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By Jas. Paterson

THE

BALLADS AND SONGS

OF AYRSHIRE,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL, TRADITIONAL, NARRATIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

> " Old King Coul was a merry old soul,
> And a jolly old soul was he ;
> Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
> And they brought him in fiddlers three."

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INTRODUCTION.

Renfrewshire has her Harp—why not Ayrshire her Lyre? The land that gave birth to Burns may well claim the distinction of a separate Repository for the Ballads and Songs which belong to it. In this, the First Series, it has been the chief object of the Editor to gather together the older lyrical productions connected with the county, intermixed with a slight sprinkling of the more recent, by way of lightsome variation. The aim of the work is to collect those pieces, ancient and modern, which, scattered throughout various publications, are inaccessible to many readers; and to glean from oral recitation the floating relics of a former age that still exist in living remembrance, as well as to supply such information respecting the subject or author as may be deemed interesting. The songs of Burns—save, perhaps, a few of the more rare—having been already collected in numerous editions, and consequently well known, will form no part of the Repository. In distinguishing the Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, the Editor has been, and will be, guided by the connection they have with the district, either as to the author or subject; and now that the First Series is before the public, he trusts that, whatever may be its defects, the credit at least will be given him of aiming, however feebly, at the construction of a lasting monument of the lyrical literature of Ayrshire. He hopes farther, should encouragement be vouchsafed to go on with the collection, that all interested in the labour he has imposed upon himself, and who have it in their power, will be willing to assist by "throwing a stone to the cairn."

Ayrshire has probably been more deficient in musical composers than in poets, or ballad writers. Amongst the earliest of the latter, of whom we find any notice, is "the gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun," mentioned in Dunbar's "Lament for the Death of the Makars," which poem must have been written before 1508, when it appeared in Millar and Chepman's Miscellany. Schir Hew is understood to have been the last of the old Eglintons of Eglinton, whose daughter was espoused by John de Montgomerie of Egleshame. He is conjectured to have written the romances of "Arthur" and "Gawan," and the "Epistle of Susanna," pieces not known—their names only being preserved in Wintoun's Chronicle. Walter Kennedy is another of the Ayrshire "Makars" mentioned in Dunbar's Lament—

> "Gud Maister Walter Kennedy,
> In poynt of dede lyis veraly,
> Gret reuth it wer that so suld be;
> Timor mortis conturbat me."

Some particulars of Kennedy and his writings will be found in the following pages. So of Montgomerie, author of the "Cherrie and the Slae," Hamilton of Gilbertfield, &c. In later times Ayrshire can boast of the name of Burns, Boswell, and a host of living "Makars," who, when the flight of time has thrown a halo round their memories, will be regarded as writers of no common merit.

Fate has not been so favourable to our composers of music as to our "Makars" of poetry. Few of the names of the earlier race of them are even known. The greater number of our most beautiful melodies are without paternity, and cannot be assigned to any particular district of the country. A distinction has no doubt been attempted to be drawn between Highland and Lowland music; but this cannot well be sustained in the face of the fact that, until comparatively recent times, the bagpipe was the prevailing instrument in the Lowlands as well as the Highlands. Every burgh, town, village and baron had their piper or pipers. Ayr had her "minstrels," as the town's pipers were called, in 1558;* and within living remembrance many small burghs and villages retained their civic musician. Thus it would be difficult to say whether those beautitiful pipe tunes which have been altered to suit more modern instruments and tastes, or which have been gleaned in the Highlands, where the bagpipe has no doubt lingered longer, and in greater perfection than in the Lowlands, belonged originally to this or the other side of the Grampians; and consequently it would be equally hard to say whether any of them can be claimed by Ayrshire. All that can be said is that not a few of them were popular in Ayrshire from the earliest times; and either were originally, or had become in progress of time, so peculiar to the district, that the musical world was ignorant of them until brought to light by the contributions of Burns to *Johnson's Museum.* These might be particularised, were the works of Burns not so universally known. It may not be uninteresting to mention that several tunes and songs are incidentally referred to in the Presbytery books of Ayr, which are still popular, and were so upwards of a hundred years ago. For instance, in 1720, John Chalmers of Burnton, and others in the parish of Dalmellington, were brought before the Presbytery, upon appeal from the Kirk-session of that parish, charged with dancing and singing on a fast-day morning. They had been at a wedding the night before in the house of the schoolmaster; and the singing and dancing took place in Shaw of Grimmets', whither the revellers had retired. The tune to which they danced, the witnesses averred, was "the tune of that sang that's commonly called *The Sow's Taillis to Geordie.*" Several gave evidence to this effect; and they appeared to be well acquainted with the tune—some of them recognising the words, "the sow's tail till him yet." Another of the songs sung upon the occasion was "Up and Waur them a' Willie," which, if originally a Jacobite song, must have been then altogether new, as it could not refer, as such, to any event previous to 1715.

If it cannot be shown upon positive data that Ayrshire has a right to claim any of the earlier melodies of Scotland, she has, at all events, not lacked musicians and composers in later times. Among these, though perhaps not the most eminent, the name of M'Gill is familiar. The first notice we have of the family occurs in the parochial register of births for Ayr, as follows:—"John M'Gill, son lawful to Wm. M'Gill, *violer* in the Newtoune of Ayr, and Mary Hunter his spouse, was born on Wednesday, Decr. first, 1699." John, however, seems to have died in infancy, for the same parties have another son, baptized *John,* born 30th August, 1707. This latter son of "Willie M'Gill" was, in all likelihood, the well known "Johnnie M'Gill," who is still remembered as an excellent violincello player, and who has the reputation of having composed several airs. If the same individual, he must have been long absent from his native place, and had no doubt led a chequered life; for he is said to have figured in Ayr as a stage doctor immediately prior to his settling down as the assistant of another locally celebrated *violer,* John Riddel. Riddel was the composer of several popular airs—such as "Jenny's Bawbee," "The

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* See "History of Ayrshire," page 190, where some curious particulars are mentioned regarding them.

Merry Lads o' Ayr," "Stewarton Lasses," "Dumfries House," &c. He was an excellent player in his day—so much so that Lord Archibald Montgomerie, upon one occasion, laid a bet that he would get a blind man* in Ayr who would beat all the violin players in Edinburgh.† Riddel had a small salary from all the gentlemen of any note in the county, at whose residences it was his duty to attend at stated periods, and as often as he pleased or found it convenient during the rest of the year. He was never without a pupil, or an apprentice—for in these days the pupils were regularly apprenticed to their teacher, whom they styled *Master;* and it was the duty of the apprentice to accompany the master in all his excursions. Amongst other pupils of Riddel was Weymis Gillespie—another violer whose name deserves to be recorded. By this time Riddel had become very old, and dared not expose himself to rough weather or much fatigue. Gillespie, his pupil, had, upon one occasion, an engagement at a carpenters' ball in Ayr, and, being a young man, his heart as well as his bow was in the projected merry-making. Unfortunately, upon that very day, he was called by his master to attend him in a special visit to one of his country patrons. This, at first sight, seemed a deathblow to Gillespie's diversion; still he was determined not to forego the pleasure, if at all possible. "We're gaun to hae a guid day, I think," said the old blind master to his pupil, as he consulted him about their journey. "No very sure o' that, master," said Gillespie, upon whose brain instantly flashed the idea of a stratagem which might emancipate him from his dilemma. "Gi'e wa' out an' see what the day looks like," rejoined the old man. Gillespie did as he was required; and, though the sun was clear and the sky bright, reported on returning that he was afraid it would overcast, as he saw certain ominous clouds gathering very rapidly. Riddel, at all times anxious to attend to the calls of his patrons, was unwilling to remain at home, and repeatedly despatched Gillespie to ascertain the state of the weather. Appearances always became worse with the apprentice, till at length he returned with the intelligence that it was "an even-down pour!" Old Riddel, somewhat dubious, was led to the door to satisfy himself of the fact. Gillespie, during his last absence, had, with the assistance of a friend, so fastened a large birch broom, thoroughly soaked in water, over the lintel of the door, that the moment the old man groped his way out the water fell upon his bare head like a shower bath. "Richt eneuch, richt eneuch, Gillespie, we canna gang in sic weather as this;" and so Old Riddel was satisfied, and Gillespie prepared to enjoy the carpenter's ball in the evening.

James Tannock, who died at the age of ninety-nine, was one of John Riddel's pupils: so was Matthew Hall or Ha', who, now upwards of fourscore, lives in Newton-on-Ayr. Though almost completely deaf, yet when made aware, by writing, that the subject is the musical reminiscences of former times, the old spirit revives, and his stories are truly interesting. He must have been a muscular man in his day; but when playing at *Shinty* upon one occasion, the joint of his right elbow was split in two by a stroke, and he never had the proper power of his arm afterwards. He was, in consequence, obliged to give up the small fiddle for the violincello—upon which instrument he became as great a proficient, if not greater, than upon the other. As is well known in Ayrshire, the late Earl of Eglinton was one of the chief patrons of muscians in the county. He was himself a first-rate player upon the violincello and harp, and composed a number of airs—several of which, such as "Ayrshire Lasses," are still popular. A collection of music, published "by a young gentleman," about the close of last century, when he was Major Montgomerie, is generally understood to have been his. Mr Hall mentions that he was forty-five years in the habit of frequenting Coilsfield and Eglinton Castle in his capacity as musician. His chief co-adjutor was James M'Lachlan, a Highlander, who came to Ayrshire in a fencible regiment, and was patronised by Lord Eglinton. At concerts at the Castle, the late Earl generally took a part on the violincello or the harp, and amongst other professional players on the violin, blind Gilmour from Stevenston was usually present. "O thae war the days for music!" involuntarily exclaims old Hall, as he proceeds with his reminiscences. Lately when the Castle of Eglinton was re-furnished, a number of violins and violincellos were discovered in a garret—no doubt the identical valuable instruments so much prized by the old Earl. Not knowing their history or their worth, the party into whose hands they fell, gave them away to individuals equally incapable of appreciating them. Hall and M'Lachlan played over the whole county, at all the gentlemen's residences, and even in Edinburgh and Glasgow on great occasions. In one week, to use his own words, they have "passed twenty-six parish kirks, and returned to Ayr on Friday to a ball, never getting to bed till Saturday night." They obtained snatches of sleep as they best could during the intervals of playing and travelling. At one time Hall and M'Lachlan were at the Duke of Argyle's for six months together. M'Lachlan had been there before as footman to Lord John Campbell. It was a time of much festivity—a blind Irish harper of the name of O'Kean, was also amongst the party of musicians. The harper, conceiving himself to have been eclipsed by the violin players, or fancying an insult from the Duke of Argyle, left the party, and bribing some boys to procure materials, actually set fire to the lower part of Inverary Castle, which would soon have been wholly in flames, but for the timely discovery of the rascally act. The incendiary was taken to Inverary Jail, and no doubt met the punishment he deserved. Mr Hall's bass fiddle was a present from the late Countess of Eglinton. It is perhaps worth mentioning that he was the *first Mason* ever made by the poet Burns. Burns himself was made by Alexander Wood, a tailor in Tarbolton.

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* Riddel was blind, it is believed, from infancy.

† The Gows were not at that time in repute.

The late Major Logan was a delightful amateur player on the violin. He also composed a variety of airs—some of them very excellent, but, from his own peculiar style of playing, so difficult of execution that few would attempt them. The collection which he left, however, might be capable of revisal and alteration. If so, it is most desirable that they should see the light. In more recent times the Messrs Hall of Ayr have long maintained a high reputation as violin players—so have the Andrews in Lave-mill, near Dundonald; while there is scarcely a village throughout the county that has not its instrumental or vocal club.

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BALLADS AND SONGS

OF AYRSHIRE.

Johnie Faa.

THE gypsies cam' to our gude lord's yett,
  And O but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
  That doun cam' our fair lady.

And she cam' tripping down the stair,
  And all her maids before her;
As sune as they saw her weel-fa'ured face,
  They cuist the glaumourye o'er her.

"O come with me," says Johnie Faa;
  "O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
  That your lord shall nae mair come near ye!"

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,
  And they ga'e her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
  The gowd ring aff her finger.

"Gae tak' frae me this gay mantil,
  And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
  I'll follow the gipsy laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my gude lord beside me;
This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"Come to your bed," says Johnie Faa;
"O Come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye!"

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faa;
I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

"I'll mak' a hap to my Johnie Faa;
I'll mak' a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the sash gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the tither replied,
"She's awa' with the gipsy laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

THERE are several versions of this ballad, but the above is decidedly the best. It is, besides, the one familiar in Ayrshire, and may therefore be presumed the most correct. The version entitled, "Gypsie Davie," published in Motherwell's Collection, from the recitation of an old woman, seems as if it were an interpolation of the original, designed to render the conduct of the lady more censurable and unaccountable—

> "Yestreen I lay in a fine feather bed,
> And my gude lord beyond me;
> But this night I maun lye in some cauld tenant's barn,
> *A wheen blackguards waiting on me.*"

This is assuredly not the language of even a "wanton lady," who had been induced to leave her "gude lord" either by love or glaumourye. The version we have copied is from the Collection by Finlay, who added considerably to the imperfect one which first appeared in the *Tea Table Miscellany.* He also appended some traditional particulars of the subject of the ballad. Upon these Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," constructs the following apparently very circumstantial story:—

"John, the sixth Earl of Cassillis, a stern Covenanter, and of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet, that he never would permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, a man of singular genius, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage and the best fortune of his time. The match, as is probable from the character of the parties, seems to have been one dictated by policy; for Lord Haddington was anxious to connect himself with the older peers, and Lord Cassillis might have some such anxiety to be allied to his father-in-law's good estates; the religion and the politics of the parties, moreover, were the same. It is therefore not very likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, her affections were shamefully violated. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from the town. When several years were spent and gone, and Lady Cassillis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassillis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, then the principal residence of the family, and which is still to be seen in its original state. He was disguised as a gipsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. In the words of the ballad,

> "They cuist the glaumourye ower her."

But love has a glaumourye for the eyes much more powerful than that supposed of old to be practised by wandering gypsies, and which must have been the only magic used on this occasion. The Countess condescended to elope with her lover. Most unfortunately, (?) ere they had proceeded very far, the Earl came home, and, learning the fact, immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party, at a ford over the Doon, still called the Gypsies' Steps, a few miles from the Castle. He brought them back to Cassillis, and there hanged all the gypsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes on a mound in front of the Castle Gate, and which was his gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. As for the Countess, whose indiscretion occasioned all this waste of human life, she was taken by her husband to a window in front of the Castle, and there, by a refinement of cruelty, compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death, and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her, and who had periled all that men esteem in her behalf. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called "the Countess's Room." After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon which were carved heads representing those of her lover and his band; and she was removed thither and confined for the rest of her life—the Earl in the meantime marrying another wife. One of her daughters, Lady Margaret, was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. While confined in Maybole Castle, she is said to have wrought a prodigious quantity of tapestry, so as to have completely covered the walls of her prison; but no vestige of it is now to be seen, the house having been repaired, (*otherwise* ruined) a few years ago, when size-paint had become a more fashionable thing in Maybole than tapestry. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute, being subservient to the decoration of a fine triple window at the top of the staircase, and stuck upon the tops and bottoms of a series of little pilasters, which adorn that part of the building. The head of Johnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, larger, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features. Some windows in the upper part of Cassillis Castle are similarly adorned; but regarding them tradition is silent."

We do not know what authority Chambers has for identifying the lady who played so unenviable a part in the drama. Unless he has positive evidence to show that she was the Countess of John, the sixth Earl of Cassillis, we should be strongly inclined, from a document which we have seen and copied, to doubt the fact. This is a letter of the Earl of Cassillis, inviting Lord Eglinton to the funeral of his Countess. From the date—15th December, 1642—the parties could be no other than John, the sixth Earl, and Lady Jean Hamilton. The following is a verbatim copy of the letter:—

"My noble lord. It hath pleaseit the Almightie to tak my deir bedfellow frome this valley of teares to hir home (as hir Best in hir last wordis called it). There remaines now the last duetie to be done to that pairt of hir left with ws, qch I intend to pforme vpoun the ffyft of Januar nixt. This I intreat may be honoured with yor. Lo. presence, heir at Cassillis, yt. day, at Ten in the morning, and from this to our buriall place at Mayboille, qch shalbe taken as a mark of yor. Lo. affectioun to

yor. Lo. humble servant,

CASSILLIS.

Cassillis, the 15th Dcr., 1642."

Here we have two arguments against the probability of Chambers's statement—*first*, the Earl's expressing himself in terms of the warmest affection towards his late Countess—"my deir bedfellow"—which he could hardly have been expected to do if she had been the heroine of the ballad: and, *secondly*, the lady *dying at Cassillis* House—from whence the funeral was to proceed—which is not at all likely to have been the case had she been the erring Countess who was confined in Maybole Castle. The Earl of Eglinton could not, it appears, attend the funeral, in consequence of the urgency of public affairs. His reply may be deemed curious:—

[Copy of Lord Eglinton's reply, scrolled on the same leaf of paper.]

"My Lo.

I am sorrowfull from my soul for yor. Lo. great losse and heavie visitatioun, and regraits much that I cannot have ye libertie from my Lord Chancellor to come and doe yat last duty and respect I am byd to. And I will earnestly entreat yor. Lo. not to tak this for an excuse, for I have been verie instant for it. But yor. Lo. appointed day is ye verie day ye meetting of ye Comittee of ye Consert at Air of peace—and further, our partie, ye E. of Glencairne, is so instant yat he will grant no delay in this matter. Yor. Lo. may persuade yourself it is ane very grit grief to me to be absent from you. I will earnestly entreat yor. Lo. to take all this Cristianly, as I am confident yor. Lor. will doe. I pray God to comfort you wt. his wisdom, and resolve to be content with that which comes from his hand, for none sall wish it more than I. You sall still command

Yor. Lo.

Most obt. servt."

The style of this letter is another argument against the statement of Chambers. It would have been insulting Cassillis to have used such consolatory language had the deceased "deir bedfellow" been the paramour of Sir John Faa of Dunbar.

That the ballad was founded upon a reality—and that the main features of the tragedy have been preserved by tradition—can scarcely be doubted; but as to the time, and the individual actors in it, there is good reason for believing that we are yet in entire ignorance of both the one and the other. "Johnie Faa" was no imaginary character. He was the acknowledged head of the Egyptians, or Gypsies, in Scotland. Severe enactments were passed against the tribe whose lawlessness and idle habits were a great nuisance to the country. "Johnne Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," as he was styled, had a letter under the Privy Seal, from James V.—Feb. 15, 1540—establishing his authority over the tribe, and calling upon all sheriffs and persons in authority in Scotland to "assist him in executioune of justice vpoun his company and folkis." As the letter may be interesting to the reader we copy it:—

"Letter, under the Privy Seal, by King James V. in favour of 'Johnne Faw, Lord and Erle of Little Egypt.' Feb. 15, 1540.

"James, be the grace of God, King of Scottis: To oure Schereffis of Edinburghe, principall, and within the constabularie of Hadingtoun, Berwik, Roxburghe, Selkirk, Perth, Forfar, Fife, Clackmannane, Kinrose, Kincardin, Abirdene, Banf, Elgin and Fores, Narne, Innernese, Linlithqw, Peblis, Striviling, Lanark, Renfrew, Dunbertane, Air, Dumfries, Bute, and Wigtoun; Stewartis of Annanderdale, Kirkeudbrycht, Menteithe, and Stratherne; Baillies of Kile, Carrik, and Cunynghame; and thaire deputis; Provestis, aldermen, and bailies of oure burrowis and cieteis of Edinburgh, Hadingtoun, Lawder, Jedburgh, Selkirk, Peblis, Perth, Forfar, Cowper, Sanctandrois, Kincardin, Abirdene, Banf, Elgin and Fores, Narne, Innernese, Linlithqw, Striuiling, Lanark, Glasgow, Ruthirglenne, Renfrew, Dunbertane, Air, Dumfries, Wigtoun, Irwyne, Kirkeudbricht, Quhitterne; and to all otheris Schereffis, Stewartis, provestis, auldermenne, and bailleis within oure realme, greting. FORSAMEKILL as it is huimlie menit and schewin to ws be our louit, JOHNNE FAW, LORD AND ERLE OF LITILL EGYPT; That quhair he obtenit oure Letters vnder oure grete seile, direct to zow, all and sundry oure saidis Schereffis, stewartis, baillies, prouestis, aldermen, and baillies of burrois, and to all and sindry vthiris havand autorité within oure realme, to assist to him in exectioune of justice vpoun his cumpany and folkis, conforme to the lawis of EGIPT,

and in punissing of all thaim that rebellis aganis him : NEUIRTHELES, as we are informyt, SEBASTIANE LALOW, Egiptiane, ane of the said Johnnis cumpany, with his complices and pairt-takaris vnder-written, that is to say, ANTEANE DONEA, SATONA FANGO, NONA FINCO, PHILLIP HATFEYGGOW, TOWLA BAILZOW, GRASTA NEYN, GELEYR BAILZOW, BERNARD BEIGE, DEMER MATSKALLA, NOTFAW LAWLOWR, MARTINE FEMINE, rebellis and conspiris aganis the said JOHNNIE FAW, and hes removit thame alluterly out of his cumpany, and takin fra him diurse sovmes of money, jowellis, claithis, and vthris gudis, to the quantité of ane grete sovme of money, and on na wyse will pass hame with him, howbeit he has biddin and remainit of lang tyme vpoun them, and is bunding and oblist to bring hame with him all them of his company that ar on live, and ane testimoniale of thame that ar deid : And als, the said JOHNNE has the said SEBASTIANIS Obligatioune, maid in Dunfermling, befor our Maister houssald that he and his cumpany suld remain with him and on na wise depart fra him, as the samin beiris. In contrar the tenour of the quilk, the said SEBASTIANE, be sinister and wrang informatioune, fals relation, and circumventioun of ws, hes purchest our writingis, dischargeing him and the remnant of the personis aboue writtin his complicis and pairt-takaris of the said JOHNNIS cumpany, and with his gudis takin be thame fra him, caussis certane our liegis assist to thame and their opinionis, and to fortify and tak their pairt aganis the said JOHNNIE, their lord and maister ; sua that he on no wyse, can apprehend nor get thame to haue thame hame agane within their ain cuntré, eftir the tenor of his said Band, to his hevy dampnage and skaithe, and in grete perell of tynsall of his heretage, and express aganis justice. OUR WILL IS HEIRFOR, and we charge zow straitlie, and commandis, that incontynent thir our Letteres sene, ze and ilk ane of zow, within the boundis of zour Offices, command and charge all our liegis that nane of them tak vpoune hand to resset, assist, fortify, supplé, manteine, defend or take pairt with the said SEBASTIANE and his complices aboue written, for na buddis nor vther way, aganis the said JOHNE FAW their lord and maister ; bot that they and ze, inlikwise tak and lay handis vpoune them quhareuir they may be apprehendit, and bring them to him to be pvnist for thair demeritis, conforme to his lawis : And help and fortify him to pvnis and do justice vpoune them for thair trespassis : And to that effect, len to him zoure personis, stockis, fetteris, and all vther things necessar thairto, as ze and ilk ane of zow, and all vtheris oure liegis, will ansuer to ws thairupoune, and vnder all hieast pane and charge that eftir may follow ; swa that the said JOHNNE have na caus of complaynt heirupoune in tyme cuming, nor to resort agane to ws to that effect, nochtwithstanding ony oure writings sinisterly purchest, or to be purchest, be the said SEBASTIANE, in the contrar. AND ALS, charge all oure liegis that nane of thaim molest, vex, inquiet, or trouble the said Johnne Faw and his cumpany, in doing of thair lefull besynes, or vtherwayis, within oure realme, and in thair passing, remanyng, or away-ganging furth of the samyne, vnder the pane

aboue writtin: And siclike, that ze command and charge all skippars, maisteris, and marinaris of all schippis within oure realme, at all Portis and Havynnis quhair the said JOHNNE and his cumpany salhappin to resort and cum, to resaue him and them thairin upoune thair expenses, for furing of thame furth of oure realme to the partis bezond the sey: As thai and ilk ane of thame siclike will answer to ws thairupoune, and undir the pane forsaid. SUBSCRIUIT with oure hand, and under oure Priue Seile, AT FALKLAND, the fiveteine day of Februar, and of oure reigne the xxviij zeir. *Subscript. per Regem.* [JAMES R.]

Taking the ballad in connection with the era of the "Erle of Little Egypt" —for, though he may have been no actor in the seduction of the Lady of Cassillis, it may be assumed that the author of the verses, in assigning him the leadership of the enterprise, committed no anachronism—we would be inclined to date back the circumstance at least a century before the timed fixed by the author of the "Picture of Scotland."

Chambers is locally wrong in stating that the Gypsies' Steps over the Doon are "a few miles from the Castle." They are not half-a-mile. Besides, tradition does not say that they were taken there. He forgets to mention that there are two portraits of the ill-fated Countess preserved at Cassillis—one before marriage, and the other after her imprisonment. The latter represents her in tears. There are also some relics said to have belonged to her.

Strephon and Lydia.

ALL lovely on the sultry beach
  Expiring Strephon lay;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
  Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh
  To catch thy fleeting breath;
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
  Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene
  Thy parents sit at ease;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
  And all the spring, to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
  Not force of foe depressed;
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
  Thy country, unredressed.

These affecting lines—printed for the first time in Johnson's "Musical Museum"—were, as stated in Burns's MS. notes to that work, the "composition of William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill."* This gentleman, according to Robertson's "Ayrshire Families," was the eldest son of Thomas Wallace, a direct descendant of the Wallaces of Ellerslie, who acquired the property of Cairnhill about the beginning of last century from another branch of the Craigie family, in whose possession it had continued for upwards of two hundred years. William, who died in 1763, in the 52d year of his age, was a member of the Faculty of Advocates, having been admitted in 1734. He succeeded to the property on the death of his father in 1748; and married a daughter of Archibald Campbell of Succoth, in 1750. By this marriage he had three sons—all of whom died without issue—and a daughter, Lilias, who inherited the estate, and died at an advanced age, on the 9th of April, 1840. The father of Robert Wallace, Esq., the late proprietor of Kelly, was a younger brother of William. We are not aware that the author of "Strephon and Lydia" is known as the writer of any other lyric. Judging from the single specimen afforded, he seems to have possessed no ordinary talent for poetical composition. The couplet—

"Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
  And all the spring, to please"—

is finely conceived, and was at the time highly characteristic of the lady referred to. As Dr Blacklock informed Burns, the real Lydia—one of the loveliest women of her day—was the "gentle Jean" celebrated in the following "Parody, by Mr W******,"* in Hamilton of Bangour's poems:—

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* Cairnhill is situated on a delightful bend of the Cessnock, about four miles from Kilmarnock.

"Two toasts at every public place are seen—
God-like Elizabeth, and gentle Jean:
Mild Jeany smiles at ev'ry word you say,
Seems pleas'd herself, and sends you pleas'd away.
Her face so wondrous fair, so soft her hands,
We're tempted oft to think—she understands
Each fop with joy the kind endeavour sees,
And thinks for him the anxious care to please:
But the sly nymph has motives of her own,
Her lips are opened, and—her teeth are shown.
Bess blunders out with ev'ry thing aloud,
And rattles unwithheld and unwithstood;
In vain the sighing swain implores a truce,
Nor can his wit one moment's pause produce:
She bounds o'er all, and, conscious of her force,
Still pours along the torrent of discourse.
Sometimes, 'tis true, just as her breath she draws,
With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause,
But when that instantaneous moment's o'er,
She rattles on incessant as before.
To which of these two wonders of the town,
Say, shall I trust, to spend an afternoon?
If Betty's drawing-room should be my choice,
Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise,
Pleas'd and displeas'd, I quit the Bedlam scene,
And joyful hail my peace of mind again;
But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,
Regal'd on syllabub, and fed on air,
With study'd rapture yawning I commend,
Mov'd by no cause, directed to no end,
Till half asleep, tho' flatter'd, not content,
I come away as joyless as I went."

The lover of this gentle fair one—the Strephon of the song—a youth of handsome proportions, and attractive appearance, was usually distinguished by the *soubriquet* of "Beau Gibson." Having frequently met in public, the parties formed an ardent and mutual attachment. Their habits and tastes, however, were too highly pitched for their narrow incomes; and the friends of Gibson, by way of breaking off the connection, purchased a commission for him in the armament, fitted out in 1740, under the command of Lord Cathcart, against the Spanish settlements in South America. Owing to the sudden death of that gallant and experienced General, at the Island of Dominica, the command devolved on General Wentworth, "an officer without experience, authority, or resolution." The consequence was, that in the expedition undertaken by Admiral Vernon against Carthagena, the British sustained a signal defeat. The Admiral and the General had conceived a mutual hatred and contempt of each other—and the want of mutual co-operation rendered all their plans abortive. In the attack on Carthagena everything miscarried. The guides were killed in advancing; the troops in consequence proceeded against the strongest part of the fortification; the scaling-ladders were too short; Colonel Grant of the grenadiers was killed; and unsupported by the fleet—Admiral Vernon alleging that his ships could not approach near enough to batter the town—the small body of British forces was compelled to retire, leaving behind upwards of six hundred killed or wounded. Amongst these was the unfortunate "Beau Gibson." Hence the concluding lines of the ballad—

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* The Mr W. here meant was in all likelihood Mr Wallace of Cairnhill, the author of "Strephon and Lydia." Additional evidence is thus afforded of his cultivated taste and poetical genius. The edition of Hamilton's poems, from which the parody is extracted, was published in 1760, six years after the death of the author, who died in 1754, in the 50th year of his age. It is not improbable that Hamilton and Wallace were intimate friends.

> "Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
> Thy country, unredress'd."

Lady Mary Ann.

O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower among them a';
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father, O father, an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat;
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout o' an aik,
Bonnie and blooming and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake;
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The summer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that you and I hae seen,
But far better days I trust will come again;
For my bonnie laddie's young but he's growin' yet.

The Editor of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," says—"I have extracted these beautiful stanzas from Johnson's 'Poetical Museum.' They are worthy of being better known—a circumstance which may lead to a discovery of the persons whom they celebrate." Motherwell, who also regarded the stanzas as "certainly beautiful," copied them into his "Minstrelsy; Ancient and Modern." He thought it probable that they referred to "some of the Dundonald family"—one lady of that noble house having been commemorated in a local ditty to the same air:—

"My Lady Dundonald sits singing and spinning,
Drawing a thread frae her tow rock;
And it weel sets me for to wear a gude cloak,
And I span ilka thread o't my sel', so I did," &c.

The lady of John, fourth Earl of Dundonald—second daughter of Charles, first Earl of Dunmore—died at Paisley, in 1710. She was celebrated for her beauty, as well as for every virtue which could adorn the female character; and her death was universally lamented. She belonged to the Episcopalian Church—notwithstanding which, even Wodrow, while he seems to regard her demise—occasioned by small-pox—as a special visitation of Providence, admits the solidity of her reputation. She was "highly praelaticall in her principles," he says, "but *very devote and charitable.*" She had three daughters, "celebrated for superior beauty by the elegant Hamilton of Bangour"—one of whom, *Lady Anne,* may have been the heroine of the song. She was married to the fifth Duke of Hamilton, and died in 1724. Contemporaneously with this lady there was a *Charles Cochrane,* connected with the Cochranes of Waterside, and of course related to the Dundonald family. At his death he left £5 to the parish of Auchinleck, payable in 1732. Could he be the "sprout of an aik" alluded to in the song?

Old King Coul.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he:
Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
And they brought him in fiddlers three;
And every fiddler was a very good fiddler,
And a very good fiddler was he.
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass in braid Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjory.

Old King Coul, &c. ☞ *See the foregoing verse.*
And they brought him in pipers three;
And every piper, &c.
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old King Coul, &c.
And they brought him in harpers three:
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old King Coul, &c.
And they brought him trumpeters three:
Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass, &c.

Old King Coul, &c.
And they brought him in drummers three:
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers;
Twara-rang, twara-rang, went the trumpeters;
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went the harpers;
Ha-didel, ho-didel, ha-didel, ho-didel, went the pipers;
Fidel-didel, fidel-didel, went the fiddlers three:
And there's no a lass, &c.

THAT this ditty is old can scarcely be doubted. It appeared first in Herd's Collection, published in 1776; but it has long been orally familiar over the country. From the lines—

"And there's no a lass in braid Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjory,"

we should suppose the composition as ancient as the days of Robert the Bruce, whose only daughter, *Marjory,* married Walter the Steward of Scotland. We have appropriated the verses in the belief that the "old King Coul" whom they celebrate was no other than the Coul or Coil of history, whose fate in battle has given the name of Coil or Kyle to one of the three great divisions of Ayrshire. Historians differ as to the identity of "King Coul"—whether he was Sovereign of the Strathclyde Britons, or a Welch invader. It is equally uncertain whether it was the

Scots or Picts, or both, by whom he was defeated; but that a battle was fought, and a person of distinction buried, at the spot mentioned by our ancient writers—which still bears the name of *Coilsfield*—is placed beyond all question by the recent opening of the tumulus. The following account of this interesting operation was communicated to the local journals at the time by one of the antiquarian gentlemen who took part in it:—

"DISCOVERY OF SEPULCHRAL URNS IN THE GRAVE OF KING COIL.

"To the south of Coilsfield House, in Ayrshire, and immediately west of the farm offices, is a circular mound, enclosed by a large hedge and planted with oak and other trees. On the centre and highest part of this mound, are two large stones, masses of basalt—which, according to tradition, mark the spot where the mortal remains of Old King Coil were deposited. The names borne by places in the vicinity are in keeping with this tradition. The beautiful mansion adjoining, one of the seats of the Earl of Eglinton, is named Coilsfield, *i.e.*, the field of Coil. Kyle, the name of the central district of Ayrshire, is supposed to be the same word Coil spelled in accordance with the vulgar pronunciation of the name. A little brook that empties itself into the Fail is called 'The Bloody-burn,' and so testifies by its name, of the blood by which its waters had, on some memorable occasion, been polluted; and a flat alluvial piece of ground along the Fail, opposite the mouth of the bloody burn, is still called 'The Dead-men's-holm,' probably from its having been the burial place of the warriors. It is true that a high authority—Chalmers, author of the Caledonia, denies that there ever was such a person as King Coil. Although it is well known that that author at times allows himself to be carried away by an undue love of theory, still his scepticism has had the effect of degrading into mere fable, in the estimation of many, traditionary history, in regard to the West of Scotland.

"Regard, therefore, for traditionary evidence, respect for the mighty dead, and love of historical truth combined to render it desirable that Coil's grave should be opened.

