning this occasion for some time and on 28 November 1814 had written to George Thomson (to whose *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs* (1793–1818) Burns had contributed a number of songs), 'I have long had it in contemplation to establish an anniversary dinner to the memory of Burns in Edin. and this year have mentioned it to a great number who embrace the proposal with avidity and we had resolved to set it a going and that Mr J. Wilson the poet and myself should be the managers presidents &c. On second thoughts however I think this distinction more properly devolves on you for the first year and perhaps Ainslie will consent to be your associate' (*Letters*, I, 219). In the event Robert Ainslie did preside but with Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, rather than Thomson, although Thomson did attend. A number of toasts were proposed to various Scottish poets including Campbell, Scott, Byron and Hogg. The toast for Hogg presented him under his favoured guise as successor to Burns: 'May there never be wanting a Ploughman or a Shepherd to perpetuate and increase the honours of our country.' Late in the evening 'Burns's well known marble bowl was introduced, and placed, with poetic propriety, before Mr Hogg, who filled and refilled it with the poet's favourite liquor, whisky punch, until the approach of morning admonished the joyous company that ... "*There was sic a thing as ga'en to bed.*"' (See the identical accounts of the evening, possibly written by Hogg himself, in the issues for 28 January 1815 of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, p. 3, and of the *Caledonian Mercury*, p. 3). A number of songs were performed on the occasion and both newspapers printed the texts of these songs, the *Courant* on 30 January (p.

3) and the *Mercury* on 2 February (p. 3). The texts of the songs are identical apart from minor differences of spelling; the text printed here is that of the *Courant* as being the prior publication.

Subsequent publication: *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 1 February 1815, p. 38; *Caledonian Mercury*, 2 February 1815, p. 3.

16(a) Anniversary of Burns Robert Burns (1759–1796) was born on 25 January. Hogg was keen to be seen as the successor of Burns, the most celebrated Scottish poet of the modern period. In later years he claimed and probably believed that he was also born on 25 January: see for example his letter to Robert Gilfillan of 25 January 1834 where he writes ‘this is the 64th anniversary of my birth’ (*Letters*, III, 197). However the Ettrick parish records show that he was baptised on 9 December 1770 and he was probably born towards the end of November 1770, perhaps on the 25th: see Garden, *Memorials*, pp. 2–5.

16(a) Lord Elcho’s Delight Hogg had used this same air for the song ‘Cauld is the blast’ in *The Forest Minstrel* (1810). As the editors of the S/SC edition of that text explain, no tune is known with the specific title ‘Lord Elcho’s Delight’ but it is likely that the tune Hogg had in mind was ‘Lord Elcho’s Favourite’ which was first brought forward under that name by Nathaniel Gow in his *Second Collection of Strathspey Reels* (c. 1788), p. 18. For further information on this tune and a transcription of it, see *The Forest Minstrel*, (S/SC), pp. 29, 235–36.

16(c) Mrs Burns, the mother of the poet Agnes Burnes (1732–1820), Robert Burns’s mother, was still alive in 1815 at the time of this celebration of the anniversary of her son’s birth.

16(c) Lees Thomas Lees (d. 1824), a native of Lancashire, is listed in post office directories for Edinburgh as precentor of the High Church, Edinburgh from 1812 till the time of his death. According to his death notice in the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1824*, 17 (1825), 460, ‘As a bass and glee singer he was much admired.’ He regularly appeared as a singer in concerts along with James Templeton and Robert Gale (see below). See, for example, *Caledonian Mercury*, 29 February 1816, p. 1 and 28 March 1818, p. 3.

16(c) Templeton James Templeton (1784–1868) is listed in post office directories of Edinburgh as a teacher of music between 1815 and 1832. He later moved back to Kilmarnock in his native Ayrshire and continued there as a music teacher. He was the elder brother of the much more famous John Templeton (1802–1886) who became a highly acclaimed opera singer in London.

17(b) Gale Robert Gale (c. 1772–post 1841) appears as a music teacher in the Edinburgh post office directories between 1815 and 1822, and from 1814 to 1819 was precentor in St George’s parish church. In 1820 he published *Psalm and Hymn Tunes, selected from the most approved composers, ... to which is added, a clear and easy Method of initiating the Scholar in the Rudiments of Music*, which went through a number of editions in subsequent years. He later moved to Ayrshire, where he continued as a teacher of music in St Quivox.

17(b) “Barbara Allan” a widely known and very popular ballad. Its first recorded mention is in Samuel Pepys’s diary in an entry for 2 January 1666, where he refers to it as a ‘little Scotch song’.

17(b–d) Thou day of pride ... it gave us the writer of this song has not been identified.

18(a) “The Legacy” an air of wide currency also known as ‘The Bard’s Legacy’, under which title it appeared in Smollet Holden’s *Collection of Quick and Slow*

Marches, Troops, &c. (Dublin, c. 1795).

- 18(a) **The star of day ever brightly glows** the writer of this song has not been identified; he appears from the text to have been one of those present at the commemoration.

Shakespeare

[*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 4 May 1815, p. 3]

On 23 April 1815 Hogg wrote to his friend Alexander Bald, in a letter now held in the Folger Shakespeare Library, about his plans to attend the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa which Bald had founded. He reported that he hoped to be accompanied by the poets John Wilson and Thomas Campbell but was not certain they would come, and '[a]s my motions are at present a good deal affected by Campbell who has only a few days to remain in Scotland I am not decided on coming up alone[.] Therefore I send you an Ode to be read on the occasion and in case I should not come send me an account of the meeting that I may publish it in the papers': see Graham Tulloch and Judy King, 'Two Further James Hogg Letters', *SHW*, 25–26 (2015–16), 102–08 (p. 104). He duly attached a copy of the poem, and it appears Bald did write up an account of the proceedings, since a letter to the *Caledonian Mercury*, reproduced in this volume, appeared above his initials shortly afterwards with details of the Club's meeting and Hogg's poem. The article reproduced here appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* on the same day as the letter in the *Caledonian Mercury* but it is no longer set out as a letter and consequently lacks Bald's initials. (Because it differs somewhat from the *Courant* article, the *Mercury* letter is also included in this volume: see pp. 25–27). Whether the letter/article came directly from Bald or via Hogg (as he had requested) is now impossible to determine with certainty. However it is likely it did come via Hogg since only he could be responsible for the small changes between the text of the poem in the letter to Bald and the printed texts in the newspapers, including the change of 'glowing minds' to 'our fond minds' in the second line of the third stanza and of 'wanderings' to 'roamings' in the last line of the fourth stanza. (The *Courant* text follows the manuscript in reading 'Torrent and green-wood tree' in the second line of the final stanza whereas the *Mercury* text reads 'Forest and green-wood tree', which seems unnecessarily redundant and is probably the result of a misreading of Hogg's handwriting.) As well as revising the poem, Hogg may well have modified the content of the surrounding letter before forwarding it, or even have rewritten it. Since the two versions appeared on the same day it is likely that Hogg (or Bald) sent a letter separately to both newspapers. The text of the original letter has evidently been modified in the *Courant*, in order to fit it into the newspaper context as an unsigned article, with such phrases as 'a long letter from a correspondent, which, for want of room, we are obliged to abridge'. On the other hand it also contains some material not in the *Mercury* version, which the editor may have added or which may have been in the version of the letter he received. Although Hogg apparently did not attend the Shakespeare Club celebrations in 1815, the following year he not only attended but also, according to a report in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 4 May 1816 (p. 4), very possibly written by Hogg himself, 'the Ettrick Shepherd, who is now an honorary member, and Poet Laureate of the Club, ... read an ode "To the Genius of Shakespeare"; upon which the President, after a short address most flattering to the bard, and well calculated to encourage him in his poetical career, presented him in the name of the Society, with a handsome silver cup, having the Shakespeare

arms beautifully engraved on one side, and the following inscription on the other, "Presented to Mr James Hogg, by his brethren of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, in testimony of their esteem of him as a man, and their admiration of him as a poet". The poem without its accompanying account of the meeting of the Shakespeare Club was also printed in Hogg's *Poetical Works* of 1822, largely unchanged from the newspaper texts, and in 1831 in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*. However the version in *Songs* is substantially different from the earlier versions in that the third and seventh of the stanzas have been dropped and the six remaining original stanzas rearranged in the following order: first, fifth, fourth, second, sixth and eighth. Verbal changes however are very small. This text is not based on the *Mercury* version, as it retains the reading "Torrent and greenwood tree". Two manuscript versions of the poem survive: in the letter to Bald in the Folger Shakespeare Library, and in a manuscript in the Blackwood Papers in the National Library of Scotland which forms part of the collection of material in manuscript form prepared for use in the printing of *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, published in 1831. As we would expect, the versions of the poem in the two newspapers and the 1822 *Poetical Works* are essentially the same as the version in Hogg's letter to Bald and the version in *Songs* follows, with a couple of minor variations, the NLS manuscript prepared for it.

Manuscripts: ['Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare' only] in a letter by Hogg to Alexander Bald of Alloa, 23 April 1815, Folger Shakespeare Library, New York: see Graham Tulloch and Judy King, 'Two Further James Hogg Letters', *SHW*, 25–26 (2015–16), 101–08 (pp. 104–05); ['Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare' only; fair copy for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*], NLS MS 4805, fol. 93.

Concurrent publication: *Caledonian Mercury*, 4 May 1815, p. 4 (see pp. 25–27 of this volume).

Subsequent publication: [of 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare' only] *Poetical Works* (1822), iv, 252–54; *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 304–06 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 132–33].

Emendations:

20, l. 13 since time had birth, (Letter to Bald)] since time had birth

20, l. 14 Rose, from the pregnant earth] Rose from the pregnant earth

18(d) Shakespeare Club the Shakespeare Club of Alloa held an annual celebration on Shakespeare's birthday, which Hogg attended in 1816 and some subsequent years. The club was founded by Alexander Bald (1783–1859), a timber merchant and brick manufacturer in Alloa and contributor of poems to the *Scots Magazine*: for further information see 'Notes on Correspondents', *Letters*, i, 443.

18(d) Alloa town in Clackmannanshire, on the northern shores of the Firth of Forth.

18(d) SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH Shakespeare's birthday is presumed to be 23 April, three days (the usual gap at the time) before his baptism on 26 April 1564.

19(a) Thursday last since this account appeared on Friday 4 May 1815, 'Thursday last' would be 27 April; writing on Sunday, 23 April, Hogg informed Alexander Bald that he hoped to attend the annual celebration 'on Thursday'. It appears that as Shakespeare's birthday fell on a Sunday the celebration was postponed to the following Thursday.

19(c) windings of the Forth at the point at which Alloa is situated, the Firth of Forth takes a very winding course.

19(d) Green grave of Elsinore Elsinore in Denmark (the modern Helsingør) is the setting of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; in a well known scene Hamlet visits Ophelia's grave (Act 5, Scene 1). Since Hogg goes on to list locations appearing

in Shakespeare's plays the reference here is probably to Ophelia's grave, but it is possible that Hogg has Hamlet's own (imagined) grave in mind, since this would presumably also be in Elsinore.

- 19(d) the hill of Dunsinnan** Dunsinane Hill is near the village of Collace in Perthshire. It figures prominently in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, where the Third Apparition conjured by the Witches ('a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand') prophesies that 'Macbeth shall never vanquished be until | Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill | Shall come against him' (iv. 1. 108–10). The prophecy is fulfilled when an army carrying boughs from the forest to disguise its numbers approaches Macbeth's castle on Dunsinane Hill.
- 19(d) Bosworth** the Battle of Bosworth Field (or Battle of Bosworth), in which the future Henry VII defeated Richard III, brought the Wars of the Roses to an end. It is the setting of the final scenes of Shakespeare's *Richard III*.
- 19(d) Shrewsbury** site of a battle of between Henry IV and Henry Percy ('Hotspur') in 1403. It figures in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part 1*, Act 5.
- 19(d) Egypt** the setting of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* recording the love of the Roman Mark Antony and the Egyptian Queen, Cleopatra.
- 19(d) Phillipi** the site of a battle in which Mark Antony and Octavian (later Augustus) defeated two of Julius Caesar's assassins, Brutus and Cassius; properly spelt 'Philippi'. See Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Act 5.
- 20(a) Caledon** reduced form of Caledonia, the Roman name for northern Britain; used from the eighteenth century by poets such as Ramsay, Burns and Scott as a poetic name for Scotland.
- 20(b) Scotia** a medieval Latin name for Scotland, which in the eighteenth century was adopted in poetic usage by Burns and Fergusson, amongst others.
- 20(d) Miss J. Baillie** Joanna Baillie: see note to **Bailey** 1(c).
- 20(d) Lord Byron** George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824), who overtook Scott to become the most popular poet of his time. By April 1815 he was well established as a poet, having published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812) and verse romances including *The Giaour* (1813) and *The Bride of Abydos* (1813). Hogg was keen to include Byron, who had a Scottish mother and spent his boyhood years in Aberdeenshire, as a Scottish poet, and wrote to Alexander Bald on 23 April 1815 before the celebrations: 'If you give a round of living Scottish poets include *Byron* for I am got into a dispute with the Englishmen about him which I intend to prove': see Graham Tulloch and Judy King, 'Two Further James Hogg Letters', *SHW*, 25–26 (2015–16), 102–08 (p. 104).
- 20(d) Burns** see note to 16(a).
- 20(d) Campbell** Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), a Scottish poet well known for his long poem *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799) and his songs. As noted above, Campbell visited Scotland in 1815 and Hogg hoped to bring him to the Shakespeare Club of Alloa's celebration, but neither Campbell nor Hogg attended that year.
- 20(d) Cunningham** Allan Cunningham (1784–1842), Scottish writer of prose and poetry; a friend of Hogg's, he is the subject of his 'Reminiscences of Former Days. My First Interview with Allan Cunningham': see this volume, pp. 187–90.
- 20(d) Gillespie** William Gillespie (1776–1825), minister of Kells in Galloway and author of *The Progress of Refinement, An Allegorical Poem, with Other Poems* (1805) and *Consolation, with Other Poems*, published in late May or early June 1815, not long after the Shakespeare Club's meeting (*Caledonian Mercury*, 27 May 1815, p. 3). Hogg knew him as a contributor to *The Spy* but it is not known if he knew him personally.
- 20(d) Graham** James Grahame; see note to 1(c).

- 20(d) Montgomery** James Montgomery (1771–1854), Scottish poet, newspaper editor, reviewer and hymn-writer; best known today for his hymns, but his other writing was also highly regarded in his own time.
- 20(d) Paterson** Walter Paterson (1789–1849), author of *The Legend of Iona, with Other Poems* (1814) and minister of Kirkurd, in Peeblesshire.
- 20(d) Scott** Walter Scott (1771–1832); although he had begun to publish novels with *Waverley* in July 1814, Scott's fame as a poet was still very much alive in January 1815; his long poem *The Lord of the Isles* had been published earlier that month.
- 20(d) Tenant** William Tennant (1784–1848), Scottish scholar and poet and a friend of Hogg's. Best known for the mock-heroic poem *Anster Fair* (1812), he was professor of oriental languages at the University of St Andrews from 1834. His name is correctly spelt in the *Caledonian Mercury* version of this article.
- 20(d) Wilson** John Wilson (1785–1854); his collection *The Isle of Palms, and Other Poems* had been published in 1812, but he was later more renowned as a contributor to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, where he appeared as 'Christopher North'. Hogg's relations with Wilson were often tense, but Hogg reports that from their first meeting he found him 'a man according to my own heart' ('Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 215).
- 20(d) the bard of Alloa** although he had already been included in the list of contemporary Scottish poets, this presumably refers to Hogg as the (here) anonymous author of the 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare'.

EDINBURGH STAR

[September 1808–July 1826: Hogg's contribution May 1811]

At the time of Hogg's contribution the *Edinburgh Star* was published twice weekly and was owned by Andrew J. Aikman and printed by his family's printing business, Andrew J. and T. Aikman. The Aikman firm was also the second printer of Hogg's journal, *The Spy*, printing its last thirty-nine issues from 1 December 1810 until its demise on 24 August 1811 with issue no. 52. It was presumably because of his connection with the Aikman firm that Hogg's poem on the death of Lord Melville appeared in that journal rather than in the more prestigious newspapers he generally preferred, the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* or the *Caledonian Mercury*.

Lament for Lord Melville

[*Edinburgh Star*, 31 May 1811, p. 3]

Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville (1742–1811) was an important and influential Tory politician and widely viewed as the unofficial ruler of Scotland. In 1806 he was impeached for misappropriation of public funds during his time as Treasurer of the Navy. Although Melville was acquitted the trial cast a shadow over his career, and he never returned to public office. By praising Melville in glowing terms Hogg was firmly attaching himself to the Tory party, even though at the time he had a number of friends and acquaintances among the Whigs. In May 1811 Melville came to Edinburgh for the funeral of his close friend of long standing, Robert Blair, but having been apparently in good health the night before he was found dead in his bed on the morning of 27 May, the day of Blair's funeral. Hogg's lament, appearing only four days later, was thus an extremely quick response to Melville's death. For a brief discussion of the context of Hogg's poem see Gillian Hughes, 'A Tory Memorial for the Newspapers', *SHW*, 11 (2000), 84–86.

21(b) EDINA see note to 12(c).

21(b) BLAIR Robert Blair of Avontoun (1741–1811) who was at the time of his death Lord President of the College of Justice in Scotland. Melville had known him since their schooldays.

21(b) MELVILLE see textual note above.

21(c) thy hand repress'd the tide | Of ruin in his role as Home Secretary Melville suppressed civil unrest which had arisen in Britain in the wake of the French Revolution.

21(c) foul aspersion a reference to Melville's impeachment: see textual note above.

CALEDONIAN MERCURY

[1720–1867; Hogg's Contributions June 1811; March to May 1815]

While work by Hogg appears in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* in June 1810 soon after his move to Edinburgh in February of that year, it is only a year later that material identifiable as by him began to appear in the *Courant's* rival, the long-standing, thrice-weekly, four-page Whig-inclined *Caledonian Mercury*, although there may have been earlier unidentified contributions. From 1810 to 1827 the *Mercury* was edited by David Buchanan: see *Waterloo Directory*, 1, 245. After this Hogg was often published in both journals, usually first in the *Courant*, as with 'Verses Written on Hearing of the Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry', which appeared in the *Courant* on 3 September 1814 and in the *Mercury* on 10 September 1814, but sometimes on the same day in both, as with his 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare', which appeared in both newspapers on 4 May 1815. His first identifiable appearance in the *Mercury* was as part of an article on the Forum, an Edinburgh society to which he belonged. The various sessions of the Forum were also regularly advertised in the newspaper. To examine the newspaper context in which the article on the Forum appeared in the issue for 20 June 1811 is to be reminded that its activities took place against the background of the Napoleonic wars. Amongst the normal newspaper content of reports (parliamentary proceedings, the king's health, a major court case), notices (Scots bankrupts, election of office-bearers of the Edinburgh and Leith Shipping Company, births, marriages and deaths, prices at the Corn Exchange in London and the Edinburgh market), and advertisements (property for sale and patent medicines), material relating to the war looms large. Lord Wellington reports from the Peninsular War, and extracts from the French papers tell the story from the other side, while an article on the Admiralty Court's proceedings regarding a captured American ship and its cargo, which the captors claimed was liable to be confiscated 'being destined to a port in France', occupies a large part of the third page. Even on the first page, which is fully devoted to notices, the largest notice of all is a list of amounts received for the relief of British prisoners in France. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the context of war in which Hogg wrote.

Forum

[*Caledonian Mercury*, 20 June 1811, p. 3]

Hogg joined the Forum in his second year in Edinburgh. As well as being a debating society it donated the proceeds of the door charge of sixpence to various charitable causes. Hogg considered it to be crucial in his development as a writer. Reflecting on what he learnt from his experience of the Forum's debates, he claimed that 'I was never so much advantaged by any thing as by that society; for it let me feel, as it were, the pulse of the public, and precisely what they would swallow, and what they

would not'. In particular he valued the experience of speaking to a large audience: 'I was greatly the better for it ... I might and would have written the *Queen's Wake* had the Forum never existed, but without the weekly lessons that I got there I would not have succeeded as I did.' Despite his appreciation of the Forum, Hogg reported that 'our meetings were somewhat ludicrous, especially the formality of some of the presidents. To me they were so irresistible, that I wrote a musical farce, in three acts, ... wherein all the members are broadly taken off, myself not excepted' ('Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 210). The Forum advertised the subjects of its debates in the *Mercury* and, at the end of the first session, an account of its activities (including its disbursement of funds to charities) appeared on the front page of the newspaper, submitted by its secretary 'J.R.'. On the third page of the same issue there followed a further item, included in this edition, which was probably also submitted by J.R. but for which Hogg must have supplied the verses ascribed to him. Hogg's farce has not survived but possibly this piece, with its awkward rhythm and rhymes, joins it in parodying the overly pompous proceedings of the Forum. (For a detailed account of Hogg's involvement in the Forum see Gillian Hughes, 'James Hogg and the Forum', *SHW*, 1 (1990), 57–70.)

Emendation:

22, l. 31 And fear not, dear Sir] And fear, not, dear Sir (CM)

22(a) Forum an Edinburgh debating society which Hogg joined as a founding member. Its first public meeting was on 4 April 1811; entry to subsequent meetings was by a ticket costing sixpence, the funds raised being used to support various charities.

22(a) the address on page 1st the item printed here from p. 3 of the *Caledonian Mercury* of 20 June 1811 follows on from a report on p. 1 which announced that the first session of the Forum had closed on 13 June and that its meetings would resume in November.

22(a) above L. 90 in charity the report on p. 1 detailed the charities to which the £92.10.0 raised from ticket sales had been donated: Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, Destitute Sick Society, British Prisoners in France, Charitable Female Society, Canongate Charity Workhouse, Gratis Sabbath School Society, Relief of Portuguese, Private objects of charity under the sanction of Dr Sanders, Public Dispensary, Royal Infirmary.

22(d) a proud tyrant although this appears to be a generic reference, Hogg probably had Napoleon Bonaparte particularly in mind since he had not yet been finally defeated at Waterloo in June 1815.

22(d) Edina see note to 12(c).

Guy Mannering

[*Caledonian Mercury*, 6 March 1815, p. 4]

As noted in the introduction to this volume, Hogg's review of *Guy Mannering* was published shortly after Scott's anonymous novel had appeared on 24 February 1815. Although presented as an 'Extract from a letter from Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, to a friend in the country', it is likely to have been written as a stand-alone piece specifically for newspaper publication.

Emendations:

23, l. 30 ebullitions] ebullitions

24, l. 25 of men, alive to] of men alive, to

- 23(a) *Guy Mannering* Walter Scott's second novel, subtitled 'The Astrologer', published anonymously as 'By the Author of "Waverley"' in 1815.
- 23(a) *The Lord of the Isles* Scott's poetic romance, published 1815.
- 23(a) **the common edition** a reference to the second edition of the poem, which appeared on 1 March 1815 in octavo priced at 14s, a cheaper format than the first edition in quarto priced at £2.2.0: see William B. Todd and Ann Bowden, *Sir Walter Scott: A Bibliographical History 1796–1832* (New Castle: Oak Knoll Press, 1998), pp. 346–48.
- 23(b) *The Saxon and Gael* *The Saxon and the Gaël*, a novel by Christian Isobel Johnstone, published in 1814, with the subtitle, *The Northern Metropolis: including a View of the Lowland and Highland Character*.
- 24(b) **the Liddisdale farmer** Dandie Dinmont, an important minor character in *Guy Mannering*.
- 24(c) **Mr Craig's Hunting of Badlewe** Hogg's play *The Hunting of Badlewe* was published in 1814; the author's name on the title page was given as 'J.H. Craig of Douglas, Esq.'
- 24(d) **"rivals all but Shakespeare here below"** Hogg adapts a line from Thomas Campbell's *The Pleasures of Hope* (l. 142) in which Campbell speaks of poets to come who will 'rival all but Shakspeare's name below'. Byron had applied the line to Burns ('Letter to John Murray Esq^r', in *Lord Byron: The Complete Miscellaneous Prose*, ed. by Andrew Nicholson (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991), p. 150) and Hogg now applies it to Scott.
- 24(d) **Gabriel's Road** the street in which was situated Ambrose's Tavern, later the setting of the 'Noctes Ambrosianae' series in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: see note to 163(c).

Shakespeare

[*Caledonian Mercury*, 4 May 1815, p. 4]

For a discussion of the origins of this text and its subsequent publication see the textual note to the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* version (pp. 406–07). As noted there, the text surrounding Hogg's 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare' here takes the form of a letter signed with Alexander Bald's initials, and is presumably somewhat closer to the letter that he or Hogg sent to the newspaper than the modified version presented by the *Courant*. However the text of the *Mercury* version contains two obvious misreadings: '1814' where the date should be '1804' and, in the poem, the apparent misreading of the presumed manuscript 'Torrent' as 'Forrest' (printed as 'Forest'): 'Torrent' would look very similar to 'Forrest' in Hogg's handwriting. All other versions of the poem follow the reading 'Torrent' found in both manuscripts and in the *Courant*. Because of the substantial differences between the prose of the two versions and because neither is prior to the other in date both have been included in this edition. The text has been emended as below to correct obvious mistakes, but since the reading 'Forest' could be correct despite its redundancy it has been retained here so as to provide a clear point of comparison with the text in the *Courant*. The notes below cover only material that is not covered in the notes on the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* version (see notes to pp. 18–20).

Emendations:

25, l. 9 year 1804] year 1814

26, l. 14 morning star.] morning star;

- 25(b) **since the year 1804** the *Caledonian Mercury* gives the year as '1814' but this is clearly a mistake for '1804', the reading in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. The reading '1814' probably arises from reading a compressed handwritten '0' as '1'. The Club certainly existed for a number of years before 1814: in Hogg's account of the 1817 meeting of the Club 'this poetic union had its origins about sixteen years ago': see *Contributions to BEM*, 1, 15.
- 27(a) **Miss J. Bailey** Joanna Baillie: see note to 1(c); the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* correctly spells her surname as Baillie, but we have retained Hogg's incorrect spelling since he had also used it in 'Epitaphs on Living Characters'.
- 27(a) **(though yet nameless) bard of Alloa** as noted above in relation to the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* version of this event, the bard of Alloa is Hogg, who has already been included in the list of contemporary Scottish poets but is mentioned again because the ode is presented anonymously. Here, however, the anonymity of the bard is specifically pointed to. Since both Hogg and Bald (either of whom could have written this letter) knew who was the author of the ode, the comment is a piece of typical mystification.
- 27(b) **A. B.** the initials of Alexander Bald: see note to 18(d). As noted above he may have been the author of this letter, possibly with revisions by Hogg, or the letter may have been written by Hogg himself in Bald's name.

THE EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER

[1808–1826 (actual dates of publication 1810–1828):

Hogg's contributions 1814–1816]

The *Edinburgh Annual Register* brought together the idea of providing a Scottish equivalent of the London *Annual Register*, proposed by its publisher William Davies of Cadell and Davies and conveyed to Archibald Constable by his partner A.G. Hunter, and an idea of Walter Scott's for an antiquarian miscellany, which he suggested might be combined with it when sounded out by Hunter about Davies's proposal: see Thomas Constable, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, 3 vols (Edinburgh, 1873), 1, 111, 117. To this was later added the further element of original poetry. In 1808, during a temporary cooling in his relationship with Constable, Scott played a key role in setting up the *Edinburgh Annual Register* as a Tory response to Constable's Whig *Edinburgh Review*, although the *Register* never succeeded in achieving anything like the status of the *Review*. Once it began to appear in 1810 the *Register* consisted of two main parts, the history of the year (written at first by Southey and later by Scott and then by Lockhart) and a literary and historical miscellany including amongst other elements a selection of original poetry. Although Scott told his friend George Ellis in a letter of 18 November 1808 that the journal would be 'conducted under the auspices of James Ballantyne' and that he would merely act as an adviser (*The Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. by H. J. C. Grierson, 12 vols (London: Constable, 1932–37), 11, 129), it appears that Scott effectively acted as the editor. Initially the *Register* was published by John Ballantyne, later by Archibald Constable: for an account of the genesis and history of the *Edinburgh Annual Register* see Kenneth Curry, *Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh Annual Register* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1977). As editor Scott was able to attract contributions from several poets (as well as publishing his own work). Hogg contributed to the poetry section on two occasions: in the *Register for 1812* (published in 1814) we find Hogg's ballad 'King Gregory', an example of his half-legendary, half-invented history of Scotland which was to find its fullest manifestation in *Queen Hynde* (1824); in the

Register for 1814 (published in 1816) appeared some of the imitations of contemporary poets which he was to publish in 1816 in *The Poetic Mirror, or The Living Bards of Britain* and also 'The Dying Soldier's Prayer', extracted from his forthcoming poem *The Field of Waterloo* which finally appeared in the second volume of Hogg's 1822 *Poetical Works*, subtitled 'Midsummer Night Dreams'. The poetic imitations were substantially expanded in *The Poetic Mirror* but with only minor textual changes in the parts carried over from the *Register*; 'The Dying Soldier's Prayer' is similarly expanded with minor textual changes to the *Register* text. 'King Gregory' was later included in Hogg's collection *Winter Evening Tales* with a few small textual changes but not substantial additions. Because the *Poetic Mirror* poems and 'The Dying Soldier's Prayer' are explicitly presented as parts of forthcoming larger works (the first introduced as 'the following Extracts from a work under the above title, which will speedily be given to the public' and the second as 'extracted from "The Field of Waterloo," an unpublished poem'), we have not considered them as independent texts and they are not included in this volume. On the other hand 'King Gregory' is a fully independent, stand-alone poem which was only later added to a collection of stories and poems, and has therefore been included here.

The Ballad of King Gregory

[*Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812*, 5:2 (1814), i-xii]

No manuscript exists of this poem and nothing is known with any certainty of its origins. However King Gregory figures in the legendary history of Scotland (albeit based on a historical figure: see below), and Ian Duncan has suggested that 'Hogg may have got the germ of his story from Holinshed: "[Gregorie] was never married, but continued in chastity all his life time" (*Chronicles*, v, 218)' (*Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC), p. 578). The story of Hogg's ballad reflects the violent history of later medieval Scotland but in legend the king belongs to an earlier period. In a letter of 28 January 1815, John Ballantyne, acting as publisher of the *Register*, informed Hogg 'I have credited you five guineas[s] for Lord Gregory' (NLS MS 2245, fol. 11r). The poem was included in Hogg's collection *Winter Evening Tales* (1820; 2nd edn 1821) with a few minor changes: along with some variation in the spelling, the stanza beginning 'And sore he wondered that so long' was omitted and the stanza beginning 'The king put her fair hand in his' is expanded to provide some more explanation of Gregory's change of heart and thus a less abrupt transition.

Subsequent publication: 'King Gregory', *Winter Evening Tales* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; London: G. & W. B. Whittaker, 1820; second edn, 1821), II, 136–52 [*Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC), pp. 358–71].

Emendations:

28, l. 4 KING Gregory sits in Dumbarton tower] KING Gregory sits in Dumbarton tower

28, l. 29 looked afar o'er] looked a far o'er

28(a) King Gregory Giric (d. c. 890) was an early king in Scotland although the extent of his realm and his parentage are uncertain. Although his name may derive from that of St Cyricus, it was later reconfigured as Gregorius and by that name he came by the twelfth century to be known to Scottish chroniclers and historians as Gregory the Great because of his supposed conquest of Ireland and part of England. In George Buchanan's sixteenth-century *Rerum Scotticarum Historia* (1582), as later translated, he is described as 'a Person of truly Royal

Spirit, in whom no Virtue was wanting' and who 'so tempered the Severities of his Government with Affability, that he got the Command of his Subjects more by Love, than by Fear': see *Buchanan's History of Scotland in Twenty Books*, 2nd edn, 2 vols (London, 1733), I, 221. Although Hogg presumably knew that Gregory lived in the ninth century, the world with which he is surrounded in this poem is very much a late medieval one in which the prominent families are those of the late Middle Ages through to Hogg's own time. However his portrayal of Gregory's character is consistent with that presented by Buchanan.

28(b) King Gregory sits in Dumbarton tower this line recalls 'The king sits in Dunfermline town', the first line of the well known ballad, 'Sir Patrick Spens', collected by Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (3rd edn, I, 7), which also is concerned with a king sending his men to seek his bride.

28(b) Dumbarton tower Dumbarton Castle is situated on a high and isolated rock at the junction of the Leven with the Firth of Clyde and commands an extensive view of the surrounding countryside. It was one of the most important royal fortresses in medieval Scotland and remained throughout in the possession of the Crown. (Hogg uses the spelling 'Dumbarton' twice and the old spelling 'Dunbarton' once in this poem. We have standardised to 'Dumbarton'.)

28(b) Erin yields and bows the knee, | And the southron lads they frown afar in English usage Erin is a poetic name for Ireland derived from the Irish *Éirinn*, the dative form of *Éire*, the Irish name for Ireland. The 'southron lads' are the English. By Buchanan's account Gregory drove the Picts 'not out of *Fife* only, but out of *Lothian*, and *Merch* too' and then defeated the Danes in northern England and 'took in all *Northumberland*'. He next invaded Ireland and took control of the country, constituting himself 'Guardian' to King Duncan 'his kinsman' (*History of Scotland*, I, 222–24).

29(a) the shores of Clyde the River Clyde flows 106 miles from the Lowther Hills in Lanarkshire past Glasgow and then opens out to form the Firth of Clyde on the north side of which Dumbarton Castle sits.

29(b) Leven a river flowing 7 miles south from Loch Lomond to join the Firth of Clyde at Dumbarton.

30(b) John of Errol Errol is a district along the Firth of Tay in southeastern Perthshire. Since John of Errol has a daughter named 'Hay', it is clear that Hogg is thinking of the Hay family who became Earls of Errol in the fifteenth century. The earliest known association of Errol with the Hays dates from the later twelfth or early thirteenth century, when William de Haya obtained a grant of the lands of Errol from William the Lion (1165–1214).

30(d) The king has written a broad letter | And sealed it with his signet ring compare 'Our King has written a braid letter, | And seal'd it with his hand' in 'Sir Patrick Spens' (*Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, I, 7).

31(a) Athol's lord Atholl (or Athole) is a mountainous and wooded district on the northern edge of Perthshire; there have been earls of Atholl from at least the twelfth century, but Hogg probably did not have a specific historical earl of Atholl in mind.

32(b) Stormont a district in Perthshire to the northwest of Errol lying between the rivers Erich, Isla, and Tay.

32(b) meet again | Canute the Dane according to Buchanan, Gregory 'marched into *Northumberland*, and fought a prosperous Battle against *Hathnute*' (*History of Scotland*, I, 222). The name has been transmuted into Canute (Cnut, the Danish king of England from 1016 to 1035) perhaps by further confusion with his son

Hardicanute (Harthacnut).

- 33(a) **Ila's shore** the River Isla follows a winding route of 41 miles mostly through Perthshire until it joins the Tay near Cargill.
- 33(c) **my life lies in a wad** *to lie in wad* is to be in pawn, or to be in the position of being a pledge or security.
- 34(a) **Grants** the Grant family first appeared in Scotland in the mid thirteenth century in Stratherrick in Invernessshire and by the early fourteenth century were established with extensive lands along the River Spey in Moray. In this passage Hogg lists a number of Highland clans that might be expected to support 'Athole's lord', whose lands were in the southeastern parts of the Highlands. In choosing the name of Grant, and those that follow, Hogg was clearly thinking of the situation from the later Middle Ages till his own time. This forms part of the relocation of Gregory's story from the tenth century to a setting which is much more like that of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries, as is appropriate to a ballad. In order to illustrate this relocation of the setting, the notes that follow identify when the various families became associated with the Highlands.
- 34(a) **the Frazers** the lands of the Frasers were from around the end of the fourteenth century in Buchan (northern Aberdeenshire) while those of the branch known as Frasers of Lovat were from the fifteenth century in the country around Inverness.
- 34(a) **M'Leods** the Macleods were initially associated with Lewis and Harris but also spread to parts of the northwestern coast of mainland Scotland. It is unclear why Hay expects a clan so distant from Atholl would aid 'Athole's lord'.
- 34(a) **wild Macphersons** the Macphersons, part of the Clan Chattan Confederation, were associated with country around Cluny Castle in the upper part of the Spey in Invernesshire. Their clan motto 'Touch not the cat but [i.e. without] the glove' proudly likens them to the wildcat.
- 34(a) **warlike Comyns of the north** of Norman or Flemish origin, the Comyns came to Scotland in the reign of King David (1124–53) and by the early thirteenth century they were established in the Highlands, becoming Lords of Badenoch, with large landholdings in Lochaber, and Earls of Buchan and playing a major role in Scottish history throughout the rest of the century, before losing their influence after their fatal confrontation with Robert the Bruce. Various branches of the Comyn family (or Cumming as it is now more commonly spelt) continued however to live in the Highlands in Badenoch, Strathspey and parts of Aberdeenshire.
- 34(a) **the Gordon** the Gordon family, almost certainly of Anglo-Norman origin, appears in the Scottish Borders from the reign of William the Lion; in the fourteenth century Robert the Bruce gave them the lands of Strathbogie in Aberdeenshire, and thereafter they were strongly associated with that area, becoming one of the most important families of northeastern Scotland.
- 34(a) **the brave Aboyne** from the seventeenth century members of the Gordon family held the title of Viscount Aboyne (from the small town of that name in the valley of the Dee in southern Aberdeenshire) and then Earl of Aboyne, but in 1836 the 5th Earl succeeded as Marquess of Huntly and the title was thereafter a courtesy title for the Marquess's heir. Hogg clearly sees 'Aboyne' as being the head of a secondary family of Gordons but the title postdates the late medieval setting of the poem.
- 34(a) **brave the lion in his den** proverbial: see 'to beard the lion' (*ODEP*, p. 35). The addition of the phrase 'in his den' is first recorded in Walter Scott's

Marmion (vi. 14. 24), published in 1808.

- 34(c) **a belted knight** a man who, in being knighted, has received a belt and sword as tokens thereof.
- 36(b) **Ila ford** a ford over the Isla; its exact location has not been identified.
- 36(b) **Dunsinnane** Dunsinane Hill lies a few miles to the north of Errol in the parish of Collace in Perthshire.
- 37(c) **They did not turn to Ila ford** because the Tay could not be crossed near Errol by a party of horsemen they head north initially. If they had been heading for Athole, as Hay hopes, they would have forded the Isla and continued to the north. Instead they ford the Tay and proceed towards the west.
- 37(c) **Almond ford** there was a ford over the Tay at the point where it was joined by the Almond, a river of about 20 miles length flowing from the east through Perthshire. According to information collected in the late nineteenth century, 'the depth [of the ford, then known as Derders Ford] is three feet when the river is low; but it is seldom, if ever, crossed now as no public road or way leads to it' (OS Name Books for Perthshire, 1859–62, LXXV, 5).
- 37(d) **by the side of silver Earn** the Earn follows a winding course from Loch Earn eastwards through Perthshire before joining the Tay below Perth. The party follows the river westwards before heading south to the Lake of Menteith.
- 38(a) **Montieth** the Lake of Menteith (formerly known as Monteith) lies south of Loch Earn and east of Loch Lomond in southwest Perthshire.
- 38(b) **Comyn Glas of Barnygill** neither a person nor a place in this area has been identified. *Glas* in Gaelic means 'grey', so 'Comyn Glas' would translate as 'Grey Comyn': it may be that Hogg has created the name in imitation of the historical 'Black Comyn' (John II Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, d. 1302) and 'Red Comyn' (John III Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, killed by Robert the Bruce in 1306), who were important figures in late thirteenth-century Scottish history. On the other hand Hogg seems to have taken the placename from Barnygill on Wamphray Water, a stream which flows south and southeast through Dumfriesshire for about 5 miles before joining the Annan.
- 38(b) **besouth the brow of Birnam hill** Birnam Hill in mid-northern Perthshire, situated across the Tay from Dunkeld, here represents the southern limit of Atholl, the land of 'Athole's lord'.
- 38(d) **Endrick side** Endrick Water flows into the southern end of Loch Lomond, a couple of miles north of Dumbarton.
- 40(a) **He trembled like the aspin pale** proverbial: see 'To quake (tremble) like an aspen leaf' (*ODEP*, p. 21).

KELSO MAIL

[1797–1934; Hogg's contribution October 1816]

The *Kelso Mail* was a conservative-leaning local newspaper catering for the Borders region of Scotland. It contained local and general news and advertisements. As far as we know Hogg only published once in this newspaper, but he would have felt it was appropriate for this piece of local news, and it also gave him an opportunity to engage with the local community in which he now once again lived. At this point the newspaper was edited by Alexander Ballantyne, whose brothers were intimately associated with Walter Scott, James as his printer and John as his agent in dealing with publishers. Hogg had earlier dealt with John as the publisher of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*: see textual note to 'The Ballad of King Gregory' (p. 413). At the

same time, by forwarding this article through the Duke of Buccleuch, he was able to express his gratitude to his patron in an article that, particularly in its manuscript form, offered strong praise of the duke and his family.

Carterhaugh Cattle Show

[*Kelso Mail*, 28 October 1816, p. 1]

In October 1816 Hogg attended a cattle show at Carterhaugh, one of the many properties of the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch, near the junction of Ettrick and Yarrow Waters, at which the duke's tenant farmers displayed their stock and competed for prizes. (As Hogg notes in 'Statistics of Selkirkshire', 'As nearly as I can calculate, from information gained on the lands, the Duke of Buccleuch possesses about one-half of the extent of the whole county, and about one-third of the rental'; see p. 333 in this volume). Hogg, as tenant of Altrive Lake, was himself one of the Duke of Buccleuch's tenants, the current duke having granted him the lease at a nominal rate the year before. At the end of the day Hogg would have undoubtedly attended the festivities at Bowhill, the duke's newly extended house a short distance from Carterhaugh, and his account pays tribute to the duke's interest in his tenants' stock. By 1816 Hogg was not only settled at Altrive Lake, only a few miles from Carterhaugh, but also had longstanding connections of friendship with some of the other tenant farmers. For example, Robert Ballantyne, the farmer of Tinnis, was married to Catherine (whose maiden name was also Ballantyne), sister of Janet, the wife of Hogg's longstanding friend William Laidlaw. Hogg was very much writing about the world in which he now lived, although he was not as important a farmer as the others mentioned in this account, and notably did not win any prize. Hogg had worked in the Yarrow valley in his childhood and adolescence, and the children of those he had worked for appear in this account as succeeding them as tenant farmers. However he was somewhat of an outsider amongst the well established tenants of the Duke of Buccleuch, and it is easy to share Peter Garside's suspicion that 'some of the old Brydons, Scotts, Andersons, and Ballantynes farming the region must have thought a rather odd bird had landed near their hearthstones': see 'Hogg, Eltrive, and *Confessions*', *SHW*, 11 (2000), 5–24 (p. 10). All of these names appear in this account of the Carterhaugh show, which might be seen as Hogg's attempt to find his niche within this community as a recorder of its activities, even if he was unable to be a full participant. Although the account of the show in the *Kelso Mail* and other newspapers is anonymous, it is certainly by Hogg, or at least based on Hogg's draft, since it is an abbreviated and substantially revised version of a manuscript account of the cattle-show evidently prepared by him as a newspaper report (NLS MS 599, fols 281–82). The Duke of Buccleuch enclosed 'an account of the Cattle Show' at Hogg's request in a letter of 22 October 1816 to Alexander Ballantyne, the publisher of the *Kelso Mail* (NLS MS 580, fol. 123). Whether Ballantyne or someone else was responsible for the changes between Hogg's manuscript and the printed text is impossible to determine at this stage. However it is clear that some of the excisions remove typical Hogg material, such as the dissident voices of the shepherds who, after seeing the duke's own cattle, 'did not much like to see their masters so sore outdone [and] said "aye aye it was easy for a man that had sae muckle grund an' siller as the duke to mak things as gude as he likit; odd if he had as dear rents to pay as some douse fock, diel a sae muckle beef wad be in his kye's rumps"'. The subaltern voice that is suppressed here in this sanitised version could well convey some of Hogg's own feelings, although he would not want to express them as his own with their implied

criticism of his patron, the duke. Another characteristically Hoggian passage lost in the print version is his praise of members of the duke's family: 'every member of his family young and old manifested the same condescending interest [as the duke] even the young ladies of Bowhill with their fair friends remained among the pens of sheep until all was decided.' Hogg would have been particularly interested in the young ladies of Bowhill, daughters of the late duchess, his patroness: see note to 14(b). Those present at the show would have included the elder daughters; Lady Harriet Scott (1814–1870), whom he later proposed, in a letter to David Russell of 5 May 1829, as a possible dedicatee of one of his songs (see Graham Tulloch and Judy King, 'Two Further Hogg Letters', *SHW*, 25–26 (2015–16), 102–08 (p. 106)), and to whom Hogg was particularly devoted because she bore her mother's christian name, was only two years old at this stage. The differences between this printed text and Hogg's manuscript are thus significant, and we have consequently included a transcript of the manuscript as an appendix. The text of the *Kelso Mail* article was reprinted three days later in the *Caledonian Mercury* with the omission of the last two paragraphs. The text printed here is that of the *Kelso Mail* with one significant emendation: Hogg's manuscript reference to a Scott at 'Singlee' has been misread as 'Langlee' in the *Mail*: we have restored Hogg's 'Singlee' since other records show Langlee was not at this stage tenanted by a Scott.

Subsequent publication: [without the last two paragraphs] *Caledonian Mercury*, 31 October 1816, p. 4.

Emendation:

42, l. 26 Mr Scott of Singlee (MS Mr. Scott Singlee)] Mr Scott of Langlee

42(a) the Duke of Buccleuch Charles, 4th Duke of Buccleuch and 6th of Queensberry (1772–1819). His landholdings were very extensive in this area and he granted Hogg the lease of his farm, Altrive (or Eltrieve) Lake, in 1815.

42(a) Carterhaugh a farm and wood near the confluence of Yarrow Water and Ettrick Water near Selkirk, the site of the ballad of 'Tam Lin', included by Scott (under the title 'The Young Tamlane') in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where he describes Carterhaugh and its immediate environs in a preliminary note (*Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, II, 178–79). It was also the site on 4 December 1815 of a football match between Yarrow and Selkirk under the auspices of the Duke of Buccleuch and organised by Hogg with the help of Scott. The Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill is situated about half a mile from Carterhaugh, while Hogg's farm Altrive Lake was about 10 miles away to the west further up the Yarrow.

42(b) George Pott, Esq. Penchryst George Pott continued as tenant of Penchryst or Penchrise (a farm in Roxburghshire, about 4½ miles south of Hawick) until it and Longside, which he also held, were offered for lease in 1829. At this stage the two properties are described as 'so well known to be the best stock farms in the south of Scotland, that any description of them is unnecessary' (*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 8 January 1829, p. 1).

42(b) William Bell, Esq. Allars Allars was a farm at the junction of Miller's Burn with Jed Water just south of Jedburgh in Roxburghshire.

42(b) Thomas Scott, Esq. Lethem Thomas Scott was associated with Lethem (or Letham, a farm approximately 7 miles south of Jedburgh and 2 miles east of Southdean in a bend of the Shaw Burn in Roxburghshire) from at least 1806 when, as 'Scott, Thomas Esq. jun. Lethem', he is named as receiving a game certificate issued by the Sheriff Clerk's office: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 11 October 1806, p. 3.

- 42(b) Mr Thomas Milne, of Dryhope** Thomas Milne was tenant of Dryhope from at least 1815, when he bred a bull weighing 272 stones: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 15 May 1815, p. 4; he died in August 1821: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 1 September 1821, p. 3. In Hogg's time Dryhope was a farm on the Dryhope Burn near where it joins the Yarrow just to the east of St Mary's Loch in Selkirkshire. In earlier times Dryhope Tower was the seat of a branch of the Scott family, as Hogg portrayed it in *The Three Perils of Man*.
- 42(b) Mr George Grieve, of Craik** George Grieve farmed at Craik (10 miles southwest of Hawick in Roxburghshire) from at least 1806, when he was issued with a game certificate: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 11 October 1806, p. 3. With his wife Minto Bell he emigrated in 1832 to Canada, where he died on 6 May 1841: see *Berwick Advertiser*, 21 July 1838, p. 4; Records of St Andrew's Church, Montreal, in Drouin Collection, Quebec.
- 42(b) Mr George Brydon, Crosslee** when Hogg was aged six his father became bankrupt and 'the late worthy Mr Bryden, of Crosslee, took compassion upon us, and taking a short lease of the farm of Ettrickhouse, placed my father there as his shepherd, and thus afforded us the means of supporting life for a time' ('Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 8). This benefactor was Walter Bryden, who died in March 1799 'by the Stroke of a Tree' (Ettrick OPR). At some point his son George Bryden (1787–1837) succeeded him as tenant of Crosslee and, according to Hogg's 'Reminiscences of Former Days: My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott', hosted Hogg and Walter Scott at Crosslee (see this volume, p. 197). Crosslee was a farm in Selkirkshire at the junction of Crosslee Burn with Tushielaw Burn just before it joins Ettrick Water about 4 miles northeast of Ettrick Church.
- 42(b) Mr Anderson, Nether Barns** in 1816 George Anderson was the farmer at Nether Barns: see John Chisholm, *Sir Walter Scott as a Judge: His Decisions in the Sheriff Court of Selkirk* (Edinburgh: Green, 1918), p. 182. According to the 1841 census he was still farming at Nether Barns in that year. He died in Galashiels in 1869 at the age of 88: see *Kelso Chronicle*, 6 August 1869, p. 3. Nether Barns was a farm near Galashiels in Selkirkshire on the Tweed across from Abbotsford.
- 42(c) Mr Beattie, Oakwood** this is Ebenezer Beattie (1782–1840), described as 'in Oakwood' (a farm near the then ruined Aikwood Tower, on Ettrick Water 4 miles southwest of Selkirk), who won a prize at the annual meeting of the Pastoral Society of Selkirkshire in 1819: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 1 July 1819, p. 4.
- 42(c) Mr Scott of Singlee** according to Hogg he worked for 'Mr Scott of Singlee' in his teens: see 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), pp. 9–10 and editor's note p. 396. This would have been William Scott, who continued to farm Singlee (on Ettrick Water in Selkirkshire about 7 miles southwest of Selkirk) for a number of years and died in 1814: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 1 December 1814, p. 3. Thereafter his son Gideon Scott was the farmer at Singlee, where he died in 1839: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 11 January 1840, p. 3.
- 42(c) Mr Gibson of Shaws** Thomas Gibson was the farmer at Shaws (located a short distance from Ettrick Water across the river from Singlee) by 1810, when his marriage in Edinburgh is recorded: see *Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 9 May 1810, p. 3.
- 42(c) Mr Ballantyne of Tinnies** Robert Ballantyne was the farmer at Tinnies in 1820 (*Caledonian Mercury*, 10 July 1820, p. 1) and continued there until his death at the age of 57 in December 1835: see *Perthshire Courier*, 7 January 1836, p. 2. Writing a letter of introduction for 'my friend and neighbour

James Ballantyne Esq. of Whitehope' to William Stewart Rose in 1823, Hogg reminded Rose that they had dined with Robert at Tinnies 'that day we rode down Yarrow together' (*Letters*, II, 183). The original Tinnis farmhouse stood on the eastern slope of Tinnis Top, a hill beside Yarrow Water near where it is joined by the Lewenshope Burn about 4½ miles west of Selkirk. It is marked in this position on John Ainslie's 1821 Map of the Southern Part of Scotland and appears on present day maps as Old Tinnis. (A later Tinnis farmhouse stands a short distance further up the Yarrow).

43(a) the lively interest taken by the Duke in the stock exhibited by his tenants

a number of the farms named above (apart from those of the judges) were part of the extensive landholdings of the Duke of Buccleuch, and the farmers were the duke's tenants. Walter Scott praised the fourth duke for his management of his estates, and in particular noted that 'his Grace extended his attention to the breed of cattle, and other agricultural experiments': see 'Character of the late Charles Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry', *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, 28 vols (Edinburgh: Cadell, 1834–36), IV, 297–308 (p. 303).

43(a) Bowhill Bowhill House, the principal residence of the dukes of Buccleuch in the Borders, located between the Ettrick and the Yarrow approximately 3½ miles west of Selkirk, was begun about 1708. An extension commissioned by Charles, the 4th duke, was completed in 1814, shortly before the occasion described in this article. Further extensions followed later in the century.

THE SALE-ROOM

[January to July 1817; Hogg's contributions February and March 1817]

The Sale-Room was published by John Ballantyne from his auction rooms in Hanover Street, from which it took its unusual name, and was printed by James Ballantyne and Co., which at this stage of its existence was wholly owned by Walter Scott. It ceased publication after only twenty-eight weekly issues, having run from 4 January to 12 July 1817. Although John Ballantyne seems to have acted notionally as the editor, Scott was the driving force behind the journal, which was planned in imitation of essay-type periodicals like the *The Lounger* and *The Mirror* of Henry Mackenzie, whom Scott admired as one of his Scottish predecessors, as he acknowledged at the end of *Waverley*. Scott provided most of the material for the first five issues of the new journal and for a number of subsequent issues, but his initial enthusiasm seems to have faded and he apparently transferred his energies to work on *Rob Roy*. Always happy to find outlets for his work, Hogg had two items in *The Sale-Room* during its short life, a poem on the Gipsies and a short sketch along the lines of Scott's early writing for the journal. In this sketch Hogg enters the fictional world of the journal by incorporating some of the characters Scott had introduced in his contributions. (For further information see Gillian Hughes, 'James Hogg's Contributions to *The Sale-Room*', *The Bibliothek*, 23 (1998), 64–68.)

The Gipsies

[*The Sale-Room*, 15 February 1817, pp. 53–54]

Although most of the contributions to *The Sale-Room* were in prose, Scott provided a poem, 'The Search after Happiness', which occupies almost the whole of the fifth issue of the journal. Hogg's poem 'The Gipsies' follows Scott's lead and appeared shortly afterwards in the seventh issue, where it follows a letter by 'Timon' about the length

of petticoats and a second letter by 'Harmonicus' about the lack of writing about music. Hogg later acknowledged his contribution, signed 'Z.', by including it in his 1822 *Poetical Works*. John Ballantyne was impressed by the poem when he received it in early January 1815, telling Hogg, 'I write you to night, having this moment recieved the Gipsies, which, in my opinion, is in your best vein. There are passages in it that tell upon the heart, & I confess to you, that knowing you even as I do, the circumstances considered under which you have produced it render it to me a *surprizing* performance. It is a complete hit.' Hogg had been more circumspect in sending it to him a few days earlier: 'I send you the introductory lines you requested—If they do not accord with the design of the work I shall alter them for they are written merely at random' (*Letters*, I, 228; the description 'introductory lines' could reasonably apply to the whole poem or to the first two paragraphs). Presumably Hogg was offering the poem for inclusion in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* and Ballantyne offered him the generous fee of five guineas, the same as he had paid for the much longer 'King Gregory' in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (John Ballantyne to James Hogg, 8? January 1815, NLS MS 2245. fol. 11r). However the poem did not appear in the *Register* and it was only when Ballantyne was editing *The Sale-Room* in early 1817 that the poem was finally taken up and appeared there. We do not know whether Hogg brought the poem to Ballantyne's attention again or whether Ballantyne himself retrieved and published it. The adverse circumstances under which Hogg wrote the poem, referred to by Ballantyne, were a serious fever he suffered in January 1815, which he mentioned in letters to Jane Wilson on 4 January and John Aitken on 14 January (*Letters*, I, 227, 230) and in his 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg' (*The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), pp. 227–28). A manuscript survives of a fragment of the poem, containing the four lines from 'Tis told that once in ages long gone by' to 'Pour'd forth her millions in Jerusalem', attached to a letter from Hogg to John Harper. This may suggest that these were the original first lines of the poem and that Hogg's 'introductory 44 lines' were the preceding two paragraphs. The text printed here is taken unchanged from *The Sale-Room* apart from the one emendation listed below.

Manuscript: [fragment containing four lines of the poem] pasted onto Hogg's letter to John Harper of 4 December 1822, held in the Hawick Museum (see *Letters*, II, 176–77).

Subsequent publication: *Poetical Works* (1822), IV, 281–83.

Emendation:

44, l. 28 her millions (MS and *Poetical Works* 1822)] his millions

44(d) 'Tis told that once ... vex the Saracen the general reference is to the Crusades, but we have been unable to find any specific reference to the Gipsies assisting Crusader armies.

44(d) her millions *The Sale-Room* here reads 'his millions' but, as both the manuscript fragment and the 1822 *Poetical Works* read 'her millions', we have adopted this reading, both because it is extremely rare for Europe to be personified as male and because Hogg's handwritten 'her' could be misread as 'his'.

44(d) Saracen the Arab and Muslim opponents of the Christians.

45(a) Wild shall they be ... against all earth see Genesis 16.12, where an angel predicts to Abram's handmaid Hagar that her as yet unborn son by Abram, whom she named Ishmael, 'will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him'. The Gipsies are thus implicitly identified as a branch of the Ishmaelites of the Bible, the descendants of Ishmael,

a theory of their origin which was current in Hogg's time: e.g. see a letter by 'A Southern Faun' to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 91 (April 1802), 291–92.

To the Editor of the *Sale-Room*

[*The Sale-Room*, 8 March 1817, pp. 72–76]

Hogg's sketch appears in the tenth issue of *The Sale-Room* and is very much in the manner of Scott's sketches in the second, third, and fourth issues of the journal, where he introduced his fictional creations Doctor Dunder, Peter Grievance, and Andrew Pismire. It must have been written after the publication of the second issue, since that contains the first appearance of Peter Grievance, whom Hogg introduces as a character in his sketch. Given John Ballantyne had 'The Gipsies' to hand from the beginning but did not publish it till the seventh issue, it may well be that Hogg wrote and submitted his sketch very soon after the publication of the second issue and the first appearance of Peter Grievance. Hogg also responded to the literary context of the time by cheekily inventing Charlie Dinmont of the Waker-Cleuch as a counterpart to Scott's Dandie Dinmont of Charlieshope from *Guy Mannering*, which had been published two years earlier on 24 February 1815 and which Hogg had reviewed, with similar speed to that he perhaps showed in responding to *The Sale-Room*, in a letter to the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury* for its 6 March issue. Much later, after he began to write for gift-books and annuals, Hogg revived and revised this piece for inclusion in the *Literary Souvenir* of 1826, edited by Alaric A. Watts. On 17 April 1825 he wrote to Watts: 'In looking over my papers I alighted on a tale of mine copied by my amanuensis several years ago for the Winter Evening Tales, but left out on account of being imperfect. I have now gone over it and made large additions in order to give it some more points and interest, and as it is I send it you for your next *Souvenir*. I think it will be better if divided into different departments as I have pointed in the M.S. At least in the contents it will look better as follows:

Town and Country
By the Ettrick Shepherd
Charlie Dinmont—By the same
Town and Country Apparitions—Do
Gillanbye's Ghost—Do
The White Lady—Do

It will be almost absolutely necessary that you get a frank and send me the proof slips as my broad Scots is not easily made out by an Englishman and any mistake in that offends me particularly' (*Letters*, II, 232–33). When published the series was, however, given the title of 'The Border Chronicler'; it included all four of these sections, of which the first, 'Charlie Dinmont', is a revised version of 'To the Editor of the *Sale-Room*'. The revisions are substantial; it is possible, if Hogg worked from the copy made by his nephew Robert Hogg (the amanuensis he refers to), that some of the changes were made by Robert. Whoever was responsible, the opening paragraphs have been deleted and the piece now begins at the words 'As I was sauntering down Prince's-Street'. A new section, presumably by Hogg, has been added at the end, which elaborates on Charlie's character and further develops the contrast between him and the narrator and provides the setting for Charlie's telling of the stories in the other three sections. There has been some reworking of the spelling in both directions along the Scots/English spectrum ('naething' becomes 'nothing' but 'Edinburgh' becomes 'Edinbroch'), as well as some adoption of alternative Scots

forms ('ower' becomes 'owre') and some small changes in diction ('hopes' becomes 'expectations'). More substantial changes are the result of moving the sketch to a different context, so that references to John Ballantyne's sale-room and the journal named after it have been removed along with Hogg's strategic mention of Peter Grievance. Altogether the changes give more prominence to Charlie and less to the city-slicker narrator.

Subsequent publication: *The Literary Souvenir* (1826), 257–69 [*Contributions to Annuals* (S/SC), pp. 10–15].

Emendations:

46, ll. 15–16 his purchase there, confirmed] his purchase there; confirmed

47, ll. 3–4 to gi'e ye value for it] to g'ie ye value for it

47, l. 11 what ye wad be at, nane o' ye] what ye wad be at nane o' ye

47, l. 17 with jealousy and contempt] with jealouy and contempt

49, l. 38 unless we get a mailin] unless wi' get a mailin

45(c) **Despising ... a world elsewhere** *Coriolanus*, III. 3. 137–39.

46(b) **a wee humph'd an' quick o' the saur** a bit putrid and quick to smell disgusting.

46(b) **Prestonpans** a small town on the shores of the Firth of Forth, 8 miles east of Edinburgh, with an important salt-panning industry.

46(d) **the pit** Hell.

47(b) **Sautan** Satan.

47(c) **fold up** conclude.

47(d) **Prince's street** the main commercial street in the New Town of Edinburgh, extending along its southern side.

47(d) **Miss M—n was returned to delight us** not identified.

47(d) **huge topped boots, all of one colour tops and all** topped boots were high leather boots, often having a top in a contrasting colour, although not in this case.

48(a) **Galashiels grey** a coarse grey woollen cloth manufactured in Galashiels, Selkirkshire, the centre of the Scottish textile industry.

48(a) **the multitude never are wrong** this contradicts the view of Wentworth Dillon, 4th Earl of Roscommon (c. 1633–1685), who wrote in his 'Essay on Translated Verse' (1684) that 'The multitude is always in the wrong'.

48(b) **a Sale-room in Hanover-Street** John Ballantyne's auction rooms, from which the magazine *The Sale-Room* took its name, were situated in South Hanover Street.

48(d) **your Peter Grievance** the fictional Peter Grievance had appeared in *The Sale-Room* in a piece by Scott.

49(b) **honest man** my good man.

49(b) **the end o' the 'Merican war** the American War of Independence formally ended with the Treaty of Paris in September 1783.

49(b) **Candlemass-day turned out foul** the weather at Candlemas (2 February) was believed to be related to the duration of winter. In the words of a traditional rhyme, 'If Candlemas Day is clear and bright, | Winter will have another bite. | If Candlemas Day brings cloud and rain, | Winter is gone and will not come again.'

49(c) **my Lord Hickathrift** Hogg here borrows the name of a legendary figure in East Anglian folklore, Tom (or Jack) Hickathrift, a variant on Jack the Giant-Killer. The other names are invented.

- 49(d) **for a sma' matter** for a small consideration.
- 49(d) **gay and sure** very sure.
- 49(d) **ower the head o'** at the expense of.
- 49(d) **a gay pickle siller** a good amount of money.
- 49(d) **Charlie Dinmont o' the Waker-Cleuch** the name Dinmont is taken from Dandie Dinmont of Charlieshope, a character in Scott's *Guy Mannering* (1815). Charlie's reference to 'my uncle Dan', who is known to 'a hantle o' folk', suggests he may be Dandie Dinmont's nephew, since both Dan and Dandie are Scottish pet names for Andrew.
- 50(a) **the Cauldstane Kirk** this and other names in this speech are fictional, but there is a Cauldstane Slap, a pass in the Pentland Hills on the northern border of Peeblesshire through which passes an old drove road.
- 50(a) **Dr Christoff the original-sin man** the (apparently fictional) Dr Christoff preaches on the doctrine of original sin, that is, that as a result of Adam and Eve's disobedience in the Garden of Eden human beings may be saved only by God's grace.
- 50(b) **ewie wi' the crooked horn** a whisky still, the 'crooked horn' being the distilling tube. There are many versions of the song thus titled, in both Scots and Gaelic.
- 50(b) **Deadforcauld** the name of a hill in Meggetdale about 4 miles west of St Mary's Loch but probably chosen here for its comic effect rather than as referring to the actual locality.
- 50(b) **enormous load of debt under which the nation is groaning** the British national debt reached an unprecedented level at the end of the Napoleonic wars.
- 50(d) **stane stairs in the New-Town o' Edinburgh** a special feature of the New Town of Edinburgh were the staircases in which 'each one-piece tread and riser is supported by the one immediately underneath [and] the end of each tread is embedded into the wall' so that 'the stone steps are cantilevered out from the wall of the stairwell' (Michael Carley et al., *Edinburgh New Town: A Model City* (Stroud: Amberley Publishing, 2015), p. 237). Thus, in Hogg's words, 'ye wad think they're hingin' i' the air'.
- 51(a) **tak me beuk-sworn** I will swear on the Bible.
- 51(c) **Z** this signature is also used in two articles, 'Farther Particulars of the Life of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd' and 'Concluding Particulars of the Life of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd', in the *Scots Magazine*, 67 (July and November 1805), 501–03 and 820–23. More than one scholar has suggested that these articles are by Hogg himself: see Suzanne Gilbert, *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 460.
- No. 5, Liddisdale-place** possibly a fictional address intended to link Charlie Dinmont to Scott's Liddesdale farmer Dandie Dinmont.

CLYDESDALE MAGAZINE

(May 1818–December 1818: Hogg's contributions June and July 1818)

The short-lived *Clydesdale Magazine* was a monthly published and edited by William Murray Borthwick of Lanark. The journal seems to have courted Hogg's attention from the beginning with the hope, no doubt, that he would contribute to it: the first issue, in May, contained not only an anonymous poem addressed to Hogg (p. 37) but also the first part of a review of Hogg's collection *The Brownie of Bodsbeck; and Other Tales* (pp. 24–28) which continued over the next two issues (pp. 75–78, 121–25).

Although the review was generally favourable to Hogg's collection of tales, the first part would have considerably annoyed him by asserting that 'there can be little doubt if [Scott's early novels] had not been published, that the *Brownie of Bodsbeck* would never have made its appearance' (p. 24). The following month's continuation of the review offered further praise of the collection, concentrating on 'The Wool-Gatherer', and also mentioned Hogg's song 'Lock the Door Lariston', first published in *The Spy* in March 1811. However the song was wrongly attributed to James Gray. The next issue, for July, continued a burst of Hogg-authored or Hogg-related material. There are two items by Hogg, 'An Old Soldier's Tale' (acknowledged as Hogg's only by the appearance of the initial 'H.' at the end) and 'The Good Grey Cat, Rendered in English' (an English version of Hogg's 'The Gude Grey Katte', which had appeared in *The Poetic Mirror* under the pretext of being another author's imitation of Hogg rather than Hogg's own work). Alongside these is a letter, signed 'Quivive', which corrected the wrong attribution of 'Lock the Door Lariston', and also asserted that *The Brownie of Bodsbeck* was written and offered for publication before Scott's *Old Mortality*, even though it was published afterwards, dealt with the same period of Scottish history, and similarly featured Claverhouse as a major character. The letter also presented Blackwood, Hogg and Wilson in a comic scene of misunderstanding about the authorship of the anonymously published *Old Mortality*: see Quivive, 'Literary Mistakes Rectified', *Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (July 1818), 133–35. When Blackwood asked Hogg to write to Borthwick, probably about the *Old Mortality* scene in this letter, Hogg's response, on 12 October, was hardly complimentary to the magazine: 'I have not as yet written to Borthwick. I do not see how printing any counter statement in a nameless journal such as his could have the effect of explaining away a thing that has crept into the public papers and I think the less that is said of such a mere trifle the better' (*Letters*, 1, 382). The low opinion of the journal expressed in this letter may have been primarily for Blackwood's consumption, as Hogg clearly wanted to publish more in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and would not want Blackwood to think he preferred the *Clydesdale Magazine*. It is not impossible that Hogg himself was 'Quivive' and that, in his letter to Blackwood, he was refusing to respond to his own letter. Certainly the letter makes two points that he would have been keen to see published: that he wrote *The Brownie of Bodsbeck* before *Old Mortality* was written, and that he was the author of 'Lock the door Lariston'. If Hogg was the author of the Quivive letter it is possible that, when he sent it for publication in the magazine, Borthwick then asked for acknowledged contributions to add to it. Certainly it was a considerable coup for the *Clydesdale Magazine* to have material from an author of Hogg's standing in an early issue. A similarly low opinion of the magazine is implied in a draft letter dated 3 August 1818 and addressed to the fictional Timothy Tickler, who appeared in the pages of *Blackwood's*: Hogg objects to that journal's alleged practice of rejecting his pieces and returning them 'sometimes, what I could stand worst of all w. a hint that I had better send them to the New Series of the Scots Mag. the Dominies magazine, or the new magazine set afoot at Lanark' (*Letters*, 1, 372; the 'new magazine' is the *Clydesdale Magazine*). Once again, this statement may have been primarily designed to impress Blackwood, since it is likely Hogg hoped to have the letter published in *Blackwood's*. Finally this same July issue contained the third instalment of the review of *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, in which the reviewer accepted the assertion of Quivive that Hogg wrote the novel before *Old Mortality* but 'was necessitated to write his work anew, because originally Burley [a major character in Scott's novel] was also his principal character' (p. 124). Nevertheless the reviewer immediately half withdraws his acceptance of Quivive's assertion by noting that

'[i]n the opinion of many this tale was written as an antidote to Old Mortality' (p. 124). This was not the end of the journal's continuing interest in Hogg: in its final issue in December we find a swingeing attack on the *British Critic's* unfavourable review of *The Brownie of Bodsbeck* which firmly rejects the notion that Hogg's novel was a response to Scott's and lambasts the reviewer for his condescending attitude to the Scots (pp. 360–67). Even here there is yet another reference to Hogg, in the form of a footnote welcoming the news that he had been 'several years employed by the Highland Society of London in collecting and arranging the Jacobitical Relics of Scotland'. Unfortunately this free publicity came a bit early as the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* did not appear for another year. Whatever his real feelings about the *Clydesdale Magazine*, the fact remains that Hogg certainly submitted two substantial pieces for an early issue of the magazine. It is also possible that he contributed other material, such as the letters from 'Quivive'. In any case, as it folded only a few months later, he had little further opportunity to publish in it again if, indeed, he wished to.