"Accordingly, on the evening of the 29th May, 1837, in presence of several gentlemen, the two large stones were removed. The centre of the mound was found to be occupied by boulder stones, some of them of considerable size. When the excavators had reached the depth of about four feet, they came on a flag stone of a circular form of about three feet in diameter. The light had now failed, and rain began to fall in torrents—but the interest excited was too intense to admit of any delay; candles were procured, all earth and rubbish cleared away, and the circular stone carefully lifted up.

"The seclusion of the spot, the beauty of the surrounding lawn and trees, the eager countenances of the spectators, and above all, the light and voices rising from the grave in which there had been darkness and silence for upwards of two thousand years, rendered the scene which at this time presented itself at Coil's tomb, a very remarkable one.

"Under the circular stone was first a quantity of dry yellow coloured sandy clay—then a small flag stone laid horizontally, covering the mouth of an urn filled with white-coloured burnt bones. In removing the dry clay by which this urn was surrounded, it was discovered that a second urn less indurated in its texture, so frail as to fall to pieces when touched, had been placed close to the principal urn.

"Next day the examination of the mound was resumed, and two more urns filled with bones were found. Of these urns, one crumbled into dust so soon as the air was admitted; the other was raised in a fractured state. Under flat stones, several small heaps of bones were observed, not contained in urns, but carefully surrounded by the yellow coloured clay mentioned above.

"The urns in shape resemble flower-pots—they are composed of clay, and have been hardened by fire. The principal urn is 7⅞ inches in height, 7⅞ inches in diameter, ⅝ths of an inch in thickness. It has none of those markings, supposed to have been made by the thumb nail, so often to be observed on sepulchral urns, and it has nothing of ornament except an edging or projecting part about half an inch from the top.

"No coins, or armour, or implements of any description, could be found.

"The discovery of these urns renders evident that, at a very remote period, and while the practice of burning the dead still prevailed—that is to say, before the introduction of Christianity—some person or persons of distinction had been deposited there.

"The very fact of sepulchral urns having been found in the very spot where, according to an uninterrupted tradition, and the statements of several historians, King Coil had been laid, appears to give to the traditionary evidence, and to the statements of the early Scottish historians, in regard to Coil, a degree of probability higher than they formerly possessed.

"According to Bellenden, in his translation of Hector Boece, 'Kyle is namit frae Coyll, Kyng of the Britons, quhilk was slain in the same region.' Buchannan states that 'the Scots and Picts surprised the camp of the Britons in the night, and put almost the whole of them to the sword. Coilus, King of the Britons, was among the slain in this engagement, and the district in which the battle was fought, was afterwards distinguished by his name.'

"The death of Coil is supposed to have happened about 300 years before Christ."

The Heir of Linne.

Part the First.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his heart's delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To always spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne,
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John has become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;

Iff thou wilt sell thy lands soe broad,
  Good store of gold Ile give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
  My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
  And thine for aye my lande shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
  And John he cast him a god's-pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
  The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
  He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
  And now Ile be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
  Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
  That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight:
  "My sonne, when I am gonne," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
  And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
  That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
  Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of golde:
  And "come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
  And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away:
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monie.

"Nowe well-a-day," sayd the heir of Linne,
"Nowe well-a-day, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpley wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," sayed the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now Ile be away to my lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;

When all the world should frown on mee
  I there shold find a trusty friend."

Part the Second.

Away then hyed the heir of Linne
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
  That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
  In hopes some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
  "Here's sorry cheare," quoth the heir of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
  Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone:
  No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
  No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
  These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
  And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
  I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
  And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
  Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;

His heart, I wis, was near to barst
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
" This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and saw a bille,
And in it a key of golde so redd.

He took the bill, and look it on,
Straight good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see:

" Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

" And let it be," sayd the heir of Linne;
" And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
  Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
  Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
  Up at the speere then looked hee;
There sat three lords upon a rowe,
  Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the board-head,
  Because now lord of Linne was hee.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
  One forty pence for to lend mee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
  Away, away, this may not bee;
For Christ's curse on my head," he sayd,
  "If ever I trust thee one pennie."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
  To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
"Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
  I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
  I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
  The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellowe,
  Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd "Turn againe, thou heir of Linne;
  Some time thou wast a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
  And sparedest not thy gold and fee;

Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

"And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou had his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood be answer'd him againe:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he sayd,
"But I did lose by that bargaine.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee."

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a God's-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here good John is thy monie."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"Ile make thee keeper of my forest,
  Both of the wild dere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
  I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" sayth Joan o' the Scales:
  "Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
  Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne;
  "Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said hee:
"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
  I bring my lands in jeopardy."

This ballad was first brought to light by Bishop Percy in 1755. In his "Reliques" he says—"The original of this ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which render the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject. From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed. The heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of Parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate." Motherwell says—"The traditionary version extant in Scotland begins thus:—

"The bonnie heir, the weel-faured heir,
  And the wearie heir o' Linne;
Yonder he stands at his father's gate,
  And naebody bids him come in.

O, see where he gangs, and see where he stands,
  The weary heir o' Linne;
O, see where he stands on the cauld causey,
  Some ane wuld ta'en him in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
  Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey,
  Some ane wuld ta'en him in."

Linn, in Dalry parish, is supposed to be the scene of this fine ballad. The tower, of which some traces still remain, overlooked a beautiful cascade or *linn*, on the water of Caaf, near the village of Dalry. The family of *Linne of that Ilk*—now extinct—was of old standing. Walter de Lynne is mentioned in the Ragman Roll, 1296. No regular genealogical account of the family can be made out; but they are traced, in various documents, as the proprietors of Linn down till nearly the middle of the seventeenth century. The last of the lairds of Linne, apparently, was "Johne Lin of yt Ilk," mentioned in the testament of "Jonet Jack, spous to John Crawfuird in Robshilheid, Dalry"—December, 1636.* Soon after this the property seems to have been acquired by the Kilmarnock family. Lord Kilmarnock was retoured heir to a portion of the lands in 1641. Although it is only conjectural that Linn in Dalry is the Linn of the ballad, the circumstance of the family being of *that Ilk* accords with what Bishop Percy remarks, that "the heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of Parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with the estate." Linne was the chief of all who bore the name—the title of *that Ilk* being applicable only to such as are acknowledged to be the head of their race. The next possessor would have been called the Laird of Linn, but not Linn of that Ilk.

I had a Horse and I had nae Mair.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
  I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
  But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
  Outwittens of my daddie,
To fee mysel' to a Highland laird,
  Wha had a bonnie lady.

---

* Commissary Records of Glasgow.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madame, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythely be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leugh;
Ye needna been sae blate, man,
Ye might ha'e come to me yoursel',
And tauld me o' your state, man;
You might ha'e come to me yoursel'
Outwitten o' ony body,
And made *John Gowkston* o' the laird,
And kiss'd his bonnie lady.

Then she put siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie.
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,
Since I cam' frae my daddy,
The laird cam', rap, rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird gaed out, he saw na me,
I gaed when I was ready;
I promised, but I ne'er ga'ed back,
To kiss his bonnie lady.

This is one of the very best specimens of the comic muse of Scotland.

Burns says the "story is founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family, who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barr Mill, was the luckless hero that 'had a horse and had nae mair.' For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where 'he fee'd himself to a Highland laird;' for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great-grandchild of our hero." The song was first printed in Herd's Collection. The ballad bears internal evidence of being as old as the days of Mr Hunter's great-grandfather. The laird coming "rap, rap, to the *yett*" refers to a period when the houses or towers of the lairds were strongly enclosed with a well-barricaded gate, or, Scottice, *yett*.

May Colvin.

False Sir John a wooing came,
To a maid of beauty fair:
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got his lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And so lightly as she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable
Where all his steeds did stand;
And she's taken the best and she's left the warst,
That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John;
"Your bridal bed you see;
For it's seven king's daughters I have drowned here,
And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

"Cast aff, cast aff your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they are o'er good and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

"Cast aff, cast aff your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it is too fine and o'er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o' the tree;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see."

He's turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf o' the tree;
She's twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown;
I'll take you hame to your father's gate,
And safely I'll set you down."

"O lie you there, thou false Sir John,
O lie you there," said she,

"For you lie not in a caulder bed,
Than the ane you intended for me."

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she could flee;
And she came hame to her father's gates
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:
"May Colvin, where have you been?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestreen?"

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the pretty cage where it lay:
"O what ha'e ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you does stay?

"He wooed you but, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

"O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me;
Your cage will be made of the beaten gold,
And the spakes of ivorie."

Up then spake the king himself,
In the chamber where he lay:
"Oh! what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day."

"It was a cat cam' to my cage door;
I thought 'twould have worried me;
And I was calling on fair May Colvin
To take the cat from me."

This version of "May Colvin" is copied from Motherwell's Collection. Motherwell states that he had seen a "printed stall copy as early as 1749, entitled, 'The Western Tragedy,'" which perfectly agreed with the enlarged version given from recitation in Sharpe's *Ballad Book*. He had also "seen a later stall print, called the 'Historical Ballad of May Culezean,' to which is prefixed some local tradition, that the lady there celebrated was of the family of Kennedy, and that her treacherous and murder-hunting lover was an Ecclesiastick of the Monastery of Maybole." In Carrick, where the ballad is popular, the general tradition is that the "Fause Sir John" was the laird of Carleton, and "May Colzean" a daughter of Kennedy of Culzean. Chambers has thus embodied the tradition:—"The ballad finds locality in that wild portion of the coast of Carrick which intervenes betwixt Girvan and Ballantrae. Carleton Castle, about two miles to the south of Girvan, (a tall old ruin, situated on the brink of a bank which overhangs the sea, and which gives title to Sir John Cathcart, Bart. of Carleton) is affirmed by the country people, who still remember the story [tradition rather] with great freshness, to have been the residence of 'the Fause Sir John;' while a little rocky eminence, called Gamsloup, overhanging the sea about two miles farther south, and over which the road passes in a style terrible to all travellers, is pointed out as the place where he was in the habit of drowning his wives, and where he was finally drowned himself. The people, who look upon the ballad as a regular and proper record of an unquestionable fact, farther affirm that May Collean was a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Culzean, now represented by the Earl of Cassillis, and that she became heir to all the immense wealth which her husband had acquired by his former mal-practices, and accordingly lived happily all the rest of her days." The version we have given is the one common in Carrick. The air is particularly plaintive, and when sung in the simple style of the peasantry, is very interesting. A ballad, under the same title, and precisely similar in incident, is printed by Buchan in his Collection, who points out Binyan's Bay, at the mouth of the Ugie, where Peterhead now stands, as the scene of "the Fause Sir John's" fate. The old minstrels were so much in the habit of altering the names of persons and places, to suit the districts in which they sojourned for the time, that it is, in many instances, difficult to say to what part of the country a ballad belongs. In this case, however, as Buchan's ballad is evidently an extended version of the western one, we would be inclined to assign the paternity to Ayrshire.

The Lass of Patie's Mill.

THE Lass of Patie's Mill,
So bonnie, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their down,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O, had I all that wealth,
  Hopeton's high mountains* fill,
Insured long life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
  That none but bonnie she,
The Lass of Patie's Mill,
  Should share the same wi' me.

In reference to this song Burns says—"The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it from the last John, Earl of Loudoun. The then Earl of Loudoun, and father to Earl John before-mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudoun, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near Newmills, at a place called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His Lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudoun Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song." As the air is older than Ramsay's day, it has been conjectured that there was another song entitled "The Lass of Patie's Mill;" and it has even been said that the daughter of John Anderson of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, was the original beauty celebrated. It is possible that this may be the case, though it is rather curious that none of the alleged old version has been shown to exist. The truth of the anecdote related by Burns, however, cannot well be doubted.

The Battle of Pentland Hills.

The gallant Grahams cam' from the west,
  Wi' their horses black as ony craw;
The Lothian lads they marched fast,
  To be at the Rhyns o' Gallowa.

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* Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.—Cromek.

Betwixt Dumfries town and Argyle,
The lads they marched mony a mile;
Souters and taylors unto them drew,
Their covenants for to renew.

The whigs, they, wi' their merry cracks,
Gar'd the poor pedlars lay down their packs;
But aye sinsyne they do repent
The renewing o' their covenant.

At the Mauchline Muir, where they were reviewed,
Ten thousand men in armour showed;
But, ere they came to the Brockie's Burn,
The half o' them did back return.

General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;
And captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland Hill.

General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will;
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty;
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's bluid,
But wi' the country we'll conclude."

"Lay down your arms, in the king's name,
And ye shall a' gae safely hame;"
But they a' cried out, wi' ae consent,
"We'll fight a broken covenant."

"O well," says he, "since it is so,
A wilfu' man never wanted woe;"

He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom so fast.

The cleverest men stood in the van,
The whigs they took their heels and ran:
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullien Green.

EPISCOPACY was proclaimed in 1662—the Earl of Glencairn taking an active part in its establishment. The burghs, at the same time, were ordered to elect none as magistrates who were of fanatical principles, or suspected of disloyalty—a command which was pretty generally obeyed. Ayr and Irvine, however, became obnoxious from their opposition. In 1664 they were directed to choose quite different magistrates from those who had refused to make the declaration exacted from all who held public trust. During the spring of 1663, about two-thirds of the churches in the west had been deprived of their ministers, under the operation of what was called the Glasgow act.* The difficulty experienced in supplying the churches, and the disturbances occasioned thereby, are matters of history. A series of letters between Alexander Burnet, Archbishop of Glasgow, and the Earl of Eglinton, at this period,† show the extreme anxiety of that ecclesiastic, amidst the opposition against which he had to contend, in the performance of his duty. We shall quote one or two of the more interesting. The following is the first which has fallen into our hands:—

"My deare Lord,

"Since I had the honour to get you'r Lo. last, I have had a very bad account of your friends and vassalls at Draighorne; and must say (if it be as the report goes) they deserve to be made examples to others. I like it the worse that the minister hath not yett beene with me to giue ane account of their obedience, as he promised; and I am credibly informed by others that the young man is under a great consternation, and much discouraged, and resolves rather to remoue than complain. However, I shall not say much till I receave a more exact account of all. Only I thought it my duety to acquaint your Lo. with what I heard before I tooke any other course; and to entreate your Lo. to consider of what consequence it may be to have it reported that persons in whom your Lo. is interested, and for whom you have undertaken, should so transgresse and affront the laws; and how much it will reflect upon me to winke at yor. Lo.'s friends and relations, when vthers for lesser offences are severely proceeded against. I am bound for many reasons to tender your Lo.'s honour more than others, which makes me use this freedome with your Lo.; and shall never be wanting to give you the most ample testimonial I can of that respect which is due to you, from

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* According to Wodrow, of the fifty-seven ministers in the Presbyteries of Ayr and Irvine, thirty were "outed" in 1663. More, however, were expelled in 1666–7, and in 1671.

† Found amongst the Family Papers at Auchans.

"My Lord,
"Your very humble and faith-
"full servant,
"ALEX. GLASCUEN."

"Glasgow, Aug. 11th,
"1664.

The Earl of Eglinton replied with spirit as follows:—

"May it please your Grace,

"I receaved yors of the 11th instant, and though it be trew (as yor. Lop. sayes) the report goes that my freinds and vassills in dreghorne are guilty of that hinous breatch of the Laws, yett I hop I haue not giuen so litell ore bad proof of my forward afectionetnes to his matics. service, or the church government, as that ther is ground given in the liest to charge ther fault upoun me; ffor the evidence yor. Lop. gives of that people's disobedience, qch. is ye minister you sent them hes not keip his promise in coming to giue yor. Lop. ane acompt, I doe not sie a worss; and of this consequence, and I supose vpon search, it shall be found that that minister hath bein more from his people, since I had the honor to see yor. Lop. last, then they haue been from him; and though yor. Lop. be pleased to say I undertook for them, I am confident yor. Lop. means noe more but a wndertaking in my station to sie ye law put in execution against such as should be found delinquents. And, my Lord, if I be rightly informed, thes of dreghorn are neither amongst the chief transgressors, nor amongst thes who haue mett with the gretest leanitie. Only, I confess a few of them are my tenants; but if by that severer dealing, which yor. Lop. sayes others have mett with, yor. Lop. doe mean my tenants in Egilsham and Eastwood (who wanted a minister), who were, upon Sunday last, kiep wthin the church doors by a party of soldiurs, with muskitts and fyred matches, from ten in ye morning to six of the clok at night, many of them baiten and all of them sore afrighted, I shall remitt it to yor. Lop.'s consideration whither the Law or gospill does most warand this practiss; and shall wish more tender usadge towards the relations off,

"My Lord, &c."

"Montgomeriestoun,
"17th August, 1664."

The remainder of the correspondence refers chiefly to the presentation of incumbents, in which the Earl shows considerable judgment in selecting suitable parties. All the efforts, however, of the dignitaries of the Church, or the patrons, could not overcome the deep-rooted principle of presbyterianism. Writing to his Lordship on the 29th September, 1666, the Bishop says—"Our ministers meet with so many discouragements and difficulties that many of them begin to despaire of remedy." At length the persecution to which the non-complying clergy were subjected, and the heavy fines levied from their adherents, produced open resistance. Though the rising had its origin in Kirkcudbrightshire and Dumfriesshire, where Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, was employed in levying the fines imposed on the non-conformists, yet the greater portion of the men and money ultimately engaged in it were furnished by Ayrshire.

"At Mauchline Muir, where they were reviewed,
Ten thousand men in armour showed."

So says the ballad of *Rullien Green,* as given in the "Minstrelsy of the Border." But the rhymster was no friend to the Whigs; and he seems to have taken a poet's license as to facts. The insurgent force never amounted to more than three thousand men, in place of *ten* thousand; and the host of the Covenanters was not reviewed at all on Mauchline Muir. Colonel Wallace, who commanded it, halted there, to be sure, on his way from Edinburgh—where he was residing when the rising commenced—to the west country, with a small party he had collected in his progress, to put himself at the head of the main body. On arriving at Ayr, Colonel Wallace found the Covenanters, who had previously been billeted in the town, encamped near the Bridge of Doon. Neither history nor tradition mentions the precise spot of encampment; but it was, in all likelihood, upon the rising ground at the east end of Newark Hill, where a large flat stone lies as a memorial, it is said, of the people having there assembled to witness the destruction of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada. A stronger position could not have been selected. Almost immediately on the arrival of Colonel Wallace, the resolution was adopted of moving eastwards towards the capital. From the prostrate and dispirited state of the country at the time, and the hurried and inconsiderate nature of the movement, the friends of the cause did not rally round the standard of the Covenant in such numbers, and with the alacrity expected. A vast accession of strength, however, was calculated upon in their progress eastward. The march was accordingly commenced on Wednesday, the 21st November. Aware that Dalziel, at the head of a considerable body of cavalry, had come as far as Glasgow to oppose them, the Covenanters proceeded slowly notwithstanding, with the view of affording their friends ample opportunity to join them. The first night they halted not far from Gadgirth House, on the water of Ayr. Next day they moved on towards Ochiltree, on the road to which a rendezvous had been appointed, where they met a party of friends from Cuninghame.* While assembling in the field appropriated for the purpose, they had sermon from Mr Gabriel Semple. The principal body thereafter marched into Ochiltree—a portion of the cavalry keeping guard without the town. The officers were quartered in the house of Sir John Cochrane, who was friendly to the cause. Their welcome, however, was somewhat cold, Sir John not being at home—and the lady, as stated by Colonel Wallace, professed not to "see their call." From thence the Covenanters directed their course by Cumnock, Muirkirk, Douglas, Lanark—their numbers increasing so slowly that it was deliberated whether the enterprise should not be abandoned. They resolved, however, still to persevere, in defiance of every discouragement. Between Lanark and Collinton, which village is within a few miles of Edinburgh, the little army of Colonel Wallace, from the severity of the weather and the privations to which they were subjected, had diminished almost to a third. Disheartened—for their friends did not turn out as they were led to hope—and suffering from fatigue, they were by no means in a fit condition to face an enemy. They were not only ill armed and undisciplined, but ill officered—there not being above five officers amongst them who had been in the army. Wallace, however, was himself a soldier of indomitable resolution, and no small capacity as a commander. Learning that Dalziel, with his troops, was immediately in the rear, he diverged from the main road to Edinburgh towards the Pentland Hills, where he drew up his ill-conditioned army in order of battle, and awaited the approach of the king's forces. The cavalry were divided into two sections—the one on the right, and the other on the left of the infantry, which was a heterogenous, half-armed mass. The whole did not amount to more than 900 men; while the well-equipped force under Dalziel is said to have numbered about 3000. Dalziel attempted to turn the left wing of the Covenanters, but he was gallantly repulsed; and had Wallace at that moment possessed forces sufficient to have taken advantage of the confusion which ensued, the battle might have been his own. A similar attempt on the right wing was repulsed with equal bravery; but a third onset, directed against the body of foot in the centre, proved decisive of the day. They were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and the battle became a rout. Colonel Wallace escaped unpursued from the field, and afterwards found his way to the Continent. He died at Rotterdam, in 1678, one of the most esteemed, perhaps, of all the Scottish exiles of that time. Colonel Wallace had adopted the military profession at an early period of his life. He distinguished himself in the parliamentary army during the civil war, in which he rose to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He served in the Marquis of Argyle's regiment in Ireland from 1642 till 1645, when he was recalled to aid in opposing Montrose, by whom he was taken prisoner at the battle of Kilsyth. In 1650, when Charles II. came from the Continent at the entreaty of the Scottish parliament, two regiments being ordered to be embodied of "the choicest of the army, and fitted for that trust," one of horse and another of foot, as his body guards, Wallace was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the foot regiment, under Lord Lorn, who was Colonel. Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon King at Arms, by his Majesty's command, set down the devices upon the ensigns and colours of these regiments. Those of the Lieut.-Colonel [Wallace] were azure, a unicorn argent, and on the other side, in "grate gold letters," these words, "Covenant for religion, King and Kingdoms." At the battle of Dunbar, Wallace was again made prisoner. He obtained his freedom, however, in the end of that year. From the Restoration in 1660, he seems to have lived in retirement, until November, 1666, when he headed the Covenanters at Pentland. Colonel Wallace possessed the estate of Auchans, the mansion-house of which, now in ruins, is situated in the vicinity of Dundonald Castle. His family were a branch of the Wallaces of Craigie. He was the last of the name that owned the property, having disposed of it, before engaging in the insurrection, to his relative Sir William Cochrane of Cowdon, the progenitor of the Lords Dundonald. The parties against whom the doom of forfeiture was pronounced by act of Parliament in 1669, as participators in the outbreak, were—"Collonell James Wallace, Joseph Lermonth, ——— M'Clellane of Barscobe, Mr John Welsh, master James Smith, Patrick Listoun in Calder, William Listoun his son, Wiiliam Porterfield of Quarreltoun, William Mure of Caldwell, ——— Caldwell, eldest son to the goodman of Caldwell, Robert Ker of Kersland, Mr John Cuninghame of Bedlan, Alexander Porterfield, brother to Quarreltoun, John Maxwell of Monreith younger, —— M'Clellan of Belmagachan, Mr Gabriell Semple, Mr John Guthrie, Mr Alexander Pedan, Mr William Veitch, Mr John Crookshanks, and Patrick M'Naught in Cumnock."—HISTORY OF AYRSHIRE.

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* Wodrow gives a curious account of a meeting of certain gentlemen of Cuninghame and Renfrewshire, who intended to have joined Wallace. They were, however, taken prisoners, and had their estates confiscated. The place of meeting was at Chitterflat, in the parish of Beith.

Hughie Graham.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
  A hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they have gripet Hughie Graham,
  For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they have tied him hand and foot,
  And led him up thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
  Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
  And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
  Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
  As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I'll gi'e you,
  If you'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
  And wi' your pleading let me be:
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
  Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
  As she sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white pence I'll gie to you,
  If you'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue, now lady fair,
  And wi' your pleading let me be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
  It's for my honour he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
  He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
  Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
  To see whatever he could spy;
And there he saw his auld father,
  And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
  And wi' your weeping let it be;

Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
  Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gi'e my brother John
  My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
  And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gi'e my brother James
  My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
  And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggie my wife,
  The neist time ye gang o'er the muir,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
  Tell her she was the bishop's w—e.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
  I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet with the bishop's cloak,
  To mak' it shorter by the hood.

Burns says, in his "Notes on Scottish Song," "there are several editions of this ballad. This here inserted is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song. It originally had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten." The poet is somewhat mistaken, however. He makes the scene of the tragedy Stirling, whereas it should be Carlisle. The Bishop of Carlisle, it is said, about 1560, seduced the wife of Hughie Graham, a Scottish borderer. In revenge Graham stole from the bishop a fine *mare,* but was taken and executed, the bishop being resolved to remove the main obstacle to the indulgence of his guilty passion. "Burns did not *choose,*" says Cromek, "to be quite correct in stating, that this copy of the ballad of *Hughie Graham* is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The truth is, that four of the stanzas are either altered or supper-added by himself. Of this number the third and eighth are original; the ninth and tenth have received his original corrections. Perhaps pathos was never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance, in the verse that immediately precedes it, is matchless. That the reader may properly appreciate the value of Burns' touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the 'Border Minstrelsy.'

'He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see,
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

'O haud your tongue, my father, he says,
And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me from heaven hie.' "

Though the incidents of this ballad belong to the border, the fact of its popularity in Ayrshire, and especially having undergone the improving "touches" of Burns, as stated by Cromek, on the authority of the Poet's widow, fully warrant us in giving it a place among the "BALLADS AND SONGS OF AYRSHIRE." The *Whitefoords*—one of whom is represented as having interceded for "Hughie Graham"—are well known as an ancient family in Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire, and latterly in Ayrshire. Nisbet says—"The eldest branch of this family is Whitefoord of Blairquhan, in the shire of Air, descended of a younger son of Whitefoord of that Ilk and Miltoun, who took up his residence in the shire of Air with his brother who was Abot of Crosragwall in the reign of King James IV." The Whitefords were not in possession of Blairquhan till much latter than 1560, the assigned era of the ballad; still they may have been in a position to interfere for the life of the borderer. It was not unusual for persons of influence to interest themselves in behalf of criminals of a deeper die than "Hughie Graham." In Auchinleck House there is a half-length portrait of a noted sheep-lifter of the name of Gilchrist, whose life had been twice preserved through the influence and legal tact of Lord Auchinleck, while an advocate at the Scottish bar. As his lordship was not elevated to the bench till 1750, the circumstance must have occurred about a hundred years ago. Gilchrist was an extraordinary character. He had his dog so well trained that he required only to point out a particular sheep in a flock, though at several miles distance, and the *collie* was sure to separate it from the rest—driving it away round the hills, apart from his master altogether, so as to prevent suspicion, till they met at a convenient spot beyond observation. Sheep-lifting was then a more heinous crime in the eye of the law than it is at present, and few found guilty of the offence escaped the gallows. Gilchrist being a native of Auchinleck parish—or at least of the neighbourhood—probably caused Boswell to take a greater interest in his fate; and, as already stated, he twice succeeded in pleading his cause so well that no condemnation followed. The last time, however, he seriously warned him to refrain from his mal-practices in future; for it was not at all probable he could be again so fortunate. Gilchrist thanked his benefactor for his advice; but in the genuine spirit of a freebooter, candidly admitted that he could not forbear the lifting of sheep. It had become natural to him, he said, and if he must be hanged he could not help it. He might as well die on the gallows as anywhere else. As predicted by Boswell, the third time did not prove *canny* for *honest* Gilchrist. He was tried, condemned, and executed. The portrait of him at Auchinleck was taken while he lay in prison. He seems to have been a person of considerable intellect; but the eye wears an expression of determination characteristic of the man.

The Battle of Loudoun Hill.

You'l marvel when I tell ye o'
  Our noble Burly, and his train;
When last he march'd up thro' the land,
  Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
  For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
  As they cam' up o'er Loudoun Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
  That are into the west countrie;

Ay wicked Claver'se to demean,
And ay an ill dead may he die!

For he's drawn up i' the battle rank,
An' that baith soon and hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak' cruel Claver'se then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gi'e fire on yon westlan' men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
And mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stap to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, and fame;
Gi'e him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysel' an' other ten."

But up spake wicked Claver'se then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cried that a' might hear,
"Man, ye ha'e sair deceived me.

"I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you so cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his cornet, then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel' shall be the foremost man,
That shall gi'e fire on Loudoun Hill.

"At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonnie train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Ay he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenly!
He gave command among his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' westland men;
Wha mair than either aince or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They ha'e been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they ha'e beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—from which the foregoing ballad is copied—does not say from what source it was obtained; whether from MS. or recitation. The affair to which it refers is well known—not only historically, but as interwoven with one of the Author of Waverley's most interesting national fictions. The battle of Loudoun Hill, or Drumclog, was fought on Sabbath, the 1st of June, 1679—Claverhouse, with a party of dragoons from Glasgow, having come upon the Covenanters while engaged in worship near the base of the hill. The latter were headed by Robert Hamilton, brother of Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston, Balfour or Burly of Kinloch, and Hackston of Rathillet. They obtained a complete victory over Claverhouse, who was compelled to seek safety in flight. His nephew, Robert Graham, the "cornet" of the ballad—who seems to have had some foreboding of his fate—was left dead on the field. With the exception of William Clealand, who, along with Hackston, led on the foot, the history of all the others who took a prominent part in the conflict is familiar to most readers. Of his parentage little is known; but there can be no doubt that they were respectable. He was born in 1671, so that, at the battle of Drumclog, he would be no more than eighteen years of age. He held the rank of Captain both there and at the disastrous affair at Bothwell Brig. His enthusiasm in the cause may be guessed from the fact of his having been attending his classes at the college immediately prior to the rising. Whether he afterwards went abroad is unknown. If so, he must have returned in the equally unfortunate expedition of Argyle, for he is known to have passed the "summer of 1685 in hiding among the wilds of Clydesdale and Ayrshire." After the Revolution, Clealand was rewarded for his zeal and consistency by having conferred upon him the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Cameronian Regiment, of which the Earl of Angus was Colonel. Clealand did not long enjoy his preferment. In 1689, immediately after the battle of Killicrankie, he was despatched to the Highlands with a small force, as an advanced corps of observation. Taking post at Dunkeld, he was surrounded by the remains of that army whom Dundee had so often led to victory. Though he had only 800 men to oppose 4000, he gallantly resolved to fight to the last, declaring to his soldiers "that, if they chose to desert him, he would stand out by himself, for the honour of the regiment and the good cause in which he was engaged." His enthusiasm produced a corresponding spirit amongst the Cameronians. The town of Dunkeld was attacked by the Highlanders in the most determined manner; but they were met with such resolution that they were ultimately compelled to retire, leaving three hundred dead on the field. This, the most gallant action during the whole of the civil war of that period, was dearly purchased by the death of the Colonel himself. While encouraging his soldiers "in front of Dunkeld House, two bullets pierced his head, and one his liver, simultaneously. He turned about, and endeavoured to get back into the house, in order that his death might not discourage his men; but he fell before reaching the threshhold." This occurred on the 21st of August, 1689. Clealand was a poet as well as a soldier. When at college he wrote a continuation of "Holloa, my Fancy," which is described in a note to the "Minstrelsy" as "a wild raphsody," but which, nevertheless, displays much talent in so young a writer. In the lines—

"Fain would I know if beasts have any reason!
If falcons, killing eagles, do commit a treason,"

Sir Walter Scott discovered the anti-monarchial principles of the youthful hero. But, taking the whole scope of the poem into consideration, we think no such inference can be justly drawn. Besides, the principles of the Cameronians or Covenanters were not anti-monarchial. Colonel Clealand was the author of several other poems—one in particular on the descent of the "Highland Host" in 1768—written in the Hudibrastic style. His poems were published in 1697—nine years after his death. In connection with the battle of Drumclog, it is mentioned in the Statistical Account of Loudoun Parish, that when Captain Nisbet of Hardhill, who commanded the Loudoun troops at Bothwell, was on his way to Drumclog on the morning of the battle, he, in passing Darvel, induced John Morton, smith, to "accompany him to the field, where his brawny arm would find sufficient occupation. John followed Nisbet in the charge. A royal dragoon, who was on the ground, entangled in the trappings of his wounded horse, begged quarter from John, whose arm was uplifted to cut him down. The dragoon's life was spared, and he was led by the smith as a prisoner to the camp of the Covenanters. But the life which was spared on the field of battle was demanded by those who saw, in the royal party, not merely cruel persecutors but idolatrous Amalekites, whom they were bound in duty to execute. The smith declared, that, sooner than give up his prisoner's life, he would forfeit his own! The dragoon's life, thus defended, by the powerful smith, was spared, but the smith was banished from the army as a disobedient soldier. The dragoon's sword is now in the possession of John Morton's representative, Andrew Gebbie in Darvel." The vicinity of Loudoun Hill was the scene of various warlike exploits. A battle is understood to have been fought here with the Romans; and here Wallace and Bruce were victorious over the English in two separate exploits.

O'er the Moor amang the Heather.

Comin' thro' the Craigs o' Kyle,*
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her yowes thegether.

O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her yowes thegether.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks,
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther;

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* The Craigs o' Kyle are a range of small hills about a mile south of the village of Coilton, in the parish of that name.