An Old Soldier's Tale

[*Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (July 1818), 106–12]

On 13 January 1818 Hogg wrote to Blackwood: 'I send you a farther portion of the Brownie ... I send you likewise *the woolgatherer* [sic] for perusal and a tale for the Magazine' (*Letters*, 1, 325). The 'tale' is likely to be 'An Old Soldiers' Tale' as on 31 January he followed this up with a query: 'What became of my Old Soldier's Tale—Not even acknowledged?' (*Letters*, 1, 329). It is further likely that this is the story that he mentioned to Blackwood in a letter written from Abbotsford on 5 January 1818: 'Perhaps I may get my tale finished ... before I leave this [i.e. Abbotsford] which I will forward but now when I see so much good original matter here I am not so anxious' (*Letters*, 1, 323). In the event Blackwood did not accept the story for his magazine and Hogg responded angrily later in the year in June: 'I have not been writing any new thing for the Magazine I know W[ilson] will not let in anything of mine. [H]e will perhaps tell me as he did lately "This would *perhaps* do for the Mentor. If you like I shall *try* to get it in there" After the rejection [of] The old Soldier's tale I cannot think of any prose article just now that would possibly gain admittance, in the present taste of the editors. I know I will soon have a greater hand to bear in it so will keep up my matter till then' (*Letters*, 1, 356). In the *Collected Letters* the notes to the following letter of c. 24 June 1818 point out that Wilson's reference to the *Mentor* was 'an insulting suggestion to a professional writer of Hogg's standing, since *Mentor; or, Edinburgh Weekly Essayist; containing Dissertations on Morality, Literature, and Manners* was a cheap weekly paper of twelve small pages costing twopence, reminiscent of Hogg's own *The Spy* of 1810–1811. ... Each issue concluded with obviously amateur poetry' (*Letters*, 1, 357). On another occasion, as noted above, Hogg had objected to Wilson's 'hint that I had better send [my pieces] to the New Series of the Scots Mag. the Dominies magazine, or the new magazine set afoot at Lanark' (*Letters*, 1, 375), but he nevertheless did precisely what Wilson had recommended and sent 'An Old Soldiers' Tale' to 'the new magazine set afoot at Lanark'. Perhaps Wilson or Blackwood was bothered by Hogg's characteristic use of comedy to convey serious subject matter, whereas the editor of the *Clydesdale Magazine*, delighted no doubt to have a contribution from Hogg in his third issue, showed no such qualms. Hogg was thus able to find an outlet for a tale dealing with two of his favourite subjects, the Highlands and the terrible aftermath of the 1745

rebellion. As in his later tale, 'A Story of the Forty-Six', Hogg does not flinch from portraying the cruelty of the Duke of Cumberland's troops in Scotland after the end of the rebellion. In the precise setting of the events in 'An Old Soldier's Tale' Hogg made use of what he had seen on his Highland journey of 1802, although the telling of the tale takes place much closer to Hogg's own home in the Borders. When he came to publish his *Winter Evening Tales* in 1820 Hogg included 'An Old Soldiers' Tale'. The text is almost exactly the same as that in the *Clydesdale Magazine* apart from a few minor spelling changes (e.g. 'kend' to 'ken'd') and what might have been seen as corrections of the grammar ('safe out' becomes 'safely out'). These changes could have been made by Hogg or by the printer or publisher. However the text also includes some significant changes that suggest Hogg might have revised it himself for publication. Most notably the name 'John Hay Stuart' is changed to 'John Roy Stuart', the name of a historical leader of the Jacobites: the context makes clear that Hogg intended to refer to the real person and he, or someone else who is well informed, has corrected the name. Possibly Hogg originally got the name wrong but it is more likely that 'Roy' in his original manuscript was misread as 'Hay'. An alert reader, possibly Hogg himself, has also corrected 'bows' to 'leaves' in the reference to 'the withered bows of a forest that the winds whirl before them' and 'prohogue' to the more likely 'prohgue' (a comic Highland pronunciation of 'brogue'). Some of these corrections have been incorporated into this edition, as will be seen from the list of emendations. This includes the more appropriate reading 'fastnesses' where the *Clydesdale Magazine* reads 'fortresses'; we have also extended this to a second case where *Winter Evening Tales* has retained 'fortresses'.

Subsequent publication: *Winter Evening Tales*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd and London: G. and W.B. Whittaker, 1820; second edn 1821), I, 129–41 [*Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC), pp. 98–106].

Emendations

- 52, l. 7 It's no to be the battle (WET)] It's' no to be the battle
- 52, l. 26 gin ye haena] gin ye' haena
- 52, l. 29 no sooner seated, than, laying (WET)] no sooner seated, then, laying
- 53, l. 19 into their native fastnesses (WET)] into their native fortresses
- 53, ll. 25–26 certain passes and fastnesses] certain passes and fortresses
- 54, l. 2 a report that John Roy Stuart (WET)] a report that John Hay Stuart
- 54, l. 16 Colston] Colstan
- 56, l. 25 "Hush!" said he] "Hush" said he
- 56, l. 42 at least twenty guns] at last twenty guns
- 57, ll. 22–23 imprudent! The whole party] imprudent! the whole party
- 57, l. 37 the withered leaves of a forest (WET: the withered leaves of a forest)]
the withered bows of a forrest
- 58, l. 32 te vhile Lowlands prohgue (WET)] te vhile Lowlands prohogue
- 58, l. 40 I shook my head.] I shook my head,
- 60, l. 10 the Castle of Brae-Marr] the Castle of Brae-Mar

52(a) Andrew Gemble Gemble is a Lowland name and the Hanoverian government had its greatest support in the Lowlands, even though a significant number of Lowlanders supported the Jacobites, as Murray Pittock has demonstrated in *The Myth of the Jacobite Clans*, 2nd edn (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009).

52(b) the battle of Culloden the battle on Drummoissie Moor, near Inverness, on 16 April 1746, in which the Jacobite forces under Prince Charles Edward Stuart

were decisively defeated by the forces of the Hanoverian government under Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. It was effectively the end of the rebellion even though some remnants of the Jacobite forces attempted to continue to campaign over the next few weeks.

52(b) stabbing the young Stewart of Appin members of the clan of the Stewarts of Appin were prominent supporters of the Jacobite campaign in 1745–46 but the clan chief, Dugald Stewart, did not join the rebellion and the clansmen were led by his cousin Charles Stewart of Ardsheal. The term ‘young Stewart of Appin’ would refer to Dugald Stewart’s son but he had no sons and only one daughter and was succeeded as chief by Charles Stewart of Ardsheal’s son, Alexander. It is possible that Hogg knew there was no young Stewart of Appin in the rebellion and thus presented Andrew Gemble as lying about having stabbed him. Hogg was certainly aware that the Stewarts of Appin had supported Prince Charles Edward in 1745–46 and indeed wrote a song about it: see ‘The Stuarts of Appin’, *Songs (S/SC)* pp. 28–30. However the song makes no mention of a young Stewart of Appin and instead names other leaders of the clan including Ardsheal.

52(b) ae day i.e. on Judgement Day.

52(b) their papish prince Prince Charles Edward (1720–1788) was a Roman Catholic; this was unacceptable to many Protestants including supporters of the House of Hanover which had been brought to the British throne specifically to assure a Protestant succession.

52(c) gae your ways go on your way.

52(c) Deephope a farm on Tima Water just before it joins Ettrick Water at Ramseycleuch in Selkirkshire. It is very near to the scenes of Hogg’s early childhood at Ettrickhall.

52(c) We should a’ do as we wad like to be done to in accordance with Jesus’s injunction, ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you’: see Matthew 7. 12, Luke 6. 31.

52(d) the fire, the fire and the smoke ... Hogg includes these lines as ‘Fragment, no. III’ (air: ‘Cowdenknowes’) in an appendix, ‘Whig Songs’ in the second series of *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*: see *Jacobite Relics II*, p. 479.

53(a) hurdies bare ... **Of many a Highland Clan** since *hurdies* means ‘buttocks’ this seems to be a variant of the common Lowland disparagement of the Highlanders as having their bodies bare beneath their kilts.

53(a) Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waukin’ yet a well known Jacobite song, written by Adam Skirving (1708–1803), in the form of a derisive address to Sir John Cope, commander of the government forces, after their defeat by the Jacobite army at Prestonpans on 21 September 1745. Hogg included the song in the second series of *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*: see *Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 111–13: see also the editor’s notes, pp. 508–09.

53(a) jacobite a supporter of the Stuart claimants to the throne, James II and VII and his male descendants, after he was replaced by his daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange.

53(b) the year forty sax the pacification of the Highlands in 1746 following Culloden saw extra-judicial killings and other atrocities inflicted on both combatants and civilians, as will be seen later in this story, in ‘A Story of the Forty-Six’ in this volume, and in ‘Peril Third’ of *The Three Perils of Woman: Love, Leasing and Jealousy* (1823). Hogg also described this repression in a note to the song ‘Lassie lie near me’: ‘The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered

and burned; every house, hut, or habitation, met with the same fate without distinction: ... the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial: the women, after having seen their fathers and husbands murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths' (*Jacobite Relics II*, p. 383).

53(a-b) **strappit like a herring** tied and hung up like a fish to be smoked.

53(b) **songs on the side of the Highlanders** although there were many Lowlanders as well as Highlanders in the Jacobite army, the popular perception at the time and later was that they were all Highlanders. Hence 'songs on the side of the Highlanders' are Jacobite songs.

53(b) **the Duke of Cumberland** Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (1721–1765), second son of George II, took charge of the government forces after arriving in Edinburgh on 30 January 1746 and led the army at the battle of Culloden. The program of brutal reprisals he instituted in Scotland after the defeat of the Jacobites and before leaving the country in late July (see note to **the year forty sax** above) earned him the nickname of 'Butcher Cumberland' which has stuck to him ever since although at the time he was greeted as a hero on his return to London.

53(b) **remaining about Aberdeen until the return of spring** Cumberland arrived at Aberdeen on 27 January 1746 and stayed there until 8 April. He then set off for Inverness but met and defeated the Jacobite army at Culloden before reaching his destination. The events of this story take place in wintry weather at the beginning of March while Cumberland was still at Aberdeen.

53(c) **the Don** the Don, along with the Dee, enters the North Sea at Aberdeen after flowing eastward by a circuitous course to the north of the Dee for 82 miles from the Grampian Mountains.

53(c) **Bridge-End** no specific place of this name has been identified.

53(d) **Strath-Don** the valley of the upper reaches of the Don where it flows through the Grampian Mountains in the western part of Aberdeenshire.

53(d) **to the westward, to the next line of road** judging by the subsequent route taken by the party it appears that Hogg is thinking of the military road from Blairgowrie to Inverness via Braemar and Tomintoul which runs roughly north-south to the west of Aberdeenshire. However this road was not constructed until after the 1745–46 rising, with the southern section to Braemar begun in 1749 and the northern continuation begun in 1753.

53(d) **the country of the Grants** see note to 34(a). While the Grants were established in various parts of the Highlands, in this context Hogg probably has Strathspey, the upper part of the valley of the Spey, particularly in mind. The majority of the Grants supported the government in 1745–46 but a significant number of individuals joined the Jacobite forces including some from this area: see *Muster Roll*, especially pp. 124–26, 160–61, 217, 233.

53(d) **Brae-Marr** at this stage this name signified the district in western Aberdeenshire around the present-day town of Braemar, then known as Castleton of Braemar. See also note to 'Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd', 368(d).

54(a) **John Roy Stuart** John (Roy) Stewart (c. 1700–1747) was one of the leading Jacobites in the 1745–46 rising. He commanded a regiment at the Battle of Culloden but eventually left Scotland for France with Prince Charles Edward in September 1746. Since Hogg clearly intended to refer to the historical John

Roy Stuart we have, as noted above, followed the reading in *Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC, p. 99) rather than the *Clydesdale Magazine*'s 'John Hay Stuart' where 'Hay' is a misreading consistent with the characteristics of Hogg's handwriting.

54(a) the Maclauchlans a regiment of MacLachlans served with the Jacobite army throughout the 1745–46 campaign: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 189–91.

54(a) had cut in pieces all our forces stationed at Keith on 21 March 1746 a party of Jacobites defeated a small government force stationed at Keith (a town strategically placed at a crossing of the River Isla in Moray on the way from Aberdeen to Inverness). A number of government soldiers were killed or wounded and others taken prisoner. This was one of the last successes of the Jacobites before their defeat at Culloden.

54(a) Captain Reginald Campbell the name is apparently fictional but chosen advisedly as the Campbells were one of the most important clans fighting on the government side in the 1745–46 rising.

54(a) Lord Kintore's house John Keith, 3rd Earl of Kintore (1699–1758) had a house, Keith Hall, across the River Urie from Inverurie near where the Urie joins the Don in Aberdeenshire.

54(b) can talk the horrid jargon of the country at this stage Gaelic was spoken across the whole of the Highlands and the Campbells from the west were able to converse with people in the Highland parts of Aberdeenshire in the east.

54(b) we of the Royals the Royal Regiment of Foot, first raised in 1633; its second battalion formed part of the government forces fighting against the Jacobites in 1745–46, including at the battle of Culloden.

54(b) these d—d Mackintoshes Angus (Aeneas) Mackintosh (d. 1770), chief of the Clan Mackintosh, had raised a company of the Black Watch in 1744 and remained faithful to King George in the 1745–46 rising. However his wife Anne Farquharson (1723–1784) came from a Jacobite family and in his absence raised a regiment of about 300 men, many of them Mackintoshes, which joined the Jacobite forces in January 1746 and fought at Falkirk and Culloden: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 182–88.

54(b) Renwick and Colston are both dead significantly Renwick and Colston are both Lowland names and as such are intended to contrast with the names of the Jacobite Highlanders. We have adopted the spelling 'Colston' as being much more likely as a personal name than 'Colstan'; Hogg's 'o' was probably misread as 'a'.

54(d) Strathaven the valley of the Avon: see note below.

54(d) the deil-ma-care regardless of.

54(d) to the north-west ... the Avon ... rather a southerly direction the Avon issues from Loch Avon in the Grampians and flows eastwards then northwards through Banffshire until it joins the Spey at Ballindalloch. Gemble's party join the river where it flows northwards and then turn south along its banks.

55(b) they could not pe tehlling me the speakers here and the Farquharson who speaks later in the story use a form of Highland English which had been employed by other writers and is as much a literary convention as a representation of the actual speech of Highlanders. While it serves as a way of identifying the origins of the speaker its function is also often comic. Although it is a form of English it includes occasional Scots and Gaelic words. The main spelling feature is the substitution of unvoiced for voiced consonants: *f* for *v* (as in *heffing* 'having' and *ofer* 'over'), *p* for *b* (as in *peen* 'been' and *pullets* 'bullets'), *k* or *c* for *g* (as in *kiffing* 'giving' and *creat* 'great') and *t* for *d* (as in *sorts* 'swords')

and *teat* 'dead'). Another feature, which is shared with Irish English and may thus represent an actual substratum of Gaelic influence, is *t* for *th* (as in *te* 'the' and *tief* 'thief'). Also a recognised feature of Highland English is pre-aspiration of *p* and *k*, represented here by the spellings *stuhpid*, *tahken* and *spohken*. On the other hand the addition of *h* after *m* in words like *mhorning* and *mhaking* does not seem to be based on actual Highland English pronunciation but is rather a visual trick which imitates a feature of Gaelic spelling but without retaining its significance: in Gaelic an *h* after a consonant indicates what is called 'lenition' of that consonant whereby, for example, *mh* represents a [v] sound. Occasionally Hogg applies this to Gaelic words borrowed into English as in *claymhore* derived from Gaelic *claidheamh-mór* but even here the additional *h* does not function as in Gaelic. The other main features are grammatical: the use of progressive tenses where English does not employ them (as in 'if you to not pe cutting' meaning 'if you do not cut') is a genuine feature of Highland English but the use of *she* and its oblique forms as well as *hersell* as a universal pronoun (such that, for example, in 'she shall pe asking' *she* means 'I' but in 'she be answering' *she* means 'you') does not reflect actual speech, even though it is a standard comic feature of literary representations of Highland English. This feature is obviously intended for comic effect but the confusion that is sown by the use of *she* for all the other pronouns often forces Hogg into inconsistency and the return to the correct English pronouns. Hogg uses Highland English of this kind in a number of texts in this volume, such as 'Noctes Bengerianae II' and 'A Story of the Black Art'. For a brief description of the language of the Highlands see A. J. Aitken, 'Highland English', in *The Oxford Companion to the English Language* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992), pp. 469–70.

- 55(c) **two strong Castles to the southward, those of Corgarf and Brae-Marr** Corgarff Castle lies at the head of Strathdon. In early 1746 it was used by the Jacobite forces as an ammunition depot until captured by the government forces; following the rebellion it was rebuilt as a barracks for government troops, being on the line of the new military road from Blairgowrie to Inverness via Braemar: see W. Douglas Simpson, 'Corgarff Castle, Aberdeenshire', *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 61 (1927), 48–103 (pp. 69–75). Braemar Castle, on the River Dee near the modern town of Braemar, was built in 1628 but burnt down in 1689, and thereafter was derelict for a number of years. In 1748 it was leased to the government and soon afterwards was remodelled for use as a barracks on the Blairgowrie to Inverness military road: see Fenton Wyness, *Royal Valley: The Story of the Aberdeenshire Dee* (Aberdeen: Alex P. Reid, 1968), pp. 121, 146, 151, 172, 309.
- 55(c) **the Duke of Gordon's lands** Cosmo George Gordon (1720–1752), 3rd Duke of Gordon, remained at least nominally faithful to the government in 1745–46, although his brother Lord Lewis Gordon (c. 1725–1754) raised a regiment for the Jacobite cause. The dukes of Gordon held extensive lands in northeastern Aberdeenshire and Banffshire including along the rivers Avon, Don, Livet and Spey in the area in which the events of this story take place.
- 55(c) **Glenferret and Spital** these are territorial names and would refer to lairds of Glenferret and Spital. Glenferret has not been identified; in the version of this story in *Winter Evening Tales* the name appears as Glenfernet (S/SC, p. 101) but this is equally unidentified (however, see further below). There are a number of places in Scotland called Spital (a term originally applied to a hospice for

travellers) but the most likely in this context are Spital of Glenshee, located in northern Perthshire at the point where two streams join to form Shee Water, and Spital of Glenmuick in southern Aberdeenshire near the border with Perthshire. Hogg passed through Glen Shee in 1802 (see *Highland Journeys*, p. 49). About 4 miles to the west of Spital of Glenshee is Glen Fearnach for which Glenferret/Glenfernet may conceivably be a mistake.

55(c) **Farquharsons** one of the most staunchly Jacobite clans, they provided a number of men in the Jacobite army. As the clan chief John Farquharson of Invercauld (1673–1750) was too old to play an active part in the rebellion, they were led by his nephew, Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 211–14. In addition, as noted above, John Farquharson's daughter, Lady Anne Mackintosh, raised a regiment for the Jacobites.

55(d) **owing to the lines of road from which there were no cross ones** the roads at the time usually followed the line of the river valleys and were generally oriented east-west in this part of Scotland. After the rebellion a number of north-south roads were added which connected the older east-west roads.

57(b) **cresorst** Gaelic *greas ort* 'hurry up'.

58(a) **Tamantoul** Tomintoul, historically in Banffshire and at 345 m (1232 ft) the highest village in the Highlands. It became important as one of the places on the new military road from Blairgowrie to Inverness (see above). As de Groot notes (Hans de Groot, 'Hogg and the Highlands', in *The Edinburgh Companion to James Hogg*, ed. by Ian Duncan and Douglas S. Mack (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2012), p. 53), Hogg's reference to it as 'a large and ugly looking village' suggests he was thinking of it as he saw it in 1802 (see *Highland Journeys*, p. 44) but that was a new village designed in grid pattern by the 4th Duke of Gordon in 1775 well after the events of this story.

58(c) **your most plessit sohofrain, and his linnach more prince Charles Stehuart** 'your most blessed sovereign' is 'the Old Pretender', the Jacobite claimant to the throne as James III and VIII (1688–1766), and his 'linnach more' (Hogg's form of the Gaelic *leanabh mor* 'big child') is his son Prince Charles Edward Stuart who had been proclaimed Regent in James's name during the 1745–46 rising. In *Winter Evening Tales* the phrase appears as 'lennoch more' (S/SC, p. 204) as it does in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (*Jacobite Relics I*, p. 306) and it is possible that this spelling was the original reading in Hogg's manuscript since it is easy to confuse his 'e' and 'i' and also his 'o' and 'a'.

58(c) **if you will pe cantor of worts to all tat she shall pe asking** a cantor is someone who leads the singing of the congregation in a church so the words mean 'if you will sing in answer to all my questions' with *sing* used in the thieves' cant sense of 'turn informer' or 'confess'.

58(c) **Gaelic, or Earse, or how d'ye ca't** the Celtic language that in English is now called 'Gaelic' came to Scotland from Ireland in the fourth to fifth centuries, and was long known in Scots and English as 'Erse' (derived from *erische*, the Scots form of *Irish*) but this term was supplanted by 'Gaelic' in the course of the nineteenth century.

58(c) **prohgue** Hogg's Highland English form of the Scots and English word *brogue* meaning 'a strongly-marked dialectal pronunciation or accent' (*OED*). It is now usually applied to the English speech of Ireland but in Hogg's time was also applied to Lowland Scots.

58(d) **repellioner** rebellious, i.e. rebel, as pronounced in Hogg's representation

of Highland speech. The word appears to be Hogg's invention and also occurs in the form *rebellioner* in Hogg's Jacobite song 'The Two Men of Colston' (see p. 151). In both cases the word seems to be used with comic effect and to indicate the speaker's limited command of Standard English.

- 58(d) Finlay Pawn Peg Macalister Monro** *Pawn* (Hogg's representation of *bawn*, Gaelic *ban* meaning 'fair-haired') and *Peg* (for *Beg*, the Gaelic *beag* 'little, short'), are nicknames such as were commonly used where many people in a clan had the same Christian names and surnames. The significance of *Peg* is later confirmed by the narrator's description of Finlay as 'diminutive'. Some of the McAlisters served in the Jacobite army (see *Muster Roll*, pp. 147, 162) although the name as used here is probably intended to indicate that Finlay was the son of Alistair rather than acting as a surname. Most of the Monros would have served in the government regiment of which their chief, Sir Robert Munro (1684–1746), was lieutenant colonel but a few individuals of the name served with the Jacobite army (see *Muster Roll*, pp. 28, 74, 86, 127, 151, 167, 188, 189).
- 59(c) Grampian forests of Strathaven** as noted above, the upper parts of the Avon were in the Grampians.
- 60(c) Gin ye be for the cock to crow, | Gie him a neivefu' groats** if you want the cock to crow give him a handful of grain.

The Good Grey Cat, Rendered in English

[*Clydesdale Magazine*, 1 (July 1818), 112–16]

'The Good Grey Cat' originally appeared in a quite different guise, as 'The Gude Greye Katt', in Hogg's collection, *The Poetic Mirror, or The Living Bards of Britain* published in October 1816. According to Hogg's own account he had requested poems from all the major poets of the day to be included 'in a neat and elegant volume' but when several of them failed to provide him with what he wanted, he wrote imitations or parodies of their work and published them as *The Poetic Mirror*: see 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), pp. 221–22. He described *The Poetic Mirror* as 'completely an off-hand production', and claimed that he 'wrote it all in three weeks, except a very small proportion; and in less than three months it was submitted to the public' (*ibid.*, p. 222). As usual with Hogg, this account may not be entirely reliable, but what is certain is that almost all of the poems in *The Poetic Mirror* are by Hogg himself. This suggests that this particular poem was written, along with the others, between June and October 1818. Amongst his imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Byron and others 'The Gude Greye Katt' was Hogg's imitation of himself. In the same memoir he also proclaimed that this was the only one of the imitations he valued: 'I do not set a particular value on any poem in the work myself, except THE GUDE GREYE KATTE, which was written as a caricature of The Pilgrims of the Sun, The Witch of Fife, and some others of my fairy ballads' (*ibid.*). Despite his description of the poem as a 'caricature' there is very little in it which suggests parody of any kind, and it reads just like another of Hogg's poems of the supernatural. The connection with 'The Witch of Fife', with its story of witches flying from the Borders to Carlisle, is easy to see even if the 'witch' in this case turns out to be the Queen of Fairyland. Moreover that poem is, like 'The Gude Greye Katt', in Hogg's 'ancient stile' and in ballad form. The connection with *The Pilgrims of the Sun* is less obvious but presumably rests on its space travel and supernatural elements. *The Poetic Mirror* received some praise from the critics and the first edition

sold out in six weeks with another out by the end of the year. However at least two reviewers drew attention to the difficulty of the dialect for English readers (*Critical Review*, fifth series, 4 (November 1816), 462; *Eclectic Review*, new series, 6 (December 1816), 587). J.W. Croker, in the prestigious *Quarterly Review*, claimed it was 'written in a dialect, or rather a jargon, so uncouth and unintelligible that we cannot tell whether it is pleasant or sad' (15 (July 1816), 473; for the identification of the author see The Quarterly Review Archive: romantic-circles.org/reference/qv/index/30). Most tellingly perhaps for Hogg, the *Scots Magazine* suggested that 'we cannot admire the uncouth orthography with which it is obscured' (79 (January 1817), 49). Whether in response to such criticisms or simply to draw attention back to his poetry after the critical failure of his *Dramatic Tales* which he had published in May 1817, Hogg chose to revise and anglicise 'The Gude Greye Katt', turning it into 'The Good Grey Cat, Rendered in English'. In fact the title is somewhat misleading as, while Hogg replaces some Scots terms with English equivalents, a number of Scots terms remain. It also ignores the more important removal of Hogg's antique spelling. This was not the first time Hogg had effected such a transformation. 'Kilmeny', which was to become his best known and best-loved poem, was originally presented in similar antique spelling in *The Queen's Wake* (1813) but was revised in the third edition (1814) to remove this spelling, making it, as Douglas S. Mack has written, 'prettier and more accessible' but also 'less hard-edged and unsettling' ('Introduction', *The Queen's Wake*, (S/SC), p. xl). It is not known if Hogg revised 'Kilmeny' of his own accord or under pressure from someone else, but changing 'The Gude Greye Katt' seems to have been his own decision. Certainly he revised the language carefully, illustrating in the process that much of his 'ancient stile' lies in the spelling (not always genuinely Older Scots) rather than the vocabulary and grammar. Removal of the antique spelling entailed some other changes although at certain points Hogg balked. The sixth stanza in 'The Gude Greye Katt' reads thus:

And up scho rase and pacit hir wayis
 Full stetye oure the stene,
 And streikit out hir braw hint-leg,
 As nocht at all had bene.

but in 'The Good Grey Cat' this became:

Then up she rose and paced away
 Full stately o'er the wall,
 And streekit out her braw hind leg
 As nought had hap'd at all.

In removing the archaic 'stene', meaning 'stone', Hogg lost his rhyme: he could have used modern 'steen' but this would have introduced an obtrusive northern form and instead he changed 'stene' to 'wall' and rewrote the last line. On the other hand the third line is left unchanged but with a new footnote gloss; apparently Hogg felt something would be lost if this were changed, a feeling he expressed openly in a footnote to a later stanza: 'This verse, with some that follow, are so plain that I have suffered the original structure of them to stand as it was. The ballad is greatly injured by the change made in the language.' Here rhyme has forced a change, elsewhere rhythm: later in the poem 'Quhaneuir theye lukit in hir fece | Their fearis greue se ryfe' changes to 'Whenever they looked into her face | Their fears upgrew so rife'. The reduction of 'lukit' and 'fearis' to one syllable has caused Hogg to add an extra syllable in 'into' and 'upgrew'. Most of the changes are of this kind, along with the occasional replacement of Scots terms with English ones ('maukyn' becomes 'hare'

and 'lyft' becomes 'sky'). However there are some other changes of a different kind. For instance the following stanza, which describes the bishop's groping of the apparent lady and thus makes his hypocrisy more explicit, is completely removed:

And aye he pressit hir lillye hande,
And kyssit it ferventlye,
And prayit betweine, for och ane kynde
And lufyng preste was he!

On the other hand towards the end a new stanza is added, in which the good grey cat in her guise as Queen of Fairyland vindicates her actions:

The day may dawn and the darkness fly,
And truth her wings expand,
But none shall blame, when I am gone,
The queen of the Fairyland.

While Hogg may have wanted to ensure that his readers sympathised with the cat-queen, the addition conflicts with a strong folk tradition according to which the motives of fairies are unfathomable, and so deprives the poem of some of its mystery. However, despite these moves towards a less sexually suggestive and less mysterious text, the poem retains plenty of force, and the glee with which Hogg dispatches the lascivious bishop into the depths of Etna and Hell remains undiminished. At the same time, by rendering 'The Gude Greye Katt' in English, Hogg in effect created a new poem and, as this is the first publication of the poem in its new revised form, it has been included in this volume, which would not normally include a text previously published in a book. The poem was subsequently included in the third volume of Hogg's *Poetical Works* of 1822, which contains *The Poetic Mirror* and prints 'The Gude Greye Katt' in its original 'ancient stile'. Although Hogg had complained to Constable when the *Poetical Works* were being prepared that 'I never yet have got an edition without blunders, and most gross ones in my old language, such as "The Witch o' Fife" "The Gude Grey Catte" "Hymns of the fairies" &c.' (*Letters*, II, 136), there is no sign that the text in *Poetical Works* is in any way a corrected one beyond the single correction of 'be waur of me' to 'be ware of me'. 'The Good Grey Cat, Rendered in English' was apparently never reprinted until Mary Gray Garden included it in her memoir of her father, reprinting it directly from the *Clydesdale Magazine*: see Garden, *Memorials*, pp. 89–102.

Previous publication: ['The Gude Greye Katt'] *The Poetic Mirror* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown; Edinburgh: John Ballantyne, 1816; 2nd edition, 1817), pp. 189–214.

Subsequent publication: ['The Gude Greye Katt'] *Poetical Works* (1822), III, 195–220.

Emendations:

- 60, l. 31 Pilgrims of the Sun] Pilgrim's of the Sun
- 62, l. 18 For task unmeet for me (Poetic Mirror: unmeite)] For task immeet for me
- 63, l. 27 goad of ir'n] goad of Ir'n
- 64, l. 18 poor babys' souls] poor baby's souls [compare *babys* l. 67]
- 65, l. 1 sin and Satan both] sin and satan both
- 66, l. 28 The maukins⁽⁹⁾ round the kail] The⁽⁹⁾ maukins round the kail
- 69, l. 9 her gripe gave slowly way] her gripe ga[SPACE] slowly way
- 70, l. 14 Their number soon shall wane] There number soon shall wane

60(c) The Good Grey Cat: compare the lines from a Scottish nursery rhyme:
'Then came in the good grey Cat | Cuddy alane, cuddy alane | Then came in
the good grey Cat | Cuddy alane and I | Then came in the good grey Cat | With

all the kittlings at her back': see Norah and William Montgomerie, *A Book of Scottish Nursery Rhymes* (London: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 140.

61(c) **moop or mell** keep close, intimate company.

63(c) **witch and warlochry** apparently a composite phrase meaning female and male witchcraft.

63(c) **marks and moles of hell** a common belief in the early modern period was that witches could be discovered by marks on their body in which they could not feel the pricking of a pin, as recorded in Hogg's time by Walter Scott: 'One celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same time, to draw forth a confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain': see *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* (London: John Murray, 1830), p. 297.

63(d) **goad** Scots *gad* or *gaud*, a bar of iron; Hogg has adopted the English spelling *goad* although this meaning is not found in English.

63(d) **ir'n** iron; compare the earlier Scots spellings *irne* and *irn*.

67(a) **Baw-lilli-lu** a word used for quieting a baby in a lullaby, also used as a name for a lullaby; in various forms and used in various related ways it has been found in Scots since at least the sixteenth-century collection *A Compendious Book of Psalms and Spiritual Songs, Commonly Known as "The Gude and Godlie Ballates"* (Edinburgh, 1868), pp. 43–45.

67(b) **ben the house** into the inner room of the house.

67(b) **Belfast almanack** this first appeared in 1772 and continued for a number of years; it contained various information including, as recorded on the title page of *The Belfast Town and Country Almanack for the Year 1796*, eclipses of the sun and moon.

67(c) **a great philosopher ... on Ætna's height** Ætna, the great volcanic mountain at the eastern end of Sicily, rises to 3326 m (10,912 ft). Hogg may have no specific philosopher in mind but the one most closely associated with Ætna is the Sicilian Greek Empedocles (c. 494–c. 434), who, according to legend, perished when he threw himself into the volcano.

67(d) **smouldering up from hell** Ætna was traditionally believed to be a gateway into Hell.

70(a) **Her gown was of the grass green silk** according to Scottish tradition fairies wear green clothing.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

[August 1817 to June 1826: Hogg's Contributions May 1819 to December 1821]

Archibald Constable bought the *Scots Magazine* in 1801 and in January 1804 he incorporated within it the previously existing *Edinburgh Magazine*, to which Hogg had contributed some of his earliest printed pieces, and changed its name to *The Scots Magazine, and Edinburgh Literary Miscellany*. In August 1817 he renamed it for a second time, reviving the designation of the old *Edinburgh Magazine* and calling it *The Edinburgh Magazine, and Literary Miscellany, being a new series of the Scots Magazine* (see 'Advertisement', *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*, 1 (August 1817), p. 4). The new name was intended to position the magazine as a rival to William Blackwood's *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* which itself, however, changed its name to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, along with a change in its whole style, in October of the same year. Blackwood had sacked the editors of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*

in September and they promptly moved over to Constable and took on the editing of his renamed magazine. Despite the claim in the 'Advertisement' (p. 3) that the new *Edinburgh Magazine* would be 'upon a plan greatly enlarged and improved, and which will combine, with the objects hitherto treated in the SCOTS MAGAZINE, a variety of others, which the narrower limits of that Miscellany did not permit it to embrace', it proved to be a rather staid affair, very much in the style of the earlier *Scots Magazine* (and, as might be expected, rather uninspiring, like Blackwood's magazine under the same editors before its spectacular revamping). Hogg participated enthusiastically in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* but problems with its editorial team soon began to emerge, and in May and July of 1819 (at a time when he was providing very little to *Blackwood's*) he published two pieces in Constable's rival journal. In May it was 'The Mermaid. A Scottish Ballad' (included within an account of the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, continued in June), and in July 'Stanzas addressed to a Comet'. (The latter is not included in this volume, since it had already been published, with some textual differences, in the *Poetical Register*, 8 (1810–11 [actually published in 1814]), 90–91.) Thereafter there is a gap of more than two years before Hogg approached Robert Cadell, Constable's partner, offering him more material for the magazine. The only record we have of Hogg's approach to Cadell is the latter's letter of 27 September 1821, the wording of which, as Gillian Hughes argues, suggests that Hogg may have been moved to return to the *Edinburgh Magazine* after a very unfavourable review of the second edition of his *Mountain Bard* in *Blackwood's* in August 1821 (see her note, *Letters*, II, 115). In his reply Cadell thanks Hogg for his contribution and assures him that 'You shall have as high remuneration as E. M. can afford to give you—It is almost unnecessary I think to express my abhorrence of the treatment you have met with in a certain quarter—& this opinion is that of all I heard mention the subject' (NLS MS 791, p. 210). Hogg reported this, with some glee, to his friend John Grieve on 3 October 1821, while apparently concealing that he had himself made the approach to Cadell: 'I have been assailed from all quarters with letters on the treatment of Blackwood. There is surely something in it worse than I can see for it appears to me to be a joke an even down quiz without much ill meaning but written in a beastly stile Among twenty others I had a letter on the subject from. Who think you? You will never guess. From Caddell in a most friendly stile inviting me to support old Maggy promising equal if not better pay than Blackwood and an assurance of better treatment. He says after establishing their Mag. (by the Chaldee I suppose) they have done all in their power to ruin me. I have accepted of Caddell's proffered friendship and promised the support he requests so that there is an old door re-opened for me should another shut' (*Letters*, II, 113–14; 'old Maggy' is the *Scots Magazine*, here in its new guise as the *Edinburgh Magazine*). Since we do not know when exactly Hogg wrote to Cadell we cannot determine which contribution to the magazine his letter would have referred to. However it is clear that Hogg took up the invitation to write further for the magazine, and he published nine items in it between September 1821 and April 1822, a substantial contribution. In this second stage of his involvement with the *Edinburgh Magazine* Hogg made an attempt to set up several series of pieces, in the hope, perhaps, of assuring himself a continuing outlet for his work with the concomitant income. (If our conjecture is correct that Hogg wrote the two instalments of 'Alloa Speeches' describing the activities of the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa in May and June 1819—see the discussion of 'Alloa Speeches' below,—these may have represented the initiation of such a series.) In September 1821 he began a series of 'Pictures of Country Life' which extended to three episodes, and

two months later he started a series of 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's collection', which in the end also extended to three instalments. Then in February 1822 he published 'Hints for Keeping the Sabbath' which was evidently intended as the first of yet another series, as his correspondence with Cadell shows. Evidently someone had pointed out to Cadell that the 'Hints' were recycled from their earlier appearance in *The Spy* where they had constituted part of No. 31. In response Hogg explained to Cadell in a letter of 6 March that 'A few of the Hints for the Sabbath were published in the Spy but as that is long ago a dead letter I thought I might touch them up and republish them as the beginning of a Series of *Hints* to various classes. I am sorry any body should have remembered them. Say never a word about it for those who do must be very few indeed. If it had not been for the officiousness of one friend whom I know, no other *could* have discovered it' (*Letters*, II, 151). (Hogg's suggestion that only a 'few' of the 'Hints' had appeared in *The Spy* was disingenuous: virtually the whole of the 'Hints' had appeared there and the new version differed only in some verbal revision. These revisions were not extensive enough to create a new work, and for this reason the 'Hints' have not been included in this volume.) Hogg's intention to begin a series had already been made clear on 1 March, when he wrote to Cadell that 'I send you along with this the first series of the *Advices to Reviewers*', further commenting that 'I anticipate some excellent sport with it but I could not get on without addressing Mr Jeffery first as being the head of the set' (*Letters*, II, 145). Evidently Hogg, having dealt with Francis Jeffrey, the most renowned critic of the age, in this piece, intended to follow it up with pieces directed at other critics. Whether this was to be part of the larger 'Series of *Hints* to various classes' cannot now be determined. In any case the editors of the *Edinburgh Magazine* rejected the proffered piece and Hogg promptly offered it to Blackwood (*Letters*, II, 159), who likewise rejected it: see Blackwood to Hogg, 24 May 1822, NLS MS 30,305, p. 329. Nevertheless it appears the rejection by the *Edinburgh Magazine* had redispensed Hogg towards Blackwood and his magazine, even though Blackwood also rejected the piece, and 'Hints for Keeping the Sabbath' was to be Hogg's last contribution to the *Edinburgh Magazine*. Some of Hogg's contributions were well suited to the *Edinburgh Magazine*; others, like his further offerings of Jacobite songs (in particular his fanciful introductions to them), were at odds with its ambience. Very likely the rejection of 'Advice to Reviewers' convinced him that his plans for a series of articles had no future in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. Whatever the reasons, Hogg's big burst of activity in 1821 and 1822 in the journal came to an end. In any case the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and *Literary Miscellany* never achieved the popularity of *Blackwood's* and ceased publication after June 1826. Hogg had stopped writing for it long before that and concentrated his periodical contributions on *Blackwood's* for the next few years. (The rejected 'Advice to Reviewers' has been edited by Gillian Hughes ('Two Rejected Contributions to Periodicals', *SHW*, 18 (2007), 81–92) and will also appear in an S/SC volume of uncollected writing edited by Sharon Alker and Holly Faith Nelson.)

Alloa Speeches

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 4 (May 1819), 398–401; (June 1819), 545–47]

Hogg had already written an account of the 1817 celebration of the birth of Shakespeare by the Shakespeare Club of Alloa for the May 1817 issue of William Blackwood's *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* (see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 14–18) and, as we have noted earlier, he was very possibly the author of a letter regarding the 1815 celebrations in which was included his 'Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare' (see textual note

to 'Shakespeare', pp. 406–07). While there is no indication in the printed text of the authorship of 'Alloa Speeches', it is highly likely that Hogg also wrote this account of the April 1819 celebration, published in two instalments over two months in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. (The editors of the *Edinburgh Magazine* were the same two people who had accepted Hogg's account of the 1817 meeting in the earlier *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* which shortly afterwards became *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.) The first instalment includes the 'speech delivered from the chair' as well as Hogg's poem 'The Mermaid: A Scottish Ballad', while the second instalment includes the speech of the croupier proposing a toast to Burns and quoting Hogg's *Poetic Mirror* imitation of Southey, 'Peter of Barnet'. Although Hogg's authorship of 'Alloa Speeches' is conjectural the two instalments do include works undoubtedly by him ('The Mermaid' and the extract from 'Peter of Barnet'), and they therefore qualify for inclusion in this volume in accordance with our policy of providing the context in which his works appear whether or not he was the author. Furthermore 'The Mermaid' is presented typographically as part of the first instalment of 'Alloa Speeches', suggesting Hogg was the author of the whole account. (Individual items in the *Edinburgh Magazine* are separated from each other by two short rules, one thicker than the other; there are no such rules between the speech and 'The Mermaid', but they do appear before the heading 'Alloa Speeches' and after 'The Mermaid', thus bracketing the two together.) Whoever wrote the account of the celebration presumably did so after the event, but Hogg clearly wrote 'The Mermaid' beforehand. When he included 'The Mermaid's Song', with which this ballad concludes, in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* he wrote that it 'Consists here only of the singing verses of a long ballad which I wrote many years ago, in the house of Mr Aitken, then living at Dunbar. The original ballad is to be found printed in some work, but where I know not. The air is my own, but I cannot boast much of it: it is rather humdrum' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 40. Hogg's air was published in *The Border Garland*: see *Contributions to Musical Collections* (S/SC) p. 229. The reference is to Hogg's friend John Aitken. According to Gillian Hughes, 'Hogg paid a visit to Aitken at Dunbar in the spring of 1819, and at an evening party on 9 April, the last of his visit, was presented with the freedom of the burgh—see *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of 15 April 1819 and Aitken's letter to David Laing of 10 April 1819 (Edinburgh University Library MS La. IV. 17, fols 123–24).') (For this reference, and details of Aitken's life and his relations with Hogg, see 'Notes on Correspondents', *Letters*, I, 440–42.) Shortly afterwards Hogg attended the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, which met to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday on 23 April. 'The Mermaid' is explicitly presented as 'by James Hogg', and it seems likely that Hogg recited the ballad and sang the song (to his own air) at the meeting of the Shakespeare Club of which he was poet laureate. Although the account does not explicitly say he sang the song, it was common practice for songs to be performed on these occasions, and Hogg often performed as a singer of his own songs. In May 1819, 'The Mermaid's Song' also appeared in a collection of Hogg's songs with music, published as *A Border Garland* by Nathaniel Gow, which is reported as 'this day is published' in the *Caledonian Mercury* (see 13 May 1819, p. 1). The remainder of the ballad is not included and the text of the song itself differs substantially from that in the *Edinburgh Magazine*: in the third stanza 'flowers' is changed to 'stones' (perhaps because 'beneath the steep' might mean in the water, where flowers would not grow), in the sixth stanza 'dome' becomes 'domes', the fourth and fifth stanzas are completely omitted, and the fifth and sixth lines of the last stanza are substantially revised, from 'I leave this grave and glassy deep, | A long last farewell taking' to 'For all the spirits of the deep, | Their long last leave

are taking'. A later edition of *A Border Garland* of about 1829 follows the 1819 edition, except for a couple of minor variants which appear to be errors. This text is then copied in the *Harmonicon* of November 1829, with one of the errors ('funning' for 'fuming') corrected. Next after the 1819 *Border Garland* the poem appears in Hogg's *Poetical Works* of 1822, this time with both the introductory ballad and the song. The poem is presented here in quatrains rather than the eight-line stanzas of all other versions. The text of the ballad section differs little from the *Edinburgh Magazine* text, although there is some revision of the spelling, including some movement from Scots to English forms: 'ye' becomes 'you' and 'frae' becomes 'from'; on the other hand, moving in the opposite direction, 'and' becomes 'an'. What is apparently a mistake in the *Edinburgh Magazine* is also corrected, with the change of 'routh' to 'youth' in the phrase 'To do your routh sic wrang': 'routh' means 'abundance' and does not fit the context. In the song section *Poetical Works* follows *A Border Garland* in changing 'flowers' to 'stones' and 'dome' to 'domes', in making a similar but not identical revision of the fifth and sixth lines of the original final eight-line stanza, and in deleting the third and fourth eight-line stanzas, except that the first four lines of the fourth eight-line stanza are revised to provide the penultimate quatrain before an entirely new final quatrain. Finally, Hogg included the mermaid's song in *Songs by the Eltrick Shepherd*, calling it simply 'The Mermaid'. His fair copy manuscript for this text survives, and is closely followed by the text in *Songs*, although Hogg introduced a mistake by writing 'Time swift wing' instead of 'Time's swift wing': in the printed text this is rationalised to 'time-swift wing'. The text of the manuscript and thus the printed text follow closely from that of *A Border Garland* (although with the puzzling return to 'flowers' rather than 'stones'). However Hogg made some further changes to the fifth, sixth and seventh lines of the second stanza. As for the excerpts from 'Peter of Barnet', they are quoted by the croupier as 'anonymous' but with the coy comment that 'should the author by any chance be of the company, he will excuse me'. The nature of the comment suggests that the croupier (who could conceivably be Hogg himself—we have no evidence as to who the croupier was on this occasion) may well have known who the author was. The poem had appeared a few years before, in 1816 in *The Poetic Mirror*, Hogg's collection of imitations of major poets of his time, which were presented as if they were actually by those authors but which were quickly recognised as imitations or parodies. Hogg did not attach his name to *The Poetic Mirror* but he did get as far as acknowledging that the collection was by one author when he added the words 'By the Author of "The Poetic Mirror"' to the title page of his *Dramatic Tales* when it was published in 1817, although it, too, remained anonymous. For all that, his authorship of *The Poetic Mirror* may well have been known to some of those attending the Shakespeare Club's celebration. The text in 'Alloa Speeches' mostly follows the text of the first (1816) or second (1817) editions of *The Poetic Mirror* (the text of the two editions being identical): see *The Poetic Mirror*, or *The Living Bards of Britain* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown and Edinburgh: John Ballantyne, 1816), pp. 231–41 (these excerpts, pp. 237–40). Nevertheless 'Alloa Speeches' has a number of revisions, which may or may not be intentional. These include differences in spelling and punctuation and three differences in wording: where *The Poetic Mirror* has 'in a tone', 'this ridge', and 'tenfold zest' the *Edinburgh Magazine* has 'in a strain', 'this field' and 'double zest'. However, as we have pointed out in the note on the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (see p. 414), the poem also appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1814* (1816), ccccxv–ccccxxviii. (The *Edinburgh Annual Register* and *The Poetic Mirror* were actually announced as being published on the same day in October 1816: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 12 October 1816,

p. 1.) Comparison with the text of the *Register* reveals that *The Poetic Mirror* and the *Edinburgh Magazine* share what appears to be an error in the text: where the *Register* reads 'Luring to gusts of blindfold levity | The bard that sore repented' the other two texts read 'relented'. As the reading 'relented' does not make sense we have restored the original *Register* reading 'repented' in this volume, although the structure of the whole sentence remains unclear. 'Peter of Barnet' was also included in the four-volume edition of Hogg's *Poetical Works* published in 1822, which closely follows the text of *The Poetic Mirror*.

Manuscript: ['The Mermaid's Song' only, fair copy for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*] NLS MS 4805, fols 46v–47r. Watermark: None.

Subsequent Publication: 'The Mermaid': [song only, as 'The Mer-maid's Song'] in *A Border Garland* (Edinburgh: Nathaniel Gow and Son: 1819), pp. 8–9 [*Contributions to Musical Collections* (S/SC), pp. 215–16]; [ballad, including song, as 'The Mermaid'] in *Poetical Works* (1822), II, 230–32 [*Midsummer Night Dreams* (S/SC), pp. 101–04]; *The Harmonicon* 7.2 (1829), [no page numbers]; [song only, as 'The Mermaid's Song'] *The Border Garland* (Edinburgh: Robert Purdie, c. 1829) [no page numbers]; [song only, as 'The Mermaid's Song'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 87–89 [*Songs* (S/SC), 40–41]; 'Peter of Barnet': *Poetical Works* (1822), III, 243–53.

Emendation:

81, l. 16 The bard that sore repented (EAR)] the bard that sore relented

73(b) their last annual meeting presumably held Friday, 23 April 1819, the anniversary of the supposed date of Shakespeare's birthday.

73(b) Allovidians apparently Hogg's nonce creation based on the name Gallovidian applied to inhabitants of Galloway.

73(b–c) speech delivered from the chair Alexander Bald (see note to 18(d)), the founder of the Shakespeare Club of Alloa, seems to have regularly acted as chairman of its meetings.

73(c) EPIC the great standard epic was long considered as the highest of literary forms.

73(d) Homer the classical Greek poet of uncertain date to whom the epic poems the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* are ascribed.

73(d) the lays of Ossian the prose poems in epic style by James Macpherson (1736–1796), published in the first half of the 1760s, which he claimed were translations of the works of Ossian, an ancient Gaelic poet. While many were rightly sceptical of the authenticity of these works as genuine translations, they nevertheless provided many Scots with a source of pride in having their own ancient epic poetry to set alongside Homer, and it is in such a context that they appear here.

74(a) Virgil the classical Roman poet Publius Vergilius Maro (70–18 BC), author of the *Aeneid*.

74(a) Milton John Milton (1608–1674), author of the epic *Paradise Lost* (1667) and other works.

74(a) Butler Samuel Butler (1613–1680), best known for his satirical poem *Hudibras* (1663–78).

74(a) Geoffrey Chaucer the medieval English poet (c. 1343–1400), author of *The Canterbury Tales*, often thought of as the father of English poetry.

74(a–b) James Thomson the Scottish poet (1700–1748), particularly known for his long poem *The Seasons* (1726–30).

74(b) Spenser Edmund Spenser (1552?–1599), author of *The Faerie Queene* (1590–96).

- 74(b) **Robert Burns** see note to 16(a).
- 74(d) **days of the Prophets ... inspiration of Heaven guided a human pen** the Old Testament prophets frequently claimed that God spoke through them.
- 75(c) **Thirty years ago** the speaker is perhaps thinking of writers like Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and Hogg himself, who had risen to prominence as poets in the thirty years before 1819.
- 75(d) **his Malcom, his Macduff** admirable characters in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
- 75(d) **Douglas on the field of Shrewsbury** see Act 4, Scenes 3 and 4 of Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I*.
- 76(a) **the croupier** not identified but conceivably it could be Hogg himself.
- 76(a) **original ode to the genius of Shakespeare** Hogg's poem, first heard at the Shakespeare Club's 1815 meeting and read by Hogg himself at the 1816 meeting: see 'Shakespeare', pp. 19–20 and 25–26 and the textual note, pp. 406–07.
- 76(a–b) **found its way into some newspapers** see pp. 18–20 and 25–27 of this volume.
- 76(b) **THE WARWICKSHIRE LAD ... THE MULBERRY TREE** songs written by David Garrick with music by Charles Dibdin; first sung at the Shakespeare Jubilee organised by Garrick in 1769 at Stratford-upon-Avon. The words and music of both were published in *The Overtures, Songs, Airs, and Chorusses in the Jubilee, or Shakespeare's Garland* (London: John Johnston, 1769), pp. 10–11.
- 76(d) **the Braken Brae** the name is probably fictional but is an obvious combination: compare Bracken Brae in the parish of Dalry in Ayrshire, described in the OS Name Books for Ayrshire (xx, 123) as a 'steep Brae partly covered with brackens on the farm of Blackstone'.
- 77(a) **O laith, laith wad a wanderer be** compare the lines 'O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords | To weet their cork-heel'd shoon' in the ballad 'Sir Patrick Spens', in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (3rd edn, I, 11).
- 77(c) **O mother, mother, make my bed, | And make it soft and easy** compare the lines 'O mither, mither, mak my bed, | O mak it saft and narrow!' in the ballad 'Barbara Allen': see for example Thomas Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 3 vols (London: J. Dodsley, 1765), III, 133.
- 78(d) **At all the fuming freaks of man** the meaning of 'fuming' here is unclear (possibly it means 'angry'), and the line in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* is rewritten as 'At freaks of man, in life's short span'.
- 79(a) **fairy by the bower** in folklore fairies are generally encountered in the open air and sometimes in a 'fairy bower', a bower in this sense being 'a place closed in or overarched with branches of trees, shrubs, or other plants; a shady recess, leafy covert, arbour' (*OED*, *bower* n.¹ 3).
- 79(a) **kelpy by the river** a water-demon which haunts lakes and rivers, and by assuming the shape of an animal (a horse, cow, or stag) lures people to their deaths.
- 79(a) **brownie by the baron's tower** a brownie is a mythical spirit, generally squat and hairy, which was believed to inhabit a specific house and help with the household tasks at night in exchange for gifts of food.
- 79(d) **Hic et Aloidas geminos** compare Virgil's *Aeneid*, vi. 566–67: 'Hic et Aloidas geminos ... vidi' ('here also I saw the twin sons of Aloeus') from the account of Aeneas's visit to the underworld. Hogg punningly treats *Aloidas*, 'the sons of Aloeus', as if it meant 'the people of Alloa'.
- 80(a) **its monuments rise to heaven** an example is the Burns monument, near the poet's birthplace in Alloway; designed as a temple in Grecian style, funded by

public subscription, and completed in 1823, it is over 60 feet high.

- 80(b) denied, not only the comforts, but the necessities of life** Burns struggled with ill health in his last years, which hindered his ability to make sufficient money from his exciseman's salary to support his wife and children.
- 80(b) poured contempt on his character** George Thomson in an unsigned obituary in the *London Chronicle* (28–30 July 1796) wrote that 'his nights were devoted to books and the muse, except when they were wasted in those haunts of village festivity, and in the indulgences of the social bowl, to which the Poet was too immoderately attached in every period of his life'; Robert Heron in *A Memoir of the Life of the Late Robert Burns* (Edinburgh: T. Brown, 1797) claimed that 'It is true that he did not always steadily distinguish and eschew the evils of drunkenness and licentious love: it is true that these, at times, seem to obtain even the approbation of his muse': quoted in *Robert Burns: The Critical Heritage*, ed. by Donald A. Low (London: Routledge, 1974), pp. 99, 125. Criticism of Burns on these grounds continued, but he also had many defenders.
- 80(b) our poets ask for bread, and we give them a stone** compare Christ's words in the Sermon on the Mount: 'what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?' (Matthew 7. 9; see also Luke 11. 11).
- 80(c) The poem is anonymous** these excerpts are from 'Peter of Barnet', a poem by Hogg, although it is ascribed to Robert Southey (see note to 198(c)) in *The Poetic Mirror*, his collection of parodies/imitations. By describing the poem as 'anonymous' the speaker in effect acknowledges that Southey was not the author. The comment 'should the author chance to be of the company, he will excuse me' has all the appearance of a knowing wink at Hogg's visible presence in the company or, if Hogg himself was the speaker, a joking allusion to his own authorship.
- 80(c)–81(c) It chanced ... took snuff again** as already noted, these lines are from 'Peter of Barnet', Hogg's imitation of Southey.
- 81(d) the feelings of the widow and fatherless** at the time of his death Burns was survived by his widow, Jean Armour (1765–1834), and five children. Another son was born posthumously but lived for less than three years.
- 82(a) TALES OF MY LANDLORD, THIRD SERIES** these words provide the heading of a review of Walter Scott's *Tales of My Landlord: Third Series*, which contained *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *A Legend of Montrose*, published in Edinburgh on 21 June 1819.

Pictures of Country Life. Nos I and II. Old Isaac

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (September 1821), 219–25; (November 1821), 443–52]

In his edition of this story in *Altrive Chapbooks* (2:3 (September 1989), 1–23), Douglas Mack (p. 21) suggests that it is Hogg's attempt to write in the style used by John Wilson in stories such as 'The Elder's Death-Bed', published in the March 1820 issue of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and included, along with similar material, in Wilson's collection *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, published in 1822. Wilson's extremely sentimental stories about the life of the rural poor of Scotland centred on an area of life which Hogg viewed very much as his own literary territory. Seeing Wilson's stories occupying this niche in *Blackwood's*, always Hogg's own favoured place for publishing, may well have decided him to lay claim to this territory by publishing this story, evidently the first of a planned series of 'Pictures of Country Life', in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Archibald Constable's rival to *Blackwood's*. Perhaps he

also aimed to remind Blackwood of his availability to write such material. However, while Hogg's story shares much of the sentimentality of Wilson's stories, especially in relation to the redemption of a seriously ill young man who has lost his faith, it is characteristically more robust, partly through the inclusion of the entirely unsentimental picture of Isaac's unmarried daughter, Matilda, but also through the sometimes comic portrayal of the young man's family. The story was subsequently reprinted in Hogg's two-volume collection *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1829), which brought together a number of items that had appeared under that title in *Blackwood's*, along with other material such as this story and 'The School of Misfortune', which appeared as the third number of his 'Pictures of Country Life'. From the beginning it was planned that Hogg's nephew Robert would revise and arrange the material, and in a letter to Hogg of 28 February 1829, sent with the printed book, Blackwood writes 'I hope you will be pleased with the way in which your nephew has arranged and corrected the whole. I left it entirely to himself' (NLS MS 30,311, pp. 219–20). (For accounts of Robert's involvement in the preparation of the text see Douglas S. Mack, 'Hogg, Blackwood and *The Shepherd's Calendar*', *Papers Given at the Second James Hogg Society Conference*, ed. by Gillian Hughes (Edinburgh: ASLS, 1988), pp. 24–31 and in his introduction to *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), pp. xvi–xvii.) The text of this story printed in *The Shepherd's Calendar* was substantially revised from that in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. This includes a change of title from the neutral 'Old Isaac' to the heavily charged 'The Prodigal Son', laden with significance from Christ's parable. Some changes are minor, matters of spelling or capitalisation or the replacement of one word with another (as when 'unbiased' becomes 'disinterested'), but others are more drastic, changing the style and emphasis. Some of the revisions make the language more formal ('getting evil from my walk' becomes 'being injured by my walk' and 'have been in a fine scrape' changes to 'commit myself sadly'); others tone down Hogg's vivid language ('a bitter drug for this poor frail and fading flesh to swallow' is reduced to 'a bitter consideration'); and yet others seem to be avoiding any possible sexual reference, even where the context makes the words' innocence abundantly clear (as in the removal of the words 'He shook her hand so close below her bosom, that he had not room to move'). However the changes that most seriously alter the overall effect of the story are those which soften the portrait of Matilda, reducing its sharp realism. Matilda's bitter and irrational prejudice against her niece Euphemia (even though it suddenly turns around when she finds herself an aunt doting on Euphemia's children) is as central to the text as the story of redemption, yet it is regularly toned down in the revision, most noticeably in the removal of her hostile reception of the young girl Ellen who has come from the house where Euphemia is staying. These and other changes take away much of the original force of the story, leaving the sentimental redemption narrative more predominant. When *The Shepherd's Calendar* was included in Hogg's collected *Tales and Sketches*, the revised and depleted version was carried over into that edition, and the original text was not reprinted for most of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (This story is not included in the S/SC edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar* because it was not part of the original 'Shepherd's Calendar' sequence Hogg published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: for an explanation of this decision see *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), pp. 277–78.) As noted above, Douglas Mack edited this text in *Altrive Chapbooks*, 2:3 (September 1989), 1–23; we are grateful for information in his notes and have adopted several emendations from him.

Subsequent publication: [in revised form as 'The Prodigal Son'] *The Shepherd's Calendar* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood; London: T. Cadell, 1829), 1, 69–111; [as

revised in *The Shepherd's Calendar*] *Tales and Sketches*, III, 248–76.

Emendations:

- 83, l. 41 one of the wooden nags] one of the wooden mags
- 83, l. 42 let it hang on the nag] let it hang on the mag
- 84, l. 2 the ruthless seducer] the ruthles seducer
- 84, l. 15 pray with him, and for him:] pray with him, and for him,
- 85, l. 1 a solemn stillness] a solemn stilness
- 89, ll. 15–16 whom he hath despised (SC)] whom he had despised
- 89, ll. 22–23 how shall he appear (SC)] how shall appear
- 91, l. 9 he tottered through the door] he tottered through the floor
- 91, ll. 37–38 space flared between them] space flayed between them
- 97, ll. 11–12 Sir, that's a', Sir] Sir, that's a, Sir
- 100, l. 28 Bless me with patience!" said Isaac] Bless me with patience!" said Gawin
- 101, l. 37 Eh? But she won't look up] Eh? But she wont look up
- 102, l. 33 our future happiness depends] our future happiness depend
- 103, ll. 14–15 the cantiest crock o' the Kaim-law] the cantiest crack o' the Kaim-law

82(b) my pikestaff ... with the head turned round like crummy's horn a crummy is a cow with a crooked horn; the staff Isaac describes is similar to a shepherd's crook used in rescuing sheep and symbolically represents his role as shepherd of his flock, his congregation.

82(d) I am going on my Master's business compare 'wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' (Luke 2. 49).

82(d) let him do with me as seemeth good in his sight compare 'let him do to me as seemeth good unto him' (II Samuel 15. 26).

83(a) his grace aboundeth to the chief of sinners the wording is ultimately derived from the New Testament: 'Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound' (Romans 5. 20). However a more immediate source is John Bunyan's widely read spiritual autobiography, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666).

83(b) it shall down it shall be swallowed.

83(b) I will not say the Lord reward him according to his works compare 'Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works' (II Timothy 4. 14).

83(d) one of the wooden nags in the garret the original text reads 'mags' and 'mag' in the following line but *The Shepherd's Calendar* reads 'knags' and 'knag'. Since 'mag' makes no sense here whereas 'knag', meaning 'a peg or hook', fits the context (see *SND*, *knag* n.¹ 2) we have adopted Mack's suggestion, in his Altrive Chapbooks edition, that Hogg originally wrote 'nag' (an attested though uncommon spelling of *knag*: see *SND*, *barmwhun* n.; *ham* v.) and that this was misread as 'mag'.

84(b) the hearts of all the children of men are in his hands, and as the rivers of water he turneth them whithersoever he pleaseth compare 'The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will' (Proverbs 21. 1).

84(c) those who have learned to count all things but loss save Jesus Christ, and him crucified compare 'I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified' (I Corinthians 2. 2) and 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord' (Philippians 3. 8).

- 84(c) **The blessing of him that is ready to perish shall light on the head of my father** compare 'The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy' (Job 29. 13).
- 85(a) **the kailyard dike** the low wall, either drystone or constructed of turfs, around the kitchen garden.
- 85(a) **the shelf of the hay-stack** the wooden platform which, resting on staddle stones, supports the hay-stack.
- 85(b-c) **a blemished lamb ... lost to its master's fold** the blemished lamb is in contrast to Christ, whose 'precious blood' is 'as of a lamb without blemish and without spot' (I Peter 1. 19). Christ describes himself as being the good shepherd who protects his sheep even at the cost of his own life (John 10. 11-18). See also the parable of the lost sheep: 'If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine that went not astray' (Matthew 18. 12-13).
- 85(c) **thou art the man!** the accusatory words of Nathan to King David after he had failed in his role as king and protector of his people (II Samuel 12. 7).
- 85(d) **no ae grain** not one bit.
- 86(b) **peace be to this house,—may the peace of the Almighty be within its walls** compare 'into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house' (Luke 10. 5) and 'Peace be within thy walls' (Psalm 122. 7).
- 86(c) **made to him** made for him.
- 86(d) **T—r** Mack suggests that the partially concealed name might be Traquair, a small village and parish in Peeblesshire to the north of the Selkirkshire parish of Yarrow; the name of Clapperton does occur in the parish of Traquair (see Traquair OPR) although the character is presumably fictional.
- 87(d) **to hold the mirror up to his conscience** compare Hamlet's words to the players: 'the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature' (*Hamlet*, III. 2. 19-21).
- 88(a) **that the Lord will lay no more upon him than he is able to bear** compare I Corinthians 10. 13, quoted in the note to 4 c-d.
- 88(a) **his wounded spirit** compare 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?' (Proverbs 18. 14).
- 88(b) **the sin may not be laid to his charge** see the biblical account of the stoning of Stephen, the first Christian martyr: 'And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep' (Acts 7. 60).
- 89(a) **Thou takest no pleasure in the death of sinners, but rather that all should repent and turn unto thee and live** compare the Lord's words to Ezekiel: 'Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' (Ezekiel 33. 11).
- 89(c) **the footstool of grace** the stool acting as a footrest at the throne of God, the fount of all grace. The phrase appears in religious literature of Hogg's time: e.g. 'A Sermon Delivered by the Rev. D. Wilson, A.M.', *The Preacher*, 21 and 28 March 1833, p. 355. Compare the phrase 'footstool of mercy': see note to 293(b).
- 90(a-b) **vessel of mercy** a recipient of God's mercy: see Romans 9. 23.
- 90(b) **You must trust to a higher atonement** that is, you must put your trust in Christ's atonement for the sins of humankind.

- 90(b) **your repentance shall be as stubble, or as chaff that the wind carrieth away** compare 'They [the wicked] are as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away' (Job 21. 18).
- 91(d) **space flared between them:** 'flayed' has been emended to 'flared' on the assumption that Hogg's 'r' has been read as 'y'.
- 92(d) **his twa discourses** normal practice was for there to be two sermons on Sunday.
- 93(d) **"Nought's to be won ... gi'e her a' the plea"** from the song "Tak your auld cloak about you", first published in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1740): see e.g. 12th edn, 4 vols (London: A. Millar, 1763), I, 105–06.
- 95(c) **as a willow by the water courses** compare 'And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses' (Isaiah 44. 4).
- 96(b) **any of them** either of them.
- 97(a) **water ouzel** the white-throated dipper, *cinclus aquaticus*.
- 100(d) **ben the house** into the best room of the house (later referred to as a 'rustic parlour').
- 100(d) **a ben end and a but end** a but and a ben are the best room and the kitchen in a two-roomed house or the best end and the kitchen end in a one-roomed house.
- 101(a) **folk wha count afore the change-keeper, ha'e often to count twice** compare 'He that counts before the hostler, counts twice': see Andrew Henderson, *Scottish Proverbs* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1832), p. 80.
- 101(a) **and sae has the herd, wha counts his hogs afore Beltan** a hog is 'A young sheep from the time when it is weaned until it is shorn of its first fleece' (*SND*, *hog* n.¹ 1) and Beltan was one of the four old Scottish quarter-days, 1 or 3 May.
- 102(a) **Father, forgive me, for I knew not what I did!** compare Christ's words on the cross: 'Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do' (Luke 23. 34).
- 103(a) **an eldership in the church** the elders in Presbyterian churches are members of the congregation in each parish chosen to work with the minister in managing the affairs of the church.
- 103(a) **the Hope** a hope is 'a small upland valley or hollow enclosed at the upper end by green hills or ridges' (*SND*, *hope* n.¹ 1); the term is frequently used in placenames in the Borders, usually in combination with some other element, as in Dryhope.
- 103(b) **Beltan pock** 'A pouch-like swelling under the jaw of a sheep caused by the disease of sheep-rot or liver-fluke' (*SND*, *pock* n.² 6).
- 103(b) **Kaim-law** a long ridge rising to 238 m (780 ft) and overlooking the Slitrig Water, a mile southeast of Hawick in Roxburghshire.
- 103(b) **ye're nae flae-bitten about the gab** 'you're not flea-bitten about the mouth', presumably in this context a suggestion that his mouth does not stop still long enough for fleas to settle on it because he spends a lot of time eating.
- 103(c) **faint heart never wan fair lady** 'Faint heart never won fair lady (castle)' (*ODEP*, p. 238).
- 103(c) **a bird in the hand is worth two on the bush** see 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' (*ODEP*, p. 58).
- 103(c) **It's no aye the fattest foddering that mak's the fu'est aumry** 'It's not always the best animal feed that makes the fullest pantry'; in his collection of proverbs Andrew Cheviot cites this passage of Hogg's as his source and

glosses it as 'you may get handsome treatment where you least expect it': see his *Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions, and Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1896), p. 217.