And aye the burden o' the sang
Was—o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, an' aye sin syne,
I coudna think on ony ither:
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

BURNS communicated this song to "Johnson's Scots Musical Museum;" and in his "Remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads," he states, in language somewhat rude, that it "is the composition of a JEAN GLOVER, a girl who was not only a ——, but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the correction houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock: I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling with a slight-of-hand blackguard through the country." Though the song alluded to has been long popular, and copied into numerous collections, this is all that has hitherto transpired respecting Jeanie Glover. That the song was her own we are left in no manner of doubt; for it must be inferred, from the positive statement of the Poet, that she had herself assured him of the fact. It is well that Burns expressed himself in decided language; for otherwise it would scarcely be credited that one of our sweetest and most simple lyrics should have been the production of a person whose habits and course of life were so irregular. When at Muirkirk, we were fortunate enough to learn a few particulars relative to Jeanie Glover. A niece of hers still resides there,* and one or two old people distinctly remember having seen her. She was born at the Townhead of Kilmarnock on the 31st October, 1758, of parents respectable in their sphere.† That her education was superior, the circumstances of her birth will not permit us to believe; but she was brought up in the principles of rectitude, and had the advantage of that early instruction which few Scottish families are without. She was remarkable for beauty—both of face and figure—properties which, joined to a romantic and poetic fancy, had no doubt their influence in shaping her future unfortunate career. She was also an excellent singer. Until within these few years, Kilmarnock had no theatre, or at least any building so called ; but strolling parties of players were in the habit of frequenting the town at fairs, and on other public occasions, sometimes performing in booths, or in the "Croft Lodge," long known as a place of amusement. Having been a witness to some of these exhibitions, Jeanie unhappily became enamoured of the stage ; and in an evil hour eloped with one of the heroes of the sock and buskin. Her subsequent life, as may be guessed, was one of adventure, checkered, if Burns is to be credited, with the extremes of folly, vice, and misfortune. About the time the Iron Works commenced, a brother of Jeanie (James Glover) removed from Kilmarnock to Muirkirk; and there, in the employ of "the Company," continued until his death, which occurred about fourteen years ago, leaving a daughter (the niece formerly mentioned), whose husband is one of the carpenters employed at the works. This individual, as well as several others, recollects having seen Jeanie and the "slight-of-hand blackguard"—whose name was Richard—at Muirkirk, forty-three years ago (about 1795), where they performed for a few nights in the large room of a public-house called the "Black Bottle," from a sign above the door of that description, kept by one David Lennox. During her stay on this occasion she complimented her brother with a cheese and a boll of meal—a circumstance strongly indicative of her sisterly affection, and the success that had attended the entertainments given by her and her husband. Those persons who recollect her appearance at this time, notwithstanding the many viscissitudes she must have previously encountered, describe her as exceedingly handsome. One old woman with whom we conversed, also remembered having seen Jeanie at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambarine at the mouth of a close, in which was the exhibition-room of her husband the conjurer. "Weel do I remember her," said our informant, "an' thocht her the bravest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon!" Such are our Muirkirk reminiscences of Jeanie Glover. From another source we learn that she sometimes paid a theatrical visit to her native town. One individual there, who knew her well, states that he has heard her sing in the "Croft Lodge." The song she generally sung, and for which she was most famed, was "Green grow the rashes." The same person afterwards became a soldier ; and, being in Ireland with his regiment, happened to see Jeanie performing in the town of Letterkenny. He introduced himself to her acquaintance, and had the *honour* of her company over a social glass. This occurred in 1801. She was then apparently in good health, gay and sprightly as when in her native country; but, alas! before he left Letterkenny—and he was only about two months in it—she was "mouldering in silent dust." She must therefore have died rather suddenly, in or near that town, in the year above mentioned. —CONTEMPORARIES OF BURNS.

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* A sister's son and daughter also live at the Sorn.

† "James Glover, weaver in Kilmarnock, and Jean Thomson, both their first marriages, had their 3d child born on Tuesday, October 31, 1758, and baptized JEAN, on Sabbath, Nov. 5, 1758, by Mr John Cunningham, minister, Dalmellington.—Extracted from the Register of Births and Baptisms of the Town and Parish of Kilmarnock, upon the 17th day of January, 1839. WM. ANDERSON, Sess. Clk."

Paterson's Filly Gaes Foremost.

THE black and the brown
Gang nearest the town,
John Paterson's filly gaes foremost.

The black and the grey
Gang a' their ain way,
John Paterson's filly gaes foremost.

The black and the din
They fell a' ahin,
John Paterson's filly gaes foremost.

The black and the yellow
Gae up like a swallow,
John Paterson's filly gaes foremost.

THIS apparently unmeaning ditty, taken from recitation, is wed to a spirited and rather pleasant rant in imitation of the galloping of a horse. It is said to have reference to a band of Carrick Covenanters, while passing through Ayr, on their way to the general rendezvous at Bothwell Brig, in 1679. The hero of the song was—according to the tradition of his descendants—John Paterson of Ballaird, in the parish of Colmonell, who was a zealous promoter of the Covenant, and who endured no small persecution for its sake. The author, or authors of the lines and air are, so far as we are aware, unknown.

The Noble Family of Montgomerie.

A Noble Roman was the root
From which Montgomeries came,
Who brought his legion from the war,
And settled the same.

Upon an Hill 'twixt Rome and Spain,
*Gomericus by name;
From whom he and his offspring do
Their sir-name still retain.

From this, unto the wars of France,
Their valour did them bring,
That they great instruments might be,
To save the Gaelic king.

Here, with great splendour and renown,
Six centuries they spend:
At length for England they set sail;
Ambition hath no end.

On British ground they land at length;
Rodger must general be,
A cousin of the Conqueror's,
And fittest to supplie

---

* Mons Gomericus.

The greatest post into the field,
The army then leads he
Into a camp, Hastings by name,
In Sussex, where you'll see

The marks of camps unto this day;
And where you'll here it told,
The English king did them attack
Most like a captain bold;

But soon, alas! he found it vain,
With Rodger arms to try;
This wary officer prepares,
His projects to defy.

The strong attacks he then observes,
Which made him thence to dread,
That England's king might be among
Those who charg'd with such speed:

The life-guards straight he ordered,
Their fury to defend;
When Harold, England's king, at once
His crown and life did end.

Whence to the Conqueror did come
The English sceptre great,
And William, England's king, declar'd,
To London came in state.

*Earl Rodger, then, the greatest man,
Next to the King was thought;
And nothing that he could desire
But it to him was brought.

---

* Dugdale's Baronage, and History of England.

Montgomerie town, Montgomerie shire,
And Earl of Shrewsburie,
And Arundale, do shew this man
Of grandeur full to be.

Thus did he live all this King's reign:
For works of piety
He built an abbacie, and then
Prepar'd himself to die.

At last King William yields to fate;
And then his second son
Mounts on the throne, which had almost
The kingdom quite undone:

Some for the eldest son stand up,
As Rodger's son's did all:
But the usurper keeps the throne,
Which did begin their fall.

Then Philip into Scotland came,
Unable to endure,
That they who earldoms had possest,
Of nought should be secure.

The King of Scots well knew the worth
Of men of noble race,
Who in no time of ages past
Their worth did once deface.

He in the Merse gives Philip lands,
Which afterwards he soon,
With the Black Douglas did exchange
For Eastwood and Ponoon.

Where many ages they did live,
By King and country lov'd;

As men of valour and renown,
Who were with honour mov'd;

To shun no hazard when they could
To either service do;
Thus did they live, thus did they spend
Their blood and money too.

At last Earl Douglas did inform,
That, to our King's disgrace,
An English earl had deeply swore,
He'd hunt in Chevychase,

And maugre all that Scots could
Would kill and bear away
The choicest deer of Otterburn,
And best of harts would slay.

Our King set his commands unto
Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
And told him Douglas wanted men
Who fight could, but not flee.

*The stout Sir Hugh himself prepares
The Douglas to support;
And with him took his eldest son:
Then did they all resort

Unto the field, with their brave men,
Where most of them did die;
Of fifteen hundred warlike Scots
Came home but fifty-three.

Douglas was slain; Sir Hugh again
The battle did renew;

---

* Histories of Stevenston.

He made no stand, with his own hand
  The Earl Piercy he slew.

Sir Hugh was slain, Sir John maintain'd
  The honour of the day;
And with him brought the victory,
  And Piercy's son away.

He with his ransom built Ponoon,
  A Castle which yet stands;
The King, well pleas'd, as a reward
  Did therefore give him lands.

And sometime after gave his neice,
  Of Eglintoun the heir,
To Sir Hugh's representative;
  Thus joined was this pair.

As with her came a great estate,
  So by her did descend,
Her royal blood to *Lennox house,
  Which did in Darnly end;

Who father was to James the Sixth,
  Of Britain the first King,
Whose royal race unto this day,
  Doth o'er Great Britain reign.

Since you are come of royal blood,
  And Kings are sprung from you,
See that, with greatest zeal and love,
  Those virtues ye pursue

Which to those honours rais'd your house,
  And shall, without all stain,

---

* Earl of Lennox.

In heralds books' your ensigns flower'd
And counter-flower'd maintain.

This ballad is supposed to have been written about one hundred years ago. It gives to the noble family of Montgomerie a Roman origin. This may be regarded as somewhat hypothetical, however probable; but there can be no doubt that Roger de Montgomerie, the first of the name in England, came over from Normandy with the Conqueror, and that he commanded the van of the invading army at the decisive battle of Hastings. What was the precise relationship between William and Montgomerie does not appear from the genealogical records; but that the connection was intimate may be inferred from the fact that he had no less than "one hundred and fifty lordships in various counties, including nearly the whole of that of Salop," conferred upon him as a reward for his services, or rather as his share of the rich kingdom which their Norman swords had won for them. The family, however, did not long enjoy their inheritance and honours in England. Robert, the eldest son of Roger, and who succeeded him in his titles and estates, having taken part with the Duke of Normandy against Henry I. in his claim to the Crown, forfeited the whole of his possessions. He, notwithstanding, retained the property in Normandy, which descended to his son, he having been himself first banished and afterwards imprisoned. This occurred in 1113.

"Then *Philip* into Scotland came"

Says the ballad, and obtained a gift of lands in the Merse, which he afterwards exchanged for Eastwood and Ponoon. This does not accord with the descent of the family as given in the various "Peerages." *Walter*, and not *Philip*, Montgomerie, a grandson it is supposed of Earl Roger, settled in Scotland on the invitation of King David I., by whom he was created Lord High Steward, and had many favours showered upon him. Walter appears to have died without issue. Robert de Montgomerie, the immediate ancestor of the Eglintoun family, who came along with Walter, obtained the manor of Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire; which property continued in the possession of his descendant until the present Earl of Eglintoun sold it a few years ago. The death of Robert occurred in 1177. John de Montgomerie, the lineal descendant of Robert, acquired the baronies of Eglintoun and Ardrossan, in Ayrshire, by marriage with the heiress of Sir Hugh de Eglintoun, Knight. This lady was connected with the royal family—her mother, Egidia, being a sister of Robert II. John de Montgomerie, it is said, distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Otterburne in 1388. The circumstance, however, is so variously recorded, that it is difficult to say which is the correct version. According to the Montgomerie ballad, John, after the death of his father, Sir Hugh, who, when Douglas was dead, "the battle did renew," maintained the fight, and "brought victory and Earl Piercy's son away," Sir Hugh having previously slain Percy himself. The ballad of the "Battle of Otterbourne," given in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," represents the occurrence differently. No mention whatever is made of John de Montgomerie; and Sir Hugh—who is described as the "sister's son" of Douglas—is represented as the captor of Percy—

"The Percy and Montgomerie met,
  That either of other were fain,
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
  And aye the blude ran down between.

"'Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!' he said,
  'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'
'Whom too shall I yield," said Early Percy,
  'Now that I see *it* must be so?'

"'Thou shall not yield to lord nor loun,
  Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
  That grows upon yon lilye lee!'

"'I will not yield to a braken bush,
  Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
  Or Sir Hugh the Montgomerie, if he were here.'

"As soon as he knew it was Montgomerie,
  He stuck his sword's point in the gronde,
And the Montgomerie was a courteous knight,
  And quickly took him by the honde."

The English version, on the other hand, pointedly mentions the death of Sir Hugh—

"—— an English archer then perceived
  The noble Earl was slain.

"He had a bow bent in his hand,
  Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
  Unto the head drew he.

"Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
  So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon,
  In his heart-blood was wet."

Sir Walter Scott admits that the Minstrelsy ballad is inaccurate in several particulars. But it is worthy of remark, that the inaccuracies alluded to occur in all the ballads. "Earl Percy" is invariably spoken of as having been present, which, according to the most authentic accounts of the affair,* was not the case. Sir Henry Percy, eldest son of the Earl, better known as Hotspur, and his brother Ralph, led on the English forces. Both were taken prisoners—Hotspur by the Montgomerie; but whether by Sir Hugh or John—or whether the latter was the son or a younger brother of the former—it is impossible to decide. All the metrical accounts of the battle were evidently composed long after the event itself; and tradition is seldom precise in matters of detail. But that Hotspur was taken prisoner by one of the family of Montgomerie, is a fact apparently too well established by concurrent testimony to be disputed. According to Crawford's genealogy, that individual was the John de Montgomerie already mentioned, who, he states, lost his eldest son, Sir Hugh, in the battle, thus differing essentially from the Montgomerie ballad as to the propinquity of the two Montgomeries. The descendants of the heir of Otterbourne, on whom the titles of Baron Montgomerie and Earl of Eglintoun were respectively conferred in 1448 and 1507, continued in possession in a direct male line down to Hugh, the fifth Earl, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by his cousin and heir, Sir Alexander Seton of Foulstruther, whose mother, Lady Margaret, was daughter of Hugh, the third Earl of Eglintoun, and who assumed the name of Montgomerie. In consequence of this connection, the noble house of Seton, as well as Montgomerie, is represented by the present Earl of Eglintoun. The family, down to our own day, has all along sustained unsullied the chivalrous character bequeathed to them by their forefathers, the heroes of Hastings and Otterbourne. Hugh, the first Earl of Eglintoun, was in especial favour with James IV., with whom he fought at Flodden Field, and was amongst the few nobility who escaped from it. In the civil wars which followed the Reformation, the Montgomeries of Eglintoun took a leading part. A deadly feud existed between the Eglintoun family and that of Glencairn, which commenced, according to Chalmers, the author of *Caledonia*, about 1498, and continued till after the Union of the Crowns in 1602. The feud referred to the office of *King's Bailie in Cuninghame*—which was originally held by the Kilmaurs family—but which had been conferred by royal charter on Alexander, first Baron Montgomerie. On the renewal of this charter to his grandson, Hugh, in 1498, the feud is supposed by Chalmers to have first manifested itself in the hostility of Cuthbert, Lord Kilmaurs. This is countenanced by the fact that, according to the Great Seal Register, he was bound over, in February of the following year, for himself and followers, to keep the peace. There is reason, however, for believing that the feud had commenced at an earlier period—Keirlaw Castle, in the parish of Stevenston, then possessed by the Cuninghames, having been sacked and partially destroyed by the Montgomeries in 1488. In 1505, John, Master of Montgomerie, was summoned in Parliament for having been participant in attacking and wounding William Cuninghame of Craigends, the King's coroner for Renfrewshire, a relative of Lord Kilmaurs. The differences of the two families were at length submitted, in 1500, to arbiters mutually chosen, who gave a decision in favour of the Earl of Eglintoun, who was declared to have a full and heritable right to the office of Bailie of Cuninghame. This decision, however, did not terminate the misunderstanding. In 1517, a remission was granted to the Master of Glencairn, and twenty-seven followers, for the slaughter of Matthew Montgomerie, Archibald Caldwell, and John Smith, and for wounding the son and heir of the Earl of Eglintoun. In 1528, Eglintoun Castle was attacked and burned by the same Master of Glencairn and his followers, in retaliation, it is supposed, for the sacking of Keirlaw forty years previously. No deed of remarkable violence seems to have occurred between the two families until 1586, when Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglintoun—who had newly succeeded to his father—was way-laid and shot by the Cuninghames of Robertland and Aiket, at the river Annock. This cold-blooded murder, instigated, it is believed, by the Earl of Glencairn, was afterwards, as Spottiswoode observes, "honourably revenged" by the Master of Eglintoun, brother to the deceased Earl; but in what manner, does not appear. He, to be sure, took possession of Robertland and Aiket, by virtue of an ordinance of the King in Council, until the owners should deliver themselves up to justice. But Glencairn had sufficient influence with the King to obtain a remission for the offenders, and to have the order in Council cancelled by an act of Parliament in 1592. This did not terminate the feud. So late as 1606, while the Parliament and Council were sitting at Perth, Lord Seton and his brother happening to meet Glencairn and his followers, a rencontre occurred between them—the Setons having drawn their swords in revenge for the death of their uncle the Earl of Eglintoun. The parties, however, were separated before any material mischief was done.

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* Scott, in remarking this blunder, does not observe that the historians—Fordun, Froissart, and others—fall into a similar error in stating that "Harry Percy himself was taken by Lord Montgomerie"—a title which none of the family possessed at that time.

The Nicht is neir Gone.

HAY! nou the day dauis,
The jolie cok crauis;
Now shrouds the shauis,
Throu natur anon.
The thissel-cok cryis
On lovers vha lyis,
Nou skaills the skyis;
The nicht is neir gone.

The feilds our flouis
With gouans that grouis,
Quhair lilies lik lou is,
Als rid as the rone.

The turtill that treu is,
With nots that reneuis,
Hir pairtie perseuis;
The nicht is neir gone.

Nou hairts vith hynds
Conforme to thair kynds,
Hie tursis thair tynds,
On grund vhair they grone,
Nou hurchonis vith hairs
Ay passes in pairs,
Quilk deuly declares
The nicht is neir gone.

The sesone excellis,
Thrugh sueetnes that smellis;
Nou cupid compellis
Our hairts echone:
On vinds vha vaiks,
To muse on our maiks,
Syn sing for thair saiks
The nicht is neir gone.

All curageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist plate that bricht is,
To fight with thair fone;
The stared steed stampis,
Throu curage and crampis,
Syn on the land lampis;
The nicht is neir gone.

The freiks on feildis,
That vicht vapens veildis,
With shyning bricht sheildis
At litan in trone.

Stiff speirs in reists,
Ouer cursors crists,
Ar brok on thair breists;
The nicht is neir gone.

So hard are thair hittis,
Some sueyes, some settis,
And some perforce flittis
On grund vhill they grone.
Syn grooms that gay is
On blanks that brayis,
With suords assayis,
The nicht is neir gone.

THESE verses—the earliest known to the air of *Hey tutti, tutti*, or *Bruce's Address*—are thought to be the composition of Alexander Montgomerie, author of *The Cherrie and the Slae*. Montgomerie is one of the most deservedly famed of our early Scottish poets. Unfortunately, few particulars of his life have been preserved. Though he enjoyed a high degree of reputation in his own day, and though his genius must have contributed greatly to the refinement of the age in which he lived, no contemporary pen, so far as we are aware, has recorded a single biographical incident in his eventful career. All that is known of him has been gleaned from casual documents. His identity was even doubted, and tradition has assigned more than one locality as the scene of his musings. The fact of his being an off-shoot of the noble family of Eglintoun, however, may be regarded as beyond cavil. In *Timothy Pont's* "Topography of Cunninghame"—written early in the seventeenth century—the place of his birth is thus clearly indicated:—"Hasilhead Castle, a stronge old building, environed with large ditches, seated on a loche, veil planted and commodiously beautified: the heritage of Robert Montgomery, laird thereof. *Faumes* it is for ye *birth* of yat renounet *poet Alexander Montgomery*." Testimony is also borne to his identity by his nephew, Sir William Mure of Rowallan, whose mother, Elizabeth, was a sister of the Poet. In an address to Charles I., then Prince of Wales, Sir William says—

"Matchless Montgomery, in his native tongue,

In former times to that great sire hath sung;
And often ravish'd his harmonious ear,
With strains fit only for a Prince to hear.
My Muse, which nought doth challenge worthy fame,
Save from Montgomery she her birth doth claim—
(Although his Phœnix ashes have sent forth
Pan for Apollo, if compared in worth)—
Pretendeth little to supply his place,
By *right hereditar* to serve thy grace."

Here we have the most satisfactory evidence of the Poet's relationship. His father, Hugh Montgomerie of Hazlehead, parish of Beith—one of those lesser Barons of Ayrshire mentioned in *Keith's History* as having subscribed the famous Band in 1562 for the support of the Reformed religion—was the fourth in direct descent from Alexander, "Master of Eglintoune." The Poet was the second son. His elder brother, Robert, inherited the property, to which he succeeded in 1602. He had another brother, Ezekeil, who became possessed of Westlands, in the parish of Kilbarchan, which he purchased from his relative Lord Sempill—besides two sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth, the latter of whom married Sir William Mure of Rowallan, father of the Sir William Mure already alluded to. The year of Montgomerie's birth is not precisely known. He has himself, however, recorded the day on which he first saw the light—

"Quhy wes my mother blyth when I wes borne?
Quhy heght the weirds my weilfair to advance?
Quhy wes my *birth on Eister day at morne?*
Quhy did Apollo then appeir to dance?
Quhy gaiv he me good morow with a glance?
Quhy leugh he in his golden chair and lap,
Since that the Hevins are hinderers of my hap?"

From collateral circumstances, however, it may be inferred that he was born about the year 1546. Of the early habits and education of Montgomerie the world is equally ignorant. It has been supposed that he was brought up, or had spent at least a portion of his youth, in Argyleshire. Hume of Polwart, in one of the *flyting* epistles which ensued between them, alludes to the Poet's having passed

"Into Argyle some lair to leir;"

and Dempster, apparently corroborative of the facts, remarks that he was usually designated *eques Montanus*—a phrase synonymous with "Highland trooper." Of his personal appearance, all that we know is from his own pen. Reasoning with his "maistres," he says—

"Howbeit zour beuty far and breid be blaune,
I thank my God, I shame not of my shap;
If ze be guid, the better is zour auin,
And he that getis zou, hes the better hap."

Again—

"Zit I am not so covetous of kynd,
Bot I prefer my plesur in a pairt;
Though I be *laich*, I beir a michtie mynd;
I count me rich, can I content my hairt."

That the Poet had been in the military service of his country at some period or other, is presumable from the prefix of *Captain* being generally associated with his name. He is well known, at all events, to have been attached to the Court both during the Regency of Morton, and for some time after the assumption of power by James VI. A pension of five hundred marks,* payable from the rents of the Archbishopric of Glasgow, was granted to him in 1583; and in 1586 he set out on a tour of the Continent, having obtained the royal license of absence for a period of five years. No memorials of his travels remain, farther than it appears from an entry in the Register of the Privy Seal, that while abroad his pension had been surreptitiously withheld, and he was thrown into prison, "to his great hurt, hinder, and prejudice." The grant, in consequence of a memorial from the Poet, was renewed and confirmed in 1589: but it seems to have occasioned a protracted law-suit to enfore payment of the sums due to him. Of this his "Sonnets," preserved by Drummond of Hawthornden, afford abundant evidence; and he hesitates not to accuse the Lords of Session of a perversion of justice. Like most courtiers, Montgomerie had experienced the fickleness of fortune, at best capricious, but proverbially so when dependent on the smiles of royalty. The precise date of Montgomerie's death is as uncertain as his birth. There is good reason, however, for believing that his demise did not occur until between 1605 and 1615.

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* £333, 6s. 8d. sterling.

Loudoun Castle.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
When the wind blew snell and cauld,
That Adam o' Gordon said to his men,
When will we get a hold.

See not where yonder fair castle
Stands on yon lily lee;
The laird and I hae a deadly feud,
The lady fain would I see.

As she was up on the househead,
Behold on looking down
She saw Adam o' Gordon and his men
Coming riding to the town.

The dinner was not well set down,
Nor the grace was scarcely said,
Till Adam o' Gordon and his men
About the walls were laid.

It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man,
Thou might a' let me be;
Yon man has lifted the pavement stone,
An' let in the loun to me.

Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,
You gave me meat and fee;
But now I am Adam o' Gordon's man,
An' maun either do it or die.

Come down, come down, my lady Loudoun,
Come down thou unto me;
I'll wrap thee on a feather bed,
Thy warrand I shall be.

I'll no come down, I'll no come down,
For neither laird nor loun,
Nor yet for any bloody butcher
That lives in Altringham town.

I would give the black, she says,
And so would I the brown,
If that Thomas, my only son,
Could charge to me a gun.

Out then spake the lady Margaret,
As she stood on the stair,
The fire was at her goud garters,
The lowe was at her hair.

I would give the black, she says,
And so would I the brown,
For a drink of yon water,
That rins by Galston Town.

Out then spake fair Anne,
She was baith jimp and sma',
O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me down the wa'.

O hold thy tongue, thou fair Anne,
And let thy talkin' be,
For thou must stay in this fair castle,
And bear thy death with me.

O mother, spoke the Lord Thomas,
As he sat on the nurses knee ;
O mother, give up this fair castle,
Or the reek will worrie me.

I would rather be burnt to ashes sma',
And be cast on yon sea foam,

Before I'd give up this fair castle,
And my lord so far from home.

My good lord has an army strong,
He's now gone o'er the sea;
He bade me keep this gay castle
As long as it would keep me.

I've four-and-twenty brave milk kye
Gangs on yon lily lee,
I'd give them a' for a blast of wind,
To blaw the reek from me.

O pitie on yon fair castle,
That's built with stone and lime,
But far mair pitie on lady Loudoun,
And all her children nine.

* * * * *

The writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Loudoun, in quoting the foregoing ballad, states that the old castle of that name is supposed to have been destroyed by fire, about 350 years ago. "The current tradition," he adds, "ascribes that event to the Clan Kennedy; and the remains of an old tower, at Auchruglen, on the Galston side of the valley, is still pointed out as having been their residence." The balled assigns the foray to a different party, and a more recent period. The same ballad has been published as recording the destruction of Cowie Castle, in the north of Scotland; but it is well known that the wandering minstrels of a former age were in the habit of changing the names of persons and places to suit particular circumstances. It is, therefore, difficult to say which of the sets is the original. As the ballad, however, as given in the Statistical Account, has been familiar to the peasantry of the district of Loudoun from time immemorial, and considering the local event to which it alludes, it has assuredly every claim to a place among the Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire.

Sang on the Lady Margaret Montgomerie.

LUIFARIS leive of to loif so hie
Your ladies; and thame styel no mair
But peir, the eirthlie *A per se*,
And flour of feminine maist fair:
Sen thair is ane without compair,
Sic tytillis in your fangs deleit;
And prais the pereles (pearl) preclair,
Montgomrie maikles Margareit.

Quhose port, and pereles pulchritude,
Fair forme, and face angelicall,
Sua meik, and full of mansuetude,
With vertew supernaturall;
Makdome, and proper members all,
Sa perfyte, and with joy repleit,
Pruifs her, but peir or peregall,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Sa wyse in youth, and verteous,
Sic ressoun for to rewl the rest,
As in greit age wer marvelous.
Sua manerlie, myld, and modest,
Sa grave, sa gracious, and digest;
And in all doings sa discreit;
The maist bening, and boniest,
Mirrour of madins Margareit.

Pigmaleon, that ane portratour,
Be painting craft, did sa decoir,
Himself thairwith in paramour
Fell suddenlie; and smert thairfoir.
Wer he alyve, he wad deploir
His folie; and his love forleit,

This fairer patrane to adoir,
Of maids the maikles Margareit.

Or had this nymphe bene in these dayis
Quhen Paris judgit in Helicon,
Venus had not obtenit sic prayis.
Scho, and the goddessis ilk one,
Wald have prefert this paragon,
As marrowit, but matche, most meit
The goldin ball to bruik alone;
Marveling in this Margareit.

Quhose nobill birth, and royal bluid,
Hir better nature dois exceid.
Hir native giftes, and graces gud,
Sua bonteouslie declair indeid
As waill, and wit of womanheid,
That sa with vertew dois ourfleit.
Happie is he that sall posseid
In marriage this Margareit!

Help, and graunt hap, gud Hemené!
Lat not thy pairt in hir inlaik.
Nor lat not dolful destanie,
Mishap, or fortoun, work hir wraik.
Grant lyik unto hirself ane maik!
That will hir honour, luif, and treit;
And I sall serve him for hir saik.
Fairweill, my Maistres Margareit.

A. M.

THIS "Sang"—as the initials bear—is another of the compositions of *Alexander Montgomerie*, author of *The Cherrie and the Slae.* The "Lady Margaret Montgomerie," whose beauty he celebrates, was the daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglintoun. She was acknowledged to be the "fairest of the fair" of her time. Montgomerie wrote various other verses besides the "Sang" in praise of his matchless relative. One of his sonnets is entitled—

"To The for Me
Suete Nichtingale! in holme green that hants,
To sport thyself, and speciall in the spring," &c.

And, in a poem on the same lady, he thus apostrophises Nature—

"Ye hevins abone, with heavenlie ornaments,
Extend your courtins of the cristall air!
To asuir colour turn your elements,
And soft this season, quhilk hes bene schairp and sair.
Command the cluds that they dissolve na mair;
Nor us molest with mistic vapours weit.
For now scho cums, the fairest of all fair,
The mundane mirrour maikles Margareit."

Lady Margaret Montgomerie married, in 1582, Robert, first Earl of Winton.

My Ain Fireside.

I HA'E seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mong lords and 'mong ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow, I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' mine ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be prais'd, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

"MY Ain Fireside"—which has long been a favourite, and is to be found in almost every collection of songs—was written by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield. His name is less familiar to the reader of Scottish poetry than we think it ought to be. True, the effusions of his muse that have been preserved, are not so numerous as to entitle him to prominency amongst the versifiers of his country; but, from the few pieces known to have emanated from his pen, it cannot be denied that he possessed a considerable vein of poesy. Scanty, however, as are his writings, the particulars of his long, and for some time active life, are still more limited. His ancestors, a branch of the ducal family of Hamilton, owned the lands of Ardoch, near Kilwinning, from an early period. Andro Hamilton, third son of Robert, fifth laird of Torrance, obtained a charter of them from the Abbot of Kilwinning. He was also, by royal charter—15th July, 1543—appointed "Principal Porter and Master of Entrie to our Soveraine Lady, and her Governor of all her Palaces, Castles," and other strongholds, during life. Captain William Hamilton, father of the Poet, acquired the property of Ladyland, near Kilwinning, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Shortly afterwards, he "biggit a new house, of twa stories, with sklates," in lieu of the old castle of Ladyland, which he demolished; and which had been the residence of Hew Barclay, who, entering into a conspiracy to overturn the Protestant religion in Britain, and having taken possession of Ailsa Craig, about 1593 or 1597, as a preliminary step towards effecting his object, rushed from the rock into the sea and was drowned, rather than allow himself to be captured. A portion of the "new house"—*now* the *old* mansion—still remains, bearing the name of the proprietor, with the date, 1669. Captain Hamilton was one of those who refused the Test Act in 1684, and was in consequence disarmed. He fell in action against the French, during the wars of King William. He married, in 1662, Janet, daughter of John Brisbane of that Ilk, by whom he left two sons, John, his heir, and WILLIAM, the subject of our brief memoir. The precise date of either of their births is not known. It is presumable, however, that the latter was born sometime between 1665 and 1670. He entered the army early in life, and served many years abroad. He rose, however, no higher than the rank of Lieutenant, which commission he held "honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment." On retiring on half-pay, he resided at Gilbertfield, in the parish of Cambuslang. Whether the property was his own does not appear. His being styled "of Gilbertfield" would imply that it did belong to him, though it may have been adopted merely in contradistinction to Hamilton of Bangour, who was a contemporary. "His time," says a writer in the "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen,"* "was now divided between the sports of the field, the cultivation of several valued friendships with men of genius and taste, and the occasional productions of some effusions of his own, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the Gentle Shepherd, three of his epistles to whom are to be found in the common editions of Ramsay's works, commenced in an admiration, on Ramsay's part, of some pieces which had found their way into circulation from Hamilton's pen." This was not the case. At all events the correspondence began with Hamilton. These familiar epistles, as they are termed, are highly creditable to the poetical talent of both parties; yet, without depreciating the merit of Ramsay, we think the superiority may be justly awarded to the Ayrshire poet. His verses are characterised by an easy flow of composition not possessed by those of Auld Reekie's much-famed bard. The correspondence took place in 1719. It would appear that to the few and now almost forgotten productions of Hamilton, who was the senior of Ramsay by at least sixteen or twenty years, we owe the poetical emulation of the author of the Gentle Shepherd. From Gilbertfield, the Poet, towards the close of his days, removed to Latterick, in Lanarkshire, where he died "at a very advanced age," on the 24th May, 1751. He married a lady of his own name—probably a relation—by whom, it appears from the parish records of Kilbirnie, he had a daughter baptised *Anna* on the 16th of June, 1693, so that he must have entered the matrimonial state at an early period of life. Whether he left any issue is unknown. The Hamiltons of Ladyland, however, are not without descendants. The brother of the Poet, having sold the property to the ninth Earl of Eglintoun, about 1712, proceeded to the north of Ireland, where he purchased an estate, which was subsequently disposed of by his son and heir, William, who, returning to Scotland in 1744, bought the lands of Craighlaw, in Galloway. The lineal representative of the family, William Hamilton of Craighlaw, is, or was lately, an officer in the 10th Hussars. He was one of the protestors against the Veto Act of the General Assembly in 1839.

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* 18mo., London, 1822.

The Prais of Aige.

AT matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,
Walkeit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone,
Ane aigit man, seimit sextie yeiris be sicht,
This sentence sett, and song it in gud tone:
O thryn-fold, and eterne God in trone!
To be content and lufe thé I haif caus,
That my licht yowtheid is our past and done;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,
Thy fulis lust lestis skant ane May;
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,
Warldy witt, honor, riches, or fresche array:
Deffy the devill, dreid deid and domisday,
For all sall be accusit, as thow knawis;
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away;
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis,

O bittir yowth! that semit delicious;
O swetest aige! that sumtyme semit soure;
O rekles yowth! hie, hait, and vicious;
O haly aige! fulfillit with honoure;
O flowand yowth! fruitles and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, leyth to luf gud lawis,
Of all vane gloir the lanthorne and mirroure;
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

This warld is sett for to dissaive us evin;
Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane;
For na reward, except the joy of hevin,
Wald I be yung into this warld agane.
The schip of fayth, tempestous winds and rane
Of Lollerdry, dryvand in the sey hir blawis;
My youth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly;
Dissimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis;
Writ, wax, and selis ar no wayis set by;
Flattery is fosterit baith with friends and fayis.
The sone, to bruik it that his fader hais,
Wald sé him deid; Sathanas sic seid sawis:
Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

The "Prais of Aige" is by Walter Kennedy, who, though few of his

writings are extant, seems to have occupied a prominent place among the earlier poets of Scotland. He is spoken of both by Douglas and Lindsay as an eminent contemporary. The former, in his "Court of the Muses," styles him "The Greit Kennedie." He is now chiefly known, however, by his *Flyting* with Dunbar; which was published so early as 1508, and became very popular. This was a species of poetical amusement frequently indulged in both before and after his time. At a much later period, the practice continued amongst the Highland Bards, and gave rise occasionally to no small local irritation. It must have been, at best, a dangerous pastime. The great object was to excel in ribaldry; and he who could say the most biting and derogatory things of his opponent, carried away the palm of victory. The "Flyting between Dunbar and Kennedie" affords a favourable specimen of the railing powers of both: indeed, it would be difficult to determine on which side the mastery lies. The language, however, is in many instances, too gross for modern ears. A single verse from each may serve as a specimen. The orthography is somewhat modernised:—

(Dunbar to Kennedy.)

Thou speirs, dastard, if I dare with thee fecht?
  Ye dagone, dowbart, thereof have thou no doubt?
Wherever we meet thereto my hand I hecht
  To red thy ribbald rhymings with a route;
Through all Britain it shall be blawn out,
  How that thou, poisoned pelour,* gat thy paiks;
With ane dog-leech I shape to gar thee shout,
  And neither to thee tako knife, sword, nor ax!

(Kennedy to Dunbar.)