103(d) *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret* 'you may drive Nature out with a pitchfork but she will run right back' (Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 10. 24).

The Powris of Moseke, Ane rychte plesant Ballaunt

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (October 1821), 356–61]

In submitting a poem of the supernatural in his beloved 'ancient stile' to the *Edinburgh Magazine* Hogg combined elements that were, significantly, not welcome at the journal's rival *Blackwood's*. At the same time, while evoking a graphic picture of a supernatural world which included an appearance by the Devil, he evaded any criticism from a sceptical post-Enlightenment audience by making the supernatural possibly a fantasy dreamt up by a boy-servant to fool a minstrel and by ending the poem with the attack of a bull, an event that could have easily happened in real life. While Hogg sometimes used his antique language to be more sexually explicit or to present supernatural events as real, the language here mainly functions to suggest a setting in the past, enabling the plausible appearance of a minstrel and his boy. At the same time the poem evokes contemporary rural life, and surviving beliefs in the supernatural in rural communities, on which Hogg drew throughout his writing life. After appearing in a journal owned by Constable, the poem was included in the second volume of Constable's edition of Hogg's *Poetical Works* of 1822, where it sits alongside other works dealing with supernatural events: see Gillian Hughes, 'Essay on the Genesis of the Text', *Midsummer Night Dreams* (S/SC), pp. xiii–xliii. As Hughes notes, 'The quality and energy of the poem also form a very strong indication of Hogg's re-engagement with the visionary and fantastic during the period preceding the publication of *The Poetical Works of James Hogg*' (p. xxxvii). In February 1822 Hogg wrote to Constable about problems with the printing of his old-style language: 'I have a nephew in town the best corrector of the press that ever [sic] born either in English, Greek, Latin, or German. I should like that he looked over the proofs for I never yet have got an edition without blunders, and most gross ones in my old language, such as "The Witch o' Fife" "The Gude Grey Catte" "Hymns of the fairies" &c. Robert is Master of all these matters and they are safe with him I wish to God he read the proofs of The Scots Mag. sometimes It almost drives me past all patience' (*Letters*, II, 136–39). There are numerous differences, mostly in spelling, between the text of 'The Powris of Moseke' in the *Edinburgh Magazine* and that in *Poetical Works*, and Hogg's letter suggests that Robert was responsible for them. However Gillian Hughes has concluded that 'The available evidence ... supports the theory that Hogg maintained a personal involvement in the production of *The Poetical Works of James Hogg*, despite the convenience of having his nephew in Edinburgh' ('Essay', p. xxxii) and therefore he could well have taken a hand in the reworking of the poem. A couple of apparent mistakes are corrected ('hide in boghe or tre' becomes 'hide in boshe or tre'; 'lifebloade', an unlikely spelling even for Hogg, becomes 'life-bloode') and in almost every line there is a change of spelling, usually making the word look older, particularly by the substitution of 'y' for 'i' or the addition of a final 'e'. There are also a few changes of diction which may or may not be Hogg's. The place where the minstrel sits was originally 'Bowman Hawe' but is changed to 'Bowman Lawe'; if 'haw(e)' is taken as an (attested) spelling of 'haugh', either of these is possible in a place-name, although 'hawe' better fits the scene described. However this could be

a case of Hogg correcting a mistake. Given the uncertainty about who made these changes, we have confined ourselves to adopting corrections of obvious mistakes, and have otherwise printed the text as it first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. If Hogg was unhappy with the way his poem was presented there, the text is nevertheless what his original readers would have seen. In 1833 Hogg briefly revisited the poem by quoting four lines from the Moralitas to John Macrone: 'One single glass will set him on | And simple is the spell | But he never will give over again | Not for the devil himsel' (*Letters*, III, 156); it is perhaps significant that he chose then to quote it in a modernised form.

Subsequent Publication: *Poetical Works* (1822), II, 245–80 [*Midsummer Night Dreams* (S/SC), pp. 107–22].

Emendations:

- 105, l. 5 the hyndis | Stand quaking] the hyndis, | Stand quaking
 105, l. 12 Lorde, gin we were away (PW 1822)] Lorde, sin we were away
 105, l. 22 And brushit all full cleine] And brughit all full cleine
 106, l. 22 Lorde, gin we were away (PW 1822)] Lorde, sin we were away
 106, l. 26 Of all that thou dost se.] Of all that thou dost se?
 109, l. 29 will gar them skyppe (PW 1822)] will gar skyppe
 111, l. 24 quhat's he sekying here (PW 1822)] quhad's he sekying here
 115, l. 10 And hide in boshe or tre (PW 1822)] and hide in boghe or tre
 116, l. 28 the lifebloode and the lymbe (PW 1822)] the lifebloade and the lymbe

104(a) Ballaunt *ballant* is a Modern Scots form of the English word *ballad*; first found in the nineteenth century, it is not strictly appropriate to Hogg's 'ancient stile', the normal form in earlier Scots being *ballat*.

104(a) Bowman Hawe the name is apparently fictional but, since a haw (or, to use its more common form, a haugh) is 'a piece of level ground, gen[erally] alluvial, on the banks of a river, river-meadow land' (*SND haugh* n.) it may have been partly suggested by Bowmont Water, which rises in the Cheviot Hills and flows to the north through Morebattle and Yetholm parishes in Roxburghshire before entering Northumberland.

104(b) in travail in labour, about to give birth.

104(b) noe yung hillis ware borne as pointed out in the notes to the S/SC edition of *Midsummer Night Dreams* (pp. 210–11), Hogg may have been recalling Horace's comment on a boastful poet in the *Ars Poetica*: 'quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu? | parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus' (lines 138–39; 'what can this braggart bring forth worthy of all this gaping? The mountains will go into labour and a ridiculous mouse will be born'). However the grotesque nature of the joke is in keeping with Hogg's style and may owe nothing to Horace.

104(b) Queen's foreste there were extensive royal forests in the medieval and early modern period in Scotland; that this is referred to as the queen's forest (rather than the king's) suggests a setting in the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots (1542–1587; reigned 1542–1567), which Hogg had already used for *The Queen's Wake*. The royal forests included Ettrick Forest, where Hogg was born and grew up; but there is nothing specific in this poem to tie its events to that locality.

104(c) water-kelpie see note to 79(a).

110(b) Saint Bothan Saint Bothan or Bathan supplies the name for a parish (more commonly known as Yester) in East Lothian and another (Abbey St Bathans) in Berwickshire. The identity of the saint referred to is unclear: it is possibly

St Baithen (d. 598), cousin of St Columba, who succeeded the latter as Abbot of Iona.

- 110(b) stokel horne** stock-horn or stock and horn; see Burns's description of one he had acquired: 'It is composed of three parts: the stock, which is the hinder thigh-bone of a sheep, such as you see in a mutton-ham: the horn, which is a common Highland cow's horn, cut off at the smaller end, untill the aperture be large enough to admit the "stock" to be pushed up through the horn, untill it be held by the thicker or hip-end of the thigh-bone; and lastly, an oaten reed exactly cut and notched like that which you see every shepherd-boy have when the corn-stems are green and full-grown' (*The Letters of Robert Burns*, ed. by J. Launcey Ferguson, 2nd edn, ed. by G Ross Roy, 2 vols (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1985), no. 647).
- 112(a) corante** 'A kind of dance formerly in vogue, characterized by a running or gliding step (as distinguished from leaping)' (*OED*, *courante* n. 1).
- 113(c) coddye asse** cuddly ass, i.e. donkey.
- 114(b) the bulle of Norrowaye** 'The Black Bull of Norroway' is a fairy story collected in various forms in the British Isles during the nineteenth century, of which the Norwegian 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon' is a variant. In one version, the bull is a shape-changer, a beast by day and man by night, whose wife loses him on breaking her word and must complete a quest in order to regain him. The heroine dreams of 'the black bull of Norway' in Hogg's *Queen Hynde*, edited by Suzanne Gilbert and Douglas S. Mack (S/SC, 1998), pp. 11–18.
- 114(d) nouthor to houlde nor binde** uncontrollable.
- 115(b) by Saint Fillanis sholder bone** St Fillan is an early 8th century abbot. Robert the Bruce took a relic consisting of his arm to the battle of Bannockburn and believed his victory there was due to the saint's intercession.
- 116(a) two cloth yardis** the 'yard' used in measuring cloth was a unit of 37 inches or one Scottish ell (approximately 94 cm).
- 116(c) Moralitas** in ending with a 'Moralitas' (a pointing of the moral of the story), Hogg follows the practice of the Scottish poet Robert Henryson in his *Morall Fabillis*. Henryson lived in the second half of the fifteenth century, a period somewhat earlier than the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, but consistent with the general late medieval or early modern feel of the poem.

Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (November 1821), 439–43]

In October 1817 George Thomson, a collector of Scottish music and music publisher, passed on to Hogg a commission he had received from the Highland Society of London for a collection of Jacobite songs. Hogg worked on this over the next few years: his first volume of *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland* appeared in December 1819, and a second volume, *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland: Second Series*, was published in February 1821. In June 1821 Hogg received from William Blackwood a manuscript volume which had been sent to him by Thomas Cadell, the London publisher, along with a letter to Hogg. Blackwood also reported that 'The Proprietor wishes to sell it, but does not mention the price'; the volume contained Jacobite material, but Blackwood suggested it was unlikely to be of use to Hogg, as the *Jacobite Relics* had already been published: see Blackwood to Hogg, 23 June 1821, NLS MS 2248, fols 56–57. Hogg responded to Blackwood on 3 July: 'The Jacobite relics are doubtless very curious but they are totally English. They appear to me to be all the work of

one man and I think them Tom D,Urfys I know they are; and I think that perhaps they are in his hand writing. This I should like to ascertain. I beg you will send him a subscription copy of the *Wake* and write upon it "A present from The Author to Mr. H. B. Marshall" directing it to him "9 Beaufort Row Chelsea" Instead of wishing to sell it he presents it to me begging my acceptance of it' (*Letters*, II, 97). This present article (the first of three) contains two songs, one of which ('A New Ballad' beginning 'Pray, Shentlemans') is taken from Marshall's volume. As well as sending a copy of *The Queen's Wake* to Marshall, Hogg also wrote asking him about the provenance of the volume, and prints Marshall's reply. There seems to be no reason to doubt that the letter is genuine although Hogg's comment seems to undermine it: 'No one can suspect the truth of the above plain unvarnished tale. It carries that species of conviction along with it, which leaves no manner of lurking doubt.' Such an apparently unnecessary comment can only invite the scepticism it claims to reject. However it is probably only intended as a lead into Hogg's next comment, which addresses an undeniably fake provenance: the manuscript that is supposedly the source of the other poem in this article, 'Clan-Ronald's Men', is said to have come from 'Ed. Bulmer' of 'Adderston House', who had it ultimately from an old woman's crippled brother, 'a kyind of a swort of a dowmonie' from Cumberland. Hogg comments that 'Mr Bulmer's account of the manner in which he recovered his [manuscript], is a great deal more circumstantial and fanciful [than Marshall's]', as indeed it is, so much so that the reader is likely to treat it with some suspicion. In fact there is no record of an 'Ed. Bulmer' (or any other Bulmer) of Adderston in Northumberland, nor is there an Adderstone in Cumberland: he seems, like his supposed manuscript, to be Hogg's invention. Subsequently, by including them in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831) and by describing them there as 'pretended' works rather than genuine, Hogg admitted that the poems allegedly sourced from Bulmer's manuscript in this and two subsequent articles were his own (or partly his, in the case of 'Up an' rin awa', Geordie'). However Murray Pittock has identified at least two of the four poems taken from Marshall's volume as 'partly authentic', and notes that 'A New Ballad' from this article and 'A Toast' from Hogg's article of April 1822 'both exist in eighteenth-century MS' (see *Jacobite Relics I*, p. xxiii). Introducing 'Clan-Ronald's Men' (renamed 'Red Clan-Ranald's Men'), Hogg described it as 'likewise a pretended transcript from the "Dwomony's beuk"' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 71). This version of 'Clan-Ronald's Men' along with part of the story of the 'dwomony's beuk' in *Songs* are the only parts of this article that were reprinted. When including 'Clan-Ronald's Men' in *Songs* Hogg made some significant changes to the text, including the change of 'Clan-Ronald' to 'Clan-Ranald'. In addition the original quatrains, with a following chorus consisting of the first four lines of the song, are reconfigured as eight-line stanzas with no chorus. However as the chorus is now redeployed as the last four lines of the song the stanzas needed to be reduced to nine to create five eight-line stanzas: this was achieved by dropping the original seventh stanza, as well as moving the original fifth stanza to an earlier place as the second half of the new second stanza. Part of the description of how the old woman got the manuscript in Bulmer's supposed letter to Hogg (from 'Way, didst thou never hear' to 'the wheel spindle') is also included in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* as part of the introduction to 'The Two Men of Colston' (which originally appeared in the next instalment of 'Jacobite Relics' in the *Edinburgh Magazine*). The wording is largely the same (with the omission of a few phrases) but the spelling is very different, so that the first two sentences change from 'Way, didst thou never hear of my brwother Tommy? I thought all Coomberland had known Tommy' to a more markedly

Cumberland dialect form in 'Whoy, didst thou neaver heaur of Twommy? I thowt all Cooamberland had knwoan brwother Twommy'. The spelling in *Songs* largely follows that in Hogg's manuscript fair copy, so it would appear Hogg either chose to change the spelling or reverted to an earlier manuscript from which he had made the fair copy for the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

Manuscript: ['Clan-Ronald's Men', as 'Red Clan-Ranald's Men'; fair copy for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*] NLS MS 4805, fols 63v–64r. Watermark: None.

Subsequent publication: ['Clan-Ronald's Men', as 'Red Clan-Ranald's Men'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 156–58 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 71–72]; [part of the supposed letter from Bulmer, as an introduction to 'The Two Men of Colston'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 148–49 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 67–68].

Emendations:

- 120, l. 22 or be quite lost] or be quit lost
- 123, l. 15 a' the feyne songs] a' the fyne songs
- 123, l. 32 Scots gentleman (Songs)] Scats gentleman
- 127, l. 20 Dere is his vife] Dere is his wife
- 127, l. 32 He vore little vigs] Hi vore little wigs

120(b–c) it is an invariable principle with my booksellers, never to publish a second edition of any book Hogg often pressed his publishers for new editions of his works but they were not always willing to comply. Nevertheless by the time this article was published George Goldie had brought out three editions of Hogg's *The Queen's Wake* before his business collapsed (two in 1813 and one in 1814), and William Blackwood in Edinburgh and John Murray in London had published two further editions (in 1814 and 1819, albeit the first of these was actually made up of Goldie's sheets with a new title page and the second only appeared after some considerable delay). Similarly Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown had published two editions of *The Poetic Mirror* (1816 and 1817) and Oliver and Boyd two editions of *Winter Evening Tales* (1820 and 1821).

120(c) H. B. Marshall, of Beaufort-Row, Chelsea William Barrett Marshall (1803–1841), a surgeon in the Royal Navy, had literary ambitions and published a volume of poetry, *Tears for Pity* (1824). He also published *An Essay on Medical Education* (1824) and *A Personal Narrative of Two Visits to New Zealand in His Majesty's Ship Alligator, A. D. 1834* (1836). When he died returning from the ill-fated Niger Expedition of 1841 he was Acting Surgeon on the Soudan: see *The Era*, 30 January 1842, p. 3. (Hogg has apparently misread Marshall's 'W. B.' as 'H. B.': see the letter quoted in the textual note above.)

120(d) eleemosynary relief alms.

121(a) common-place book a notebook used to collect information and record ideas and impressions.

121(a) Prince's Square, Ratcliffe Highway the Ratcliffe Highway (now the Highway) is a road in the East End of London dating from Roman times. In the nineteenth century it was notorious for vice and crime, such as the Ratcliff Highway murders of 1811.

121(a) ffra.: Lynn Trin.: Coll. Cantab: 1691½ Francis Lynn was admitted to Trinity College as a pensioner on 26 June 1691 having attended Westminster School. He was elected a Scholar in 1692 and graduated with a BA in 1695. He was Secretary and Cashier to the Commissioners for taking care of Sick and Wounded Seamen till 1715 and Secretary to the Royal African Society from 1720 onwards and died in 1731. (Information from Jonathan Smith, Trinity

College, to whom we express our thanks.)

- 121(a) the same *autograph* with that of the Relics** if the suggestion is that Francis Lynn wrote or transcribed the songs, then their setting in the earlier eighteenth century fits within his lifetime.
- 121(b) plain unvarnished tale** see *Othello*, I. 3. 90: 'I will a round unvarnished tale deliver.'
- 121(d) Gilliesland Wells** Gilsland Wells or Gilsland Spa, a spa near the village of Brampton in the historic county of Cumberland by the river Irthing, which forms the boundary with Northumberland, was well known in the early nineteenth century for its sulphurous waters and became a popular resort.
- 122(c) Carlisle** the principal town in the former county of Cumberland.
- 122(c) Whitehaven** a town and port on the coast of Cumberland.
- 122(c) Mr Anderson** apparently the name of the 'country-man' at Gilliesland Wells with whom Bulmer had disputed.
- 122(c) a cock and bull story** a fanciful and scarcely believable story.
- 122(d) Bishop-Wearmouth** a village in County Durham about 12 miles southeast of Durham.
- 123(a) Way, didst thou never hear of me brwother Tommy?** the widow here and the speakers in Hogg's song 'The Two Men of Colston' (see pp. 151–54) use a stylised form of Cumberland dialect leaning heavily towards comic caricature. Hogg combines recognised features of Cumberland dialect with elements of his own which are largely intended for comic effect. For example the insertion of *w* before *or* in words like *swort* 'sort' and *fuore* 'fore' and before a long *o* in words like *Pwope*, *rwoad* and *thrwone*, presumably in both cases representing the diphthongisation of the following sound, is a regular feature in the texts in John Russell Smith's *Dialogues, Poems, Songs and Ballads, by Various Writers in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialect* (London, 1839); Hogg also inserts *w* before other sounds, in words like *brwother*, *crwoss*, *anwother*, *swodgers*, where it would not normally appear in written texts of the time and presumably not in spoken language. On the other hand his use of *ey* where English has *i*, in words like *treyfing*, *theyne* and *beteyde*, is both fairly consistent and in conformity with other representations of the dialect, as is his use of *ea*, where English has *o* or *a* and Scots has *ai* or *a-e*, in words like *meast* 'most/maist', *measter* 'master/maister', and *heam* 'home/hame'. Another Cumberland feature appears in spellings like *coountry*, *Coomberland* and *oopf*: Cumberland dialect is a northern English dialect where, unlike both Scots and southern English, *up* is pronounced as in RP *put* rather than as in RP *but*. Cumberland dialect also shares a number of words with Scots which are not found in Standard English: examples include *gowl* 'howl', *loun* 'rogue' and *yaud* 'old wornout horse'. There seems, however, to be little purely Cumbrian vocabulary in the widow's speech and the song apart from Hogg's *yeen* 'one', a distinctive feature of the dialect although normally in the form *yan*. In grammar Hogg mixes both genuine Cumberland usages like *I's* 'I am' and *thou's* 'you are' with *him's* 'his', which appears to have been borrowed from literary representation of Highland speech.
- 123(b) to de a good turn** to do a good turn: *de* is a Cumberland form of *do*.
- 124(a) I honour the Highland Society more than for any other work they have patronised** as noted in the textual note above, in October 1817 Hogg received via George Thomson a commission from the Highland Society of London for a collection of Jacobite songs.
- 124(a) My own ancestors were engaged on the side of the STUARTS** while

Bulmer is a fictional creation, it is nevertheless the case that a Thomas Bulmer of Shadforth joined the Jacobite rebellion of 1715: see Leo Gooch, *The Desperate Faction?: The Jacobites of North East England 1688–1745* (Hull: Hull University Press, 1995), p. 182. Shadforth is a small village in County Durham about 5 miles eastsoutheast of Durham.

124(c) CLAN-RONALD'S MEN the Macdonalds of Clanranald were part of the broader Clan Donald and actively supported the Jacobite rising of 1745–46, forming one of the regiments of the Jacobite army. Their early adherence to the Prince's standard, first raised on their land, under Ranald Macdonald the Younger (d. 1776), the chief's son, was crucial to the rising proceeding.

124(c) the tune of "Paddy of Molla's Hymn" we have not been able to identify a tune of this name; possibly Hogg invented the name and actually intended the song to be sung to the air 'Honest Duncan', to which, he claims in a footnote, it 'has a manifest resemblance'.

124(c) tartan trews some of the Highlanders involved in this skirmish would have worn trews, the distinctive tartan trousers of the Highlands, while others would have worn tartan kilts. It is likely that Hogg chose trews for the sake of the rhyme.

124(d) blinking on the bent ... flashing on the fell glints of light (from the swords) on the hillside and flashes of fire (from the guns) on the hill.

124(d) the red-coat sparks the soldiers of the Hanoverian army.

124(d) got their yerks had a thrashing.

124(d) a Scots tune called "Honest Duncan" Hogg wrote a song of this name, published in *The Forest Minstrel*, which was presumably intended to be sung to this tune although no air is specified. The tune first appeared under this name in Niel and Nathaniel Gow's *Part Second of the Complete Repository of Original Scots Slow Tunes, Strathspeys, and Dances* (Edinburgh: Gow and Shepherd, 1802), p. 1, but it had earlier appeared in Duncan MacIntyre's *Collection of Slow Airs, Reels, & Strathspeys* (London, c. 1795), p. 40, under the name 'Miss Downie's Strathspey'; it seems likely that MacIntyre (a dancing master in London) was the composer. For a transcription of the air and further information see *The Forest Minstrel* (S/SC), pp. 188–89, 361.

125(a) by 'zoons an oath: originally 'by God's wounds'

125(b) the frumpy froward duke Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: see note to 53(b).

125(b) brags o' weir warlike boasts.

125(b) our Charlie ... In a' his Highland gear Pittock reports that tartan was widely worn in the Jacobite army (not just by Highlanders) and by Prince Charles Edward himself: see Murray Pittock, *The Myth of the Jacobite Clans*, 2nd edn (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009), pp. 40–41. Nicholson argues that, in the case of the Prince, the wearing of tartan clothing was a deliberate adoption of the iconography of the 'Highland laddie', and that the prince 'did not wish merely to reclaim the lands of his ancestors, but to reclaim also the loyalties of his subjects; his person was to be a metaphor for restoration of rightful monarchy. Tartan, the natural garb of his brave Highlanders and of the life-giving "Highland Laddie" of popular song, was part of the armory with which he hoped to win the psychological battles which must precede and determine victory in the military campaigns to follow': see Robin Nicholson, *Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Making of a Myth: A Study in Portraiture 1720–1892* (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 2002), p. 64. As Nicholson shows, the

portrayal of the prince in tartan clothing continued from the 1740s well into the late nineteenth century as a vital ingredient in his iconography: see pp. 62–80, 93–127. Hogg is a full participant in this tradition.

- 125(c) His bonnet, bends, an' a'** a typical part of the Highland dress, the bonnet is tight around the brow but loose on the top with a decorative toorie (bobble). The 'bends' are the band around the bonnet and the ribbons at the back are for adjusting the size of the band.
- 125(d) foreign foggies** either the foreign troops in the Hanoverian army or the government army seen as the instrument of the 'foreign' Hanoverian kings.
- 126(a) Athol's bonny lord** the Duke of Atholl, chief of the Clan Murray. However the Jacobites and Hanoverians recognised two different brothers as Duke of Atholl at this time. William Murray was the second but eldest surviving son of the first Duke of Atholl; on his father's death in 1724 he would normally have succeeded to the title and other associated titles but, because of his involvement in the 1715 Jacobite rising, he was attainted in 1716 and precluded from the succession. The titles and the family estates were conferred on his younger brother Lord James Murray. The Jacobites recognised William as Duke of Atholl while the government recognised James as Duke. William was one of the seven men who landed at Moidart with Prince Charles Edward at the beginning of the 1745–46 rebellion. He was betrayed to the government after Culloden and died in the Tower of London (for further information see the *ODNB* entry by Murray G. H. Pittock). Another still younger brother, Lord George Murray (1694–1760), was one of the key figures in the Jacobite army.
- 126(a) Cluny of the glen** Ewen Macpherson of Cluny (1706–1764) accepted a command in Lord Loudon's government regiment in August 1745 but then, after being kidnapped by his cousin, the Jacobite Donald Cameron of Lochiel, he became a colonel in the Jacobite army and fought at Clifton and Falkirk. Absent from Culloden on other duties, he became a fugitive after his home, Cluny House, was burnt by government forces in June 1746, but survived for nine years in a hiding place on Ben Alder overlooking Loch Erich in Badenoch, where he sheltered Prince Charles Edward in September 1746. He finally escaped to France in 1755.
- 126(a) Donald Blue** we have not been able to identify a Jacobite known as Donald Blue, but evidently there was an air of this name, as 'Donald Blue' is named as the tune for Burns's song 'O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles' in Currie's edition of Burns: see *The Works of Robert Burns*, ed. by James Currie, 2nd edn, 4 vols (London: T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies, 1801), i, 355.
- 126(a) Appin true** see note to 52(b). Since Dugald Stewart, chief of the Appin Stewarts, did not join the rebellion, Hogg perhaps has the clan rather than its chief in mind.
- 126(b) Had the term Carle been written Carlisle, or even Caril** in writing up the revised text of this song for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, Hogg removed this passage and changed the 'carle' to 'Carle' so that it could carry the meaning 'Carlisle', which makes better sense in the song (NLS MS 4805, fol. 63v), and the change was carried over into the printed text of *Songs*. We have retained the *Edinburgh Magazine's* lower case spelling in the song, as we believe it is part of Hogg's mystification about its supposed authorship. In *Songs* Hogg acknowledged that he was the author.
- 126(b) the battle of Clifton** a skirmish at Clifton Moor near the village of Clifton in Cumbria in the historic county of Westmorland. As Hogg notes, it took place

on 18 December 1745 during the retreat from Derby, after the Jacobite army had decided to return to Scotland. The Jacobite rearguard under the command of Lord George Murray and consisting of the Macphersons, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the Stewarts of Appin, and John Roy Stewart's regiment turned back the troops of the Duke of Cumberland: see John L. Roberts, *The Jacobite Wars* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 2002), pp. 129–31.

126(c) Royal Dragoons a cavalry regiment, originally formed in 1663, officially known from 1690 to 1751 as the Royal Regiment of Dragoons.

126(c) Kingston's Horse a cavalry regiment of volunteers raised by Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull (1711–1773), to serve with the government army against the Jacobites in 1745–46.

126(d) the Glengary Highlanders ... not the followers of Clan-Ronald see note above on the battle of Clifton. The records show that the Macdonells of Glengarry were present at the battle but not the Macdonalds of Clanranald. It is unclear whether Hogg was unaware of this when he first wrote the song or whether he later decided to take a song not originally tied to a particular battle and retrofit it to the battle of Clifton, and then had to make this claim in his notes. Whichever is the case, Hogg has mischievously presented his own created song as evidence of Macdonell of Glengarry's claim to be the chief of the whole Clan Donald (see next note).

126(d)–127(a) a proof of what the chief of the Macdonell has been urging ... same person Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry (1773–1828), chief of clan Macdonell of Glengarry, 'pursued a bitter dispute over the title of chief of Clanranald with Ranald George MacDonald of Clanranald—a controversy centring on the alleged illegitimacy of a sixteenth-century Clanranald. Macdonell vainly applied to the Court of Session to have Clanranald's arms declared invalid, and frequently signed himself Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanranald, asserting his house's claim to the headship of clan Donald' (Brian D. Osborne, *ODNB*). The case attracted considerable media attention. In writing of Glengarry's 'recent' assertions Hogg may have particularly in mind *Vindication of the "Clanronald of Glengary," against the attacks made upon them in the Inverness Journal and some recent printed Performances: With remarks as to the descent of the Family who style themselves "of Clanronald"* (Edinburgh: W. & C. Tait, 1821) which, according to the *Caledonian Mercury* of 16 April 1821 (p. 3), was published in Edinburgh on that day. The book was published anonymously but presents the case argued by Glengarry in considerable detail and was certainly inspired, if not written, by him.

127(a) the Tune of "Deer Catolick Broder," 'Deer Catholic Brother' is a traditional tune used in part by Thomas D'Urfey in his song 'The Catholic Brother' published in his *Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 6 vols (London: J. Tonson, 1719–20), vi, 277. In Hogg's opinion, expressed in a letter to William Blackwood of 3 July 1821 and noted above, the songs in Marshall's manuscript (from which he took this song) 'appear to me to be all the work of one man and I think them Tom D'Urfys I know they are; and I think perhaps that they are in his hand writing' (*Letters*, II, 97). In the absence of the manuscript we do not know if the air was specified in it. If it was specified then this may have been a reason for Hogg's belief that the manuscript was the work of D'Urfey. If not, conversely, Hogg may have attached the tune to the song because he believed it to be D'Urfey's work.

127(b) de vine king, just landed at Greenwich George I (1660–1727) became king

of Great Britain and Ireland on the death of Queen Anne on 1 August 1714. He travelled from Hanover, where he had succeeded as Elector in 1698, and arrived at Greenwich on 18 September 1714 at 6 p.m.

- 127(b) dere is a brave king, dat still remains banish** James Francis Edward Stuart (1688–1766), son of James II and VII, who had lost the English throne in 1688 and who died in 1701. After his father's death he was recognised by the Jacobites as James III of England and VIII of Scotland. Having been recognised by Louis XIV as the legitimate king of England, Scotland and Ireland, James lived and held his court at the château of St Germain-en-Laye near Paris until 1713; by the time of the accession of George I he was living in the Duchy of Lorraine. He later lived in Avignon (a papal territory at the time) and finally Rome.
- 127(b) dis poor people ... have made choice of de Devil** George I succeeded Anne by virtue of the Act of Settlement of 1701, which had prohibited Catholics from inheriting the throne, as he was her closest Protestant heir.
- 127(b) Connish** unexplained, perhaps a germanised form of the plural of *coney*, a term of endearment: compare *monish* for *monies* in the previous line; if this is the case the capital *c* is probably a mistake.
- 127(c) his bishes** i.e. 'his bitches': his mistress Melusine von der Schulenburg (1667–1743), whom he brought with him from Hanover and whom he raised to the peerage as a duchess, and his half-sister Sophia Charlotte von Kielmansegg (1675–1725), whom he created a countess and who was apparently not his mistress, although reputed to be so.
- 127(c) Dere is his wife, in de castle of stone** Prince Georg Ludwig of Hanover (later George I of Great Britain) married his first cousin Sophia Dorothea of Celle (1666–1726) in 1682. After she was accused of having an affair with the Swedish Count Philip Christoph von Königsmarck she was imprisoned in Ahlden House in Celle, and remained there for the rest of her life without being allowed any access to her two children.
- 127(c) Dere lies de poor man, too, whose blood he did shed** Philip Christoph von Königsmarck disappeared on 1 July 1694 after visiting Sophia Dorothea at the Leineschloss in Hanover; there is no evidence that her husband was complicit in his presumed murder.
- 127(c) both his two Turks** rumours, without any basis in fact, that George I had sexual relations with his two Turkish grooms of the chamber, Mustafa and Mehmet, circulated in his lifetime: see Jeremy Black, *The Hanoverians: A History of a Dynasty* (London: Continuum, 2006), p. 77; cited in *Songs* (S/SC), p. 248.
- 127(d) Look dere is de vine Prince, and don't he look pretty?** in his prose comment at the end of this ballad Hogg identifies the prince as George I's 'son Prince Fredrick'. However George I had no son named Frederick. Hogg appears to be thinking of Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales (1707–1751), who was the son of George II (at the time when he was electoral prince of Hanover), not of George I.
- 127(d) He vore little vigs, boys, when virst he came here** perhaps a suggestion that the prince came to Britain as a child. However, Frederick Lewis, if Hogg is thinking of him, stayed in Hanover when his grandfather George I became King of Great Britain and did not move to Britain until 1728. If, however, Hogg was confusing Frederick with George I's son, the future George II, he too was not a child when he first came to Britain in 1714.
- 128(a) Look on dat zame voman, vor dhat is his vife, | Who ne'er vas so vine all de days of her life** Frederick Lewis married Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha

(1719–1772) in 1736, which is well after the reign of George I in which this poem is supposedly set. Georg August, electoral prince of Hanover, the future George II, married Caroline of Brandenburg-Ansbach (1683–1737) in 1705. She followed him to Britain in October 1714, which places her much more viably in the poem's timeframe.

128(c) his son Prince Fredrick see note above: Frederick was not George I's son but his grandson.

128(c) a show-box 'A portable box containing a sequence of pictures viewed through a magnifying lens or hole; a peep show' (*OED*).

128(c) Altrive-Lake Hogg's home; see textual note to 'Tam Wilson' p. 400

Cary O'Kean

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (December 1821), 575–81]

In January 1815 John Ballantyne wrote to Hogg thanking him for his poem 'The Gipsies', which was presumably at this stage intended for the *Edinburgh Annual Register* and informing him that he had arranged payment for 'The Ballad of King Gregory' which had already appeared in the *Register*. (See the entries above for these two works, pp. 414 and 421–22.) He then continued: 'I will send you to morrow the Missionary Voyage to the South Seas & Cookes Voyage: Do me the favour to look into both as referring to the character of the simple &, until destroyed by European commerce, innocent Otaheitans. You will easily find subject for a little tale: Indeed there is one of a Otaheitan girl somewhere, who almost died for a midshipman, who had maintained an amorous commerce with her, & attempted to secrete himself in the Country on his Vessells departure: but he was discovered & torn from her, & she was not permitted to accompany him, altho' she brought her infant (& his) on board to aid her plea. This is for the same work: It should not be longer than the Gipsy' (NLS MS 2245, fol. 11). Ballantyne's reference to 'the Missionary Voyage to the South Seas' enables us to recognise the passage on which Hogg drew for the story told in his poem. It appears in *A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean, Performed in the Years 1796, 1797, 1798, in the Ship Duff, commanded by Captain James Wilson. Compiled from journals of the officers and the missionaries* (London: T. Chapman, 1799), published by the London Missionary Society (no editor is named). After relating some stories of adultery amongst Tahitian women, the account continues: 'Yet, with all this, many are true and tender wives; their large families prove their sacred attachment to the individual with whom they are united; and our European sailors who have cohabited with them have declared, that more faithful and affectionate creatures to them and their children could no where be found. The history of Peggy Stewart marks a tenderness of heart that never will be heard without emotion: she was daughter of a chief, and taken for his wife by Mr. Stewart, one of the unhappy mutineers [on the *Bounty*]. They had lived with the old chief in the most tender state of endearment; a beautiful little girl had been the fruit of their union, and was at the breast when the Pandora arrived, seized the criminals [the *Bounty* mutineers remaining on the island], and secured them in irons on board the ship. Frantic with grief, the unhappy Peggy (for so he had named her) flew with her infant in a canoe to the arms of her husband. The interview was so affecting and afflicting, that the officers on board were overwhelmed with anguish, and Stewart himself, unable to bear the heart-rending scene, begged she might not be admitted again on board. She was separated from him by violence, and conveyed on shore in a state of despair and grief too big for utterance. Withheld from him, and forbidden to come any more on

board, she sunk into the deepest dejection; it preyed on her vitals; she lost all relish for food and life; rejoiced no more; pined under a rapid decay of two months, and fell a victim to her feelings, dying literally of a broken heart. Her child is yet alive, and the tender object of our care, having been brought up by a sister, who nursed it as her own, and has discharged all the duties of an affectionate mother to the orphan infant' (p. 360). This is clearly the origin of 'Cary O'Kean', even though Hogg has changed some of the details to make the midshipman a more sympathetic figure and to make the whole story more affecting. Although Ballantyne appears to have commissioned it for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, it did not appear there. Nor, unlike 'The Gipsies', was it picked up by Ballantyne for *The Sale-Room*, and it was to be nearly seven years before it appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. A manuscript of a first draft of part of the poem survives in the Alexander Turnbull Library, consisting of three sheets each folded to make four pages and numbered 5–16 by Hogg. The last two sheets bear a watermark of 1812 but this provides only a *terminus a quo* for Hogg's composition of the poem since paper could be used a number of years after it was produced. (Generally Hogg used paper with a year close to the one in which he was working but there are many exceptions to this: for instance in 1818 his letters show he used paper with watermark dates between 1809 and 1817.) Nevertheless the 1812 watermark may suggest that Hogg began work on the poem in 1815 in response to Ballantyne's letter or possibly that he intended it for the *Sale-Room* once Ballantyne had resuscitated 'The Gipsies' in 1817. However, whenever it was composed, 'Cary O'Kean' did not comply with Ballantyne's stipulation that it be no longer than 'The Gipsies'; indeed it is substantially longer than that poem. Whether this was the reason why the poem did not appear in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* or whether Hogg did not work on it until later is now impossible to determine. He did not publish anything in the *Register* after 1816 and *The Sale-Room* was only published between January and July 1817. As already noted, the surviving manuscript of 'Cary O'Kean' is a draft; Hogg has in several places revised the wording in the process of composition and has rewritten some lines, for example replacing 'And he eyed every maiden with glances so kind' with 'The maids he saluted with courtesy kind' and 'the lovely the young Orae' with 'That pearl of the ocean the young Orae'. With little variation, however, the printed text follows the text of the manuscript as finally revised, with one important exception. In the manuscript the fourth and third to last lines of the poem have been substantially revised, with the first of these reading, 'Enjoy the bright future in glory's full glow'. This line, necessary to provide a rhyme (or at least a half-rhyme) with the next line ending in 'thou', is omitted in the *Edinburgh Magazine* text. In this edition we have restored the missing line. The poem was only reprinted once in Hogg's lifetime, in his *Poetical Works* of 1822. The text there has clearly been derived from the *Edinburgh Magazine* and follows it very closely apart from a number of spelling changes, almost all of which involve changing 'd' to 'ed'. However Hogg has obviously become aware of the missing line, and has supplied a new one for the *Poetical Works*: 'Look onward afar and exult in the view'.

Manuscript: [From the line 'But in all the wide world they found nothing so sweet'] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 36. Three folded sheets numbered 5–16 by Hogg. Watermark: crown and horn / 1812.

Subsequent publication: *Poetical Works* (1822), iv, 163–80.

Emendations:

- 130, l. 10 thou hast will'd it] thou has will'd it
- 132, l. 22 when his Captain he told,] when his Captain he told
- 132, l. 32 lay mured from the beams (MS)] lay moor'd from the beams

133, l. 21 she sunk on the sward (MS)] she sunk in a sward

136, l. 20 Its roots are in nature, its blooms in the sky] Its roots are in nature, it blooms in the sky

136, l. 23 Enjoy the bright future in glory's full glow, (MS)] [this line is omitted in EM]

128(d) Kilalla Killala, a seaside village in the north of County Mayo, in the west of Ireland.

129(b) in the ring in the circle of people in a dance.

130(b) Erin a poetic name for Ireland, derived from *Éirinn*, the dative case of *Éire*, the Irish word for Ireland.

130(c) the stars of the wain see note to 13(c).

131(a) Otaheite early form of the name for Tahiti.

131(b) beauty misguided presumably 'misguided' because they are not Christians.

131(c) Orace we have not been able to find a source for this name, which seems to be Hogg's invention.

132(d) the great Eatoo this is a form of the Tahitian word *atua*, which is applied to the gods of Tahitian mythology and, more recently, to the Christian God. However the form seems to be Hogg's own since his source, *A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean* (see textual note above), reports that 'The general name for death, in all its ramifications, is EATOOA' (p. 343). It also uses the spellings 'Eatōoa' (e.g. p. 346) and 'Etōoa' (p. 348).

132(d) racoon raccoons are native to North America but not to Tahiti; we have not been able to find a source for Hogg's belief that they were to be found there.

Pictures of Country Life. No. III. The School of Misfortune

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 9 (December 1821), 583–89]

In this story, the third and last instalment of his 'Pictures of Country Life', Hogg continues his concern with rural life but without the sentimentality of 'Old Isaac'. Like that story 'The School of Misfortune' was included in Hogg's collection, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, with a heavily revised text. However the nature of the revisions is different: as well as the changes to individual words and phrases like those found in 'The Prodigal Son' (the *Shepherd's Calendar* version of 'Old Isaac'), the first half of this story is completely rearranged. The first three paragraphs are moved later in the text and rearranged so that the first follows the second and third, the fourth paragraph is deleted entirely, and the fifth and sixth paragraphs, again in reverse order, are also moved to a later position. This means that the original seventh paragraph becomes the first in *The Shepherd's Calendar*. Further reordering follows, but the second half of the article (the whole of the story of Sandy Singlebeard with the paragraph which precedes it) follows the same order as in the original *Edinburgh Magazine*. Although this rearrangement and deletion could be Robert Hogg's work, there is also the possibility that it is authorial since, at an early stage of negotiations about *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Hogg, writing to Blackwood on 12 September 1826, reported that 'I should like above all things that my nephew Robt took the charge of the edition but there are many large curtailments that I only can manage' (*Letters*, II, 250). While the curtailment in this story is small (with only one paragraph deleted), it is integral to the large amount of rearrangement. Perhaps it was such structural changes combined with excisions that Hogg felt 'I only can manage'. Possibly he gave Robert instructions as to the rearrangement and excision but left him to make the

minor changes, which are similar to those found in the *Shepherd's Calendar* version of 'Old Isaac': minor changes of spelling and capitalisation, substitution of one word for another (as when 'removed' becomes 'withdrew'), phrases rewritten in more formal style ('the shirt on my back' becomes 'the clothes that I wore') and a number of sentences added, usually making the storyline more explicit. There is also some bowdlerisation, as with the removal of the very mild oath 'beshrew me if ...'. Like 'The Prodigal Son', 'The School of Misfortune' is reprinted in *Tales and Sketches*, where its text closely follows that of *The Shepherd's Calendar*. (Like 'Old Isaac') 'The Prodigal Son', this story is not included in the S/SC edition of *The Shepherd's Calendar*. **Subsequent Publication:** [in revised form] *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: William Blackwood; London: T. Cadell, 1829), I, 112–30; [with the *Shepherd's Calendar* text] *Tales and Sketches*, III, 276–88.

Emendations:

- 139, l. 42 run errands too, provided] run errands too; provided
- 142, l. 11 as much as stocked the farm (SC)] as much as stock the farm
- 145, l. 10 went to his other friends (SC)] went to his other friend's

137(b) **vain and unprofitable** compare Hamlet's words: 'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, | Seem to me all the uses of this world!' (*Hamlet*, I. 2. 133–34).

137(c) **harrows his own soul** compare the words of Hamlet's father's ghost: 'I could a tale unfold whose lightest word | Would harrow up thy soul' (*Hamlet*, I. 5. 15–16).

137(d) **be ye angry, and sin not** 'Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath' (Ephesians 4. 26).

138(d) **Douglas ... the dialogue between old Norval and lady Randolph** the play *Douglas* (produced 1756) by John Home (1722–1808) remained popular well into the nineteenth century. Hogg refers to the scene (Act 3, Scene 2) in which Lady Randolph discovers from Old Norval, the shepherd who has brought him up as his own child, that her son is still alive.

140(d) **J—s—y** not identified and probably fictional.

141(a) **Chancing to change my master at a term** the two terms or term days on which farmhands in Scotland were hired for the coming half year were Whitsunday (from 1693 and into Hogg's time fixed at 15 May, although the Christian festival necessarily varies in date, being tied to Easter) and Martinmas (11 November); they were two of the four Scottish quarter days or term days, the others being Candlemas and Lammas.

141(a–b) **pay me my sheep** pay me for my sheep.

142(a) **the best of all practical rules** the 'rule of three': a method for finding the unknown term in a proportion of which the other three terms are known.

142(a) **slump loss** substantial loss.

142(a–b) **that which profiteth him not** compare 'And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing' (I Corinthians 13. 3).

142(b) **Windlestrae-knowe** a fictional name combining *windlestrae* 'a tall, thin, withered stalk of grass' (*SND*, *windlestrae* n.) and *knowe* 'a hillock, a knoll' (*SND*, *know* n.). In inventing the name Hogg was very likely remembering Windlestraw Law, a hill in his native parish of Ettrick in Selkirkshire. Another Windlestraw Law is to be found in Innerleithen parish in Peeblesshire on the border with Midlothian.

142(b) **the mighty importance of the two right-hand columns in addition** in adding

up money, the amounts were set out in four columns: pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings (a farthing being one quarter of a penny).

142(b) pounds and shillings ... will take care of themselves compare the English proverb 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves' (*OEDP*, p. 798).

143(c) blood horse thoroughbred horse.

143(d) £50 a year at livery £50 a year for stabling and feeding.

144(b) a rolling stone never gathers any moss compare 'A rolling stone gathers no moss' (*OEDP*, p. 682).

145(a) his other friends his other relatives.

Jacobite Relics, Not in Hogg's Collection

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (January 1822), 49–52]

This article follows the same pattern as the first instalment of 'Jacobite Relics', with one work ('The Farce') from Marshall's manuscript and therefore presumably genuine, and one ('The Two Men of Colston') from Bulmer's supposed manuscript, actually by Hogg, who later acknowledged his authorship in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (p. 148). In revising 'The Two Men' for *Songs*, Hogg changed very little except to make the spelling generally more noticeably that of the Cumberland dialect. One stanza (that beginning 'There was not one creature escap'd them') is, however, removed, probably to avoid the 'indelicate' line 'For he fix'd his twong teeth in him's roomple'; 'dom'd stupid hussy' becomes 'fusionless hussy', perhaps for the same reason. The text of *Songs* follows the manuscript very closely but adds a few extra dialect spellings.

Manuscript: ['The Two Men of Colston'; fair copy for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*] NLS MS 4805, fols 60r–63v. Watermark: none.

Subsequent publication: ['The Two Men of Colston'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 149–55 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 67–71].

Emendations:

148, l. 10 angry mood,] angry mood;

149, l. 29 to their fates,] to their fates.

149, l. 33 to assuage his fierce fire] to assuage her fierce fire

151, l. 7 leyke a pether (Songs)] leyke a fether

151, l. 8 and baggige foreby (Songs: and baggage forby] and baggiye foreby

151, l. 10 all the bwad news (Songs)] all the boad news

153, l. 1 If thou in thee friends had soome hwope,] [this line is misplaced in EM and appears before the stanza rather than as line 6 of it]

153, l. 8 what wast thou saying] what was't thou saying

153, l. 29 Tommy, I's crying like mad] Tommy, I'se crying like mad

154, l. 12 I'll give thee a quart] I'll give the a quart

146(a) The Fast of St James's this tune has not been identified and may be invented. St James's Palace, built by Henry VIII in the City of Westminster, was the principal residence of the early Georgian monarchs. Although Buckingham Palace has served as the official London residence of British monarchs since the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, the royal court of the United Kingdom is still officially known as the Court of St James's.

146(b) From Mr Marshall's Collection see textual note to 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection', pp. 451–53.

146(d) Hottentot used here as a derogatory term, suggesting a primitive and

uncivilised nation.

146(d) to Phoebus ... at Capricorn Phoebus Apollo, the Greek and Roman god of the sun; it is not clear why the poet places the sun in Capricorn, whether Capricorn is viewed as a part of the zodiac or as a constellation.

146(d) horns, horns, horns! symbols of cuckoldry, suggesting the court is full of adulterous relations.

147(a) Turks see note to 127(c).

147(a) in the boxes at the theatre where only the people of a higher class sat.

147(c) my wing'd courier Mercury, messenger of the gods, often portrayed with winged heels.

147(d) Hibernia with harp all unstrung Hibernia, the classical Latin name for Ireland, was used frequently from the eighteenth century as a poetic name for Ireland and in other contexts, while a gold harp with silver strings is Ireland's heraldic emblem.

148(a) his wand Mercury carries a staff entwined by two serpents, the 'caduceus'.

149(a) Devil a drop of my blood is in his veins Caledonia (Scotland) suggests that George I has no Scottish blood in him although, strictly speaking, as a descendant of James VI and I he did have some Scottish blood.

149(a) I strove with all my powers | To prevent all those shameful disasters after James II and VII left England in December 1688, the English convention parliament in February 1689 and the Scottish parliament in April 1689 accepted his replacement by William III and Mary (although there was an insurrection on his behalf in Scotland). However in Ireland, where James landed in March 1689, a parliament accepted him as the rightful king and he attracted strong support before being finally defeated by William III at the Battle of the Boyne on 1 July, after which he left Ireland for France, never to return.

149(c) pluck off a crown, | Except from the right owner's head referring to the replacement of James II and VII by William and Mary.

149(d) Pallas ... the goddess of Peace Pallas Athene was the Greek goddess of wisdom and also of war. The interpretation of this passage is unclear. It seems that Hogg treats Pallas as the goddess of peace, a role she does not normally have, but it is possible his meaning is that her spell raises the actual goddess of peace, Eirene.

150(a) Fair daughter both Athene and Eirene were daughters of Zeus.

150(b-c) a youth ... joining ... ancient Stuart blood ... our brave Tudor race given the setting of this poem in the reign of George I, this would refer to the Stuart claimant to the throne James Francis Edward Stuart, known to the Jacobites as James III and VIII (see note to 127(b)), the descendant of the Stuart kings of Scotland. As the descendant of Henry VII of England, James also had the blood of the Tudor kings of England, but the poem credits him with Tudor spirit rather than Tudor blood.

150(c) Golden days to come again the tone of this passage is reminiscent of Virgil's Fourth, 'Messianic', Eclogue, in which the Roman poet prophesies the imminent birth of a wondrous child who will usher in a new Golden Age.

150(c) Northern star Polaris, also called the Pole Star; of the stars visible to the naked eye it is the nearest to the Earth's north celestial pole.

151(a) Colston not identified; the name is apparently fictional.

151(a) Scotch air called "Go to the kye wi' me" a traditional Scottish tune found in various eighteenth-century collections, including James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, 6 vols (Edinburgh: Johnson and Co., 1787-1803), II, 142.

William Stenhouse in his notes to a later edition (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1839) notes that 'a respectable lady of my acquaintance, who was born in 1738, informs me, that this was reckoned a very old song even in her infancy' (II, 128*).

151(a) *From Mr Bulmer's Collection* see textual note to 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection', pp. 451–53.

151(a) *Why Joey, mon, where be'st thou going* ... the two speakers use Cumberland dialect; see note to 123(a).

151(c) *male women* kilted Highland soldiers.

151(c) *rebellioners* see note to 58(c).

151(c) *canny-bulls some do them call* a contemporary account, which may have been Hogg's source for this notion, confirms that the story that Highlanders were cannibals was circulating in England at the time of the 1745 Rising: 'The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He [...] told her to explain herself; when she answered that every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, "Come out children; the gentleman will not eat you"' (Chevalier de Johnstone, *Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, 1820), p. 76).

151(d) *great general* at the beginning of the 1745–46 rebellion, to which this poem refers, George Wade (1673–1748) was commander-in-chief of the government forces, but after he failed to stop the Jacobite army from entering England or prevent their return to Scotland he was replaced by Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (see note to 53(b)).

151(d) *Pwope* a papist, a Roman Catholic; compare the use of the term *pape* for a Roman Catholic in Scots.

152(a) *twong teeth* sharp teeth; compare the noun *tang* meaning 'a sharp point or spike' or 'a knifeblade' (*OED*, *tang* n.¹ 1c, 2a).

152(b) *caw up the yaud with the cart* bring up the old horse with the cart.

152(b) *Burten's weyld sheeling* not definitely identified; the editors of *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* suggest 'Burton [...] a major staging post on the route through Westmoreland' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 243), but a 'wild sheeling' does not suggest a major staging post.

152(b) *Command me to Mwoill and thee weyfe* 'command' is here used in the obsolete sense of 'commend'. In *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* it is changed to 'commend'. Since Hogg clearly wrote 'command' in his fair copy manuscript for *Songs* (NLS MS 4805, fol. 62r), we have retained the *Edinburgh Magazine's* reading here as evidently his conscious choice.

152(b) *Josey's wee Meary* the name Josey is confusingly close to Joey although it is evidently a different person; *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* changes Joey's name to Josey and avoids the confusion here by changing this phrase to 'Jwhony's wee Meary'.

152(b–c) *For this is the true keyng* ... *rwoyal youth* the reference is to Prince Charles Edward Stuart, although he was not at this stage the 'true king' of the

Jacobites since his father was still alive.

152(c) a bit vile scrowggy bwody a reference to George I and/or George II, each in Jacobite eyes a usurper on the British throne. *Scrowggy* is Hogg's Cumberland form of *scroggy* meaning 'stunted', a term usually applied to trees.

153(b) dwort not definitively identified; possibly 'peevisish wretch', Hogg's Cumberland form of the Scots adjective *dort* meaning 'sulky' or 'peevisish' (see *SND*, *dort* adj.).

Jacobite Relics, Not in Mr Hogg's Collection

[*Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (April 1822), 460–63]

In this third instalment of extra 'Jacobite Relics', Hogg has included one piece supposedly from Bulmer's manuscript but actually his own work based on an earlier song ('Up an' rin' awa, Geordie'), and two authentic songs from Marshall's manuscript ('A New Ballad' and 'A Toast'), at least one of which ('A Toast') is, according to Murray Pittock and as noted above, attested earlier: see *Jacobite Relics I*, p. xxiii. Hogg's song, with its injunction to the king to run away to Hanover, provides a neat contrast to 'A New Ballad' with its repeated call for Sophia of Hanover to come over to England. In introducing 'Up an' rin awa, Geordie' in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, Hogg acknowledged it as his own in his headnote: 'It is a pity that we cannot father this on the ideal "Dwomony" altogether. However it is not just so bad when considered that it is an answer to a Whig song of 1746, beginning, "Up an' rin awa, Charlie," &c.' The text of *Songs* follows closely the original text apart from spelling changes, usually moving towards a more Scots spelling ('tak' for 'take', 'an' for 'and') but occasionally anglicising ('of a' for 'ava'). Beyond that there are a few minor changes of wording: from 'men' to 'troops', from 'motley mumps' to 'motley group' (perhaps because of the unfamiliarity of 'mump' in the sense of 'old woman'), and from 'bran new wig' to 'braw new wig' (a misreading of the manuscript). Having composed 'Up an' rin awa, Geordie' Hogg then describes the historical events it alludes to, presenting his account as if it was a commentary on a song produced at the time whereas it is actually the historical information on which he drew when composing the poem himself. We have been unable to determine with certainty what Hogg's source for his account of these events might have been. However almost all of the material Hogg uses in his prose account seems to derive from texts originally brought together in the *Scots Magazine* (7 (November 1745), 529–33), being either identical word for word or a close paraphrase of it, or extractable from it by imaginative deduction. Furthermore all the government supporters mentioned in the song (Pennington, Waugh, Senhouse, and the owner of Acran Bank) are specifically named in the *Scots Magazine*. Hogg's comment that his account includes 'the few following notices, from the journals of that day' is compatible with its ultimate origin being the *Scots Magazine*, since the magazine includes material from several newspapers and journals. However it is highly unlikely he would have had access to the original issue of the *Scots Magazine* and even more unlikely he would have had access to all the newspapers it quotes, and therefore far more likely that he would have drawn on other publications which took their material more or less word for word from the *Scots Magazine*, such as *The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746, Extracted from the Scots Magazine* (Aberdeen: F. Douglas and W. Murray, 1755) or George Charles's two volume *History of the Transactions in Scotland in the Years 1715–16 and 1745–46*, 2 vols (Stirling: George Charles, 1816). Comparison with these texts has enabled us to correct the text of the *Edinburgh Magazine*: see the notes below on 'Brampton' and 'Acran bank'. Hogg

combined details from these sources with material from the ballad 'The Mayor of Carlisle', which he had edited in the Second Series of his *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (see *Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 134–35), with a note giving a shorter account of the siege and surrender of Carlisle (pp. 338–47) drawn partly from the sources used here but mostly, as he acknowledges (p. 338), from Tobias Smollett's *History of England from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George II*.

Manuscript: ['Up an' rin awa, Geordie', fair copy for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*] NLS MS 4805, fols 64v–66r. Watermark: unclear, possibly crown and shield.

Subsequent publication: ['Up an' rin awa', Geordie'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 159–63 [*Songs (S/SC)*], pp. 72–74].

Emendations:

- 154, l. 19 Up an' rin awa, Geordie] Up an' rin awa' Geordie
- 155, l. 3 wi' hose an' brogs (Songs)] wi' hose and brags
- 155, l. 10 got a waesome fa'] got a waesame fa'
- 155, l. 15 And Acran Bank's but raw] And Aeran Bank's but raw
- 155, l. 20 Up an' rin awa, Geordie] Up an' rin awa' Geordie
- 155, l. 28 thae's the warst ava', Geordie] thae's the warst ava' Geordie
- 157, ll. 13–14 in order to reconnoitre] in order reconnoitre
- 157, l. 21 stopped short at Brampton] stopped short at Brompton
- 158, l. 28 arrived in the city from Brampton] arrived in the city from Brompton
- 158, ll. 42–43 Highland gentlemen of the clans] Highland gentleman of the clans

154(c) "Up an' war them a', Willie" according to the Traditional Tune Archive, this was originally a Whig tune 'Popular in both 6/8 and 4/4 time from the early 18th to the early 19th century (especially in Scotland). ... Early versions of the tune (which may date to the 1720s) appear in the *Drummond Castle Manuscript* (in the possession of the Earl of Ancaster at Drummond Castle), inscribed "A Collection of Country Dances written for the use of his Grace the Duke of Perth by Dav. Young, 1734", where it appears as "Up and Worst Them All Willy", and in John Walsh's *The Second Book of the Compleat Country Dancing Master* (London, 1735): see the entry for 'Up and Waur Them A' Willie (1)'. The music with words supplied by Burns was also printed in James Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum*, 6 vols (Edinburgh: Johnson and Co., 1787–1803), II, 195–96. Hogg used this tune for his song 'I'm gane a' wrang, Jamie' in *The Forest Minstrel* ((S/SC), pp. 79–80), and included a song of this name in the second series of his *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*: see *Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 18–20. In his note in *Jacobite Relics* Hogg, while noting that the song refers to the 1715 rising, suggests that it was 'apparently made to the favourite old tune of "Up an' waur them a', Willie," there not being a Willie of any note in the whole Jacobite army. So that the chorus must have been an older one, adapted, not improbably, from a song of king William's time' (*Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 256–57). However the generally accepted opinion seems to be that offered by the editors of *The Forest Minstrel*: 'Verses with the chorus of 'Up and waur them a', Willie' are among those included in contemporary popular songs about the Battle of Sheriffmuir The verses probably originated from the time of the 1715 rising' (p. 273).

154(c) Mr Bulmer's Collection see textual note to 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection', pp. 451–53.

154(c) Geordie King George II; the poem refers to the 1745–46 rising when he was on the throne.

154(d) Auntie Wade, wi' pick an' spade, | Is delving through the snaw since

this song refers to the siege and surrender of Carlisle, these lines must relate to the movements of Wade (see note to **great general** above) at that time. To quote Roberts, 'Carlisle surrendered within a week, after an abortive attempt to relieve it by Wade, who had marched out of Newcastle on 16 November towards Brampton, where Charles had already mustered the bulk of his army. In fact, due to bad weather, Wade's army got no farther than Hexham, where he was told that Carlisle had already fallen. Wade returned to Newcastle, while the Prince entered Carlisle in triumph, mounted on a white charger': see John L. Roberts, *The Jacobite Wars: Scotland and the Military Campaigns of 1715 and 1745* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 2002), pp. 113–14.

- 155(a) **Kendal bend** this term appears in John Jamieson's supplement to his dictionary of Scots in the form 'candel-bend', defined as 'The very thick sole-leather used for the shoes of ploughmen': see *Supplement to the Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: W. & C. Tait, 1825), I, 175. Noting it as a Roxburghshire usage Jamieson adds the question, 'Had this leather been formerly prepared at *Kendal* in England?' Hogg's spelling shows he concurred with Jamieson's opinion of the origin of the term.
- 155(b–c) **auld Carlisle ... Has got a waesame fa'** the Jacobite army took control of Carlisle on 15 November 1745 after both town and castle had capitulated.
- 155(b) **Sir John Pennington** Sir John Pennington (c. 1710–1768), 3rd baronet, of Muncaster in Cumberland, had been elected as MP for Cumberland on 8 January 1745. Along with Waugh, S(t)enhouse and the occupant of Acran Bank (unnamed in Hogg's song), he is listed in contemporary sources as one of the local dignitaries who initially planned to defend Carlisle with the local militia, although they later capitulated. By the terms of the capitulation the militia were allowed to leave the city and return to their homes.
- 155(b) **Doctor Waugh** John Waugh (1701–1765) was the son of the Bishop of Carlisle, also John (1661–1734), who appointed him chancellor of the diocese in 1727. The younger Waugh was extremely active in the government cause during the 1745–46 rebellion, organising a system of intelligence, and passing information on to the government. For a substantial selection from his correspondence during this period, see Winifred Duke, *The Rash Adventurer* (London: Robert Hale, 1952).
- 155(b) **Humphrey Stenhouse ... Acran Bank** Humphrey Senhouse (d. 1770) was the owner of Netherhall, the seat of his family, on the river Ellen, near Maryport, in the west of Cumberland. Contemporary sources use the spelling Senhouse, which seems to have been the accepted spelling at the time, but we have retained Hogg's spelling, since it cannot be the result of misreading his hand. Acron or Acran Bank, now known as Acorn Bank, is located just north of Temple Sowerby, near Penrith in Cumberland; it had been the home of the Dalston family since the sixteenth century. The *Edinburgh Magazine* text reads 'Acran Bank' but this is clearly a misreading of Hogg's 'c' as 'e': for the spellings 'Senhouse' and 'Acran' see George Charles, *History of the Transactions in Scotland in the Years 1715–16 and 1745–46*, 2 vols (Stirling: George Charles, 1816), II, 355.
- 155(b) **Andrew Pattison's ... prince o' provosts a'** 'provost' is the Scottish equivalent of English 'mayor'. Authorities differ as to the identity of the mayor of Carlisle in 1745. Samuel Jefferson in his self-published *History and Antiquities of Carlisle* (Carlisle, 1838) lists Joseph Backhouse as mayor in 1744 and George Pattinson [*sic*] in 1745 (p. 448) while Winifred Duke in *The Rash Adventurer*, basing her claim on earlier documents, names Backhouse as mayor from

Michaelmas (29 September) 1745 with *Thomas* Pattinson as deputy, noting however that Pattinson's 'standing in the corporation was considerable' and that, after Backhouse became mayor, 'Pattinson continued almost in supreme authority' (pp. 5–6). Hogg has however adopted the spelling 'Pattison' as in the Jacobite song 'The Mayor of Carlisle' which he had edited in his *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (*Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 134–35). Hogg's song and prose account follow 'The Mayor of Carlisle' in making Patti(n)son a figure of scorn. We have been unable to determine Hogg's authority for the Christian name Andrew.

155(c) as fast as he can ca' as fast as he can push on, go.

155(c) o'er the Mersey the Jacobite army left Manchester on 1 December and crossed the River Mersey at Stockport, heading towards Macclesfield.

155(c) braid claymores ... awsome forks, an' Highland durks Murray Pittock, from an analysis of Jacobite weapons captured at Culloden or surrendered after the battle, demonstrates that guns were far more common in the Jacobite army than swords. The claymore (from the Gaelic, meaning 'great sword') was the two-edged broadsword of the ancient Scottish Highlanders, or (inexactly) the basket-hilted broadsword introduced in the sixteenth century, which was often single-edged. However, while it was, and is, important in the iconography of the Jacobite risings, it was the weapon of the leaders, not of the majority of the army. Few dirks (daggers) were found amongst the captured and surrendered arms, but that may be because they were easier to conceal. While some of the Jacobite army may have carried a pitchfork shaft with a scythe-blade attached to it at Prestonpans, there is no strong evidence for the continued use of pitchforks in the Jacobite army. See the chapter 'Jacobite weapons' in Pittock, *The Myth of the Jacobite Clans*, 2nd edn (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009), pp. 163–81.

155(d) Your Turks see note to 127(c).

156(b) Hanover's a dainty place George II was born in Hanover and had succeeded as Elector of Hanover before he became king of Great Britain and Ireland. He remained attached to his birthplace and returned to it on various occasions, including a visit beginning in May 1745, from which he returned after the rebellion in Scotland got underway.

156(b) the Land o' Cakes and Weir the soubriquet 'land of cakes' has been applied to Scotland since at least the earlier eighteenth century. The phrase 'land of weir' (i.e. war) is on the other hand not a recognised one but refers apparently to the portrayal of Scotland as a warlike nation.

156(c) tak leg-bail to offer one's legs as bail, i.e. to run away. The phrase is found in English from the mid-eighteenth century.

156(d) the following notices, from the journals of that day the *Scots Magazine's* account of the siege and surrender of Carlisle, from which Hogg's account seems ultimately to derive (see textual note above), includes material taken, with acknowledgement, from the *Gazette*, the *Caledonian Mercury* and the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*.

157(a) Stanwix Bank a steep bank rising up to the village of Stanwix on the northern side of the River Eden opposite Carlisle.

157(b) Marshal Wade see note on 'great general' above.

157(b) Brampton a market town about 9 miles east of Carlisle in the historical county of Cumberland. The *Edinburgh Magazine* text reads 'Brompton' but, as all Hogg's potential sources speak of 'Brampton' and he himself used this spelling elsewhere in a related context (see *Jacobite Relics II*, p. 341), 'Brampton' is clearly

a misreading of Hogg's manuscript's *o* as *a*.

- 157(c) **he marched back to Carlisle on the 13th** in fact Prince Charles Edward remained at Bampton until after the city and castle had yielded to the Duke of Perth; he made a grand entrance into Carlisle on 17 November.
- 157(d) **Colonel Durand** James Durand (d. 1766) of the 1st Foot Guards arrived in Carlisle on 11 October to command the government forces there. In 1746 he was tried by court martial for his actions in surrendering the town and castle of Carlisle but was acquitted: see Duke, *The Rash Adventurer*, p. 70.
- 158(a) **nailing up ten of the cannon** driving a spike into the touch-hole of the guns to make them inoperable, an action more commonly known as 'spiking'.
- 158(a–b) **Captain Wilson, the son of Daniel Wilson** Daniel Wilson (1680–1754) of Dallam Tower in Westmorland was MP for that county 1708–22 and 1727–47. His son George (b. 1723) became a colonel and is probably the person referred to here. Hogg attributes the story about the high price Wilson paid for a cobbler's stall and the remarks about the lack of straw for bedding to the mayor, but the *Scots Magazine* and later sources ascribe this to an anonymous 'letter dated at Kendal': see *Scots Magazine*, 7 (November 1745), 532.
- 158(b) **Duke of Perth** James Drummond, third Duke of Perth in the Jacobite peerage (1713–1746), promptly joined the rebellion in 1745 and was made one of the lieutenant-generals of the Jacobite army, in which capacity he took charge of the siege of Carlisle and received its surrender. However he resigned as lieutenant-general because of objections in the army to a Roman Catholic holding such a position, although he continued to play an active role in the rebellion. After Culloden he left Scotland on board *La Bellone*, a French privateer sent to provide aid to the Jacobites, but died at sea before he reached France.
- 158(c) **1000 stand lodged in the castle** in military use a stand is a set of arms; according to the *OED* it is 'sometimes unchanged in [the] plural (after numerals)' (*stand*, n.¹, 23b).
- 158(c) **Cope's men** Sir John Cope's troops and their commander fled after their defeat at the battle of Prestonpans: see note to 53(b). It would appear that some of his men ended up in Carlisle.
- 158(c) **he caused all the silver-plate ... to be delivered back to the owners** Hogg ascribes this specifically to the Prince but his sources do not assign responsibility for the decision; for example, *The History of the Rebellion ... Extracted from the Scots Magazine* (see textual note above) grudgingly reports that 'It was said, that all the plate and valuable effects lodged in the castle for security, were ordered to be delivered to the owners' (p. 56).
- 158(c) **all the broad-swords ... taken from their fathers at Preston in 1715** in the 1715 Jacobite rising nearly 1500 members of the Jacobite army which had entered England from Scotland, many of them Highlanders, were surrounded in the town of Preston in Lancashire by government forces, and surrendered on 14 November.
- 158(d) **Penrith** a market town, historically in Cumberland, about 17 miles south of Carlisle.
- 159(a) **Mr Marshall's Collection** see textual note to 'Jacobite Relics, Not Published in Mr Hogg's Collection', pp. 451–53.
- 159(a) **the tune of Lillibulero** this tune seems to have been extant from at least the English Civil War, although only later known as Lillibulero. However it came to prominence at the time of William III's conflict with James II in Ireland when it was used as the air for a ballad attributed to Thomas Wharton,

written in Irish brogue, and directed at the Catholic Richard Talbot, 1st Earl of Tyrconnell, whom James II had appointed as lord lieutenant of Ireland, and at Irish Catholics and supporters of James II in general. The refrain 'Lillibulero' in this ballad was then adopted as the name of the tune. Thereafter it was used as the setting for a number of ballads and was not limited to anti-Jacobite ones.