Insensate sow, cease false Eustace air!
  And knaw, keen scald, I hald of Alathia,
And cause me not the cause lang to declare
  Of thy curst kin, Deulbeir and his Allia;
  Come to the cross on knees, and mak a cria;
Confess thy crime, hald Kennedy thy king,
And with a hawthorn scourge thyself and ding;
  Thus dree thy penance with 'Deliquisti quia.'

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* Thief.

It is rather surprising that either Lord Hailes or Dr Irving, in commenting on the "Flying," should have had the slightest doubt as to the real character of the "war of words" between the Poets. Such invective in an age, and amongst a people by no means deficient of honour, could not have been exercised, unless as good-natured banter, without leading to serious consequences—neither Dunbar nor Kennedy being persons of mean estate. So far from umbrage existing between them, Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Makars," thus feelingly alludes to the dangerous state of Kennedy's health:—

> "And Mr Walter Kennedie
> In pynt of dede lies wearily,
> Grit reuth it were that so should be,
> *Timor mortis conturbat me.*"

The egotism of Kennedy, when he lauds himself as "of Rhetory the Rose," and as having been

> "Inspirit with Mercury fra his golden spheir,"

would be perfectly intolerable, were not the *Flyting* understood as a burlesque. From the allusions to Carrick by Dunbar in the *Flyting*, there can be no doubt that Kennedy belonged to that part of Ayrshire. Beyond this fact, however, and that he was the third son of Gilbert, first Baron Kennedy, very little is known of his history. Mr David Laing, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his valuable edition of Dunbar's poems,* and who has gleaned all that is likely to be ever ascertained regarding Kennedy, conceives that he must have been born "before the year 1460." He was educated for the Church, and studied at the University of Glasgow, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1478, and was "elected one of the four masters to exercise the office of examinator in 1481." Mr Laing is of opinion that the *Flyting* was written between the years 1492 and 1497. If so, it is evident, both from the allusions of Dunbar and Kennedy himself, that the latter resided at the time in Carrick, where he seems, from an action brought before the Lords of Council, to have filled the situation of Depute-Bailie of Carrick, under his nephew, David, afterwards Earl of Cassillis, to whom the office of heritable Bailie of that district was ratified by charter in 1489. It is to this the poet no doubt alludes when he says, in answer to Dunbar—

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* The Poems of William Dunbar, now first collected. With notes, and a memoir of his life. By David Laing. Edinburgh, 1843.

> "I am the Kingis blude, his trew *speciall clerk.*"

His claim to royal blood was equally well founded—his grandfather, Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, having married Lady Mary Stewart, daughter of Robert III. Prior to becoming Depute-Bailie of Carrick, Kennedy was not unknown at Court, and had travelled on the Continent. He appears to have been an expectant of Church preferment. Speaking of James the Fourth, he says—

> "Trusting to have of his magnificence,
> Guerdon, reward, and benefice dedene."

Mr Laing thinks it probable that he was appointed Provost of Maybole, on the death of Sir David Robertson, about 1794—the patronage of the collegiate church in that town, which was founded by Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, in 1371, still continuing in the family. The period of Kennedy's demise is quite uncertain. He was alive, though at the "pynt of dede," when Dunbar penned his "Lament for the Makars," about 1508; and he is spoken of by Lyndsay in 1530, as if he had been dead for a considerable time—

> "Or quha can *now* the warkis countrefait,
> Off Kennedie, with terms aureait."

The inference is that he did not survive the illness alluded to by Dunbar. It is rather curious that so few of the poems of Kennedy are extant. Besides the *Flyting*, there are only some four or five pieces known to exist. These are "The Prais of Aige," "Ane Aigit Man's Invective," "Ane Ballat of Our Lady," "Pious Counsale," and "The Passioun of Christ," the latter of which, preserved in the Howard MSS., extends to 245 stanzas, of 1715 lines. Mr Laing describes it as either presenting a "dry summary of the chief events of our Saviour's life and sufferings, or tedious episodical reflections, appropriate to the different hours of the Romish Church service." The most favourable specimen of his poetical talent which survives is unquestionably the song in "Prais of Aige." From the fame of Kennedy amongst his contemporaries, it is evident that the greater portion of his writings have been lost. His attachment to the *old faith*, which he describes in the foregoing verses as a ship driving in the tempestous sea of Lollerdry, the principles of the Reformation having then begun to be keenly agitated in Scotland, may in some measure account for their disappearance. It is not improbable that his MSS. perished along with many other valuable works belonging to the collegiate church of Maybole. Unlike most of the *Makars* of the time, Kennedy was a staunch adherent of Catholicity. The popularity of most of his contemporaries, on the other hand, was greatly promoted by their satirical exposure of the abuses of Popery.

Kellyburnbraes.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburnbraes:
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And he had a wife was the plague of his days;
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day, as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
He met wi' the deevil, says, "How do ye fen'?"
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint."
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I maun have."
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

"O welcome most kindly," the blythe carle said;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd!"
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

The deevil has got the auld wife on his back,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack.
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

He carried her hame to his ain hallan door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
Syne bade her go in, for a bitch and a ———.
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick of his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
Turn out on her guard, in the clap of a hand.
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear:
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
Whae'er she got hands on cam near her nae mair.
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
"Oh help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'."
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

The deevil he swore by the edge of his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife.
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

The deevil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)

He was not in wedlock, thank heaven! but in hell.
  (And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack,
  (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And to her auld husband has carried her back.
  (And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.)

"I hae been a deevil the feck o' my life;
  (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife;
  (And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.")

Burns is said to have been the author of *Kellyburnbraes*. The *owercome* is old.

As I cam' down by yon Castle wa'.

As I cam' down by yon castle wa'
  And in by yon garden green,
O there I spied a bonnie, bonnie lass,
  But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lass she was,
  As ever mine eyes did see;
O five hundred pounds would I give,
  For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me!
  Young man, ye are sairly mista'en;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
  I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
  O talk not so very, very high;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
  He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest:
Tak' this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
Humility wad set thee best.

THESE lines were contributed by Burns to *Johnson's Museum.* He took them from recitation. They are evidently old.

Tam o' the Balloch.

IN the Nick o' the Balloch lived Muirland Tam,
Weel stentit wi' brochan and braxie-ham;
A briest like a buird, and a back like a door,
And a wapping wame that hung down afore.

But what's come ower ye, Muirland Tam?
For your leg's now grown like a wheel-barrow tram;
Your ee it's faun in—your nose it's faun out,
And the skin o' your cheek's like a dirty clout.

O ance, like a yaud, ye spankit the bent,
Wi' a fecket sae fou, and a stocking sae stent,
The strength o' a stot—the wecht o' a cow;
Now, Tammy, my man, ye're grown like a grew.

I mind sin' the blink o' a canty quean
Could watered your mou and lichtit your een;
Now ye leuk like a yowe, when ye should be a ram;
O what can be wrang wi' ye, Muirland Tam?

Has some dowg o' the yirth set your gear abreed?
Hae they broken your heart or broken your head?
Hae they rackit wi' rungs or kittled wi' steel?
Or Tammy, my man, hae ye seen the deil?

Wha ance was your match at a stoup and a tale?
Wi' a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale?
Now ye peep like a powt; ye glumph and ye gaunt;
Oh, Tammy, my man, are ye turned a saunt?

Come, lowse your heart, ye man o' the muir;
We tell our distress ere we look for a cure:
There's laws for a wrang, and sa's for a sair;
Sae, Tammy, my man, what wad ye hae mair?

Oh! neebour, it neither was thresher nor thief,
That deepened my ee, and lichtened my beef;
But the word that makes me sae waefu' and wan,
Is—Tam o' the Balloch's a married man!

The foregoing song is by Hugh Ainslie, whose fame is by no means commensurate with his deserts. He was born at Bargany Mains, near Dailly, about the year 1792. His father, George Ainslie, was for a long time in the service of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, at Bargany. In that neighbourhood—"by Girvan's fairy-haunted stream"—the Poet passed the first nineteen years of his life, receiving such education as the place afforded. In 1809, George Ainslie removed with his family to his native place, Roslin, near Edinburgh. After prosecuting his education in Edinburgh for some months, Hugh was employed as a copying clerk in the Register House in that city, under the auspices of Mr Thomson, the Deputy Clerk-Register, whose father had been minister of Dailly, and who on that account took an interest in the success of the youth. For such an occupation Ainslie was well fitted, his handwriting being remarkable for beauty, accuracy, and expedition. On the recommendation of Mr Thomson, he was occasionally employed as amanuensis to the celebrated Dugald Stewart, who, having resigned his chair as Professor, lived in elegant retirement at Kinniel House, a seat of the Duke of Hamilton, about twenty miles distant from Edinburgh. There, in the society of the philosopher and the distinguished persons who visited him, Ainslie passed some months both pleasantly and profitably. If aught annoyed him, it was the repeated transcriptions of manuscript compositions, which the fastidious taste of Mr

Stewart required, but for which the less refined amanuensis was not disposed to make allowance. Returning to the Register House, he acted for several years as a copying clerk, first under Mr Thomson, and afterwards in that department where deeds are recorded. About this time he married his cousin, Janet Ainslie, an amiable and sensible woman, by whom he has a large family. Constant employment in copying dry legal writings was by no means agreeable to his temperament; so he at length quitted it, and for a time occupied himself in keeping the books of his father-in-law, who was a brewer in Edinburgh. The concern, after being carried on for about two years, proved unsuccessful. He now resolved on emigrating to the United States of America, to which he proceeded in July, 1822. There, after having made the necessary arrangements, he was joined by his wife and children. He acquired a property, to which he gave the name of "Pilgrim's Repose;" but it did not prove to be the resting-place he had anticipated. On the banks of the Ohio, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, he afterwards established a brewery. His premises having been accidentally consumed by fire, he energetically set about the rebuilding of them; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, misfortune again overtook him, and now he resides at Louisville. In the summer of 1820, he made a tour from Edinburgh to Ayrshire, in company with two friends; and two years afterwards, when on the eve of emigrating, he published an account of it in a book, consisting of one volume 12mo., entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, . . with numerous pieces of Poetry, original and selected."* It contains three wood-cut illustrations, from drawings taken by Ainslie, who possesses some talent as a draughtsman. The bibliographer will be surprised on finding that the book proceeded from the Deptford press. This is accounted for by the fact of the author having a friend a printer in that place. Owing to his not having enjoyed an opportunity to correct the proof-sheets, the book is disfigured by lapses in grammar, and by incorrect spelling and punctuation. From the want of an influential publisher, it was little noticed beyond the circle of his friends. It did not, however, escape the observation of Mr Robert Chambers, who transferred three of the poetical pieces to his collection of Scottish Songs, published in 1829. One of these, "The Rover of Lochryan," was copied with commendation in a review of Mr Chambers's work, which appeared in the same year in the Edinburgh Literary Journal;* and a wish at the sametime expressed by the Reviewer to know something more of the author. Besides a few anecdotes of little value, concerning Burns and the characters he celebrated, the work chiefly consists of incidents which befell the travellers, of descriptions of natural scenery, and of traditions; and although the original pieces of poetry are frequently represented as proceeding from his friends, the whole of them, as well as the prose portion, were truly composed by Ainslie himself. At the end of the volume there is a production of some length, entitled the author's "Last Lay." It was composed, he tells us, when wandering in Ayrshire by his native stream; and, besides some allusions to his personal history, shows what were the views and feelings which induced him to seek a "resting-place in the young world of the west." What follows we take leave to transcribe from an article in the Edinburgh Literary Journal:—

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* Throughout the book, the travellers figure under fictitious names. The author, from the length of his person and the activity of his limbs, is called THE LANG LINKER; and his companions, Mr John Gibson and Mr James Welstood, are respectively styled JINGLING JOCK and EDIE OCHILTREE. Welstood, who went to America about the same time as Ainslie, died lately at New York. Gibson did not cross "the Atlantic's roar," as he appears, from what is said at pages 260 and 271, to have contemplated: he now worthily fills the office of Janitor in the Dollar Institution.

"Since Mr Ainslie went to reside in America, nothing of his has appeared in print on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of a paper or two in the *Newcastle Magazine*, which he entitled 'Feelings of a Foreigner in America.' He contributes, however, to American publications; and he has, from time to time, transmitted to his friends at home poetical effusions of great merit."—*From " The Contemporaries of Burns."*

Kirkdamdie Fair.

O Robin lad, where hae ye been,
  Ye look sae trig and braw, man;
Wi' ruffled sark, and neat and clean,
  And Sunday coat and a', man.

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* No. xxxi. p. 18.

Quo' Rab, I had a day to spare,
And I went to Kirkdamdie Fair,
Like mony anither gouk to stare,
At a' that could be seen, man.

When climbing o'er the Hadyer Hill,
It wasna han'y wark, man;
And when we cam' to auld Penkill,
We stripped to the sark, man.

The tents, in a' three score and three,
Were planted up and down, man,
While pipes and fiddles thro' the fair,
Gaed bummin' roun' and roun', man.

Here Jamie Brown and Mary Bell,
Were seated on a plank man,
Wi' Robin Small and Kate Dalziel,
And heartily they drank, man.

And syne upon the board was set,
Gude haggis, though it was na het,
And braxy ham; the landlord cam',
Wi' rowth o' bread and cheese, man.

A country chap had got a drap,
And he guid thro' the fair, man;
He swore to face wi' twa three chiels,
He wadna muckle care, man.

At length he lent a chiel a clout,
Till his companions turned out,
So on they fell, wi' sic pell-mell,
Till some lay on the ground, man.

Or ere the hurry it was o'er,
We scrambled up the brae, man,

To try a lass, but she was shy,
  A dram she wadna hae, man.

Weel, fare-ye-weel, I carena by,
  There's decent lasses here that's dry,
As pretty's you, and no sae shy,
  So ony way you like, man.

There's lads and lasses, mony a sort,
  Wha cam' for to enjoy the sport;
Perhaps they may be sorry for't,
  That ever they cam' there, man.

And mony a lad and lass cam' there,
  Sly looks and winks to barter;
And some to fee for hay and hairst,
  And others for the quarter.

Some did the thieving trade pursue,
  While ithers cam' to sell their woo';
And ithers cam' to weet their mou,
  And gang wi' lasses hame, man.

Now, I hae tauld what I hae seen,
  I maun be stepping hame, man;
For to be out at twal at e'en,
  Would be an unco shame, man.

Besides, my mither said to Kate,
  This morning when we took the gate,
Be sure ye dinna stay o'er late,
  Come timely hame at een, man.

The much-celebrated fair of Kirkdamdie, which takes place annually on the last Saturday of May, is held on the green knoll beside the ruins of Kirkdamdie Chapel, in the parish of Barr—the site, in all probability, of the ancient burying ground, as it still retains the appearance of having been enclosed. The institution of this annual meeting, so far as we are aware, is unknown; it has, however, been held from time immemorial. The only market throughout the year, in an extensive district, it was attended by people from great distances. Booths and stands were erected for the entertainment of the gathered throng, and the disposal of merchandise, which, as there were no roads, was brought chiefly on horseback.* Here those travelling merchants, whose avocation is now almost gone—but who, before communication with the towns came to be so freely opened up, formed nearly the sole medium of sale or barter among the inhabitants—assembled in great numbers, bringing with them the tempting wares of England and the Continent. If, with the magician's power, we could recal a vision of Kirkdamdie centuries back, how interesting would be the spectacle! The bivouack of the pedlars with their pack-horses, who usually arrived the night before the fair; the bustle of active preparation by earliest dawn; and the gradual gathering of the plaided and bonneted population, from the various pathways across the hills, or down the straths, as the day advanced, would be a picture of deep interest. Even yet, changed as are the times, the gathering is a truly picturesque sight, which intuitively points to the "days of other years." Until recently, when the establishment of a fair at Girvan, together with the great facilities everywhere afforded for the interchange of commodities, conspired to deprive Kirkdamdie of its importance, it continued to be numerously attended. Many remember having seen from thirty to forty tents on the ground, all well filled with merry companies—

"Here Jamie Brown and Mary Bell,
Were seated on a plank, man,
Wi' Robin Small and Kate Dalziel,
And heartily they drank, man.

And syne upon the board was set,
Gude haggis, though it was na het,
And braxy ham; the landlord cam',
Wi' rowth o' bread and cheese, man."

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* The custom from traders at landward fairs was, in ancient times, levied by the sheriff of the county, whose minions were very rapacious. This species of robbery became so clamant that several acts of parliament were passed against the abuse. The dues at Kirkdamdie, about two centuries ago, appear to have been lifted by Alexander or M'Alexander of Corseclays, to whom "the three pund land of Kirkdominic and Ballibeg" belonged, together with the "teyndis and fisching upon the watter of Stincher, commonlie called the fisching of the weills."

A large amount used to be transacted in wool and lambs; and not a few staplers were in the habit of coming even from the manufacturing towns of England. But we must follow the graphic description of the ballad—

"The tents, in a' three score and three,
Were planted up and down, man;
While pipes and fiddles through the fair,
Gaed bummin' roun' and roun' man.

And mony a lad and lass cam' there
Sly looks and winks to barter,
And some to fee for hay or hairst,
And others for the quarter.

Some did the thieving trade pursue,
While others cam to sell their woo;
And mony cam' to weet their mou,
And gang wi' lasses hame, man."

Besides the fame acquired by Kirkdamdie as a market, it was still more celebrated as the Donnybrook of Scotland—

"A canty chap a drap had got,
And he gaed through the fair, man;
He swore to face wi' twa three chiels
He wadna muckle care, man.

At length he lent a chiel a clout,
While his companions sallied out,
So on they fell, wi' sic pell-mell,
Till some lay on the ground, man."

The feuds of the year, whether new or old, were here reckoned over, and generally settled by an appeal to physical force; and it was no uncommon thing, towards the close of the fair, when "bauld John Barleycorn" had sufficiently inspired his votaries, to see fifty or a hundred a-side engaged with fists or sticks, as chance might favour. Smuggling, after the Union, became very prevalent throughout Scotland, and nowhere more so than in Ayrshire and Galloway. A great many small lairdships were then in existence, the proprietors of which, almost to a man, were associated for the purpose of carrying on a contraband trade. From locality as well as union, they lived beyond the reach or fear of the law. At Kirkdamdie, future operations were planned, and old scores adjusted, though not always in an amicable manner. The Laird of Schang, a property in the vicinity, was noted as a member of this confederacy, and a sturdy brawler at the fair. He possessed great strength and courage, so much so that he was popularly awarded the credit of being not only superior to all his mortal enemies, but to have actually overcome the great enemy of mankind himself. Like most people of his kidney, Schang could make money, but never acquired the knack of saving it. He was sometimes, in consequence, sadly embarrassed. At a particular crisis of his monetary affairs, the Devil, who, according to the superstition of the time, seems to have been a considerable Jew in his way, appeared to Schang, and agreed to supply the needful upon the usual terms.

"Says Cloot, 'here's plenty if ye'll gang,
On sic a day,
Wi' me to ony place I please;
Now jag your wrist, the red bluid gie's;
This is a place where nae ane sees,
Here sign your name.'
Schang says, 'I'll do't as fast as pease,'
And signed the same."

From henceforth the fearless Schang, as our upland poet goes on to relate,

"———— had goud in every han',
And every thing he did deman';
He didna min' how time was gaun—
Time didna sit:
Auld Cloot met Schang ae morn ere dawn,
Says, 'ye maun flit.' "

The dauntless smuggler, however, peremptorily refused to obey the summons. Drawing a circle round him with his sword, without invoking either saint or scripture, he fearlessly entered into single combat with his Pandemonium majesty, and fairly beat him off the field. The engagement is thus circumstantially described by the veracious laureate of the hills, whose verses, it will be observed, are not very remarkable for beauty or rythm:—

"The Devil wi' his cloven foot
Thought Schang out o'er the ring to kick,

But his sharp sword it made the slit
A wee bit langer;
Auld Clootie bit his nether lip
Wi' spite an' anger.

The Deil about his tail did fling,
Upon its tap there was a sting,
But clean out thro't Schang's sword did wring,
It was nae fiddle;
'Twas lying loopit like a string
Cut through the middle.

Auld Clootie show'd his horrid horns,
And baith their points at Schang he forms;
But Schang their strength or points he scorns,
The victory boded;
He cut them aff like twa green corns—
The Devil snodded.

Then Cloot he spread his twa black wings,
And frae his mouth the blue fire flings;
For victory he loudly sings—
He's perfect mad:
Schang's sword frae shou'der baith them brings
Down wi' a daud.

Then Clootie ga'e a horrid hooh,
And Schang, nae doubt, was fear'd enough,
But hit him hard across the mou'
Wi' his sharp steel;
He tumbl't back out owre the cleugh—
Schang nail'd the Deil!"

As the Schangs gradually died out, and the power of law and religion began to prevail, the feuds at Kirkdamdie assumed a different aspect, and might have been altogether modified, but for a new element of strife which kept alive the spirit of pugilism. From Girvan and other localities on the coast, where immense numbers of Irish have congregated within the last fifty years, bands of them used to repair to Kirkdamdie for the sole purpose of indulging in the pleasures of a row, sometimes amongst themselves, but more generally with the native population. This led to fearful encounters, and many anecdotes are told of the prowess of the champions on either side. Amongst the Scots, a person of the name of B——, forester on the estates of the late Lord Alloway, to whom the property then belonged, was remarkable for his daring, being often singly opposed to a large body of Emeralders. Gradually ascending the rising ground, in the rear of the kirk, with his face to the foe, he wielded his stick with such dexterity that the brae soon became covered with disabled opponents, whom he struck down one by one as they approached. He frequently fought their best men in pitched battles, and as often and successfully headed the Scots against the Irish in a melee. Several individuals are still alive who took an active and distinguished part in these affrays. C—— and the "Fighting T———s" were much celebrated. One of the latter, now we believe in America—when most people, save the bands of Irishmen who remained for the purpose of attacking such obnoxious Scotsmen as himself, had left the fair—has been known, more than once, to break in amongst them on horseback, and canter away, after laying twenty or thirty on the sward, without sustaining the slightest injury. Such tantalizing displays of coolness were chiefly undertaken, as he facetiously remarked, to provoke the Patlanders, and keep their temper in play till next meeting. Such scenes are characteristic of the past, not of the present. The "glory" of Kirkdamdie, like that of Donnybrook, has happily departed. In place of thirty or forty tents, four or five are now sufficient; and almost no business whatever is transacted. It is apparently maintained more from respect to use and wont, than from any conviction of its utility.—*History of Ayrshire.*

The author of "Kirkdamdie Fair" is not known.

The Auld Fleckit Cow.

Frae the well we get water, frae the heugh we get feul,
Frae the rigs we get barley, frae the sheep we get woo',
Frae the bee we get hinney, an' eggs frae the chuckie,
An' plenty o' milk frae our auld flecket cow.
  An' O, my dear lassie, be guid to auld fleckie,
  Wi' the best o' hay-fodder, and rips frae the mow,

  Boil'd meat in a backie, warm, mixed up wi' beanmeal,
  For it's a' weel bestow'd on the auld fleckit cow.

She's wee an' she's auld, and she's lame and she's hammilt,
And mair than sax years she's been farrow I trow;
But she fills aye the luggie baith e'ening an' morning,
And rich creamy milk gie's our auld fleckit cow.
  An' O, my dear lassie, be guid to auld fleckie,
  An' dinnie gi'e a' the guid meat to the sow,
  For the hens will be craikin', the ducks will be quakin',
  To wile the tid bites frae the auld farrow cow.

She ne'er breaks the fences, to spoil corn and 'tatoes,
Contented, though lanely, the grass she does pu',
She ne'er wastes her teeth munching stanes or auld leather,
But cannie, lying doun, chews her cud when she's fu'.
  Then O, my dear lassie, be guid to auld fleckie,
  An' min' that she just gie's her milk by the mou',
  An' we'll still get braw kebbocks, an' nice yellow butter,
  An' cream to our tea, frae the auld fleckit cow.

In the byre she's aye cannie, nor e'er needs a burroch,
But gie's her milk freely whene'er it is due:
Wi' routing and rairing she ne'er deaves the neibours,
They ne'er hear the croon o' the auld fleckit cow.
  An' O, feed her weel wi' the sappy red clover,
  Green kail, yellow turnips, and cabbage enou':
  For she's whyles in the house, an' her gang's no that birthy
  The grass is ow'r sour for our milky auld cow.

When clegs, flies, and midges, or hornets, molest her,
Or cauld stormy weather brings danger in view,
In her ain warm wee housie frae harm's way protect her,
I'm feared something happens our auld fleckit cow.
  And my guid tentie lassie will wed some guid farmer,
  Wi' bonnie green parks baith to graze and to plow,

White sheep, an' milk cows, o' the best breeds o' Ayrshire,
For muckle she's made out the auld fleckit cow.

We'll no part wi' fleckie for some years to come yet,
A' our lang lifetime that deed sair we'd rue:
For she has na a calf to haud fou' the binnin',
And fill up the place o' the auld fleckit cow.
Sae, O, my guid lassie, remember auld fleckie,
An' feed her, an' milk her as lang's she will do,
We ha'e aye ben weel ser'd, an' she's noo awn us naething,
But we'll ne'er get a match to the auld fleckit cow.

O leese me on milk, it's the food o' the baby,
O' the strong blooming youth, an' the auld bodie too:
Our gentles may sip at their tea and their toddy,
But gi'e me the milk o' the auld fleckit cow.
An' O, my kind lassie, the spring time is coming,
An' the grass it will grow, an' we'll hear the cookoo;
The laverocks will sing, an' we'll a' tread the gowan,
An' drink the rich milk o' our auld hammilt cow.

O, the dames o' the south boast their flocks o' milk camels,
Their bread-bearing trees, and their huts o' bamboo;
And the wives o' the north ha'e their seals and their reindeer,
But we ha'e oatmeal and the auld fleckit cow.
An' O, my dear Peggy, we're thankfu' for mullock,
Sad care and distrust ne'er shall darken our brow;
And I wish a' the house-keeping folk in the nation
Could sup the pure milk o' their ain fleckit cow!

The foregoing verses are the composition of a worthy but unpretending follower of the muse—Mr Andrew Aitken, a native of Beith. He is a self-taught genius—never having entered a school door as a scholar. He has written a good deal of poetry; but his works have not been published in a collected form. The "Auld Fleckit Cow" appeared in the *Ayr Observer* some years ago. The cow was the property of Mrs Harvey of Balgray. She had been six years farrow at the time, and continued to give an astonishing quantity of milk. "If good, well fed cows," says the author, "give their own weight in cheese through the course of the year, it is deemed an ample return; but this little animal will not feed above nineteen stones imperial, yet she produced, last year, twenty-five stones of sweet-milk cheese, besides serving the family with what butter and milk they needed." Mr Aitken has followed various occupations throughout his somewhat eventful life. At present he is working in a limestone quarry on Trearne estate, in the parish of Beith. He is much beloved by his neighbours, who lately presented him with a purse, containing forty guineas, and a handsome arm chair, of curious workmanship.

Peter Galbraith.

PETER Galbraith, that noble squire,
Of might and high renown,
He built a palace, great and fair,
Hard by Perclewan town.*

He sought no help of man nor beast,
As I hear people tell;
He was so valiant and so stout,
He built it a' himsel'.

But when the building was near done,
And all the stones were laid;
A granite of prodigious size,
Came rolling in his head.†

To aid him with this ponderous stone,
He asked the neighbours round;
And such a gathering ne'er before,
Was on Perclewan ground.

* * * * *

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* A short distance from Dalrymple village.

† In his imagination.

And there for a memorial,
When Peter's dead and gone,
They've laid before his palace door,
The heavy granite stone.

Among the many eccentric characters with whom Ayrshire abounded during the last, and the beginning of the present century, there are few, perhaps, more worthy of a passing notice than Peter Galbraith, a native of the parish of Dalrymple. "Merry Peter," as he was usually designated, from his constitutional equanimity of disposition, and proneness to humour, possessed many good qualities; and was far from being what is commonly termed "a fool." His wits seemed to hover half-way between sanity and confirmed aberrance. In sundry matters his shrewdness greatly excelled; whilst in others, his simplicity and credulity were conspicious. Besides learning the trade of a carpenter, he had acquired some notion of mason work, and became rather famous as a builder with mud in lieu of lime. He was, in consequence, much employed in erecting stone fences throughout the country; and one way or other continued to eke out life in a pretty comfortable manner. Peter lived all his days a bachelor. He, at one period, however, seriously contemplated taking unto himself a wife; and, with this object in view, he resolved first, like a prudent man, to build a house for her reception. This was a work of no little time and labour; for, like the *Black Dwarf*, not a hand save his own aided in the structure. A more remarkable instance of individual perseverance is perhaps not on record. His house, which originally consisted of two stories, still exists at Perclewan, and is one of the best looking, though upwards of half a century old, in the locality. The tenant of the land gave Peter liberty to build, conceiving that the whim, as he considered it, would never be carried into execution. Peter, however, set resolutely to work, when an idle day or hour permitted, and gradually the walls began to assume a tangible shape. The stones were chiefly procured from Patterton-hill, about a quarter of a mile distant. The small ones he gathered and carried in his apron; the larger he rolled down the inclined plane to Perclewan. Some of them, from their size, seem far above the strength of a single individual, yet not a sinew but his own was applied in conveying them either from the hill, or in elevating them upon the walls. The stone-and-mud work finished, next came the labours of the carpenter, and here the ingenuity of Peter was equally useful. The wood he bought whole, not in planks, as most people would have done who had no one to aid them in the saw-pit. For the services of a fellow-workman he substituted a large stone, placed at the lower end of the saw, the weight of which helped to drag the instrument down, after he had drawn it up. By such contrivances as this, he succeeded in overcoming the most formidable difficulties. At length Peter's castle, as his neighbours termed it, was completed; having been built, roofed, and thatched, all by his own hands. One thing alone seemed wanting, and that was a large flag, to lay, by way of pavement before the door. Peter, in his rambles, had discovered a stone admirably suited for the purpose, but being large and flat, he could neither carry it in his apron, nor roll it along the ground, as he had done with the others. Here, for the first time, he felt himself in a dilemma; but being well liked in the vicinity, Peter was no sooner known to be in a predicament, than offers of assistance were tendered from all quarters, and the bringing home of the flag was made a gala occasion. The neighbourhood turned out in a body—old and young—to share in the triumph of putting the cap-sheaf, as it were, on Peter's castle. The stone being placed in a cart, drawn by six or eight horses, decorated with flowers and evergreens, SAUNDERS GREIVE, a well known local poetaster, ascended the vehicle, and said or sung a long metrical harangue in honour of the event. Of this production, the few verses given are all that have been preserved. Saunders having finished his poetical eulogium, the procession moved onward to the sound of the bagpipe. Never was such a merry party seen in the district. Arriving at Perclewan, the stone was carefully laid in its proper place, amidst much cheering, and a bumper drained to the health and prosperity of Peter. In the evening the proceedings were closed by a ball in the adjacent clachan, at which all the beauty and fashion of the parish attended. Many a person marvelled why Peter should have built a house of two stories, thinking that less accommodation might have served him. But they little knew his mind on this subject. The lower flat he designed for his intended wife and family—the higher for himself, that he might not be disturbed, as he remarked, by their bawling. But, as the result showed, Peter gutted his fish before he caught them—wife or child he never had. With him the building of a castle was nothing, compared with the difficulties and dangers of courtship. He was a firm believer in witches, warlocks, and all the unseen tribes of evil spirits with which superstition tenanted the earth and air; and his faith, in this respect, exercised the utmost control over him. The object of his affection, Eppie Robb, was a bouncing queen, in the prime of life, who would as soon have thought of wedding Old Nick as Peter; but she carried on the joke for amusement. Their first and only meeting took place on the banks of a small streamlet—the burn gliding between them. Peter soon made known his errand, but Eppie preferred a disinclination to enter upon terms at such a distance from each other, and insisted that he should come across the water. "Na, na," quoth Peter, with all the self-restraint of a Hippomeny, "ye ken that every body has an evil spirit about them; and gin I war to gae ower the burn, nae saying what we might be tempted to do. I canna gang ower, but ye ken my errand weel enough; sae there's nae use in mony words about it. Besides, it's no lucky to cross a rinnin' stream; and thae deevils o' witches and fairies are every where on the watch." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than a person who had accompanied Eppie to the trysting place, and who lay concealed, began to throw stones in the brook. "See that!" cried Peter, "they're at their wark already!" and hurrying home as fast as his legs could carry him, he resolved never to go a-wooing again. But Peter was no coward when corporeal enemies alone were to be encountered. During the threatened invasion by the French, he displayed a degree of loyalty and courage worthy of that warlike period. He applied frequently to be enrolled amongst the fencible corps; and at length, by way of humouring him, he was accepted. Peter had regimentals like his fellow-volunteers; but, in addition to the gun and bayonet, he wore an old sword, and a pair of pistols stuck in his belt—presenting in appearance quite the figure of a brigand. Nor would he fall into the ranks like a common soldier—his zeal and peculiar notions of personal prowess led him invariably to assume the van—a position readily accorded to him by the Colonel, who understood and tolerated his eccentricities. At the reviews, Peter was easily distinguished on the field; and the ladies were frequently pleased to enter into conversation with him—a mark of honour which invariably had the effect of elevating his head a couple of inches higher, and adding materially to the length of his stride. At church, too, on Sabbath, Peter maintained his warlike character, the gun alone being laid aside in respect to the sanctity of the day. One night as he was wending his way home from the "tented field," apparently without arms of any kind, a country lad who knew him determined to give Peter's courage a trial. Sallying from the hedge at an unfrequented spot, he accosted our hero in a gruff manner, and demanded his purse. Not at all surprised, Peter drew a pistol from his pocket, and presented it at the pretented highwayman, saying, with much coolness and irony of expression, "Tak' care, lad, it's dangerous!" The robber, we need scarcely add, speedily left Peter master of the field. There are many amusing anecdotes told of "Merry Peter." Once, when catechised by the Rev. Mr Walker, minister of Dalrymple parish, the question put to him was, "How many Gods are there?" Peter replied correctly enough in the words of the Shorter Catechism. "But," quoth he, assuming the office of catechist in his turn, "can you tell me, Mr Walker, how many *deevils* there are?" On one occasion Peter advertised the raffle of an arm-chair, at his castle. A great number of people attended from various quarters of the parish, in expectation of enjoying an evening's amusement. The chair, much to the disappointment of the expectant throng, was nothing more than the large stone in front of the door, that had taken so many horses to carry to Perclewan, on each side of which he had placed a railing, in imitation of a seat! Most of Peter's anecdotes, however, and the flashes of his wit, are of that homely and practical character that bids defiance to the pen. His great hobby through life seems to have been the building of houses. He feued a steading at one time in the Newton of Ayr, and had proceeded a considerable length with the walls—the stones for which he carried himself all the way from Balsaggart Hill, a distance of nearly four miles—when, getting tired of the undertaking, he disposed of the feu and the walls to a person who finished the tenement. He began another house, in Dalrymple, which he also failed to finish. The feu, like all the others in the village, ran for ninety-nine years. "Could your Lordship," said Peter, addressing the Earl of Cassillis, "no mak' it the even hundred?" When you come back," said the Earl facetiously, "I will give you a new lease!" Peter died at advanced age, about thirty-four years ago.