159(b) Cromwell for the Martyr weep Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658), leader of the parliamentary forces opposed to Charles I ('the Martyr'; 1600–1649) and one of the signatories of his death warrant.

159(b) haste over, Hanover ... Side with your friends, before 'tis too late Hogg included a song with a similar refrain ('Over, over, Hanover, over, | Haste, and assist our queen and our state; | Haste over, Hanover, fast as you can over, | And put in your claim before 'tis too late'), also sung to the tune 'Lillibulero', in the first series of his *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (*Jacobite Relics I*, p. 370). Unlike the *Edinburgh Magazine* song, however, this is ostensibly a Whig song promoting an anti-Jacobite message. 'Hanover' in both songs refers to Sophia, Electress of Hanover (explicitly named in the *Jacobite Relics* song). The Act of Settlement of 1701 had named her, as the nearest Protestant heir to the throne, to succeed to the British throne if William III and his successor Queen Anne failed to leave an heir. As Sophia died on 8 June 1714, narrowly predeceasing Anne, who died on 1 August 1714, it was Sophia's son who actually succeeded Anne as George I.

159(d) Fenwick possibly Sir John Fenwick (c. 1644–1697), who was attainted and executed for his part in a Jacobite conspiracy against William III. However his date of death does not accord with the apparent dating of this song to the period after the Act of Settlement of 1701, and his role as a conspirator against William also seems out of line with his portrayal in the song, especially alongside William's supporter Rochford (see next note).

159(d) Rochford William Frederick van Nassau van Zuylestein (1649–1708), a prominent Dutch supporter of William III who, in 1689 shortly after his coronation as king of England, made him master of the robes and later created him Earl of Rochford in 1695.

159(d) Jeiry Man not identified.

160(a) Consider how they serv'd King Charles Charles I 'the Martyr' (see note above) who was executed on 30 January 1649.

160(a–b) These dregs of Forty-One caress'd? | Roundheads insulting loyalty 1641 was a year in which Parliament moved against Charles I in various ways and also saw the execution of the king's supporter Thomas Wentworth, 1st Earl of Strafford, on 12 May. Roundheads were adherents of the Parliamentary party opposed to Charles.

160(b) The Dutch our primum mobile refers to the reign of William III (the 'King' of the following line in the poem), when several of his Dutch countrymen played an important role in his court.

160(c) Teagueland Ireland, *Teague* being an English nickname for an Irishman, from the seventeenth century on.

160(c) junto an erroneous form of Spanish *junta*. The *OED* notes that one of its specific applications in a political context was to 'the combination of prominent Whigs in the reigns of William III and Anne' (*junto* n. 1a), though this is apparently not what is referred to here.

161(a) A TOAST with its reference to the old king and new king this seems to belong, like 'A New Ballad', to the reign of William III before the death of James II and VII in 1701. It allows toasters to equivocate as to which king and

which church they are toasting (see the following notes). Its equivocation is very similar to that of 'Extempore Verses, Intended to allay the Violence of Party-Spirit' by John Byrom (1692–1763), although this belongs to a later period: 'God bless the king!—God bless the Faith's Defender!— | God bless—No harm in blessing the Pretender. | Who that Pretender is, and who that King,— | God bless us all,—is quite another thing.'

161(a) either old king or new king the old king is James II and VII and the new king William III.

161(b) either old Church or new Church in an English context the old church appears to be the Roman Catholic Church (although only a small proportion of Jacobites were Catholics), and the new church is the Church of England. Nothing in the toast suggests anything other than an English context, but in a Scottish context the old church would be the episcopal Church of Scotland as established under James VI and Charles I and restored under Charles II and James VII (supported by many Jacobites), and the new church the presbyterian Church of Scotland which replaced it as the established church in 1690.

DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY COURIER

[December 1809–March 1884: Hogg's contributions September 1811–June 1827; earlier contributions of September 1811–September 1824 not included in this volume]

Published in Dumfries from 1809, the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* appeared weekly during Hogg's lifetime and contained four pages in each issue. A successful newspaper, liberal in complexion, it survived under this name until 1884, when it merged with another newspaper and became the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier and Herald*. From 1817 to 1852 it was edited by John McDiarmid, Hogg's close friend from Edinburgh Forum days and a signatory to his marriage contract. On 3 September 1811, under a previous editor, Hogg's 'Border Song' ['Lock the door, Lariston'] had appeared in the *Courier*, reprinted from *The Spy* of 30 March 1810 (S/SC, pp. 318–19), wrongly ascribed, to Hogg's annoyance, to James Gray. (For more detail see *Songs* (S/SC), pp. 89–90, 262–64). Hogg enjoyed McDiarmid's writing and was a subscriber although he declined to write regularly for the paper, as he explained in a letter to McDiarmid of 8 March 1819: 'You mistook me terribly when you supposed that I meant to engage with you in *writing* on politics. I merely meant that I wished to enjoy your essays on them. I never liked any thing of the kind half so much and still concieve myself sitting listening attentively to you [*sic*] lively loquacity in Youngs without daring or wishing to interrupt you ... As for me lending any material assistance I may say the spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak In fact I have more literary engagements than I can accomplish so that I must just be considered as a common subscriber direct the paper to 6 Charles' Street Edin. until further orders ... Excuse haste dear Mack but not the two idle students that are standing interrupting me' (*Letters*, I, 403). Nevertheless work by Hogg appeared from time to time in the paper, sometimes reprinted from other publications, such as 'Verses, Written on Hearing of the Death of Mr Pitt' which appeared on 3 June 1817, having already appeared in the *Carlisle Patriot* on 31 May 1817, and 'Hymn to the Evening Star', which appeared on 5 October 1819, having been first published on 3 August 1811 in *The Spy* (S/SC, pp. 493–94) and reprinted in *The Nithsdale Minstrel* (Dumfries: Preacher and Dunbar, 1815), pp. 26–28 and in *Albyn's Anthology*, ed. by Alexander Campbell, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1816–1818), II. 39. (As these two

works had previously appeared in other publications they are not included here.) Some years later he wrote a letter to the editor regarding sheep smearing, published on 21 September 1824. (It has been reprinted in *Letters* II, 206–11). Finally on 5 June 1827 he published ‘Verses’ (‘O, is he gane, my good auld man!’). In this case he had a particular reason for choosing this newspaper as his place of publication: the lines express the feelings of his mother-in-law on the death of her husband and they had for many years lived in Dumfriesshire.

Verses (‘O, is he gane, my good auld man!’)

[*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 5 June 1827, p. 2]

This poem appeared in the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier* with the explanation that ‘the following simple, but touching verses, relate to the demise of a most worthy character, whose name appeared in our obituary of last week’. The ‘worthy character’ was Hogg’s father-in-law, whose death notice had appeared a week before, on 28 May 1827, p. 4: ‘At Altrive Lake, on Yarrow, on the 16th curt. [i.e. May] Mr Peter Phillips, aged 79. He was upwards of 40 years tenant of Longbridge Muir, and other lands in this county, and was highly respected for every moral and religious virtue. His numerous relations in Dumfries-shire and Galloway will please accept this notification of his death.’ The lines were later published with the more revealing title ‘An Aged Widow’s Own Words’ and acknowledgement that they were ‘Versified by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd’ in *The Bijou* for 1828. The text was slightly revised, including some rewording (‘weary space’ is changed to the more appropriate ‘happy time’), and some movement to Scots forms (‘home’ becomes ‘hame’). Hogg’s daughter, Mary Gray Garden, records that ‘Mr Phillips was the junior of his wife by a few years, but was the first to go to the everlasting rest. The ... poem is supposed to express her feelings, when left alone after a married life of more than half a century’ (Garden, *Memorials*, p. 154).

Subsequent Publication: *The Bijou: or Annual of Literature and the Arts* (London: William Pickering, 1828), pp. 26–27 [*Contributions to Annuals* (S/SC), p. 27].

162(b) is he gane according to his headstone in Ettrick churchyard Peter Phillips died 16 May 1827 aged 79. He and his wife had been living at Altrive Lake, Hogg’s house, since June 1824 (*Letters*, II, 203). According to the same headstone his wife, Janet Carruthers, died 4 March 1828 aged 85.

162(b) fifty years and three by this account Peter Phillips and his wife were married in 1774, though we have not been able to find any record of the marriage.

162(c) mony a braw and boordly son of the couple’s three sons who reached adulthood the oldest, John, had died abroad several years earlier after working in Jamaica as a planter and in Edinburgh as a Writer to the Signet: see Norah Parr, *James Hogg at Home: Being the Domestic Life and Letters of the Ettrick Shepherd* (Dollar: Douglas S. Mack, 1980), pp. 16, 31. The second, Peter, was born at Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, in 1781 (see Ruthwell OPR) and was a farmer at Carse in Kirkcudbrightshire where he died in 1822 (see *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 25 June 1822). The third, Walter, was still alive in 1827 and lived until 1857 (see *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, 15 July 1857, p. 4). As well as these the couple had at least three more sons, who apparently did not reach adult years: William, born 14 November 1775 (Mouswald OPR), James, born 12 July 1777 (Ruthwell OPR) and Joseph, born 18 November 1784 (Ruthwell OPR). Thus Peter and Janet Phillips had seen the death of at least five of their sons.

162(c) daughters in their prime the couple had three daughters. Mary, born 13 December 1773 (Mouswald OPR) died on 9 November 1806 (see *Scots Magazine*, 68 (December 1806), 967) and Janet, known as Jessie, died 14 June 1821 'after a long illness' (see *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, 19 June 1821; we have not been able to establish her date of birth). The youngest, Margaret, James Hogg's wife, outlived all her siblings and died 15 November 1870 at the age of 81 (see *Glasgow Evening Post*, 17 November 1870, p. 4).

THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL

[November 1828 to January 1832; Hogg's contributions November 1828 to December 1831]

The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was founded and edited by Henry Glassford Bell, and ran from November 1828 to January 1832, published weekly. Hogg had been friendly with Bell since at least the autumn of 1827, when Bell acted as croupier at the dinner for the St Ronan's Border Games; Bell continued to be involved in the games over the coming years (Groves, *Border Club*, pp. 12, 15, 16, 35, 36, 37). Hogg found this journal, run by a friend and fellow enthusiast for the Border Games, a very receptive and congenial outlet for his literary endeavours. It published forty-eight items by him, more than any other Scottish periodical except *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (which in any case ran for far more years of Hogg's life) and his own journal, *The Spy*. As noted in the introduction to this volume, Hogg was still at this period on reasonably good terms with *Blackwood's*, so that publication in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was a supplement to publication in *Blackwood's* rather than a replacement, as *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was later to be. However, although it was published by William Blackwood's rival, Archibald Constable, and was in some ways an attempt to regain ground from Blackwood by a return to the model of the old *Scots Magazine* and its renamed manifestation as the *Edinburgh Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* never achieved a wide circulation. As David Groves has pointed out, comments in the journal itself suggest an average sale of 2,000 copies: see 'Blake, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and James Hogg', *Blake: An Illustrated Quarterly*, 32:1 (1998), 14. It was thus far smaller than the circulation of *Blackwood's*, which during the time of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* rose from 6500 per month in June 1828 to more than 8000 in March 1831: see David Finkelstein, 'Selling *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1817–1834', in *Romanticism and Blackwood's Magazine: 'An Unprecedented Phenomenon'*, ed. by Robert Morrison and Daniel S. Roberts (Basingstoke and New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013), pp. 80–81. The *Journal* was consequently in no position to pay as generously as *Blackwood's*, if indeed it paid at all: according to Robert Chambers, 'Bell's could pay not a stiver to its contributors' (Letter to Hogg, 4 October 1832, NLS MS 2245, fol. 214v), and when Hogg sent 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage' to Bell after William Blackwood had rejected it, Blackwood responded that he would not have encouraged Hogg 'to throw it away for nothing' (Letter to Hogg, 9 January 1830, NLS, MS 30,311, pp. 484–85). Nevertheless the frequency with which Hogg published in this journal during its short lifespan suggests he was very happy with it as an outlet for his work, despite the lack of financial reward and smaller circulation. Perhaps this was because the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* treated him as a celebrity and even included an engraving of John William Gordon's portrait of Hogg as a free addition to the July 1830 issue. Also the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* allowed Hogg to contribute a wide range of different material: songs, poems, stories, imitations of

other poets, letters on topical matters, reminiscences of his own life, his own series of *Noctes*, and even a book review. Indeed the Editor publicly called for him to write anything of his choice in the 'To Our Correspondents' segment of the 19 April 1829 issue: 'The Ettrick Shepherd requests us to mention on what subject we should like his next communication to be. All we can say is, that with the genius he brings to bear on every subject, we do not think he can go wrong. Let it be grave or gay—verse or prose—just as the mood is on him. The great rule we should like him to attend to is, that the *sooner* he favours us the better' (p. 324). The freedom Hogg enjoyed to publish on a range of topics in the *Journal* contrasts strikingly with the tendency at *Blackwood's* to confine him to specific genres, which Blackwood and Wilson felt were appropriate to him as the Ettrick Shepherd. As David Groves has pointed out, 'his tales, poems, and essays made Hogg the *Journal's* most frequent contributor of signed works' (Groves, *ibid.*, p. 14). Bell resigned as editor in early 1831 (see the issue for 29 January 1831, p. 73, which informed its readers that 'this is the last Number in which the present Editor will appear before them'). Hogg was saddened by the loss of Bell and wrote to John Aitken on 20 March 1831: 'What is become of Bell Where can a letter find him or what is he doing? His farewell gave my wife and me both very sore hearts and the Edin' bodies may say what they will but the Journal has lost more than half its charms to me' (*Letters*, II, 435). Nevertheless he continued to publish in the *Journal* right up to the last day of 1831, in what turned out to be almost its last issue. The issue of 14 January 1832 (p. 27) informed readers that the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was merging with the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* and the combined journal would appear as the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle and Literary Journal*.

A Letter from Yarrow

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 November 1828, pp. 9–10]

This letter and the next item appeared in the first issue of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The letter makes it clear that Hogg had been forewarned of the coming of the new journal (certainly by reading the prospectus and very likely by contact with Henry Glassford Bell, the editor). As noted above, although Hogg published in this journal while he was still appearing in *Blackwood's*, he could not resist a swipe at John Wilson (under his alias Christopher North) for Wilson's antipathy to the kind of poetry Hogg would like to have seen published in *Blackwood's*.

163(a) Yarrow in November 1828 Hogg was living at Mount Benger in Yarrow, a large parish extending around the Yarrow Water in the northern part of Selkirkshire.

163(a) the Editor of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* Henry Glassford Bell (1803–1874), a lawyer by training, started the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* in October 1828 and edited it until mid-1830. He published collections of poems, including *Summer and Winter Hours* (1831), and a life of Mary Queen of Scots (1830). In 1839 he became sheriff substitute (in 1867 sheriff principal) of Lanarkshire.

163(b) your Prospectus ... the strictest impartiality on 23 October 1828 a notice appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* (p. 1) announcing that the first issue of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* would appear on 15 November, published by Constable and Co., and informing readers that 'Copies of the Prospectus may be had at the Publishers, and all the Booksellers'. Similar notices appeared on 25 October in the *Caledonian Mercury* (p. 1) and the *Scotsman* (p. 5). All three

newspapers duly announced the appearance of the first issue on 15 November. We have been unable to locate a copy of the prospectus.

- 163(b) Christopher ... a greater aristocrat in literature than he is in politics** John Wilson (see note to 20(d)) appeared as 'Christopher North' in the 'Noctes Ambrosianae', a series of imaginary conversations supposedly taking place in Ambrose's Tavern, published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. A staunch Tory, his major role in the editing of *Blackwood's* lies behind Hogg's comment that he was 'a greater aristocrat in literature than ... politics'.

- 163(c) which Morison, the Galloway man, calls THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL** John Morrison (1782–1853) was a surveyor, artist and poet born in the Kirkcudbrightshire parish of Terregles in Galloway. Hogg portrays him in unfavourable terms when he appears as the fifth poet (Night the First, lines 545–72) in the poetic contest of *The Queen's Wake*: see Mack's notes on this passage in *The Queen's Wake* (S/SC), p. 411; see also, for a discussion of Hogg's increasingly fraught relationship with Morrison, 'John Morrison's Relations with Scott and James Hogg' on Edinburgh University Library's Walter Scott Digital Archive website. We have not been able to identify where Morrison talked of the Mountain School (it may have been in conversation with Hogg). Hogg eagerly adopted the term, telling Scott that 'ye can never suppose that I belong to your school o' chivalry ... I am the king of the mountain an' fairy school which is a far higher ane nor yours': see *Anecdotes of Scott* (S/SC), p. 61.

- 163(d) the Laird of M'Nab ... "By the Lord, but this is me now!"** this presumably refers to Francis MacNab of MacNab (1734–1816), whom Walter Scott described as 'the caricature of a rough uneducated Highland chief, as savage and absurd as you could conceive any breathing Christian' (*Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, 12 vols, ed. by H. J. C. Grierson (London: Constable, 1932–1937), xii, 478). From a comment of Lockhart's on another of Scott's allusions to MacNab, it appears that he was the subject of various humorous anecdotes: see J. G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, 7 vols (Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1837–38), vii, 14.

- 164(b) a prophecy in the Revelations ... that Satan is to be loosed on the earth for a season** see 'And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, And shall go out to deceive the nations' (Revelation 20. 7–8).

- 164(b) Presbyterian and Seceder, Catholic and Episcopalian** respectively, a member of the established Church of Scotland; a member of the Secession Church, formed in 1732 when a group of ministers led by Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine left the established Church; a member of the Roman Catholic Church; and a member of the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

- 164(b) the Covenanters** members of the Reformed Presbyterian church, also known as Cameronians, who refused to accept the Church of Scotland as it was established in 1690 as a true covenanted church in accordance with the National Covenant of 1638 and the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. Though small in numbers, they were a significant and distinct presence in the Scottish religious scene until the majority of them united with the Free Church of Scotland in 1873.

- 164(b) percussion cap** 'a small metal container (originally cap-shaped and made from copper) of powder which is exploded by the impact of the hammer in a firearm, so as to fire the charge' (OED, *percussion* n. C2).

A Pastoral Sang[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 November 1828, p. 12]

Despite Hogg's attack on Wilson in this same issue of the journal (see previous item) this song in thin Scots would have been very acceptable to *Blackwood's*. It is reprinted in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* under the title 'Marion Graham', with a tiny number of changes in punctuation and spelling (including changing 'Marrion' to 'Marion'); Hogg notes that it was 'written expressly for the first Number of the *Literary Journal* and published there' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 105). The song does not appear in NLS MS 4805, the fair copy prepared for *Songs*, and no manuscript version of the poem is known to exist.

Subsequent publication: [as 'Marion Graham'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1831), pp. 239–41 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 105–106].

165(c) morning's gem Venus, the Morning Star, when it is visible in the sky before sunrise.

Noctes Bengerianae[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 27 December 1828, pp. 87–90]

Although Hogg figured prominently in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianae* and contributed songs which Wilson incorporated into his accounts of meetings in Ambrose's Tavern, Hogg was not allowed to write any of the *Noctes* himself. The picture of him in the *Noctes* was not a flattering one, and once he had access to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* Hogg evidently decided he would try something of his own. Hence the appearance of 'Noctes Bengerianae' in which Hogg imagines scenes at his farm, Mount Benger. In a format similar to that of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, Hogg presents a quite different picture of himself from the drunken buffoon of the *Blackwood's* series. Hogg presides over his own 'Noctes' as the serious master of a household, watching carefully over the workers on his farm while allowing them to have some harmless fun. However Hogg apparently either lost interest in the form Wilson had developed so successfully or felt confined by it, and only one other episode of the 'Noctes Bengerianae' appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The appearance of the first 'Noctes Bengerianae' without a number may indicate that Hogg was not yet thinking of it as a series. As in Wilson's *Noctes*, Hogg introduced a number of songs, mostly his own. (Many of Hogg's appearances in *Blackwood's* were in the form of songs written by Hogg and inserted by Wilson in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*.) Of the five songs, 'Mary is my only joy' had already appeared in *Albyn's Anthology*, ed. by Alexander Campbell, 2 vols (Edinburgh, 1816–18), II, 16–17, and in *Poetical Works* (1822), III, 371–72. The song 'I'll bid my heart be still' is by Thomas Pringle. The other three songs appear to have been newly composed for this piece. Only one of them was included in any subsequent publication of Hogg's during his lifetime: a longer version of 'I'll sing of an old forbere of my ain' appears in 'Noctes Bengerianae II' under the title 'Auld John Nicol', and is included in this volume in that item.

Subsequent publication: ['Mary is my only joy', as 'Black Mary'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 112–13 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 51].

Emendations:

- 171, l. 35 *Will*. Aye, that I will, man] [no speaker named] Aye, that I will, man
 172, l. 18 the hue o' the raven's wing] the flue o' the raven's wing
 172, l. 29 That, O and alack] hat, O and alack

- 166(a) Noctes Bengerianae** as noted above, Hogg's title imitates that of John Wilson's 'Noctes Ambrosianae' in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* but with the substitution of the name of his farm, Mount Benger, which he rented from 1821 to 1830. It lay across Yarrow Water from his other farm at Altrive and was ultimately a considerable financial burden on him.
- 166(b) her monthly lead-coloured gown and slippers** referring to the cover of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.
- 166(b) flying about the house like the sibyl's leaves** according to Virgil's account, given in the prophecy of Helenus to Aeneas in the *Aeneid* (III. 441–51), the Sibyl (the priestess and prophetess of Apollo) at Cumae, an ancient Greek colony near Naples, inscribed her prophecies on oak leaves and laid them at the mouth of her cave. If scattered by the wind, they could never be reassembled to make sense. Aeneas, when he encounters her, begs her not to entrust her verses to leaves lest they fly about as toys of the wind (*Aeneid*, VI. 74–76).
- 166(b) deil a news** no news.
- 166(c) Henry Young** not identified.
- 166(c) Siberian bonnet** a bonnet with earflaps.
- 166(d) Gordon the innkeeper** John Gordon was the landlord of a small inn, known as the Gordon Arms, which Hogg had founded on his property in 1821. It was located at a short distance from Hogg's Mount Benger, between the farmhouse and Yarrow Water. In 1831 Gordon made a moonlight flitting owing Hogg £5-15s. It was at this inn that Hogg met Scott for the last time: see Hughes, *Life*, pp. 199, 239; *Anecdotes of Scott* (S/SC), p. 17.
- 167(c) you may call me Lord Archbald** Archbald is not uncommon from the Middle Ages to the mid eighteenth century as a variant of Archibald, itself a common name in Scotland.
- 168(a) A hit! A palpable hit!** compare 'A hit! A very palpable hit!' (*Hamlet*, v. 2. 232).
- 169(a) snapping up a doze o' opium, like Maister De-Quincy** Thomas de Quincey (1785–1859), English essayist; his autobiographical *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (1821) describes his relationship with laudanum (a mixture of alcohol and opium). Like Hogg he contributed to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.
- 169(c) Wad ye set the horses aboon us ... abominable Yahoo story?** see the fourth part of Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) where Gulliver in the country of the Houyhnhnms identifies horses (the Houyhnhnms) as superior beings to the debased human beings he encounters (the Yahoos), and continues to treat humans as inferior to horses on his return to England.
- 169(c) Dean Swift** Swift (1677–1745) was Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.
- 169(c) Macadameeze their turnpike-roads** construct toll-roads using the method of John Loudon McAdam (1756–1836), developed around 1820. The *OED*'s first quotation for the term *macadamize* is from 1823.
- 169(c) human nature in its fourfold state** Thomas Boston (1676–1732), from 1707 minister of Ettrick parish (in which Hogg was born), published *Human Nature in its Fourfold State* in 1720. It was enormously popular and went through over a hundred editions. The four states are 'the state of innocence', 'the state of corrupt nature', 'the state of grace', and 'his eternal state': see *Human Nature in its Fourfold State* (Falkirk: Patrick Mair, 1787), p. 17.
- 169(c-d) Is it not weel kend to the geologists ... to testify the existence of both?** Hogg appears to be subscribing to the theory, popular in the early nineteenth century and associated with Georges Cuvier (1769–1832), that the earth's fossil

record was the result of several floods which wiped out earlier forms of life, leaving only their fossilised remains. Such a theory, as opposed to notions of the evolution of species over time, was to some extent compatible with the Bible and thus appealed to those who retained their faith in the scriptural account of the origins of this world.

- 169(d) let folk rooze the ford as they find it** a Scottish proverb, with *rooze* meaning 'praise'. It occurs as no. 731 in the collection of proverbs, published posthumously in 1641, compiled by David Ferguson (c. 1533–1598), a Church of Scotland minister.
- 170(a) Fort George** a military barracks on the shore of the Moray Firth, constructed between 1748 and 1769 as part of the effort to impose government control on the Highlands after the 1745–46 rising.
- 170(a) in the Don Juan style** in the style of Byron's long poem *Don Juan* (1819–24) which contains, especially in its later cantos, much satirical commentary on contemporary Britain.
- 170(a) Mr Perceval** Spencer Perceval (1762–1812) was the British Prime Minister from 1809 until his assassination in 1812.
- 170(a) Lord Castlereagh** Robert Stewart (1769–1822), known by the courtesy title of Viscount Castlereagh until the death of his father in 1821 when he succeeded him as Marquess of Londonderry, was British Foreign Secretary from 1812 to 1822. He played an important role in the Congress of Vienna but was responsible, as Leader of the House of Commons, for repressive measures within Britain which made him an unpopular figure, condemned by poets like Shelley and Byron.
- 170(a) the Rev. E. Irving** Edward Irving (1792–1834) was a celebrated charismatic preacher in London, whose encouragement of the 'gift of tongues' led to his being branded a heretic and deprived of his ministry.
- 170(b) What tongue can speak ...** apparently by Hogg but not included by him in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*.
- 171(a) provides a home for the wild beast of the desert, feeds the young ravens** compare 'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry' (Psalm 147. 9).
- 171(a) tempers the wind to the shorn lamb** compare 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' (*ODEP*, p. 312).
- 171(a) Wat Nicol** on 2 March 1822 Hogg wrote to his wife asking her to offer continuing employment to Wat Nicol: 'I find I do not like the honest fellow to go away slow as he is. Therefore before he hire himself to any other body you may offer him "ten sheep's grass £5. potatos set, and his peats driven" and I will not give a farthing more. His post to be to work in summer as usual and take care of the Mount Bengier cattle and any little odd things during Winter' (*Letters*, II, 147). Walter Nicol and his wife Rachel Riddle had at least four children: Robert (b. 1821), William (b. 1824), John (b. 1827), and Walter (b. 1830), all born in Yarrow. The birth records for Walter and John give his place of residence as Mountbengerknow, Hogg's farm. The 1841 Census records all except William as living in Bowden in Roxburghshire, Rachel's home parish, and the 1851 Census records Wat living near Melrose with his son John. He died in St Boswells in 1854 aged 94 (St Boswells OPR). Thus in 1828, when he is here referred to as an old man, he was 68.
- 171(a) old Donald** not identified, although Donald is a nickname for a Highlander and in 'Noctes Bengerianae II', he speaks in Highland English.

- 171(c) **I'll sing of an auld forbeire** ... by Hogg; a longer version appears in 'Noctes Bengerianae II': see pp. 181–82.
- 171(c) **John Nicol o' Whun** we have not been able to identify either Wat's ancestor or Whun.
- 171(d) **old Cappernoity** the noun *capernoitie* is used adjectivally here apparently meaning 'peevisish' (*SND capernoitie* 2 adj. (3)). The 'wanderer' accuses Wat of being a peevisish old man.
- 171(d) **Here I sit, the king o' the Yarrow...** apparently by Hogg but not reprinted in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*.
- 171(d) **the Yarrow** see note to 163(a).
- 172(a) **Will Goodfellow** this would appear to be the William Goodfellow, recorded in the 1841 census of the parish of Yarrow as living only a short distance from Mount Benger at Cutkerwood (now Cutcarwood). He was born at Robertson in Selkirkshire on 29 August 1802 (see Yarrow Census 1851 and Robertson OPR) and was thus 26 in 1828 when he was here referred to as a young man. He died on 19 February 1880.
- 172(a) **An' wha dare wrastle wi' me** compare 'Wha daur meddle wi' me', used as an informal Scots translation of Scotland's Latin motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*.
- 172(b) **Mary is my only joy** by Hogg and included by him in his *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: see textual note above.
- 173(a) **I think I have seen them, but cannot recollect where** presumably Hogg did in fact know the words were by Thomas Pringle: see note below.
- 173(a) **Campbell's** that is, by Thomas Campbell: see note to 20(d).
- 173(a) **I'll bid my heart be still** ... by Thomas Pringle (1798–1834), included in his *Autumnal Sketches* (Edinburgh: Constable, 1819), pp. 84–85 and reprinted in his *Poetical Works* (London: Edward Moxon, 1837), pp. 169–70. Hogg had contributed to two journals edited by Pringle, who was one of the editors of William Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* in the six months before it was revamped as *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, and then one of the editors of Constable's similarly named *Edinburgh Magazine*. Pringle also contributed the 'Epistle to R— S—' to Hogg's *Poetic Mirror* ('Memoir of the Life of James Hogg', in *The Mountain Bard*, p. 222). ('I'll bid my heart be still' was included in Hogg's *Poetical Works* (1838–40), v, 206–07, but this is evidently a mistake on the part of the compilers of this collection which appeared after Hogg's death.)

The Wanderer's Tale

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 3 January 1829, pp. 109–10]

Batho suggests this is '[r]eally part of the *Noctes Bengerianae*' (Edith C. Batho, *The Ettrick Shepherd* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1927), p. 207). Her suggestion is supported by the fact that, in the first 'Noctes Bengerianae', 'Lord Archbald', as he chooses to be called, claims that 'I have loved as never man loved before or after me' and is referred to as 'the wanderer'. 'The Wanderer's Tale' begins, without any identification of the narrator and apparently in mid-conversation, with the words 'I told you that I had loved'. Furthermore the verse at the beginning is the second stanza of 'What tongue can speak the glowing heart', which 'the wanderer' recites as a poem of his own in 'Noctes Bengerianae'. Possibly 'The Wanderer's Tale' was originally written as part of the first 'Noctes Bengerianae' and subsequently split off because the 'Noctes' was too long for the 27 December issue of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In any case it appeared in the next issue of this weekly journal.

- 173(d) Cross'd in life-by villains plunder'd** ... the second stanza of the song 'What tongue can speak the glowing heart', sung by 'Lord Archbald', the 'wanderer', in 'Noctes Bengerianae'.
175(b) hugging myself congratulating myself.

1828

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 3 January 1829, pp. 113–14]

As with Hogg's 'The Dawn of July' written for the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, this is a poem for the occasion and was written for the first 1829 issue of the still new *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. The poem exists in manuscript form. The manuscript is clearly an earlier draft of the poem, and there are a number of differences between the manuscript text and the printed text. For example, the second stanza reads thus in the manuscript: 'For thou hast dispelled our despairing and sadness | And lightened the heart of industry with gladness | And stored our harbours with many a freight | Kind 1828'. Evidently Hogg sent a revised and redrafted text to the editor. The text printed here is that of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* with one emendation where the manuscript has evidently been misread.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 43 (ii). Watermark: G WILMOT / 1827.

Emendation:

178, l. 5 No frost ever stilled our rivers (ATL MS)] No frost ever sheeted our rivers

- 178(b) Making idiots and fools of the Catholics and Whigs** 1828 preceded the Roman Catholic Relief Act of 1829, which effected Catholic Emancipation. In the end Whigs and Tories supported the Act, although the leading Tories Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington came late to the decision to endorse it.
178(c) garnish'd the fields of Greece that were gory 1828 was an important year in the struggle for Greek independence from the Ottoman Empire. In January Ioannis Kapodistrias, having been offered the position of Governor of the Hellenic State the previous year, arrived to establish a government, and in December the ambassadors of Britain, Russia and France signed a protocol calling for the creation of an autonomous Greek state, effectively recognising Greek independence.
178(c) humbled the pride of a vain autocrat presumably a reference to the failures during 1828 of the army commanded by Czar Nicholas I, the autocratic ruler of Russia, in the war against Turkey.

A Scots Sang

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 17 January 1829, p. 141]

This song was later described by Hogg as 'A bitter song against the women' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 109). The Alexander Turnbull Library holds a draft manuscript of the song which clearly precedes the printed text, in that the latter includes changes made in the manuscript: for example where the manuscript changes 'As fierce as December' to 'As sour as December' and 'flame' to 'bleeze' the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* reads 'sour' and 'bleeze'. Further changes have been made between the manuscript and the printed text. Some are minor: for example, the manuscript's 'limmers' has been changed to 'creatures'. Others are more substantial: lines 21 and 22 read in the manuscript as 'Her smiles an' deceit were the ruin o' men | And of nature's lord prince [prince *written above*] made the fellow', but in the printed text the reading is

"'Twas woman at first made creation to bend, | And of nature's prime lord made the pillow'. Here Hogg has entirely replaced one line and in the second line added 'prince' above the line. Subsequently 'prince' has been misread as 'prime' (possibly by Hogg himself in making a clean copy for the printer), and 'prime' has been moved before 'lord' to make sense. The change of 'fellow' to 'pillow' is more problematic (both readings make sense); since 'pillow' could be a misreading of Hogg's hand, and 'fellow' allows a full rhyme with 'tell o', we have returned to the manuscript reading (which is also the reading in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*). The manuscript also reads 'exposed' where the printed text (and *Songs*) have 'opposed'; here we have retained the reading in the printed text on the principle of *lectio difficilior* and because it is also the reading in *Songs*, for which Hogg carefully prepared copy. The text of *Songs*, where this song appears under the title 'I hae lost my love' is almost identical with that in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* apart from the reversion to the reading 'fellow'. All other differences from the *Journal's* text are simple matters of spelling, such as 'micht' where the *Journal* has 'might'.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 62 (i). Watermark: None 'but embossed stamp, with crown and 'BATH' written beneath, in left hand top corner' (Garside, p. 19).

Subsequent publication: [as 'I hae lost my love'] in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 247–48 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 109].

Emendations:

179, l. 10 An' yerk their] An yerk their

179, l. 24 nature's lord prince (ATL MS)] nature's prime lord

179, l. 24 the fellow (ATL MS and *Songs*) the pillow

179(c) Of nature's lord prince made the fellow see textual note above.

Noctes Bengerianae. No. II

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 21 March 1829, pp. 258–60]

After nearly three months the second of Hogg's 'Noctes Bengerianae' appeared. It was to be the last. As with the first episode of 'Noctes Bengerianae', Hogg introduced some songs, including an expanded version of Wat Nicol's 'I'll sing of an auld forbeire of my ain' under the title 'Auld John Nicol' as well as two new songs, 'O saw ye this sweet bonny lassie o' mine' and 'There's a bonny, bonny laddie that I ken o'. Under the title 'There's a laddie that I ken o' the last was included in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* where the text is lightly revised: apart from a few spelling changes 'cunning fairy' becomes 'little fairy', 'darksome' gives way to 'langsome' and 'waled' is replaced by 'woo'd'. Hogg also introduced an existing Irish song, 'Dennis Delany', which is included in such collections as *The Irish Musical Repository* (see details below).

Subsequent publication: ['The laddie that I ken o'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 286–87 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 125].

Emendation:

185, l. 6 an' Burns' bonny Mary] an' Burn's bonny Mary

180(a) Time about wi' ye 'Let's take turns'.

180(a) Fient a sang ever I could sing in my life but auld John Nicol o' Whun
'Not a song could I ever sing in my life but auld John Nicol o' Whun'; Wat makes a similar claim in the first episode of 'Noctes Bengerianae'.

180(a) the night tonight.

180(a) ower thrang making poets we have retained the reading 'poets' here on

the grounds that it may be intended to represent Nancy's ignorant confusion of poets and poems; however it should possibly be emended to 'poems'.

180(a) Hersell no pe hafing ... Donald speaks Highland English: see note to **they could not pe tehlling me** 55(b).

180(a) gnothac Gaelic *gnothach* 'business'.

180(b) he will be after putting it all in the papers Collins is Irish and his speech shows features of Irish English, including the use of *after* followed by a present participle. The use of this construction with future reference, although no longer a feature of Irish English, is found in Anglo-Irish texts up to the early nineteenth century: see Raymond Hickey, *Irish English: History and Present-Day* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007), p. 202. Collins's speech exhibits other characteristic features, such as the stereotypical catch phrases 'at all—at all' and 'to be sure', the Irish pronunciation of *dear* as 'dare' and *soul* as 'shoul', and the Irish word *buckeen*.

180(c) O saw ye this sweet bonny lassie o' mine Nancy says it was written as a Valentine for her by her sweetheart and 'a J and a H stand for his name', but also asserts that 'it is not a song o' our master's, for the lad that wrote it is a dicker to his business'. It seems likely that this is a piece of mystification on Hogg's part and the song is presumably his own. It is included in the 1838–40 *Poetical Works* (see v, 201–02). However, since that collection also includes the Irish song 'Dennis Delany' (v. 203–05) from this 'Noctes' and Thomas Pringle's 'I'll bid my heart' (v. 306–07) from the first 'Noctes', this is not in itself sufficient evidence for Hogg's authorship, which must remain conjectural.

181(a) Fient haet not a thing; literally 'devil have it': see *SND*, *haet* n. 1.

181(b) my own dare beloved Paddy Whack Paddy-Whack or Paddywhack is a name for an Irishman, used from the later eighteenth century onwards and usually derogatory. Paddy Whack is in an implied author in collections like *Paddy Whack's Bottle Companion: A Collection of Convivial Songs in High Estimation* (London: Wm. Holland, 1791).

181(d) AULD JOHN NICOL an expanded version of Wat's song in the first episode of 'Noctes Ambrosianae'.

182(d) Assint a large Highland parish in Sutherland on the western coast of Scotland.

182(d) Tipperary a town and county in Ireland.

183(a) DENNIS DELANY a well known Irish comic song: see, for example, *The Irish Musical Repository: a choice selection of esteemed Irish songs, adapted for the Voice, Violin and German Flute* (London: B. Crosby, 1810), pp. 149–54. Hogg's version is substantially the same as the version in *The Irish Musical Repository* but without its penultimate verse.

183(a) hurling an Irish game resembling hockey, except that the ball is propelled from player to player through the air as in lacrosse.

183(b) Murtoch O'Blaney Murdoch O'Blaney was the pseudonymous author of 'Fizgig's Triumph: A New song' printed, supposedly by Tristram Shandy (a name borrowed from Laurence Sterne's book of that name), in London in 1763. The pseudonym is also the name of a sexually explicit song about a Murdoch O'Blaney and Jenny O'Donelly: see *The Man of Pleasure's Song Book* (1780), pp. 37–39.

183(c)–184(a) the grand panorama ... a sea-fight on an ocean of canvass a panorama was a huge painting of a scene exhibited on the walls of a circular building so that it gave viewers the illusion of being inside the scene. The song

seems to refer to a scene of a naval battle such as the 'Panorama of the Glorious Naval Victory of Lord Howe, and the British fleet, over the French fleet on the memorable 1st of June, 1794', which was advertised for sale by auction in Dublin in 1804 having been 'some years ago exhibited in this city': see *Saunders's News-Letter*, 17 September 1804, p. 3.

184(a) to see a fine play ... to Crow Street I went in 1758 Spranger Barry and Henry Woodward constructed a theatre in Crow Street, Dublin. It was known from 1759 as the Theatre Royal and survived until 1820.

184(c) buckeen this Irish term, meaning 'a poor young man with aspirations to live the life of wealthier people', is here applied ironically to old Donald.

184(d) There's a bonny bonny laddie ... by Hogg and included in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: see textual note above.

185(b) tirl at the pin rattle at the latch.

185(d) peat creat much totally beaten, literally 'beat great much'.

185(d) cailiag og Gaelic *caileag* 'girl' and *òg* 'young'.

185(d) gie ower stop.

185(d) my friend Harry Henry Glassford Bell, the editor of the journal.

An Eskdale Anecdote

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 April 1829, pp. 337–38]

This short anecdote does not appear to have been reprinted.

186(a) Eskdale-muir a large parish in the north east of Dumfriesshire.

A Real Love Sang

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 2 May 1829, p. 352]

This song is perhaps so called because it is purely celebratory of love or because it celebrates the coming of true and abiding love after episodes of passing love. The title was obviously not distinctive enough for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, where it is renamed 'Love's Visit'. It is there printed almost without change of wording, spelling or punctuation except that the original text's 'I want to lie' is changed to 'I wont to lie'. As this reading fits much better in the context, and because Hogg's handwritten 'a' and 'o' are easily confused, we have adopted this reading.

Subsequent publication: [as 'Love's Visit'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 251–52 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 111].

Emendation:

187, l. 6 I wont to lie (Songs)] I want to lie

Reminiscences of Former Days. My First Interview with Allan Cunningham

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 16 May 1829, pp. 374–75]

Hogg had written briefly about his early life in a 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg' included in the 1807 and 1821 editions of his *Mountain Bard*: see *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), pp. 7–17 and 195–204. However this piece was his first extended account of an episode from that time. He made minor changes to this text when he included it later in the 'Reminiscences of Former Days' in *Altrive Tales*.

Subsequent publication: [as a section of 'Reminiscences of Former Days'] *Altrive Tales* (London: James Cochrane, 1832), pp. cxxx–cxxxvi; [(S/SC), pp. 69–71].

Emendation:

188, ll. 36–37 Thomas Mouncey] Thomas Mauncey

- 187(d) some three-and-twenty years ago** Hogg thus locates this event in 1806, which is consistent with his time at Mitchelslacks (see following note).
- 187(d) my master's ewes** Hogg's master was James Harkness, who employed him as a shepherd from Whitsunday 1805 to Whitsunday 1807 at Mitchelslacks, a farm in the parish of Closeburn in Dumfriesshire. For more information about Hogg's time there see Hughes, *Life*, pp. 62–64.
- 187(d) the great hill of Queensberry** a hill of 697 m (2286 ft) about a mile and a half north of Mitchelslacks farmhouse. Hogg refers to it as 'the great hill' because there is another hill called Wee Queensberry of 512 m (1697 ft) located just south of it.
- 187(d) my old dog Hector** Hogg's red collie Hector was a favourite of his master's, who commemorated him in 'A Shepherd's Address to his auld Dog Hector': see *Scots Magazine*, 67 (December 1805), 943–44.
- 188(a) a tall thin man ... approaching to forty** James Cunningham (see below); in 1806 he would have been 43.
- 188(a) a dark ungainly youth of about eighteen** Allan Cunningham (see below); born in December of 1784, in the autumn of 1806 he would have been 21.
- 188(b) an accusation regarding some of the lasses** Hogg's illegitimate daughter Catherine, the result of his relationship with Catherine Henderson at Mitchelslacks, was born in mid 1807. Catherine was called before the kirk session of Closeburn to confess her sexual relations with Hogg; Hogg acknowledged he was the father of the expected child and promised to look after her and her mother. See Gillian Hughes, 'James Hogg and the "Bastard Brood"', *SHW*, 11 (2000), 56–58, and *Life*, pp. 73–74.
- 188(b) the Duke of Queensberry** mentioned here as the great local landowner. The duke at the period of which Hogg is writing was William Douglas, 4th Duke of Queensberry. On his death in 1810, the title of Duke of Queensberry and some of his possessions passed to the Duke of Buccleuch. As the Duke of Buccleuch was later in the century the proprietor of Mitchelslacks (see OS Name Books 1848–1858, Dumfriesshire, vi, 97), the farm (at which Hogg worked in 1805–07—see note to **my master's ewes** above) was evidently at this stage the property of the Duke of Queensberry.
- 188(b) James Cunningham** James Cunningham (1765–1832), a stonemason and the eldest of the five Cunningham brothers, the third of whom, John, died young.
- 188(b) my youngest brother Allan** Allan Cunningham (1784–1842) was the fourth of the Cunningham brothers and had a younger brother, Peter Miller Cunningham (1789–1864), a naval surgeon. Allan was apprenticed to his brother James at the age of 10 but early showed a strong interest in poetry. After publishing some Ossianic poems and poems of his own passed off as old poems (see below), he moved to London in 1810 where, as a writer of poetry and prose, he pursued a largely successful literary career which included editing *The Anniversary* for 1829, an annual to which Hogg contributed: see *Contributions to Annuals* (S/SC), pp. 91–119 and associated notes.
- 188(d) an elder brother of his, Thomas Mouncey** after finishing his apprenticeship to a mill-wright, Thomas Mounsey Cunningham (1776–1834) moved to England in 1797 and took various jobs, including as clerk to the engineer Sir

John Rennie, while publishing poetry at intervals. Hogg became aware of him when he published poems in the *Scots Magazine* in 1805 and he included some of his poems in *The Forest Minstrel* (1810). For a full account of his life and works see Gillian Hughes, 'Thomas Mounsey Cunningham, Magazine Writer', *SHW*, 23 (2013), 68–90. (The name appears in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* as 'Mauncey' but, as his name is consistently spelt elsewhere with 'ou' and Hogg's 'o' can easily be misread as 'a', we have emended it here to 'Mouncey'.)

188(d) put his poetical vein under lock and key there were long gaps between Cunningham's publications and he did not publish at all in the last years of his life.

189(a) sweet milk whole milk.

188(b) Dalswinton James Cunningham, with Allan as his apprentice, worked in Dalswinton as a stone-mason. Their father had worked there for the entrepreneur Patrick Miller (1731–1815), from whom Robert Burns rented his farm at Ellisland. Dalswinton is about 8 miles to the south of Mitchelslacks in the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe.

189(c) some imitations of Ossian by him in 1807 one of Allan Cunningham's earliest publications, a set of poems, appeared in *Literary Recreations*, a periodical edited by Eugenius Roche. For these poems Cunningham used the pseudonym Hidallan, the name of one of the heroes in Macpherson's *Poems of Ossian*: see note to 73(d). An example of Cunningham's Ossianic style is 'Progress of Freedom', *Monthly Literary Recreations*, 3 (July–December 1807), 351–57.

189(c) Cromek's Nithsdale and Galloway Relics Robert Hartley Cromek (1770–1832) visited Scotland in 1809 and met Allan Cunningham, who supplied him with almost all the poems subsequently published in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* (London: T. Cadell and W. Davies, 1810). The poems were Cunningham's own but he passed them off to Cromek as old songs.

189(c) Mr Morrison John Morrison: see note to 163(c). Morrison described his visits to Hogg in Dumfriesshire in 'Random Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott, of the Ettrick Shepherd, of Sir Henry Raeburn, &c., &c.—No. 1', *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (September 1843), 569–78 (pp. 573–74).

189(c) the Mermaid of Galloway Cunningham's poem, presented, however, as 'from tradition' in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, pp. 229–48.

189(d) Gray James Gray (1770–1830), senior master at the Edinburgh High School from 1801. Hogg met him in 1808 and they became close friends. His first wife, who died in 1806, was Mary Phillips, sister of Hogg's future wife, Margaret. For more information on Gray, see the entry in 'Notes on Contributors', in *The Spy* (S/SC), pp. 562–63.

189(d) Grieve John Grieve (1781–1836) had spent much of his early life in Ettrick where his mother had previously lived with her first husband and where his father, her second husband, retired in Grieve's early years after being a minister in Dunfermline. Grieve's association with Hogg was a longstanding one. After working in Greenock and Alloa, Grieve went into business in Edinburgh in 1804 and gave vital support to Hogg when he came to live in the city in 1810. For a substantial account of Grieve's life, see 'Notes on Contributors', in *Letters*, II, 494–500.

190(a) Mr Jeffrey Francis Jeffrey, editor of the prestigious *Edinburgh Review*: see note to 1(a–d).

Epistle to Mr William Berwick[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 30 May 1829, pp. 418–19]

As Hogg tells us in his introductory comments, this poem was written in response to a verse epistle from the brewer Thomas Berwick with instructions as to how to look after a cask of beer he was sending to Hogg. Berwick's poem, taken to Hogg at Mount Benger by the carrier Ebenezer Hogg with the cask, survives in manuscript, signed 'Your William' and dated 2 March 1829 (NLS MS 2245, fols 140–41). Hogg moved quickly to write a response and sent his 'poetical epistle' to Blackwood on 24 March 1829: 'At your desire I send you an article for the agricultural [*sic*] journal and a poetical epistle for the Magazine though I know as usual it will only be giving the carrier the trouble of bringing them out again, and as you are the only man who ever does me this honour the oftener you do it the better, but I want to establish this fact to your own conviction that our friendship shall not fail on my part' (*Letters*, II, 337). Blackwood duly rejected the 'poetical epistle' in a letter of 24 March (NLS MS 30,311, pp. 252–53), telling Hogg that 'The Poem is an excellent jeu d'esprit for a private circle but I fear much your friends Berwick Dunlop &c. would be very angry if it were to appear in *Maga*'. It appears Hogg then offered it to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. A manuscript of Hogg's poem survives in the Alexander Turnbull Library, although it is clearly an earlier draft containing changes made in the process of composition. The poem was considerably expanded in its printed form: lines 3–4, 7–8, 31–34 and 109–35 in the printed text have been added to the manuscript version, and there have also been small changes in wording and spelling. Interestingly, where the manuscript refers to 'Jamie Raikby' the printed text reads 'David Tweedie'. If, as appears to be the case, David Tweedie is a creation of Hogg's rather than a real person (see note to 'The Bards of Britain' p. 494'), it would seem that, having created Tweedie as the author supposedly imitated in 'The Bards of Britain' (which must have been before the reference to David Tweedie in his letter to Blackwood of 10 March), Hogg decided to substitute his newly imagined author for the no doubt equally imaginary Jamie Raikby when revising the poem before publication on 30 May 1829. Perhaps this was done with an eye to preparing the way for 'The Bards of Britain', which finally reached printed form in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* on 1 August. One other significant difference between the manuscript and the printed text is the change from 'when hardly wrung' to 'when hardly wrong' in line 55: this is clearly a mistake in the printed text, since it obscures the rhyme and moreover makes little sense and we have therefore adopted the manuscript reading. **Manuscript:** ATL MS, Papers 42, Item 45. Watermark: horn device with initial, partly visible.

Emendation:

192, l. 8 when hardly wrung (MS)] when hardly wrong

190(b) Mr William Berwick Berwick was, as Hogg reports, a brewer: the marriage of 'Mr William Berwick, brewer, Edinburgh' in July 1820 is recorded in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 7 (August 1820), 583 and his death in October 1832 in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 2 (October 1832), 267. At the time of Hogg's writing he was a sufficiently significant citizen to figure as one of the Extraordinary Directors of the Scottish Widows Fund: see *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 24 January 1829, p. 4.

190(c) directions ... in verse see textual note above.

- 191(c) **Ritchie** not definitely identified; possibly William Ritchie (1781–1831), a lawyer and journalist and joint editor of *The Scotsman*.
- 191(c) **famed St Ronan's** a medicinal spring at Innerleithen in the Tweed valley in Peeblesshire. Already known as a spa by the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was called 'the doo well' because of the many pigeons that came to it: see *The Topographical, Statistical, and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland*, 2 vols (Glasgow: Fullarton and Co., 1842), II, 12. After the publication of Walter Scott's *Saint Ronan's Well* in 1824, the spring at Innerleithen was identified with Scott's fictional well and the name of St Ronan attached to it, boosting its development into a popular spa town. Hogg instituted the St Ronan's Border Games there in 1827, adding further to the town's fame: see David Groves, *James Hogg and the St Ronan's Border Club* (Dollar: Douglas S. Mack, 1987). Hogg could be referring either to the spring itself or to the village of Innerleithen, but not to the Games, since the event described here happened 'long ago'.
- 191(c) **Benger Law** Mountbenger Law of 543 m (1781 ft) lies 1½ miles north of Mountbenger on the route between the Yarrow valley and Innerleithen in the Tweed valley.
- 192(a) **Henry Scott** probably refers to Henry Scott, son of William Scott of Singlee where Hogg became a farm servant in 1785. He was born 14 November 1780 (see Yarrow OPR) and thus would have been five when Hogg first met him. Hogg maintained a connection with him, as he later became a partner with his friend John Grieve in a hatter's business in Edinburgh and helped Hogg advertise Altrive cottage for rent in 1827: see Hughes, *Life*, pp. 16–19, 211.
- 192(a) **Forbes** probably John Forbes (1797–1853), a writer (lawyer) in Edinburgh, who wrote to Hogg in January 1835 inviting him to become poet laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, a position earlier held by Burns. Hogg, addressing him as 'my dear John', replied that he was happy to accept the title and would write them 'some poetical trifle annually': see Hughes, *Life*, pp. 294–95; *Letters*, III, 251–52.
- 192(a) **Dunlop** possibly William Dunlop (1777–1829), a longstanding friend of Hogg's, memorable, amongst other things, for having congratulated Hogg in the street on the success of *The Queen's Wake* (see 'Memoir of the Life of James Hogg' in *The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), pp. 212–13). He appears in the 1828–1829 and 1829–1830 Post Office Annual Directory for Edinburgh in the entry 'William Dunlop and Co. wine and spirit merchants, 44 Grassmarket—house 2 Archibald place'. Alternatively this could be Dr William 'Tyger' Dunlop (1792–1848), who had been a fellow contributor to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* but was at the time in Canada. Hogg refers to him in a letter of 28 November 1833 as 'the noble Tyger my beloved Wm Dunlop' (*Letters*, III, 183).
- 192(b) **provost of an eastern borough** not identified.
- 192(d) **David Tweedie** David Tweedie is apparently an invention of Hogg's: see the textual note to 'The Bards of Britain', p. 494. As noted above, in the manuscript of the poem, which is obviously an earlier draft, the name is 'Jamie Raikby'.
- 193(a) **Mr Jeffrey** Francis Jeffrey: see note to 1(a–d).
- 193(b) **Parnassus** a mountain in central Greece believed in classical times to be home to the Muses, and therefore the home of poetry, music and learning.
- 193(d) **the Modern Athens** a name applied from the early nineteenth century to Edinburgh in its role as a centre of Enlightenment philosophy, because of its topography being seen as similar to that of Athens, and later because of its modern buildings of 'Grecian' design. The term 'Modern Athens' was in

use from at least the 1810s and widely used, often ironically, in the 1820s, but was given fresh currency in 1829, the year Hogg published this piece, with the appearance of *Modern Athens! Displayed in a Series of Views: Or Edinburgh in the Nineteenth Century ... from Original Drawings by Mr. Thomas H. Shepherd* (London: Jones and Co., 1829), which began to appear in fortnightly parts early in the year: see *The Scotsman*, 7 January 1829, p. 4.

194(a) George Anderson not certainly identified but possibly, since he is coupled with Walter Scott, George Anderson (1802–1878) of Inverness, where he played a major role in the establishment of the Northern Institution. He was an active member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland (of which Hogg was also a member: see Hughes, *Life*, p. 115).

194(a) Walter Scott the name is a common one but this is presumably *the* Walter Scott, Hogg's longstanding friend.

Reminiscences of Former Days. My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 27 June 1829, pp. 51–52]

Hogg was proud of his long relationship with Scott, and it is not surprising that he chose to celebrate it early in his association with the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In reprinting the reminiscences of Scott in *Altrive Tales* Hogg made more substantial changes than he had with the Cunningham reminiscences, adding a whole new episode. For a discussion of these changes, see Gillian Hughes, 'Note on the Text', in *Altrive Tales* (S/SC), pp. 201–02.

Subsequent publication: [in revised form as a section of 'Reminiscences of Former Days'] *Altrive Tales*, London: James Cochrane, 1832, pp. cx–cxxi [(S/SC), pp. 60–65].

Emendation:

195, l. 14 I said "I fancied I was he]" "I said I fancied I was he

194(b) in the summer of 1801 the dates here are problematic. Hogg says later in the article that he had already seen the first two volumes of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* before meeting Scott, but the first edition of that work was published in Edinburgh in February 1802, having been printed in Kelso by James Ballantyne: see William B. Todd and Ann Bowden, *Sir Walter Scott: A Bibliographical History 1796–1832* (New Castle: Oak Knoll Press, 1998), p. 19. For a full discussion of the dating of the events, see Richard D. Jackson, 'Sir Walter Scott's "First" Meeting with James Hogg', *SHW*, 17 (2006), 5–18. Drawing on William Laidlaw's account of these events in his manuscript 'Recollections', Jackson concludes that 'Scott met Hogg on two successive days. ... Rather than Scott and Laidlaw riding towards Hogg's cottage to interview him, the first part of the meeting was at Ramseyleuch after Hogg was summoned to come there; and the second part was on the next day when they went to his cottage' (p. 13).

194(b) Ettrick House a farm on Ettrick Water about half a mile from Ettrickhall (now called Ettrickhill), Hogg's birthplace. Hogg ran the farm to provide a home for his parents between 1800 and 1803: see Hughes, *Life*, p. 36.

194(b) Wat Shiel Walter (Wat) Shiel (1746–1830) worked for Walter and George Bryden (see note below on Messrs Brydon), tenants of Ramseyleuch (see next note) and the nearby Craighill. At the time of the birth of his daughter Elizabeth in 1799, Wat was living in a house at Craighill: see Ettrick OPR. The house was later used by shepherds on the Ramsleyeuch farm. He and his wife Mary Grieve had a number of children, one of whom was Hogg's friend Tibbie

(Isobel) Shiel (1783–1878), who kept an inn on St Mary's Loch in the valley of the Yarrow.

194(b) Ramseycleuch a farm slightly over a mile downstream from Ettrick House on Ettrick Water.

194(b) the Shirra 'the Sheriff'; Walter Scott, having been made Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire in December 1799, was generally referred to in the county as 'the Shirra'.

194(b–c) I had seen the first volumes of The Minstrelsy of the Border as noted above, this dates the events to after the publication of the first, two-volume edition in February 1802.

194(c) copied a number of old things from my mother's recital Hogg's mother Margaret Laidlaw (1730–1813) had an intimate and extensive knowledge of the traditional lore of her native part of Scotland.

194(c) sent them to the Editor preparatory for a third volume the three-volume second edition of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was published in May 1803. According to William Laidlaw's account, Hogg brought a collection of ballad transcripts to his meeting with Scott at Ramseycleuch: see his 'Recollections', Edinburgh University Library, MS Laing II 281/2, fols 20–21 (quoted by Jackson, 'Sir Walter Scott's "First" Meeting', p. 12).

194(c) Mr William Laidlaw William Laidlaw (1780–1845) was the son of James Laidlaw of Blackhouse farm, Hogg's employer between 1790 and 1800. He became a close friend of Hogg from these early days and was later Walter Scott's factor and amanuensis.

194(c) chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan' to them 'Auld Maitland' first appeared in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in its second edition. The ballad is the first item in the third volume (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 2nd edn, 3 vols (Edinburgh: printed by James Ballantyne for Longman and Rees, London, 1803), III, 1–41) which contained material additional to that in the two-volume first edition. Scott introduced it with this note: 'It is only known to a few old people, upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published, as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr James Hogg, in Ettrick House, who sings, or rather chaunts it, with great animation' (III, 1). (In later editions of *Minstrelsy* 'Auld Maitland' was transferred to the first volume.)

194(c) from the singing of another Laidlaw this was evidently William Laidlaw (1735–1829), Hogg's mother's brother, since the other William Laidlaw, Hogg's friend, who participated in these events (as already mentioned), recorded that Hogg 'had copied [the ballad] from the recitation of his Uncle Will of Phawhope corroborated by his mother': see Laidlaw's 'Recollections', fols 4–5 (quoted by Jackson, 'Sir Walter Scott's "First" Meeting', p. 10).

194(c) some dread of a part being forged for a discussion of Hogg's alleged forging of the ballad, see Andrew Lang, *Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy* (London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1910), pp. 18–52. John Leyden, before the meeting with Hogg, had warned Laidlaw that Scott should 'beware of forgery' in dealing with Hogg: see Jackson, 'Sir Walter Scott's "First" Meeting', p. 11.

194(d) the wilds of Ettrick Ettrick parish in the valley of Ettrick Water is a wild piece of countryside, at the time not easily accessible to travellers.

194(d) auld Andrew Moor Andrew Moor died in 1778 (Ettrick OPR). Hogg refers to Moor in the note to his ballad 'Mess John' in *The Mountain Bard* (1807): 'Andrew Moore, who died at Ettrick about 26 years ago, at a great age [...] could

repeat by heart every old ballad which is now published in the “Minstrelsy of the Border,” except three, with three times as many; and from him, Auld Maitland, with many ancient songs and tales, still popular in that country, are derived’ (*The Mountain Bard* (S/SC), p. 53). (‘Moor’ is the spelling used in the Ettrick OPR.)

194(d) Baby Mettlin i.e. Barbara Maitland, not identified: Baby, Babbie and Bawbie are Scottish diminutive forms of Barbara.

194(d) the first laird o’ Tushilaw until the late seventeenth century a branch of the Scott family were lairds of Tushielaw (see note below); the estate then came into the ownership of a Michael Anderson and was passed down through that family until Hogg’s time and beyond. Given the time scale implied by the passing of the story from Barbara Maitland to Andrew Moor, it is clearly the first *Anderson* laird that is being referred to here.

194(d) except George Warton and James Stewart, there was never ane o’ my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell again there are problems with the chronology: Hogg locates these events between the publication of the first and second editions of the *Minstrelsy* but ‘The Duel of Wharton and Stuart’ appears first in the *second* edition: see *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vols (Edinburgh: printed by James Ballantyne for Longman and Rees, London, 1803), III, 123–40. As Scott acknowledged in his note to the ballad in the second edition (III, 132), it had previously been printed by Joseph Ritson: see his *Ancient Songs, from the Time of King Henry the Third, to the Revolution* (London: J. Johnson, 1790), pp. 199–205. The ballad was based on actual events in 1609 in which Sir George Wharton, son of Philip, Lord Wharton, and Sir James Stewart, Master of Blantyre, killed each other in a duel.

195(a) Messrs Brydon the brothers Walter Bryden (1762–1829) and George Bryden (1766–1837) who were, as noted above, tenants of Ramseycleuch.

195(a) Mr Scott’s liveryman, a far greater original than his master not identified. Apparently not the same as Scott’s servant who, according to Laidlaw, accompanied him on this occasion, since he was an Englishman (see Laidlaw’s ‘Recollections’, fol. 18), whereas Hogg portrays the liveryman as a Scot.

195(b–c) black-faced Forest breed ... the short sheep, and the Cheviot breed the long sheep during Hogg’s lifetime the sheep historically found in the Borders, the black-faced ‘short’ sheep, which were hardy and had longer but coarser wool, were giving way to the Cheviot ‘long’ sheep, which were not as hardy but had finer though shorter wool. The Cheviot sheep, which originally came from the Cheviot Hills along the English/Scottish border, were longer in the body and the tail and hence were known as the long sheep. For Hogg’s discussion of the introduction of the black-faced sheep in ‘Statistics of Selkirkshire’ see pp. 334–35 in this volume.

195(d) the very same words repeated near the beginning of the Black Dwarf a somewhat similar discussion takes place in the first chapter of Walter Scott’s *The Black Dwarf*, published in 1816: see *The Black Dwarf*, ed. by P. D. Garside (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1993), pp. 12–13.

195(d) Johnnie Ballantyne John Ballantyne (1774–1821) acted as Scott’s intermediary in dealing with his publishers and enabled him to preserve, at least nominally, his anonymity. Hogg was not alone in guessing that Scott was the ‘Author of Waverley’, under which name most of Scott’s novels appeared until he was obliged to acknowledge his authorship in 1827.

- 195(d) Rankleburn** Rankle Burn flows roughly northwards through Selkirkshire to join Ettrick Water at Cacrabank about 3 miles downstream from Ramseycleuch.
- 195(d) the farms of Buccleuch** Buccleuch was situated at the junction of Clear Burn with Rankleburn, about two miles southeast of Cacrabank.
- 195(d)–196(a) relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn** Buccleuch Castle was on the site of the later East Buccleuch farm. According to the OS Name Books for Selkirkshire compiled in 1858, 'In the year 1832 when the dwelling [at East Buccleuch] was erected they came upon the foundation walls of the Old Castle but not a vestige of it now remains' (III, 86). It is likely therefore that little if anything was visible in 1802. Mountcommon Hill rises to 459 m (1517 ft) above Tima Water and lies about 2 miles southwest of Buccleuch but, if there was ever a castle on it, no trace of it now remains. The castle, however, provides an important setting in *The Three Perils of Man* in its original published form: Hogg originally named a central character Sir Walter Scott of Rankleburn, but influenced by his friend Walter Scott, he changed the name to Sir Ringan Redhough of Mountcomyn.
- 196(a) the ancient and original possession of the Scotts** descended from a Richard Scott who held the lands of Rankleburn (d. 1320), the Scotts took their title of earls and later dukes of Buccleuch from the castle of that name in the valley of Rankle Burn. From the mid-fifteenth century, however, Branxholm Castle, on Teviot Water about 3 miles southwest of Hawick in Roxburghshire, became their principal seat.
- 196(a) an old chapel and churchyard** the old Buccleuch church served as a parish church for Rankleburn but became derelict in the sixteenth century and the parish was combined with Ettrick at the time of the Reformation. The site lies 1½ miles upstream from the site of Buccleuch Castle, where Rankle Burn is joined by Kirk Burn. In 1858 the OS Name Books for Selkirkshire record that 'The site of this Church is enclosed by a stone wall, and used by the shepherds as a Sheep fold, no vestige of the original building now remains' (III, 86). However Canmore records that 'the site comprises the turf covered stone footings of a substantial rectangular building, which is believed to be the site of the kirk' (Canmore, 'Buccleuch Church').
- 196(a) a mill and mill-lead** the remains of Buccleuch Mill lie beside Clear Burn, a short distance up from its junction with Rankle Burn. The Selkirkshire OS Name Books recorded in 1858 that 'Fifty years ago, the walls of this mill were "knee high"; now they are only a rude outline, being a very little above the ground overgrown with moss' (III, 91).
- 196(a) as old Satchells very appropriately says** Walter Scot [*sic*] of Satchells (b. 1613, d. in or after 1688) was the author of a verse history of the Scotts entitled *A True History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scot, in the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and Others Adjacent* (1688; reprinted Edinburgh, 1776).
- 196(a) Had heather-bells been corn of the best, | The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist** in the 1776 edition of Scot's book the passage reads 'If heather-tops had been meal of the best, | Then Buckcleugh-mill had gotten a noble grist' (p. 42).
- 196(b) a font stone of blue marble ... among the ruins of the old church** Walter Scot of Satchells reports that 'My Guid-sir told me there had he seen; | A holy cross, and a font-stone' within the walls of the ruined church (*A True History*, p. 42), and that when the 'Lord of Buckcleugh' cleared out the rubble from the

already ruined church in 1566, 'the most part of the wall was standing then, and the font-stone within the kirk' (pp. 42–43).

196(b–c) one half of a small pot ... a piece of a tar pat Laidlaw's conjecture that the pot had been used to brand sheep with their owner's mark is consistent with the later recorded use of the area as a sheepfold.

196(d) Milsey Bog Milsey Burn flows into Rankle Burn about half a mile northwest of Buccleuch, and the Selkirkshire OS Name Books of 1858 record Milsey Moss (*moss* here means 'bog') as a 'boggy tract of land on the farm of W. Buccleuch' (III, 83).

196(d) like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes according to a popular tradition the Pechs or Picts, early inhabitants of Scotland, were popularly believed to have long arms. Scott in *Rob Roy* has the narrator describe the eponymous hero as having arms 'so very long as to be rather a deformity' so that 'he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping' leading the narrator to think of stories he had heard of 'the old Picts' who were 'distinguished ... for ... the length of their arms': see *Rob Roy*, ed. by David Hewitt (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2008), p. 187.

196(d) the old Castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw the ruined remains of Thirlestane Tower lie about half a mile northeast of Ramseycluch, near where Thirlestane Burn joins Ettrick Water. For several centuries it was held by a branch of the Scott family. The ruined Tushielaw Tower stands across the river from Cacrabank where Rankle Burn joins Ettrick Water. It was a possession of a branch of the Scotts and the setting for Hogg's ballad 'Mary Scott' in *The Queen's Wake*.

197(a) Mr Brydon of Crosslee George Bryden: see note to 42(d).

197(a) Tweed the River Tweed, which flows through the Borders from its head near Moffat for 96 miles to Berwick on the North Sea; reference to a river without the definite article (as in Standard English 'the Tweed') is a feature of Scottish usage.

197(a) leaving Altrive Lake once with him this was a later incident after Hogg took the lease on his farm Altrive Lake on Whitsunday 1815. Scott visited the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle in July 1817, accompanied by his wife and daughter Sophia and by Adam Ferguson (see next note). He came from Loch Lomond through Ayrshire and returned with Ferguson past 'the defiles of the Greymares tail': see Scott, *Letters*, IV, 470, 481. However this journey was in the opposite direction to that described here, and Scott makes no mention of being accompanied by Hogg. Possibly Hogg met the family at Moffat and travelled back from there to Altrive Lake with Scott and Ferguson, in the reverse order to what he remembered.

197(a) Sir Adam Fergusson Sir Adam Ferguson (1770–1854) was a longstanding friend of Walter Scott, with whom he attended Edinburgh University.

197(a) The Grey Mare's Tail a waterfall just west of the road between Moffat and Selkirk, formed by the Tail Burn as it falls about 60 m (200 ft) between overhanging rocks just before it meets Moffat Water.

197(a) Loch Skene Loch Skeen, a loch in the northern part of the parish of Moffat in Dumfriesshire. The party would have reached it by following the Tail Burn upstream for about a mile to its outflow from the loch.

197(a) Clavers John Graham (1648?–1689), known for most of his life as Claverhouse (Clavers) after his estate of that name, although towards the end of his life he was created Viscount Dundee. He was a persecutor of the Covenanters, and

stories circulated that his horse was demonic so that he could ride in places unpassable to other horsemen, as Hogg relates elsewhere: see *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, ed. Douglas S. Mack (Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1976), p. 76.

197(b) **Moffat** town in Dumfriesshire, about 8 miles SW of Loch Skeen.

197(c) **his subsequent works** Scott had, however, already described the country around Loch Skeen and the Grey Mare's Tail in the Introduction to Canto Second of *Marmion* (1808). The description is however rather general and lacks the detailed place names that Hogg supplied to Scott.

197(c) **I am five months and ten days younger** as Scott was born on 15 August 1771 this calculation is based on Hogg's long-held belief that he was born on 25 January 1772, the anniversary of Robert Burns's birth: see Hughes, *Life*, p. 3. However the record shows that he was baptised on 9 December 1770 (see Ettrick OPR) and was thus actually older than Scott.

197(d) **I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him** the dedication to the 1807 edition of *The Mountain Bard* reads 'To Walter Scott, Esq. Sheriff of Ettrick Forest, and Minstrel of the Scottish Border, the following tales are respectfully inscribed by his friend and humble servant, the Author'.

197(d)–198(a) **Blest be his generous heart ... my cradle sung** from *The Queen's Wake* (1813), Conclusion, lines 326–33, (S/SC), p. 171, where Hogg offers a tribute to Scott under the guise of 'Walter the Abbot'.

The Bards of Britain. By David Tweedie

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 1 August 1829, pp. 127–28]

On 10 March 1829 Hogg wrote to William Blackwood: 'The imitations which I inclose I meant for the London Market But as I had sent David Tweedie's [*sic*] first I thought they would make some new variety either in the Noctes or otherwise' (*Letters*, II, 328–29). (Hogg's claim that the imitations were intended for the London market should be taken with a pinch of salt: very likely he was trying to pressure Blackwood to publish them by suggesting they would easily find a home elsewhere.) It appears that Blackwood had already rejected 'The Bards of Britain' by 10 March, as Hogg goes on to defend the depiction of D. M. Moir in the poem (see the note on Moir below). The imitations referred to are probably the 'Poetic Mirror' poems which later appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (see pp. 201–03, 216–18, 299–300, 303–04 of this volume), and the context of Hogg's comment suggests that 'The Bards of Britain' (referred to as 'David Tweedie's') was to be the first of these 'imitations'. However, whereas the other poems, which imitate real authors, appear under the 'Poetic Mirror' rubric in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 'The Bards of Britain' does not. This is probably because David Tweedie is not a real author but Hogg's creation. While there were a number of men called David Tweedie of adult age at this time—see Michael Forbes Tweedie, *The History of the Tweedie, or Tweedy, Family* (London: P. Griffith and Sons, 1902), pp. 185, 192, 195—there is nothing to link any of them to the writing of poetry. We have not been able to find any other poetry ascribed to David Tweedie and this poem can only be traced as far back as Hogg, being first mentioned as already sent to Blackwood on 10 March 1829. In the light of all this, we accept Batho's suggestion that 'Mr David Tweedie was one of Hogg's disguises' (Edith C. Batho, *The Ettrick Shepherd* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1927), p. 147).

- 198(b) Sir Walter Scott, | Who is, and yet is not, | A poet of the first note** see note to 2(a–d). Scott perhaps ‘is, and yet is not, | A poet of the first note’ because he was by now established as a novelist and had admitted to the authorship of his novels, which were originally published anonymously.
- 198(c) lord of Byron** George Gordon, Lord Byron: see note to 20(d).
- 198(c) Ephraim of old ... Like a cake that is unturn’d** see Hosea 7. 8: ‘Ephraim is a cake not turned’ (an allusion to the impiety of the tribe of Ephraim).
- 198(c–d) Mr Robert Southey ... his poems are very long** Robert Southey (1774–1843) wrote a number of long narrative poems including *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801), *Madoc* (1805) and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814). Hogg first met him in 1814 and included an account of his relations with Southey in the ‘Reminiscences of Former Days’ section of *Altrive Tales*: see *Altrive Tales* (S/SC), pp. 65–66.
- 199(a) Mr Professor Wilson** John Wilson: see note to 20(d).
- 199(a) the Ettrick Shepherd ... spotted like a leopard** a pard is a leopard; the phrase ‘spotted like the pard’ seems to have developed as a variation on Shakespeare’s ‘bearded like the pard’ (*As You Like it*, II. 7. 150) but see also note below on the poet Silery.
- 199(b) Allan Cunningham** see note to 20(d).
- 199(b) his tragedy** *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a *Dramatic Poem* published in 1822.
- 199(c) who long will be respected** Thomas Campbell: see note to 20(d).
- 199(c–d) the Warning of Lochyell ... Hope ... Gertrude of Wyoming** these are Campbell’s long poems, *The Pleasures of Hope* (1799) and *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), and his poetic dialogue ‘Lochiel’s Warning’ (1802).
- 199(d) Mr Moore or Little** in 1801 Thomas Moore (1779–1852) published *The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little*, under which pseudonym Byron referred to him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. His series of *Irish Melodies* published from 1813 onwards established him in the role of Ireland’s national bard.
- 200(a) A poet ... with a name like a triangle** David Moir (1758–1851), Scottish doctor and contributor to *Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine*. He was also known as Delta because he signed his contributions to the journal with the Greek upper case letter delta, which is shaped as a triangle. He is best known for his novel *Mansie Wauch* (1828).
- 200(a) Goes beyond the length of my tether** for the use of these words in a book review in the 15 August 1829 issue of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, see the textual note to ‘Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd’, p. 518.
- 200(a) Willie Aitchison** William Aitchison (1797–1873), a farmer at Menzion in the parish of Tweedsmuir in Peeblesshire and Linhope in the parish of Teviothead in Roxburghshire. According to Hogg’s younger friend, Henry Scott Riddell, ‘This gentleman is well known throughout his native land for his intelligent appreciation of literature and literary men, and his generous attention towards them, together with his remarkable talents for public speaking. There were few friends whom the Ettrick Shepherd loved more for his friendly worth or esteemed more highly for his powers of mind than Mr William Aitchison’: see Henry Scott Riddell, ‘James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd’, *Hogg’s Weekly Instructor*, 7, 14, 21 August 1847, pp. 269–74, 386–92, 403–09 (p. 407).
- 200(a) John Malcolm** having served in the army in the Peninsular War, John Malcolm (1795–1835) published *Scenes of War and Other Poems* (1828), and contributed numerous poems to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

- 200(b) tarry woo** wool from a sheep that has been smeared with tar; it is also the name of a song collected by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1740): see 12th edn, 4 vols (London: A. Millar, 1763), I, 378–79.
- 200(b) Mr Sillery** Charles Doyne Sillery (1807–1836); after a short career in the navy he settled in Edinburgh and published four volumes of poetry before his early death. He made regular contributions to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* including ‘A Trip to Innerleithen’, published in this same issue of the journal (pp. 121–23). It describes a visit to a meeting of the Saint Ronan’s Border Club—founded by Hogg: see note to **famed St Ronan’s** 191(c)—and includes a mention of him: ‘Hogg was there in all his wonted glory. | Can Ethiopian change his skin, or leopard | Her spots?’ It is conceivable that Hogg had seen Sillery’s poem before describing himself as ‘spotted like a leopard’ (see note above).
- 200(c) Kennedy** William Kennedy (1799–1871) published the poetry collection *Fitful Fancies* in 1827 while working as a journalist in Paisley. He moved to London in 1828 and from there contributed several poems to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.
- 200(c) Motherwell** William Motherwell (1797–1835) published the ballad collection *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827) as well as a collection of his own work, *Poems Narrative and Lyrical* (1832). He and Hogg later collaborated on an edition of Burns, published 1834–36.
- 200(c) Bell** Henry Glassford Bell: see note to 163(a). As well as editing the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* he was a substantial contributor of poetry to it.
- 200(d)–201(a) And quite sufficient whereof | For the day is the evil thereof** see Matthew 6.34: ‘Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.’
- 201(a) Mrs Hemans** Felicia Dorothea Hemans (née Browne; 1793–1835), an extremely prolific English Romantic poet. Very popular in her own time, her work was regularly reprinted and continued to be influential up to World War I. A few weeks after Hogg made this contribution she contributed a poem to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (29 August 1829, p. 183).
- 201(a) L. E. L.** the pen-name of the English writer Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–1838). She published a number of collections of poetry and contributed frequently to periodicals, annuals and gift-books as well as writing novels.
- 201(a) Jacky Baillie** Joanna Baillie: see note to **Bailey** 1(c). Jackie was used in Scotland as a diminutive form of the name Joan and hence here of Joanna.

A New Poetic Mirror. No. I.—Mr W. W. Ode to a Highland Bee

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 5 September 1829, p. 199]

Hogg had published, anonymously, *The Poetic Mirror, or The Living Bards of Britain* in 1816 with a second edition in 1817. Originally he had planned a ‘poetical repository’ to be published every six months and to contain, amongst other things, original poems by leading poets of the time, including his friends. When he failed to get the requested poems he turned the project into a set of parodies or imitations and published them as *The Poetic Mirror*. Now, some years later, he returned to the imitation game. It is probable that this and another imitation published 6 weeks later (and, perhaps, two more published in 1831) were amongst the ‘imitations’ sent to Blackwood in March (see textual note to ‘The Bards of Britain’); if so, it would appear they were rejected, like that other imitation, ‘The Bards of Britain’. More a parody than an imitation, this poem and others which Hogg ascribed to Wordsworth reflect Hogg’s bitter feelings about that poet after an incident related in Hogg’s ‘Reminiscences of Former Days’.

Hogg, along with De Quincey and Wilson, was visiting Wordsworth when there appeared 'a resplendent arch ... from one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter'. When Hogg remarked that it was 'neither mair nor less than joost a treeumphant aitch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets', Wordsworth muttered to De Quincey, 'Poets? Poets?—What does the fellow mean?—Where are they?' Hogg wrote: 'Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth ... but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of' ('Reminiscences of Former Days', *Altrive Tales* (S/SC), p. 68). Apart from the new imitations/parodies published in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, another parody of Wordsworth by Hogg had earlier been published in the December 1824 issue of *Blackwood's* (see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 146–52). Hogg also wrote two further parodies, this time of Leigh Hunt, which were not published in his lifetime and exist only in manuscript form (NLS MS 4805, fols 95–98). They have been published in *James Hogg: Poetic Mirrors*, ed. by David Groves (Peter Lang: Frankfurt am Main, 1990). This edition also incorporates the 'New Poetic Mirrors' included in this present volume, and we are grateful to David Groves for information in his introduction and notes, including his discussion of how this particular poem relates to Wordsworth's work: see Groves, pp. 183–84.

201(c) Mr W. W. the English Romantic poet William Wordsworth (1770–1850), as suggested by the footnote. Hogg met Wordsworth along with his wife and sister-in-law in Edinburgh in August 1814, and served as their guide in the Yarrow valley in September before visiting them in the Lake District: see Hughes, *Life*, pp. 124–27.

202(a) With flesh to flesh, and bone to bone compare Adam's words concerning Eve: 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man' (Genesis 2. 23).

203(a) our beloved Miss Hutchison Wordsworth's sister-in-law, Sara Hutchinson (1775–1835), who travelled with him and his wife in the Highlands in 1814.

Wat the Prophet

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 September 1829, pp. 207–10]

Hogg sent this to Blackwood on 9 February 1831 with a somewhat half-hearted endorsement and a threat to send it elsewhere if Blackwood did not publish it: 'I send you Wat the Prophet having nothing else very suitable. I have written a great deal both prose pieces and poetry such as it is but you are so dilatory in publishing from sheer fulness I hope that I have sent them all away to London there being a great demand on me there' (*Letters*, II, 326). Blackwood was evidently unmoved by the threat and rejected it, much to Hogg's indignation, which he expressed in a letter to the publisher of 10 March 1829: 'you are a great gouk to send back a genuine sketch of a well known character of the last age and I do assure you (though it is all over now) what with the affront of sending it back and the insolence of the letter accompanying it I was within a hairsbreadth of writing in a great rage and breaking with all connections of Maga for ever ... How the greatest bigot in the world could be offended with the character or sayings of Wat the prophet is to me incomprehensible. A more amiable character never lived in the country' (*Letters*, II, 328–29). Like other works rejected by Blackwood it found its way into the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. [We are grateful for information contained in Robin MacLachan's edition of this sketch in *Altrive Chapbooks*, 1.1 (September 1984), 6–15.]

- 204(d) church of the covenant** the Reformed Presbyterian Church or Cameronians; see note to 164(b).
- 205(a–b) atonement by blood** in a Christian context this refers to Christ's atonement for the sins of the world through his death on the cross. The exact nature of this atonement was a matter of much controversy within the Scottish church.
- 205(d) Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve** the First Commandment (see Exodus 20. 3–5), but the wording here follows Jesus in Matthew 4. 10, during his temptation by the Devil: 'it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'
- 207(d) woe be unto thee! It had been better for thee that thou never hadst been born** compare 'The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born' (Mark 14. 21).
- 208(a) the Valley of the Shadow of Death** see 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me' (Psalm 23. 4).
- 208(b) You shall renew your age like the eagles** compare 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles' (Isaiah 40. 31).
- 208(b) this world of sin and sorrow** from the burial hymn 'In this world of sin and sorrow' by Judith Madan (née Cowper: 1702–1781).
- 208(b) for men will hold you up to reproach and ridicule, and speak all manner of evil of you** compare 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake' (Matthew 5. 11).
- 208(d) the Earny Cleuch** there is a small stream called Earny Cleuch in Closeburn parish in Dumfriesshire very close to its border with Lanarkshire. No such name occurs 'on the very boundary between the shires of Dumfries and Selkirk' (as Hogg describes it), and it seems probable that Hogg was thinking of the stream in Closeburn parish and misremembered which county it was adjacent to. On the nearby Earn Craig, 'at the bottom among the loose stones there is a Cave where, it is said, the Covenanters hid themselves in the time of the Persecution' (Dumfriesshire OS Names Books 1848–1858, VI, 3), which provides appropriate associations for Wat (see note above on 'church of the covenant').
- 209(a) partaking of the nature of the water of life** compare 'And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb' (Revelation 22. 1).
- 209(b) STEPHEN, the first martyr for the Gospel of Christ** St Stephen, the protomartyr of Christianity, was stoned to death, as recorded in Acts chapters 6 and 7.
- 209(b) the friendly name of Auld Steenie** Steenie is a Scottish diminutive form of Stephen.
- 210(b) the American war and its consequences** that is the American War of Independence; beginning with the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1775 it concluded with the surrender of British troops under Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781, although the formal peace treaty was not signed until 1783.
- 210(b) of that day and that hour knoweth no man** see: 'But of that day and hour

knoweth no man' (Matthew 24. 36), referring to the Day of Judgement.

210(c) the Rev. Edward Irving ... his calculations after moving to London in 1822 Edward Irving (see note to 170(a)) increasingly turned to prophecy and predicted the imminent end of the world, drawing on the books of Daniel and Revelation to calculate the year in which it would happen. After publishing this story, Hogg heard Irving preach in London in 1832 but wrote to his wife that 'his sermon seemed the ravings of enthusiastic madness' (*Letters*, III, 1).

210(d) the cause of Prince Charles Stuart the Jacobite rising of 1745–46.

210(d) Mrs Johnston not identified.

210(d) Moffat see note to 197(b).

210(d) very shortly after the battle of Prestonpans the first major battle of the Jacobite Rising of 1745–46, in which Prince Charles Edward's forces defeated the government army led by Sir John Cope, was fought on 21 September 1745, that is, only ten days before the date of the letter.

211(a) He is a broken pot; a vessel wherein God hath no pleasure compare 'I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel' (Psalm 31. 12) and 'Is this man Coniah a despised broken idol? is he a vessel wherein is no pleasure? wherefore are they cast out, he and his seed...?' (Jeremiah 22. 28).

211(a) Terror shall make him afraid on every side compare 'Terrors shall make him afraid on every side' (Job 18. 11).

211(a) lo! destruction shall be ready ... to devour him compare 'His strength shall be hunger-bitten, and destruction shall be ready at his side. It shall devour the strength of his skin: even the firstborn of death shall devour his strength' (Job 18. 12–13).

211(a) His confidence shall pass away ... scatter brimstone upon his habitation compare 'His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle, and it shall bring him to the king of terrors. It shall dwell in his tabernacle, because it is none of his: brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation' (Job 18. 14–15).

211(a–b) his remembrance shall perish from the face of the earth compare 'The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth' (Psalm 34. 16).

211(c) passed away as a dream, and chased away as a vision of the night compare 'He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night' (Job 20. 8).

211(d) expressions literally from the Book of Job see the notes above.

211(d) applicable to the after fate of Charles Edward Hogg is perhaps thinking of the words 'He shall fly to the mountains, but they shall not hide him; and to the islands, but they shall cast him out', which could be applied to the movements of Prince Charles Edward after the battle of Culloden, since in the end he was obliged to leave the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

212(a) old, and full of days 'So Job died, being old and full of days' (Job 42.17).

212 (d) Laidlaw ... a race that has produced more singular characters than any of our country Hogg's mother was a Laidlaw and he was proud of his maternal ancestors, particularly his grandfather William Laidlaw of Phawhope ('Will o' Phaup'; 1691–1775), who, amongst other distinctions, was by Hogg's account 'the last man of this wild region [the remote upper parts of Ettrickdale], who heard, saw, and conversed with the fairies' (*The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), p. 107).

The Auld Man's Wife's Dead. A Parody[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 September 1829, pp. 212–13]

Hogg's poem is a parody in the sense of being a reworking of 'The Auld Man's Mare's Dead' by Patrick Birnie, who lived in Fife in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries: for a version of this song see *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ed. by Robert Ford (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1904), pp. 280–82. Hogg has rewritten parts of the poem to make them applicable to a human rather than a horse, although lines 3, 7, 12, and 29–32 are largely the same as in Birnie's song (as printed by Ford) and include epithets appropriate to horses, such as 'heme-hough'd'. A manuscript draft of Hogg's poem has survived in the Alexander Turnbull Library: the order of the stanzas has been changed in the printed version with the manuscript's last two stanzas placed first. One line has been rewritten: in the manuscript the seventh line of the printed version's third stanza reads 'On ilk knee she had a breuk', the same wording as in Birnie's song. This stanza already varies considerably from Birnie's wording, but Hogg evidently wanted to move it further still from the Birnie original. We have followed the manuscript in dividing the poem into four eight-line stanzas, although the division is not reproduced in the printed text. In a line which does not occur in the manuscript, we have emended 'shaw', which makes no sense in this context, to 'skaw', which not only makes sense but also alliterates.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 58(ii). Watermark: G Wilmot / 1827.

Emendation:

213, l. 3 The skrink, the skaw, the scarlet breuk] The skrink, the shaw, the scarlet breuk

212(b) **feint a mair** not another.

212(c) **A mile aboon Dundee** this line, and consequently the location, are carried over from Birnie's song.

213(a) **maltman yeuk** maltster's itch: malt can cause an allergic reaction with symptoms including itchy skin.

213(b) **heme-hough'd** knock-kneed; a term applied to horses 'having the houghs shaped like a pair of hames, *i.e.* bent inwards', a haim (heme) being 'one of the two curved pieces of wood or metal forming or covering one-half of the collar of a draught horse to which the traces are fastened' (*SND*, *haim* n).

Anecdotes of Highlanders[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 October 1829, pp. 293–95]

These anecdotes fall into a traditional presentation of Highlanders as comic figures, ignorant of the wider (that is, Lowland) world and speaking a distorted version of Scots or English. Elsewhere (including in this volume) Hogg presents a much more sympathetic view of them. The anecdotes were reprinted in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in 1834 with some significant differences: only five of the original nine anecdotes were carried over, and the ascription of the third anecdote to David Paterson was removed, while extra anecdotes from other sources were added. Significantly, any use of religious language in swearing was removed: 'I'll be — if ever I did!' became 'In troth I never did', 'Cot's crace! Cot's crace' became 'Aih! Aih!', and 'I'll be tamn' becomes 'I'll be hanged'. This is very much in line with the more puritanical ambience of *Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine*, which looks forward to Victorian sensibilities

in comparison to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which still preserves some of the laxity of Regency times.

Subsequent publication: 'Anecdotes of Highlanders. By the Ettrick Shepherd', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 12 April 1834, p. 88.

Emendation:

216, ll. 21–22 barley meal, two of pease meal] barley meal, two of pease meel

213(b) Rev. James M'Queen, one of the ministers of Skye we have been unable to identify with certainty a James MacQueen, a minister on Skye, that Hogg was likely to have met. Rev. James MacQueen (1762–1815), the son of the minister of Snizort, had connections with Skye, but was appointed as a missionary on Harris in 1792 and from 1802 was minister on North Uist, which Hogg visited briefly in 1803, although his account makes no mention of meeting a minister. We do know however that he met a Rev. John MacQueen in Ardhill in 1803. At this point MacQueen was minister of Applecross on the mainland in Ross-shire but, as Hogg noted, he was originally from Skye (*Highland Journeys*, p. 94). Since these anecdotes were written some years after 1803, it is possible Hogg was remembering John (rather than James) MacQueen. For further details of John and James MacQueen see *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae*, vol. VII, ed. by Hew Scott and Donald Farquhar Macdonald (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1928), pp. 145, 191.

213(b) a man of the name of M'Pherson, from the Braes of Lochaber followed by *of* and the name of a district, *braes* means an upland and mountainous area. Lochaber is a historic district in the west of Scotland, extending north and east from Loch Linnhe and Loch Leven to Loch Laggan in the east and including the area around Loch Arkaig to the north and west. The country of the Macphersons includes the eastern part of this district as well as extending further to the east.

213(c) Fat pe she a number of the speakers in this article speak Highland English: see note to **they could not pe tehlling me** 55(b).

213(d) Strathdon see note to 53(d).

214(a) Mr David Paterson not identified.

214(b) Cot a mercy 'God-a-mercy', an exclamation expressing, amongst other things, surprise.

214(b) pawpee a bawbee, originally a coin worth six pence Scots; later a general term for a halfpenny, the Scots money having been devalued to one-twelfth of English money. Believing that the man is a wooden figure, the Highlander appears to be looking for a slot into which he can insert a halfpenny.

214(c) a timber something made of wood.

214(c) the small isles a small group of islands south of Skye in the Inner Hebrides of which the four largest are Canna, Rùm, Eigg and Muck.

215(a) Athol see note to 31(a).

215(a) crossing from Kinghorn to Leith crossing the Firth of Forth from the port of Kinghorn on its northern shore to Leith, the port of Edinburgh, on its southern shore.

215(a) shentles a representation of *gentles* as pronounced in Highland English; here used as an addressive meaning 'good people'.

215(a) te crown of te rhiggs 'the crown of the rigs' (with Hogg's Highland form of *rig*); a rig is the raised strip between furrows in a ploughed field.

215(b) the Spital of Glenshee Spittal of Glenshee, in northeastern Perthshire; see

note to **Glenferret and Spital** 55(c).

- 215(b) chapel of ease** chapel built for those who live a long way from a parish church. Hogg passed through Glenshee in 1802, and included a similar description of this church in his account of the journey (see *Highland Journeys*, p. 49), although this section of his account was not published in his lifetime.
- 215(b) Kirkmichael** a parish in the northeastern corner of Perthshire.
- 215(c) the Braes of Angus** a mountainous area forming the southeastern edge of the Grampians in the northern part of the district of Angus (also historically known as Forfarshire), which extends northwards from the Firth of Tay.
- 215(d) what is fashionably called a *faux pas*** what the kirk session of the parish would have called ‘fornication’, which it was responsible for seeking out and punishing, usually by public shaming.
- 216(a) cluich** Gaelic *cluich* means ‘play, sport, game’ but is here a euphemism for illicit sex.
- 216(a) te five croat and te purden of heather** five groats and a bundle (*Scots* burden) of heather.
- 216(b) kinnaggie** Scots *knaggie*, an adjective applied to a bony or knobby horse (see *SND*, *knag*, n.¹ 1).
- 216(b) puffan** a rare word meaning ‘bean-meal’, an ingredient of horse-fodder. The *OED* has only one instance of this word, in Holinshed’s *Chronicle* in 1587 (*OED*, *puffin*, n. 2), and it does not appear in Scots dictionaries.
- 216(b) cearched** compare Gaelic *cearc* ‘hen’ and *cearcag* ‘little hen’.
- 216(b) squadden** Gaelic *sgadan* ‘herring’.
- 216(b) hard huishk** ‘huish’ is Gaelic *iasg* ‘fish’; ‘hard’ fish is dried fish.
- 216(b) Drumfhandrum** not identified.
- 216(b) they will get their phull for te saiffity of him** they will get their fill for its safe return; but see also the footnote.
- 216(c) three pecks of barley-meal, two of pease meal** Hogg has apparently swapped the amounts from ‘two’ and ‘three’ to ‘three’ and ‘two’.

The New Poetic Mirror. No. II.—Mr T—. M—.

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 October 1829, pp. 297–98]

In imitating the songs of Thomas Moore Hogg was following in the footsteps of Scott, who had imitated Moore as a song-writer in one of his earliest pieces of fiction, ‘The Inferno of Altisidora’: see Walter Scott, *The Shorter Fiction*, ed. by Graham Tulloch and Judy King (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009), p. 16.

216(d) Mr T—. M—. Thomas Moore, as the editor surmises; see note to 199(d).

216(d) the Liffey the river which flows through Dublin, chosen appropriately for an Irish author.

A Song

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 14 November 1829, p. 346]

In *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, where this song was reprinted with only a couple of minor changes, Hogg writes that it was ‘written to an old Border air, ycleped “Tushilaw’s Lines” which has never been published. The words were meant to suit the plaintive notes of the tune’ (p. 237). Although included in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, this song does not appear in NLS MS 4805, the fair copy manuscript prepared for

Songs, and it may have been set directly from a copy of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. There is however a manuscript version in the Alexander Turnbull Library which appears to be a first draft, since it includes a number of revisions. The version of the poem in the *Journal* shows further revision, including both spelling and diction: for instance 'wo' becomes 'woe', 'een' is replaced by 'looks', and the first line of the fourth stanza changes from the manuscript's 'Still thou wilt rowe thou heartless sea' to the *Journal*'s 'Still thou row'st on with sullen roar', which in turn requires a change from 'lee' to 'shore' in the rhyming third line. We have followed the manuscript reading of 'lover' in line 32 as it provides a partial rhyme for 'over' in line 30.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 44 (ii).

Subsequent publication: *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 237–38 [*Songs* (S/SC) pp. 104–05].

Emendation:

219, l. 15 where thou hold'st my lover (MS)] where thou hold'st my love

219(b) still small voice compare the 'still small voice' in which the Lord speaks to Elijah (I Kings 19. 12).

A Ballad about Love

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 28 November 1829, p. 375]

This poem about love was apparently not reprinted in Hogg's lifetime.

A Story of the Forty-Six

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 December 1829, pp. 421–22]

While nothing is known of the specific origins of this piece and we have been unable to find another account of the story related in it, Hogg had certainly been, like Scott, long interested in the Jacobite rising of 1745–46. However, unlike Scott, he was particularly interested in portraying the aftermath of the defeat at Culloden. It is possible he heard this story in the Highlands or obtained it from some other source. Alternatively it may simply be fictional or based on another story about the hero of this tale, John Roy Stewart, since John Steuart of Inverness, in a letter to his son, relates an analogous story about of how, after the taking of the city of Ghent by the French, a Scottish lady, 'being attacked in her Lodging by some french soldiers who wanted to plunder her, had the good fortune to light by accident on our acquaintance John Roy St . . . who got her immediatly rid of the Plunderers [and] showed her great civilities': see *The Letter-Book of Bailie John Steuart of Inverness*, ed. by William Mackay (Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable for the Scottish History Society, 1915), p. 454. (We thank Anne Macleod Hill for drawing this anecdote to our attention.) In 1830 'A Story of the Forty-Six' was reprinted in *The Cabinet Album: A Collection of Original and Selected Literature*, closely following the text of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Four and a half years after its first publication the story appeared again in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* with small but significant changes. In keeping with the generally more prudish ambience of *Chambers's*, any 'indelicate' references were removed, leading to the excision of the cornet's response to Mrs Shaw's claim that 'Sergeant Campbell' is 'breaking every thing, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy': 'Oho! is that all? . . . I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship or some of the handsome young rebels there', thus removing Hogg's oblique suggestion that rape and sexual assault were part of Cumberland's

'pacification' of the Highlands, an acknowledgement of the realities of post-Culloden Scotland that Hogg was not afraid to offer where others were more reticent. Hogg's characteristic mixing of comedy with violence is likewise lost with the removal of the picture of 'Campbell' riding 'with bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist'. It is impossible to know whether Hogg made these changes voluntarily or whether the editors introduced them. As noted above, when the story was reprinted in *The Cabinet Album* the text was that of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, but when it was included in the collected *Tales and Sketches by the Ettrick Shepherd* the text followed the revised version in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. The same kinds of considerations which led to the changes in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* seem to have also prevailed in *Tales and Sketches*.

Subsequent publication: *The Cabinet Album: A Collection of Original and Selected Literature* (London: Hurst, Chance and Co., 1830), pp. 51–53; 'A Story of the Forty-Six. By the Ettrick Shepherd', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 10 May 1834, p. 118; *Tales and Sketches*, IV, 282–86.

221(b) the Forty-Six the second and final year of the Jacobite rising, begun in 1745 and often referred to as 'the Forty-Five'. Hogg's use of the term 'the Forty-Six' like this is unusual and indicative of his intense interest in the aftermath of the rebellion. However the idiom of referring to a year in this way, with 'the' and the number of the year (with or without the century) was a well-established one in Scots and Scottish English. Compare Hogg in his story 'Rob Dodds' in *The Shepherd's Calendar*: 'in the saxteen and seventeen, the scourge fell on our flocks and our hirds' (S/SC, p. 23): see *SND*, the def. art. 7.

221(b) the 17th of July, 1746 no doubt inserted to add to the verisimilitude of the story, the precise date fits within the period of repression following the Jacobite defeat, when a number of the rebel leaders were still in hiding in Scotland before escaping abroad.

221(b) the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq. the names appear to be fictional although Hogg has interwoven his fiction with real events and people.

221(c) the Mackintoshes the troops raised by Lady Mackintosh: see note to 54(b). A number of men of the name of Shaw joined this regiment, including three who became officers: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 183, 188.

221(c) Culloden see note to 52(b).

221(c) his name was Sergeant Campbell the Campbells were firm supporters of the Hanoverian government during 1745–46 and fought at the Battle of Culloden, where the Highland Battalion was commanded by John Campbell, Marquess of Lorne, later 5th Duke of Argyll (1723–1806). Four of the eight companies in the battalion were from the Campbell of Argyll Militia, an irregular militia unit raised by John Campbell, the fourth Duke (c. 1693–1770), in 1745 to combat the Jacobite forces.

221(c) Cluny see note to 126(a).

221(c) Loch-Garry as the chief of the MacDonells of Glengarry was held in the Tower of London during the rebellion, the men of this clan were raised by his cousin Donald MacDonell of Lochgarry (dates uncertain), who effectively became their leader after the accidental death of the chief's second son, Angus, colonel of the regiment, in January 1746.

221(c) Cumberland's English officers for the Duke of Cumberland see note to 53(b); the majority of Cumberland's army at Culloden were English, but the

repression which followed was largely in the hands of the Campbells (see next note).

221(c) the Argyle Campbells the Campbell of Argyll militia and the forces commanded by John Campbell, 4th Earl of Loudon (1705–1780), played an active role in the punitive reprisals and repression instigated by Cumberland that followed the defeat of the Jacobite rebellion.

222(b) Cobham's dragoons the 10th Regiment of Dragoons (Cobham's) fought on the government side at Culloden. It was named for its colonel, Richard Temple, 1st Viscount Cobham (1675–1749).

223(b) Peter Grant and Alexander M'Eachen surviving records of John Roy Stuart's regiment include four Grants but not any MacEachens: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 217–18.

223(b) Craig-Neart another apparently fictional name, from Gaelic *creag* 'rock, crag' and *neart* 'power, strength'.

223(c) Colonel, John Roy Stewart see note to 54(a). According to Stuart Handley, 'he may have been sent by Prince Charles to France with news of the defeat, but if so he returned to Scotland and was eventually one of those who sailed ... with the prince back to France' (*ODNB*).

223(d) Captain Finlayson surviving records of the Jacobite army list no Captain Finlayson; but see note to **taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent** 370(d).

224(a) the strait of Corry-Bealach apparently an invented name, combining *corrie* (Gaelic *coire* 'hollow in a hill-side or surrounded by hills') and *balloch* (Gaelic *bealach* 'pass through hilly or mountainous country'). Hogg also used the name, in the form 'Correi-Balloch', in 'An Old Minister's Tale'.

224(b) the woods of Athol see note to 31(a).

224(b) Clan-Donnach or Clan Donnachaidh, the Robertson clan. The chief of the clan, Alexander Robertson of Struan (c. 1670–1749), had supported the Jacobites in 1689 and 1715 but was too old to fight in 1745–46, though he gave the cause his strong support. Struan held the titular rank of colonel in the Athol Brigade in which many of the clan served: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 20, 21, 23, 29–30. Others of the clan served elsewhere in the Jacobite army: see *Muster Roll*, pp. 49, 73, 86, 111, 132, 173, 188, 204, 218.

224(b) Jo-lach! Càrdeil Cearlach! compare Gaelic *eòlach* 'acquainted', *cairdeil* 'friendly', and *Teàrlach* 'Charles, Charlie': which would carry the general sense of 'you know us, we are friends of Charles'. Alternatively the first word could be Gaelic *iolach* 'Shout, cry, crying in exultation or triumph' (Dwelly), with an intended meaning of 'halloa', although *iolach* is the name of the cry rather than the actual cry used. With his limited knowledge of Gaelic Hogg could have intended either of these interpretations.

224(b) Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry ... abroad with Prince Charles Lochgarry joined the prince, who was at the time hiding near Loch Arkaig in Lochaber, on 15 August. He left on 21 August to travel to the west coast to look for French ships but returned on 27 August to take Charles Edward to Badenoch where he, the prince and several others stayed with Cluny at his refuge overlooking Loch Ericht (Loch-Erriched in Hogg's spelling): see note to **Cluny of the Glen** 126(a). On the way to Cluny's refuge, the prince and his companions stayed at 'a little sheill called Uiskchilra, where the hut or bothie was superlatively bad and smockie': see *The Lyon in Mourning or A Collection of Speeches Letters Journals etc.*, coll. by Robert Forbes and ed. by Henry Paton,

3 vols (Edinburgh: Scottish History Society, 1895–96), III, 41. ‘Uiskchilra’ is a phonetic rendering of Uisge Chaoil Reidhe, now marked on Ordnance Survey maps as Allt a’ Chaoil-rèidhe: see Walter Biggar Blaikie, *The Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from his Landing in July 1745 to his Departure in September 1745* (Edinburgh: Scottish History Society, 1897), p. 68. Allt a’ Chaoil-rèidhe is a small stream flowing in a north-easterly direction into Loch Pattack, a little to the west of Loch Ericht. After leaving Cluny’s refuge with Lochgarry and others, Charles Edward stopped for a further night at Uiskchilra, where he was joined by John Roy Stewart on 13 September: see *The Lyon in Mourning*, III, 43–44. The prince and his companions (including Stewart and Lochgarry) then travelled to the coast, where they embarked for France on the French ship *L’Heureux* at Loch-nan-Uamh in Lochaber on 20 September.

224(c) Duke William Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Hogg has in effect downgraded him to the rank of duke while retaining the higher title of prince for Charles Edward.

224(c) Bally-Beg presumably, like Inch-Croy, a fictional location. While Hogg may have encountered this name in his travels (there is a farm called Ballibeg in the parish of Glassary in Argyllshire), it is also possible that he has simply combined common elements of Highland placenames: Gaelic *baile* ‘hamlet, farm’ and *beag* ‘little, small’.

224(c) that mean and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious here, as elsewhere, Hogg makes no attempt to disguise his dislike of Cumberland, whom he makes personally responsible for giving the orders for this reprisal. In the version of this text in *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal* the precise date given at the beginning of this story is replaced by the vaguer ‘One day in July’. Possibly Hogg had realised that, as Cumberland left the Highlands in time to reach Edinburgh by 21 July and London by 25 July (see *Caledonian Mercury*, 25 July 1746, p. 2 and 31 July 1746, p. 2), he would be unlikely to have been able to give orders for specific reprisals for an event happening on 17 July.

Aughteen Hunder an’ Twanty-Nine

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 December 1829, pp. 432–33]

A poem for the old year, just as Hogg had written for 1828. The printed text varies from the manuscript in the Alexander Turnbull Library in several ways. The order of the eight stanzas has been changed, with the original fifth stanza becoming the last so that the poem ends on a positive note. At first Hogg had planned to include a short ninth line in each stanza, but abandoned this in the manuscript after the second stanza, and no trace of it remains in the printed text. Several lines have also been rewritten: for example, the manuscript’s ‘auld forefaughten papish year’ becomes ‘dour, unsensy, Papish year’, and the ewes which were ‘cowrin’ are now ‘hurklin’. Hogg’s poem evoked a quick response in *The Atlas* for 3 January 1830, expressing the opinion that ‘a more prosperous, happy year, never passed over the heads of the good people of these realms’ (p. 8).

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 39 (iii). Watermark: G WILMOT / 1827.

Emendation:

225, l. 6 In vain we bleer’d (MS Invain we bleerd)] In pain we bleer’d

225(a) Thou plishy-plashy, cauldrie quean July 1829 was cold and frosty in Scotland, while August 1829 saw heavy rainfall leading to severe flooding in

the North-East, which devastated much of Strathspey, washing away bridges and causing other damage.

225(b) took the gee took the sulks.

225(c) tarry woo see note to 200(b).

225(c) Paisley town the largest town in Renfrewshire, a centre of the weaving industry.

225(c) Spitalfiel's Spittalfield, a planned weaving village in Perthshire about 6 miles east of Dunkeld, laid out in 1766.

225(c) Galashiels a town on Gala Water situated on both sides of the historical border between Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire; it was another important centre of weaving.

225(c) Papish Roman Catholic; the year is probably described as 'Papish' because of the passage on 13 April of the Catholic Relief Act which granted Catholic Emancipation, relieving Catholics of many of the restrictions they had suffered under, but the word also seems to function as a general term of abuse.

225(d) Thou'st open'd a devouring flood | To overwhelm the nation the meaning is apparently metaphorical and presumably applies to the effects of Catholic emancipation.

226(a) the cocks o' Calvin ... Luther's rhamers Jean Calvin (1509–1564) and Martin Luther (1483–1546) were major leaders of the Protestant Reformation and, Hogg suggests, those who now followed their doctrines had suffered a setback from the Catholic Relief Act. Calvin in particular had a strong influence on the Scottish church.

226(b) an angel sweet | Unto the Braes o' Yarrow not definitely identified; none of Hogg's children was born in 1829. However Hogg may have been referring to the return of his much loved daughter Harriet Sidney Hogg (1827–1884) to his home in the valley of the Yarrow, after a visit to Edinburgh for medical treatment for her lame foot in August 1829: see *Letters*, II, 306–07. We have not been able to establish the date of her return, which may or may not have been later in 1829.

Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 23 January 1830, pp. 50–54]

On 11 August 1827 Hogg wrote to William Blackwood: 'I approve highly of the Baloon Noctes I wish the inimitable author to send us over the highlands and by all means over the scenes he has himself visited else they are sure to be wrong described and bring us home again by a steam boat through the kyles of Sky and sound of Mull. It is the grandest conception ever was formed in embrio and must at least occupy three Noctes's Such songs are indeed well adapted for my stile and I must regret the time of year that the wild agitation has had its origin': see *Letters*, II, 276. From this we can deduce that John Wilson ('the inimitable author') was planning to write an episode of the 'Noctes Ambrosianae' set in a balloon, and that Hogg had been asked through Blackwood to provide some appropriate songs. Wilson, for his part, seems have cooled to the idea and, in a letter of 8 October 1828, Hogg, tired of waiting for Wilson to use the material which he had evidently provided, asked Blackwood to return 'the Balloon songs' and other material in his hands 'for I have no duplicate of one of them': see *Letters*, II, 308–09. It appears, however, that Blackwood did not return the songs, as Hogg's manuscript is still to be found in the Blackwood Papers in the National Library of Scotland (NLS MS 4805, fols 101–02).

Instead in a letter to Hogg of 11 October 1828 he acknowledged that he had 'the three short Balloon Songs' but told Hogg that 'the Prof^s [i.e. Wilson] you know still intends to use [them]': see NLS MS 30,311, pp. 71–72; quoted in *Letters*, II, 277. (In the manuscript the division between the songs is unclear, leading Blackwood to count them as three songs when there were actually four). Despite his assertion to the contrary, Hogg had another copy of the songs: the original draft with its deletions and revisions is in the Alexander Turnbull Library, having been passed down through Hogg's descendants and then gifted to the library (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 41). The manuscript in the Blackwood MS Papers is clearly a written up clean copy of the original draft with a few further minor revisions. It has been edited by Thomas C. Richardson in *Contributions to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 346–48. Richardson's notes (I, 554–57) provide a detailed account of the differences between the ATL draft and the NLS clean copy. Clearly at some point Hogg realised Wilson was not going to use the songs he had written, and decided to write material of his own which could incorporate them. Thus was born 'Dr David Dale's Account of a Grand Aerial Voyage'. Sometime in the latter half of 1829 Hogg sent the manuscript of his new story to Blackwood, who rejected it. Clearly upset by this, Hogg wrote back on 4 January 1830: 'I cannot help laughing at your most unfair and disingenuous excuse for not publishing *any* of *my* pieces on pretence that they will interfere with something that Mr Wilson may write but which he will never write and I am sure *he* at least has more generosity than to keep back an acknowledged good article of mine on any such selfish pretence [new paragraph] What the devil may there not be as many flights in a balloon and countries visited as meetings at Ambrose's? But however though I was very much hurt on receiving your note I am quite pleased again and that the article may be no bone of contention between us at this season I have transferred it to Mr Bell to be published next week that at any rate you may be no the better of it. I would have got £16 for it in London but let it go, it shall appear before any other aerial tour at any rate. ... It is three years since Mr Wilson applied to me for a few songs for the occasion and as I judged it needless to lose my songs I wrote the little tour to take them in. But no more of this, the thing is past and gone for ever for me' (*Letters*, II, 368). It appears, however, that Blackwood had gone as far as getting the story set up in type before finally rejecting it, since Hogg told Blackwood in a letter of 11 April that 'I did not say to Bell that you had used me ill I only said what you had before admitted "that you had not used me to my satisfaction about that particular article" and it being to deliver to him in types that explanation was requisite' (*Letters*, II, 380). A manuscript version of the first part of 'Dr David Dale's Account' survives in the Alexander Turnbull Library (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 6). It appears to be an earlier draft of the story and exhibits significant differences from the version published in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which is substantially revised and expanded with the addition of extra passages, the revisions being presumably made for the version submitted to Blackwood. Later in the same month the piece duly appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, but the rejection continued to rankle with Hogg, who wrote to John Wilson three years later on 16 March 1833, 'You refused to admit my flight in the Balloon but you never admitted a better all your life' (*Letters*, III, 143). In writing his new piece Hogg has constructed a fantasy of air and space travel (a favourite topic with him) suitable as a setting for the fantasy of the songs. At the same time he has included references to real people, both in the contemporary setting in which the story is told and in the earlier setting in which the events supposedly take place. David Dale, however, seems to be a fictional character, his name being taken from a children's rhyme which Hogg quotes

at the beginning. In incorporating the songs from his draft manuscript into 'Dr David Dale's Account' Hogg rearranged their order: what had been the first became the third, the third became the fourth and the fourth became the first. He also substantially revised the manuscript's first song ('Song Third' in the print version) as well as omitting a verse from the manuscript's third song ('Song Fourth' in the print version), and made some further minor changes. It is clear that Hogg is working from the Turnbull manuscript of the balloon songs, since the songs as they appear in the 'Account' do not include the substantive changes Hogg made in preparing the manuscript sent to Blackwood. Most of the revisions are stylistic, but one at least is due to the new context: a line which in the Turnbull manuscript reads 'In kind George Laidlaw's snuggest bed' becomes 'In kind Glengarry's snuggest bed', to fit in with the encounter with Glengarry at the end of the story. As well as reviving the four songs, Hogg also included a further piece he had written earlier: the lines of verse describing Scotland seen from the air and beginning 'Man never look'd on scene so fair' come from 'The Russiadde', a mock epic, in two books and evidently incomplete, which Hogg included in his four volume collection of poetry published in 1822: see *The Poetical Works of James Hogg*, 4 vols (Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1822), III, 295–359 (p. 329). This poem does not appear to have been published elsewhere. 'The Russiadde' has obvious similarities to 'Dr David Dale's Account' and tells the story of one Russell ('Russ' for short) who is taken by Venus on an aerial voyage towards the moon and back to Scotland, before living underwater and finally entering Hell. (A description of Hell is promised for a third book, which did not, however, appear.) The passage quoted in the 'Account' follows closely on one describing how Russell and Venus fly through a thunder cloud and Russell sees 'the royals of the sky | Play off their dread artillery' in a scene virtually identical to the Shepherd's fearful vision of 'the deil's artillerymen' fighting in the sky in the 'Account'. It seems probable that it was the recollection of this scene from 'The Russiadde' that prompted Hogg to import the description of the aerial view of Scotland from that poem into his new piece. The lines have been adapted to their new context by changing 'Russ never looked' to 'Man never looked' in the first line; Hogg also makes some stylistic changes, such as altering the third and fourth lines from 'O'er valleys clouds of vapour rolled, | While others beamed in burning gold' to 'On hills in clouds of vapour roll'd, | On vales that beam with burning gold'. Hogg seems to have been rather fond of this passage, since he quoted exactly the same lines (also with the necessary variation of 'Man' instead of 'Russ') in his novella 'The Bridal of Polmood': see *Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC), p. 299. Interestingly *Winter Evening Tales* was published in 1820, two years before the publication of 'The Russiadde' in the 1822 *Poetical Works*: it thus appears Hogg had written 'The Russiadde' before the 1820 publication of *Winter Evening Tales*, although it is possible that he had written only this passage and then inserted it in 'The Russiadde' later. ('The Russiadde' has been edited by Philip Cardinale in *Studies in Hogg and His World*, 12 (2001), 143–80.) While 'Dr David Dale's Account' was never reprinted, two of the songs subsequently appeared in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: 'Song Second' as 'The Moon' and 'Song Third' as 'The Witch o' Fife'. The text has been revised with some changes in spelling, mostly tending towards scoticisation ('both' becomes 'baith' and 'and' becomes 'an' in 'Song Third') and sometimes in the other direction ('racket' becomes 'rocket' in 'Song Second'), and a few changes in diction (from 'The spirit's away' to 'The jade's away' in 'Song Second', and from 'dark look' to 'still look' in 'Song Third'). In introducing 'The Witch o' Fife', Hogg describes it, aptly enough, as 'notable for nothing save its utter madness' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 103).

Manuscripts: [the original draft of the four songs] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 41. Watermark: SG / 1825; [a clean copy of the original songs prepared for William Blackwood and now located in the Blackwood MS Papers in the NLS] NLS MS 4805, fols 101r–02v. Watermark: 182[0?]; [Part of ‘David Dale’s Account’; an earlier draft of the first part of the story from the beginning to the penultimate sentence of the paragraph ending ‘not so large as a mole-hill’] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 6. Watermark: None.

Subsequent Publication: ‘Song Second’ as ‘The Moon’, *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 233–34 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 103]; ‘Song Third’ as ‘The Witch of Fife’, *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*, pp. 235–36 [*Songs* (S/SC), pp. 103–104].

Emendations:

226, ll. 30–31 a descendant of this foolish shepherd (ATL MS)] a dependent of this foolish shepherd

231, l. 21 sorry for the poet as] sorry for the past as

232, l. 3 heard tell off] heard tell off

235, l. 13 Dophrines] Dophvines

235, ll. 39–40 precious benefits? Sae ye] precious benefits; sae ye

236, l. 27 water my mare] water my mane

226(c) I’ll tell you a tale ... at morn Robert Chambers has a similar rhyme but with ‘Tammie Fail’ as the protagonist: see the section ‘Miscellaneous Puerile Rhymes’ in his *Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories, and Amusements, of Scotland* (Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers, 1842), p. 61.

227(b) taking a marten for a fox ... having a wrong sow by the ear D. E. Macdonnell identifies the phrase ‘to take a marten for a fox’ as a translation of the French ‘prendre martre pour renard’ and glosses it as ‘To catch a Tartar—to take a wrong sow by the ear’: see *A Dictionary of Quotations in Most Frequent Use Taken Chiefly from Latin and French*, 4th edn (London: G. and J. Robinson, 1803), s.v. *Prendre martre pour renard*. ‘To take the wrong sow by the ear’ means ‘to make a mistake, to misunderstand the situation’ (ODEP, 756).

227(b–c) Mr Smith, vintner in Minnyhive, a town on the borders of Galloway William Smith was an innkeeper in Minnyhive in 1829; he died before 1845 when his wife is described as his widow at the time of her death: see *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 28 February 1829, p. 3 and *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, 29 October 1845, p. 3. Minnyhive, or Moniaive, is a village in the west of Dumfriesshire in the parish of Glencairn, which borders Kirkcudbrightshire, the eastern part of the historic region known as Galloway.

228(a) more than thirty years ago David Dale’s narrative is clearly a fantasy which can be attributed to his ‘facility of conception’, and no consistent setting in time can be discerned in it: for instance a reference to *Marmion* would date the events around 1808 (see note below) and the introduction of Henry Erskine locates it before his death in 1817 (see next note), but a reference to James Wilson living in Canaan dates it from 1824 onwards (see note below).

228(b–c) Harry Erskine being the counsel against me Henry Erskine (1746–1817), a prominent Scottish lawyer, who twice served as Lord Advocate and was Dean of the Faculty of Advocates from 1785 to 1795.

228(d) the North Meadow Walk a pathway along the northern edge of the Meadows, a piece of open land lying to the south of George Square in Edinburgh.

229(a) lockomotive in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* this word is printed with an end-of-line hyphen after ‘lock’ and has thus been interpreted as a single

unhyphenated word: it is possible that Hogg intended the word to be so hyphenated with a hard hyphen but no manuscript of this passage survives.

229(b) **ta'en the reest** jibbed, balked.

229(c) **Stentorophonick** sounding very loud; the adjective derives from Stentor, a herald with a loud voice mentioned in Homer's *Iliad*.

230(b) **hydrogen gas, which is known to possess in a remarkable degree the power of refraction** according to a source contemporary with Hogg, 'the refractive power of hydrogen gas greatly surpasses not only that of the other gases, but of all known bodies': see Andrew Ure, *A Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, with their Applications*, 4th edn (London: Thomas Tegg and Son, 1835), p. 577.

230(c) **gi'en** usually the past participle of *gie* 'give' but occasionally as here used for the present participle.

230(d) **their long homes** their graves.

231(a) **mountain dew** Highland whisky, especially illicitly distilled whisky.

231(b) **ox's gin and headraw gin** a misunderstanding of 'oxygen and hydrogen'.

231(b) **Peter Forbes's Hollands** Peter Forbes and Co. are listed in the Edinburgh Post Office Annual Directory from 1807–08 to 1829–30 (when this story was published) as wine merchants or wine and spirit merchants, first at Adam Square then at 96 South Bridge. Hollands is genever, the juniper-flavoured spirit of Holland and Belgium from which British gin later evolved.

231(c) **GLEN-LIVET** a single-malt whisky made at the Glenlivet Distillery, near Ballindalloch in Moray, since 1824.

232(b) **the creature** whisky.

232(d) **Gillan-an-dhu** possibly Gaelic *gailleann an dubh* 'the black storm' but see also Richardson's note, *Contributions to BEM*, I, 557.

233(a) **Ben-Nevis** a mountain in the Grampians, at 1345 m (4411 ft) the highest in Britain.

233(d) **Ben-Lomond** a mountain on the eastern shore of Loch Lomond rising to 974 m (3196 ft).

233(d) **the Grampian range** the mountain range which includes Ben Nevis and runs across the centre of Scotland.

234(c) **paracentral parabola** the general meaning here is that they have followed an elliptical route between the earth and the moon and come back close to their starting point.

234(c) **a kind o' representation o' things by similitude** the story's Ettrick Shepherd offers a definition of the literary and biblical term *parable* (derived from Latin *parabola* and ultimately from Greek *παραβολή*), rather than the mathematical term *parabola* (which also derives from the same Latin and Greek words).

234(d) **Mr Constable has published a singularly able book on mathematics lately** given the uncertainty as to when the events of the story are supposed to happen this is difficult to identify, but, as the later discussion turns on questions of geometry, it is possibly John Leslie's *Elements of Geometry*, first published in 1809, although Constable only became the publisher with the third edition of 1817.

234(d) **as he had given me Marmion so lately** the mention of Walter Scott's *Marmion* would place the supposed events of this story around 1808, when the poem was published by Archibald Constable.

234(d) **the parabolic and the hyperbolic curves ... curve of tangents** various terms of geometry whose exact meaning is here irrelevant: the fictional Hogg

is showing off.

235(b) fond of seeing keen to see.

235(b) James Wilson, the great naturalist James Wilson (1795–1856), younger brother of John Wilson (see note to 20(d)), and a friend of Hogg's. He wrote a number of books on natural history.

235(b) Canaan a former district of Edinburgh, now part of Morningside; after his marriage in 1824 Wilson lived at Woodville, Canaan.

235(b) Dophrines the French name (also adopted into English) for the Kiölen Mountains, which lie along the border between Norway and Sweden. The *Edinburgh Literary Journal* text reads 'Dophvines', a case of Hogg's 'r' read as 'v'. Compare the reference to 'the Doffrinis steep' in 'The Witch of Wife', the eighth bard's song in Hogg's *The Queen's Wake* (1813): see Night the First, l. 725; (S/SC), p. 43.

235(d) my truly a Scottish exclamation equivalent to 'by my word of honour' or 'assuredly': see *OED*, *truly* n. 1.

235(d) cork jacket early form of life-jacket, consisting of thin strips of cork sewn into a sleeveless canvas vest.

236(c) the gouden wain Ursa Major, here described as 'golden': see note to 13(c).

236(c) the bear the constellation Ursa Major: *ursa* means 'she-bear'.

236(d) Western Isles of Scotland the Hebrides, islands off the west coast of Scotland.

236(d) I hae been ower them a' an' ower again Hogg visited the Hebrides twice, landing on Mull, Rum, Canna, Skye, Harris and Lewis in 1803 and North Uist and Harris in 1804: for maps of these journeys see *Highland Journeys*, pp. 54, 152.

236(d)–237(a) the Lang Island, stretching frae Barra to the Butt of Lewis 166 miles another name for the Outer Hebrides which consist of a long chain of islands of which the most important are Lewis and Harris, North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra.

237(a) aince the inheritance o' the M'Leods an' M'Donalds of the two branches of the MacLeods, the Lewis branch lost control of Lewis in the late sixteenth century, while the branch of Harris and Dunvegan lost control of Harris in 1779, when it was passed from the hands of the clan chief to another Macleod, whose grandson eventually sold it in 1834 to the earl of Dunmore, a Lowlander. Macdonald of Clanranald held South Uist and other smaller islands in the Outer Hebrides, but successively sold off his lands between 1813 and 1838, while Lord Macdonald, of the Macdonalds of Slate, still owned North Uist in Hogg's time but sold it in 1855.

237(a) Sky; a fine island, an' maistly theirs yet in Hogg's time the MacLeods still owned land in the northern part of Skye including Dunvegan, while Lord Macdonald owned land in the south of the island.

237(a) the fertile Isla Islay, the southernmost island of the Inner Hebrides, has a milder climate than some other islands due to the Gulf Stream.

237(a) the barren Jura a mountainous and infertile island to the north east of Islay.

237(a) the bonny little Colonsay an island north of Islay and south of Mull in the Inner Hebrides, with a well wooded and fertile valley in the interior.

237(a) the inhospitable Mull a rocky island, after Skye the largest of the Inner Hebrides.

237(a) the Hebridean eagle either the white-tailed or sea eagle, the fourth largest eagle in the world, or the golden eagle; both were found in the Hebrides in

Hogg's time.

237(b) **Lorn** a district in Argyleshire, extending east from Loch Linnhe and the Firth of Lorn.

237(b-c) **Man never look'd on scene so fair ... never smiled** these lines are from Hogg's poem 'The Russiadde': for further details see the introductory note to this text.

237(d) **Loch-Awe** a large loch in Argyleshire, part of which forms the southern boundary of Lorn.

237(d) **Cruachan's clifted cone** Ben Cruachan, a large mountain in Lorn with clefts on its sides, rising to 1126 m (3694 ft).

238(a) **Mount-Benger** see note to 166(a).

238(a) **Glengarry's snuggest bed** Alastair Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry: see note to 126(d)–127(a).

238(b) **a wild savage chief** Glengarry presented himself as the ideal Highland chief, as reflected in the famous 1812 portrait of him by Henry Raeburn, now held in the Scottish National Gallery.

238(c) **the castle of Invergarry** by Hogg's time Invergarry Castle, on the shores of Loch Oich, the seat of the Macdonnells of Glengarry, was a ruin having been destroyed in 1750 after the failure of the 1745–46 rising.

238(c) **Lochiel's castle, bonny Auchnacarry** Donald Cameron of Lochiel (1769–1832) regained control of the family estates, which had been confiscated after the 1745–46 rising, and built a new Auchnacarry (or Achnacarry) Castle on the River Arkaig, as it flows between Loch Arkaig and Loch Lochy in Lochaber, by the site of the older castle. In 1803 Hogg visited 'the new castle of Lochiel, the building of which was then going briskly on' and noted that it was 'on an extensive scale and promiseth to be a stately structure'; he also noted that the previous castle 'was reduced to ashes by the duke of Cumberland's forces in 1746, and the marks of the fire are still too visible ... on the remaining walls of the house and offices': see *Highland Journeys*, p. 80.

238(c) **a man that had frightened them sae aft on the field** Donald Cameron of Lochiel (c. 1700–1748) was a major supporter of Prince Charles Edward in the 1745–46 rebellion and was severely wounded at Culloden. He was the grandfather of the Lochiel who rebuilt Auchnacarry.

238(c-d) **instead of leeving ... the vile stinking shores o' East-Lothian** in 1803, by contrast, Hogg had admired Lochiel for building his castle at 'the seat of his noble ancestors' and thus supporting the local community: see *Highland Journeys*, p. 81.

238(d) **Clan-Ranald** see note to **Clan-Ronald's Men** 124(c).

238(d) **Fient a ane o' them** not one of them.

238(d) **the true an' proper feelings of a chief** as noted above, Glengarry liked to see himself as the ideal clan chief.

238(d) **coming near the bit** reaching the critical moment.

239(a) **for the love o' M'Donnell's name an' the Jacobite Relics o' Scotland** Hogg is asking Glengarry to remember the active support his clan gave to the Jacobite cause.

239(b) **deil's buckie** imp of Satan.

239(b) **before one could have said Mahershallalhashbaz** this son of Isaiah (see Isaiah 8. 1–4) has the longest name in the Bible.

239(b) **Loch-Garry** a small loch to the west of Loch Oich, to which it is joined by the River Garry. It was part of the Macdonnells of Glengarry estate.

239(c) Lady Glengarry and her Misses Alastair Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry was married to Rebecca Forbes (d. 1840), daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo; they had seven daughters: Elizabeth, Marsali, Jemima, Louisa, Caroline, Guilelmina and Euphemia. For a discussion of the use of the title 'lady' for the wife of a Highland chief see note to 380(d).

239(c) Inch-Laggan a small settlement a little further to the west of Loch Garry.

239(d) his estates in Knoidart and Morrer Knoidart is a peninsula on the western coast of mainland Scotland, separated from the Sleat peninsula of southern Skye by the Sound of Sleat. Morar (Hogg's Morrer) is another peninsula, south of Knoidart, from which it is separated by Loch Nevis. The Macdonnells of Glengarry held estates in both districts.

'My Love she's but a lassie yet'

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 6 March 1830, pp. 147–48]

In a note to this poem in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* Hogg explains its provenance. '[It] was written at the request of Mr Thomson, to the old air bearing that name. But after the verses were written, he would not have them, because they were not good enough. "He did not like any verses," he said, "that had the line ending with O's, and joes, and yet's, &c. as they were very poor expedients for making up the measure and rhyme." He was quite right; but what was a poor fellow to do, tied to a triple rhyme like this?—The song was afterwards published in the *Literary Journal*' (*Songs* (S/SC), p. 102). Hogg wrote to George Thomson on 23 October 1829 complaining about the problems of making 'a graceful song to a triple rhyme': 'I recieved your letter with the carrier to night and for fear of forgetting a kind old friend I have written you down two songs for the air that you may take your choice of them Neither are at all good but I cannot help it for I can make them no better. There is ane of them, were it not that an admired young friend of mine might sing it some times who has let her enthusiasm in music supersede that in love might as well be called "George Tamson's Annie" It is a shabby useless cringing [TEAR] of a tune I could have made you one ten times better' (*Letters*, II, 358). According to Gillian Hughes's notes to this letter, it is 'a reply to a letter from Thomson (British Library, Add. MS 35,269, fol. 2) which is undated but perhaps from the endorsement to Hogg's letter to Thomson of 13 August 1829, may have been written on 7 September 1829. Thomson had sent music by Haydn for "the old ditty, 'My love she's but a lassie yet'" requesting Hogg to retain the first line of the old words and to make his song "light and playful"' (*Letters*, II, 359). A draft of the poem, which may reflect the version Hogg prepared for Thomson, survives in the ATL. It differs substantially from the version in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*: for example, 'blithesome bonny lassie' becomes 'lightsome lovely lassie', and 'neither mim nor massy' becomes 'neither proud nor saucy', while the third stanza is largely rewritten. By contrast, when the poem appeared in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* there was very little change from the *Journal* text. The song does not appear in NLS MS 4805, the fair copy manuscript which Hogg prepared for *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: see *Songs* (S/SC), pp. 284–85.

Manuscript: [draft] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 67 (iii).

Subsequent Publication: *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 230–32 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 102].

240(a) My love she's but a lassie yet an air of this name appeared in the second volume of James Aird's collection: see *A Selection of Scotch, English, Irish and Foreign*

Airs (Glasgow: James Aird, 1782), p. 1. For further information see *Songs* (S/SC), p. 285.

A Letter from Yarrow. The Scottish Psalmody Defended

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 13 March 1830, pp. 162–63]

In the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of 27 February 1830 (pp. 129–31) William Tennant (1784–1848), a schoolmaster at Dollar Academy and well known as the author of the mock heroic poem *Anster Fair* (1812), published ‘Remarks on the Scottish Version of the Psalms, with a View to its Amelioration’. Although Tennant found much to praise in the Scottish psalter, pointing only to some errors of grammar and prosody, Hogg felt the need to defend the Scottish version of the psalms in their entirety, unwilling to see any change to a version that was imprinted on the Scottish peasant psyche, and he responded with this piece only two weeks later. The editor was obviously happy to see some controversy in the pages of his journal (as his introductory comments make clear), and was no doubt equally happy to see Tennant himself respond two weeks later in good humour with ‘Scottish Psalmody. A Letter from the Ochills’ (pp. 189–90), concluding with the suggestion that ‘neither of us should write more on this pacific subject, and consign it modestly over to the clergymen’. In the same issue there was another anonymous response to his article, but neither he nor Hogg wrote any more on the subject in any public forum, and by the issue of 24 April the editor had effectively ended the correspondence, declaring that ‘The Letters of “Presbyter” and of “J.N.B.” of Dunbar, shall be forwarded to Mr Tennant’ (p. 250). Tennant did, however, continue to discuss versions of the Psalms, with articles on Latin versions by George Buchanan and Arthur Johnston (15 May 1830, pp. 288–90) and versions by James VI and Philip Sidney (22 May 1830, pp. 298–300).

241(a) Who shall decide when doctors disagree? ‘Who shall decide, when doctors disagree, | And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?’ (Alexander Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle III, lines 1–2).

241(a) Mr Tennant see note to 20(d).

241(b) our ancient Scottish psalmody *The Psalms of David in Metre, according to the version approved by the Church of Scotland*, commonly referred to as the Scottish Metrical Psalter, has been in continuous use since 1650, unchanged except for some modernised spelling.

241(b) Tait and Brady Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady collaborated on *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (1696). Brady (1659–1726), a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was an Anglican clergyman and poet. Tate (1652–1715), poet laureate and playwright, also graduated from Trinity College and, like Brady, later moved to London.

241(d) the rules of Lindley Murray born in Pennsylvania, but moving to England in 1784 after the American Revolution, Lindley Murray (1745–1826) wrote school textbooks, including his influential *English Grammar Adapted to the Different Classes of Learners* (1795), widely used in Britain and the United States.

242(a) monstrum horrendum ‘dreadful monster’: the Cyclops in Virgil’s *Aeneid* (III, 658).

242(a) Touch not, taste not, handle not see Colossians 2. 21.

242(a) Mr Surtees Robert Surtees (1779–1834), like Walter Scott, had strong antiquarian interests. He wrote *The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham* (1816–1840) and was a friend of Scott and acquaintance of Hogg, whom

he met in Edinburgh in summer 1819 and for whom he drew up a map of castles in Northumberland, probably for Hogg's use in the novel which became *The Three Perils of Man*.

242(d) the old Calvinist it is unclear who Hogg is thinking of here, but a later comment in this letter suggests he may have been thinking of George Buchanan (see note below), although Buchanan was not actually involved in creating the Scottish Metrical Psalter, for which no one person was responsible.

243(b) The old song, "Scotlande be a' turned England now." if this refers to an actual song we have not been able to identify it.

243(b) another first verse see Psalm 63.1.

243(d) Into thine hands ... hast redeemed me see Psalm 31. 5 in the Scottish Metrical Psalter, reading 'sp'rit' instead of 'soul' and 'O thou' instead of 'And thou'.

244(a) Dollar a village in Clackmannanshire; from 1819 to 1834 Tennant held a mastership at Dollar Academy, founded in 1818 and still surviving as an independent school.