The Bloody Raid.

[During the minority of James II., Scotland was thrown into great confusion through the weakness of the executive, and the ambition and turbulence of the barons. Amongst the many feuds arising out of the disturbed state of the times, that of the Stewart and Boyd families is, perhaps, the most striking. It occurred in 1439, and is thus related by Tytler, from the "History of the Stewarts:"—"Sir Alan Stewart of Darnley, who had held the high office of Constable of the Scottish army in France, was treacherously slain at Polmais thorn, between Falkirk and Linlithgow, by Sir Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock, 'for aul feud which was betwixt them;' in revenge of which Sir Alexander Stewart collected his vassals, and, in 'plain battle'—to use the expressive words of an old historian—'manfully set upon Sir Thomas Boyd, who was cruelly slain, and many brave men on both sides.' The ground where the conflict took place was at Craignaucht Hill, a romantic spot near Neilston in Renfrewshire. The victory at last declared for the Stewarts.—History of Ayrshire.

Craignaucht, or Craignaugh, Hill, is a beautiful eminence in the parish of Dunlop, Ayrshire, and about two miles east by north-east from Dunlop Village. Part of it at present is the property of Alexander Cochran, Esq. of Grange, and part the property of Andrew Brown, Esq. of Hill, Dunlop. There is an old tradition that the lady of Sir Thomas Boyd died of grief shortly after hearing of the murder of her husband.]

Along the lea a weary page
At dewy eve ran fast,
Nor stopt to answer questions to
Those whom he quickly past;
And when he came to Annick stream,
He sought no ford to cross,
But swam the pool and hurried on
Through dark Glenowther moss.

High in her hall a lady sat,
Of "wonderous beauty rare"—
Her eye was like the diamond bright,
Like sunbeams glent her hair—
And as she gazed far o'er the plain,
And marked the unopened gate,
She sighing said, all mournfully,
"My gallant lord comes late."

"Ha! yonder comes my little page,
And he has news to tell,
And nimbly is he speeding on
Adown the darkening fell:
O quickly speed, my gallant page,
I'll gladden thy young eye
To tell me that my gallant lord
With his brave train are nigh."

The little page has reached the gate,
Nor sounds the porter's call;
But, in his hot and hurrying haste,
He nimbly climbs the wall—
"My lady," cries the breathless page,
"I've mournful news to tell,
My lord and all his valiant band
Before the Stewarts fell.

'Twas dawn, and in the morning sky
The gay lark piped her song,
When by Loch Libo, in the glen,
We gaily rode along:
We dreamed not of an ambuscade
From cruel murdering foe,
No ready lance was couched at rest,
Unstrung was every bow.

Thy gallant lord was in the van,
Upon his milk-white steed,
And over moor and hill and dell
We spurred along with speed;
And as we mounted green Craignaucht,
We heard a trumpet sound—
Two hundred of the Stewart clan
Encompassed us around.

And quickly round our dauntless chief
  Our hardy horsemen sprung;
Some couched the lances in the rest,
  And some their strong bows strung:
And with a shout the foes came on,
  Around, behind, before;
And soon the half of our brave men,
  Lay weltering in their gore.

From right to left thy gallant lord
  Pursued the murdering foe,
Five of the bravest of the band
  Were by his arm laid low;
Till came a treacherous Stewart round
  On his swift steed of pride,
And with an aim too fatal plunged
  A dagger in his side.

O, lady! long and doubtful was
  The bloody, wild affray,
And many a treacherous Stewart fell
  And, bleeding, died to-day;
But long, alas! this bloody raid
  By many will be mourned;
Of all who left this noble hall,
  I only have returned."

The page look'd on the lady's face,
  But it was deadly pale,
The bright glance of her eye was gone,
  She heard not half his tale,
She only heard her gallant lord
  Had fallen in the fray;
Her heart within her bosom died,
  She swooned with grief away.

Through the long night within the hall
Was heard a doleful wail—
The widowed and the fatherless
Who mourned the fatal tale.
The morning comes, but not to soothe
The wounded bosom's woe,
To heal the aching heart and dry
The bitter tears that flow.

"O lay me on my widow'd bed,"
The lady faintly said,
"And when I die, O let me be
By my dead lover laid!
My love, I'll share thy narrow bed,
I soon will meet with thee;
I come, my love, for well I know
Thy spirit waits for me.

O farewell, earth, with all thy charms!
Where joy no more I'll find,
My love is gone and left me, and
I cannot stay behind."
They thought she slumbered when they gazed
On her smooth cheeks so fair,
And calm her features, beautiful,
But "life was wanting there."

This ballad is the production of J. D. Brown, author of "The Bard of Glazart," a poet of Nature's own making. He was brought up as a ploughboy, and in a great measure educated himself. He was recently a teacher, and is now connected, as traveller, with the *Ayr Observer*.

My Doggie.

THE neighbours a' they wonder how,
I am sae taen wi' Maggie;
But, ah! they little ken I trow,
How kind she's to my doggie.
Yestreen as we link'd o'er the lea,
To meet her in the gloamin',
She fondly on my bawtie cried,
Whene'er she saw us comin'.

But was the tyke not e'en as kind,
Tho' fast she beck'd to pat him;
He louped up an' sleak'd her cheek,
Afore she could won at him.
But save us, Sirs, when I gaed in,
To lean me on my sattle,
Atween my bawtie and the cat,
There rose an awfu' battle.

An' tho' that Maggie saw him lay,
His lugs in bauthron's coggie;
She wi' the besom lounged poor chit,
An' syne she clapp'd my doggie.
Sae weel do I this kindness feel,
Tho' Meg she is na bonnie;
An' tho' she's feckly twice my age,
I lo'e her best of ony.

May not this simple ditty show,
How oft affection catches,
And from what silly sources too,
Proceed unseemly matches.
An' eke the lover he may see,
Albeit his joe seem saucy;

If she is kind unto his dog,
He'll win at length the lassie.

"My Doggie" is the composition of Mr Joseph Train, the well known correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. He is the author of "A History of the Isle of Man," and various other interesting works.

The Lady's Dream.

The turrets of the Baron's tower,
Were tinged with evening's light,
When, wrapt in thought, the lady sought
The warder's giddy height.

"Say, faithful warder, hast thou seen,
Across the heathy wold,
The manly form of my gallant lord,
With his mail-clad warriors bold?"

"I've looked," he said, "across the plain,
But no mail-clad men I've seen;
And all is silent, save the wind,
That stirs the woodland's green."

"Then wo is mine!" said the lady fair
"Within my troubled mind
Foreboding thoughts arise, and tell
That fate has been unkind.

"But haply, ere to-morrow's sun
Awakes the sleeping flower,
He yet again may bliss my arms,
Within our ancient tower."

Thus soothed by hope, she sought her couch,
But broken was her sleep

By awful dreams, of blood and death—
Of war and carnage deep.

Culloden's blood-besprinkled moor
Rushed fearful on her sight,
And she saw the sword of her gallant lord
Subdued by the foeman's might.

Again she dreamed, and on her ear
A death-knell sadly tolled;
And lo! upon the chamber floor
A head all bloody rolled!

"'T is he! 't is he!" she wildly cried;
"But why that clotted hair—
And why those glazed and death-like eyes,
That once so radiant were?

"Speak! speak! my loved, my dearest lord,
Nor keep me thus in pine;
Say, why so mangled and alone—
Has dark defeat been thine?"

But when her lips these words had breathed,
The ghastly form was gone;
And through the tower a doleful voice
Thus spoke with solemn tone.

"Rise, hapless lady, from thy couch,
Morn dawns on flower and tree;
And its beams so fair, and its balmy air,
No gladness bring to thee.

"For Cumberland, with sword and brand,
Hath triumphed o'er the brave;
And on bleak Culloden's bloody moor
The good have found a grave.

"And the tyrant band, to Southern land
Have borne thy lord so dear;
And there he lies, like meanest slave,
In dungeon dark and drear.

"The scaffold grim shall be raised for him,
By unrelenting foes;
Then, lady fair, in haste repair,
To soothe his bosom's woes."

Pale, pale with dread the lady woke,
And knelt to heaven in prayer;
"Oh! shield me, God, amid the ills
My heart is doomed to bear."

Then to her little page she said,
"Go, bring my swiftest steed;
And let us to proud England hie,
With lightning's winged speed."

The steed was brought—she left the tower,
With tear-drops in her eyes;
And fleet as bird by fowler chased,
Away, away she flies.

Long, rough and lonesome was the way,
But onward still she flew;
And soon behind her disappeared
Fair Scotland's hills of blue.

And through the haughty foeman's land
She rode, devoid of fear;
Till rose upon her sight the Tower,
Where lay her lord so dear.

With trembling heart she reached the gate,
And sought her love to see;

But the watchmen rude, in jesting mood,
But mocked her misery.

At length came on the hour of death,
To her an hour of dread;
And then, alas! she saw her lord
To bloody scaffold led.

She saw him kneel beside the block,
In deep and fervent prayer—
She tried to rush into his arms,
But vain her efforts were.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "arrest the hand
Upraised his blood to shed!"
But ere her feeble voice was heard,
He slumbered with the dead.

THIS ballad, the composition of Archibald M'Kay, Kilmarnock, is founded on a dream which the lady of Lord Kilmarnock is said to have had, a night or two after he was taken prisoner, by the king's troops, at the fatal battle of Culloden. "Kilmarnock," says the historian Smollett, "was a nobleman of fine personal accomplishments; he had been educated in Revolution principles, and engaged in the Rebellion, partly from the desperate situation of his fortune, and partly from resentment to the Government, on being deprived of a pension which he had for some time enjoyed." According to other accounts, he had been persuaded to join the rebels by his lady, who was strongly attached to the cause of the Stuarts. Dean Castle, in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, though partly destroyed by fire some years previous, is supposed to have been the residence of the lady during the absence of the Earl with the rebel army.

Says I, quo' I.

SAYS I, quo' I, ae Friday at e'en,
Sax owks afore I was married to Jean—

In her ain faither's barn, amang the fresh strae,
As in ilk ither's arms we sae cosily lay—
"Oh Jeanie, quo' I, will ye gie your consent,
An' say we'll be married—an' dinna relent?
My heart's in a lowe, an' I'm a' in a fry:
I'm deein' o' luve! says I quo' I."

Says she, quo' she, "dear Robin tak' tent;
O' what thou's noo sayin', thou'll maybe repent;
For thy words spring frae folly, an' fickle desire:
The *best cure for a burn's* haud it weel to the fire:
Ay, gif we were married the day ere the morn,
Thy fine glowin' speeches would a' turn to scorn:
'Deed ere sax months are ended—ye'll live yet to see—
It's the truth I am tellin' "—says she, quo' she.

Says I, quo I, to my ain wife Jean,
When aughteen lang owks we married had been:
The meal it was done, an' the 'taties were scant,
An' wark I had nane—we were likely to want—
Our frien's were hard-hearted—our credit was gane—
No a plack either frien'ship or credit to buy.
"Oh!" quo I—as I glower't in the face o' our Jean—
"May the de'il tak' this marriage!" says I, quo' I.

Says she, quo' she—an' loud leugh our Jean—
"Do ye min' the barn, Robin, *yon* Friday at e'en?
When ye vow't neither trouble or care should e'er turn
That luve that occasion'd your heart *sae to burn;*
But poverty, noo, has gi'en us a claw,
An' chas'd a' that luve that ye bore me awa:
A' your vows an' professions—they're no worth a flee:
Losh! how foolish he leuks!" says she, quo' she.

Says I, quo' I—as cuif-like I luikit—
"Faith, guidwife, I maun own that I'm tightly rebuikit;
For *that* luve that I spak' o' I fin's no' the thing

To sustain us when poverty gi'es us a fling."
Says she, quo' she, as she chink't at my lug,
Fifteen yellow Geordies tied up in a rag;
"I keepit *thae* frae ye, your luve for to try:"
"*Try't as aften's ye like*"—says I, quo' I.

THE author of this song is Mr John Moore, Editor of the *Ayrshire and Renfrewshire Agriculturist.* It was composed by way of trying what could be made in rhyme of the once very common expression of "Says I, quo' I," which a worthy in the neighbourhood where he then resided was in the habit of appending to every sentence. That Mr Moore accomplished his task in a truly poetic manner must be universally admitted.

The Auld Man's Croon.

O! sair is my heart an' the tear dims my e'e,
Sin' Heaven has ordeen'd my auld wifie should dee,
The enjoyments o' life nae mair pleasure can gie;—
I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

Weel, weel I remember my joy an' my pride,
When I canter'd her hame to my ain ingle side,
The kintra could boast nae a winsomer bride;—
But I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

An' aft has it gladden'd my bosom to see
Her thrang at her thrift, an' as busy's a bee,
But still her e'e beaming wi' kindness on me;—
But I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

An' then, O sae kin'ly 's she cuiter'd the weans;
To keep them a' tidy spared nae toil or pains:
But memory's treasure is a' that remains;—
I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

She never annoy'd me wi' sulks or wi' taum—
If my temper was ruffled, her answer was calm;
For every distemper she aye had a balm;—
But I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

When the troubles an' trials o' life would annoy,
Baith peace an' contentment o' min' to destroy,
Her mild honey'd words aft inspired me wi' joy;—
But I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

At e'en when I'm sittin' fu' dowie my lane,
I aft think I see her across the hearthstane,
An' it withers my heart when I fin' I'm mista'en;—
I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

An' whyles in my visions, the tones o' her voice
Thrill sweet in my ear, and my heart-strings rejoice;
I fain would depart an' partake in her joys;—
For I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

I fondly had dream'd it again an' again,
That when laid on a couch o' affliction an' pain,
Her soothin' attentions my heart would sustain;—
But I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

The day brings nae joy, I'm sae dowie an' eerie;
The night winna pass, I'm sae lanesome an' drearie;
I lang to lie doun in the grave by my dearie;—
For I'm lanely noo—O! I'm lanely noo.

This pathetic picture of the desolate condition of an old man, whose family have all left the "roof tree," and whose aged partner has been severed from him by death, is by Mr Stevenson, teacher, parish of Beith.

I am a Jolly Farming Man.

What's bags o' gowd to rag about,
Or rigs o' lan' to brag about;

Without a wife to comfort life,
And keep us hail, and wag about.

I am a jolly farming man,
Wi' carts and ploughs and routh o' nout,
A mailin cheap o' hearty lan',
But something still I want I doubt.

I hae a lairdship i' the town,
And siller i' the bank to bout,
Wi' barrels fou o' nappy brown,
But whar's the ane to han't about.

I hae a byre fou o' kye,
And plenty baith within and out;
But O! sae lanely's I maun lie,
And gaunt and grane and toss about.

My stables are wi' naigies rife—
Baith lan's and furrows fat and stout;
But still I want a dainty wife,
To daut and lay my arm about.

I'm no that auld, I'm no that frail,
Sae ere anither year is out,
I'll hae a lassie to mysel'
To keep me beil, and wag about.

Mr Lennox, Superintendent of the Poor in Ayr, is the author of these canty lines. Should we meet encouragement to go on with a Second Series of the "Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," we shall have more to present from his pen.

AYR:—COMPOSED AT THE AGRICULTURIST OFFICE.

THE

BALLADS AND SONGS

OF AYRSHIRE,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL, TRADITIONAL, NARRATIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

SECOND SERIES.

> " Old King Coul was a merry old soul,
> And a jolly old soul was he;
> Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
> And they brought him in fiddlers three."

EDINBURGH:
THOMAS G. STEVENSON,
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REMARKS

ON

THE FIRST SERIES OF THE "BALLADS AND SONGS."

(*From the " Ayrshire Monthly News-Letter."*)

THE Editor, in the introduction to this the *First Series* of his very beautifully printed " Ballad Book," observes, that " Renfrewshire has her Harp—why not Ayrshire her Lyre?" Why not! say we. For our own part, we should like to see the idea carried out to the fullest extent—until every county in Scotland had a record of the traditionary lore contained therein.

A praiseworthy volume, entitled " The Contemporaries of Burns," published by H. Paton, Edinburgh, 1840, gave some curious information respecting the satellites that revolved round our great poetic luminary. All of them, it is true, had " committed the sin of rhyme," as Burns expressed it; but had they been tried, in the court of Apollo, by a jury of poets, for trespassing on the hill of Parnassus, and endeavouring to carry away a flask of inspiration from the fountain of Hippocrene, one and all of them would have been found " Not guilty!" Some of them were tolerable versifiers, but none of them *Makkars*, in the true sense of the word. If we mistake not, the same Editor has again brought his antiquarian knowledge to bear upon " The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire." We being inveterate ballad-mongers, few things, to our minds, are more delightful than a gossip about old songs, and the Editor who brings a work of this description under our notice deserves our special thanks. In short, we may say with Shakespeare, that we *love a ballad even too well*. Nay, we are free to confess that we have spent much of our time

> " Dreaming of nought but idle poetry,
> That fruitless and unprofitable art,
> Good unto none, but least to the possessors."

The *First Series* of the *Ballads*, &c., now before us, opens with " Johnie Faa," the gipsy laddie. The Editor remarks, " There are several versions of this ballad; the one we have copied is from the Collection by Finlay, who added considerably to the imperfect one which first appeared in the *Tea Table Miscellany*. He also appended some traditional particulars to the subject of the ballad." It would have been more correct, if the Editor had simply stated that Mr Finlay added the third and fourth stanzas, modified some of the expressions, and, by altering the orthography, rendered the ballad more

Scottish in its character. Mr Finlay deserves credit for these additional stanzas, but we are not so *national* as to approve of his verbal emendations. As stated by our Editor, Mr Finlay, in his historical ballads, endeavoured to throw some light on the traditional story of Johnie Faa. According to his account, a courtly knight, who was a lover of the lady before her marriage, carried her off in the disguise of a gypsy. This stripped the ballad of much of its romance, but rendered it more probable. This story set certain antiquaries upon the search, and one of them soon settled the matter by making the heroine Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who was married to John, sixth Earl of Cassillis. Had this statement been borne out by facts, the matter would have been set at rest. Unfortunately our Editor has thrown great doubts on this "very circumstantial story," by producing a letter of the Earl of Cassillis, addressed to Lord Eglinton, inviting him to attend the funeral of the above mentioned Countess, wherein she is styled "my deir *bedfellow*." This letter is dated Cassillis, the 15th December, 1642. Lord Eglinton sympathises with the noble Earl, by saying, "I am sorrowfull from my soul for yor. Lo. great losse and heavie visitation." John, the sixth Earl of Cassillis, is described as "a stern covenanter," but unless he was one of the greatest hypocrites that ever lived, he could not have addressed Lord Eglinton in this manner; nor could his lordship have condoled with the Earl on the loss of his "wanton lady." From all this, it may be inferred that many things are put into the mouth of "dark tradition" which her "wavering tongue" never uttered. Burns, in his Memorandum on Scottish Song, observes, "The castle is still remaining at Maybole where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life." On this tradition, two modern songs have been written to suit the beautiful air of the old ballad; one by P. F. Tytler, Esq., for Mr Thomson's musical collection—the other by Captain Gray, R.M. We shall quote a stanza or two from each of these songs:—

"The bright full moon yon massy tower
In silver shower is steeping,
Where Cassillis' lost but lovely flower
Her lonely watch is keeping.
Unmov'd as marble there she sits,
No sense of life revealing,
Save where the hectic flush by fits
O'er her pale cheek is stealing.

Her fix'd eye seeks the west afar,
Her hair is idly streaming,
And on her casement's iron bar
The taper's light is gleaming.
Oh! could she in that dungeon's gloom
From Heaven one blessing borrow,
It were a speedy nameless tomb
To close upon her sorrow."

It will be owned that these verses are flowing and graceful, and cannot fail to blend beautifully with the air. Captain Gray's song takes the shape of a *Lament*, and it must be confessed that he has not overcome all the difficulties to which this mode of composition has subjected him. At the same time, it will be owned that it is much easier to sing about the captive lady than to put words in her mouth:

> "O let not woman after me
> Exult in youth and beauty.
>
> My een, that once were bonnie blue,
> Love's saftest glances flinging,
> Are dimm'd, alas! by sorrowing dew
> From misery's fountain springing:
> My hair that once was lang and sleek,
> Wi' grief is fast decaying:
> And tears find channels down that cheek
> Where rosy smiles were playing.
>
> Now spring has flung o'er field and flower
> The garment of her gladness:
> While here I sit in prison tower
> In mair than winter's sadness:
> The wild birds flit frae tree to tree---
> The grove's wi' music ringing:
> O I was ance as blythe and free
> As onie bird that's singing!"

The ballad entitled *Gypsy Davie*, first printed by Motherwell, in his *Minstrelsy*, is evidently a modern offshoot from the old version, of no value;—vulgar in its language, and reckless in its rhymes,

> "We wonder how the d---l it got there!"

It is just such a copy as might have been picked up by a certain antiquary in the "North Countrie."

The Editor still believes—and we agree with him in thinking—that this ballad was founded upon a reality; but if so, it is clear, that the antiquaries must search for some one else as the heroine than Lady Jean Hamilton, the sixth Countess of Cassillis.

"Johnie Faa was no imaginary character. He was the acknowledged head of the Egyptians, or Gypsies, in Scotland;" and the Editor produces a letter under the Privy Seal, by King James V., in favour of "Johnie Faa, Lord and Erle of Litill Egypt." February 15, 1540. This curious document, which is given at length, contains the names of twelve of Johnie's company and folks—all of them, apparently, of foreign extraction, who, if caught, were to be "punist conforme to the lawis of Eigpt." We know not what "the lawis of Eigpt" were, but doubt not, that if any of Johnie's rebellions subjects had fallen into his hands, he would have executed the said *lawis* upon them in as summary a manner as King James the Fifth did upon Johnie Armstrong and his men—as disgraceful an act of treachery as ever was perpetrated by Turk or tyrant; not that the *riever* did not deserve his fate, but that "the deed was foully done." Truth in those days must have been lying at the bottom of an unfathomable well, when even the *word* of *a King* could not be trusted! In this case, while justice grasped the sword, she must have dropped her balance.

Lady Mary Ann. The Editor does not seem to be aware that we owe the preservation of this fine ballad, and its beautiful air, to Burns, who noted them down from a lady, in 1787, during his tour in the North of Scotland, and sent them to Johnson's Musical Museum." The song is evidently founded on an old ballad, entitled "Craigston's growing," published by Mr Maidment in the "North Countrie Garland," Edinburgh, 1824. A traditional copy of this ballad will likewise be found in Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. iii. p. 42. After all that has been said about this ballad, it is not improbable that Burns may have licked it into its present shape.

Old King Coul. Antiquaries are not at at all agreed as to the identity of *Old King Coul.* Mr Stenhouse, in a note on this song, (see Johnson's *Musical Museum*, v. p. 417,) says, "Auld King Coul was the fabled-father of the giant Fyn M'Coule." The present Editor fails in tracing the ballad farther back than Herd's Collection, published in 1776. We cannot look upon it as having any claim to antiquity. There is nothing old in the language, or structure of the verse. In this respect, it might have made its first appearance at Ranelaugh, or Vauxhall, a century ago. Mr Stenhouse observes that "The well-known song of 'Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all in a Row,' which first appeared in the 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' in 1712, is evidently a parody of this ballad of Auld King Coul." The present Editor is a believer in its antiquity: he says, "That this ditty is old can scarcely be doubted. From the lines

"And there's no a lass in braid Scotland
Compared to our sweet Marjory,"

we should suppose the composition as ancient as the days of Robert the Bruce, whose only daughter, *Marjory*, married Walter the Steward of Scotland. We have appropriated the verses in the belief that the 'Old King Coul' whom they celebrate was no other than the Coul or Coil of history, whose fate in battle has given the name of Coil or Kyle to one of the three great divisions of Ayrshire." Looking upon these events as having any connexion with the ballad appears to us to be extremely fanciful—the morning dream of a stanch, but credulous antiquary. The account, nevertheless, of the "Discovery of Sepulchral Urns in the grave of King Coul," will be found extremely interesting to all who take any interest in the antiquities of their native land. The great merit of the *Series* before us consists in these local antiquarian sketches.*

The Lass of Patie's Mill. It appears from the "Statistical Account of Scotland," that the first "lass of Patie's Mill" was the only daughter of John Anderson, Esq., of Patie's Mill, in the parish of Keith-hall, in Aberdeenshire. The music is old and beautiful, but not a line of the original song has been preserved. Allan Ramsay adapted his words to the old melody, and transferred the heroine of his muse to the parish of Galston in the county of Ayr, where a mill of a similar name was existing in his time. Undoubtedly, "the lass of Patie's Mill" is one of the finest songs that Ramsay ever wrote. The bare-headed beauty who inspired the poet with such a strain, must have been "worth gaun a mile to see." See Stenhouse's Illustrations, *Musical Mvseum*, vol. i. p. 20.

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* Since the above was in type, we find that both the words and music of "Old King Cole" are included in Chappell's Collection of "Ancient English Melodies." London, 1840.

My ain Fireside. Editors are often led astray by following, implicitly, in the footsteps of their predecessors. This song was written by Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and first published in Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," London, 1810. We have seen it in other Collections, ascribed to *John* Hamilton, music seller, Edinburgh; and the present Editor has evidently been led astray in attributing it to William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, by a musical work entitled "The Garland of Scotia," published in Glasgow, 1841, where the mistake seems to have originated. To this song the Editor has appended a scanty notice of the rhyming Lieutenant, and his family, which is not without interest. He observes that, "from the few pieces known to have emanated from his pen, it cannot be denied that he possessed a considerable vein of poesy." We never understood, however, that any thing *lyrical* proceeded from his pen. Although we are inclined, with the Editor, to estimate the epistolary correspondence of Hamilton and Ramsay at a higher rate than some of the rhymsters of the present day, with whom we have conversed on the subject, are disposed to do; we are by no means prepared to admit that, in the "familiar epistle" which passed between them, "the superiority may justly be awarded to the Ayrshire poet." Ramsay was a man of genius, although not of the highest order. Hamilton was only an occasional versifier, but not without merit. It is highly creditable to the Lieutenant's powers as a writer of Scottish poetry, that a local effusion of his, entitled "The last words of Bonny Heck,"—printed in Watson's Collection, 1706—should have roused the emulation of Ramsay, and imped the wing of his unfledged muse. This we have under Ramsay's own hand:

"When I begoud first to cun verse,
And coud your 'Ardry Whins'* rehearse,
Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warmed my breast:
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk since ne'er ceast."

Nearly the whole of the sixth epistle is written in Ramsay's finest vein. For flow of versification, and beauty of expression, it may vie with any *familiar* verses in the language, if we except some of Burns's epistles written in the same difficult, but effective stanza. What can compare with the following joyous verses, written at Edinburgh on the 2d of September, 1719?

"Yet sometimes leave the rigs and bog,
Your howms and braes, and shady scrog,

---

* An estate in the east part of Fifeshire, lately possessed by Methven, the last Earl of Kellie.

And helm-a-lee the claret cog,
To clear your wit:
Be blyth, and let the world e'en shog
As it thinks fit.

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
And gar the heights and hows look jurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn;
Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,
The morn's the morn!"

It may be said by some caviller that these verses are an imitation of Horace; true—but who, we may ask, ever imitated the Roman bard like Allan Ramsay?

The auld Fleckit Cow. There is "a bit of Nature," as Bewick of Newcastle hath it, in Andrew Aitken of Beith. Unfortunately, bards of his description, when set a-singing, never know when to stop. Instead of condensing their thoughts into a couple of stanzas, they spread them over two pages of octavo, totally forgetting that we have not the patience which our forefathers had in listening to a long story. It is quality, not quantity, that is wanted in the "rhyming ware" of the present day. Eight double verses, in long metre, in praise of an *auld fleckit cow,* is a great deal too much. Not having room for quotation, we would point to the penultimate stanza as the best in the ballad.

The Bloody Raid, shows that Mr J. D. Brown has a turn for ballad poetry, which he ought to cultivate.

My Doggie. This is a good illustration of the old adage, "Love me, love my dog," by the veteran bard and antiquary, Joseph Train. In our opinion, he has rather strained "the moral of the thing," which makes it less pleasing than it otherwise would have been.

I am a jolly farming man. Unless the first verse of this song is intended as a chorus, it should commence with the second, "I am a jolly farming man." Mr Lennox has some of the raw material of lyric poetry in him, but we fear that he lacks the skill to bring it out in an effective manner. We shall be better able to judge, however, when we see a few more specimens from his pen.

The auld man's croon. There are some touches of pathos in this song by Mr Stevenson of Beith, but he falls into the same error of his townsman, Mr Andrew Aitken; he draws the staple of his *dulefu' croon* to such a length that it gets attenuated, and finally dies of inanition.

Says I, quo' I, by J. Moore, is a clever song. We wonder

"How he, or onie breathing,
Could mak' sae muckle out o' naething!"

It is a pity that he should have taken the vulgar phrase of "Says I, quo' I," as the subject of his song, which detracts much from its merit. We hope he will try his hand, in the next series, on a theme less exceptionable, and worthy of the power and originality which he has displayed in this ballad.

We shall return to the "Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," in our next number.

[Second Notice.]

We may say with *Holofernes*, the schoolmaster, that "we are nothing, if we are not [*minutely*] critical." Yet we know little or nothing of the art of criticism, so called; we mean that which is practised in quarterly reviews, monthly magazines, and in the weekly and daily journals. We lay no claim to superiority of intellect; or to seeing farther than others into the sublimities of an Epic poem, or discovering a sharper sting in the tail of an Epigram. Nay, our observations may be "undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered;" but what we do give forth, we wish it to be understood as our own unbought opinions. In fact, "we left no calling for this idle craft;" we served no apprenticeship to it; we *took it up at our ain hand*, as Davie Dibble did the *delving*, or the *fleckit* cow the flinging. At the same time, we have been familiar with Scottish song since the days that we could command a *bawbee* to buy a *ballant*, and much of our time has been spent in turning over the legendary lays of our native land. We trust, then, that we are not altogether unqualified to sit in judgment on the work before us. Proceed we then with our self-imposed task; we may err in taste, and be found wanting in judgment, but we bow to none—paid or unpaid, in honesty of purpose.

Tam o' the Balloch. We believe Hew Ainslie, the author of this song, was the first to confer honour upon Ayrshire by calling it "The Land of Burns." Ayrshire, take it altogether, its wood and water—its hill and dale—its pasture lands and corn-fields—is, perhaps, the most beautiful pastoral county in Scotland. It was with no idle boast, then, that Burns wrote to W. Simpson, Ochiltree,

> " —— Willie, set your fit to mine,
> And cock your crest,
> We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
> Up wi' the best.
>
> We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells," &c.

Burns kept his word. "Nature, in a' her shews and forms," lent him inspiration; and now the "*Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, and *Doon*," live in the light of undying song. The traveller comes from afar to visit their banks and braes, which have been rendered classical by the pen of our inspired ploughman.

By the kindness of a friend, we have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Ainslie, dated Louisville, June 20, 1846; from it we have been permitted to take a few extracts, without doing any violation, we trust, to private friendship; for although Mr A., long since, sought a foreign shore, he is still a Scotsman at heart, and his name will live in the poetry of his country. Ayrshire may well be proud of him, and the readers of the *News-Letter* rejoice to hear that he is still in the land of the living. Ainslie says to his friend:—"What days o' daffin did not your letter bring back! but let that flee stick to the wa'. Glad am I to find that you are still hale and hearty, though got amongst the silver greys. It's mony a lang day since my pow began to tak' the *John Anderson* livery. * * * I had a short note from W———m W———d this spring, with a number of a publication, entitled 'The Poets of Ayrshire,' in which my history is given as if I had been one of the departed, for, as following the maxim of 'Never speak ill of the dead,' my biographer gives it to me *thick enough!*" A report had gone abroad that it was Ainslie's intention to visit his native land last summer, and in his letter he says—"of surety, it was so: but I need not tell you how 'the best laid schemes o' mice an' men' are treated in this wicked world. * * Things must have changed awfully since I left it twenty-four years ago! But, O man! it made me proud to see that neither your heart nor your hand had altered. * * * Atween us twa I don't despair of shaking you yet by the *han' o' flesh.*" It will be seen from these extracts, that Mr Ainslie has lost none of his devotion to his fatherland, nor affection for the friend of his youth; and it is quite clear that, although time may have *silvereezed* the pow of the poet, his heart is as green and as glowing as in the days of old. Should it ever be Hew Ainslie's lot to make a *second* "Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," many a friendly hand will be held out to bid him welcome. How we should like to introduce him to the Irvine Burns Club, and show him, that while the members of it venerated the memory of our departed poet, they felt a due appreciation of what was excellent in living worth and genius.

We entirely agree with the Editor, that the "fame of Hew [not 'Hugh'] Ainslie, as a Scottish poet, is by no means commensurate with his deserts."

Ainslie has not written much, nor are his poems of the highest order; but we feel no hesitation in saying that he possesses, by far, the most poetical mind that has sprung up in Ayrshire since the days of Burns. He has a fine command of the idiomatic words and phrases of his native country, which he uses with great dexterity. On reading the song before us, one might imagine that the humorous was his forte, but he is equally at home in the pathetic and the descriptive. He sketches a full length portrait of his "Muirland" worthy, with a stroke or two of his graphic pencil—

"Wha once was your match at a *stoup* and a *tale?*
Wi' *a voice like a sea, and a drouth like a whale?*"

What a man to fill a corner at the fireside of a country clachan in a long winter's night! Just mark, for a moment, his convivial qualities combined with his large capacity as a boon companion! Who, like him, could lilt up the matchless ditties of "Todlin' hame," "Andro' wi' his cuttie gun," and do so much justice to the "Tappit hen," at a down-sitting! The conception of this song is excellent, and the idea well brought out. The transformation wrought upon "Muirland Tam," from his having

"A briest like a buird, and a back like a door,"

is only disclosed in the last line of the song:

"But the word that makes me sae waefu' and wan,
Is—*Tam o' the Balloch's a married man!*"

Many songs, in the same style, have been written, some of them by men of mark and likelihood, but "Tam o' the Balloch," as yet, stands unrivalled. Had Ainslie never written another song but this one, it would have gained a place for him—like the authors of "Mary's Dream," and "Lucy's Flitten," in the pantheon of Scottish lyrists. But Ainslie's fame does not rest upon the humorous; he has high claims upon the sentimental and the descriptive. We have no sea-song in the Scottish language equal to his "Rover of Lochryan." Whoever, like ourselves, has been "on the deep, deep sea," when "the winds were piping loud, and white waves heaving high;" when the good ship trembled from stem to stern, as she "bowl'd o'er the back of a wave," will find the rough music of old Ocean echoed in the strains of this fine spirited ballad:—

> " It's no when the yawl, and the light skiffs crawl
> 'O'er the breast o' the siller sea, &c.
> But when that the *clud lays its cheeks to the flood*,
> And the *sea lays its shouther to the shore;*
> When the wind sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
> As they rise frae the whitening roar.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Unstent and slack each reef and tack,
> Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit:
> She has *roar'd through a heavier sea before,*
> *And she'll roar through a heavier yet!*"

We confess that we never read this admirable song but our old heart bounds within us; as, in the days of other years, we feel ourselves once more on the quarter deck of a tight frigate, with a flowing sheet,* going *thirteen knots* in chase of an enemy! The inspiration of the poet is complete; we

> " Dash through the drift, and sing to *the lift*
> *Of the wave that heaves us on!*"

After this, little more need be said in praise of Hew Ainslie as a song writer. When he seizes upon an image, he presents it to the mind in the clearest light and liveliest form, e.g.,

> " Our pleasures are constantly gi'en to disease,
> And Hope, poor thing, aft gets dowy or dees,
> While *dyster* CARE, *wi' his darkest litt,*
> Keeps dipping awa'—but I'm living yet!"