244(b) Tait ... English way of spelling the correct English spelling is 'Tate'.

244(b) the song of "Jock Tait" we have found no song of this name. The reference may be to the poet John Tait (d. 1817), whose only well known song is 'The Banks of the Dee'. Hogg used the name in his poem 'Jocke Taittis Expeditione into Hell', first published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, September 1830 (pp. 512–17), and reprinted in Hogg's collection *A Queer Book* (1832). Although the poem first appeared in print after this 'Letter from Yarrow', it appears Hogg had drafted it at an earlier date, though possibly not with the name Jock Tait in mind: see *A Queer Book* (S/SC, 1995), pp. 136–43; textual note, p. 251.

244(b) wi auld Geordie Buchanan, young man this phrase is used in a quite different context in Hogg's song 'If e'er you would be a brave fellow, young man', which appeared in the March 1825 issue of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (*Contributions to BEM*, 1, 162–63). George Buchanan (1506–1582), Scottish historian and scholar, is now best known for his *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*, a history of Scotland in Latin (1582); he wrote paraphrases of the Psalms in Latin verse, although here Hogg is apparently seeing him as a force behind English versions in the Scottish Metrical Psalter.

245(a) I love the Lord ... to me his ear see Psalm 116. 1.

245(b) the son of Jesse King David, reputed author of the Psalms.

245(c) the threads in the loom compare the two versions of Psalm 139. 13: 'Thou know'st the texture of my heart, | my reins, and ev'ry vital part; | Each single thread in nature's loom | by thee was covered in the womb' (Tate and Brady); 'For thou possessed hast my reins, | and thou hast covered me, | When I within my mother's womb | enclosed was by thee' (Scottish Metrical Psalter).

245(c) the venerable Principal Baird George Husband Baird (1761–1840), minister of the Church of Scotland and linguist, was Principal of the University of Edinburgh from 1793 to 1840.

246(a) less shocked ... by the introduction of the liturgy the Church of Scotland was traditionally opposed to the introduction of a fixed and invariable liturgy, such as that of the Church of England's *Book of Common Prayer*. The attempt by William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, to introduce such a liturgy in Scotland in 1637 provoked strong protests, and Laud's liturgy was condemned by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland the following year.

246(b) As long as I can wield ... heart and hand compare 'While I have pow'r to weeld my sword, | Ile fight with heart and hand' in 'The Ballad of Chevy

Chase': see Thomas Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 3 vols (London: J. Dodsley, 1765), I, 240.

Andrew the Packman. After the Manner of Wordsworth

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 20 March 1830, pp. 179–80]

Another parody of Wordsworth, here acknowledged as such by Hogg; for the context of such parodies, to which Hogg did not normally attach his name, see the textual note to 'A New Poetic Mirror. No. I. Mr W. W. Ode to a Highland Bee' (pp. 496–97). While the style of the poem imitates Wordsworth in such details as using his characteristic double negatives ('Not unapplausive'), the subject matter falls very much within Hogg's sphere of Scottish theology.

246(c) vale of Bassenthwaite the valley of Bassenthwaite Lake, nornorthwest of Keswick in the Lake District.

246(c) Workington a town at the mouth of the River Derwent on the west coast of Cumberland.

246(d) Geltsdale a hamlet in Cumberland, to the east of Carlisle.

246(d) Bishoprigg a variation on the word *bishopric*, this was for a long time a common popular name for the County Palatine of Durham: see John Trotter Brockett, *A Glossary of North Country Words in Use* (Newcastle upon Tyne: Emerson Charnley, 1829), pp. 23–26. The name arose from the fact that the county came into being in the late thirteenth century when the lands of the bishopric of Durham were recognised as a separate county, in which the bishop had special powers, rather than being considered part of Northumberland.

246(d) Paisley lace lace with the Paisley pattern.

247(a) Upholden wove in Flanders claimed to be woven in Flanders.

247(d) a great man ... northern lore not identified.

248(a) a fluent, zealous holder forth not identified.

248(b–c) The Fall of man ... that great fall the fall of mankind into sin as related in Genesis, Ch. 3.

248(c) jaw-bone of the ass when Samson was bound and delivered into the hands of the Philistines, 'the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith' (Judges 15. 14–15).

248(c) gates of Gaza 'Then went Samson to Gaza, and saw there an harlot, and went in unto her. ... And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron' (Judges 16. 1, 3).

248(c) three hundred foxes 'And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives' (Judges 15. 4–5).

248(d) Atonement by the sacrifice of life all such atonement, especially Christ's through his crucifixion for the sins of humankind.

248(d) either in type or antitype either in the thing which prefigures (the type) or in the thing which is prefigured (the antitype): in this case either in the

prefiguring of Christ's sacrifice or in the sacrifice itself.

248(d) Earl of Lonsdale William Lowther (1757–1844), created Earl of Lonsdale in 1807. He was a friend to William Wordsworth, who visited the earl's home, Lowther Castle, on a number of occasions.

249(b) proleptical |Of anticipating.

250(d) Derwent ... Borrowdale ... Loweswater ... Ennerdale ... Buttermere ... Skiddaw these all lie within the Lake District of England: the Derwent is a river, Borrowdale and Ennerdale valleys, Loweswater and Buttermere small lakes, and Skiddaw a mountain, rising to 931 m (3054 ft).

251(b) good works Andrew relies on his imperfect good works to bring him to heaven, rather than putting his faith in Christ's atonement for the sins of humankind.

**Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed
the Ettrick Shepherd**

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 10 April 1830, p. 221]

On 15 August 1829, two weeks after the appearance of 'The Bards of Britain' ascribed to David Tweedie, there appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* a review of a novel entitled *The Davenels: or, A Campaign of Fashion in Dublin*, with these scathing opening words: 'This is a vulgar piece of fashionable drivel, peculiarly offensive to our nostrils. It is a matter of six hundred pages covered with letter-press, but for what earthly purpose it "goes beyond the length of our tether," as David Tweedie says, to discover' (p. 148). The casualness of the quotation of the words of the supposed David Tweedie from 'The Bards of Britain' suggests Hogg may have been the reviewer; whether he was or not, it appears either he or someone else wanted to keep the persona of Hogg's mythical creation alive in the pages of the *Journal*, perhaps in preparation for the exchange of verses between Hogg and 'Tweedie' which was to follow. However, it was not until eight months later that the exchange was resumed with this further poem. The introductory note, in the name of the editor but probably written by Hogg, admits that 'The Bards of Britain' was not by Tweedie but maintains the fiction that he was a real person and the author of this poem addressed to Hogg. The final element in the exchange was to be Hogg's response to this poem, 'Verses for the Eye of Mr David Tweedie of that Ilk', published four weeks later.

251(c) gives the Shepherd a Roland for his Oliver gives tit for tat; proverbial (*ODEP*, p. 682). Roland and Oliver were two of Charlemagne's paladins, equally famous and equally matched in combat.

251(c) the Crook Inn an inn near Tweedsmuir, on the road between Edinburgh and Dumfries via Moffat. 'This is a favourite haunt of anglers; the head-streams of the Tweed affording fine trouting in the neighbourhood': see *The Topographical, Statistical, and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: A. Fullarton and Co., 1845), I, 270.

251(d) Tallo's flood Talla Water is a tributary of the Tweed, flowing into it near Tweedsmuir.

251(d)–252(a) tie a fiery brand ... Samson with the foxes see note to 248(c).

252(a) Core Water, Froode, and Tallo's sluggish stream Cor Water is one of the headstreams of the Tweed; Fruid Water joins the Tweed downstream from Cor Water, upstream from Talla Water.

252(d) Linhouse possibly Linhouse, a house on the banks of Linhouse Water

about 3 miles east of West Calder in the former county of Midlothian. However between 1826 and 1838 the house belonged to James Home, and the name may well be Hogg's generic creation: compare the earlier reference to 'Old David of the Lin'.

Verses for the Eye of Mr David Tweedie of that Ilk

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 8 May 1830, pp. 276–77]

This is Hogg's response to his own earlier poem, written in the name of David Tweedie, 'Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg, Sometimes Termed the Ettrick Shepherd', which had appeared four weeks earlier. Hogg maintains the fiction that Tweedie is a real person but brings the exchange of poems to an end. As Batho points out (Edith C. Batho, *The Ettrick Shepherd* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1927), p. 147), Hogg's use of the Standard Habbie stanza, favoured by Burns, is unusual in his work, but Hogg would have adopted it because of Burns's frequent use in his verse epistles (although the 'Tweedie' poem to which he responds is in blank verse). A draft of eight stanzas of the poem is to be found in a manuscript in the Alexander Turnbull Library. The surviving draft is clearly a fragment of a longer draft, since it begins with the fourth stanza of the printed poem, which makes no sense without the preceding stanzas: presumably at one stage the draft contained these three stanzas or some version of them. The fifth stanza of the printed poem corresponds to the second stanza of the manuscript; the sixth to eleventh stanzas are not in the manuscript. The twelfth printed stanza corresponds to the fourth in the manuscript, and the thirteenth to the third. Thereafter the fourteenth to seventeenth stanzas of the printed poem correspond to the fifth to eighth of the manuscript. The printed text is very similar to the manuscript where it survives. There are a small number of verbal differences, such as the change from 'age' in the manuscript to 'eild' in the printed text, while the order of the first two lines in the manuscript's third stanza is reversed in the printed text's corresponding thirteenth stanza.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 72. Watermark: shield (bottom part visible).

253(b) Your lines ... About the rhyming brotherhood 'The Bards of Britain'.

253(b) muirland Sandy a rustic young man (with the personal name Sandy used generically).

254(a) Aitchison see note to 200(a).

254(a) play'd me a pliskie played a dirty trick on me.

254(b) these grand things that you ca' blanks blank verse as 'Tweedie' had used in 'Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg'.

254(c) a settled dishing a good telling off.

254(c) your Milton brogue a reference to the use of blank verse (as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*) in 'Lines for the Eye of Mr James Hogg'.

254(c) Tweed see note to 197(a).

254(c) Breadalbin a large district in northwest Perthshire.

254(c) Lorn see note to 237(b).

255(a) skiffy-skaffin otherwise unattested; compare skiff 'a slight gust of wind' (*SND*, *skiff* n¹ 1 (2)), used perhaps with the implication that Tweedie's singing has a wheezing sound.

255(c) on Tallo or on Frood see note to 251(d) and 252(a).

255(c) the crooks of auld Polmood Polmood Burn enters the Tweed a little downstream from where Talla Water joins the river. It has a very winding

course: hence the reference to its crooks (i.e. 'curves, bends'). It is perhaps described as 'auld' because a ruined ancient building stands beside it near the juncture with the Tweed.

The Meeting of Anglers, or, The St Ronan's Muster Roll

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 May 1830, p. 290]

Hogg founded the St Ronan's Border Games in the autumn of 1827 and continued to be actively involved, winning prizes in archery, until the last year of his life. Although angling was not one of the sports included in the annual Games, 'this did not prevent the St Ronan's Club from holding other meetings and competitions at various times of the year', and 'the members ... came together at other times to hold fishing contests on the Tweed or St Mary's Loch' (Groves, *Border Club*, pp. 12, 14). Hogg often carried off the prize at these angling competitions, and in May 1830 he competed for the silver medal, the prize given to the best angler (*ibid.*, p. 19). To celebrate the occasion Hogg has adapted 'The Chevalier's Muster Roll', a song included in his *Jacobite Relics*, which begins with the words 'Little wat ye wha's coming' repeated thrice, and continues: 'Jock and Tam and a's coming, | Duncan's coming, Donald's coming, | Colin's coming, Ronald's coming' and so on: see *Jacobite Relics I*, pp. 151–52.

Emendation:

256, l. 12 spirit of prophecy] spirit or prophecy

256(a) St Ronan's Border Club founded by Hogg in 1827, with the purpose of holding gymnastic games, and continued by him until his death. For a detailed account of the history of the Games and Hogg's involvement in them, see Groves, *Border Club*. As well as the main annual event, the games at Innerleithen held in the late summer or autumn, there were subsidiary events at other times, including angling competitions like the one that is the subject of this poem.

256(a) W. M'Donald, Esq. of Powderhall according to a report on the angling competition, 'after a keen contest, the medal was gained by Major M'Donald of Powderhall': see *Caledonian Mercury*, 13 May 1830, p. 3. William McDonald (d. c. 1865) lived at Powder Hall, described in the early 1850s as 'About 36 chains E. by S. from Warriston House. A modern built Mansion house with Offices, Garden &c. attached' (OS Name Books, Midlothian, 1852–1853, XC1, 7). It lay near the Water of Leith in what was in Hogg's time open ground north of Edinburgh. A prominent Edinburgh citizen, McDonald became a Director of the Commercial Bank. Thomas Tod Stoddart describes him as 'one of the keenest and readiest sportsmen that ever waved a wand or handled a fowling-piece [who] on one occasion, when we were angling together on the Teviot, ... encreed betwixt eleven A.M. and five P.M. the enormous weight of fifty-seven pounds of common river-trout': see *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs* (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1866), p. 185.

256(a) two of the principal office-bearers of the Club presumably Hogg himself and his assistant, Robert Boyd, who 'looked after many of the smaller details' of the Games: see Groves, *Border Club*, p. 1.

256(a) Riddell's Inn in Innerleithen, for several years the favoured venue for dinners held at the end of the St Ronan's Border Club games. In 1829 'nearly a hundred gentlemen sat down to an elegant dinner, furnished by Mrs Riddell' (*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 July 1829, p. 4); see also *Caledonian Mercury*

6 August 1832, p. 3, 5 August 1833 p. 3, and 8 August 1835, p. 3. Dinners were also held there after the angling competitions; see, for example, *Caledonian Mercury*, 11 June 1832, p. 3 and 15 June 1833, p. 3.

256(b) Jock is comin' not identified.

256(b) Sandy's comin', not identified.

256(b) Mr Nibbs an' a' 's comin' Samuel Nibbs, an Englishman, was famous as a runner; he won the footrace in the first St Ronan's Games in 1827: see *Tyne Mercury*, 16 October 1827, p. 3. He was also a keen fisherman and, according to Stoddart, 'Had the competitions [of the St Ronan's Club] been fixed to take place in June or July, Sam would, no doubt, have beaten the whole of the entrants put together; for he was, unquestionably, their master at wormfishing in clear, sunny weather, and up to all the dodges connected with this branch of the art' (*An Angler's Rambles*, p. 185).

256(c) Scougal's comin' George Scougal (d. 1845) was a flesher (butcher) in Innerleithen and achieved much success at hammer throwing, winning this event for three successive years (1827–29) at the St Ronan's Border Games. He was also very successful as a wrestler. According to Stoddart his 'brawn and muscle, broad shoulders and sinewy hand, drew admiration and envy from many a rustic onlooker', and he was one of the best anglers at the St Ronan's Club competitions' (*An Angler's Rambles*, p. 184).

256(c) Rose is comin' not definitely identified.

256(c) Robin Boyd, to blaw Robert Boyd was born in Stow, a parish adjacent to Innerleithen, in 1787. He was a cloth merchant in Edinburgh and then Innerleithen, and became the Secretary of the St Ronan's Border Club after its foundation in 1827. He was a skilful angler (Stoddart ranked him next to William McDonald: see *An Angler's Rambles*, p. 185); Marmion House, his home in Innerleithen, had a shop attached to it which sold fishing tackle. He died between 1851 and 1861. For more information see *Letters*, II, 482–83.

256(c) bubbly jocks turkey cocks.

256(d) Cricks are comin' meaning unclear.

256(d) Mellers meaning unclear: perhaps 'meddlers' from the verb *mell* 'to meddle'.

256(d) spellers of uncertain meaning: possibly from the verb *spell*, which Jamieson notes as meaning 'to falsely asseverate' in his *Supplement to the Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: W. & C. Tait, 1825), II, 456.

256(d) yettlin-sellers sellers of yet(t)lins, that is articles made of cast iron, such as kettles and griddles.

256(d) strummin' meaning uncertain: perhaps used in one of the meanings for 'strumming' recorded by Jamieson in the 1825 *Supplement* (see note above), all of which he ascribes to Ettrick Forest, which is to say Hogg: 'a loud murmuring noise', 'a thrilling sensation, sometimes implying giddiness', 'a confusion' (*Supplement*, II, 502).

256(d) hummin' a hoax, a piece of cheating.

A Grand New Blacking Sang

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 15 May 1830, p. 290]

James Kyle had been a boot and shoemaker in Leith from at least 1801 (South Leith OPR); for a number of weeks from November 1829 an advertisement was placed in the *Scotsman* for Kyles [sic] and Co., makers of shoe blacking at 112 Canongate in Edinburgh. (Hogg's reference to Jamie Kyle in his song spruiking this new venture

appears to confirm that this was also a James Kyle enterprise.) Headed 'Edinburgh and London. Kyles & Co. *versus* The Blacking Makers of London', the advertisement urges Scots to buy the local product, which the makers 'confidently offer as capable of producing a brighter polish on boots and shoes than any similar article ever imported from London'. They hope that 'they will meet with that kindly feeling which induces all well-disposed persons to encourage the manufactures of their own country, when offered to them upon equal terms with those of any other', in keeping with which the advertisement concludes with the assurance that the blacking will be 'sold to the Trade at the prices of the London Manufacturers': see *Scotsman*, 11 November 1829, p. 6. This is a straightforward acknowledgement of the dominance of the blacking (shoe polish) market by London manufacturers, most notably members of the Warren family. Of these the most successful was Robert Warren, who had been selling his product from his factory at 30 The Strand since 1816. (For a detailed timeline of the Warren family's involvement in the blacking business see www.gracesguide.co.uk/Warren.) Warren supported his business with a sustained program of newspaper advertisements in the form of comic poems, based on the conceit that birds, animals or humans are tricked into seeing one of their own kind mirrored in the perfect shine of the boots polished with Warren's blacking: see for example *Hull Advertiser and Exchange Gazette*, 6 April 1821, p. 1; *Sheffield Independent*, 6 July 1822, p. 1; *Leeds Patriot and Yorkshire Advertiser*, 25 April 1829, p. 1; *Chester Courant*, 8 December 1829, p. 1. Hogg has cheekily adopted the same conceit for his advertising poem for Kyle's blacking, and has also imitated Robert Warren's prominent display of the address '30, Strand' in all his advertisements by including Kyle's Canongate address in the last line. The song is thus 'new' in relation to the many Warren songs. In spite of Hogg's poem, for which he was possibly paid by Kyle, the new blacking business seems not to have been a success: an entry for 'Kyle and Co. blacking manufacturers, Milton House. Canongate' appears only in the 1830–31 edition of the *Post Office Annual Directory* for Edinburgh, Leith and Newhaven and not in subsequent years, and we have found no further advertisements for 'Kyles & Co.' after one in the *Scotsman*, 28 April 1830, p. 4. For further discussion see Gillian Hughes, 'Hogg's Extremities: Poetry and Advertising', *SHW*, 25–26 (2015–16), 21–29.

257(c) **BLACK-MAKERS** makers of boot and shoe polish.

257(c) **Warren** later called Robin Warren; Robert Warren (1784–1849), shoe blacking maker of 30 The Strand, London.

257(c) **Jamie Kyle's** two James Kyles, father and son, were boot and shoemakers at various addresses in Leith. The father was born about 1780 (see 1841 Census) and the son in 1807 (South Leith OPR) and died in 1862 (*Caledonian Mercury*, 22 July 1862, p. 4). Either or both of these could be the James Kyle referred to in Hogg's poem.

258(b) **sources of Missouri river** the Missouri rises in Montana, but for Hogg this simply means the wilder parts of America.

258(b) **Blackamores** black Africans.

258(c) **Canongate** the lower part of the long street leading from Edinburgh Castle to Holyroodhouse.

Song [Afore the moorcock begin to crawl]
[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 29 May 1830, p. 319]

Another love song from Hogg. The manuscript of the poem in the Alexander Turnbull Library has only four verses—the fifth and final verse was added in the print version—and there are a few minor differences in wording in the manuscript

compared to the print version.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 35 (1). Watermark: None.

Emendation:

259, l. 28 Wi' Bessie my ain] Wi' Bessie, my ain

A Ballad from the Gaelic

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 10 July 1830, p. 30]

It is not known when Hogg composed this poem and no manuscript survives. The title is probably not to be taken literally but rather as no more than an indication of a Highland setting. At the beginning of his footnote Hogg calls it 'an ancient and horrible legend'; the remainder of the footnote suggests that he simply took the idea of a massacre of the inhabitants from the stories surrounding Lochindorb Castle and then created a tragic tale providing a motivation for the killing. He later submitted a revised version of the poem to the *Forget Me Not*, where it appeared in the annual volume for 1836 under the new title 'The Lord of Balloch'. For the rather different readership of an annual intended for families, Hogg removed the gruesome description of the bleached skeletons hanging in the dell (lines 91–94) and also the Lochdorbain chief's terrible wish that he had twenty maidens loved by the lord of Balloch in his power (lines 107–10), as well as adding two more lines proclaiming that he will not tell what the lord finds in the dell, two more on the strength of the castle and another two on how abhorrence of the crime will never cease. The final two lines are also changed to read 'So perish all, without remede, | That dare such vile and cruel deed!', perhaps to avoid the odd rhyme of 'range' and 'revenge' but in the process losing the intriguing hint of a back-story in which the maiden was killed 'for revenge'.

Subsequent Publication: [as 'The Lord of Balloch'], *The Forget Me Not for 1836*, pp. 352–57 [*Annals and Gift-Books* (S/SC, 2006), pp. 84–87].

259(d) Laggan Loch Loch Laggan lies in Badenoch (see next note), east of Glen Spean. It stretches for 7 miles and its northernmost tip is only about 3 miles south of the Spey. Hogg saw the mountains around Loch Laggan from the summit of Beinn Mholach during his tour of the Highlands in 1802: see *Highland Journeys*, p. 43 and notes p. 297.

259(d) Badenoch a historic region in the centre of the Highlands, including the upper reaches of the River Spey.

259(d) Spey a river rising in the mountains to the north of Loch Laggan, flowing east and northeast 100 miles from Inverness-shire into Moray, where it eventually joins the sea.

259(d) the lord of Balloch the OS Name Books for Inverness-shire Mainland of 1876–78 (LIV, 10) record a Gleann Balloch (or Gleann a' Bhealaich) in the vicinity of Kingussie, which lies on the Spey about 15 miles north east of the northernmost part of Loch Laggan and thus within the general area described in this poem. It may be the origin of Hogg's name. Alternatively, as suggested by Janette Currie and Gillian Hughes, taking into account Hogg's footnote suggestion that the Lord of Balloch may have been a chieftain of the Grants, Hogg 'may have associated the name "Balloch" with a Grant chieftain because of the family of the Grants of Ballinalloch': see *Annals and Gift-Books*, p. 383. A third possibility is that Hogg simply made up a suitably Highland-sounding name.

- 260(a) Gill-na-omb** it is not clear if this is a name or a title; *gille* is the general Gaelic name for a servant, and this is possibly Hogg's variation on *gille-cuim* 'a body servant', thus applied to the Lord of Balloch's personal attendant.
- 260(a) Lochdorbin's men** Hogg's footnote reveals that he has partly in mind Lochindorb, a small loch lying on the border between Cromdale and Edinkillie parishes in Moray. It contains an island on which stands a castle used as a base by Alexander Stewart (c. 1343–1405), the infamous Wolf of Badenoch, responsible for many outrages in the area including the burning of the town of Elgin along with its cathedral. However the change of name from Lochindorb to Lochdorbin, along with the failure to identify the particular 'brutal chief' of Lochdorbin described in the poem, seems to be Hogg's attempt to distinguish his fictional treatment from any particular historical event or location.
- 260(a) the Gordons of the Glen**, see note to 34(a); in the *Forget Me Not* version 'Glen' is changed to 'glen', perhaps to avoid any inappropriate association of the Gordons with the Great Glen.
- 261(d) dome** a term applied to a large house or mansion (and here to a castle), latterly only used in poetry.
- 262(c) that cruel beast ... and Bogie waste** in these lines Hogg seems to be particularly thinking of Alexander Stewart, the Wolf of Badenoch (see note above). Buchan is a district in the northeast of Aberdeenshire, historically a separate county, and the Bogie is a river flowing through the western part of Aberdeenshire and surrounded by a fertile valley known as Strathbogie.
- 262(d) the country of the Grants** see note to 34(a).
- 262(d) an ancient castle ... watch-towers at each corner** substantial remains of the castle still stand today.
- 262(d) one of King Edward's officers** the castle was held by the English at various points during the Wars of Independence; Edward I visited it in 1303 and Edward III brought an army to relieve the English garrison when it was besieged by a Scottish army in 1335.

Allan Dhu. A Love Song

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 9 October 1830, pp. 232]

The Gaelic name and the mention of Breadalbane suggest a Highland setting but nothing is known about the origins of this song. Apart from a very few minor changes of punctuation and spelling and the dropping of the subtitle the song is unchanged in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*.

Subsequent Publication: [as 'Allan Dhu'] *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd* (1831), pp. 249–50 [*Songs* (S/SC), p. 110].

- 263(a) Allan Dhu** black (or dark-haired) Allan, from Gaelic *dubh* 'black, dark'.
- 263(b) Breadalbin's land** the earls of Breadalbane, a branch of the Campbells, had extensive land in Breadalbane (see note to 254(c)) and in adjacent areas. By the later nineteenth century it was one of the largest estates in Scotland.
- 263(d) plump at aince** all at once.
- 263(d) greet my fill** a traditional phrase, found, for example, in Burns's song 'My Harry was a Gallant gay' (line 11).

A Genuine Love Letter[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 23 October 1830, p. 262]

Nothing is known of the origins of this poem, which appears to have only been published this once.

Some Remarks on the Life of Sandy Elshinder[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 30 October 1830, pp. 280–82]

In 1830 William Blackwood published *The Life of Alexander Alexander; Written by Himself, and Edited by John Howell*, the story of an illegitimate man and his fraught relations with his father. Blackwood asked Hogg to review the book for *Blackwood's*, but when Hogg's review arrived he wrote back on 26 August 1830 rejecting it: 'I still like your notice of poor Alexander very much but on considering it more carefully I fear that this unfortunate creature whom the article is meant to serve, wld not view [it] in the proper light, as he is a morbid melancholy man, and wld be apt to think it cruel of me his publisher to put it in *Maga*. Besides too your unsparing attack upon the bastard brood wld if it appeared in *Maga*, be considered as political. On these accnts therefore I must reluctantly return it to you, but there are plenty of other channels through which I hope you can publish it, with advantage. It is too good for you to give away for nothing, as you have too often done' (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 77). Hogg then evidently offered his review to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, where it appeared two months later. Whether or not Hogg was paid by the *Journal* or gave his work away for free, as Blackwood apparently thought might happen, is impossible to determine at this stage. Hogg has typically colloquialised the name (Sandy and Elshinder both being Scottish forms of Alexander), in keeping with his somewhat dismissive tone towards Alexander and illegitimate children in general in his review. Gillian Hughes argues that Hogg's attitudes towards 'the bastard brood' were not always so negative, and that 'his kindly pragmatism applied to this topic as it did to others, while in writing about it he carefully adapted his tone to his hearers': see 'James Hogg and the "Bastard Brood"', *SHW*, 11 (2000), 56–68 (p. 56). Having himself fathered at least one illegitimate daughter Hogg no doubt had mixed feelings on the subject.

265(a) This Life of Alexander Alexander, or Sandy Elshinder *The Life of Alexander Alexander: Written by Himself, and Edited by John Howell* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and London: T. Cadell, 1830). Sandy and Elshinder are both Scottish versions of the name Alexander.

265(b) bastards of both sexes ... Falconbridge was wrong in Shakespeare's *King John* John adjudicates an inheritance dispute between Robert Falconbridge and his older brother Philip the Bastard, during which it becomes apparent that Philip is the illegitimate son of King Richard I. Philip claims to be as 'well begot' as his legitimate half-brother whether 'true begot' or not (I. 1. 75–77).

265(d) a huge black Aberdeenshire ox, with tremendous long horns this refers to the long-horned Highland cattle rather than the short-horned Aberdeen Angus.

266(b) terrified for men terrified of men.

266(d) degradation of the British troops ... superiority of the native regiments Alexander enlisted in the 6th Battalion of the Royal Artillery in April 1801

and arrived in Ceylon (modern Sri Lanka) in June 1803, returning to England in August 1811. In his book he writes that 'The [East India] Company's native troops were ... well-conducted, moral, honest, and sober; the most faithful of troops upon duty—in every respect superior to the Europeans in these points' (I, 166). By contrast 'the longer the European troops remained in this wretched place, which I may call the gates of death and hell, the more immoral and depraved they became' (I, 167).

266(d)–267(a) the economy of the 19th and 66th regiments while in Ceylon in Ceylon the Royal Artillery served in close contact with the 19th and 66th Regiments of Foot, stationed there. By *economy* Hogg means 'administration, management', and Alexander describes the poor leadership and excessively harsh discipline of these two regiments: for example, 'scarce a day passed in which some of them were not tied up and flogged for the most trivial fault' (I, 128), 'neither before nor since have I seen such unfeeling severity used to the very worst disposed slaves, as to these poor unfortunate soldiers of the 19th and 66th,—the officers appeared to take a pleasure in it' (I, 167) and 'the 66th regiment were used more like condemned spirits than human beings' (I, 170).

267(a) Robinson Crusoe ... half as many editions Daniel Defoe's *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Of York, Mariner* (first published in 1719) tells the story of Robinson Crusoe's life after he is stranded on an island. One of the most popular books in English, it went through hundreds of editions in both its original form and adaptations for children.

267(a) a romance, founded on a single extraordinary incident Defoe's novel was inspired by the real-life story of Alexander Selkirk (1676–1709), who for four and half years was, at his own request, a castaway on the isolated and uninhabited Juan Fernández Islands in the South Pacific. John Howell, the editor of Alexander Alexander's life, had published a life of Selkirk the previous year, which would have brought Selkirk's story to Hogg's attention: *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk: containing the Real Incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is Founded* (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1829).

267(a) Johnie Howell John Howell (1788–1863) was an Edinburgh writer, editor and inventor. As well as the books mentioned above he edited Thomas Pococke's *Journal of a Soldier of the 71st, or Glasgow Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, from 1806 to 1815* (1822), and *The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner* (1822).

268(a) he takes the pet takes offence; becomes dissatisfied.

268(b) *maladie du pays* homesickness.

268(c) the peace having been sworn against him to swear the peace against someone is to swear that one is in fear of bodily harm from the person, so that they can be bound over to keep the peace.

269(a) his unfortunate heirships *heirship* means 'inheritance' but here appears to mean 'inherited quality'.

269(a–b) South America ... sanguinary nature of that war of liberty the second volume of Alexander's life until his return to Scotland in 1822 is largely concerned with his experiences in the northern part of South America, in turmoil at the time from the wars of independence against Spain. Alexander describes 'captains and colonels without regiments' (II, 284) and 'executions acted with wanton cruelty' (II, 97).

269(b) O! had I a headstane as high as a steeple ... jumbled together from a mock 'Epitaph for Mr. John Morrison, Land Surveyor', printed in Morrison's 'Random Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott, of the Ettrick Shepherd, Sir Henry

Raeburn, &c., &c. – No. 1', *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 10 (1843), 569–78 (p. 570).

269(d) Mr Watson Gordon's picture Alexander's book has a frontispiece 'engraved by Thomas Hodgetts & Son from a picture of John Watson Gordon Esq'. John Watson Gordon (1788–1864) was a famous Scottish portrait painter who was later knighted and became President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

270(a) a beast of Belial a creature from Hell; Belial is a Hebrew term which came to be used as a name for the Devil.

270(a) Pilgrim's Progress like *Robinson Crusoe*, John Bunyan's allegorical text *The Pilgrim's Progress from This World, to That Which Is to Come* (1678) remained extremely popular with readers for several centuries and went through numerous editions.

270(a) the interest that Mr Blackwood has taken in the work as noted in the textual note above, William Blackwood, the publisher of this autobiography, felt considerable sympathy for Alexander, and this no doubt contributed to his original decision to publish the book. Perhaps equally important was the fact that he had already published works edited or written by John Howell: *The Life and Adventures of John Nicol, Mariner* (1822) and *The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk* (1829).

270(a–b) a Covenantanter's verse see note to 164(b).

270(b) If good deeds count in Heaven ... ne'er doe mair untraced, possibly by Hogg.

I Dinna Blame thy Bonny Face. A Song

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 17 December 1830, p. 379]

Presumably written for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* and never reprinted in Hogg's lifetime.

A Highland Song of Triumph for King William's Birthday

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 December 1830, p. 385]

This song first appeared as Song VI in *The Royal Jubilee: A Scottish Mask*, which Hogg wrote on the occasion of George IV's visit to Scotland in August 1822, where it is sung by a chorus of spirits with Gaelic names summoned by a figure called the Genius of the Gaels: see *The Royal Jubilee: A Scottish Mask* (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1822), pp. 27–28. Valentina Bold comments that '*The Royal Jubilee* is an uneasy expression of tensions below the surface, fragmentation in Scottish identity and ambiguity towards Hanoverians and Highlanders': see '*The Royal Jubilee*: James Hogg and the House of Hanover', *SHW*, 5 (1994), 1–19 (p. 15). In the notes to her edition of the play Bold identifies Jacobite references in the words and music, providing a discordant overtone in this welcome to a Hanoverian king: see *The Royal Jubilee: A Scottish Masque*, ed. by Valentina Bold, *SHW*, 5 (1994), 102–51 (pp. 145–51). Douglas Mack also stresses the play's ambivalence, with its Jacobite references and more indirect allusions to the Highland Clearances: see *The Bush aboon Traquair and The Royal Jubilee*, ed. by Douglas S. Mack (S/SC, 2008), pp. xxx–xlviii. This particular song seems to be free of that ambivalence—its praise of the king is extravagant but not evidently ironical. Although there is no evidence that the masque as a whole was performed, it appears that 'Song VI' did get an airing during the king's visit: on 17 March 1829 Hogg wrote to the music publishers Goulding and D'Almaine, who had printed a song collection, *Select & Rare Scottish Melodies* (1808), with words by Hogg and music by Henry R. Bishop: 'By the by there is also one of my best songs

a wanting out of the *select melodies* ... It is a Highland song for the birth-day of his present Majesty and was sung with great *edat* at the Celtic Society when he was in Edin' I think it begins "To the Pine of Lochaber &c" Please return it also with the rest for I have no copy' (*Letters*, II, 333). Later in the same year, on 24 August, he followed up with another letter: 'You have likewise a song of mine which you did not publish "A Highland song for his present Majesty's Birth Day" and beginning "To the pine of Lochaber" &c If I thought it had fallen aside I would send you a copy for it is rather one of my best kind' (*Letters*, II, 353–54). The new name, so close to that used in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, suggests Hogg had already revised Song VI for separate publication before the death of George IV. In any case substantial changes were made between the version in *The Royal Jubilee* and that in the *Journal*. The original three stanzas have been expanded to four with the addition of a new second stanza, and some of the carried over material has been rewritten. One change is necessary: a reference to 'the day that brought [the king] hither [to Scotland]' could no longer stand when the song was reapplied to William IV, who did not visit Scotland during his reign. Another change removes the puzzling suggestion that the pine of Lochaber 'girdles the earth', so that it now 'burgeons in earth', while the new second stanza makes clear that it is the rule of the kings, whom the pine symbolises, that is now 'Encircling the ocean | And globe in its glory', rather than the pine itself. Whenever these changes were made, the apparent lack of ambivalence in Song VI allowed Hogg to repurpose the song after the accession of William IV on 26 June 1830 as a birthday song for the new king. However the original context, in which Gaelic spirits sing the song, survives in the new title, 'A Highland Song'. Given its appearance in December 1830 the poem was evidently revised for William's actual birthday on 21 August, although it is possible that it was originally revised in anticipation of the following year's official King's Birthday, an event celebrated in William's reign on a proclaimed day in the last week of May. In *The Royal Jubilee* Song VI is set to 'Macgregor na Ruara', an air to which Burns also set an untitled song beginning 'Raving winds around her blowing'. The music is printed in the original edition of *The Royal Jubilee* (p. 27). For further information on the literary, political and social context of Song VI see the editions and article cited above and Caroline McCracken-Flesher, "The great disturber of the age", James Hogg at the King's Visit, 1822', *SHW*, 9 (1998), 64–83.

Emendation:

272, l. 11 secure him] secure him,

271(a) the pine of Lochaber the pine tree symbolises Bancho, lord of Lochaber (see below), and his descendants, including William IV.

271(c) Ho urim! sing urim! Hogg's footnote explaining that *urim* is a Gaelic word for 'glory' allows us to recognise this as Gaelic *urram*, glossed by Dwelly as 'respect, reverence, deference, worship' and 'honour, dignity'.

271(c) the tree of great Bancho Bancho (now better known as the Banquo of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*), an important player in the history of eleventh century Scotland. Hogg's use of the spelling 'Bancho' suggests his source (as with 'The Ballad of King Gregory') may well have been a translation of George Buchanan's sixteenth-century *Rerum Scotticarum Historia* (1582) where this is the spelling used: see *Buchanan's History of Scotland in Twenty Books*, 2nd edn, 2 vols (London, 1733), I, 262–67, 274.

271(c) The lord of Lochaber as Buchanan and Shakespeare both indicate, Bancho/

Banquo was thane of Lochaber.

- 271(d) The stem of the Stuart** continuing the image of Bancho as the pine of Lochaber, Hogg alludes to the claim that Bancho was the progenitor of the Stewart kings: he was the grandfather of Walter, the first Lord High Steward of Scotland, from whom the royal house of Stewart descended. Shakespeare likewise alludes to this in *Macbeth* (i. 3. 50–71).
- 271(d) Rose of the Tudor** the Tudor rose, a combination of the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster, brought together in Henry Tudor, who became Henry VII of England, and his wife Elizabeth of York.
- 272(a) King William** William IV (1765–1837) ascended the throne of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on 26 June 1830.

A Story of the Black Art

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 25 December 1830, pp. 396–99 and 1 January 1831, pp. 10–12]

On 12 February 1830 Hogg wrote to Blackwood, complaining that ‘as you have three tales and three songs of mine in hand I beg that you will return such as do not suit you for having no copies I am jealous beyond measure of the originals however trivial they may appear in Mr Wilson’s eyes. ... Yon tales are all worth gold to me so send them back with the next No’ (*Letters*, II, 374). ‘A Story of the Black Art’ was one of these tales; Blackwood returned it to Hogg (along with ‘Strange Letter of a Lunatic’, which later found a home in *Fraser’s Magazine*), as appears from a letter from Blackwood to Hogg of 27 March 1830, in which he also responded to Hogg’s suspicion that Wilson was behind the rejection of his work: ‘As to Profs Wilson you are totally mistaken in supposing he has any thing to do with what I accept or reject of your’s’ (NLS MS 30,311, pp. 555–56; cited in *Letters*, II, 375). Whoever it was who rejected this story, it is clear that stories like this, in which Hogg appears to accept the reality of witchcraft, were not generally welcome in *Blackwood’s*, where the atmosphere was more one of Enlightenment scepticism, whereas they found an outlet in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In creating this story, exhibiting his characteristic fascination with the supernatural, Hogg narrates fictional events while loosely basing the principal characters on historical figures. Various details make it possible to locate the historical setting in the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and this in turn allows us to identify some of the historical figures on whom the characters are based. However Hogg’s evident desire to both reveal and obscure the identities of the historical figures makes for a confusing narrative, in which it is difficult to identify who is who within the story—for example when he refers obliquely to an important character as ‘another great personage, mentioned before’. In the notes below we have attempted to identify the historical figures Hogg has incorporated into his fiction.

Emendations:

- 276, l. 29 I retire not again] I retire no[space] again
 279, l. 24 except for a wee drappie] accept for a wee drappie
 282, l. 26 the Lady Margaret Ogilvie] the lady Margaret Ogilvie
 287, l. 8 as if inhaling the soul] as if inhalling the soul

- 272(c) in the north of Scotland** the Aberdeenshire dialect used by one of the characters and the historical identity of the principal figures make it clear that

the setting is more specifically the northeast of Scotland.

272(c) **for the present** for present purposes.

272(c) **Lady Elizabeth** at the end of the story Lady Elizabeth marries 'Earl George', who can be identified as George Gordon, fourth earl of Huntly (see note below); historically the fourth earl's wife was Lady Elizabeth Keith, sister of the third Earl Marischal (c. 1510–1581). In the story she appears to be the niece of the Earl Marischal.

273(a) **had there been a king in Scotland at that time, as there was none** combined with a reference to a Catholic lord (implying that not all nobles are Catholics), a regent and 'the reformers', this suggests that Hogg is thinking of the time when Mary Stuart was queen regnant (1542–67): more specifically, the time during the Reformation when a regent ruled Scotland before Mary's return from France on 19 August 1561.

274(a) **Lord Robert** apparently the brother of the Earl Marischal (see note below).

274(c) **in place of** instead of.

275(a) **John Lesley** the Leslies are an Aberdeenshire family, which fits with the apparent setting of the story in that area.

275(a–b) **He was married to one Janet Elphingston** the name Elphinstone has been associated with Aberdeen since William Elphinstone was granted a bull by Pope Alexander VI in 1494 for founding the University of Aberdeen. In accordance with Scottish practice at the time Janet retains her maiden name after marriage.

275(b) **his broad and homely dialect** this passage and other speeches by Johnnie Lesley and his wife Janet Elphingston are in Aberdeen-awa, the Scots dialect of the northeast of Scotland. While it includes some features of that dialect, much of the spelling is intended to give the impression of a rather uncouth and comic speech. Thus *gued* and *meen*, where English has *good* and *moon* and general Scots has *guid* and *muin*, are recognised features of NE Scots: but Hogg has extended the use of the *ee* spelling to other words which do not have this pronunciation in this dialect, such as *heeme* 'home', *keentry* 'country', *weef* 'wife', and *theeng* 'thing'. Another feature of Hogg's spelling with little relation to the dialect pronunciation is the use of *u* instead of other vowels in spellings like *ruther* 'rather', *butter* 'better', *nubbers* 'neighbours', *sught* 'sight' and *sunce* 'since'. The most distinctive consonantal feature of this dialect is the substitution of *f* for *wh*, as in *fat* 'what'. Hogg reflects this feature, but in a half-hearted fashion, in the hybrid spelling *fwat* and in the use of the voiced sound in *vile* 'while'. Other spellings, such as *wimmun*, *akkuse* and *affrunt*, are merely eye-dialect, that is they look different to standard English or Scottish spelling but represent no difference of pronunciation. A further feature intended to show the speaker as ignorant and illiterate is the use of the double past tense *seedit* (*seed* is a recognised weak past tense of *see* but *seedit* is not) and an apparently past tense form *tuld* for the present tense 'tell'. Many features are also shared with general Scots; where appropriate they have been included in the glossary.

275(d) **meekle to luppen tee** to be greatly trusted.

275(d) **Gueed forbud** 'God forbid'. *Gude* 'good', here used in the Northeast Scots form *gueed*, is frequently substituted for *God* in Scots oaths and exclamations. See also in this story 'Gueed be my salveetion'.

276(a) **O weel mut the keel row, ... duple on her chin** Hogg's adaptation of a traditional song from Northern England and Scotland. The tune was

first published in *A Collection of Favourite Scots Tunes*, ed. by Charles McLean (Edinburgh: N. Stewart, [1770]), p. 21 and the words in *The Northumberland Garland* (Newcastle: Hall and Elliott, 1793), p. 68, where it contains these lines: 'Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, | Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in. | He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet, | He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.'

277(c) an ancient seaport town in the north the town is not identified, and Hogg may not have had any particular town in mind, but the dialect used by John Lesley and Janet Elphinstone suggests a setting in Aberdeenshire.

277(d) *The Town*, for so the village was uniformly denominated in Scotland the term *town* can be applied to a large village.

278(a) *gued be here* 'God be with us'.

278(a) *gruppit wi' the glinders* gripped by the sulks, in a bad temper.

280(d) *half-seas-over* half-drunk.

281(a–b) the first Catholic nobleman in the kingdom ... Earl George given the setting in the reign of Mary, various details suggest this is George Gordon, fourth earl of Huntly (1513–1562). He was a prominent Catholic and a very powerful figure in the kingdom, particularly in the northeast of Scotland. As noted above, he married Lady Elizabeth Keith, another detail which is consistent with Hogg's story.

282(a) two French crowns ... not very fairly come by either in 1550, along with other Scottish lords, the fourth earl of Huntly accompanied Mary Stuart's mother, Mary of Guise, to France, where '[l]avish financial rewards for loyalty were offered to the Scots by the king of France in return for their acceptance of Francophile policies, and he was said to have bought them all completely' (Allan White, 'Gordon, George, fourth earl of Huntly', *ODNB*).

282(a–b) parleying with a great man, the mortal enemy of your house and your religion with his Catholic sympathies Huntly was generally seen as unreliable and half-hearted in his dealings with Protestant leaders.

282(c) Lady Margaret Ogilvie in marriage ... affianced to the Earl Marischal the Earl Marischal in the time of Mary's reign was the third earl, William Keith (c. 1510–1581), whose sister ultimately married the fourth earl of Huntly, as noted above. It was however his grandson and heir George Keith, fourth Earl Marischal (1549/50–1623), who married Margaret Ogilvy, daughter of James, Lord Ogilvy, as his second wife. The third earl married Margaret Keith, daughter of Sir William Keith of Inverurie.

283(b) that he little weens of in his philosophy 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, | Than are dreamt of in your philosophy' (*Hamlet*, 1. 5. 166–67).

283(b) through the wood of Craigy possibly Hogg has in mind Craigie, a house in the parish of Tarves in Aberdeenshire.

283(c) clothed also in green, with a veil of green gauze green clothing is a sign of a fairy; see note to 70(a).

284(c) Inteed, my lord, she pe fery straing kerling ... Highland English; see note to **they could not pe tehlling me** 55(b).

286(c) the earl's house in the Canongate before the building of the New Town in the later eighteenth century, many of the nobility had their Edinburgh townhouses in the Canongate, the lower part of the long street from Edinburgh Castle to Holyroodhouse. Huntly House, now a museum, still exists.

The Bogle. A Song[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 12 March 1831, pp. 171–72]

This song combines two favourite motifs of Hogg's, a man going courting and the graphic depiction of supernatural creatures. It seems never to have been reprinted.

288(b) Bryant coal coal from the East and West Bryants Collieries in the parish of Newbattle in Midlothian.

288(c) Brownie a household spirit who does chores at night in return for a bowl of milk or other provisions left out by the inhabitants.

288(c) Kelpie a water-demon which haunts lakes and rivers, and by assuming the shape of an animal (a horse, cow or stag) lures people to their deaths.

The Minister's Annie[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 March 1831, pp. 189–92]

In March 1830 Hogg sent some proposed contributions to Anna Maria Hall, editor of *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, an annual. They were enclosed in a letter to her husband, who was the editor of another annual, *The Amulet*; Mrs Hall responded early in the following month, accepting a prayer but rejecting some other offerings. She commented with evident consternation, 'I find it most singularly perplexing—that the first tale you Sent me was one of Seduction'. She urged Hogg 'pray pray—write me a simple tale Something about your own pure and innocent Scottish children—without love—or ghosts—or fairies' (Letter from Mrs S. C. [Anna Maria] Hall to Hogg, 2 April 1830, James Hogg Collection, Special Collections, University of Otago Library). Over the years Hogg had dealt with sexual relations in a forthright and sympathetic fashion, and it was hardly surprising that Mrs Hall should reject such a story for a young audience. That the tale of seduction was 'The Minister's Annie' is suggested by Hogg's unusual choice of a non-Scottish name, Maria Westley, for his narrator: chosen, presumably, as a compliment to Mrs Hall and the annual she edited, since Maria was Mrs Hall's second name and Westley and Davis were one of the publishers of *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* from 1830 onwards. After Mrs Hall's rejection Hogg sent his story, at some point, to Blackwood, who returned it to Hogg in late February 1831 along with 'A Queer Courting Story', 'The Battle of the Boyne' and 'The Dominie', telling him 'All these are good in their kind, but not so good as what could be expected from you' (William Blackwood to James Hogg, 26 February 1831, NLS MS 30,312, p. 155). Hogg reacted quickly to Blackwood's rejection of his story, writing to John Aitken on 20 March 1831 saying he had 'inclosed ... a poem and a tale such as they are' (*Letters*, II, 435). Aitken had played an important part in the establishment of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and appears to have been handling contributions to the journal after the resignation of Henry Glassford Bell as editor. The 'poem' and 'tale' are presumably 'The Minister's Annie' and 'The Dominie', since both appeared in the 26 March issue. In revised and expanded form this story subsequently appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, 4.23 (November 1834), 582–87; for the text of this later version and a textual note see *Contributions to English, Irish and American Periodicals*, ed. by Adrian Hunter with Barbara Leonardi (S/SC, 2020) pp. 132–41, 240.

Emendations:

289, ll. 18–19 the life of no young lady] the life, of no young lady

296, l. 18 indeed so, it was] indeed so it was

291(c) **advertised her** published information about her.

293(b) **footstool of mercy** the stool acting as a footrest at the throne of God, who is a fount of mercy: see 'Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy' (Psalm 99. 5). The phrase is not biblical but occurs in religious literature, for example in the title of Charles Williams's book *The Domestic Guide to the Footstool of Mercy* (London: Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis, 1828).

293(d) **the satisfaction of a gentleman** a duel.

294(a) **name your friend and your day** name your second and the day of the duel.

297(b) **MARIA WESTLEY** as noted above, this name, which lacks the common Scottish associations of Hogg's fictional names, may have been suggested by the name of the contemporary religious publisher Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis, who published both Anna Maria Hall's annual *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* and her husband's annual *The Amulet, or Christian and Literary Remembrancer*, in which Hogg published a number of items. Apart from Maria being Mrs Hall's second Christian name, Hogg's choice might also have been influenced by the fact that Westley and Davis published from Stationers' Court and Ave-Maria Lane, London.

297(b) **North Leach** Northleach, a small town in Gloucestershire.

The Dominic

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 26 March 1831, p. 199]

As noted above in the textual note for 'The Minister's Annie', Hogg sent this poem with that story to Blackwood. Initially Blackwood planned to publish it in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, telling Hogg in a letter of 26 August 1830 that 'I had no room else I would have inserted "The [Glasgow] Taylor" or the Dominic' (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 36). However he ultimately failed to include the poem in his magazine and returned it to Hogg in a letter of 26 February 1831 along with three other manuscripts, including 'The Minister's Annie'. Hogg then sent the two works to John Aitken for inclusion in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Both the first draft of the poem and a later draft, as well as a fragment of new material, survive in manuscript, which enables us to trace the history of its textual development. Hogg's original draft (now in the Alexander Turnbull Library) begins at the printed version's tenth line but otherwise proceeds along the same lines as the printed version, with the significant exception of the inclusion of a penultimate paragraph which does not appear at all in the printed version, where it is replaced by the passage comparing the 'modern prig' with the old-fashioned dominic. At some later stage Hogg redrafted the poem, working from the original draft since all changes within that are carried over into the new draft and the original penultimate paragraph is retained. (This manuscript is also now in the Turnbull Library; it is probably the copy returned by Blackwood, as Hogg would have made a new copy to send to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*). It appears that the opening nine lines of the printed version were an afterthought, since they appear in the manuscript written at right angles to the rest of the poem. This new version shows some polishing of the text and is much closer to the printed version than the original draft. The passage that was later removed and replaced appears in the revised draft as follows:

It was my pride my joy in after life
To take him home with me weekly or so
Or by ourselves we went to the snug alehouse
As I required some most profound advice.

Then I oft think with tears, how his kind heart
 Would lighten up; and he would talk of Homer,
 Of Eschylus, and even of Zoroaster!
 In language most intense and dignified.
 Burns he liked not. On hearing him extolled
 He shook his head, and bade me rather take
 A model from Isaiah; or adopt
 The stile of one John Milton. Then his eye
 Would gleam with joy at each goodnatured sally
 Of his, or mine; and he would slap his hand
 Upon his knee and say with loud Ha-ha!
 "Daft poet! Foolish poet! Ah! what whims
 Revel in your crazed head! Give me your hand
 I must confess my old heart warms to you
 For all your fictions and extravagance"

Possibly Hogg, or someone else, felt that this picture of the old dominie enjoying a drink and a chat did not accord well with the rest of the poem but, for whatever reason, he drafted the replacement passage about the 'modern prig'. Since this survives as a stand-alone fragment in the NLS, it seems likely Hogg wrote it after he had already sent the second revised draft of the poem for publication, and that this was sent for insertion in place of the previous paragraph, either on Hogg's own initiative or perhaps because of an adverse reaction from Blackwood. Other changes from the revised manuscript were presumably introduced either in proof or when Hogg wrote out another copy to send to the *Journal*. An example of such changes is lines 12–16 of the printed poem, which in the manuscript of Hogg's second draft read thus:

There he sat,
 Or stood, or walked, or leaned with threatening frown,
 The real epitome of domination!
 The noun, the proposition to conciet;
 The pourtrayed hyperbole of despotism!
 <Of pride the parrallelopipedon!>
 Dogmatick, cruel, heartless and severe,
 The very *ne plus ultra* of abhorrence!!

A version derived from the revised ATL manuscript is included in *Contributions to BEM* (II, 125–27).

Manuscripts: [first draft] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 54. Watermark: None; [revised version] ATL MS Papers 42, Item 26. Watermark: G WILMOT / 1827; [paragraph on the 'modern prig'] NLS MS 786, f. 59v. Watermark: None.

Emendation:

297, l. 27 The bane of youth (ATL MS)] The bore of youth

297(c) **'Tis not in Walker, nor in Dr Johnson** *dominie*, a Scottish term meaning 'a schoolmaster', would not figure in such authoritative and frequently reprinted English dictionaries as John Walker's *Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language* (1791) and Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language* (1755).

297(c) **that old language spoke in Rome** i.e. Latin.

297(c) **That language modell'd by cursed terminations** a reference to the inflexions in Latin nouns, verbs, and adjectives.

297(d) **Of everything was dreaded** of everything that was dreaded.

- 298(c) like old Ishmael ... every urchin's heart and hand 'gainst him** the angel of the Lord tells Hagar that Ishmael, her son by Abraham, 'will be a wild man [and] his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him' (Genesis 16. 12).

The Poetic Mirror

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 28 May 1831, p. 342]

These two poems, parodies of Thomas Campbell and George Crabbe, appear without Hogg's name or his soubriquet; David Groves is surely right in ascribing them to Hogg (*James Hogg: Poetic Mirrors*, ed. by David Groves (Peter Lang: Frankfurt am Main, 1990) pp. 175–79), since it seems highly unlikely anyone else would have adopted the title, already strongly associated with the two editions of *The Poetic Mirror*. Hogg had published his earlier parodies/imitations in *The Poetic Mirror* without putting his own name to them, instead giving the names of the supposed authors, as he does here. Groves explains the absence of Hogg's name by noting that he had become 'cerie of offending influential literary figures' (p. 175). As with his earlier imitation of Moore, Hogg was following Scott, who had imitated Crabbe in 'The Inferno of Altisidora': see Walter Scott, *The Shorter Fiction*, ed. by Graham Tulloch and Judy King (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009), pp. 12–16. Scott's poem, however, is a serious imitation, whereas this short poem of Hogg's is a parody.

The Flower o' Glendale

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 4 June 1831, pp. 361–62]

Somewhat like 'The Bogle', this is a comic song of the supernatural, presumably written about the time of its publication. It appears not to have been reprinted.

- 300(b) Glendale** although there is more than one possible Glendale, the evidently Highland setting of this poem suggests this is Glendale in the Duirinish peninsula in the western part of Skye.

- 300(c) Ben-Grierson** apparently the mountain now known as Beinn na Creiche, which rises to 264 m (866 ft) and lies between Glendale (see previous note) and Colbost in Skye.

- 300(d) darts and ... fetters** symbols of being stricken with love.

- 302(b) Balwhither** Balquhiddy, a parish and glen in the western part of the historic county of Perthshire. As the burial place of Rob Roy Macgregor it has strong associations with his clan, and provides a suitable habitation for Hogg's Duncan M'Grigor.

The Poetic Mirror: A Common Lot

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 4 June 1831, p. 362]

We follow David Groves in ascribing this poem to Hogg. As with his parodies of Campbell and Crabbe, Hogg has not attached his own name to the poem but rather that of the supposed author. In this case, however, Hogg is modelling his poem on a specific piece, and adopts (with one significant variation) its title: both the title and the poem are based on James Montgomery's 'The Common Lot', which appeared as the final poem in his immensely popular, frequently reprinted collection *The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems* (London: Vernon and Hood; Longman, Hurst,

Rees and Orme, 1806). However, whereas Montgomery's poem describes the life of a man who stands as the representative of all humanity, the details of whose life and death are unknown, Hogg's traces the life of a particular individual, a gipsy tinker, most of the details of whose life are likewise no longer known. The change of title from 'The Common Lot' to 'A Common Lot' reflects this change from the universal to the individual. Hogg follows Montgomery's poem closely, picking up phrases from it and even imitating the structure of particular stanzas, as can be seen, for example, by comparing the fifth stanzas of Hogg's and Montgomery's poems. In the latter: 'He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er; | Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled; | Had friends,—his friends are now no more; | And foes,—his foes are dead.' Despite the closeness of his adaptation, Hogg characteristically introduces an element of comedy, making his poem at least in part a parody. All the same his poem is probably best characterised as an adaptation rather than as either a parody or an imitation. It concludes the series of 'poetic mirrors' in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. It does not seem to have been ever reprinted.

Emendation:

304, l. 22 Bear not this friend] Bears not this friend

303(b) A Common Lot see textual note above.

303(c) *Montgomery* the poet and hymn writer James Montgomery: see note to 20(d).

I'm A' Gane Wrang. A Sang

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 2 July 1831, p. 15]

A first draft of this poem survives in the Alexander Turnbull Library. Even as he composed it Hogg revised the poem, replacing words and lines as he went, especially in the first and third stanzas. There is even more substantial revision in the printed version, particularly in the first two stanzas, with the second stanza almost completely rewritten from its original form. In its revised and final form in the manuscript it reads as follows:

But there's a form an' there's a face
That never are frae afore mine ee
Yet there's a beauty an' a grace
That I may weel excused be
O fie for shame! How durst my tongue
Say sic a word even to mysel'
I'm a' gane wrang an' me sae young
Tis more than maiden's tongue can tell.

Before revision the last line of this stanza had read: 'Tis sic a shame as ne'er befel'.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 49 (i). Watermark: G WILMOT / 1827.

304(d) *gane wrang* gone crazy.

Grizel Graham

[*Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 24 and 31 December 1831, pp. 374–77, 385–87]

Hogg seems to have worked on this tale of the supernatural with typically comic elements on more than one occasion. Two fragments of manuscript survive, containing drafts of different parts of the story of the Laird of Peel related in the printed

version of 'Grizel Graham'. The first (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 11, a single leaf with no watermark, numbered by Hogg '6' on the recto and '7' on the verso) describes the decision of the laird to visit Grizel on the advice of his servant and the first stages of his encounter with her. It is rather more detailed than the equivalent passage in 'Grizel Graham', and has little in common with its wording except for when the Laird exclaims, 'od I'll nae say ae word o' blasphemy or ought that may affect my salvation for ten times the value of that I hae lost': compare his exclamation in the printed text, 'Od, I'll try it, if there's nae blasphemy nor ill words in't, nor ought that may gar a body sin away his salvation.' The second (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 43, another single leaf, with the watermark G WILMOT / 1827) begins with a six-stanza poem and then takes up the story of the Laird at a later stage. The last stanza of the manuscript poem corresponds very closely to the single four-line stanza in the printed text beginning 'Whiles we are birds upon the tree', which is sung to the Laird by the two 'tiny creatures'. Since this second manuscript bears the same watermark as other works submitted to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* at this time (for example, the song 'I'm a' gane wrang' published six months earlier), it is possible that Hogg was working on this draft shortly before submitting the story in rewritten form to the *Journal*. (This manuscript may or may not be part of the same draft as the first manuscript.) Perhaps Hogg intended his account of Grizel Graham to be a longer story or short novel, but then decided to produce a compressed version which would find a home in the *Journal*. Certainly the printed text shows signs of compression at the end, with major incidents such as Grizel's death recorded in only a couple of lines. In any case after writing this draft Hogg seems to have decided that the poem was too good to be sacrificed as part of a longer work. He added twenty new stanzas to the original five: eight at the beginning, one after the original stanza four, and eleven at the end. The new longer poem was published shortly afterwards as 'The Twa Burdies' in the February 1832 issue of *Fraser's Magazine*. However the story as a whole does not seem to have been subsequently reprinted.

Emendations:

314, l. 2 Buot wat] Buot uwat

315, l. 27 I'll be — if I will] I'll — if I will

305(d) between the fells of Cheviot and the tops of the Louthers the Cheviot Hills extend northeast to southwest along the English-Scottish border between Northumberland and Roxburghshire, while the Lowther Hills extend north to south along the border between the southern part of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire; effectively, this description covers the whole of the Scottish Borders.

306(a) the three kingdoms England, Scotland and Ireland.

306(b) Penny and Tit compare the word *tit* meaning 'A mark, of the nature of a small callus or cyst, on the body of a witch, supposedly made by the Devil' (*SND*, *tit* n.³ 2).

306(b) hanged at Lancaster over the centuries a large number of people were hanged at Lancaster after being tried and condemned to death at the Lancashire Assizes, held in Lancaster Castle.

306(b) the Eden a river which flows north through Cumbria to the Solway Firth, passing through Carlisle.

306(c) a professor of the black art at Oxford the black art is magic, particularly black magic, or witchcraft. Oxford also figures as a place of the black art in Hogg's *Three Perils of Man*, where the Friar is ignorantly said to have 'a book o'

black art that he carries about wi' him, and studies on it night and day [which he] gat ... at a place they ca' Oxford, where they study nought else but sic cantrips' (*The Three Perils of Man*, ed. by Judy King and Graham Tulloch (S/SC, 2012), p. 130).

306(d) Rowie's Peel the name is apparently fictional; peels were small fortified towers built on both sides of the Scottish/English border, both as homes and as places of refuge, in the time of the Border reivers.

308(a) love is ... heart bewitches taken, slightly modified, from Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, Part II, l. 443–46, 473–76.

308(a) For money ... last reason of all things see *Hudibras*, Part III, ll. 1329–30.

308(b) I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon compare 'I had rather be a dog and bay the moon | Than such a Roman': see Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, IV. 2. 79–80.

308(c–d) The child may rue ... courting of this night a variation on two lines in 'The Ballad of Chevy Chace', 'The child may rue that is unborne, | The hunting of that day': see Thomas Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 3 vols (London: J. Dodsley, 1765), I, 236.

309(c) shilly-shally wishy-washy, weak; the *SND* finds this meaning only in Hogg's writing.

311(a) taws normally 'a leather strap with thongs ... used as an instrument of punishment' (*SND*, *taw* n¹ 1) but here made of iron.

311(c) the sheriff-substitute the judge presiding in the local sheriff court in a county town.

312(a) damask roses *Rosa damascena*, a large pink or red rose, native to Asia, was used to make attar of roses.

312(b) Merlin's matchless might a phrase used in William Parsons's poem, 'Fidelity; or, Love at First Sight', line 15; see his *Travelling Recreations*, 2 vols (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, 1807), II, 283.

314(a) Buot wuat .. a brhaw fellow's life fworh that Cumberland dialect: see note to 123(a).

314(b) Mr Dickson not identifiable.

314(c) James Armstrong during the later Middle Ages and into the sixteenth century the Armstrongs of Eskdale, Liddesdale and Annandale, on the border between England and Scotland, were amongst the most prominent of the Border reivers in an area renowned for its lawlessness. Their reputation survived into Hogg's time in traditional ballads and stories.

314(d) go down go under, go broke.

314(d) St Faith's a small village near Norwich with a market for cattle brought by drovers from Scotland.

315(b) the gall of bitterness 'For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity' (Acts 8. 23).

315(d) Ashton the mention of Ashton, on the southern shore of the Firth of Clyde and only 4 miles downstream from Greenock, a major port of embarkation for North America, would have fed Sir John's conviction that his brother-in-law was planning to abscond to America. Less than two years after the appearance of this article Hogg's own brother, Robert, would embark at Greenock with members of his family on a voyage to New York to join his three sons already settled in America.

316(b) made up to him caught up with him.

316(c) spunking out leaking out, getting out.

- 318(a) **the unguous part** *unguous* is an unusual word though obviously related to *unguent* 'ointment, salve'; perhaps the meaning is 'the part of the healer'.
- 319(a) **polar spirit** Hogg appears to have borrowed this notion from Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, where a marginal note speaks of the 'The lonesome Spirit from the south pole' (gloss to lines 377–82), later named as 'the Polar Spirit' (gloss to lines 394–405).
- 319(b) **spirits of thrift and thrall** spirits of prosperity and good fortune (thrift) and of trouble, distress and bad fortune (thrall).
- 320(a) **his lane** by himself.
- 320(a) **prime at that** splendid at that.
- 320(b) **Well done, little cutties!** compare Tam's words to the witch in Burns's poem, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!': see *Tam o' Shanter*, line 189.
- 321(a) **I have recorded this singular event somewhere else** if indeed Hogg wrote about this elsewhere we have not been able to find it.

EDINBURGH EVENING WEEKLY CHRONICLE

[1808–1840; Hogg's Contribution March 1831]

This weekly journal appeared on Wednesdays until 5 March 1831 when it changed its name, evidently temporarily, from the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* to the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, and changed its day of publication to Saturday. Hogg's only known contribution to the paper is an account of the games held on 17 March 1831 on Mount Benger farm. Although Hogg was at this time writing for the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* he evidently thought it more appropriate to send this piece of factual reporting to the *Chronicle*, which had published earlier articles on the games (see Appendix II), and to reserve his more imaginative pieces for the *Journal*. Consequently in a letter of 20 March 1831 he directed his longstanding friend John Aitken to 'send the inclosed account of the Border games to the Chronicle' (*Letters*, II, 435) even though Aitken had strong ties to the *Journal* which he had helped to found (see 'Notes on Correspondents', *Letters*, I, 441). Indeed the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* ultimately merged with the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* to form the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle and Literary Journal*: see the headnote to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (pp. 474–75).

Border Games

[*Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*, 26 March 1831, p. 104]

This piece appeared without an author's name, being simply described as 'From a Correspondent'. However Hogg's request to his friend John Aitken to send his account of the Border Games to the *Chronicle* (see note above on the *Edinburgh Evening Weekly Chronicle*) proves beyond doubt that it is by Hogg.

- 322(b) **Thursday, the 17th ... at Mount Benger on Yarrow** 17 March is St Patrick's Day, evidently the regular date for the Mount Benger Games: the account of the 1826 games notes they were held on 17 March 'as usual': see *Caledonian Mercury*, 23 March 1826, p. 3. As Hogg's comment at the end of this article makes clear, these are not the better known Innerleithen games of the St Ronan's Border Club, which were instituted in 1827 and held annually in late summer or early autumn. As the more recently instituted Innerleithen games gained prominence, the Mount Benger games came to be considered as a subsidiary to them. The habitations of the winners show that the Mount Benger games drew largely

on local people from Yarrow, where the games were held, and the adjoining parish of Ettrick, whereas the Innerleithen games drew on a more diverse field of competitors. Hogg lost his tenancy of Mount Benger in 1830, after which the games there seem to have ceased.

322(b) Mr. Archibald Glendinning Archibald Glendinning (1806–1877) was from the parish of Eskdalemuir in Dumfriesshire, which borders on Ettrick and Yarrow. He was the son of Archibald Glendinning, a tenant farmer at Upper Cassock. The younger Archibald's brothers Andrew (1802–1847) and William (1803–1856) were also successful at games: see, for example, Andrew at the Innerleithen games, *The Scotsman*, 7 August 1833, p. 3 and William at the Liddesdale games, *Scots Magazine*, 1 April 1826, p. 119.

322(b) George Laidlaw George Laidlaw and John Laidlaw are described in an account of the 1829 games at Mount Benger, where George won the steeplechase, as 'brothers, and great grandsons to the far-famed Will o' Phaup': see *Caledonian Mercury*, 28 March 1829, p. 4. In the 1829 games at Innerleithen, where George again won the steeplechase, George and Robert Laidlaw are described as 'brothers and great-grandsons to the celebrated Will o' Phaup, the swiftest runner this country ever knew': see *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 July 1829, p. 4. (The references to 'Will o' Phaup' in these terms strongly suggest that Hogg himself wrote these accounts.) William Laidlaw ('Will o' Phaup'; 1691–1775) had a son, William (1735–1829), who also had a son named William (1756–1825), who had sons named Robert (b. 1797), John (1804–1862) and George (1806–1892). George later emigrated and died in Ontario. Hogg would have been very interested in these young men as he was himself the grandson of Will o' Phaup by his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, Will's daughter.