The following descriptive lines are from a "Ballad to the Bat"—

> " —— at e'en, whan the *flower* had its fill
> O' the dew, and was gather'd thegither,
> Lying down on its leaf, saft and still,
> Like a babe on the breast o' its mither."

We shall conclude our remarks with a few passionate stanzas from the "Gowan o' the West":—

> " Gae bring to me a wooer youth,
> That I, to ease my woes,
> May bring my gowan o' the west
> Against the southern rose.

---

* From an expression in Allan Cunningham's fine song, "A *wet sheet*, and a flowing sea," landsmen are apt to imagine that a *sail* is meant, whereas it is a *rope*. When a ship is sailing *before the wind*, she is said to be going with a *flowing sheet;* that is, with the sheets, or ropes, of the main and foresails *slack;* in contradistinction to the *sheet*, or *tack*, being *close-hawl'd* when sailing *on a wind*.

She may be gentle thy heart's love,
She may be fair and fine;
But, by the heav'n aboon our head,
She canna be like mine.

O! her cheek's like the rosy glow
That maks the burdies chirl:
Her ee is like the lightning's lowe
That gars the heartstrings dirl.

Her lips are like the cherries twin,
That grow upon ae shank;
Her breath—it beats the simmer win'
I' the lowne o' a flow'ry bank.

Her neck is like the siller stour
That bowses frae the linn;
Her breast—O, its a lily bower,
That ane wad fain lie in!

Awa', awa', ye wooer youth,
Yours may be fair and fine:
But, by the heav'n aboon our head,
She canna be like mine."

As a modern Scottish poet, Ainslie only stands second to Burns in his native county; others may be inclined to dispute his pretensions; if so, we would be glad to be favoured with their names. It is our firm opinion, that were the circle enlarged so as to embrace all the counties in Scotland, where, we would ask, is the living bard to be found to match Hew Ainslie?*

The Carle of Kellyburn Braes. The Editor contents himself with remarking, that "Burns is said to be the author of *Kellyburn Braes.* The *overcome* is old;" but there is no doubt whatever that Burns founded it on an old ballad. This was just such a subject as the poet loved to handle, and, in depicting the wicked shrew of the "auld Carle," he gave full swing to his witty and humorous fancy. Mr Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song," published what he called the "Original of Burns's Carle of Kellyburn Braes," consisting of sixteen verses, and differing in almost every stanza from that sent by Burns to Johnson's Musical Museum. This questionable version is now admitted to have been furnished by Allan Cunningham. It is almost needless to observe, that the wicked wit, in this new version, is not heightened, nor the humour improved. An English version of this ballad appeared in No. LXII. of the Percy Society's publications, entitled "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, of the Peasantry of England." Of this song, "The Farmer's old Wife—a Sussex whistling song," the editor (J. H. Dixon) says, "It is very ancient." If so, it must be the original of Burns's song, as several of the lines are almost the same in both versions. We think it is not unlikely that Allan Cunningham may have seen this old song—tried his hand upon it, and, from the credulity of Cromek, palmed it off upon him as "The original of Burns's Carle of Kellyburn Braes." The similarity between the three versions is so apparent, that two of them, evidently, must have sprung from the same stock. A few lines from each version, placed in juxtaposition, as Dr Chalmers would say, will prove this. We shall begin with the version given by Mr Dixon in the Percy publications—

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* The Editor of the "Contemporaries of Burns" observes, that the "Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," printed in 1822, "did not escape the observation of Mr Robert Chambers, who transferred three of the poetical pieces to his Collection of Scottish Songs, published in 1829." We have it from the best authority, that the three songs above mentioned were pointed out to Mr Chambers by a gentleman well versed in Scottish song, who urged Mr Chambers to give them a place in his Collection, which was then going through the press.

The information respecting Ainslie, and his *original* songs, which appeared in the 2d volume of the "Literary Journal," were furnished by Mr Welstood, a shawl manufacturer, who left Edinburgh for America in 1830.

"There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a wife as many know well.

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough.—
One of your family I must have now.

It is not your eldest son that I crave.
But it is your old wife, and she I will have.

* * * *

Now Satan has got the auld wife on his back,
And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's pack.

They trudged away till they came to his hall gate, &c.

* * * *

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,
She up with her pattens, and beat out their brains!"

The characteristic touch of the old shrew, in *italics*, has been overlooked in the versions of Burns and Cunningham. Perhaps the instruments of destruction not being peculiarly *Scottish*, was the occasion of this omission.

The following is from Cromek's Remains, &c.:—

"There was an auld man was handing his plow,
By came the Devil, says, 'How do you do?'

It's neither your ox, nor your ass that I crave,
But your auld scalding wife, man, and her I maun have.

* * * *

The Devil he mounted her on his back,
And awa' like a pedlar he trudged wi' his pack.

He carried her on till he came to h—l's door," &c.

As Burns's version is so well known, it is needless to give any extracts from it. It differs very little in the introductory lines from the specimens we have given above, and takes away all his claims to originality, if the version given by Mr Dixon is really ancient, which we are inclined to believe.* After all, the sparkling wit, and the rough humour infused into the latter part of it, could only be supplied by the master hand of Burns. It seems passing strange to us—ballad-mongers as we are, and Mr Dixon must be—that in editing so singular a ballad as the "Farmer's old Wife," he should have made no mention of the version published by Cromek, or—by far the best of the three—that sent by Burns to Johnson's "Musical Museum."*

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* The next song in Mr Dixon's Collection, No. XXV. p. 211, "The Wichet and his Wife," is an English version of "Our Gudeman cam hame at e'en." Mr Dixon "cannot give an opinion as to which is the *original*, but the English set is of unquestionable antiquity." If the worst set of a song is to be held as the original, then this English one has high claims. The humour in it is wholly destroyed by the incidents being brought in, "by one, by two, and by three," until at last,

"O! I went into the chamber, and there for to see,
And there I saw *three men* ——."

After this, it is high time to drop the curtain. The Scots have it.

We come, at last, to what ought to have been noticed first—the *Introduction*. In it we find some interesting notices of the modern musicians and composers of Ayrshire, viz., John M'Gill, composer of the air that goes by his name; John Riddel, who composed "Jenny's Bawbee," "Stewarton Lasses," &c. The late Earl of Eglinton, who was a first-rate player upon the violincello and harp, and composed a number of airs, such as the "Ayrshire Lasses," &c. James Tannock, and last, not least, the celebrated Major Logan; all of whom drew a good bow-hand.

We hope the encouragement given to this work will be such as to induce the Editor to go on with it. It comes in well as an addition to what Burns has done for the lyrical reputation of Carrick, Cunningham, and Kyle. After all, there may be something selfish lurking under this, for then we shall have the pleasure of descanting upon it at large, in the pages of the Ayrshire "News-Letter."

[We have copied the foregoing remarks on the First Series of "The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire," in the belief that they will prove interesting to the reader. They are written in a kindly spirit, and supply some editorial deficiencies, for which we heartily thank the author. We, at the same time, do not coincide in all that he has advanced.

With reference to "Old King Cowl," we hold it to be no proof against its antiquity, that it cannot be traced, written or printed, farther back than Herd's Collection. It is at best but a "rhyme," easily retained on the memory; and many such, of unquestionable antiquity, have only recently been committed to paper—the language, as in all oral traditions, being affected by the existing vernacular.

We are satisfied that we have been led into a mistake regarding the author of "My ain Fireside." It is quite in the strain of Mrs Hamilton—still it is not surprising that collectors should have been led astray, considering the ambiguous terms in which Cromek has introduced the verses. After the song—"A Weary Body's blythe when the Sun gangs down"—the author of which is not stated—he says:—"The following verses ["My ain Fireside"] contain a kindred sentiment with the preceding. The reader will be curious to see *the same subject treated by a mere peasant, and by an elegant and accomplished living writer,* Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, author of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie.'" Now—which is Mrs Hamilton's? Is it "A Weary Body," or "My ain Fireside"?—Ed.]

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* Cromek, in making inquiries at Mrs Burns what the Poet had done for a number of old songs in the *Musical Museum*—says, "when she came to *the Carle of Kellyburn Braes*, she said, 'He (Burns) gave this one *a terrible brushing.*'" Allan Cunningham affirms that the 11th and 12th stanzas are wholly by Burns. We will take it upon us to affirm that stanzas 6th, 7th, 12th, 14th, and 15th, of the version in "Cromek's Remains," were wholly written by Mr Cunningham.

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BALLADS AND SONGS

OF AYRSHIRE.

The Fairy Lady of Dunure.

Now listen my lay of Sir Ewart de Gaire,
  Who lived on the grey Carrick shore;
And, true to remembrances treasured with care,
I'll sing you a legend as worthy and rare,
  As bard ever sung you before.

Sir Ewart a blood of the purest could trace,
  Through knights and through ladies right fair;
But time and misfortune had narrow'd his race,
Till he, the sole heir to his name and the place,
  Was left their decay to repair.

His castle stood lone, where the sea-birds flock,
  And the storms of the ocean rave,
And long it had battl'd their stormiest shock,
With its top in the clouds, and its base on a rock
  That was wash'd by the wild sea wave.

And broad were the lands of Sir Ewart de Gaire,
  And many the vassals he own'd;
And high was his spirit, and noble his air—
No youth more deserving, no gallant more fair,
  In all the west country was found.

And many young maidens, the first in the land,
  For his love unaffectedly sigh'd;
And his dear Lady Mother, with gentle command,
Would urge him to give to some lady his hand,
  And be happy before that she died.

" There's fair May Colzean," she would thoughtfully say,
  And Kilhenzie's young heiress, I'm sure;
There's Rosa of Turnberry, noble and gay,
And the rich Abbot's niece, so complete at display,
  Would all gladly be bride to Dunure.

" O, think if your long-honour'd name should go down,
  And De Gaire be extinguish'd in thee,
How the souls of thy fathers with anger would frown,
And my dear hapless Ewart indignant disown,
  In that place where their great spirits be."

To this young De Gaire with a smile would reply,
  And remove to his chamber alone;
For he had not yet felt that deep, heart-heaving sigh—
That longing intense for the dear, tender tie
  That binds the whole bosom to one.

'Twas once when he thus from his mother had gone,
  On a sober and sweet summer e'en,
While the sun's setting rays on the broad ocean shone,
That he stood by his window all pensive and lone,
  And gaz'd on the beautiful scene.

And lo! a young lady, enchantingly fair,
  Rose suddenly full in his view;
In the bright shining track of the sun's setting glare,
She walk'd the smooth water as light as the air,
  And nearer and nearer him drew.

Her robe was the soft mellow blue of the sky,
  Bestudded with star-drops of gold;

Her scarf of a beautiful violet die,
And her girdle of pearl had a lustre so high
  That it dazzl'd the eye to behold.

On her little white foot a slight sandal was bound,
  With a binding of scarlet and green;
And her step was so graceful, without any sound—
And her leg had the prettiest tapering round
  That ever his eyes had seen.

And he gaz'd on her person, so airy and light,
  With a mix'd admiration and awe;
And her large hazel eyes look'd so winning and bright,
And her bosom and neck were so lovely and white,
  That he could not his eyes withdraw.

And onward she came till she stood on the sand,
  At the base of the castle so high,
And kissing and waving her fair lily hand,
She look'd up to the Knight with a smile so bland,
  That he utter'd a deep, deep sigh.

And the heart in his bosom all flutter'd and glow'd,
  For he ne'er such a beauty had seen;
Yet her walking the water seem'd wondrous odd,
And the tresses around her fair temples that flow'd,
  Were a beautiful light sea-green.

But yet they were glossy and finely disposed,
  And did suit her complexion so well,
That had they been other, her beauty had lost—
And the fillet that bound them was richly embossed
  With figures in coral and shell.

And the Lady look'd up, and Sir Ewart look'd down,
  Till her glances o'ermaster'd him so,
That, though gallant as Cæsar, he blush'd like a clown,
And he felt that his heart was no longer his own,
  But away to the Lady below.

" Then, wilt thou go with me, Sir Ewart," she cried,
" A lone lady's guardian to be?"
" I will, my fair Lady," Sir Ewart replied,
And ere the next moment he stood by her side,
At the edge of the deep salt sea.

Yet he knew not at all in what way he had gone,
For he op'd neither window nor door;
But there they were walking so sweetly alone,
And they talk'd, and her voice had the charmingest tone
That his ear ever heard before.

And they talk'd of the joys that with lovers abide,
And the spirit that true lovers breathe,
When all on a sudden the sea open'd wide,
And down they were borne thro' the deep yawning tide,
To a world of delights beneath.

There skies the most lovely, far brighter than ours,
In summer's most luscious prime;
And fine verdant meadows bespankled with flowers,
And streams clear as amber, and fair rosy bowers,
Enrich'd a most genial clime.

And they enter'd a grove wherein ripe fruits grew,
On trees still in gorgeous bloom;
And the prettiest insects around them flew,
And the song-birds sung melodies touching and new,
And the air had the rarest perfume.

" Now, this is my home," the fair Lady did say,
" And the haunt of my childhood dear:"
And Sir Ewart look'd up, and lo, straight in his way,
A castle of ivory, splendid and gay,
Rose towering and ample, and near.

Its figure was round, and of crystal its dome,
With a balcony all of bright gold;

And there twenty damsels all sportingly roam,
And there twenty gentlemen suddenly come,
And with them gay dalliance hold.

" Ah, see, on that balcony brilliant and high,
My dear kin," the fair Lady did say;
But just as Sir Ewart essay'd a reply,
The troop that so lightsomely danc'd in his eye,
All instantly vanish'd away.

Bewilder'd he stood, and on vacancy gaz'd,
Whilst the Lady good-humouredly smil'd;
Then turn'd he to chide, but her beauty so blaz'd
That he dropt on his knee, and in ecstacy prais'd
Those charms that his heart had beguil'd.

But just in the midst of his rapturous theme,
A burst of gay music arose,
All joyous and light, as a young fairy's dream,
And sweet as the murmur of Helicon's stream,
When the muses upon it repose.

Up gallant Sir Ewart then hastily sprung,
Yet players not one could be seen;
But the air seem'd alive, and with melody rung,
And twenty young couples, like jewel'ry strung,
Danc'd round them in glee on the green.

And round the young Knight and the Lady so fair,
Right happy and merry danc'd they;
And chanting betimes as they tripp'd to the air,
They sung their sweet Queen, and Sir Ewart de Gaire
Who from earth she had conjur'd away.

" And away, and away, and away," sang they,
" All so merrily round the ring,
We will dance, and we'll sing and rejoice to-day,
And Oruna, our Queen, all our hearts shall sway,
And Sir Ewart shall be our King.

" He has left the dull earth to old grandmother Care,
O so merrily round go we;
He has left the dull earth to old grandmother Care,
With the fairies to dance, with the fairies to fare,
All under the deep green sea."

And around, and around, and around, they flew,
So rapid that nothing was seen
But a whirling rim of a dazzling hue,
And the brain of Sir Ewart spun round at the view,
And he held by the Fairy Queen.

But whiff! and away! and the very next breath
They are plac'd in the fairy hall,
All settled, and sober, and silent as death,
Upon sofas o'erspread with a silken heath,
Arrang'd round the ivory wall.

And one was exalted, more splendid by far,
For De Gaire and his fairy bride;
And nothing on earth with her beauty could par,
As she sat there and shone, like a new-born star,
On the happy Knight by her side.

And she waved her hand, and a table was spread
With rare fruits of a thousand kinds,
Which leapt to the hand as the company fed—
With a wish they came forth, with a wish they fled,
As the company chang'd their minds.

And a sparkling liquor went round and round,
Till they all got mellow and gay,
When a note was heard of a startling sound,
And the bright, airy beings sprung up with a bound,
And instantly vanish'd away.

And Sir Ewart beheld till the whole were gone,
Save himself and his own sweet queen;

And he felt so rejoic'd they were left alone,
That the night flew away, and the morning shone,
As if never a night had been.

Then all the bright beings assembled anew,
In fresh robes of their hunting green;
And two riderless steeds of a milk-white hue,
With rich golden trappings all sparkling and new,
Came bounding, and neigh'd to be seen.

So the Knight and his Lady are mounted at once
On this bounding and beautiful pair;
Then hounds all uncoupled and eager advance,
And away the whole cavalcade shoot with a glance,
And fly through the soft yielding air.

But not to destroy, like the Nimrods of earth,
Those fleet skimming hunters proceed;
But all for amusement, good humour and mirth—
For the roe, when they near it, they let it fly forth,
And another starts up in its stead.

O'er fields of fresh verdure, and flowers of fresh die,
And rivers of sweet-scented dew,
Tantivy! tantivy! the shout, and they fly,
And return to the palace as noon waxeth nigh,
Other fetes and delights to renew.

Thus, hunting and dancing, and loving by turns,
Months pleasant and rapid flew by;
Yet the heart of our Knight oft to Carrick returns,
Till weary at last, and repining, he mourns
For Dunure and his own cloudy sky.

And one fine lovely night, as unconscious he sigh'd,
While he walk'd with his Lady alone,
" O, the home of my fathers!" he longingly cried,
And ere ever his words on the echoes had died,
They both stood on his own hearth-stone.

And his dear Lady Mother fell down with affright,
  To see him so sudden appear;
And all the domestics danc'd wild with delight,
And the old castle walls rang the whole of the night
  With " Sir Ewart, Sir Ewart is here!"

The news over Carrick like wildfire flew,
  And the gentry of every degree,
As soon as the wonderful story they knew,
Declar'd that in justice a visit was due,
  And set off to Dunure to see.

And such complimenting, congee, and finesse.
  Now welcom'd the fair lady home!
The ladies admir'd her jewels and dress,
Though some well-meaning dames were afraid such excess
  Would speak out yet in time to come.

Then her tresses of green! how they titter'd and star'd
  At a thing so prodigiously queer!
And an old maiden aunt in a whisper declar'd,
That she wonder'd indeed how the Knight ever dar'd
  With a creature so strange to appear!

But an eye of bright fire flash'd full in her face,
  And her whispers soon brought to an end;
So she made her congee full of manners and grace,
With, " Dear Lady de Gaire, let me trust you will place
  Me down as your very best friend."

And all parties, too, complimented the Knight
  As the luckiest knight that could be,
Possessing a lady all love and delight,
So pretty, so witty, so clever, so tight,
  And no doubt of a high pedigree.

" 'Tis ancient, no doubt," would Sir Ewart reply,
  But the ne'er a word more would he say;

But add, by a time, a slight blush and a sigh,
And his dear Lady Mother, whene'er she was by,
Would conclude with a sad " Well-a-day!"

For her daughter, with pain she already had found,
Had ways that she scarce durst declare—
Her form had no shadow, her step had no sound,
Her clothes rustled not as she swept o'er the ground,
And her breath was not seen on the air.

A church nor a sabbath she could not abide,
Nor the mention of sermon nor prayer;
And whenever she heard the old bell of Kirkbride,
She would tremble, and creep to some old lady's side,
Or vanish, no one could say where.

And whenever the Knight from the castle went forth,
Her apartments all instantly swarm'd
With beings, all buzzing in riot and mirth,
And music and laughter, and song not of earth,
Which the neighbourhood sadly alarm'd.

And whatever Sir Ewart but wish'd to possess,
Was his without farther ado;
The steeds she procur'd him were first in the race,
His beautiful hounds were unmatch'd in the chace,
And his hawks were the swiftest that flew.

When he wish'd for a boat, on the shore it was cast,
Well rigg'd from the stern to the bow;
And still as he wish'd stood the tide and the blast—
Yet his wishing, alas! was his ruin at last,
And I'll tell you the way just now.

He wish'd for an heir, and the very next morn
A sweet boy in his bosom lay,
Whom his lady declar'd she had newly born—
And all o'er the country, with herald and horn,
Flew the tidings that very same day.

And a christening follow'd, so great and so grand
  That the like ne'er was seen any where—
For thither were gather'd the best in the land,
And the Abbot of Crosraguel Abbey's own hand
  Was to sprinkle Sir Ewart's young heir.

So, Sir Ewart stood forth with the lady and child,
  As the Catholic ritual enjoin'd;
And the Abbot began—but the babe grew so wild,
And the lady so strange, and so bitterly smil'd,
  That he trembled with fear and declin'd.

The Abbot declin'd the young imp to baptize,
  And the people seem'd ready to flee,
When laughter and mockery, and eldrich cries,
Through the whole of the castle were heard to arise,
  From beings no mortal could see.

Now terror arose to a terrible height,
  And the best of the gentlemen quak'd;
The ladies all scream'd, and some fainted outright,
And Sir Ewart's old mother, with shame and affright,
  Fell senseless, and never awak'd.

But the Abbot took heart, and advancing anew
  To this wonderful mother and child,
The baptismal water fair o'er them he threw,
When away in a stream of blue vapour they flew,
  With a sound the most frightful and wild.

Now Sir Ewart de Gaire, sadly sorrowing, sigh'd,
  For he felt all his comforts were flown;
And shortly thereafter from Scotland he hied,
And away in some far foreign country he died,
  Bequeathing Dunure to the Crown.

THIS very interesting and well-written ballad is by Mr Lennox, Superintendent of the Poor in Ayr, a contributor to the former series.

It is founded on a Carrick legend, and refers to times long gone by. From the rocky nature of the Carrick coast—its numerous little bays, caves, and indentations—it was held, in superstitious times, to be a favourite haunt of the fairy genii. The coves of Culzean*—like the cave on the Dusk, in Dalry parish—were regarded as "Elfame"—the home of the elves or fairies. Burns, in his well-known poem of "Halloween," alludes to this popular belief, when he says

> "Upon that nicht, when fairies licht
> On Cassillis Downans† dance,
> Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
> On sprightly coursers prance;
> Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
> Beneath the moon's pale beams;
> There, up the Cove,‡ to stray an' rove,
> Amang the rocks and streams
> To sport that nicht."

In his "Tam o' Shanter," the Poet also refers to Carrick as a noted resort of witches. Describing "Cutty Sark," he says—

> "But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
> 'There was ae winsome wench an' waulie,'
> That nicht enlisted in the core,
> (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore,
> For mony a beast to dead she shot,
> An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
> An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,
> An' kept the country-side in fear.")

In a note to the ballad, the author says, "Let those who are chronologically critical, look for the time of this event [the marriage of Sir Ewart de Gaire] in the reign previous to the invasion of Acho, king of the Norwegians." In thus carrying back the era of the legend Mr Lennox did well—because the possession of Dunure by the Kennedies, ancestors of the Marquis of Ailsa, can be traced as far back nearly as the battle of the Largs. Indeed, the author of the "Historie of the Kennedyis" assigns the origin of the family to that event. According to his statement, the stronghold of Dunure was then possessed by the Danes. After the battle of Largs, on Acho's retreating, he was pursued by M'Kinnon of the Isles and his sons, who, finding that he had taken shelter in the Castle of Ayr, pressed forward to Dunure, in pursuit of one of his great captains, and there captured both him and the fort. For this service Alexander III. rewarded M'Kinnon by a grant of the castle, and certain lands around it. The following is this writer's account of the affair:—

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* Culzean was originally called the Coif, or Cove.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earl of Cassillis.—R. B. (They are in Kirkmichael parish, near the banks of the Doon. On the highest of them are the remains of a British fortlet.)

‡ A noted cavern near Colean—hence called the Cove of Colean: which, as well as Cassillis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—R. B.

> " The Black Book of Scone sets their (the Kennedies) beginning to be in the reign of King Malcolm the Second, who was crowned in the year of God 1010 years, and was the fourscore King of Scotland. There was with the King, one M'Kenane of the Isles, who was slain by Danes at the battle of Murluk; and of him came the M'Kenane of the Isles, who ' bruikis ' (possesses) the lands of Stroworddell to this hour. This M'Kenane of the Isles' succession was at the time of King Donald's reign, when the Danes got possession of the whole Isles, banished by them in Ireland, where he remained to the reign of King Alexander the Third, and then came to King Alexander before the battle of Largs, with threescore of his name and servants; and after that King Acho was defeated, he fled to Ayr, and there took shipping. The principal man that pursued him was M'Kenane, with his two sons; and after that the King of Danes was received in the Castle of Ayr, M'Kenane followed on a Lord or great Captain of the Danes, to a crag in Carrick, whereon there was a strength built by the Danes, low by the sea side; the which strength M'Kenane and his sons took, and slew the captain and all that was therein. For the which deed, this M'Kenane got the same strength from King Alexander, with certain lands lying thereto; the which he gave to his second son, and there was the first beginning of the name of Kennedy in the mainland. On the strength and crag there is now a fair castle, which the chiefs of the lowland Kennedies took their style of, for a long space, and were called Lairds of Dunure, because of the don of the hill above that house. Of this house the rest of that name are coming."

This alleged origin of the Kennedies is considered fabulous, the name having been known in Carrick previous to the battle of Largs, which was fought in 1263. In " Wood's Peerage," the descent of the family is traced back to Duncan de Carrick, in the reign of Malcolm IV., Carrick or Kennedy, as it is said, being the patronymic indiscriminately used down to the time of Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, founder of the collegiate church in Maybole, and who obtained the lands and barony of Cassillis from Marjorie, heiress of Sir John Montgomerie, Knight, of Stair. This occurred about 1373. It is seldom, however, that tradition is totally at variance with fact. The similarity in the ancient armorial bearings is presumptive that the island and mainland Kennedies were of the same stock. In the Highlands there are several small clans of the name of Kennedy—in Gaelic, M'Urick or M'Rorie—and it is rather a striking coincidence that the isolated conical mount on which the flag-staff is erected at Dunure, near the mouth of the harbour, is called *Port-Rorie*, evidently meaning the port of M'Rorie or Kennedy.

The Abbey of Crosraguel was founded in 1244 or 1245—so the

Abbot for the time being is correctly enough introduced as officiating at the baptism of "Sir Ewart's young heir." Dunure Castle is still a prominent feature in the scenery of Dunure. It occupies a rocky eminence which bounds the village on the west. It is now a total ruin—the north wall, towards the sea, being alone in some measure entire. It appears to have consisted originally of one irregular tower of four stories, besides the ground floor, or keep. The form of the building, which presents various angles, seems to have been dictated entirely by the shape of the rock—the precipitousness of which, lashed by the sea, formed a complete barrier against any assault in that direction—while a deep moat and strong wall gave protection on the land side. A range of buildings, running back towards the south, is apparently of later erection. The main entrance must have been by the eastern front, where the doorway, with openings into the vaulted apartments on the ground floor, as well as the stair leading to the upper rooms, are still traceable. The walls are extremely thick—in some instances upwards of fifteen feet—and so firmly cemented that portions of them that have fallen down are scarcely distinguishable from the masses of solid rock which, upheaved by some mighty convulsion of nature, lie scattered about like the guardian genii of the venerable stronghold. Of the erection of the Castle there is no record. The name is Celtic, Dunure, or Dunoure, signifying the *hill*, or *fort of the yew tree*. According to the author of the "Historie of the Kennedyis," the fort was originally possessed by the Danes.

The Warlock Laird of Fail.

As Craigie's Knight was a hunting one day,
  Along with the Laird of Fail,
They came to a house, where the gudewife she
  Was brewing the shearers' ale.

Sir Thomas* alighted at the door
  Before the Laird of Fail,
"And will ye gie me, guidwife," quo' he,
  "A drink of your shearers' ale?"

"I will gie thee, Sir Thomas," quo' she,
  "A drink o' my shearers' ale;
But gude be here, how I sweat with fear,
  At sight of the Laird of Fail!"

"What sees auld lucky the Laird about
  That may not be seen on me?
His beard so long, so bushy and strong,
  Sure need not affrighten thee!"

"Though all his face were cover'd with hair,
  It never would daunton me;
But young and old have oft heard it told,
  That a warlock wight is he.

"He caused the death of my braw milk cow,
  And did not his blasting e'e
Bewitch my bairn, cowp many a kirn,
  And gaur my auld doggie die?"

Sir Thomas came out and told the Laird
  The gudewife's tremour within;
"Now Laird," said he, "that sport we may see,
  Come put in the merry pin."

"If ye want sport, Sir Thomas," quo' he,
  "I wat ye's no want it long;
This crusty gudewife, upon my life,
  Shall gie us a dance and a song."

He put then a pin aboon the door,
  And said some mysterious thing;

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* Sir Hugh it probably ought to have been.

And instantly the auld woman she
  Began to dance and to sing—

" O good Sir Thomas of Craigie tak'
  The warlock Laird of Fail
Awa' frae me, for he never shall pree
  A drap of our shearers' ale!"

The Laird he cried on the auld gudeman,
  And sought a drink o' his beer;
" Atweel," quo' he, " kind sir, you shall be
  Welcome to all that is here."

But just as he passed under the pin,
  He roar'd out " Warlock Fail,
Awa' frae me, for you never shall pree
  A drap of our shearers' ale!"

And aye as the canty shearers they
  Were coming hame to their kale,
The Laird and Knight from every wight
  Sought some of the dinner ale.

" Ye's get the last drap in a' the house,"
  They cried as they hurried in;
But every one at once began
  As passing under the pin:

" O good Sir Thomas of Craigie, tak'
  The warlock Laird of Fail
Awa' frae me, for he never shall pree
  A drap of my dinner ale!"

And they would have sung the same till yet,
  Had not the old Laird of Fail
Drawn out the pin, before he went in,
  To drink of the shearers' ale.

The Laird of Fail may be considered the Sir Michael Scot of Ayrshire. His fame, however, lacks the perpetuating influence of that genius which has conspired to hand down the exploits of the latter to posterity. Yet tradition has not ceased to narrate his wondrous deeds; and superstition, listening with ready ear, still lingers by the grey walls where once the Warlock dwelt. Nor has his claims to distinction been altogether forgotten by the bardic race, as the foregoing ballad testifies. It is taken from "Strains of the Mountain Muse," by Mr Train, published in 1814. The humour of the poet is scarcely so graphic as the story warrants. The dancing of the old woman and the band of shearers, as. on entering, one by one, they seized each other by the skirts, was performed round the fire, which in those days invariably stood in the middle of the floor. When the "merry pin" came to be withdrawn, the circle of peasant dervishes, especially the old woman, were truly in a "melting mood," and so thoroughly exhausted that the moment the spell was gone they fell prostrate on the floor. A similar feat is told of Sir Michael Scot, in a note to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and no doubt both are equally *well* founded; but so far is tradition in favour of the Ayrshire wizard's claim to originality, that we have heard the name of the farm condescended upon, and its locality pointed out, though we cannot recollect either.

There are many other cantrips related of the Laird; but who the wonder-working personage really was, tradition sayeth not, though he must have existed no longer ago than the seventeenth century. Fail Castle, of which he is believed to have been the last inhabitant, formed originally a portion of the Monastery of Fail, founded in 1252. It is situated about a mile from Tarbolton, at the head of one of the most extensive meadows in the county. A single dilapidated corner of the tower alone remains to indicate the situation. The establishment belonged to the Red Friars, who were also called *Fratres de Redemptione Captivorum,* it being part of their duty to redeem captives from slavery. The head of the convent was styled minister, and, as provincial of the Trinity Order in Scotland, had a seat in Parliament. The monks wore a white habit, with a red and blue cross upon the shoulder. They were fond of good cheer, and, if the old rhyme may be trusted, were not scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining it:—

"The Friars of Fail
Get never owre hard eggs, or owre thin kale;
For they made their eggs thin wi' butter,
And their kale thick wi' bread.
And the Friars of Fail they made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted:
And they never wanted geir enough
As lang as their neighbours' lasted."

Fail monastery continued to be a place of considerable importance for nearly three centuries, until the Reformation, when it experienced the fate of the other religious houses in Scotland. In 1565, Robert Cuninghame, minister of Fail, granted a charter conveying the lands of Brownhill, and the farms of the Fail estate, to J. Cuninghame, Esq. of Brownhill, ancestor of the present proprietor. As farther illustrative of the declining authority of the fraternity, it is mentioned in a rental of the revenue of Fail, given in 1562, that of twenty-six merks yearly due by the Laird of Lamont, "he had not paid one penny for six years."*

The successor of Robert Cuninghame was William Wallace, brother of Sir Hugh of Craigie, in which family the patronage of Fail was probably at the time invested. He died in 1617. His son, William Wallace, who appears to have considered himself owner of the remaining property of the monastery, was served heir to his father, "William Wallace, minister of Failford," in the manor place of the monastery of Failford, and the gardens called West Yaird, Neltoun Yaird, Gardine Yaird, Yeister Yaird, and Kirk Yaird.† In August 1619, however, a grant of the monastery was made to Walter Whyteford, which grant was subsequently ratified by Parliament in 1621. From this it would appear that the claim of William Wallace‡ had been set aside, and that Whyteford became the proprietor.|| As a layman, he was designated, in the common phraseology of the time, the Laird of Fail; and no subsequent owner being known by that appellation, the presumption is that he was the identical Warlock

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* At this period "twa puir men" lived in the convent, who had £22 Scots yearly for their subsistence.

† Retour No. 162, April 22, 1617.

‡ William Wallace was served heir in 1630 to the lands of Smythston, Ladyyard, Adamcroft, and Little Auchenweet, with the salmon fishings in the water of Ayr. (Retour No. 271, Dec. 23, 1630.)

|| The immunities derivable from the monastery subsequently fell into the hands of the Dundonald family. In 1690, William, Earl of Dundonald, was served heir to his father, John Earl of Dundonald, in the benefice of Failford, as well temporality as sprituality.

Laird. He had been educated abroad, and was altogether eccentric both in his habits and appearance. As described in Mr Train's ballad, he wore a long beard, and was frequently heard to utter unknown words. He resided, in the midst of the deserted cells of the monks, in the old manor-house, or superior's residence, usually called the Castle, then in a state of dilapidation. The belief in his supernatural powers was by no means astonishing at a period when witchcraft gained such general credit. The surprise is that he escaped the torture and the stake. Though believed to possess an evil eye, and to have the faculty of charming milk from cows, butter from the churn, cheese from the dairy tub; and to be able not only to foretell future events, but to control human actions—spreading disease and death among men and cattle by the simple exercise of his will—yet the disposition of the Laird does not appear to have been wantonly malicious. Judging from the stories told of him, he seems to have had a strong relish of the humorous, and to have exerted his magical influence chiefly for the amusement of his acquaintances. One day, a man leading an ass, laden with crockery ware, happened to pass the Castle. The Laird, who had a friend with him, offered for a wager to make the man break his little stock in pieces. The bet was taken, and immediately the earthenware dealer, stopping and unloading the ass, smashed the whole into fragments. When asked why he acted so foolishly, he declared he saw the head of a large black dog growling out of each of the dishes ready to devour him. The spot where this is said to have occurred is still called "Pig's Bush." On another occasion, the Laird looked out at the upper south window of the Castle. There was in sight twenty going ploughs. He undertook upon a large wager to make them all stand still. Momentarily eighteen of them—ploughs, ploughmen, horses, and gadmen—stood motionless. Two, however, continued at work. One of them was ploughing the Tarbolton Croft. It was found out afterwards that these two ploughs carried each a piece of rowan tree—mountain ash—proverbial for its anti-warlock properties—

"Rowan-tree and red thread
Keep the devils frae their speed."

In what year the death of the Warlock Laird took place is unknown; but circumstances lead us to believe that it must have been near the close of the seventeenth century. When about to depart, he warned those around him not to remain in the Castle after his body was carried out; and it being autumn, he further recommended them not to bury him until the harvest should be completed; because on the day of his interment a fearful storm would ensue. He was accordingly kept as long as the putrid state of his remains admitted; still the harvest was not above half finished. True as the Laird's prediction, the moment the body, on the funeral day, had cleared the doorway, a loud crash was heard—the Castle roof had fallen in. The wind rose with unexampled fury; the sheafs of corn were scattered like chaff, and much damage was sustained over the land.

Prestwick Drum.

Air—"Aiken Drum," very ancient and peculiar to Scotland.

At Gloamin' grey,
The close o' day,
　　When saftly sinks the village hum,
Nor far nor near,
Nought meets the ear,
　　But, aiblins, Prest'ick drum.
Nae bluidy battle it betides,
Nor sack, nor siege, nor aught besides;
Twa guid sheep skins, wi' oaken sides,
　　An' leather lugs aroun'.

In days o' yore,
When to our shore,
　　For aid the gallant Bruce did come,
His lieges leal,
Did tak' the fiel',
　　An' march'd to Prest'ick drum.
Gude service aften is forgot,
An' favour's won by crafty plot,

An' sic, alas! has been the lot
O' Prest'ick ancient drum.

These lines, which possess much of the simplicity of ancient times, appeard in the *Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier* upwards of twenty years ago. We, however, do not know the author. The following note was appended to them:—" The original charter of Prestwick is now lost, but is referred to in the renewed grant by James VI. of Scotland. Bruce having at first been unsuccessful, after passing some time in exile, re-appeared in Arran, and crossing the Frith, landed on Prestwick shore, where the inhabitants joined his standard in considerable force; for which service the king was pleased to erect their town into a barony, with a jurisdiction extending from the water of Ayr to the water of Irvine."

It is a popular belief, both among the freemen of Prestwick and the freemen of Newton-upon-Ayr, that they obtained their privileges from Robert the Bruce, in consequence of their services during the war of independence. There may be some foundation for this belief; but, in the case of Prestwick at least, it is certain that the right of jurisdiction, alluded to in the foregoing note, was conferred before the days of Bruce. " The charter of James VI., in 1600, would carry it back to the reign of Kenneth III., but there is no probability that these pretensions rested on any authority other than vague tradition, and the puerile taste with which this prince ever sought to array himself in the visionary plumes of fabulous antiquity. The family of Stewart, whose origin has been traced to an Anglo-Norman descent, obtained possession of this division of Kyle, which has ever since been contradistinguished by the addition of their name,* about the middle of the twelfth century; and it is not improbable that its erection into a burgh may have been consequent on such separation of the bailiwick. It is at least pretty certain, that from about this time the burgh of Prestwick became the juridical seat of the barony or bailiwick of Kyle-Stewart, whilst the burgh of Ayr remained as the seat of authority in that of Kyle-Regis, certainly the residuary portion of the original district. From the time of William I., the church and burgh of Prestwick are frequently to be met with in authentic record. The two churches of Prestwick (afterwards Monkton) and Prestwick-burgh, the first dedicated to St Cuthbert, the latter to St Nicholas, were annexed to the monastery of Paisley by Walter, the founder, on the erection of that institution; and both remained dependencies thereto down to the termination of the hierarchy, in the year 1560. Some time subsequent to this event, Monkton and Prestwick, together with the small parish of Crosbie, were united into one charge, and the minister enjoined to preach alternately two Sundays at Monkton and the third at Prestwick church."[*] A new church has recently been built, equi-distant from both communities, which affords ample accommodation to the whole. The old churches of Prestwick and Monkton have been unroofed, and are now crumbling into ruins.

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* Kyle-Stewart.

" Prestwick is governed by a chancellor or provost, two bailies, treasurer, clerk, and other inferior officers, who are all elected annually except the chancellor, whose appointment is for two or more years. Their power extends to civil matters for a limited amount, and to the police of the burgh."[†] Prestwick is a mere village. The population is not above 1200. In remote times, the territory of the burgh may have been much more extensive: the adjoining parish of Monkton appears to have been anciently of the same denomination, and no doubt formed a portion of it. They are now again united as one parish; " but the authority of the burgh is limited to its own proper lands, which extend in all to about 700 acres. Of this property, about 150 acres have been feued out, in other words, alienated; and the remaining 550, of which 150 are arable, the rest only fit for pasture, belong heritably, under peculiar restrictions and regulations, to thirty-six freemen, the number to which, by the constitution of the burgh, they are restricted. Each share or *freedom* consists of from 14 to 16 acres; seven acres of each being arable—the rest pasture, being what was formerly called common, and consisting of whins and heath and sandy bent hills, interspersed with patches of green hollows, principally adapted to the grazing of young cattle."[‡] The burgh and parish of Newton-upon-Ayr were disjoined from Prestwick, and constituted a separate charge, *quoad sacra*, in the year 1779. Before the territorial boundaries of Newton and Prestwick were properly defined, continued feuds prevailed between the freemen of the two burghs, and not a few battles were fought in support of their rights. The Prestwick Drum, recorded in the song, was used as a sort of *curfew*, formerly common to most towns and villages. The bagpipe, however, was the prevailing instrument.

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[*] Introduction to the " Records of the Burgh of Prestwick," printed in 1834, and presented by John Smith of Swindrigemuir to the Maitland Club.

[†] Prestwick Records.

[‡] Ibid.

Hardyknute.

A FRAGMENT.

(*From the Original Edition, printed in* 1719.)

Stately stept he east the wa',
  And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen
  Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons' breach of faith
  Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
And aye his sword tauld to their cost
  He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood
  With ha's and tow'rs a height,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
  Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless anes and fair
  For chast and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
  Save Elenor the Queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives but doubt:
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land,
High was their fame, high was their might
And high was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister saft and dear,
He girdle shaw'd hir middle jimp
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefou wae her beauty bred!
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The King of Norse in summer tyde,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle,
With mony a hardy knight:
The tydings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave array
Drinking the blood-red wine.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norse commands."
"Bring me my steed, Page, dapple-gray,"
Our good King rose and cry'd,
A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots king never try'd.

"Go little Page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,

To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
  And haste and follow me."
The little Page flew swift as dart,
  Flung by his master's arm,
" Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
  And rid your king from harm."

Then red red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
  Sae did his dark-brown brow,
His looks grew keen as they were wont
  In danger's great to do;
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
  And gi'en five sounds sae shrill
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
  Sae loud rang every hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
  Had past that summer's morn,
When lo, down in a grassy dale,
  They heard they're father's horn.
" That horn," quo' they, " ne'er sounds in peace,
  We've other sport to bide;
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
  And soon were at his side.

" Late, late yestreen, I ween'd in peace
  To end my lengthen'd life,
My age might well excuse my arm
  Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
  Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
  He fear'd to fight or fall.

" Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
  Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
Mony a comely countenance
  They've turn'd to deadly pale:

Brade Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair,
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

"Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal clear."
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

"Farewell, my dame, sae peerless good,"
And took her by the hand,
"Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd:
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers."

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,
Well plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
"Here man I lye, here man I dye,
By treacherie's false guiles,

Witless I was that e'er ga' faith
To wicked woman's smiles."

"Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate;
Herself would watch you a' the day,
Her maids a' dead of night;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheer,
As she stands in your sight."

* * * * * *

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide,
That lord a worthy wight was ay
When faes his courage 'say'd:
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

* * * * * *

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they flee,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fow fierce,
With little skaith to man,
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that sinle brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay:

Quoth Noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
I wat it's bleed a score."
"Haste up my merry men," cry'd the king
As he rode on before.

The King of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the faught,
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp and fatal shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

"Revenge, revenge," cry'd Rothsay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart;"
Then sent it through his side:
Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa.

Sair bleeds my liege, sair, sair he bleeds,
Again wi' might he drew
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now Queen Elgreed,
High dames too wail your darling's fall.
His youth and comely meed.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe"
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net through which
His steelly harness shin'd),
"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him 'venge the blood it bears;

Say, if he face my bended bow,
  He sure nae weapon fears."

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
  Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, " Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd
  And fear'd at Britain's throne:
Though Britons tremble at his name,
  I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
  Sae saft his coat-of-mail.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
  It lent him youthfou might:
" I'm Hardyknute this day," he cried,
  " To Scotland's King I heght,
To lay thee low as horse's hoof;
  My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake
  He garr'd his body bleed.

Norse een like gray gosehawk's stood wild,
  He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;
" Disgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm
  That left you power to strike:"
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
  It made him down to stoop,
As laigh as he to ladies us'd
  In courtly guise to lout.

Fow soon he rais'd his bent body,
  His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
  As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he,
  To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
  Sae soon his life he took.

* * * * * *

There on a lee where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fow fierce that summer's day
Kill'd, keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, whilst Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
Shall latest ages read.

* * * * * *

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan near his stately tower;
His tow'r that us'd wi' torches light
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

* * * * * *

"HARDYKNUTE" was printed in *The Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724; and in Dr Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765, where it was prefaced with the following notice:—"As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are of modern date; and that these, at least (if not its whole existence), have flowed from the pen of a lady within this present century. The following particulars may be depended upon: One Mrs Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt of the late Sir Peter Halket of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America along with General Bradock in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it [to] be modern. The lady did, in a manner, acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last, beginning with "loud and shrill," &c., which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes,* and Mr Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord Justice-Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of printing the first edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720. This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning, and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed, he hath been informed that the late William Thomson, the Scottish musician, who published the Orpheus Caledonius, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy, before ever Mrs Wardlaws' copy was heard of."

The suspicion thus hinted by Dr Percy has long since been held as an established fact. The way in which Lady Wardlaw played off the hoax is thus related by more recent commentators: "She caused her brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce of Kinross, to communicate the MS. to Lord Binning (son of the poetical Earl of Haddington, and himself a poet) with the following account: 'In performance of my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found, a few weeks ago, in an old vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you will find, that the tenth part is not legible.'" This is a different version from the finding of it in the "bottoms of clues." In confirmation of the ballad being modern, it is said "that Mr Hepburn of Keith, a gentleman well known in the early part of last century, often declared that he was in the house with Lady Wardlaw at the time she wrote it; and Mrs Wedderburn of Gasford, Lady Wardlaw's daughter, and Mrs Menzies of Woodend, her sister-in-law, used to be equally positive as to the fact."†

Notwithstanding this testimony, there still seems to be some ground for the opinion of Dr Percy's correspondent, "that part of the ballad may be ancient." Mr Hepburn and the ladies mentioned may have seen Lady Wardlaw writing copies of Hardyknute, but it is very questionable if they saw her in the act of composing the verses. The presence of people is not usually favourable to the cogitations of the muse. On the other hand, we have the positive assurance of the author of "Orpheus Caledonius," that he had frequently heard fragments of the ballad in his youth. There is, indeed, an air of antiquity in the very conception of it, and a degree of unintelligibleness about the story, which could scarcely fall to be devised by a modern writer. Lady Wardlaw is not known to have produced any other poem, ballad, or song of any merit—and we hold the authorship at all times questionable, where an individual has produced one good thing and no more. Lady Wardlaw, at the same time, cannot be denied the merit of having retouched and enlarged the fragment, which she has done in admirable keeping with the spirit of the original.

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* Duncan Forbes of Culloden.

† Chambers' Ballads.

The set of the ballad we have given, is a literal copy from the *original* folio edition, "printed by James Watson, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty, MDCCXIX"—the edition referred to in the note of Dr Percy. It seems to be very rare—and is an excellent specimen of the art of typography in Scotland at the time. The copy—rescued from the rapacious hands of a snuff-dealer—came accidentally into our possession. There are *twelve* additional verses in the ballad in the *Reliques*—a fact which Dr Percy does not seem to have been aware of, in referring to the "three last," beginning with "loud and shrill," &c., as those produced by Lady Wardlaw in proof of the ballad being modern. We have chosen to abide by the fragment as it stands in the folio edition. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that the spelling is much more modern than it is in the *Reliques*, or in any subsequent collection. A single verse will show this:

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
  Thy arrows schute sae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
  They haif turn'd to deidly pale.
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,
  Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
  'Gainst Westmorland's fers heir."

What object there was in thus affecting the antique in subsequent editions does not appear.

The ballad of Hardyknute is supposed to refer to the well known defeat of the Norwegians at the battle of Largs in 1263. The assumed castle of the hero—the house of "Fairly fair"—accords perfectly with the description,

> "High on a hill his castle stood
> With ha's and tow'rs a height."

Fairlie Castle, still pretty entire, is situated on the coast side of the parish of Largs, betwixt the small water of Kilbirnie on the north, and that of Fairlie on the south. It stands on the brink of a deep and romanticly wooded ravine, about a quarter of a mile from the sea, overhanging the stream of Fairlie. The castle, which, from its style, seems upwards of 400 years old, commands a splendid view of the Frith of Clyde. The barony of Fairlie was possessed, until the beginning of the last century, when it was acquired by David, Earl of Glasgow, by a family of the name of Fairlie. Pont says, in his topography of Cuninghame: "Fairlie castele is a strong tovre, and very ancient, beautified with orchardes and gardens. It belongs to Fairlie de Eodem, cheiffe of ther name." Nisbet states that this family was descended from Robert de Ross, a branch of the Rosses of Tarbet, who, in the Ragman Roll, are said to have been the proprietors of Fairlie, from which they took their name. The first of them yet traced was William de Fairlie, who, in 1335, is included in the list of Scotchmen who received letters of pardon from Edward III., for all the crimes they had committed in war with England. The name was written *Farnlye* in old writings. "Joheni Farnlye de Eodem" is mentioned in the testament of Thomas Boyd of Lin in 1547; it was also spelled "Fairnelie." It is so put down in "the testament of Katharine Crawfurd, Lady fairnelie w^{t}in the parochine of Lairgis," 1601.* According to this spelling, the name is probably derived from the Celtic—*fair*, a height; or *fairean*, the rising or setting of the sun. Fairlie Castle commands an excellent view of the setting sun.

The Fairlies of that Ilk cannot thus be traced so far back as the era of the battle of Largs—still it is possible that they may have been in possession of it even then. At all events, it is quite probable that a castle called Fairlie existed, where the present one now stands, as represented in the ballad. For example, a castle existed on the small barony of Grenan, on the Carrick coast, where the ruins of one built in 1603 still remain, which is mentioned in a grant of the Doon Fishings to the Abbey of Melrose, by William the Lion.

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* Com. Records of Glasgow.

Mrs Wardlaw, whose preservation or composition of the ballad of Hardyknute has given rise to this gossip about antiquity, was the second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran, in Fifeshire. She was born in 1679, and married to Sir Henry Wardlaw of Balumlie, or Pitrivie, in the same district, in 1696. She died about the year 1727.

Carrick for a Man.

When auld Robin Bruce
Lived at Turnberry house,
He was the prince o' the people, the frien' o' the lan'.
Then to Kyle for your cow,
Gallowa' for your woo,
But Carrick, my billies, when ye want a man.

At the stream o' auld bannocks,
There was cracking o' crummocks,
It was a hard tulzie, lang fought han' to han'.
Then to Kyle for your cow,
Gallowa' for your woo,
But Carrick, my billies, that day proved the man.

Then why should we not be crouse,
When we think o' auld Robin Bruce,
Whose blood, it still flows, and whose progeny rings?
Then to Kyle for your cow,
Gallowa' for your woo,
But Carrick, my billies, gives Britain her Queens!

These spirited lines are the production of the late Archibald Crawford, author of "Tales of my Grandmother," "Bonnie Mary Hay," and several other popular songs. They embody the Carrick reading of the old rhyme:—

"Kyle for a man,
Carrick for a cow,
Cuninghame for butter and cheese,
And Galloway for woo."

Some—the Carrick people in particular—contend for a different reading, making

"Carrick for a man,
Kyle for a cow,"

but the first would seem to be the proper one. It is the most general, and as old as the days of Bellenden, who, in his description of Scotland, though he does not quote the rhyme, evidently corroborates or proceeds upon the sense of it. Speaking of Kyle, he says—"This country abounds in strong and valiant men, where was born the most renowned and valiant champion *William Wallace*, in the barony called Riccarton." With regard to "Carrick for a cow," he mentions a very curious fact in natural history, which, however incredible, sufficiently attests the estimation in which Carrick was held for the superiority of its cattle. "In Carrick," he says, "are kine and oxen, delicious to eat, but their fatness is of a wonderful temperature: all other comestable beasts' fatness with the cold air doth congeal: by the contrary, the fatness of these is perpetually liquid, like oil."* In the testament of "Jeane Stewart, Lady Barganie," who died in 1605, relict of Thomas Kennedy of Bargany, who was slain in the feud fight between him and the Earl of Cassillis in 1601, there are in the inventory, as at Bargany, "four Inglis Ky, pryce of ilk ane oʳheid, with hir followar, Twentie pund."† We are not aware whether there were any other English cows in Ayrshire at the time. It would be worth the while of an antiquarian agriculturist to ascertain, if practicable, whether the native dairy-breed underwent any change by the introduction of these English cattle. It is said that the Angusshire stock was much improved by being crossed. When James VI. went to England to assume the southern crown, he borrowed largely from the purses of the good folks of Fife, and in repayment sent a number of English cattle. Are we to suppose that the "four Inglis ky" at Bargany were a portion of them? The conjecture is by no means improbable. Lady Bargany was a favourite at court before her marriage—and possibly enough she may have advanced cash to his majesty on his accession to the English throne.

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* History of Ayrshire.

† Com. Rec. of Glasgow.

Respecting the author of the verses, we copy the following account of his death from one of the Ayr newspapers. He died suddenly a few years ago.

DEATH OF MR CRAWFORD.

Here, at No. 29 High Street, on the evening of the 6th curt., very suddenly, Mr Archibald Crawford, auctioneer, in the 58th year of his age. In him Ayrshire has been deprived of one of the few story and lyric writers of which she could boast. Possessed of a caustic, yet withal pleasant vein of humour, his tales bear the impress of a mind rich in fancy, and happy in expression. From a memoir of his life, published some time ago,* it appears that no author could be less indebted to education for the development of his genius, than Crawford. His school-boy days passed over without his acquiring more than the mere rudiments of English reading. At the age of thirteen he proceeded to London, where he passed eight years of his life in the baking establishment of a relative. During that period he sedulously devoted every spare moment to reading. He then returned to his native town, but soon afterwards removed to Edinburgh, where he entered the employment of Charles Hay, Esq. After the lapse of a few years, he proceeded from thence to Perth, and engaged in the service of Leith Hay, Esq.; and it is to a daughter of that gentleman, who manifested great kindness to the author during a fever, that the public are indebted for the well known ballad of "Bonnie Mary Hay," which he composed in gratitude to the young lady. Settling at length in Ayr, he published, in 1819, a satirical pamphlet, entitled "St James' in an Uproar," which created great local excitement at the time. In 1825, the "Tales of my Grandmother," which, with some few exceptions, had previously appeared in successive numbers of the *Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier*, were published by Constable & Co., Edinburgh, in two volumes. These Tales, principally founded on Ayrshire traditions, are told in a vigorous, racy style, and were well received by the public. Besides "Bonnie Mary Hay," Mr Crawford was the author of "Dear Scotland, I've no home but Thee," and one or two other popular songs. In his private capacity as an auctioneer, he displayed much good humoured pleasantry, and his jokes seldom failed to produce the intended effect. Mr Crawford has left a wife and several children. One of his sons, though quite a youth, has already given much promise as an artist. The deceased was a native of Ayr, and his death, we understand, was caused by apoplexy.

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* See "Contemporaries of Burns."

Daniel Barr.

Gif ye be na' acquainted wi' Daniel Barr,
I'll tell ye just now about Daniel Barr,
Ye may travel to Glasgow, and four times as far,
E'er ye meet wi' a chappie like Daniel Barr.

He tint his e'e sight when he was a young man,
And to cheer himself up he the fiddling began,
It's nae wee mishap does his happiness mar,
For trials sit light upon Daniel Barr.

A mind aboon slavery has Daniel Barr,
The easy but firm-minded Daniel Barr,
There's many a fine dandy that smokes a cigar,
That's no half so happy as Daniel Barr.

Frae Willie Cobraith, o' guid bow-han' renown,
His lessons he got in Kilbarchan town;
Now Willie's awa, but things might hae been waur,
For his mantle has lighted on Daniel Barr.

The lassies they a' like Daniel Barr,
The weans gather round about Daniel Barr,
And the tentie guidewife, though baith frugal and snar,
Is aye kind and couthie to Daniel Barr.

He makes himsel' usefu' in mony a way,
He'll thrash, ca' the fanners, or buttle the strae,
Or delve, fill the dung cart, and clawt up the glar,
Sae obliging and helpfu' is Daniel Barr.

And aye welcome back again 's Daniel Barr,
There's aye plenty ready for Daniel Barr,
And whiles a bit glass out the muckle brown jar,
To keep up the spirits o' Daniel Barr.

At balls, or at rockings, he tak's them alang,
Wi' the music, the dance, and the tale, and the sang,
Though the nights may be dark, and the win's they may war,
Big parties assemble round Daniel Barr.

What wad our youths do wanting Daniel Barr?
Sae enticing the strains o' Daniel Barr,
That they're seen straggling hame by the bright morning star,
Frae the mirth and the music o' Daniel Barr.

Would you hear him perform, ask "Macpherson's Lament,"
The mellow "Lea rigg," and the "Unco bit Want,"
"Gow's Farewell to Whisky," or brisk "Jacky Tar,"
And ye'll fin' there's some music in Daniel Barr.

A soul fu' o' music has Daniel Barr,
But that's no' the best part o' Daniel Barr;
He has failings, nae doubt, but he's honest and squar,
An' that says a guid deal for Daniel Barr.

There's Walker and Carsewell, and Josie Strathern,
Though far they excel, yet they've muckle to learn;
Sae Dan and thae chieftains are just on a par,
They but play as they can—sae does Daniel Barr.

I ha'e tell'd you some facts about Daniel Barr,
Yet I have nae said half about Daniel Barr;
But minstrels will rise up in ages afar,
And sing and tell tales about Daniel Barr.

These verses are by Mr Andrew Aiken, author of "The Auld Fleckit Cow," in the First Series. "Daniel Barr," the subject of the song, is well known in the parish of Beith, and so fully described by the poet, as to obviate the necessity of any remarks on our part.

"Scoffing Ballad."

INDUCTION OF THE REV. MR. LINDSAY TO THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF KILMARNOCK IN 1764.

[The following burlesque verses, taken down from the recollection of an eyewitness now living (1842), were written in 1764, on the occasion of the violent induction of the Rev. Mr Lindsay to the parish church, Kilmarnock.]

Poor John M'Crone* had ta'en the road,
And sair he did his auld beast goad,
To fetch in time his noble load,
Good people, hear my ditty.

And Orangefield, Dalrymple call'd
Frae Finlayson, or some sic fauld,
To quell the mob, now grown sae bauld,
Good people, hear my ditty.

But some folk had it in their head
His Lordship wad mak' nae sic speed
If Maggy Lauder† had been dead,
Good people, hear my ditty.

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* Valet to the Earl of Glencairn.
† Mrs Lindsay, previously housekeeper to the Earl of Glencairn.

This, as it may, I canna tell;
Glencairn, he kens it best himsel'
His reason thus, the kirk to fill,
Good people, hear my ditty.

For, through the windows, stanes did reel
Till Halket* said it was the deil,
And of his brethren took fareweel,
Good people, hear my ditty.

Mr Brown† was praying, 's I suppose,
Ane came sae very near his nose—
The day's sae dark we maun it close,
Good people, hear my ditty.

Tailor Steven, precentor there,
Got his wig pu'd out hair by hair,
Until they made his headpiece bare,
Good people, hear my ditty.

John Wyllie, wha liv'd in New Street,
It seems was that day scant o' meat,
He cam to click his dinner, sweet,
Good people, hear my ditty.

Bailie Bapps, he got a prog,
Out o'er the head wi' Lambert's‡ dog,
Which laid him senseless as a log,
Good people, hear my ditty.

Though meek and gentle Lindsay§ was,
And had at heart the gude auld cause,
Yet nought could mak' the rabble pause,
Good people, hear my ditty.

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* The Rev. Mr Halket of Fenwick, who went home on horseback at full speed.
† The Rev. Mr Brown, Kilbirnie.
‡ Lambert, gardener to Mr Paterson, town-clerk.
§ The Rev. Mr Lindsay.

Their fury rose to sic a height
He dared not pass in town the night,
But aff to Irvine took his flight,
Good people, hear my ditty.

Followed with hisses, yells, and groans,
With missiles struck, even dirt and stones,
While he their wicked rage bemoans,
Good people, hear my ditty.

And took a house in that quiet place,
Till ance their madness and disgrace
Would yield to better sense and grace,
Good people, hear my ditty.

THE induction of the Rev. Mr Lindsay, to the parish church of Kilmarnock, was effected against the will of the people. Burns, in his poem of "The Ordination," composed on the settlement of the Rev. Mr Mackinlay in Kilmarnock in 1786, says—

"Curst common sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder."

And in a note, explanatory, adds—"Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late reverend and worthy Mr Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk." The foregoing verses constitute the identical "scoffing ballad" referred to by the poet. We are indebted for them to the kindness of William Tannock, Esq., whose father was almost the only person living who could repeat the whole of the ballad. Mr Tannock, elder, was ten years of age when the induction of Mr Lindsay took place in 1764; so that, in 1842, when his son noted down the verses from his recitation, he would be eighty-eight years of age.

The Earl of Glencairn, William, thirteenth Earl, was patron of the church, and it was generally believed that Mr Lindsay obtained the presentation of Kilmarnock through the influence of his wife—*Margaret Lauder*—who had formerly been housekeeper in the family of the Earl. Mr Lindsay was minister of the Cumbraes at the time. His translation was opposed, and the presbytery of Irvine decided against it. The case, however, came before the General Assembly, when it was remitted to a committee. The following paragraph, in the *Caledonian Mercury*, May 28, 1764, records the decision: "This day the committee proceeded to the consideration of the cause anent the settlement of the Collegiate Church of Kilmarnock, when, after a long hearing, the Assembly reversed the sentence of the presbytery of Irvine, sustained the reasons for the transportation of Mr Lindsay from Cumbray to the parish of Kilmarnock, appointed the presbytery to admit Mr Lindsay minister of Kilmarnock, betwixt and the 17th of July next, and ordained them to report to the Commission their having done so; and the Assembly likewise empowered the Commission finally to determine any question that should come before them, by complaint, reference, or appeal, relative to this cause."

The same journal, of July 21, says:—"By a letter from Kilmarnock, we learn that on Thursday se'nnight, the day appointed by the General Assembly for the transportation of the Rev. Mr Lindsay from the Cumbraes to Kilmarnock, the patron, with a number of gentlemen and ministers, went to the church, in order to proceed in the settlement, but divine service was not well begun, when a mob of disorderly persons broke into the church, throwing dirt and stones, and making such noise, that Mr Brown, the minister who officiated, could not proceed, on which the patron, with the gentlemen and ministers, retired to a house in the neighbourhood. 'Tis said Mr Lindsay is to be ordained in the presbytery-house in Irvine."

This statement accords precisely with the narrative of the ballad. But the *Mercury* supplies some additional particulars. At the Autumn Circuit Court at Ayr, "Alexander Thomson, William Wylie, James Craufurd, John Hill, Adam White, David Dunlop, William Nimmo, William Davies or Davidson, Hugh Thomson, alias Bullock, and Robert Creelman, tradesmen and journeymen in Kilmarnock, were indicted for raising a tumult at and in the church of Kilmarnock, at the settlement of Mr Lindsay, as minister of that parish, in July last. The last seven were acquitted by the jury, and the first three found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for a month, and whipt through the streets of Air, and to find caution for keeping the peace, and a good behaviour for a twelvemonth."

Such a punishment now-a-days would be considered excessive. It would appear, from the ballad, that the military were called into requisition at the induction of Mr Lindsay:—

"And Orangefield, Dalrymple call'd,
From Finlayson, or some sic fauld,
To *quell* the mob, now grown sae bauld," &c.

Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Monkton, was a military officer at the time. His son, James Dalrymple, Esq. of Orangefield, was one of the early patrons, and a warm friend of Burns.

The authorship of the ballad has been attributed to two individuals—both natives of Kilmarnock—one of them, named Hunter, a shoemaker; and the other, Tannahill, a legal practitioner. Our informant, Mr A. M'Kay, is of opinion that it was the production of Hunter, who is allowed to have composed several other doggrel pieces.

It's a Waefu' Thing this Drink, Gudeman.

It's a waefu' thing this drink, gudeman!
It tooms baith house and hauld;
Gars peace an' plenty flee our hame,
Brings strife and poortith cauld.
Yet there ye lie an' snore, gudeman!
Frae sun-rise till it's set;
An' though the four-hours ha'e come roun',
Ye're barely sober yet.
Ye're barely sober yet, gudeman!
Ye're barely sober yet.

It's a waefu' thing this drink, gudeman!
It mak's our bairnies bare;
There's no' ae dud upon their backs
But's worn sax months and mair.
I got thae bauchles on my feet,
The day we christened Bell;

An' Bell is now a towmont auld,
As weel ye ken yoursel' !
As weel ye ken yoursel', gudeman !
As weel ye ken yoursel'.

It's a waefu' thing this drink, gudeman !
It throws a cauldrife blicht
O'er the ingle-side of the gudeman
Wha turns braid day to nicht.
Sae dinna let Heaven's ain bricht sun
Rise o'er your revelry :
But, oh ! tak' pity on yoursel'—
On our wee bairns an' me.
On our wee bairns an' me, gudeman !
On our wee bairns an' me.

W.

Girvan, July 25, 1842.

These verses possess—independently of their object—considerable merit. They appeared in the *Ayr Observer*, but we know not the author.

The Sang o' the Spindle.

[The spindle, the only machine in olden times, with the simple reel and loom of home manufacture. The mode of counting the hanks of yarn is embodied in the unique "ower-come" of the following. This simple tale of ingenious industry, may preserve the remembrance of a piece of ancient cottage furniture—cast amid the lumber of other days, but hanging, like dusty pictures, on the memories of our Scottish grand-dames.]

Auld Auntie was nae spinster bauld,
A leal-gude bodie she ;
In the bonnie howe o' a heath'ry knowe,
Aside a broomy lea,

She calmly twin'd the thread o' life,
An' turn'd her reel about,
Singing, tu's ane—an' tu's no ane—
An' tu's twa a' oot.

She aft o' thriftie rockins spak',
O' cracks an' kempin' rare,
Where eident lasses blithely span,
The lint as straight's a hair.
An' aye they twin'd their siller skene,
An' twirl'd the reel about,
Singing, tu's ane—and tu's no ane—
An' tu's twa a' oot.

An' orphan boy, her pride and joy,
A lammie in her e'e,
Play'd wi' the spindle at her feet,
Or wummled 'bout her knee.
An' ower, an' ower, like Auntie's sang,
He read her ballad book,
Singing, tu's ane—an' tu's no ane—
An' tu's twa a' oot.

Near a dark tarn their shielin lay,
'Mang Druid rocks that hung
Cauld shadows ower its dowie face,
Like cluds ower winter's sun;
There up and down, the lang day roun',
He watch'd the water coot,
And learn'd its sang, had ower-come nane,
But aye the twa a' oot.

Then weel he watch'd ae wee pet lamb,
Or brought frae loaning green,
The kye frae 'mang the seggans lang,
To neebours hame at e'en.
Or paidled by the lochs an' burns,
To catch the wylie trout,

An' whiles got ane—an' whiles got nane—
An' whiles the twa a' oot.

His parent-tree wi' shielin-bough,
By death was wede awa',
An' left alane, 'mang shaken leaves,
Ae wee bit bud to blaw.
But heaven casts, wi' tenty care,
Love's downy lap about
The orphan lane, wha friends has nane,
And maks the lost twa oot.

The helping han', in time o' need,
Gets something aye to gi'e;
That gow'd that's grasped wi' miser greed,
Taks wings itsel' to flee.
And whiles the purse that's hespet steeve,
Tines a' its gatherings oot,
An' catching ane—it whiles gets nane—
And seldom twa a' oot.

A moral guid has Auntie's sang—
This birring earth's a wheel,
We're spinners a', threads short or lang,
Just as we spin, we reel.
An' up an' down, the thread o' life
Has many a wheel about:
Noo—as we spin time's gowden warp,
Life's wab is woven out.