322(c) Mr Bryden, Crosslee see note to 42(b).

322(c) William Goodfellow in Mount Benger see note to 172(a). He was the winner at the Mount Benger Games of 1828 in putting a stone of 16 lbs weight and another of 22 lbs, and he also won the putting of 16 lbs at Innerleithen: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 27 March 1828, p. 4; *The Scotsman*, 30 July 1828, p. 5. He also won a footrace at Innerleithen in 1827: see *Caledonian Mercury*, 6 October 1827, p. 3.

322(d) Thomas Douglas not identified.

322(d) Glen-Kerry Glenkerry Burn flows northwest into Tima Water, which in turn flows into Ettrick Water at Ramseycleuch; at the junction of the Burn with Tima Water lay a house named Glenkerry.

322(d) Walter Scott Walter Scott (1802–1885) was born in Yarrow and spent his life in the parish, a large part of it as shepherd to Thomas Anderson of Sundhope (see next note). He died just across Yarrow Water at Yarrow Feus.

322(d) Mr. Anderson of Sundhope Thomas Anderson was the tenant of Sundhope, a farm belonging to James Johnstone of Alva, situated on the south bank of the Yarrow about 1½ miles to the east of Hogg's farm at Mount Benger, the site of these games. In the 1841 census his age is given as 62.

322(d) James Welch not certainly identified; a James Welch was born in 1792 in Selkirk and another in 1807 in Galashiels: see Selkirk and Yarrow OPR.

322(d) Hangingshaw a property on the northern side of Yarrow Water, nearly 7 miles downstream from Mount Benger; it belonged to James Johnstone of Alva (see also note to 329(a))

323(a) William Clerk not identified.

323(a) Mr. Scott of Leadhope Gideon Scott (c. 1783–1844: for the dates see his

tombstone in Yarrow churchyard), eldest son of Alexander Scott (d. 1804) of Ladhope (this is the normal spelling), followed his father at Ladhope, a farm belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. He is listed as leaseholder in 1832: see 'Report from the Select Committee (of the House of Commons) in Session 1837–8 on Fictitious Votes, Scotland: Minutes of Evidence', *The Sessional Papers Printed by Order of the House of Lords*, 28 (1837–38), 67.

323(b) Andrew Mathison Andrew Mathison (1806–1873) was born at Catslacknowe on Yarrow Water, a short distance downstream from Hogg's Mount Benger. He emigrated to Canada, where he married in 1835; he died in North Dumfries, Ontario.

323(b) The ball was then thrown up a game known as football was played in Scotland from at least the fifteenth century. Walter Scott writes that 'The football was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. ... At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle' (note to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, v. 6). It was not heavily regulated, like the games played in the present-day football codes, but rather a free for all, often as here between two parishes (in this case Yarrow and Ettrick) with very large teams. Football matches had featured in earlier games at Mount Benger, for example in 1825 with 500 participants: see *Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle*, 10 April 1825, p. 7. Hogg had also played a key role with Walter Scott in the organisation of a football match at Carterhaugh (see note to 42(a)) between the men of Yarrow and those of Selkirk: see J. G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, 7 vols (Edinburgh: Robert Cadell, 1837–38), III, 391, 394–99.

323(b) hardly contested fiercely contested. In the 1828 games there were 200 participants and 'though more than half of the men were severely wounded, and had their clothes torn, it was altogether astonishing with what perseverance and good humour the game proceeded': see *Caledonian Mercury*, 27 March 1828, p. 4.

323(b) the lads of Ettrick ... always deemed the best players for example, in 1826, 'The match at the ball, after a terrible contest, which lasted three hours and three quarters, was at last won by the men of Ettrick': see *Caledonian Mercury*, 23 April 1826, p. 3.

323(c) original border games ... kept alive ... forty years we have been unable to find any reference to games organised by Hogg before the games at Mount Benger in 1825: see *Bell's Life in London and Sporting Chronicle*, 10 April 1825, p. 7. (Although Hogg is not generally named as the organiser of the Mount Benger games, the fact that they were held on his farm suggests he was.) Hogg comments that there had been earlier meetings but they were perhaps of a more informal nature.

PRIZE ESSAYS AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND

[First Series 1799–1824; Second series 1828–1843: Hogg's contributions 1807 and 1832; 1807 contribution not included in this volume]

The Highland Society of Scotland was founded in 1784 with the aim of improving the condition of life in the Highlands and Islands, and received a charter in 1787. From 1799 onwards it published its first series of *Prize Essays and Transactions*, in which

one of Hogg's early published prose pieces appeared in the form of extracts from his prize essay, in an article by Andrew Duncan: see 'A Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep drawn up from Original Communications presented to the Highland Society of Scotland', *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, first series, 3 (1807), 339–535. (This article falls outside the years covered by this volume and is not included here.) From 1828 a second series of the *Prize Essays and Transactions* was published by William Blackwood jointly with his new *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*: see the prospectus for this joint publication in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 10 January 1828, p. 3, which explains that the Transactions are 'to be printed in such a manner, that if the purchaser choose, [they] may be separated from the rest, and bound uniformly with the volumes of the Society's Transactions already published'. Some twenty-five years after his first publication in the *Prize Essays* Hogg published another article in this second series; this time his article, 'Statistics of Selkirkshire', appeared in his own name. The *Quarterly Journal* was edited by David Low, who appears to have also edited the *Prize Essays and Transactions*. Hogg had originally intended 'Statistics of Selkirkshire' for the *Quarterly Journal*, in which he had already published two articles: 'Mr Hogg on the Effects of Mole-Catching', *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 1 (1828–29), 640–45, and 'Remarks on Certain Diseases of Sheep', *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 2 (1829–31), 697–706 and another was to follow later: 'On the Changes in the Habits, Amusements, and Condition of the Scottish Peasantry', *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 3 (1831–32), 256–63. (These articles will appear in the S/SC edition of *The Shepherd's Guide*.) However, as will be seen below from the note on this article, after Hogg realised 'Statistics of Selkirkshire' could attract a prize from the Highland Society he submitted it there, and it eventually appeared in *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland* rather than in the *Quarterly Journal*. The issue in which Hogg's essay appeared contains a selection of articles typical of this periodical: in addition to his piece there are three essays on foot rot (by 'Mr William Hogg, Shepherd, Parish of Stobo, Peebles-shire', 'Mr William Laidlaw, Bowerhope, Selkirkshire' and 'the Rev. Henry S. Riddell, Drydean, near Selkirk'), a 'Description of a Machine for raising Earthfast Stones, as applied in practice by W. Forbes Robertson, Esq. of Harlehead, Aberdeenshire' and a 'Description of a new Fly Bridge, invented by Mr James Fraser, Millwright, Dowally, Perthshire, for the Tummel Ferry'. William Hogg was Hogg's brother, Henry Scott Riddell was Hogg's young friend and protégé, who later wrote about his life, and William Laidlaw appears to be the brother of the Alexander Laidlaw who, according to Riddell's biographical sketch, was the farmer at Bowerhope and Hogg's early friend: see Henry Scott Riddell, 'James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd', *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, 7, 14, 21 August 1847, pp. 269–74, 386–92, 403–09 (p. 373). Moreover 'Alexander Laidlaw, Bowerhope' himself had an article, 'On Smearing Sheep, and the Price of Wool in the County of Selkirk', in the companion issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, 3 (1831–32), 1003–11.

Statistics of Selkirkshire

[*Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*,
second series, 3 (1832), 281–306]

On 17 November 1830 Hogg wrote to William Blackwood, the publisher of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*: 'I have written a statistical account of Selkirk shire for Mr Low [the *Journal's* editor] which I hope will not only give satisfaction but elicit a continuation of them from a great part of Scotland' (*Letters*, II, 409). Shortly

afterwards, on the 24th of the month, he wrote to Blackwood again with information about a mistake he had noticed: 'I beg you will take note of this. In the second page of this article where there is a stroke thus I say James the *Fifth* was the first who stocked Ettrick Forest with sheep. Now I suspect that it was James IV but having neither old Pitscottie nor the Minstrelsy of the Border by me I must trust you to rectify this before the M. S goes out of your hand if wrong' (*Letters*, II, 412; the text reads 'James the Fourth' in the printed version but Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, whom Hogg names as his source, ascribes the stocking of Ettrick Forest with sheep to James V: see note below). However Hogg then realised the essay might be eligible for a prize from the Highland Society and followed up with another letter to Blackwood on 9 March 1831: 'I'll tell you what I want you to say or write to Mr Lowe immediately. That when I wrote the account of Selkirk shire for his Journal I did not know or had forgot that the Highland Society had offered premiums for such accounts of Districts. And to ask Mr Lowe if it would make any difference ultimately whether the article was first sent to him or the Society. As I should think that if an article of equal value appeared among the rest in that journal they would (at least at Mr Lowe's suggestion) grant the prize to me as well as others. And lastly If there were any improvements that Mr Lowe could suggest to me to make the article more consonant with their plans' (*Letters*, II, 427). Evidently Blackwood did write to Low, who writes in a letter to Hogg of 22 April 1831 that 'Mr Blackwood mentioned to me, that you would undertake to favour me with a paper on the Changes that had taken place in the Habits, Character, and Amusements of our Country people', (Low had earlier asked Blackwood to approach Walter Scott to ask him to write such an article, but 'The engagements and bad health of the worthy Baronet prevented his complying with our request'. As noted above in the note on the *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, Hogg duly wrote the requested essay and it was published in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.) Low continued: 'I return your paper on the District of Ettrick. I would have sent it at once to Mr. Gordon, Depute Secretary of the Highland Society, but the premiums for this class of subjects are not awarded till the end of the year. It will therefore be better that you have the opportunity of giving it a thorough revisal; and, as it has to pass through the hands of a Committee, it would be advisable to get it written out in a fair hand, and you can leave each alternate page blank' (ATL MS Papers 42, Item 86). Hogg may or may not have revised the essay at this point: certainly there are differences between the surviving fragment of the manuscript in the Turnbull Library, which has all the appearance of being a first draft, and the printed text, but the changes could have been made either before or after the text was first sent to Low. Evidently progress was slow, as Hogg wrote to Blackwood on 24 October 1831: 'Have you never learned the fate of my "Statistical account of Selkirk-Shire"' (*Letters*, II, 463). It was not until 14 January 1832 that a report on the activities of the Highland Society appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, including the information that 'The honorary Silver Medal had been awarded to Mr Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," for a report on the agricultural state of Selkirkshire' (p. 2). Finally in August a notice appeared that 'This day is published' the September issue of the combined *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* and *Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland*, with Hogg's essay listed in the contents: see *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 30 August 1832, p. 1. The surviving manuscript in the Alexander Turnbull Library consists only of the last two pages of ten. It contains three passages which correspond to passages in the print version: on led farms, on Mungo Park, and on the ancient castles of Ettrick Forest. However all of these have been substantially revised and expanded. The

manuscript also contains several passages which do not appear in the printed text: one on parishes which are only partly in Selkirkshire, another on the story of Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, and a third containing a couple of sentences praising Walter Scott, which share nothing in wording with the passage in the printed text although they express a similarly high opinion of him. This last passage is followed by Hogg's expression of a hope that he had also expressed to Blackwood: 'If these rambling statistics should prove conducive of eliciting more systematic ones from other districts of Scotland, a great end is gained; and with a view to that desirable object the only thing I can say of mine is that "a begun turn's ha'f endit"'. Hogg's essay was well received by the *Perthshire Courier*, which declared it 'one of the best articles on Statistics that have as yet appeared in this work' (6 September 1832, p. 3); on the same date the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* praised its 'judicious and amusing details' and quoted the 'interesting and characteristic' sketch of Scott (p. 3), who died only a couple of weeks later.

Manuscript: ATL MS Papers 42, Item 14. Watermark: A Cowan & Son / 1829.

Emendations:

324, l. 15 uppermost farm-house on its banks] uppermost farmhouse on its banks
342, l. 20 Crawmell, on Meggat, which] Crawmell, on Megget, which

324(b) name ... ETTRICK FOREST ... of Celtic origin the standard opinion in the nineteenth century: see for example James A. Robertson, *The Gaelic Topography of Scotland* (Edinburgh and London: William P. Nimmo, 1869), p. 126. More recently, W. F. H. Nicolaisen has noted that the origin of the name Ettrick has 'never been explained satisfactorily' and could possibly be 'pre-Indo-European or at least non-Indo-European': see his *Scottish Place Names* (London: Batsford, 1976), p. 191.

324(b) Alterick ... as good Gaelic as a borderer could spell Alt-Ericht compare Gaelic *allt* 'brook, burn, stream' and *éirigh* '(act of) rising, mounting'. From its junction with the Tweed at about 325 ft (99 m) the Ettrick rises to 1700 ft (518 m) at its source.

324(c) uppermost farm-house ... 1212 feet above tide-mark Hogg is perhaps thinking of either Potburn or Over Phawhope, at the upper end of the Tweed, which are about 1230 ft (375 m) above sea level. It was in this vicinity that Hogg's grandfather, William Laidlaw of Phawhope ('Will o' Phaup'), 'lived all the better part of his life' in a sheiling at 'Old Upper Phaup': see *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), p. 107.

324(c) most elevated pasture-land in Scotland ... with the exception of the Athol Garry the upper reaches of the River Garry in Atholl in Perthshire are at about 1440 ft (439 m) above sea level.

324(c) Yarrow ... originally Garve, in the Celtic spelled Garubh Robertson agrees it is from Gaelic *garbh* 'rough' and cites other cases in which Gaelic names containing *garbh* correspond to English names containing *garrow*, but also notes the opinion of Sir J. Simpson that it is 'proof of a prior language in Scotland to that of the Gael': see *Gaelic Topography*, pp. 137–38. His opinion is shared by Sir Herbert Maxwell: see *Scottish Land-Names: Their Origin and Meaning* (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1894,) p. 138.

324(d) Tyma ... from the Gaelic Tiamaidh compare Gaelic *tiamhaidh* 'melancholy, gloomy, solitary'.

324(d)–325(a) Dalglish ... signifying the grey haugh or valley compare Gaelic *dail* 'Field, dale, meadow, plain' (Dwelly) and *glas* 'grey' but also 'green' when

applied to grass. A haugh is 'A piece of level ground, gen. alluvial, on the banks of a river, river-meadow land' (*SND*, *haugh* n.). Hogg's etymology is still generally accepted but with the interpretation of *glas* as 'green'.

325(a) Rankle-burn ... Gaelic and Saxon ... the ferny or brakeny glen (*Rainaichal*) compare Gaelic *raineachail* 'ferny'; the 'Saxon' element is *burn* derived from Old English *burna* 'spring, fountain; water from a spring or well'.

325(a) the Gaelic word *Magadh*, a place of echoes or mocking compare the Gaelic noun *magadh* 'scoffing, mocking, ridicule'.

325(a) Rodonno ... from *Righ* and *dun* compare Gaelic *righ* 'king' and *dun* 'hill'; the name survives in Rodono House and Rodono Cottage, on the shores of St Mary's Loch, and the ruins of Rodono Chapel, near where Chapelhope Burn enters the Loch of the Lowes.

325(b) here the kings of Scotland had a hunting-seat for centuries possibly Cramalt Tower, which conforms with Hogg's description: see note below. Mary Queen of Scots stayed there: see Alison Weir, *Mary Queen of Scots and the Murder of Lord Darnley* (London: Vintage Books, 2008), p. 148.

325(d) Pen of Eskdale Moor ... for Ettrick Pen (the same mountain) Ettrick Pen, in the southwestern corner of Selkirkshire on the border with Dumfriesshire, is now measured at 2270 ft (692 m). We have not been able to identify the particular cases of discrepancy noted by Hogg.

326(a) Hartfeldt ... a difference of 1100 feet in the height specified this is Hart Fell, 2651 ft (808 m), on the border with Roxburghshire in the southwest corner of Selkirkshire, 5 miles north northeast of Moffat. For another example of discrepancy compare the two different heights given in 1806 for this same mountain under two different entries on the same page: 'Hartfell; a mountain in the parish of Moffat, in Dumfries-shire ... 3300 [feet] above the level of the sea' and 'Hartfield; a mountain in the district of Tweeddale, in the parish of Tweedsmuir, elevated 2800 feet above the level of the sea': see *Gazetteer of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1806), p. 238.

326(b) the White Coom of Polmoody White Coomb, in the Moffat Hills 8 miles northeast of Moffat, rises to 2693 ft (821 m). It is the fourth highest mountain in the Southern Uplands.

326(c-d) Dr Walker's measurement of Hartfeldt according to Alexander Brown in his account of the Parish of Moffat in the (Old) *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 'The highest mountain in the parish, and perhaps south of Forth, is Hartfell. Its altitude was taken, with great care and accuracy, by Dr Walker, professor of natural history in the university of Edinburgh. It is within a trifle of 3000 feet higher, than the village of Moffat, which may be 300 feet, or more, above the level of the sea' (*The Statistical Account of Scotland*, ed. by Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, 21 vols (Edinburgh: 1791-99), II, 288-89). This refers to John Walker (1731-1803), minister of Moffat.

326(d) Mr Johnston not definitely identified but possibly (Alexander) Keith Johnston (1804-1871), a distinguished geographer who in 1826 joined his brother William (1802-1888) in founding the Edinburgh cartographical firm W. and A.K. Johnston.

326 (d) Winterhope Height ... Windlestraw Law these are mostly hills along the border of Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire. Due to change of names not all of these are identifiable on modern maps, but they include (using modern names) Broad Law (2754 ft), Cramalt (Crawmel) Craig (2723 ft), Dun (Dunse) Law (2584 ft), Dollar Law (2680 ft), Black (Blak) Law (2285 ft) and Windlestraw Law (2161 ft).

John Thomson's 1824 map of Selkirkshire identifies the hill now known as Dun Rig (2433 ft) in the parish of Traquair on the border of Peeblesshire and Selkirkshire as Blackcleughhead. All of these are considerably lower than Hogg's average of 3400 ft. Similarly Thomson's 1821 map of Peeblesshire names a hill between Dollar Law and Broad Law as Black Dody [*sic*], but it is not possible to determine which hill this refers to on modern maps.

326(d)–327(a) Ettrick-Pen ... Hangingshaw Law of Elibank hills along the Yarrow and Ettrick valleys: Ettrick Pen (2270 ft), Andrewhinney Hill (2220 ft), Ward Law (Ettrick Parish, 1951 ft), The Wiss (1932 ft), Mount Benger Law (1784 ft), Minch Moor (1860 ft); Hangingshaw Law of Elibank (marked as Hangingshaw Law on Ainslie's 1821 map of southern Scotland) and now known as Elibank Law (1715 ft). Their average height is thus lower than Hogg's 2200 ft.

327(a) Laws ... from the Gaelic word *lagh* (a bent bow) *pace* Hogg, the term *law* applied to rounded hills, 'gen[erally] of a somewhat conical shape and freq[ue]ntly isolated or conspicuous among others' (*SND*, *law* n.² 1). It derives from the Old English *hlaw* 'mound, hill'.

327(b) Sir Walter Scott's Marmion, Introduction to Canto II see *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto Second, lines 133–81.

327(c) Pott of Pott-Burn Potburn is in the upper reaches of the Ettrick, just below Over Phawhope. James Pott of Potburn is recorded in the Roll of Freeholders for Selkirkshire in *The Edinburgh Almanack, or Universal Scots and Imperial Register for 1830*, p. 240.

328(b) fiars 'the average prices of the various types of grain fixed annually in early spring for the current year by the Sheriff in the *Fiars Court*; originally fixed to ascertain the money value of Crown Rents, later to settle the value of grain sued for at law and, since 1808, only to determine the amount of a parish minister's stipend' (*SND*, *fiar* n.² 2).

328(c) teinds '[t]he tenth part of the produce of land or other fruits of labour required to be given over to the upkeep of the religious establishment, a tithe' (*DOST*, *te(i)nd* adj. and n. B II. 3).

328(c) the two pastoral rivers the Ettrick and the Yarrow.

329(a) late Duke Charles of Buccleuch see notes to 'Carterhaugh Cattle Show' 42(a) and 43(a).

329(a) Bowhill see note to 43(a).

329(b) present Lord Napier William John Napier, ninth Lord Napier (1786–1834); after a career in the navy Napier married in 1816 and settled in Selkirkshire, where he was active as a sheep farmer and in improving the land in the ways outlined by Hogg.

329(c) woods of Hangingshaw ... by Johnstone of Alva since this relates to already completed plantations Hogg was presumably referring to James Raymond Johnstone of Alva (1768–1830), although he died on 17 April, before Hogg wrote the first draft of this article in the latter part of 1830. By the time the article appeared in 1832 his son James Johnstone (1801–1888) had succeeded to the ownership of the property.

329(c) Boyd of Broadmeadows John Boyd of Broadmeadows (d. between 1841 and 1851) is listed in the Roll of Freeholders in *The Edinburgh Almanack, or Universal Scots and Imperial Register for 1830*, p. 239.

329(c) Pringles ... in the eastern parts of the country Pringles listed in the Roll of Freeholders in Selkirkshire in *The Edinburgh Almanack, or Universal Scots and*

Imperial Register for 1830 are James Pringle of Torwoodlee, John Pringle of Clifton, Robert Pringle of Fairnalie and A[lexander] Pringle of Whitebank. The Pringles had held Torwoodlee from 1509 and Whytbank from 1510: see *The Memoirs of Walter Pringle of Greenknow*, ed. by W. Wood (Edinburgh: William P. Kennedy, 1847), pp. 118–22, 123–29. Both Torwoodlee and Whytbank were in the NE of Selkirkshire.

329(c) generally termed Thief roads, or King's roads Walter Scott provides similar information: 'A path through the mountains, which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road* From these heights, and through the adjacent county of Peebles, passes a wild path, called still the *Thief's Road*, from having been used chiefly by the marauders of the border': see Scott, *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, II, 308–09.

330(c) Adam Laidlaw not identified.

330(c) Think of that, Mr Brook see Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. 5. 113.

330(d) the roads and bridges ... Lord Napier settled in the country Hogg wrote about the activity of Lord Napier (at the time Captain Napier) in promoting the construction of roads in 'The Honourable Captain Napier and Ettrick Forest', published in the February 1823 issue of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*: see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 116–17.

331(a) from none more than the writer of this article Hogg's article on Napier (see previous note) criticised him for projecting roads along what Hogg considered unsuitable routes.

331(a) the days of Alexander the Third ... Mary Stuart Alexander III reigned 1249–1286 and Mary 1542–1567.

331(a–b) silver mines ... at Glengaber ... printed account ... by Bulmer Bevis Bulmer (d. 1613) mined for gold (not silver) at Glengaber on behalf of James VI, well after Mary's reign: see Stephen Atkinson, *The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mynes in Scotland* (Edinburgh: Bannatyne Club, 1825), pp. 39–40. Hogg has confused Mary with Bulmer's actual patrons Elizabeth I and James VI. Bulmer's account of his activities is mentioned in Atkinson (p. 43), but it has not survived and it is undoubtedly Atkinson's account that Hogg has in mind. Its recent publication by the Bannatyne Club would have drawn it to his attention.

331(b) the celebrated Dousterswivel a fraudster in Scott's *The Antiquary*, who convinces the gullible Sir Arthur Wardour of his power to find gold. There is no evidence Bulmer acted fraudulently.

331(b) the Douglasses one of the dominant families in medieval Scotland, rivalling even the kings. Of the two branches of the family, the Black Douglasses and the Red Douglasses, the former were particularly powerful in Selkirkshire.

331(b) James the Fourth James IV reigned 1488–1513. Although Hogg was right in his original claim that this should be James V (see textual note to this article), we have retained the reference to James IV from the printed text as it fits with the date 1503 and the naming of his wife as Margaret Tudor (see next two notes).

331(b) in 1503 James stocked it with 20,000 sheep Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, whom Hogg later names as his source, actually says 10,000 and ascribes this to James V, not James IV: see *The Cronicles of Scotland*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1814), II, 358.

331(b) his queen, the Lady Margaret of England Margaret Tudor (1489–1541), the daughter of Henry VII of England, married James IV in 1503.

- 331(b) brave and beloved sovereign, whose temerity afterwards cost the natives so dear** in 1513 James IV died, along with many nobles and commoners, at the disastrous battle of Flodden where, against advice, he led the attack. His son, then less than two years old, was crowned as James V three weeks after the battle; the long minority which followed, along with the loss of so many leading figures in the kingdom, caused many problems for Scotland.
- 331(c) black-faced sheep** see note to 195(b–c)
- 331(c–d) generally supposed that he brought them from Fife ... still had been pasturing there** ‘he had ten thousand sheep going in the Etrick forest, in keeping be Andrew Bell, who maid the king as good count of them as if they had gone in the bounds of Fife’: see Pitcottie, *The Cronicles of Scotland* (1814), II, 358. However the wording in earlier editions is ambiguous. For example, the 1749 edition, following the wording of the 1728 edition, reads: ‘as they had gone in the Bounds of *Fife*’, where ‘as’ means ‘as if’ but is open to another interpretation suggesting the sheep had previously been in Fife: see *The History of Scotland from 1436 to 1565*, 2nd edn (Glasgow: printed by R. Urie, 1749), p. 279.
- 331(d) Mr John Wood** as appears in the previous note, Pitcottie gives the name as Andrew Bell.
- 331(d) the late ruinous war prices** prices during the Napoleonic wars, which ended in 1815.
- 332(a) the two Deloraines** Wester Deloraine and Nether Deloraine, two farms on the southern bank of Ettrick Water belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch.
- 332(a) the two Mount Bengers** two farms belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, located on the eastern and western sides of Mount Benger Burn where it flows from the north into Yarrow Water. Hogg rented the farm on the western side of the burn, distinguished as Mount Benger Knowe, from the Duke of Buccleuch on a nine-year lease from Whitsunday 1821.
- 332(a) all the other farms held now by the house of Buccleuch** the Duke of Buccleuch’s landholdings were very extensive; some of them are identified in the notes to ‘Border Games’ and ‘Carterhaugh Cattle Show’.
- 332(c) Duke Henry of Buccleuch, grandfather to the present Duke** Henry, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch (1746–1806); his son Charles, 4th Duke (see note to ‘Carterhaugh Cattle Show’, 42(a)), was the father of Walter, 5th Duke (1806–1884), Hogg’s ‘present duke’ who was only 13 when he succeeded to the dukedom.
- 332(d) a round for sheltering the flocks in a storm** a round is ‘a circular or semi-circular wall used in hill country to protect sheep in a snow-storm’ (*SND*, round n. 1 (2)).
- 333(a) death of Monmouth ... political troubles which ensued** James Crofts or Fitzroy (1649–1685), an illegitimate son of Charles II, was created Duke of Monmouth in February 1663. After his marriage to Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch, in April 1663 he took the surname Scott and was created Duke of Buccleuch. He led an unsuccessful rebellion against his uncle James II and VII and was attainted and executed for treason. His titles were forfeited, but his grandson succeeded to the title of Duke of Buccleuch and other associated Scottish titles because the duchess Anne had been separately created Duchess of Buccleuch in her own right.
- 333(a) Francis, the second Duke** Francis, 2nd Duke of Buccleuch (1695–1751), was active as a Scottish representative peer in the Westminster parliament from 1734 to 1741 and again joined the House of Lords when he became Earl of Doncaster in 1743. He was buried at Eton College, where he was educated, and

appears to have had more interest in English than Scottish affairs.

333(b) the nine years' leases Hogg had a nine-year lease on Mount Benger with disastrous financial consequences for him.

333(d) Lord Traquair Charles Stewart, 8th Earl of Traquair (1781–1861), who succeeded his father in 1827.

333(d) L. 1000 to L. 2000 Scots a pound Scots was a money of account; originally equivalent to an English pound, by the early eighteenth century it had depreciated to one twelfth of that value.

334(a) on the downfall of ... the Douglasses, the Scotts got easy possession the assassination of the eighth Earl of Douglas by James II in 1452 was a turning point in the family's power, which never regained its earlier heights. The ninth Earl of Douglas, last of that line, died in 1491, leaving a power vacuum which allowed the Scotts to rise to regional dominance.

334(a) held their lands in feu feu is 'the tenure of land in perpetuity in return for a continuing annual payment of a fixed sum of money to the owner of the land' (*SND*, *feu* n. 1).

334(a) feu-duty the annual amount paid in return for holding land in feu.

334(a) Lord Dunglas, the present ranger of Ettrick Forest Cospatrick Alexander Douglas-Home, 11th Earl of Home (1799–1881), known by the courtesy title of Lord Dunglass until he succeeded to the earldom in 1841. George IV appointed Lord Dunglass as 'chamberlain' (i.e. steward) of the royal forest of Ettrick, with the office of collecting the revenues of the Forest for the Crown.

334(a) held blench held free or for payment of a purely nominal rent.

334(b) Cheviot breed see note to 195(b–c).

334(b–c) the tulipo-mania that once seized on the Dutch a financial bubble in which the price of tulip bulbs in Holland reached extraordinary levels, before it collapsed in February 1637.

334(c) second ewe lambs lambs of second quality sent to market rather than kept for breeding.

334(c) runs off the top ones lambs born from the highest quality ewes.

334(c) scarcely half drawn this seems to mean 'as soon as they were born'.

336(a) the Statistical Account of Scotland the first (or 'Old') *Statistical Account of Scotland*, with entries on all the parishes of Scotland supplied by the parish ministers, appeared between 1791 and 1799: see note on **Dr Walker's measurement of Hartfeldt** above.

336(a) the late Survey of Selkirkshire, published by Oliver and Boyd William, Lord Napier, *Survey of Selkirkshire or Etterick Forest, containing the political, ecclesiastical, and agricultural state of this county* (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1829).

336(a) the number of sheep in the parish of Yarrow alone is stated at 55,000 see Napier, *Survey*, p. 6.

336(b) The parish of Ettrick ... is stated to contain 30,000 sheep see Napier, *Survey*, p. 6.

336(c) feuars people holding land in feu; see note above.

336(c) Ayrshire cows a breed of cattle developed in Ayrshire in the second half of the eighteenth century, normally coloured red and white.

336(c) the Highland breed a centuries-old breed of cattle, with long horns and a long woolly coat, originating in the Scottish Highlands.

336(d) Lammas the 1st of August; one of the quarter days in Scotland.

337(a) at Dumbarton Dumbarton Fair, a cattle market on Carman Muir (between Renton and Ardmore 3 miles from Dumbarton), held on the first Wednesday

of June each year.

- 337(a) **at Burghill in autumn** the fair at Brough-hill in Cumberland, a market for horses, cattle and sheep, was normally held on 30 September and 1 October each year, with slight variation in some years to avoid Sundays.
- 337(a) **SELKIRK ... celebrated of old for the valour of its inhabitants** a well-known song, 'The Souters of Selkirk', has been traditionally interpreted as a celebration of the bravery of a band of men from Selkirk at the disastrous battle of Flodden in 1513. The term souter, shoemaker, came to be applied to all the men of Selkirk due to the importance of shoemaking as an industry in the town. Walter Scott discusses the various interpretations of the song and affirms the accuracy of the Selkirk men's reputation for bravery: see *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, III, 108–20.
- 337(b) **its rights and immunities ... published in the late Political Survey of the County** Napier's *Survey* does not appear to include such information.
- 337(b) **the changes in the representation, and the choosing of burgh magistrates** until the passing of the Scottish Burghs Reform Bill in 1833 members of Scottish burgh councils elected their own successors. The bill gave those qualified to vote in national elections the right to elect councillors. Although it did not come into effect until after the publication of this article, reform had been anticipated for some time.
- 337(b) **all its ancient honours** Selkirk had been a royal burgh since before 1328.
- 337(b–c) **manufacturing the fourth part of a member of Parliament** before the 1832 Reform Bill fifteen Scottish members of the Westminster parliament were elected by delegates chosen by burgh councils, with smaller burghs grouped together to elect one member between them. In the case of Selkirk it was grouped with Peebles, Lanark and Linlithgow. After 1832 Scottish members of parliament were directly elected by the qualified electors of each constituency.
- 337(d) **GALASHIELS** see note to 225(c).
- 338(a) **the Political Survey, published last year** see Napier, *Survey*, p. 8. Hogg also criticised the accuracy of Napier's figures in 'The Honourable Captain Napier and Etrick Forest': see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 127–29.
- 338(b) **Scott of Gala** for most of Hogg's lifetime this was John Scott of Gala (1790–1840), who succeeded his father Hugh in 1795.
- 338(b) **Rev. Dr Douglas** Robert Douglas D.D. (1747–1820), minister of Galashiels from 1770 till his death. He stood security for the capital required to set up the textile industry in the parish and promoted the growth of Galashiels from a small village to a major centre of textile manufacture, leading him to be called the Father of the town.
- 338(b) **Mr George Craig** as a lawyer and agent for the Leith Bank in Galashiels, George Craig (1784–1843) was an important figure in the town.
- 338(d) **He has established a pastoral society** the first meeting of the Pastoral Society of Selkirkshire was held on 18 June 1819. Napier was toasted as 'the projector of the Society' and 'many thanks returned to him for his active exertions in behalf of the farming interest' (*Caledonian Mercury*, 1 July 1819, p. 4).
- 339(a) **Ballantyne of Holylee ... a gem of a new mansion on the banks of the Tweed** James Ballantyne bought Holylee in 1726 and built what is now Old Holylee; his grandson, also James, built the new house of Holylee in 1827, a 'disciplined late Georgian-style mansion in fine polished ashlar' (*The Buildings of Scotland: Borders*, p. 384).
- 339(c) **the late wretched practice of laying it all out in led farms** a led farm is

one managed on behalf of a non-resident, often by an unmarried shepherd, as opposed to a farm with a tenant farmer resident on the property with his family. Hogg had earlier quoted with approval Lord (then Captain) Napier's criticism of led farms, on grounds similar to those he offers here: see *Contributions to BEM*, I, 130–31.

340(b) Reverend Thomas Boston see note to **human nature in its fourfold state** 169(c).

340(d) a neat monument has been raised over his tomb the monument, in Ettrick churchyard, was erected in 1806.

340(d) Reverend Dr Lorimer James Lorimer D.D. (d. 1775), minister of Yarrow from 1765 till his death. He published a sermon, *The Duty of Holding the Faith* (Edinburgh, 1773).

340(d) Dr Cramond Robert Cramond D.D. (1741–1791), minister of Yarrow from 1776 till his death.

340(d) Dr Russel Robert Russell D.D. (1766–1847); minister of Yarrow from 1791, he filled that position for fifty-five and a half years.

341(a) no more parishes wholly within the county but these two of the other parishes, Selkirk and Galashiels were partly in Roxburghshire, Robertson and Ashkirk mostly in the same county, Stow mostly in Edinburghshire (Midlothian) and Innerleithen and Peebles mostly in Peeblesshire.

341(a) Chalmers's Caledonia George Chalmers (1742–1825) published his *Caledonia, or, An Account, Historical and Topographic, of North Britain* between 1807 and 1824. Projected as four volumes, it remained incomplete in three volumes at his death.

341(a) the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, with its texts of ballads and extensive notes, was published in Kelso in two volumes in 1802. In 1803 a third volume was published in Edinburgh, and several more editions followed with extra and re-arranged material.

341(b) Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller Mungo Park (1771–1806) was famous for his two journeys of exploration (1795–1797 and 1805–1806) in West Africa along the central part of the Niger River, which had not previously been explored by Europeans. He met his death on the second journey.

341(b) Sir Walter Scott ... Sheriff of Ettrick Forest now for thirty years Scott was appointed Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire in 1799, so thirty is a round figure here.

341(b) the then farm-house of Fowlshiels, which is now used as a lumber-house Fowlshiels, on the banks of the Yarrow opposite Newark Castle, lies about 3 miles towards the west from Selkirk. By 1858 there was a habitable house at Fowlshiels used by a shepherd of the Duke of Buccleuch: see OS Name Books, Selkirkshire, 1858, x, 67.

341(c) Miss Alicia Anderson in 1799, when living back in Scotland between his first and second voyages, Park married Alison Anderson, the daughter of the Selkirk surgeon Thomas Anderson to whom he had been apprenticed.

341(c) Dr Adam Park might sit for his likeness in the manuscript draft of this piece Hogg is more expansive: 'All the brothers except John the youngest bore a strong personal appearance [*sic*] to one another. Mungo was exactly a man between Archbald and Adam, but in features more like the latter. Indeed if I remember rightly, for it is a long time since I saw the Doctor the one might almost sit for the picture of the other considering them both to be of one age' (fols. 9–10). Archibald was born in 1767, Adam in 1777, and John (not, as Hogg

thought, the youngest) in 1775 (Selkirk OPR).

- 341(c) eldest son died in India ... second perished wofully in Africa** Park's eldest son, another Mungo (1800–1823), died in the Trichinopoly district of the Madras Presidency in India, very shortly after his arrival to take up a position as Assistant Surgeon. His second son Thomas (1803–1827) died in the kingdom of Aquambo near Accra on the Gold Coast, having travelled there in the hope of finding information about his father's death. Accounts differ as to whether he died of yellow fever (see *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 24 (1828), 126) or was poisoned after climbing a sacred tree, thus offending the 'Fetish men' (see *Morning Post*, 31 March 1828, p. 2). The youngest son, Archibald (b. 1805), rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel in the 29th Bengal Infantry and died in 1867 in Kent after his retirement to England, while Park's daughter, Elizabeth (b. 1803) outlived all her brothers and died in 1872.
- 342(a) made a shift** contrived; managed.
- 342(b) Tom Purdie** Thomas Purdie (1767–1829), Walter Scott's factotum at Abbotsford and a great favourite with his master. He is represented in Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* as a speaker of broad Scots.
- 342(b) now sixty-one years ... recover his vigour both of body and mind** Scott was born 15 August 1771; he had suffered strokes in February and November 1830 and April 1831. After a fourth stroke in June 1832 there was little hope of his recovery, and he died on 21 September 1832. Hogg last met him in September 1830.
- 342(c) Crammell** the ruins of Cramalt Tower, with its two towers joined by other structures, located where Cramalt Burn joins Megget Water and now submerged in Megget Reservoir. The earliest recorded reference to the tower is in 1530: see Canmore, 'Cramalt Tower'. However Hogg was presumably aware of oral traditions tracing it back to an earlier period, as in Mostyn John Armstrong's report that, according to 'the tradition of the Country ... it was the residence of Meggot of Meggot' in the Middle Ages: see *A Companion to the Map of the County of Peebles, or Tweedale* (Edinburgh, 1775), p. 66.
- 342(c) the days of Robert Bruce** Robert the Bruce reigned from 1306 to 1329.
- 342(c) Nidpath** Neidpath Castle stands on the north bank of the Tweed about one mile west of Peebles. According to *The Buildings of Scotland: Borders*, it was '[p]robably erected towards the end of the [fourteenth century] by Sir William Hay of Locherworth, sheriff of Peebles, or by his son Thomas' (p. 577).
- 342(c) Oliver** Oliver Castle is the name given to the remains of a fort lying above the Tweed near where Talla Water joins it. It is about 9 miles to the west of the boundary with Selkirkshire at St Mary's Loch. According to Canmore, 'The site is traditionally supposed to have been occupied by the medieval castle of Oliver, which is mentioned in a document of c. 1200. To judge from surface indications, however, none of the more recent remains seems likely to have formed part of a medieval castle, and without excavation, it is impossible to confirm the traditional identification of the site': see Canmore, 'Oliver Castle'. Whether or not this is the site of the medieval castle, it appears that Hogg was right in claiming it was one of the oldest castles in the area.
- 342(c) one of the Alexanders, kings of Scotland** Alexander I reigned 1107–1124, Alexander II 1214–1249, Alexander III 1249–1286.
- 342(c) the Gaelic Croch-maol, meaning the Brown Snout** compare Gaelic *cròch* 'saffron-coloured' and *maol*, defined by Dwelly as *inter alia* 'Brow of a rock' and 'Great bare rounded hill'.

- 342(c) Blackhouse, or Douglas Burn** Blackhouse Tower is located on Douglas Burn about 1¾ miles above the confluence of the Burn and the Yarrow. Hogg would have been familiar with the traditions associating Blackhouse Tower with the Douglasses from the time he was employed as a shepherd at the adjoining Blackhouse farm. Walter Scott, in the introduction to the ballad 'The Douglas Tragedy', mentions the association of Blackhouse with the Douglasses from as early as the reign of Malcolm Canmore in the early eleventh century, citing David Hume of Godscroft as his authority: see *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, II, 207. The ruins which survived to Hogg's time date from a later period than that of the Douglasses.
- 342(d) Elibank** situated on the south bank of the Tweed in the north-eastern part of the parish of Yarrow, Elibank Castle is described thus in *Buildings of Scotland: Borders*: 'Fragment of a late [sixteenth-century] mansion of unusual design. ... Probably erected by Sir Gideon Murray, founder of the family of Elibank, who acquired the property in 1595. The house was ruinous by 1722. ... There are no traces of any defensive features' (p. 258). This does not tally with Hogg's description of it as a strongly fortified castle.
- 342(d) Newark** located on the south bank of the Yarrow about 3½ miles west of Selkirk. *Buildings of Scotland: Borders* provides the following description: 'Well preserved shell of a major late medieval tower house ... Founded by the Black Douglasses c. 1424 ... [t]he castle was forfeited to the Crown in 1455 and became one of only two major royal castles in the Middle March ... The existing tower was probably commenced in 1465–8' (p. 585). Correct about the foundation of Elibank by the Murray family, Hogg is wrong in also ascribing Newark to them.
- 342(d) during the reigns of the Jameses** Hogg is probably thinking of the first five Jameses, who reigned in Scotland between 1406 and 1542, but possibly also James VI, who reigned from 1567 to 1625.
- 342(d) grave-stone of Cockburn of Henderland** the hanging of Cockburn of Henderland in 1530 is recorded by Bishop John Lesley: see *The History of Scotland*, ed. by Thomas Thomson (Edinburgh: Bannatyne Club, 1830), pp. 141–42. Scott, perhaps Hogg's source, refers to it in his introduction to the ballad 'Johnie Armstrang', citing Lesley: see *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, I, 116. Scott tells the story at more length in his introduction to 'The Lament of the Border Widow', where he quotes the inscription cited by Hogg but words it differently: 'Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his wyfe Marjory': see *Minstrelsy*, 3rd edn, II, 307–09. Hogg follows Scott and others in mistakenly identifying this Piers Cockburn with the Cockburn who was executed by James V; the latter's first name was William, and the gravestone relates to other members of the family: see Thomas H. Cockburn-Hood, *The House of Cockburn of that Ilk* (Edinburgh: printed by Scott and Ferguson, 1888), p. 193. Henderland lies on the south side of Megget Water, about a mile before it flows into St. Mary's Loch.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

[February 1832 to December 1853; Hogg's contributions May 1833 to May 1834]

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal was founded by William Chambers (1800–1883) and his brother Robert (1802–1871). It was initially edited by William but Robert soon became co-editor. Priced cheaply at a one and a half pence, it was edited with a canny sense of what would appeal to a wider readership, avoiding the controversial subjects of religion and politics, and aiming to be 'universally acceptable to fami-

lies', as William later expressed it: see *Memoir of Robert Chambers with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers* (Edinburgh and London: W. & R. Chambers, 1872), p. 242. It soon attracted a very large audience, as Robert was keen to point out in a letter to Hogg in October 1832, informing him that 'My brother William and I are now chiefly engaged in conducting a small weekly miscellany or magazine, of which we sell from twenty to thirty thousand copies in Scotland and about the same quantity in England'. His aim was to attract Hogg as a contributor: 'Now if you are not at present better engaged, I wish you would occasionally send us a rural tale or so, constructed as much as possible with a moral or useful object, and chiming in with the tone of our work. In the sheets now enclosed, you will find a good many tales and sketches of mine, which, being written for the work, may give you an idea of what we want.' In a further attempt to attract Hogg, he added in a postscript that 'there is no work in existence which could carry your name before so large a proportion of the reading public of the empire as ours. It is circulated in every corner of Scotland, even in the western and northern islands, as regularly as a newspaper'. Most importantly, he offered Hogg payment for his contributions: 'For every tale you contribute – and, if good, we shall not care for their being of no great extent – we will begin by giving you two guineas, though certainly we will not limit ourselves to a particular price when circumstances seem to warrant our extending it.' Aware that Hogg had published in Bell's *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, Chambers compared his own journal favourably with Bell's, carefully having a bet both ways: 'Compared with our work, Bell's late journal was obscure and trifling – though, as testified by my frequent contributions, I always entertained friendly feelings towards it, and thought it, indeed exceedingly well conducted' (Robert Chambers to James Hogg, 4 October 1832, NLS MS 2245, fol. 214). The key word here is 'trifling': for the Chambers brothers the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* was just not serious enough. They aimed, as the first issue asserted, to 'take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction' and to ensure that 'the poor labourer ... shall have it in his power to purchase ... a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction'. The emphasis was all on useful instruction guided by proper moral principles: 'I see the straight path of moral responsibility before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty.' Part of the program was favourable to Hogg's interest in oral tradition: the editor promised to provide for 'ladies and gentlemen of the "old school" ... innumerable amusing traditional anecdotes'. The Gothic was to be rejected and with it the supernatural, another of Hogg's key interests: for 'my fair young country-women in their teens' the editor undertook to provide 'every week, if I can find room, a nice amusing tale' but it would be 'no ordinary trash about Italian castles' with 'ghosts in the blue chamber, and similar nonsense' (William Chambers, 'The Editor's Address to his Readers', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 4 February 1832, p. 1). In the end the journal's emphasis on useful information, sound morality, and the real world rather than the world of fancy and imagination was inimical to Hogg's genius, and he contributed only seven articles spread over little more than a year. Bell's *Edinburgh Literary Journal* may not have paid him but it had provided an outlet for a wide range of his interests; *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* proved to be a much less congenial substitute. By the end of 1833 Hogg seems to have run out of interest in providing new material for the journal, and the only two pieces he published in it in 1834 had earlier been published in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Both of these were bowdlerised, probably by the publishers rather than by Hogg, which can hardly have added to his commitment to the journal. After Robert Chambers failed to print Hogg's account of a toast he had given at the Highland

Society of London in 1832, Hogg expressed his dissatisfaction, but the rejection of the piece was hardly surprising: it was neither serious enough nor moral enough for the taste of the Chambers brothers. Hogg sent it to the *Glasgow Courier*, where it was published on 7 October 1834 (see the present volume, pp. 380–81); he did not thereafter himself publish anything in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. However, several years after his death came the posthumous publication of 'The History of an Auld Naig', introduced by the following note: 'Amongst a few papers contributed some years ago to a London *annual* by the Ettrick Shepherd, and which (no opportunity having occurred of using them) have been transferred to us, is one under the above title': see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 10 August 1839, p. 232. For an overall account of Hogg's work as a contributor to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, see Gillian Hughes, 'The Importance of the Periodical Environment in Hogg's Work for *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*', in *Papers Given at the First Conference of the James Hogg Society*, ed. by Gillian Hughes (Stirling: The James Hogg Society, 1983), pp. 40–48.

Emigration

[*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 18 May 1833, pp. 124–25]

Emigration was a matter of special interest to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, which had included an article on the subject in its very first issue (4 February 1832, pp. 3–4); it was also a subject of deep personal interest to Hogg. He is concerned here specifically with emigration from the Lowlands, rather than the better known Highland emigration which accompanied the Highland Clearances. He had also written about the loss of population resulting from the clearance of Lowland farms in 'Statistics of Selkirkshire' (see pp. 339–40), although without making reference to emigration. He was particularly involved in the issue of emigration in 1833, as his brother Robert was planning to set off for America in the summer of that year, following three of his sons who had already settled there. (Robert died on the way but despite this another of Hogg's brothers, David, set out the following year.) Hogg's interest in the topic is evident not only in this article but in a letter to the *Edinburgh Evening Post* six weeks earlier; for the latter see *Letters*, III, 147–48. Given the dispersal of Hogg's own family it is not surprising that the article printed here tells a story of a family about to be split apart but then able to travel together because of an act of not entirely disinterested generosity by an old pedlar who observes their grief. In keeping with this Hogg begins the article on a very personal note. Strongly as Hogg felt about this, the editors were not fully in sympathy, as they indicated in their footnote (see p. 343). Generally *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was not greatly in favour of love of one's homeland interfering with emigration, as can be seen in an article entitled 'A Word for Intending Emigrants': 'However abstractly amiable the love of the place of our nativity may be, it is an idea which to a certainty creates hordes of paupers, and ought therefore to be put aside by men of rational understandings. Wherever an active-minded man can earn an honest and comfortable subsistence, that is the country he should love, and thither he should transport himself' (22 March 1834, p. 63). **Subsequent publication:** *Tales and Sketches*, IV, 265–69.

343(d) when clanship was abolished ... poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate after the suppression of the Jacobite rising of 1745–46 a series of measures was aimed at breaking up the clan system. These included the Act of Proscription of 1746, which included a section banning the wearing of Highland dress on penalty of imprisonment on the first offence and transportation to a

penal colony on the second, and the Heritable Jurisdictions (Scotland) Act of the same year, which ended the heritable judicial powers of clan chiefs. Emigration from the Highlands of Scotland, which had already begun before the rebellion, accelerated in the later part of the eighteenth century and continued into the nineteenth century. This was in part because clansmen were cleared from the land they had formerly occupied under their clan chiefs to allow the introduction of sheep and other forms of land management in the process known as the Highland Clearances, although other forces also influenced emigration from the Highlands. Literature on the subject is extensive: see, for example, Eric Richards, *The Highland Clearances: People, Landlords and Rural Turmoil* (Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2000; rev. ed. 2008).

344(a) never till now did the ... Borderers rush from their native country while less attention has been drawn to emigration from the Lowlands of Scotland it was considerable. In the years following the end of the Napoleonic Wars the establishment of settlements in Canada by and with Scottish Lowlanders attracted further emigrants to join them. See Edward J. Cowan, 'From the Southern Uplands to Southern Ontario: Nineteenth-Century Emigration from the Scottish Borders', in *Scottish Emigration and Scottish Society*, ed. by T. M. Devine (Edinburgh: John Donald, 1992), pp. 61–83 and, on the comparison of Lowland and Highland experience, T. M. Devine, *Clearance and Improvement: Land, Power and People in Scotland 1700–1900* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 2006).

344(a) operative manufacturers in particular, in the Borders, workers in textile mills.

344(a) America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales North America, both the United States and Canada, was the most common destination of emigrants from Scotland, but many also went to Australia, at this stage mainly New South Wales and Tasmania; Van Diemen's Land was renamed 'Tasmania' in 1856 in honour of its Dutch discoverer Abel Janszoon Tasman (c. 1603–c. 1659).

344(a) Galashiels see note to 225(c): described as 'industrious' because it was a centre of the textile industry making use of water power from the Gala. According to *The Topographical, Statistical, and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Fullarton, 1845), 'In 1832 there were here ten large cloth factories, some of them of considerable date, and two of them quite new' (I, 598).

344(b) Hawick town at the junction of the Slitterick (Slitrig) and Teviot in Roxburghshire.

344(b) My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away in the summer of 1830 William and James Hogg, the sons of Hogg's brother Robert, emigrated to America, and in 1832 their brother Samuel followed them. In June 1833 Robert Hogg, leaving behind a married daughter but bringing the remaining five of his family of nine, also emigrated, although he himself died on the way. In 1834 Hogg's youngest brother David and his family followed the earlier emigrants and joined them in Pennsylvania, where they had settled. For further information see Claude Howard, 'The Emigration of Hogg's Brothers I: Leaving Scotland', *Newsletter of the James Hogg Society*, 5 (1986), 11–13; and Nancy Armstrong, 'The Emigration of Hogg's Brothers II: The Voyage and Life in America', *Newsletter of the James Hogg Society*, 6 (1987), 7–10.

344(b) the gallant ship, Helen Douglas according to J. I. Hawkins in *The Heritage of the Solway Firth* (Annan: Friends of the Annandale and Eskdale Museums, 2006), 'In 1817 John Nicholson the son of Benjamin Nicholson is recorded as a shipbuilder in Annan. In 1825 John sailed to Canada and landed at Richibucto,

New Brunswick, with his senior ship's carpenter. In nine months the brig Helen Douglas was built and sailed back across the Atlantic with a cargo of timber for the Nicholson shipyard in Annan. The Helen Douglas continued to sail the same route for the next fifty years' (p. 31).

344(b) Adam Haliday...whom I had known intimately in my young days the name appears to be fictional, as we have been unable to find any record of an Adam Haliday who emigrated to Canada with his family in the years before 1833. However this is not the first time that Hogg used the name in a story: it also occurs in 'A Singular Letter from Southern Africa': see *Contributions to BEM*, 11. 69. He also claimed he had heard his story 'The Brownie of the Black Hags' from an Adam Halliday (described, however, as 'an old man'): see *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), p. 254. It may well be that Hogg did know one or more men called Adam Hal(l)iday and transferred the name to this story. Oddly enough an Adam Haliday and his wife Mary Shaw migrated from Scotland and died in Waterloo, Ontario (see CanadianHeadstones.com), not far from New Dumfries where, in this story, Hogg's Haliday family are heading. Their sons included a James (b. 1827) and an Adam (b. 1833) but they cannot have emigrated before 1835 as their daughter Ann was born in Scotland on 25 January 1835 (Moffat OPR). In any case, their children are too young to fit the characters in the story.

344(c) The captain in 1830 the master of the brig Helen Douglas when she sailed from Annan, Dumfriesshire to Richibucto, New Brunswick, was Alexander Forrest: see David Dobson, *Ships from Scotland to North America, 1830-1860* (Baltimore, MD: Genealogical Publishing Co., 2002), p. 50.

344(c) Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel see note to **the gallant ship, Helen Douglas** above.

344(d) to ane anither's hands to lend one another a hand.

345(a) win to get to, reach.

345(c) the Point of Cumberland assuming that the Helen Douglas is leaving from Annan (see note above), it is evidently scheduled to collect further passengers in ports along the Solway Firth, allowing disembarkation at ports in Cumberland such as Whitehaven, which lies close to the westernmost point of the county.

346(a) the young men are franked to Montreal i.e., their passage is paid to Montreal.

346(d) New Dumfries in 1816 William Dickson (1769-1846) acquired full ownership of a very large tract of land in the southern part of present-day Ontario and named it New Dumfries, after his hometown in Scotland. He actively encouraged Scottish emigrants to come and settle through his agents in Scotland, and treated them well on their arrival: see Bruce G. Wilson, 'Dickson, William', *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (www.biographi.ca). Hogg corresponded with his son, also William, and recommended possible emigrants to him: see note to **Mr Dickson** 379(c).

346(d) Loch Eiry Lake Erie, one of the five Great Lakes in North America.

The Watchmaker

[Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, 15 June 1833, pp. 153-54]

Hogg sent this story in May 1833 to Robert Chambers, who responded promptly, promising that Hogg would be credited with two guineas for it which he or a friend could collect when they had an opportunity, since sending the money by post or a carrier was not feasible. He also commented perceptively on the story, showing

he understood the difficulty that Hogg had in writing the kind of useful and moral tale that the journal aimed for: 'It is really a droll sketch, and you have given it a somewhat moral turn at the end, though I fear your humorous genius is apt to make rather a wry face when attempting anything of that kind, and is disposed to put its tongue waggishly in one cheek, while attempting to look very serious with the other'. At the same time he was anxious lest Hogg may have drawn the picture of a recognisable person, responding perhaps to Hogg's claim in the story that he had 'mixed two characters together in these genuine and true sketches': 'I hope, by the bye, the article is not so personal as to give offence to any living character' (Robert Chambers to James Hogg, NLS MS 2245, fols 220–21). At this stage it is impossible to determine how far Hogg based his characters on real people, although the names all seem to be fictional. This is one of the few of Hogg's stories in Scottish periodicals to find its way into the collected *Tales and Sketches of the Ettrick Shepherd*.

Subsequent publication: *Tales and Sketches*, IV, 273–81.

Emendations:

350, ll. 3–4 you have seen a] you have been a

352, l. 23 old burgh of Caverton] old burgh of Caver-not

347(a) **Caverton** a village in the parish of Eckford in Roxburghshire, about 4½ miles south of Kelso.

347(b) **experience teacheth fools wisdom** see 'Experience is the mistress of (teaches) fools' (*ODEP*, p. 234).

347(b) **God bless the mark!** 'an exclamatory phrase, prob. originally serving as a formula to avert an evil omen, and hence used by way of apology when something horrible, indecent, or profane has been mentioned. Now used chiefly in writing to apologize (freq. ironically) for a preceding or following word or phrase' (*OED*, *mark* n.¹ 11).

347(d) **Will Dunlop** the name is presumably fictional in this context, but Hogg has mischievously given the character the name of his friend William 'Tyger' Dunlop (see note to 192(a)) who was in England from 1829 to 1833, where Hogg may have met him during his trip to London. Later in 1833 he received a letter from Dunlop: see *Letters*, III, 183.

348(d) **"Benedict the married man"** see Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. 1. 250.

349(d) **a Hawick gill** a measure of beer or spirits equal to half an Imperial pint.

350(b) **spitting sixpences** spitting from a dry mouth.

351(c) **lived at heck and manger** ate and drank sumptuously.

351(d) **the feint an egg's amang them a'** there's not a single egg among them all.

352(a) **I'm put till't about** I'm in difficulty about.

An Old Minister's Tale

[*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 29 June 1833, pp. 173–74]

Hogg claims to have heard this story from 'The Rev. Mr M'Donald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit'. Patrick MacDonald (1729–1824) was an important collector of Gaelic music and must have heard many stories of the Highlands and Highlanders in the sixty-seven years he served as minister of Kilmore. Although there is no reason to doubt this ascription, Hogg waited some time to tell the story, since he presumably met MacDonald in one of his journeys to the Highlands in the last decade of the eighteenth or first decade of the nineteenth centuries. (For a

summary of what we know about these journeys see Hughes, *Life*, p. 35.) There is, however, no record of his meeting MacDonald nor of his visiting Oban, although he does write in his account of the 1803 journey as if he knew Oban: see *Highland Journeys*, p. 148. Even in these years MacDonald would have been an old man: hence the title 'An Old Minister's Tale'. Hogg seems to have taken full advantage of MacDonald's intention that he should 'make something' of the story and has apparently fictionalised the events by supplying invented names for people and places (we have been unable to trace any of the characters or any of the minor place names) and by imagining in full comic vigour the encounters between Gaelic-speakers and English-speakers.

353(d) The Rev. Mr M'Donald of Kilmore Patrick MacDonald (1729–1824) became minister of Kilmore, a village in Argyllshire, 4 miles south of Oban, in 1757 and continued there until his death. In 1784 he published his important and influential *Collection of Highland Vocal Airs* containing music he and his brother Joseph had collected in Argyll, Perthshire, Ross-shire and Sutherland. Five editions of the collection appeared, providing inspiration to (amongst others) Burns, who wrote songs set to some of its airs.

353(d) Oban a town in the north of Argyllshire in the district of Lorn, on the west coast of Scotland. Originally a small hamlet, it became larger and more important during the course of Hogg's lifetime. It is not known when Hogg visited Oban: it was not during the Highland journeys of 1802–04, about which he wrote in some detail (see *Highland Journeys*), but he did make other journeys into the Highlands.

353(d) John Campbell of Kilcagar we have not been able to find any individual of this name who was murdered in the circumstances described. The name may well be fictional, although the surname Campbell is appropriate to the vicinity of Oban. Kilcagar has not been identified; it may be an invented name based on Gaelic elements, likewise appropriate to the area around Oban. *Kil* in placenames derives from the Gaelic *cill* 'church'.

354(a) Glen-Orn not identified, possibly invented; *orn* in Gaelic means 'slaughter', which is appropriate to this story, but there is no evidence Hogg knew the meaning of the word.

354(a) M'Culloch of Gresharvish later named as Duncan M'Culloch; historically this surname was found in the vicinity of Oban, but Gresharvish has not been identified and may be an invented name.

354(a) Eachen the Gaelic male name Eachann, commonly translated into English as Hector, the name of Hogg's own dog.

354(a) Oich Gaelic *òigh* 'maiden'.

354(b) Correi-Balloch, a wild wooded ravine see note to **the strait of Corry-Bealach** 224(a).

354(b) the island of Lismore, the burial place of the family Lismore is about 10 miles long and one mile wide and stretches up into Loch Linnhe to the north of Oban. The burial ground is associated with a cathedral named after St Moluag, who established a monastery on the island in the mid sixth century.

354(d) William Bawn M'Nichol again a local name: a branch of the MacNicols was established in northern Argyllshire; *bawn* is the Gaelic *bàn* 'fair-haired'.

354(d) Clash-ne-Shalloch not identified; possibly invented from *clash* (Gaelic *clais* 'hollow') and *shalloch* (commonly representing Gaelic *seilich* 'willow'); hence 'the hollow of the willows'. The name, if invented, may have been suggested

by Glenshellach, near Oban. Alternatively Hogg may have been recalling the valley he calls 'Strathinashalloch', which he walked through in 1803 (*Highland Journeys*, p. 102). It lies about 2 miles northwest of Kinlochewe in Ross-shire. However Hogg may have misheard the name which present-day OS maps mark as Strath na Sealga and earlier OS maps as Strath na Sheallag. Hogg also used the 'shalloch' element in the title of 'Farewell to Glen-Shalloch', which he included in *Jacobite Relics of Scotland* (see *Jacobite Relics II*, pp. 160–62), and acknowledged as his own work in *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd*: see *Songs (S/SC)*, pp. 12–13.

- 354(d) **Hersel does not know; she never measured it** Highland English; see note to **they could not pe tehlling me** 55(b).
- 355(d) **Anne Gillespie** in Fort William in 1803 Hogg met a Thomas Gillespie, who had moved from the Borders to farm sheep on a large scale in the Highlands. This may account for the introduction of a name not traditionally associated with the Argyllshire setting of this story. Anne's husband is, however, presented as a Highlander and Gaelic speaker.
- 356(a) **oich aillidh** Gaelic *òigh* 'maiden' (as in the name of M'Culloch's dog) and *àillidh* 'beautiful'.
- 356(a) **Corrie-Deach** not identified; from Gaelic *coire* (as above) and an unidentified element.
- 357(d) **Lord Justice Clerk** one of the principal judges of the Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal court in Scotland.
- 358(a) **Hubabub!** apparently a variant of *hubbub*, although its use here as a dismissive exclamation is unusual.
- 358(a) **six Campbells on te jury ... te man who was shot a Campbell** the situation closely parallels that of James Stewart of the Glen, who was tried and condemned to death in Inveraray in 1752 for being an accessory in the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure. The jury of fifteen included eleven Campbells and the court was presided over by the Campbell chief, the duke of Argyre. Many people believed, and still believe, that James Stewart was innocent.
- 358(b) **a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald** 'a Gillespie' refers to the speaker himself; 'a Stuart' could be a reference to James Stewart of the Glen (see previous note) or to general rivalry between the Campbells and the Stewarts; while 'a M'Donald' refers to the centuries-old animosity between the Campbells and the MacDonalds, the most notorious event of which was the Massacre of Glencoe on 13 February 1692, when a number of the MacDonalds of Glencoe were killed by soldiers, many of them Campbells, under the command of Captain Robert Campbell. Passing through Cowal in Argyleshire in 1804, Hogg commented on the fortresses 'which in former days were the scenes of blood and stratagem; where oft the intrepid M'Donalds resisted for ages the more popular interest and power of the Campbells' (*Highland Journeys*, p. 162).
- 359(a) **Lord Provost of Glasgow** in Scotland the provost is the head of a town or burgh council, equivalent to an English mayor, but also, unlike a mayor, acting as its chief magistrate. The provosts of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth and Dundee are given the title Lord Provost.
- 359(c) **Argyleshire bonnet** a bonnet in Scotland is 'A head covering for men or boys, including all kinds of caps, but not hats' (*SND*, *bonnet* n. 1). We have not been able to determine what particular kind of bonnet Hogg had in mind.
- 359(d) **Pheader Gillespie** the usual Gaelic equivalent of English Peter (which Gillespie is later called) is Peadar: Hogg appears to have added an 'h' in keeping

with his standard conventions for representing Highland speech.

360(c) your clan, though we were once the same in the eleventh century Gillespie Campbell was the first Campbell of Lochow (having acquired the land through marriage) and from him many of the Campbells, including the clan chief, the Duke of Argyll, descended. This seems to be the basis of Peter Gillespie's claim that the two clans were once the same. However the name Gillespie, taken from Gaelic and meaning 'a bishop's servant', existed first as a nickname or given name and only later became a surname. In its Gaelic form it was sometimes treated as equivalent to Archibald. Thus Gillespie Campbell's name does not necessarily indicate any connection with the later Gillespie clan.

361(d) Chantrey Sir Francis Chantrey (1781–1841), the most famous portrait sculptor of the period. Hogg believed his marble bust caught the expression of Walter Scott's face perfectly: see *Anecdotes of Scott* (S/SC), pp. 13, 72.

361(d) lang Jock Greenshiels John Greenshields (1795–1835), a Scottish sculptor but originally a stonemason, who like Chantrey sculpted a bust of Scott, which Hogg would have seen at Abbotsford. In 1829 Scott reported to Lord Elgin that Greenshields was planning to produce a group sculpture of figures from Burns's *The Jolly Beggars* (*Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, 12 vols, ed. by H. J. C. Grierson (London: Constable, 1932–37), x1, 99) a project he later carried out, and this may be why Hogg felt him to be particularly appropriate for the group scene described here. Hogg's familiar reference to him as 'lang Jock Greenshiels' may reflect his sense that Greenshields was more on Hogg's own social scale than Chantrey. Scott described Greenshields as one of the 'heaven-born geniuses' (*Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, x1, 98) which placed him in the same class as Hogg would himself have liked to be seen in his persona as the Ettrick Shepherd.

361(d) Secretary of State the office of Secretary of State for Scotland was abolished in 1746 and not restored until 1926. Between those dates royal pardons were obtained through the British Secretary of State (the Home Secretary) in London.

362(a) a plain unvarnished tale see note to 121(b).

Nature's Magic Lantern

[*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 28 September 1833, pp. 273–74]

Hogg's interest in natural phenomena such as those described in this piece was longstanding. The first of them mentioned, the apparition of oneself reflected in gigantic form in a fog, makes its most dramatic appearance in the Arthur's Seat episode of *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. While Hogg draws on his own experience, he also quotes other accounts: his immediate source for all three of the quoted passages (the bogle of the Broken, the army of soldiers, and the troop of horsemen) is almost certainly the 'Chronicle' section of the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812*, which he would have known because his poem 'The Ballad of King Gregory' appeared in the second half of the same volume. (For more detail of his sources see notes below.)

Subsequent publication: *Tales and Sketches*, IV, 352–60.

Emendation:

362, ll. 19–20 all bathed in yellow sheen] all bathed yellow sheen

362(c) when I was about nineteen years of age Hogg was baptised on 9 December 1770 in Ettrick Church, Selkirkshire (Ettrick OPR). His actual date of birth is not recorded but is likely to have been shortly before his baptism, although he

came to believe that he was born in 1772 on Burns's birthday of 25 January. Thus he would have been nineteen in 1790, according to the records, or 1791, by his own computation. Until 15 May (Whitsunday) 1790 he was working as a shepherd on the farm of William Laidlaw at Willenslee (where he had been employed from Whitsunday 1788 for two years) and thereafter with James Laidlaw at Blackhouse farm (Hughes, *Life*, pp. 19–23; for William Laidlaw's first name, not found in other sources, see the death notice of his wife, Grizel Scott, *Caledonian Mercury*, 21 December 1799, p. 3). Given the vagueness of Hogg's 'about nineteen years of age' and the uncertainty of his reference to his birth date, this event could have happened either at Willenslee or at Blackhouse. Since he mentions other events later in this article as happening when he was at Blackhouse, this first event perhaps happened at Willenslee (otherwise known as Williamslee), in the parish of Innerleithen in Peeblesshire. For Blackhouse see note below.

362(d) a huge dark semblance of the human figure this is the phenomenon now commonly known, for reasons obvious from this article, as a Brocken Spectre.

363(b) the Tron Kirk steeple the Tron Kirk on the High Street (part of the Royal Mile in Edinburgh) was built in the seventeenth century; a new, and very tall, spire was constructed in 1828 to replace the original, which had been destroyed in a fire.

364(a) translated, I think, from a German paper Hogg has taken this story from the Chronicle section of the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812* (1814), 126–27, largely retaining its wording but omitting some passages. The *Register's* source appears to be *The Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. III, ed. by John Britton and Edward Wedlake Brayley (London, 1802), pp. 60–61, which itself derived the material, as it acknowledges (the acknowledgement being retained in the *Register*), from an article in a German periodical: see J. Lud. Jordan, 'Beobachtung des Brokengespenstes', *Göttingisches Journal der Naturwissenschaften*, 1.3 (1798), 110–14.

364(a) Bogle of the Broken Hogg's rendering of the *Edinburgh Annual Register's* 'Spectre of the Broken' (p. 126), itself a translation of the German 'Brokengespenst'. The Brocken is the highest of the Harz mountains (see next note), at 1141 m (3744 ft).

364(a) Hartz mountains, in Hanover a range of mountains extending across the north of Germany in what was at this time the kingdom of Hanover.

364(a) diary of a Mr Hawe the account in the *Göttingisches Journal der Naturwissenschaften* cites the journal of a man called Haue.

364(b) Hinrichshohe Heinrichshohe, a subsidiary peak of the Brocken, at 1040 m (3410 ft) only slightly lower than the Brocken in height.

364(d) April 1785 this is only five years after the phenomenon was first described by Johann Silberschlag (1721–1791).

364(d)–365(a) the Moor-Brae of Berry Knowe Berry Knowe in the parish of Yarrow, Selkirkshire, is a small hill at the top of the valley of the stream known as Altrive Lake, where Hogg was later to live. It rises to 409 m (1345 ft). It is not clear what Hogg means by the 'moor-brae'; perhaps it is the area to the north of Berry Knowe known as Moory Hass. The farmhouse at Berry Knowe is mentioned as a place passed by the party who set out to bury the body of the suicide Robert Wringhim in the final section of the *Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, ed. by P. D. Garside (S/SC, 2001), p. 171.

365(a) weather-gaws a weather gaw is 'an atmospheric appearance, usu[ally]

regarded as a portent of bad weather, such as a mock sun or the fragment of a rainbow' (*SND, weather* n. 3 (7)).

365(a) Carsen's Cleuch or Carson's Cleuch, a ravine leading westwards off the valley of Altrive Lake. It lies to the south of Moory Hass and north of Berry Knowe.

365(b) Sir D. Brewster David Brewster (1781–1868) was a Scottish writer and scientist with a particular interest in optics and vision, areas in which he undertook a number of experiments and made important discoveries.

365(c) the Hawkshaw rigg of Blackhouse ... on the other side of Douglas Burn Hogg worked at Blackhouse, a farm in the valley of the Yarrow near St Mary's Loch, for ten years from 1790. The farmhouse lies near the junction of Craighope Burn with Douglas Burn, which then flows into the Yarrow. Hawkshaw Rigg lies to the east of Blackhouse over Douglas Burn. In this context a rig is 'a ridge of high ground, a long narrow hill, a hill-crest' (*SND, rig* n¹ 3).

365(c) in a little rich glen called Brakehope Hogg is apparently looking north across Douglas Burn to the small valley through which Brakehope Burns flows south into Douglas Burn.

365(c–d) the shepherd ... Robert Borthwick as the context makes clear, Borthwick was another shepherd employed at Blackhouse. Hogg later proposed, in a letter to Adam Bryden of 1 July 1800, to work with Borthwick in bringing Bryden's lambs to the market (*Letters*, I, 5). Borthwick also figures in 'Storms': see *The Shepherd's Calendar* (S/SC), p. 7.

365(d) Messrs William and George Laidlaw William Laidlaw (1780–1845) and George Laidlaw (1781–1865) were the sons of James Laidlaw of Blackhouse farm, Hogg's employer: see note to 194(c). The brothers were distant cousins of Hogg through his mother Margaret Laidlaw. As recorded in 'Reminiscences of Former Days: My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott' (pp. 194–97 in this volume), William played an important part in Hogg's first meeting with Walter Scott.

366(a) from whence taken, I do not know Hogg's source is the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812* (1814), 124–25, which acknowledges its source as the *Leeds Mercury* (see 18 July 1812, p. 3). Hogg is either being disingenuous in claiming he did not know his source or he had indeed copied the article from the *Edinburgh Annual Register* into a notebook but without noting its provenance.

366(b) Anthony Jackson ... Matthew Turner ... William Turner the first names have been supplied by Hogg, since the *Edinburgh Annual Register* used only the initials A., M. and W., although the *Leeds Mercury* did include them: Anthony, Martin and William. Hogg has deduced the name Anthony from the context and has correctly guessed William, but has wrongly supplied the name Matthew where the original source had Martin.

366(b) Havarah Park, near Ripley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart. John Ingilby (1758–1815) was created a baronet 'of Ripley Castle, in the County of York' in 1781. Ripley is about four miles north and Havarah Park (the current spelling) about 2 miles west of Harrogate in North Yorkshire.

366(d) a book called, "A Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland" Hogg's source is the *Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812* (1814), 125–26. The *Register's* source (partially acknowledged in that it is described as being 'From an Account of Cumberland') is *The Beauties of England and Wales* (see note above), pp. 58–60, whose (acknowledged) source is James Clarke, *A Survey of the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire* (London, 1789), pp. 55–56.

- 367(a) Souter Fell** Sowther Fell, a mountain of 522 m (1712 ft) in the English Lake District, south of Mungrisdale in the historic county of Cumberland.
- 367(b) David Stricket, then servant to J. Wren** here, too, the *Edinburgh Annual Register* provided only initials whereas its source *The Beauties of England and Wales* had given the full first names, Daniel and John. Hogg has incorrectly guessed that D. is David but has not attempted to supply the full name for J. Wren.
- 367(b) Wilton Hall, the next house to Blakehills** Wiltonhill (the name under which it appears on later OS maps) and Blakehills are two farms to the east of Sowther Fell at the foot of its steep hillside.
- 368(a) Knott** Knotts [*sic*] is a point on the southern end of Sowther Fell.

Adventure of the Ettrick Shepherd

[*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 19 October 1833, pp. 298–99]

Hogg explains at the beginning of this memoir of his attempt to discover the source of the River Dee in Aberdeenshire that it was ‘many years’ since he undertook the journey. Later he remarks that he ‘had suspected’ that ‘Benmuichdhui’ was ‘the highest land in Britain ... for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west’. Since he had visited ‘the eastern parts of the Grampian Hills, ... penetrating as far as the sources of the Dee’ in 1800 (Hogg writes that it was 1801, but this appears to be a mistake: see *Highland Journeys*, pp. 5, 269), and also revisited the general area in 1802 (*Highland Journeys*, pp. 43–48), ten years later would suggest 1810–12, although this is possibly a rounded figure. Internal evidence that it was after 7 April 1811 is provided in Hogg’s mention of meeting ‘Earl Fife’ and ‘his brother General Duff’: James Duff, the fourth earl, was the only Earl of Fife who had a brother who was a general, and he succeeded to the title on that date on the death of his father, the third earl (although Hogg may have been retrospectively applying the title). In a letter of 12 March 1811 John Lawson writes of Hogg that ‘I believe he is now in Perthshire’ (manuscript letter from John Lawson, Edinburgh, to George Rodger, Selkirk, in the possession of Graham Tulloch). Hogg could easily have passed from northern Perthshire into the setting of this adventure. Hogg writes as if from memory but he includes some verses describing the scene from Ben Macdui (extracted from *Mador of the Moor*, published in April 1816), which he claims he wrote on the spot at the time of the journey described in this article. (The text here varies very little from that in *Mador of the Moor*: ‘the rubbish of a world’ becomes ‘the ruins of a world’ and ‘maned with spray’ is misprinted as ‘marred with spray’, an error corrected in this volume.) It seems entirely possible that Hogg also wrote a prose account of the journey at the time or shortly afterwards, which he drew on for the present article. Certainly if he was relying on memory, his recollection of details was very complete, since names and locations can be verified from other sources. Hogg’s article responds to two earlier articles, probably by William or Robert Chambers, published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in May and June 1833, ‘Deeside’ and ‘The Sources of the Dee’ (see notes below for publication details). While endorsing the accuracy of the first article Hogg objects to some details in the second. In the present account of his journey into the upper reaches of the Dee Hogg gives a Scottish and personal twist to one of the professed interests of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. In ‘The Editor’s Address to his Readers’ in the journal’s first issue, William Chambers had promised to ‘give [boys] lots of nice little stories, every one of which will be true, about travellers who went upon long and painful journeys in Asia and Africa, seeking for knowledge regarding the produce and peculiarities of unknown countries’

(4 February 1832, p. 2). Hogg has cleverly catered for this interest in the exploration of unknown places by recounting his own journey into little known parts of Scotland, while at the same time laying claim to better knowledge of the country than the author of 'The Sources of the Dee'.

Emendations:

369, l. 9 sheep, ewes and wedders mixed] sheep, ewes, and wedders mixed

370, l. 38–39 a huge fowling piece] a huge family piece

371, l. 34 and maned with spray (MM)] and marred with spray

368(d) now many years since as noted above, the date of this journey seems to have been approximately 1810 to 1812, given Hogg's reference to having formed an opinion about the height of Benmuichdhuì over the ten years since he last saw it in 1800 or 1802. See the textual note above for more detail of the timing of Hogg's earlier visit.

368(d) the Castleton of Braemar a small village in the SW of Aberdeenshire on the river Dee in the parish of Crathy, 57 miles west of Aberdeen. The village is now known as Braemar; in Hogg's time the name Braemar was applied only to the district and not to the village, which was known as Castleton of Braemar to distinguish it from other Castletons in Scotland.

368(d) sources of the Dee the Dee, one of three British rivers of this name, flows south for a short distance and then east through Aberdeenshire for 87 miles to the North Sea at Aberdeen.

368(d) Bruce ... in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile James Bruce (1730–1794) discovered the source of the Blue Nile in Lake Tana in 1770 and described his experiences in *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (1790).

368(d) John Finlayson not identified, but see the note below on his grandfather.

369(a) Mar Lodge the first of three buildings of this name. Originally known as Dalmore House, it was built in the eighteenth century, damaged by flood in 1829, and later demolished with only a garden wall now remaining. A new Mar Lodge was built nearby to the west but was itself destroyed by fire in 1895 and replaced by the existing building. The original building was subsequently marked on Ordnance Survey maps as Old Mar Lodge. See 'Mar Lodge Estate, Mar Lodge including Garden Wall', Historic Environment Scotland website.

369(a) the linns of Dee normally called the Linn of Dee; a waterfall on the Dee about 7 miles to the west of Braemar, where it passes through a narrow part of the river for about 300 m in a series of cascades (hence Hogg's plural form 'linns').

369(a) already ... described in Chambers's Journal see 'Deeside', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 4 May 1833, p. 109, which follows the Dee west as far as Castleton of Braemar.

369(a) the description does not coincide with my remembrance see 'The Sources of the Dee', *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 22 June 1833, pp. 163–64; Hogg objects to some claims in this article, notably the distance between the two sides of the valley and the presence of a 'crystal lake' at the source of the river.

369(a) a farm-house, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher neither the farm-house nor the farmer have been identified.

369(a) black-faced sheep see note to 195(b–c). They were established in the Highlands during the later eighteenth century, where their ability to survive harsh weather proved invaluable.

369(b) Cheviot wedders see note to 195(b–c). They were introduced in the late

eighteenth century into the Highlands, where they became well established; their wool was considered to be better than that of the black-faced sheep, but they were not as hardy.

369(c) the Grampian mountains see note to 233(d).

369(d) the Guisachan and ... the Garchary the Guesachan Burn flows from the west to meet the Dee, coming from the north near a rocky outcrop known as the Devil's Point. In Hogg's time the Dee as it continued north from this point was known as the Garchary (see, for example, James Robertson's *Topographical and Military Map of the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine* (1822)) but is on more recent maps marked as the uppermost part of the Dee.

370(a) the Yarrow see note to 2(c).

370(a) As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river ... I looked on that as the main source in so doing Hogg was, as noted above, in conformity with the opinion of mapmakers of a later period.

370(a) some miles asunder ... not above a bow-shot asunder Hogg objects to the confusing suggestion in 'The Sources of the Dee' that the surrounding hillsides draw in closer together as the traveller goes further up the Dee while still being miles apart: 'The hills are at first distant and the glen, wide and hollow; ... Wandering on, mile after mile, the glen gradually narrows, and gets more savage in its aspect; great stone rocks, which look like the stone wall of some antediluvian city of giants begin to run themselves up on each side; they approach more and more to each other; and at last the solitary spectator feels as if they impeded his breath, although they are some miles, perhaps, from each other' (p. 163).

370(b) for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation i.e. for thousands of years before the Creation as described in the Old Testament book of Genesis, which was traditionally believed to have been written by Moses.

370(b) the Grampian depots the use of the term 'depots' here is a little puzzling. It is possible that Hogg is referring to the 'great cisterns of water hid in the stony bosoms of the hills, and supplying the springs and sources of the rivers' mentioned in the article 'Benmuichdhuì and Lochaun' in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 6 July 1833, p. 180.

370(b) a perpendicular fall like those of Foyers and Grey-mare's-tail the Foyers is a stream in Inverness-shire which descends into Loch Ness through its Upper and Lower Falls. Hogg is evidently thinking of the Lower Falls, which descend unbroken for over 30 m (100 ft) into the lower reaches of the river as it flows through a narrow valley into Loch Ness. For the Grey-mare's-tail see note to 197(a).

370(c) as I described it in poetry see below.

370(c) Childe Harold himself never excelled it Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (1812–18) contains many fine descriptions of scenery.

370(c) Benmuichdhuì Ben Macduì in the Grampians, at 1309 m (4295 ft) the second highest mountain in Britain.

370(d) taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent the battle now known as the Battle of Prestonpans (see note to **Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet** 53(a)) was at first known as the Battle of Gladsmuir (the name of a nearby town), but was fought on the border between Prestonpans and Tranent, hence Hogg's name for it. If Finlayson's grandfather fought on the Jacobite side (which seems likely if he was able to pick up a gun from the battlefield) then he could be the John Finlayson who was an ensign in Grante's Artillery. An instrument maker

from Edinburgh, he drew maps relating to the 1745–46 rising, including one of the battle of Prestonpans (which would no doubt have involved his walking over the field). He was released after the rebellion: see *Muster Roll*, p. 137. There were two other Finlaysons in the Jacobite army, another John and an Alexander, but both were transported after the end of the rebellion and thus are unlikely to have been Hogg's guide's grandfather: see *Muster Roll*, p. 81.

370(d) my friend the Earl of Fife's forests as noted above, the Earl of Fife referred to by Hogg is James Duff, the fourth earl (1776–1857), since this is the only Earl of Fife with a General Duff as a brother; the first Earl of Fife planted extensive forests on his land in this district.

371(a) from Ben More, in Balquhiddier, to Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire Ben More, in Balquhiddier (in northeastern Perthshire), is so designated to distinguish it from Ben More on Mull; it rises to 1174 m (3852 ft). Ben Wyvis in Easter Ross is a mountain of 1406 m (4613 ft). Hogg surveys a vast extent of mountains across the Highlands of Scotland from south to north.

371(b)–372(a) On grey M'Dui's upmost verge ... her Grampian throne quoted from Hogg's *Mador of the Moor* (l. 109–44). The poem was published in April 1816 but was probably begun in 1813 and completed by June 1814, although Hogg's statements on this may not be reliable: see 'Introduction', *Mador of the Moor*, ed. by James E. Barcus (S/SC, 2005), pp. xi–xiv. Hogg claims to have written the passage on the spot during the visit to Ben Macdui described in this article, but he was recalling this some years later and, since he was always keen to emphasise the spontaneity of his composition of poetry, this claim should be treated with caution.

371(c) When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd the rebellion of the angels led by Satan against God, especially as narrated in Book VI of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667), in which the Son defeats the rebellious angels, pursues them to the edge of Heaven and drives them out, whereupon they descend into Hell.

372(a–b) the highest land in Britain ... now proved by the trigonometrical survey Hogg evidently read the following article, which appeared first in the *Caledonian Mercury* and was then reprinted in other Scottish and English newspapers in September 1832: 'Ben Nevis has, till very lately, been considered, the monarch of Scottish mountains, but it now appears, from the trigonometrical survey lately made by order of Government, that he must yield the palm to *Ben Macdui*, a mountain in Aberdeenshire, who o'ertops him by about twenty feet. The height of Ben Nevis [*sic*] is 4370 feet; of Ben MacDui 4390 feet. Thus Ben Macdui is the loftiest mountain, not only in Scotland, but in Great Britain' (*Caledonian Mercury*, 10 September 1832, p. 3; see also *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 13 September 1832, p. 3). The information proved to be wrong: Ben Nevis has been more recently measured at 1345 m (4411 ft) and Ben Macdui at 1309 m (4295 ft), but the incorrect information allowed Hogg his moment of triumph in 1833. The first trigonometrical survey of Britain and Ireland, undertaken for the Board of Ordnance, took place progressively over the years 1791 to 1853. It was only after a trigonometrical station was set up on Ben Macdui in 1847 that Ben Nevis was proved to be higher than Ben Macdui.

372(b) ten years previous to that as noted above, Hogg visited the area in 1800 and 1802, and it appears this second visit took place around 1810 to 1812.

372(b) the infant rills of Highland Dee the second line of 'Glen-Avin', the ninth bard's song in Hogg's *The Queen's Wake* (1813); the bard is 'Farquhar, from the hills of Spey': see Night the Second, lines 48, 78; (S/SC), pp. 56, 57.

- 372(c) **no crystal lake such as you describe** Hogg appears to be responding to a passage in 'The Sources of the Dee' describing a 'small, round, deep green lake' whose 'water is of a beautiful pale green, so clear that you can see the sand and stones at the bottom, almost as distinctly as through the air, where the water must be some fathoms deep' which it names as the 'source' of the Dee (*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 22 June 1833, p. 164). We have been unable to identify such a lake at this point on the map and, as he reports, Hogg was unable to locate it.
- 372(c) **the Tilt, in Atholl** the River Tilt flows from Loch Tilt in Perthshire near the border with Aberdeenshire until it joins the Garry at Blair Atholl. It thus flows to the south away from the area Hogg is surveying.
- 372(c) **Glen Aven** the valley of the Avon, a river which issues from Loch Avon (just to the north of Ben Macdui, from which point Hogg is viewing it) and flows eastwards then northwards until it joins the Spey at Ballindalloch.
- 372(c) **the source of the eastern branch, Glen Guisachan** in the upper reaches of the Guesachan a stream leads in from the small loch named on today's maps as Loch nan Stuirteag.
- 373(a) **But pleasures are like poppies spread** Robert Burns, 'Tam o' Shanter', line 59.
- 373(b) **Beinnie-Boord** Beinn a' Bhùird, a mountain in the Cairngorms, to the east of Ben Macdui, with a height of 1197 m (3927 ft).
- 373(c) **a stream called Glenquoich** the stream itself is called Quoich Water and flows south to join the Dee 2 miles west of Braemar. Hogg travels down Glen Quoich to the home of James Stewart (see next note).
- 373(c-d) **Mr James Stewart, factor to the Earl of Fife** James Stewart or Stuart had been factor to the Earl of Fife from at least 1799, when he is named as the person from whom particulars of wood for sale at Mar Lodge can be obtained (*Caledonian Mercury*, 30 December 1799, p. 1). On 27 November 1810 he married Jean Watson, daughter of John Watson, innkeeper in Castleton (see note below). By April 1816 he had died and there was a public auction 'at the farm of Allanaquoich, in Braemar, the whole stocking on the farm, which lately belonged to the deceased James Stuart, Esq Factor for the Earl of Fife' (*Perthshire Courier*, 25 April 1816, p. 4). Allanaquoich, located near the confluence of Quoich Water with the Dee, would have been the house visited by Hogg.
- 373(d) **I having been there with a friend once before** we have not been able to identify the friend.
- 373(d) **one of the Atholl Stewarts** the Stewarts of Atholl are one of the main branches of the Stewart clan. They largely descend from the fourteenth-century Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan (c. 1345-1405), the illegitimate son of Robert II, known as 'The Wolf of Badenoch', and from his son James who made his base in Atholl, a district in the north of Perthshire. As the northeastern part of Atholl borders Mar, James Stewart has not moved far from the traditional lands of the Atholl Stewarts.
- 373(d) **Forest Lodge** Mar Lodge (see note above), so called as it was located in the midst of the Earl of Fife's forests.
- 373(d) **his brother** identified a few lines below as General Duff: Sir Alexander Duff (?1777-1851) was the son of the third and brother of the fourth Earl of Fife. He became a major-general in the army in 1811. From 1826 to 1831 he was MP for Elgin Burghs and was knighted in 1834.
- 374(a) **never one recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced**

while the name James Hogg was sometimes given on Hogg's publications, he was much better known as the Ettrick Shepherd, a persona he had carefully cultivated and with which he was strongly associated.

374(c) whole fields on the height trenched in search of the Cairngorm topazes

as the earth's granite cooled it developed fissures and cavities in which various crystals grew, often associated with milky quartz. Where the fissures in the granite lie across the summits of mountains in the Cairngorms the vein of milky quartz is clearly visible and people looking for crystals, including topaz, dug down into the quartz veins in search of semi-precious gemstones like the ones known as cairngorms. In writing of 'Cairngorm topazes' Hogg may be thinking of the topazes which occur in these fissures and cavities, or the cairngorms themselves which often appear in conjunction with topazes. The *OED* defines the cairngorm as 'A precious stone of a yellow or wine-colour, consisting of rock-crystal coloured by oxide of iron or [...] by titan acid' and notes that they are 'in common use for brooches and seals, and for ornamenting the handles of dirks, and other articles of Highland costume'.

374(c) my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton of Braemar John Watson, the innkeeper in Castleton of Braemar when Hogg had visited in 1802, died in April 1811, but his wife continued to run the inn until her death in 1825 at the age of 79. However it is likely that the Mr Watson referred to here is one of her sons, probably Charles, who became innkeeper after his mother's death. (See John Duff, 'Braemar's Mystery Family', Braemar Local History Group: online, accessed 25 August 2017.)

374(c) one very fine sister, Katherine the daughter of John Watson (see previous note), born 2 April 1789 (Crathie and Braemar OPR). There were other older sisters but it appears only Katherine was at this stage living at the inn.

374(d) Ben Aven Ben Avon, a large mountain on the border of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire, a little to the northeast of Beinn a' Bhùird and overlooking Glen Avon to the north. It rises at its summit to 1,171 m (3,842 ft).

374(d) Loch-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range Lochnagar, a mountain of 1155 m (3790 ft) to the south of the Dee and southeast of Braemar and thus well separated from the mountains which Hogg had climbed.

375(a) the great mountain of Cairngorm Cairn Gorm, a huge mountain across Glen Avon to the east of Ben Avon, has given its name to the whole range of mountains known as the Cairngorms. It rises to 1245 m (4084 ft).

375(a) Cairngorm ... rock crystals in using the term 'rock crystals' Hogg is possibly referring to cairngorms as opposed to topazes or he may be making a distinction between cairngorms ('Cairngorm topazes') and other rock crystals.

375(b) these Cairngorm crystals ... stalactites of granite formed, as noted above, from liquids in the fissures and cavities of granite, cairngorms and topazes cannot be described as 'stalactites of granite', which would imply formation by the slow dripping of liquid from granite.

375(c) a curious long irregular fossil ... which he called asbestos rather than being a fossil, asbestos consists of minute crystals, long and thin in form. Hogg's scepticism about its fire-resistant properties is not surprising, since it was not mined for industrial purposes until the late nineteenth century.

375(d) the Clunie Clunie Water in Aberdeenshire flows northwards to join the River Dee at Braemar.

Letter from Canada to the Ettrick Shepherd[*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 28 December 1833, pp. 383–84]

Several things may have prompted Hogg to write about Canada in December 1833. A few months earlier had appeared John Galt's *Autobiography*, in which Galt recounts, amongst other things, his activities as the secretary of the Canada Company: its much anticipated publication is advertised in the London *Globe* (22 September 1833, p. 1). A likely further prompt came a month later with the arrival in Edinburgh of William Dickson the younger, coming from what was then known as Upper Canada (now part of Ontario). Hogg heard the news of Dickson's arrival from his brother David and the next day, 28 October 1833, wrote to Dickson inviting him to the Border Games at Innerleithen and then to Altrive. Dickson's father, also William Dickson, was eager to find Scottish emigrants to settle on the large tract of land he had purchased in Canada: see note to **New Dumfries** 346(d). The younger Dickson does not seem to have visited Hogg at this stage but, in writing to him, Hogg refers to 'the two gentlemen for whom I applied to you last', thus revealing he had already written to Dickson more than once on behalf of potential emigrants thinking of settling in Canada (*Letters*, III, 183). After the appearance of 'Letter from Canada' Hogg did meet up with William Dickson, as he told Simeon De Witt Bloodgood of Albany, New York in a letter of 25 January 1834 (*Letters*, III, 200). (For a discussion of Hogg's relations with Dickson, see Margaret Fraser, 'Ettrick Shepherd: Emigration Agent', *SHW*, 5 (1994), 96–101.) While Dickson's visit may have encouraged Hogg to write about Canada for *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, his interest in that country was not new: see, for instance, 'Story of Two Highlanders', first published in December 1810 in *The Spy* (S/SC, pp. 178–81) and reprinted in *Winter Evening Tales* (S/SC, pp. 148–50). In this new and fanciful story of frozen bodies returned to life Hogg is clearly pushing at the boundaries of what was acceptable in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. Working again within the journal's professed interest in exotic places, Hogg has produced a fantasy, disguised as a real letter from Canada and so hedged about by realistic details (drawn from a number of sources and including references to Dickson and to Goderich, the town co-founded by Galt) that it almost seems believable.

Emendation:

379, ll. 16–17 each other's arms; some in groups] each other's arms: some in groups

376(a) Upper Canada the province of Upper Canada was one of the divisions of Canada from 1791 to 1841. It was comprised of present-day southern Ontario and parts of northern Ontario. It was largely English-speaking (as opposed to French-speaking Lower Canada) and thus attracted settlers from England, Scotland and Ireland, as in this story.

376(a) the extravagant desire for dissection public attention had recently been drawn to the dissection of bodies in medical schools by illicit practices arising from the shortage of suitable cadavers, such as body snatching (the retrieval of recently buried bodies from the grave) and, most notably, the exploits in 1828 in Edinburgh of the notorious William Burke and William Hare, who murdered 16 people in order to acquire bodies to sell for dissection at the anatomy lectures of Dr Robert Knox.

376(b) Goderich a town on the eastern shore of Lake Huron in present-day Ontario, founded in 1827 for the Canada Company by the Scottish writer John Galt (1779–1839), with whom Hogg was acquainted (see Hans de Groot, 'When Did Hogg meet John Galt?', *SHW*, 8 (1997), 75–76, and Hughes, *Life*, p. 54), and

William ‘Tiger’ Dunlop (1792–1848), a longstanding friend, from whom Hogg had recently received a letter: see Hogg’s letter to William Dickson, 28 October 1833 (*Letters*, III, 183). In locating the writer of this fictitious letter in Goderich Hogg would have known that there had been earlier mentions of the town in *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal* (11 February 1832, p. 14; 9 June 1832, p. 150).

377(a) I at once knew him for an Irishman Hogg represents O’Towl with elements of Irish speech in accordance with literary conventions of the time.

377(b) Quinkum the shooter no source for this name has been identified.

377(c) Fair River according to Bishop Davenport’s *New Gazetteer: or Geographical Dictionary of North America and the West Indies* (Philadelphia: Davenport, 1838), Fair River in Canada ‘runs from Wapessaga to Lake St John’ (p. 251). Lake St John in southern Ontario lies between Lake Huron and Lake Ontario; the name Fair River seems to be no longer in use.

377(c) Mr Thomson since he is later described as a surveyor, this may be a reference to David Thompson (1770–1857), an important and well-known explorer of North America, employed amongst other tasks to survey the border between Canada and the United States. In the 1820s Thomson settled in Upper Canada.

378(a) the Strong-Bow Indians an indigenous Canadian people living on the western banks of the Mackenzie River in the present-day Northwest Territories.

378(a) the very northmost part of the Rocky Mountains see note on the Liard River below.

378(b) M’Kenzie’s River the Mackenzie River flows 1025 miles from the western end of the Great Slave Lake northwest through the Northwest Territories before emptying into the Beaufort Sea. It was named after Alexander Mackenzie (1764–1820), who travelled down it in 1789.

378(c) a river called the Liars despite Hogg’s joke it is actually called the Liard. It flows 693 miles through Yukon, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories before joining the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson. The party evidently follow the Liard up to ‘the very northmost part of the Rocky Mountains’ (in British Columbia), where the frozen bodies are reported to lie.

378(c) Harefoot Indians the Hare Indians or Kawchottine (also earlier known as Harefoot Indians), an indigenous Canadian people living northwest of the Great Bear Lake and east of the Mackenzie River in Canada’s present-day Northwest Territories.

379(c) Mr Dickson a reference to the younger William Dickson (1799–1877), son of the founder of New Dumfries: see note to **New Dumfries** 346(d). As noted above, Dickson came to Scotland shortly before the story appeared and met Hogg afterwards. According to one account, Dickson offered him a farm in Canada but Hogg refused it, claiming that the Yarrow could not do without him: see James Young, *Reminiscences of the Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries* (Toronto, 1880), p. 41. Perhaps Dickson had already made this offer before the story was written, leading Hogg to introduce this sly reference to his coming to Canada.

GLASGOW COURIER

[September 1791–February 1866: Hogg’s contribution October 1834]

The *Glasgow Courier* was published by William Reid and Co. as a general newspaper with strong Tory inclinations. From 1791 to 1859 it appeared thrice weekly and had a good circulation in Glasgow and the surrounding area. From 1830 to 1835 it was

edited by William Motherwell, with whom Hogg worked on an edition of Burns's works published in 1834–36. Only one contribution by Hogg to this newspaper is known. Motherwell's role as its editor made it a congenial choice for Hogg when his 'Ettrick Shepherd's Toast' was rejected by Robert Chambers (see note below).

The Ettrick Shepherd's Toast at the Highland Society of London

[*Glasgow Courier*, 7 October 1834, p. 1]

During his visit to London in early 1832 Hogg was feted and dined by many individuals and societies, including the Highland Society of London, who invited him to a dinner at the Freemason's Tavern on 18 February. According to a newspaper account, 'the Bard was welcomed by his countrymen with the most friendly congratulations. After the routine toasts of the evening, the President, Sir George Murray, proposed the health of Mr Hogg, in a speech of great energy, defining the obstacles against which he had to contend, and which he had, at last, fairly surmounted; and as acknowledgment of the estimation in which the Society held him for his numberless loyal and national songs and poems, he (Sir George), by appointment of the Society, admitted him an honorary member thereof, and, at the same time presented him with a splendid silver medal, which he hung round the Shepherd's neck' (*Morning Chronicle*, 23 February 1832, p. 4). In a letter to his wife dated 23 March 1832 Hogg wrote, 'I dine again with the Highland Society tonight ... this being their great anniversary' (*Letters*, III, 56). According to a newspaper notice the dinner took place on the 22nd, and was again presided over by Sir George Murray (*Morning Post*, 19 March 1832, p. 1). Hogg's account of his toast at a Highland Society of London dinner could refer to either of these two occasions. He initially offered the piece to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* and expressed his dissatisfaction when it did not appear there, writing to Robert Chambers in an undated letter that 'I would have let you hear from me far more frequently had you not neglected to publish my toast at the Highland Society which I suspect you have mislaid as it is so much in your own enthusiastic way of thinking. I am much dissatisfied at its not appearing and am unwilling to lose it' (*Letters*, III, 220). In truth Hogg's comic treatment of the serious issue of duelling was never going to be acceptable to the Chambers brothers. He then sent it to William Motherwell, editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, enclosed in a letter of 24 September 1834: 'I send you also a genuine toast for your own paper. M,Leod's challenge and mine was at drinking in his own house and all the gentlemen named will well understand the joke so it needs no explanation' (*Letters*, III, 231). Since we have no other contemporary account of this occasion we cannot know for certain whether Hogg actually proposed a toast and, if he did, whether it was in the terms he describes in his article. As always, any assertion by Hogg that a work is 'genuine' must be treated with caution. However it is not at all unlikely that he did propose a toast and that he did include in it the obviously fanciful story of his duel with Macleod of Macleod, which appears to be an elaboration of a 'challenge [...] at drinking' at Macleod's home. At the annual London dinner for Burns's birthday Hogg told a similarly implausible story about a brownie fetching the midwife for his birth. As Gillian Hughes remarks, 'this sounds like a test of the audience's sense of humour or its gullibility, or perhaps of both' (Hughes, *Life*, p. 246), and it would appear he applied the same test at the Highland Society's dinner. The text in the *Glasgow Courier* differs only in the most minor way from the manuscript, which is clearly the copy sent by Hogg to Motherwell, since it is endorsed 'The Ettrick Shepherds Toast At a Meeting of the Highland Society of London for Mr Motherwell'.

Manuscript: NLS MS 3649, fol. 218. Watermark: none.

- 380(a) Highland Society of London** founded by Highland gentlemen resident in London in 1778, incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1816, its aim was to foster and preserve Highland culture and promote the welfare of the Highlands and Highlanders. Members needed to be born in the Highlands or descended from Highlanders, or to be connected in some significant way with the region. Up to twenty honorary members who did not meet these criteria were also allowed, and Hogg was admitted in this capacity. Membership in 1832 included many distinguished men with Highland connections. For the early history of the society and its rules see Sir John Sinclair, *An Account of the Highland Society of London* (London, 1813).
- 380(a) General Sir George Murray** Sir George Murray (1772–1846), an army officer with a distinguished career including service in the Peninsular War with Wellington. He later entered parliament and became on various occasions a government minister. According to S. G. P. Ward's article in the *ODNB*, 'Murray was after Wellington the most respected soldier of his time in Britain, whose opinion carried immense weight both at home and abroad and not only on military matters.'
- 380(a) Mr. Lockhart** John Gibson Lockhart (1794–1854), son-in-law and biographer of Walter Scott and, after he moved to London in December 1825, editor of the influential *Quarterly Review*. He was a longstanding friend of Hogg despite various sources of friction between them.
- 380(b) expect to see it printed in letters of gold in the Northern Papers** this suggests that Hogg originally intended this piece for a London newspaper with the idea that it would be copied in Scottish newspapers. However this may simply be part of the creation of a fictional context for the piece.
- 380(b) slumped them in scores, under certain great leaders** put them together in groups under broad headings.
- 380(c) Theirs are patriarchal titles** that is, titles that go back to the earliest stages of human society, the days of the patriarchs.
- 380(c) no attainder, no confiscation, can affect the Highland chiefs** a peer who was attainted for treason lost his titles and property and the ability to pass them on to his heirs.
- 380(d) a sterling Highlander** the Murray clan had their territory in the northern, Highland parts of Perthshire. Murray himself was born at Ochtertyre in the Perthshire parish of Crieff, on the edge of the Highlands.
- 380(d) the title of LADY** the use of the courtesy title Lady for a chieftain's wife seems to have been common in the eighteenth century in cases where the chief had a territorial designation; for example Walter Scott, drawing on contemporary documents, refers to Lady MacIntosh, wife of MacIntosh of MacIntosh, and Lady Cluny, wife of MacPherson of Cluny, in his account of the Forty-Five: see *Tales of a Grandfather* (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1911), p. 1111. Similarly Boswell in his journal of his visit to the Western Isles in 1773 refers to Lady Macleod, wife of Macleod of Macleod: see *Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson*, ed. by L. F. Powell (London: J. M. Dent and Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton, 1958), p. 137. This seems to be an extension of the usage with wives of lairds, as in Hogg's own fictional Lady Dalcastle, wife of the laird of Dalcastle (otherwise known as Mrs Colwan): see *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, ed. by P. D. Garside (S/SC, 2001), p. 9. Some of the

Highland chiefs were also lairds and this may be the origin of applying the title to their wives. However by Hogg's time this usage was becoming old-fashioned.

381(a) they get these titles among their own vassals and people this may well have been the case in Hogg's time.

381(a) Lady Glengarry Mrs. Macdonald see note to 239(c).

381(a) I once sent a challenge ... for calling his own lady Mrs. Macleod before me see Hogg's letter to Macleod of 2 February 1832: 'I have marked the 15th for the Chief and Lady of M,Leod; and I must warn you that it will not be very safe in my presence to stile her as you do in your note *Mrs Macleod* You do not seem to have the high notions of ancient feudal dignities that I have. I insist on her being Lady M,Leod' (*Letters*, III, 19). Presumably when he dined with Macleod on 15 February 1832, as forecast in this letter, he again made his point about the title to be given to Macleod's wife leading to the 'challenge ... at drinking' that he writes of in the letter to Motherwell quoted in the textual note above. The chief of Macleod from 1801 to 1835 was John Norman Macleod (1788–1835). During Hogg's visit to London Macleod was named as one of the stewards at a dinner in commemoration of the anniversary of Burns's birth, at which Hogg was feted: see *Morning Post*, 15 January 1832, p. 1. His wife was Anne (1790–1861), the daughter of John Stephenson of Merstham, Kent: see Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval, *The Jacobite Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Grants of Honour* (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack, 1904), p. 106.

381(b) Great Cumberland Street a street in London, where Macleod lived; originally a separate street, it is now numbered as part of Great Cumberland Place.

381(b) Duke of Argyll George William Campbell, 6th Duke of Argyll; a prominent Whig politician in the tradition of his family, he succeeded to the dukedom in 1806. He was present when Hogg dined with Macleod of Macleod: see Hughes, *Life*, p. 249.

381(b) Mr. Davidson of Tullich if Hogg is remembering the recent dinner at MacLeod's house this would not be Henry Davidson (1771–1827), the very wealthy London merchant with estates in the West Indies, but his eldest son Duncan Davidson (c. 1800–1879), who inherited substantial property from his father but played no part in the family business. He was MP for Cromarty from 1826 to 1832.

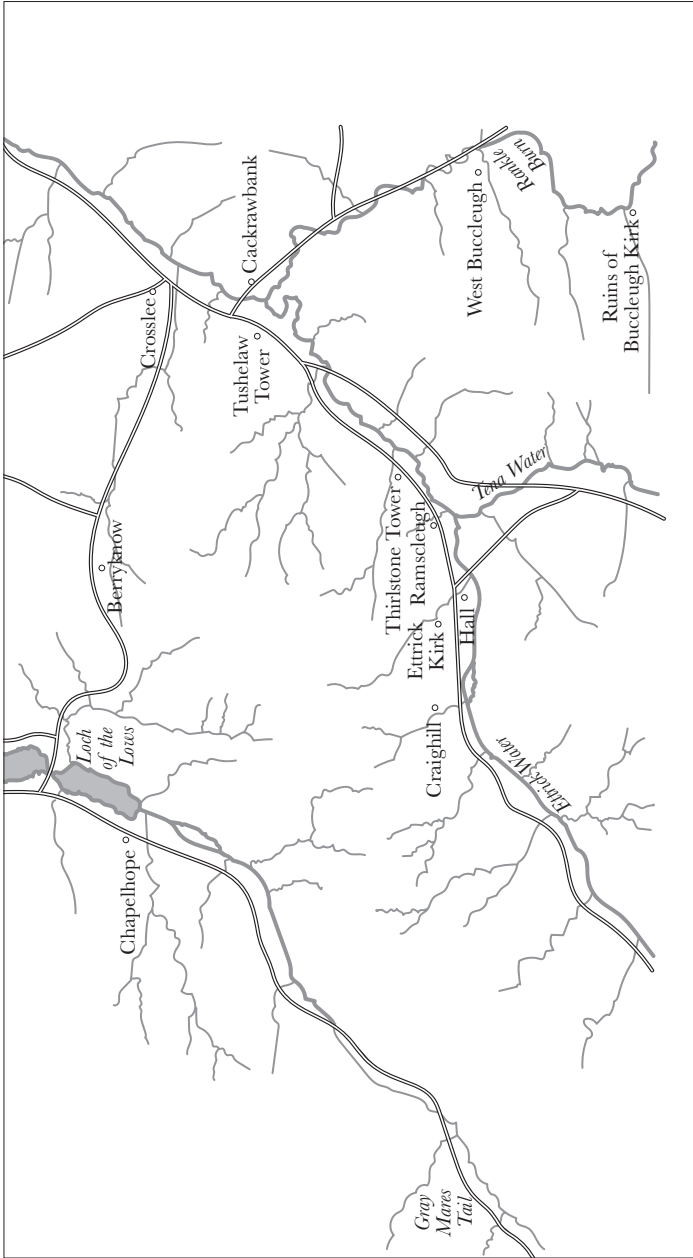
Maps

The maps on the following pages are based on two maps published in Hogg's lifetime. The first two maps, of Selkirkshire and of part of the valleys of the Etrick and Yarrow, are based on a map of John Ainslie, *The Environs of Edinburgh, Haddington, Dunse, Kelso, Jedburgh, Hawick, Selkirk, Peebles, Langholm and Annan; Making a Complete Map of the South East District of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Macredie Skelly & Co., 1821) and the map of the upper reaches of the Dee is based on James Robertson's *Topographical and Military Map of the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine; and Parts of those of Forfar, Perth, Inverness, and Moray; exhibiting a true Picture thereof, constructed and delineated from actual surveys on trigonometrical, perspective, and optical principles* (London: James Robertson, 1822). The names of places are spelt as they are printed on these two original maps although some of them differ from the spellings used by Hogg. Not all the places named on the original maps are included in these new maps which mostly name only localities, mountains or rivers referred to by Hogg in the texts in this volume. The map of Selkirkshire illustrates the sinuous boundary of the county which Hogg describes in 'Statistics of Selkirkshire' as 'shaped somewhat like the Island of Skye, and indented in the same way with the surrounding counties as Skye is by the ocean'. (These are the boundaries in Hogg's lifetime. They remained unchanged until 1889 when they were redrawn, leading to a number of changes including the loss of the enclave to the east in Roxburghshire.) 'Ever Fawchope' in the southwestern corner of the county is Over Phawhope or Phaup, the home of Hogg's grandfather 'Will o' Phaup': see notes to pp. 212 and 324. The map of the Etrick and Yarrow valleys marks some of the places referred to in the article 'Reminiscences of Former Days: My First Interview with Sir Walter Scott'. Finally the map of the upper Dee valley shows how what is now marked on maps as the uppermost part of the river was in Hogg's time called the Garrachory Burn (or, as Hogg spells it, Garchary).

Selkirkshire, adapted from John Ainslie's Map of the South East District of Scotland (1821)



Part of the Valleys of the Etrick and Yarrow, adapted from John Ainslie's
Map of the South East District of Scotland (1821)



The Upper Reaches of the Dee, adapted from James Robertson's Map of the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine (1822)



Glossary

This Glossary aims to provide a convenient guide to Scots, English and other words which may be unfamiliar in meaning to some readers. It excludes several categories of Scots words as being easily understandable: (1) those where ‘a’ is equivalent to English ‘o’ (e.g., ‘snaaw’/‘snow’); (2) those where ‘ui’ is equivalent to English ‘oo’ (e.g., ‘guid’/‘good’); and (3) those with the verbal suffix ‘-it’ equivalent to English ‘-ed’ (e.g., ‘clippit’/ ‘clipped’). It concentrates on single words; guidance on phrases, idioms and expressions involving more than one word will normally be found in the explanatory notes. Where a simple gloss is insufficient, the entry refers the reader to the relevant note. The Glossary is greatly indebted to the online *Oxford English Dictionary* and *The Scottish National Dictionary*, to which the reader requiring more information is advised to refer. A small number of words are identified as belonging to a particular dialect or variety of Scots or English as it is represented by Hogg: ‘Cumb’ indicates the dialect of Cumberland, ‘Hld Eng’ English as spoken in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland and ‘NESc’ indicates North-Eastern Scots. For further information on Hogg’s representation of spelling of Cumberland dialect, Highland English, and North-Eastern Scots, see notes to p. 123(a), p. 55(b) and p. 275(b), respectively. Hogg’s ‘ancient stile’, used in ‘The Powris of Moseke’, is generally easy to understand, with its standard variations from modern Scots and English such as ‘y’ for ‘i’ or addition of final ‘e’. Consequently it is not included in this glossary except where the word is unfamiliar and requires explanation and does not occur elsewhere in the text in its normal modern form or where Hogg’s spelling is so far removed from modern spelling as to make it difficult to identify which word is intended. Where these words are glossed the spelling is the one Hogg uses in the poem.

ablins, aiblins: perhaps
aboon, abone: above
acrose, across: in the form of a cross
adown: down
ae, ane: one
aince: once
airl: flute
airn: iron
airtless: artless
an: if
aneath: beneath
arglebargain: to dispute
arreest: to arrest
aspersion: defamation
asteer: astir, going on
a-thraw: awry
athwart: across
attour: above
aughteen: eighteen
auld-farrant, auld farren: old-fashioned;
 sagacious; old and wise; knowledgeable clever
aum: I am

aumry: pantry, cupboard
ava’, ava, avaw: at all
aw: I
ax: to ask
axletree: beam connecting the opposite
 wheels of a wagon or carriage
ayont: beyond
baffet: blow
bairnly: babyish
baith: both
ballaunt: ballad
bandalet: small band, streamer
bang: jump up
barkit: hardened as if by tanning
barm: to ‘fume’ with anger
bastailye: fortified tower
bauks: rafters
bawsined: marked with white,
 especially on the forehead or face
bay: to bring to bay; to assail with
 barking
beadle: minor parish officer

- beal*: bonfire, beacon-fire
beggarly: despicable
begoude: began
behadde: beholden
belay: to beset, surround
bell (*n*): drop, bubble
bell (*v*): to bubble up
bellyflaught: headlong
ben (*n*): mountain
ben (*prep*): into, inside
ben-end: inner part of a dwelling
bent (*n1*): coarse grass
bent (*n2*): hillside, ridge of a hill
besouth: to the south of
bewray: to reveal
beyond: ahead of
biggin: building
bike: swarm
bilk: to defraud, avoid paying
bill: bull
billy: brother, friend
binnacle: case protecting a ship's navigational instruments, positioned on the deck near the helm
birken: comprised of birch trees
bit: little
bizz: to buzz, bustle
black-fisher: someone who poaches fish at night.
black-mail: tribute exacted by freebooting chiefs in the border districts in exchange for immunity from plunder
bladd: storm
blait: embarrassed, foolish, stupid
blaust: blast; violent language
blee: colour, complexion
bleet: bleat
blente: blended
blether: bladder
blethers: nonsense
blightning: blighting
blinking: gleaming
blirt: to wet with rain
blouster: to boast
blow: to bloom
boardly: burly
boddle, bodle: small copper coin; *fig.* something of little value
bode: offer, bid
body: person
bogle: fearsome ghost or spectre
bomb-bee: bumblebee
boon: joyful
borel, burel: tool for boring a hole
bosky: wooded
bothy: rough hut
boud: was obliged to
braes: upland and mountainous area
braif: very
braird (*n*): grass-shoot
braird (*v*): to sprout, appear as shoots
brak: broke
brake: hollow in a hill
brangler: brawler
branks: halter for horses or cows (generally used in the plural)
braw (*adj*): fine, splendid
braw (*adv*): well, splendidly
braxy: intestinal disease of sheep, usually fatal
breakwind: disease of sheep
bree: brow
brente: smooth, unwrinkled
bridesman: best man, groomsman
brik: to break
brocked: coloured like a badger, i.e. black and white
brog: brogue, i.e. a rough shoe of untanned leather used in the Highlands
broolyit, brullyit: fumed
brose, broz: oatmeal or pease meal porridge
bruffit: huffed and puffed
brukit: marked or streaked with black
brunt: burnt
bruste: breast
buckeen: poor young man of the inferior gentry who apes the habits of the wealthy [Anglo-Irish]
bught: small pen, stall
buirdly: burly, strong
buist: to paint or brand (cattle or sheep) with their owner's mark
bum: to make a droning sound
bumper: glass filled to the brim, *esp.* for a toast
burden: bundle
burel: see *borel*
but an: as well as

byganging: in passing
by-gone: past; ago
byzenit: worthless

ca': to call, get moving
callant: youth; affectionate or familiar term for an older man
camstary: difficult to manage
canker'd: ill-tempered
canna: cannot
cannie: natural, not supernatural
cantrip: spell, charm; trick
canty: lively, cheerful
canzonet: light song
carabine: fire-arm shorter than a musket, used by cavalry
carena: do not care
carle: chap
cast: fate
casual: chance
catch: hand-tennis, 'fives'
cateran: Highland marauder
cation: caution, security
catwuddied: hare-brained; small-minded
cauldrie: cold; lacking in religious zeal
cess-books: land tax records
chandler-chafitit: with a protruding lower jaw
changehouse: inn
chap: to strike a bargain with
character: reputation
cheerful: cheerful
cheek: side
chequed: checked
chiel: fellow
chillness: cold
chimla, chimley: chimney
chissel: chisel
chow: to chew
claes: clothes
clan-jamphery: rabble
claymore: see note to p. 155(c)
clew: scratched (past tense of *claw*)
click (*n*): grasp
clift: cliff; cleft
clifted: with clefts or fissures
clink: money
cloot: rag or piece of cloth used in cleaning
closetime, close-time: the season when salmon-fishing was illegal

coal-cawer: coal-carter
coft: bought
companion-door: door to the companion-way, or stairway between the decks of a ship
condescension: graciousness, pleasing behaviour
consecution: train of argument
coof: fool
corante: Baroque dance in triple time
coronal: coronet
costive: causing constipation
cot: cottage
coudna: could not
country: district
cove: cave, cavern
coverlit: coverlet
crabbit, crabbed: bad-tempered; (of things) unpleasant, harsh
crack (*n*): chat, gossip; boast
crack (*v*): to chat, gossip
cramasye: crimson cloth
crank: harsh noise
crave: to press (a person) for a debt
craw: crowing
creek: inlet
creel: wickerwork trap or basket for fish
creuk: limp
cripple: to hobble
crock: old ewe
croon: low singing voice
crop: pouch in the gullet of a bird in which food is partly digested
cross-grain: bad temper
cuddy, cuddy-ass: donkey
cully: fellow
curb: chain fastened under a horse's jaw and attached to the bit
curly: bad-tempered (usually *gurlie*)
cuttie: hare

daff: to act playfully
darksome: gloomy
daursay: daresay
dead: death
dead-bell: passing-bell, death-knell
deave: to deafen; bore
decripit: decrepit
dee: to die
deed: dead
define: to settle

deforcement: carrying away a woman by force (possibly including rape)

deil: devil

depot: see note to p. 370(b)

deuk: duck

devoted: doomed

dike, dyke: low (boundary) wall

diker: builder of dikes

ding: to strike, beat

dink: dainty

dioptrical: dioptric; pertaining to refraction or refracted light

dirle: to beat

dishclout: dishcloth

dit: to close

dite, doit: coin of little value, as symbol of worthlessness

doddie: a hornless sheep

dogged: damned (a euphemism)

dominie: schoolmaster

dorty: sulky

doughtna: dared not

douk: (of the sun) to go down

dower: dowry

downa: to be unable to

doxy: prostitute, mistress

drappie: drop

dree: to suffer, endure

dreed: to suspect

drog: drug

droiche: dwarf

drouth: thirst

drouthy: dry, thirsty

drumbly: cloudy

drumming: beating, thrashing

dub: pond

dumbfounded: dumbfounded

dunt: to knock

e'e-bree: eye-brow

e'en-down: downright

eat: ate

eclaircissement: explanation

ee, e'e: eye

een (adv): even

een (n): eyes

eglantine: sweet-briar (*rosa rubiginosa*)

eild (adj): barren

eild (n): age

eiry: strange, weird, uncanny (of

things); affected by fear of the supernatural

eithlye: easily

eneuch: enough

entertainer: host

ern: iron

erysipelas: disease leading to inflammation of the skin of a deep red colour

evermair: evermore

ewe-bucht: pen used for ewes at milking time or during weaning

extrordner: extraordinary

eyne: eyes

factor: property-manager, steward

fain: desirous, eager

fairing: gift bought at a fair

fall: musical cadence

faut: fault

feck: amount

feuar: vassal

fike: fuss

fit: foot

flaughten: tuft

flee: to fly

fley: to cause to flee

flinders: splinters, pieces

fling: to throw oneself about

flitters: shreds

flosh: bog

flowe: bog, morass

flue: fluff, down

fluke-worm: parasitic worm found in the livers of sheep

fock: folk

foggie: army veteran

foreby: as well

forecastle: the forward part of a ship with the sailors' living quarters

forehammer: sledgehammer

fore-spauld: foreleg of a cow

forespente: exhausted

forworne: worn out

forgie: to forgive

forret: forward

fosse: defensive ditch

frae: from

frank: to pay the passage of (a person)

friend: relative

frith (n1): (in poetry) wooded country

- frith* (n2): firth
funk: to throw up the legs
furr: furrow
fy-gae-to: great to-do

gae: to go
gae: gave (past tense of *gie*)
gaed: went
gaff: to chatter, guffaw
gaire (adj): eager, greedy
gaire (n): strip of green grass
gaite: way
gaity: way
gang: to go
gar: to make (someone do something)
gart: made
gash: pale, dismal
gastrouslye: horrifyingly
gate: way, manner
gaucy: handsome
gaud: goad
gaun: going
gay: very
gayan, gayen: very, considerably
geed: went
gelid: frosty
gerse: grass
getting: possessions
ghaist: ghost
ghostly: spiritual
gie: to give
gimmer: ewe between its first and second shearing
gin (conj): if, if only
gin (n): trap
girn (n): grin
girn (v): to snarl, grimace
glairing: babbling
glait: stupid
glamour: enchantment
glance: to shine
gliff: shock
glyme: to take a sideways glance
gloaming: twilight
goad: bar of iron
goose: a tailor's smoothing-iron
goud, gowd: gold
gouden, gowden: golden
gouk, gowk: fool (literally cuckoo)
gowl: to howl

grane: to groan
grapple: grope
grene: to yearn
greet: to weep or lament
grin: grimace
groat: small coin worth four pence
groats: hulled grain
guard-stone: projecting stone bollard at the foot of a gateway to prevent damage by horse-drawn vehicles
gude: God
guide: to treat
gurr: to growl
gyzenit: gizzert, i.e. parched

hae: have
haffets: side-locks of hair
haggis-fittit: haggis-footed (*haggis* being used here as a term of contempt, as often in compounds)
haill, hale: whole
hale-sale: wholesale
halfpins: half
hallan: passage
hantle: a considerable number
harns: brains
harquebusier: soldier armed with a harquebus, or portable fire-arm
hart: male deer
hash: wretch
haud: to hold; to aim
hauddin: possessions
haudding: holding, leased farm
haugh, haw: river-meadow
haver: to talk nonsense
heartsome: animating
hech: exclamation used to express various sentiments
heck: fodder-rack
hedder belle: flower of the heather
hee-road: high-road
heese, heeze: to hoist
heme-hough'd: see note to p. 213(b)
henchman: attendant of a Highland chief, particularly his right-hand man
hen-pen: fowl manure
herd: shepherd
hett: warmed up
heugh: steep bank, ravine

higgle: to haggle
hilty-silty: heedless
hind (n1): farmworker, often one who occupies a cottage on the farm
hind (n2): female deer
hinder-end: last survivors of a family
hing: to hang
hinney: honey
hitch: to hop
hog: sheep between weaning and first shearing
hoit: to move on
holm, houn: water-meadow
hoo: to cry, shout
horn-mad: raving mad
horse-pistol: large pistol carried at the saddle-pommel
hotch: to bob, jog
hough: hock (on a horse)
howe: hollow
hoy: sailing vessel
hummin': hoax, piece of cheating
humphed: putrid
hunder: hundred
hup: turn right (command to a horse)
hurchon, hurcheon: urchin
hurdlies: buttocks
hurkle: to huddle

ilk, ilka: each
il Kane: every
ill-deedie: wicked
imbitter: to embitter
implicitly: unquestioningly
incendiary: subversive person
indite: to write down
inwove: interwoven
ither: other

jaud: jade; abusive term for a woman
jink: frolic, trick
jinking: lively
joiner: woodworker

kaim: comb
keek: to peep
ken: to know
kerling: woman
kie, kye: cows
kilted: tucked up
kipper: to cure fish by salting and

smoking
kirn: churn
kirne-mylke: buttermilk, or curds made from it
kittle (v): tickle
kittle (adj): tricky, awkward
knell: to reverberate
kythe: to appear

laiggin: edge or border of a hill
laigh: low
lair (n1): learning, education
lair (n2): mire
laird: landed proprietor
laith: loth
langkail: kale
lang-neckit: long-necked
langsyne: long ago
lapper: to besmear
laup: leapt
lave: remainder
laverock: skylark
lawburrows: (*Scots Law*) legal security given by someone to keep the peace towards another
le: lea, i.e. grass-field, meadow
lead: to take (peats etc.) home
leddy: lady
lee: lie
leear: liar
leesome: pleasant
leeve: to live
leister: pronged salmon-spear
leuch: to laugh
lift (n): sky
lift (v): to steal
light: to alight
lights: abilities
lightsome: carefree, cheerful
hilt: song
limmer: hussy
links: undulating open land along the coast
linn: pool in a river
lint: flax
lippen: to trust
lippie: quarter of a Scots peck, now usually one and three quarter lbs (approx. 0.8 kg)
lire, lyre: flesh, muscle
list: to desire

- loaning*: common grazing land
lodged: beaten down
loe: to love
lowe: flame
loon, loun: rogue, rascal; fellow
lubberly: clumsy, stupid
lug: ear
luppen: to trust (NESc. form of *lippen*)
- mae*: more
mailin: tenanted farm
main: sea, ocean
make, maik: figure
marled, merled: mottled
marl-pits: pits from which marl (a mixture of clay and carbonate of lime used as fertiliser) is dug
marshite: jam, conserve (not restricted to one made of citrus fruit)
marrow: to match
matrass: mattress
maun: must
may: maiden
may-flow'r: mayflower (*crataegus laevigata*)
meal-pock: bag for holding oatmeal
meed, meide: reward
meekle: much
mein: mien, look, bearing
mell: to meddle
melthith: meal
mense (n): sense of personal pride and honour
mense (v): to do honour to
menzie: retinue
metabasis: transition, e.g. from one subject to another
mete: measure, amount
mimic (adj): imitative, often playfully or on a smaller-scale
mirligoes: dizziness, vertigo
misca': to abuse
mistryst: to miss an appointment with
mitherless: motherless
mockrife: mocking
monitor: person who admonishes the conduct of another
monyplies: innards
moon-streamer: ray of moonlight
mooter: to fritter away
morion: black-brown quartz
- mou'*: mouth
moudie: the mole
mould: rich soil
muckle: great
mump: old person
mut: may [NESc]
- nae*: no, not
names-gieing-in: supplying of the names for the proclamation of marriage banns
nane: none
nee: no [NESc]
neep: swede, turnip
neeve: fist
neist: nearest, next
neivefu': fistful, handful
nicky-nacky: fussy
nip: to seize
noctiferous: nightbearing
noo: now
norland: northern
nowt: cattle
- occursion*: collision
och: oh
ochon: oh
od: God (a mild oath)
officious: obliging
oppose: to place next to
or: before
oucht: anything
ousen: oxen
overreach: to get the better of
ower (adv): too
ower, our (prep): over
owerword: refrain, chorus
owther: either
- paddle (n)*: long-handled tool for scraping earth, hoe
paddle (v): to toddle
painfu': experiencing pain
palmer: pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land, in token of which he carried a palm-leaf, or simply a monk who travelled from shrine to shrine
pannier: basket carried by a beast of burden
papple: to flow, stream

- parl*: to parley
passenger: passer-by
pastern: the part of the foot of a horse, cow, etc. just above the hoof
pawkie, pawky: roguish, merry
pelf: money, especially when acquired dishonestly
penates: household gods (originally those of the Romans)
perspective-glass: an early form of telescope
pether: pedlar
philabeg: kilt
pickle: small amount of
pike-staff: long walking-stick ending in a spike for greater grip
pinch: to stint
pink: to strike with a small object
pipe-staple: pipe-stem
pit: to put
pith: strength
plack: small coin worth four pence Scots, or one third of an English penny
plainstones: pavement
planter: owner or manager of a sugar plantation
plash: to splash
plishy-plashy: splashy
pliskie: trick
ploy: venture, activity done for amusement
pluff: to puff out
plump: with a sudden fall
pock: bag
poind: to impound
poopit: pulpit
portage: moving a boat between streams or other stretches of water
pouk: to pull sharply, tug
poulter: to potter, fiddle
pow: head
preceesely: precisely
premium: prize
prinkle: to tingle
progg: to prod
prospeck: telescope
prove: to test, sample
ptarmigan: wild grouse which inhabits mountainous regions
puddle: to muddy
puddock: frog, toad
punctuality: punctiliousness
purden: see *burden* [Hld Eng]
quean: hussy
queich: shallow drinking bowl with two handles
quey: heifer
quhille: until
quiz: jest
racket: rocket
raggled: ragged
raif: *tore* (past tense of *rive*)
raik, rake: to stroll
raire (n): bellow
raire (v): to cry out, bellow
randy: coarse or rude person
rank: to get ready
rannletree: roof-beam
rasch: to rush
rattle: trivial talk
ray'd: arrayed
reave: to steal
reck: to take heed
rede: to advise
reek: smoke
reestit: cured, smoked
remeide: remedy
reprobate: to censure, reject
rhamer: rhymmer
rhatting: ratting, i.e. scratching
rhodomontade: vainglorious boast
rifting: cracking
rig: prank
rigg: ridge
riggin(g): roof; back
rin: to run
rive: mouthful
rock-rose: plant of the genus *Helianthemum* or *Cistus*
rone: thicket
roose: to praise
routh: plenty
row: to roll
rowt: to bellow
rozet: resin
rueful: dreadful
rump: to dock (the tail of an animal)

- sachless*: innocent, guileless
saif: to save
sair: sore
sal: shall
sang: song
sanna: shall not
sant: saint
saraband: stately Spanish dance in triple time
sarking: boarding attached to the rafters and to which slates are nailed
sassenach: from the Lowlands (the Gaelic form of *Saxon*, applied by Highlanders to Lowland Scots)
sauleless, saullless: ignoble, base
saur: sickening smell
sawer: sawyer
sax: six
sayn: to make the sign of the cross on, or over
scaur: rocky cliffs
sclate: slate
scour: to rush
screed, skreed: shred, portion
screw: to dispossess a tenant unlawfully
scrip: bag for carrying provisions or personal items
scrogg: scraggy person
scrowggy: scroggy (Sc.), stunted [Cumb]
seg: sedge; in *plural* rushes, reeds
sequester: to seize the effects of
set: to plant
sey: to try out
seybo: spring onion
seymar: simar, a light material, or the robe made from that material
shag: shreds
shaw: copse
shedding-place: place where sheep are separated into various groups
sheen: bright, beautiful
shieling, sheeling: hut or other shelter used by farm-workers during summer grazing
shift: contrivance, expedient
shilly-shally: wishy-washy [this meaning only found in Hogg]
shilpit-like: thin and puny in appearance
short-cutted: short-cut
sic: such
siccan, sickan: such
siller: silver, money
sinsyne: since then
skaith: damage
skaw: a scaly condition causing baldness, scrofula
skelp (*n1*): slap
skelp (*n2*): piece
skelp (*v*): to slap, beat
skemp: rascal
skeugh: shelter
skiff: to glide
skimmer: to flutter, move lightly
skirl: to scream
skrieve: to speed smoothly
skrink: wrinkly appearance
skrinkit: shrivelled up
slaitery: (of weather) unpleasant
sley: (warp) thread
slochen: to quench
sloe: the small dark blue fruit of the blackthorn
smear: to smear (sheep) with a mixture of tar and grease to protect them from damp and parasites
smoult: young salmon or sea-trout in its second spring when it develops silver scales
snappit: caught
sneck-drawing: wily (*lit.* latch-lifting)
snirt: to snort
snouke, snowk: to sniff, prowl
snow-wreath: see *wreath*
snuff: a trifle, a thing of little value
soom: to swim
sooth, sothe: truly
souter: cobbler
southron: southern, i.e. English
spang: to leap
spavie: spavin, a disease of horses in which the hock joint becomes enlarged, either through excessive fluid or through arthritis
spavied: affected with spavin (see *spavie*)
speel, spiele: to ascend
speer, speir: to ask
speetit: spitted, put on a spit
spindle-shankit: spindly-legged
spleet: splinter

spring (*n*): lively tune
spring (*v*): (of blood) to gush
stap: to push
steik: to close
stentorophonick: very loud
stern: star
sternie: star
stick: to stab, finish off
stirk: young bullock or heifer
stile: to stagger
stoat: bounce
stocke: tree stump
stokel: see note to p. 110(b)
stot: bullock
stound (*n*): loud noise
stound (*v*): to throb, ache
strap: to string up
straunger: stronger
streamer: a stream of light from the
 Aurora Borealis; a long thin flag or
 pennant
streek: to hasten
street-raker: street-cleaner
striffle: ?strife
strim-strimming: buzzing
stroam: to stroll
studden: stood
styme: to peer
sude: should
sunshine (*adj*): sunny
swatter: to splash
swig: to whirl
swinging: swingeing

tang: spike
target: shield
tarre: tar, bitumen
taws: rod or strap ending in tails (used
 in punishment)
tedder (*n*): tether, leash
tedder (*v*): to tether
tedderstak: post to which cows are
 attached in a stall
tee (*adv*): too [NESc]
tee (*prep*): to [NESc]
teen: sorrow
teind: tithe
tent: heed, care
terre: tar

tewit: the lapwing, peewit or green plover
thae: those
theekit: thatched, covered
thegither: together
thoche: though
thole: to suffer
thrang: busy, occupied
thraw: to contort
thretty: thirty
thristle: thistle
thrum: to purr
thwakit: thatched
til, till: to
tinkler: tinker
tint: touch, small portion; proof,
 testimony
tint: lost (past participle of *tine*)
tirl: to strip off; to twist, turn; to rattle
 (at the door latch)
tittie: sister
toohoo: hullabaloo
toom: empty
tout: to trumpet
tove: to billow, rise
towe: fibres of flax or hemp ready for
 spinning
trame: beam, shaft
trews: trousers
trig: to set in order
trou: to believe, trust
truff: turf
tup: ram
tup-hogg: male sheep up to its first
 shearing
turf: sod cut as fuel
twall: twelve
tyke: dog

unbowsome: stiff
unchauncy: unlucky
unco (*adj*): unusual
unco (*adv*): extremely
unfeasible: impracticable
unkend: unknown
unpurpose: useless
unsonsy: luckless, ill-omened
untimeously: at the wrong time
upsetting: cocky, pushy
verra: very

vile: a while
viled: vile
visionist: one who has visions, a dreamer

wad: would
wait: to await
wakerife: watchful
wale: to choose
warlochy: male witchcraft
warn: to notify (a person) to leave
wast: west
water: level of transparency and
 brilliance of a gemstone
wauf: to waft
waught: draught, swig
wauk: to be awake
waulin: (of eyes) wildly rolling
waur: worse
wean: young child
wear: to proceed
weary: troublesome
weather-gaw: bright spell between two
 periods of bad weather, believed to
 foretell snow
wedder: wether, i.e. castrated male
 sheep
weel: well
ween: to think, consider
weir: war
weird: fate
weirdly: sinister, uncanny
welkin: sky
well: weal, happiness, good fortune
werry: very [NESc]
westlin: from the west
wha, whae: who
whaten: which
when: a bunch of
whew: whistling
whiles: at times, now and then
whilk: which
whillie-ba-lu: noisy cry
whitty-whatty: to shilly-shally
whud: fib
whunstone: hard stone
wick: corner of the eye
wight: person
wilder'd: obscure
wile (v): to get by guile

win: to gain, get to
wink: to sleep
winna: will not
wiselike: sensibly
wish: to hope
won (v1): to get; get to, reach; gather in
 (crops), harvest
won (v2): to dwell
wonder (adv): wondrously
wont: to be in the habit of
worry: to strangle, choke, gobble up
wove: woven
wreath: snow-drift, bank of snow
wreathy: curling, twisting
writer: lawyer
wrought: worked
wry-faced: grimacing
wudd: mad
wynd: narrow street off a main
 thoroughfare
yammer: (of a bird) to utter repeated
 cries
yarely: thoroughly
yaud: mare; old worn-out horse
yaup: eager, ready
yawl: small rowing boat kept on a ship
yea, yene: one [Cumb]
yeoman: well-off, respectable commoner;
 freeholder
yerk (n): blow, whack, thump
yerk (v): to pull
yerlish, yirlish: unearthly, uncanny
yermin: to complain, whine
yestreen: yesterday evening
yet: gate
yettlin-seller: someone who sells items
 made of cast iron
yill: ale
yird: earth, ground
yirlishly: uncannily
yolle: to howl
yoller: to roar
yowl: howl
yowt, yout: to roar, (of hounds) bay