THESE verses are by Miss Aird of Kilmarnock—a poetess of nature's own making. In her dedication of a small volume of poetry, printed in 1846, she says of herself: "My classic friends will forgive my presumption, and cast the salt of Christian charity into whatever in them is bitter, when they know I have never written a single verse by measure, nor a sentence by rule—my Bible being my only lexicon." The poems of Miss Aird display a very surprising degree of perfection, considering the many drawbacks which the self-taught labour under. We have to thank her (in the spirit of an antiquary) for recording so pleasantly as she has done, the now almost forgotten practice of the spindle. There are several very pretty lays, or songs, in Miss Aird's volume. Of all who have recently sung of "The Auld Kirk-Yard," we certainly think her lines the sweetest. We quote the principal:—

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

Calm sleep the village dead,
In the auld kirk-yard;
But softly, slowly, tread,
In the auld kirk-yard;
For the weary, weary, rest,
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
Flower the auld kirk-yard.

It has a wrinkled face,
The auld kirk-yard;
And tears, of years, we trace
In the auld kirk-yard;
Strifes, to the earth unknown,
Revealed to God alone,
Hid, by the tribute stone,
In the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath,
The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
To the auld kirk-yard.
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom
Veils the mystery of doom,
In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring,
In the auld kirk-yard,
Though Time's death-brooding wing
Shade the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep dark earth
Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
In the auld kirk-yard:
They hear nae kindred weep
In the auld kirk-yard.
The sire, with silver hair;
The mother's heart of care;
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

'Tis a chamber for the bride
  Oft, the auld kirk-yard;
A shroud for beauty's pride,
  The auld kirk-yard.
On the haughty lip of rose
The greedy worms repose,
Where the lowly gowan blows
  In the auld kirk-yard.

* * * *

Life's greenest leaf lies low
  In the auld kirk-yard;
Swept from the giant bow,
  To the auld kirk-yard;
And the sere leaf 'neath our tread
Whispers, o'er the dreamless dead,
As a leaf we all do fade
  To the auld kirk-yard.

The gorgeous starlight gleams
  On the auld kirk-yard;
And spring-time's fostering beams
  Gild the auld kirk-yard;
But the lang, lang, winter snows
A wreathy mantle throws
O'er the sere and blighted rose
  In the auld kirk-yard.

But the heart's sad beatings cease
  In the auld kirk-yard:
And aliens rest in peace
  In the auld kirk-yard.
Where ebbed dark floods of strife
Dove-like hope, wi' promise rife,
Plants the broken branch o' life
  In the auld kirk-yard.

The Crook and Plaid.

Ilk lassie has a laddie she lo'es aboon the rest,
Ilk lassie has a laddie, if she like to confess't,
That is dear unto her bosom whatever be his trade;
But my lover's aye the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

Ilk morn he climbs the mountains, his fleecy flocks to view,
And hear's the lav'rocks chanting, new sprung frae 'mang the dew;

His bonnie wee bit doggie, sae frolicsome and glad,
Rins aye before the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

And when that he is wearied, and lies upon the grass,
What if that in his plaidie he hide a bonnie lass?—
Nae doubt there's a preference due to every trade,
But commen' me to the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

And when in summer weather he is upon the hill,
He reads in books of history that learns him meikle skill;
There's nae sic joyous leisure to be had at ony trade,
Save that the laddie follows that wears the crook and plaid.

What though in storm o' winter, part o' his flock should die,
My laddie is aye cheerie, and why should not I?
The prospect o' the summer can weel mak' us glad;
Contented is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

King David was a shepherd, while in the prime o' youth,
And following the flocks, he ponder'd upon truth;
And when he came to be a king, and left his former trade,
'Twas an honour to the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

This song is attributed to Tibbie Pagan—a somewhat singular character. In a small volume of doggrel, published by Isobel, we should suppose about 1805, she gives the following account of herself:—

> " I was born near four miles from Nith-head,*
> Where fourteen years I got my bread;
> My learning it can soon be told,
> Ten weeks, when I was seven years old,
> With a good old religious wife,
> Who lived a quiet and sober life;
> Indeed, she took of me more pains
> Than some does now of forty bairns.
> With my attention, and her skill,
> I read the Bible no that ill;
> And when I grew a wee thought mair,
> I read when I had time to spare;
> But a' the whole tract of my time,
> I found myself inclined to rhyme:
> When I see merry company,
> I sing a song with mirth and glee,
> And sometimes I the whisky pree,

---

* The water of Nith, which takes its rise in the parish of New Cumnock.

But 'deed it's best to let it be.
A' my faults I will not tell,
I scarcely ken them a' mysel';
I've come through various scenes of life,
Yet never was a married wife."

In this brief sketch, Isobel confesses her follies, but wisely refrains from telling all her faults. Little is known of her early years beyond what she has herself recorded. Lame from infancy, she does not appear to have ever been able for laborious industry; and though well connected, as it is said, none of her relations seem to have befriended her, while the lessons of the "good old religious wife" do not appear to have made any lasting impression. Nature had bestowed upon her few of those softer features with which the fair sex are generally favoured. Speaking of her in later life, our informant describes her as a woman of "a very unearthly appearance." She squinted with one of her eyes—had a large tumour on her side—and was so deformed in one of her feet as to require crutches when walking. She had great vivacity of spirit, however, and an excellent voice; and it is affirmed that, notwithstanding her ungainly aspect, she was at one period courted by a person of the name of Campbell, to whom she had a child, and was on the eve of marriage when he deserted her.

The greater part of Isobel's life was passed in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk. She first occupied, for a short time, a cottage on the property of Muirsmill, and subsequently removed to one given her by Admiral Keith Stewart, on the banks of the Garpal Water, within a mile or two of the village. The situation was romantic, but must have been exceedingly dreary in winter. The dwelling, constructed out of a low arch, was originally built for a brick-store in connection with Lord Dundonald's tar-works. In this lonely spot, Isobel resided for upwards of thirty years. She was no recluse, however; for, night after night, the vaulted roof of her humble dwelling rang with the voice of licentious mirth, and the revelries of bacchanalian worshippers, among whom she was the administering priestess. Famed for her sarcastic wit, as well as for her vocal powers, her cottage may be truly said to have been the favourite *howff* of all the drunken wags and "drouthy neebours" in the district. She had no license for the retail of spirits, but usually kept a bottle for the supply of her customers; and by this means she contrived to eke out a subsistence which must otherwise have been sustained from charity—an alternative to which the proud spirit of Isobel would have broken ere it had stooped. Not only was the Poetess known to the convival in her own neighbourhood, but to many from a great distance; and at no period was her humble dwelling more crowded or more uproarious than during the month of August, when gentlemen from all quarters assemble on the moors of Muirkirk to enjoy the exercise of grouse-shooting. She at all times delighted in whisky-drinking, and in the company of jolly topers; but the "pouting season," as it is called, was to her a period of more than ordinary enjoyment. Many of the sportsmen not only frequented her cottage, but occasionally sent for her to Muirkirk, where, in return for her songs, her wit, and wicked sarcasm, she was of course well plied with liquor and rewarded with money.

Notwithstanding her dissolute life, Isobel lived to an age attained by few. She died on the 3d November 1821, in the eightieth year of her age. Extensively known for her eccentricity of character, her death created considerable noise, and crowds of every class flocked from all quarters to her funeral. Her remains were conveyed to the churchyard of Muirkirk in a cart. The day, it was remarked, was extremely stormy—so much so, that the procession could scarcely move on. A stone has been erected over her grave, inscribed with her name, her age, and date of death.—*From "The Contemporaries of Burns."*

When I upon thy Bosom Lean.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
  Enraptured I do call thee mine;
I glory in those sacred ties
  That made us one, who once were twain:

A mutual flame inspires us both—
  The tender look, the melting kiss;
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love—
  Some sweet sensation new will rise.

Have I a wish? 'Tis all for thee;
  I know thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass so smooth away,
  That numbers on us look and gaze.
Well pleased to see our happy days,
  They bid us live and still love on;
And if some cares shall chance to rise,
  Thy bosom still shall be my home.

I'll lull me there and take my rest;
  And if that ought disturb my fair,
I'll bid her laugh her cares all out,
  And beg her not to drop a tear.
Have I a joy? 'tis all her own;
  Her heart and mine are all the same;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
  That's twined till death shall us disjoin.

ANOTHER version of this song appeared in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, considerably amended, it is presumed, by the hand of Burns. The authorship has invariably been assigned to John Lapraik, the friend and correspondent of the Poet. In a Glasgow periodical, however, the first number of which was published a few weeks ago, an attempt is rudely made to tear the chaplet from his aged brow. The following is the article we allude to:—

"FRAUD.

"We have made another curious discovery. Lapraik, 'honest auld Lapraik,' of Burns, is *not* the author of the well known song,

"When I upon thy bosom lean,"

usually attributed to him. The 'Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement,' vol. xxii. p. 82, October 14, 1773, published the following:—

"Lines addressed by a husband to his wife, after being six years married, and sharing a great variety of fortune together—

"When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

"A mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look—the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed.
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up—and proves the maxim true,
Chaste love can ne'er be cloyed.

"Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me,
So soft our moments move;
What numbers look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love!

"If care arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there ought disturbs my fair,
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it in my breast.

"Have I a joy—'tis all her own,
Or hers and mine are all but one,
Our hearts are so entwin'd;
That like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

"A HAPPY HUSBAND.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 11.

"Now this appeared nearly twelve years before the date of Burns' letter to Lapraik (April 1, 1785), and fifteen before Lapraik's own volume (Kilmarnock, 1788). We copy the song, as it is printed there, verbatim; its inferiority to the first *version*, we think, will be acknowledged by all. [Here the Editor quotes Lapraik's version.] Was ever fraud like this? Burns improved upon Lapraik for the *Museum*. Nevertheless, even his is inferior to *that* of the 'Weekly Magazine.' We give it, also, with the changes in italics. * * * The hand of the *master* is here, and setting aside the Weekly Magazine altogether, Lapraik has little or no merit. At any rate, we can never look upon him now, as 'the honest auld Lapraik.' Is this harsh?—Ed."

Most assuredly, we say, it is. That there has been gross plagiarism somewhere, the Editor of the *Thistle* has shown—and he deserves credit for the discovery; but what is the evidence upon which he so rashly convicts Lapraik? What proof has he that the guilt does not lie on the other side? Burns first heard the song in question, at a "rockin" in 1785. Common report attributed it to Lapraik, who was then, it ought to be remarked, in his fifty-eighth year—old enough to have written songs *forty* years previously! Burns, who had frequent and familiar intercourse with Lapraik afterwards, says—"*He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.*" In the face of this direct testimony, and the popular belief that the song was the composition of Lapraik, we would be slow to conceive that he had plagiarised, or rather copied it only twelve years previously from a magazine with which Burns was as likely to be acquainted as himself. The probability seems as great—if not greater—that some contributor to the *Weekly Magazine* had picked up the verses—and, altering them, adopted them as his own. Until stronger evidence of the plagiarism of Lapraik is produced, we must still regard him as the author of "When I upon thy bosom lean."

John Lapraik, the senior of all the Ayrshire contemporaries of Burns, was born in 1727, at Laigh Dalquhram (or, as now pronounced, Dalfram), situated on the road to Sorn, about three miles west of Muirkirk. Here his father lived before him, and the property had been in possession of the family for several generations. He was the eldest son, and, by the death of his father, succeeded at an early period to the paternal inheritance. His education, though equal, if not superior, to the common range of parochial instruction at that period, was by no means classical; and, as observed by himself, he had little leisure to improve his mind by extensive reading. At what period he first attempted verse it is impossible to guess; but it must have been long prior to the attempts of his youthful friend—the inimitable Bard of Coila.

Lapraik married in March 1754. He had then attained his twenty-seventh year. The object of his choice was Margaret Rankin, eldest daughter of William Rankin of Lochhead, and sister to John, the well known "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankin." From a document (the contract of marriage*) in our possession, it appears that he received with his bride a dowery of one hundred pounds sterling; and that, in case of his demise, under certain contingences, she was to obtain an annuity of two hundred merks Scots. His property, at this period, consisted, in the words of the document, of "All and haill that eight shilling ninepenny land of old extent of Dalquhram, alias Nether Dalquhram; and all and haill the eight shilling ninepenny land of old extent of Upper Dalquhram, commonly called Laigh Hall; as also all and haill the eight shilling ninepenny land of old extent of Dalquhram, called Douglass Dalquhram, with the respective houses, biggings, yeards, parts, and pendicles, and haill pertinents of the said several lands and teinds, parsonage and vinerage of the same, all lying within the parish of Muirkirk, lordship and late regality, now barony of Kylesmuir, and sheriffdom of Ayr, together with the fishing of salmond and other fishing in the water of Ayr." Besides the lands enumerated, which appear to have been considerable, Lapraik held in lease the ground and mill of Muirsmill, distant from Dalfram about half a mile; and for some years subsequent to his marriage he enjoyed with his "wedded wife" that degree of happiness which competence and affection were so well calculated to afford. Possessed of a cheerful, kind disposition, few men were more beloved in his sphere, or better fitted for the reciprocal interchange of social life. Fond of poetry and song, he essayed the rustic lyre; and happy in his household, its strings were alone attuned for the domestic hearth. Little did he dream that the muse thus wooed in prosperity, should, at no distant period, become the solace of his misfortune!†

Among the earliest of the poet's griefs was the death of his wife, soon after the birth of her fifth child.‡ This was indeed a severe stroke, and not less keenly felt. The blank in the domestic circle was supplied, however, a few years afterwards (1766), in the person of

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* To this document, in addition to the signatures of the contracting parties (viz. John Lapraik, William Rankin, and Margaret Rankin), is also appended that of John Rankin, as one of the witnesses. In respect to penmanship, Lapraik's is decidedly the best.

† The Contemporaries of Burns.

‡ Three of the five children reached the years of maturity. One of the sons died abroad, the other, William, at Woolwich.

Janet Anderson, of Lightshaw, the name of a neighbouring farm possessed by her father.

Lapraik unfortunately became involved in the calamity occasioned by the stoppage of the Douglas and Heron Bank, and was compelled to part with his property. After experiencing considerable difficulty, the poet, at an advanced period of life, became post-master in Muirkirk, where he died, in the eightieth year of his age, on the 7th May 1807.

Sir Arthur and Lady Anne.

BY HUGH AINSLIE.

Sir Arthur's foot is on the sand,
His boat wears in the wind,
An' he's turn'd him to a fair foot-page
Was standing him behind.

" Gae hame, gae hame, my bonnie boy,
An' glad your mither's e'e,
I ha'e left anew to weep an' rue,
Sae there's nane maun weep for thee.

" An' take this to my father's ha',
An' tell him I maun speed ;
There's fifty men in chase o' me,
An' a price upon my head.

" An' bear this to Dunellie's towers,
Where my love Annie's gane,
It is a lock o' my brown hair,
Girt wi' the diamond stane."

" Dunellie, he has dochters five,
An' some o' them are fair;
Sae, how will I ken thy true love
Amang sae mony there?"

" Ye'll ken her by the stately step,
As she gaes up the ha';
Ye'll ken her by the look o' love
That peers outowre them a';

" Ye'll ken her by the braid o' goud
That spreads o'er her e'e-bree;
Ye'll ken her by the red, red cheek,
When ye name the name o' me.

" That cheek should lain on this breast-bane—
That hame should been my ha';
Our tree is bow'd, our flow'r is dow'd—
Sir Arthur's an outlaw."

He sigh'd and turn'd him right about,
Where the sea lay braid and wide;
It's no to see his bonnie boat,
But a wat'ry cheek to hide.

The page has doff'd his feather'd cap,
But an' his raven hair;
An' out there came the yellow locks,
Like swirls o' the gouden wair.

Syne he's undone his doublet clasp—
'Twas o' the grass green hue—
An', like a lily frae the pod,
A lady burst in view.

" Tell out thy errand now, Sir Knight,
Wi' thy love tokens a';

If I e'er rin against my will,
It shall be at a lover's ca'."

Sir Arthur's turn'd him round about,
E'en as the lady spak';
An' thrice he dighted his dim e'e,
An' thrice he stepped back.

But ae blink o' her bonnie e'e,
Out spake his Lady Anne;
An' he's catch'd her by the waist sae sma',
Wi' the gripe of a drowning man.

"O! Lady Anne, thy bed's been hard,
When I thought it the down;
O! Lady Anne, thy love's been deep,
When I thought it was flown.

"I've met my love in the green wood—
My foe on the brown hill;
But I ne'er met wi' aught before
I liked sae weel—an' ill.

"O! I could make a queen o' thee,
An' it would be my pride;
But, Lady Anne, it's no for thee
To be an outlaw's bride."

"Ha'e I left kith an' kin, Sir Knight,
To turn about an' rue?
Ha'e I shared win' and weet wi' thee,
That I maun leave thee now?

"There's goud an' siller in this han'
Will buy us mony a rigg;
There's pearlings in this other han'
A stately tow'r to big.

"Though thou'rt an outlaw frae this lan',
The world's braid and wide."—
Make room, make room, my merry men,
For young Sir Arthur's bride!

My Auld Uncle Watty.

Tune—*Bonnie Dundee.*

O! weel I ha'e mind o' my auld uncle Watty,
When but a bit callan I stood by his knee,
Or clamb the big chair, where at e'enin' he sat aye;
He made us fu' blythe wi' his fun and his glee:
For O! he was knackie, and couthie, and crackie,
Baith humour and lair in his noddle had he—
The youths o' the clachan he'd keep a' a-laughin',
Wi' his queer observations and stories sae slee.

The last Hogmanay that we met in his cottie,
To talk owre the past, and the nappy to pree,
Some auld-farrant sangs, that were touchin' and witty,
He sung, till the bairnies were dancin' wi' glee;
And syne in the dance, like a youngster o' twenty,
He lap and he flang wi' auld Nannie Macfee—
In a' the blythe meeting nae ane was sae canty,
Sae jokin', sae gabby, sae furthy, and free.

And O! had ye seen him that e'enin' when Rory
Was kippled to Maggie o' Riccarton Mill;
Wi' jokes rare and witty he kept up the glory,
Till morning's faint glimmer was seen on the hill.

O! he was a body, when warm'd wi' the toddy,
Whase wit to ilk bosom enchantment could gie;
For funnin' and daffin', and punnin' and laughin',
Throughout the hale parish nae equal had he.

But worn out at last wi' life's cares and its labours,
He bade an adieu to his frien's a' sae dear,
And sunk in death's sleep, sae bewail'd by his neebors,
Wha yet speak his praise, and his mem'ry revere.
Whar slumbers the dust o' my auld auntie Matty,
We dug him a grave wi' the tear in our e'e;
And there lay the banes o' my auld uncle Watty,
To moulder in peace by the big aiken-tree.

The above song is by A. M'Kay, author of "Drouthy Tam," &c. A ballad from his pen appeared in the First Series.

The Beds of Sweet Roses.

A I was a walking one morning in May,
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
The little birds were singing delightful and gay;
When I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses,
Where I and my true love did often sport and play,
Down among the beds of sweet roses.
My daddy and my mammy I oft have heard them say,
That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport and play;
But I never liked, in all my life, a maiden that was shy,
Down among the beds of sweet roses.

Although the authorship of this song cannot be traced to Ayrshire, still, as it owes its preservation to Burns, and was unknown elsewhere, it may with some propriety be classed amongst the lyrics of the country. The poet, in his "Remarks on Scottish Song," says—"This song, so far as I know, for the first time appears here [John son's *Museum*] in print. When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air."

My Ladie's Gown, there's Gairs upon't.

TUNE—*Gregg's Pipes.*

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her tend-punds lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

The idea of this song is believed to be old, and some of the words also; most of it, however, is the workmanship of Burns. The air to which it was written was the composition of James Gregg, a musician belonging to Ayrshire, whose memory still lives in the west as an improver of the telescope, a mechanist, and a painter. He is still more pleasantly remembered by this tune, which is often called for when the dancers are on the floor—

> "And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

[Gregg was a native of Ayr. Two of his descendants are now in business in Edinburgh.]

Jamie Tamson.

Air—*Highland Laddie.*

Wat ye wha's in yon town?
Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson;
Wi' no a hair on a' his crown,
Bare as Samson, bare as Samson.
What's the reason his hair's awa'?
Making thrang, man, making thrang, man.
Sangs to tickle us, ane an' a',
Short an' lang, man, short an' lang, man.

Jamie Tamson's then a bard?
Naething nearer, naething nearer.
That's the way his fate's sae hard?
Naething clearer, naething clearer!
That's the way his elbows are bare?
Bread is sma', man, bread is sma', man.
And his brow is nicket wi' care?
Save us a', man, save us a', man.

Oh! but I am like to cry,
  Aft dejected, aft dejected,
To see how the noble Bardies die
  Sae neglected, sae neglected:
To think on the coofs that strut and swell,
  Bien an' braw, man, bien an' braw, man,
Wha, just like our chapel-bell,
  Hum an' ha', man, hum an' ha', man.

Is na this a serious thing—
  Rin an' print it, rin an' print it;
Tell yon chap they ca' the king,
  Oh, an' he kent it! oh, an' he kent it!
He would surely cause a law
  To be enacted, be enacted,
That the Bardies, ane an' a',
  Should be respected, be respected.

That instead o' bigging stanes,
  What a blether! what a blether!
On the weary Bardie's banes,
  They wad gather, they wad gather
Something that wad thick'n the brose
  O' the Bardies, o' the Bardies;
Tak' the jock-nebs frae the nose,
  An' co'er the hurdies, co'er the hurdies,

O, that I had siller to spare!
  Killie's Bard, then, Killie's Bard, then,
Should be happy late an' ear';
  Nobly heard, then, nobly heard, then—
Heard as he used to be, when he
  Whistled an' blew, man, whistled an' blew, man,
On the green-boys* on the lea,
  Ay, that wad do, man, that wad do, man.

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* The Kilmarnock Sharpshooters, of which corps, as is stated in the preceding sketch, Thomson had the honour of being first Captain.

But since fortune's sae unkin',
He an' I, man, he an' I, man,
Maun just hope that we will fin',
By an' by, man, by an' by, man,
Happier days, when care shall fling,
Mad to see, man, mad to see, man,
Bards triumphant on the wing,
Rich an' free, man, rich an' free, man.

Then, wha lives in yon town?
Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson;
Wi' a garlan' on his crown,
Strong as Samson, strong as Samson?
Great in counsel, at the pen;
Leal an' canty, leal an' canty;
Great, the first, an' best o' men,
Stow'd wi' plenty, stow'd wi' plenty.

The late John Kennedy, author of "Fancy's Tour with the Genius of Cruelty," and other poems, wrote these lively verses on James Thomson, a well known worshipper of the muse in Kilmarnock. Thomson, whose father was a respectable tanner in that town, received a classical education, with a view to the ministry. He was induced, however, on account of delicate health, to give up his clerical prospects, and enter into partnership with his father.

Soon after he engaged in business, he married Helen Bruce, a young lady with whom he became acquainted during the years he attended College, and who was governess in the family of Mungo Fairlie, Esq. of Holmes. She possessed little or no fortune, but in personal attractions and graces of mind, was superior to the generality of her sex. To him she bore five children. It was not his lot, however, to enjoy her society for a very lengthened period; for, while yet in the prime of life, she was seized with an illness which occasioned her dissolution.

In the year 1803 or 1804, when Britain was threatened with invasion, the loyal inhabitants of Kilmarnock, like those of many other towns of Scotland, formed themselves into a military body, under the name of the Kilmarnock Sharpshooters, or Rifle Volunteers. In the formation of this corps, which Thomson had the honour of commanding, he evinced considerable activity. The musical instruments and dresses of the band were purchased at his own expense, and he made many other sacrifices in the cause for which they were embodied. About the same time, he received an order from the Duke of Kent, authorizing him to enlist local troops. This order he obeyed; and, as we have been told, paid two pounds sterling of bounty to each man from his own purse, until he had expended a great part of his fortune. Whether he intended the money thus laid out as a gift to his country, we have not been informed; at all events, it was never returned to him; and the consequence was, that his own private affairs began to assume an alarming appearance. His friends and relations, perceiving this, frequently cautioned him that he would one day or other involve himself in utter ruin by such folly; and his brother, who was a partner with him in trade, fearing he might be entangled with his creditors, suddenly withdrew his name from the company. These circumstances, and some family disputes which occurred about this time, induced his father to dispose of the tan-yard.

Our author then repaired to Edinburgh, where he was some time employed in writing for a periodical work, published under the title of the "Scottish Review." After being about one year in Edinburgh, he obtained a commission in the Argyleshire Militia, and embarked with his regiment for Ireland; but before he had been long in that country, a severe malady, which had been for years gradually impairing his health, now increased to such a height, that he found it necessary to resign his commission. He then obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Elliot Armstrong, Esq. of Donamon Castle, in the county of Roscommon, in which capacity he acted for two years. He afterwards took up his residence in the town of Elphin—a bishop's see in the county above mentioned—where he endeavoured, by exercise in the open air, to improve and invigorate his shattered constitution; but the disease he was afflicted with, which was palsy, became every day worse, and he returned to his native town, probably in the expectation of deriving from his friends and relations that consolation and support which he now so much needed. But Kilmarnock to him was no longer the scene of prosperity. Those who courted his society in his days of affluence, looked on him with indifference. His father was tottering on the brink of the grave, and soon after died; and his brothers and sisters secured to themselves all that remained of the family property, and poor Thomson was left to struggle through the world as he best could for subsistence. While thus circumstanced, he married Widow Lewis, whose care and affection for him in his hours of trouble served, in some measure, to render more cheerful and comfortable the few remaining years of his unfortunate life.

From his boyish days, Thomson was an occasional wooer of the muses; and, during his wanderings in Ireland, he composed several little poems, which, along with others, he now submitted to the public in a small 18mo volume; and, on the 8th of August of the same year (1817), he issued the first number of a periodical work, entitled the "Ayrshire Miscellany; or Kilmarnock Literary Expositor," which continued to appear weekly till the beginning of May 1822. The price of each number was twopence, and the circulation, we believe, extended to almost every town and village in the county of Ayr, and to other places throughout the country. Kilmarnock at that time had no newspaper or magazine, and the *Ayrshire Miscellany* was therefore the only local medium through which the literary aspirants in the town and its neighbourhood could find publicity for their juvenile aspirations.* But, besides being instrumental in fostering the rising genius of the place, the *Miscellany* must have tended, in no small degree, to cherish a taste for literary information among the youth of Ayrshire, especially in those days when periodical literature was less accessible to the bulk of the people than it is at the present time. After a protracted illness, Thomson died on the 23d July 1832.

John Kennedy, the author of "Jamie Tamson," was also a native of Kilmarnock, and a contributor to the *Miscellany*. He was born in 1789, and became a weaver to trade. Naturally enthusiastic, he took rather an active part in the political commotions of 1819, and involved himself in considerable trouble. Latterly he qualified himself as a teacher, and obtained the parish school of Kilsyth, where he died on the 4th of October 1833, soon after he had revised the last proof sheet of "Geordie Chalmers, or the Law in Glenbuckie," one of the most amusing of all his literary efforts.

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* Soon after the appearance of Thomson's Miscellany, the "Kilmarnock Mirror, or Literary Gleaner," was started; but though it was conducted with considerable taste and ability, it lived only about sixteen months. Other magazines followed, but their existence was still more ephemeral.

Na to be Marreit Ava.

Tune—*Woo'd and Married, and a'.*

Our Girzie was now threttie sax,
Tho' sum estit mair did her ca',
And ane quyte sae auld to get marreit,
Has little or na chance ava.
And Girzie aft thinkan on this,
Lang sichs frae her brisket wad draw;
Och! is it na awsum to think
I soudna be marreit ava?
Na to be marreit ava,
Na to be marreit ava,
Och, is it na awsum to think,
I soudna be marreit ava?

For ilka young lass that dow brag
Of her tholing a wooer or twa,
Sall haud out her finger, and say,
That bodie has got nane ava.
And then whan thay aw faw marreit,
Thair spouses sall let thame gang braw,
Whyle they lauch at auld maids lyke mysell,
For na winning onie ava.
Na to be marreit, &c.

Sum wyves ar wasters o' men,
  Weir dune naething less nor thair twa;
But this I wad haud a sin,
  That ocht to be punisht be law.
For ar thay nae meikle to wyte,
  Whan sic to thaimsells they tak aw.
Neir thinkan o' monie an auld maid,
  That's na to be marreit ava.
    Na to be marreit, &c.

But as for the men that win wyves—
  Gin tho it war sum ayont twa,
I think thay soud aye be respeckit
  For helping sae monie awa.
But as for the auld wantar bodies,
  Thair necks ilka ane I dow thraw,
For what is the use of thair lyves,
  Gin na to be marreit ava.
    Na to be marreit, &c.

Och, gin I coud get but a carle,
  Gin tho he war never sae smaw,
Juist gie me a chiellie, I'se tak him,
  Tho jimp lyke a mannie ava.
Cum soutor, cum tailyour, cum tinklar,
  Oh, cum onie ane of ye aw;
Cum gie me a bode eir sae little,
  I'se tak it and never sae na.
    Na to be marreit, &c.

Cum deif, or cum dumm, or cum cripple,
  Wi ae leg, or nae legs ava;
Or cum ye wi ae ee, or nae ee,
  I'se tak ye as reddie 's wi twa.
Cum young, or cum auld, or cum doytit,
  Och, cum and juist tak me awa;
Far better be marreit to sumthing,
  Than na to be marreit ava.
    Na to be marreit, &c.

Now, lads, gif thair's onie amang ye,
Wad fain juist upon me to caw,
Yese get me na ill to be courtit,
For fykefacks—I cuist thaim awa.
And gin ye soud want a bit wyfie,
Ye ken to what quarter to draw;
And ein soud we na mak a bargain,
Yese, at leist, win a kissie or twa.
Na to be marreit, &c.

The Editor of "The Book of Scottish Song" says—"This humorous ditty was composed, about the year 1826 or 1827, by a young probationer of the Church of Scotland, a native of Ayrshire, who is now settled as minister of a parish in Aberdeenshire." This statement was correct, in so far, some years ago. The author left the Establishment at the disruption, and is, consequently, not now a parish minister. He is still, however, settled in Aberdeenshire. The song first appeared in a small weekly publication in Kilmarnock in 1827. It was subsequently copied into Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, with some account of the author. Latterly it appeared in *The Book of Scottish Song.* We now give it, considerably altered in language, Dr A. Craufurd of Lochwinnoch having rendered it into more classical Scots.

The Ayrshire Laddie.

My Jamie is a bonnie lad,
He often comes a courting O:
The sicht o' him aye maks me glad,
But oh, when we were sporting O!

My loupin breast to his he press'd,
He row'd me in his plaidie O;
He held me there till I confess'd,
I dearly lo'ed the laddie O.

He says I kill'd him wi' my e'en;
His tale is ever ready O;
He swears by a' the stars of heav'n,
That Nell shall be his ladie O.

Ilka lass is thrang engaged
Wi' some weel fassoun'd callan O;
My neibours, Jess and Jean, are pledged
To marry Rab and Allan O.

The English girls are fond of John,
The Irish maids of Paddy O;
Jamie, give me, or give me none,
My bonnie Ayrshire laddie O.

Ance I cross'd the raging sea
Frae Leith o'er to Kirkaldy O;
But ne'er a lad yet catch'd my e'e,
Like my dear Ayrshire laddie O.

At gloamin' we gaed down yestreen,
To ask my mam and daddy O;
And their consent was freely gi'en—
They kent my lad was steady O.

There may be mony a richer pair,
And mony mae mair gaudy O;
O' love there few hae sic a share,
As Nell and her Ayrshire laddie O.

This song is from a stall collection, printed at Glasgow in 1816. We know not its paternity.

There's nae Bard to Charm us Now.

Air—*There's nae Luck about the House.*

There's nae bard to charm us now,
Nae bard ava,
Can sing a sang to Nature true,
Since Coila's bard's awa.

The simple harp o' earlier days
In silence slumbers now ;
And modern art, wi' tuneless lays,
Presumes the Nine to woo.

But nae bard in a' our Isle,
Nae bard ava,
Frae pauky Coila wons a smile
Since Robin gaed awa.

His hamely style let Fashion spurn ;
She wants baith taste and skill ;
And wiser should she ever turn,
She'll sing his sangs hersel'.

For nae sang sic pathos speaks,
Nae sang ava ;
And Fashion's foreign rants and squeaks
Should a' be drumm'd awa.

Her far-fetch'd figures aye maun fail
To touch the feeling heart,

Simplicity's direct appeal,
Excels sic learned art.

And nae modern minstrel's lay,
Nae lay ava,
Sae powerfully the heart can sway
As Robin's that's awa.

For o'er his numbers Coila's muse
A magic influence breathed,
And round her darling poet's brows
A peerless crown had wreathed.

And nae wreath that e'er was seen,
Nae wreath ava,
Will bloom sae lang's the holly green
O' Robin that's awa.

Let Erin's minstrel, Tommy Moore,
His lyrics sweetly sing;
'Twould lend his harp a higher power
Would Coila add a string.

For nae harp has yet been kent,
Nae harp ava,
To match the harp that Coila lent
To Robin that's awa.

And though our shepherd, Jamie Hogg,
His pipe fu' sweetly plays,
It ne'er will charm auld Scotland's lug
Like Ploughman Robin's lays.

For nae pipe will Jamie tune,
Nae pipe ava,
Like that which breath'd by "Bonnie Doon,"
Ere Robin gaed awa.

Even Scotland's pride, Sir Walter Scott,
Who boldly strikes the lyre,

Maun yield to Robin's sweet love-note
His native wit and fire.

For nae bard hath ever sung,
Nae bard ava,
In hamely or in foreign tongue
Like Robin that's awa.

Frae feeling heart Tom Campbell's lays
In classic beauty flow,
But Robin's artless sang displays
The soul's impassion'd glow.

For nae bard by classic lore,
Nae bard ava,
Has thrill'd the bosom's inmost core
Like Robin that's awa.

A powerfu' harp did Byron sweep,
But not wi' happy glee;
And though his tones were strong and deep,
He ne'er could change the key.

For nae bard beneath the lift,
Nae bard ava,
Wi' master skill the keys could shift,
Like Robin that's awa.

He needs nae monumental stanes
To keep alive his fame;
Auld Granny Scotland and her weans
Will ever sing his name.

For nae name does Fame record,
Nae name ava,
By Caledonia mair adored,
Than Robin's that's awa.

James Stirrat, the author of this song, was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the Ayrshire Poet, and has celebrated his praise in several songs and odes of no ordinary merit. He was born in Dalry in 1781, of which place he was long postmaster. His father, the late James Stirrat, merchant in Dalry, was a man of respectable character, and had considerable talent for business.

The subject of the present notice was educated at the parish school of Dalry, and early showed an inclination to cultivate the muse. When he was about seventeen years of age, he composed several pieces on subjects of a local and personal character, which evinced no small degree of power, and were much admired among his friends. He has written songs to several popular Scottish melodies, which only require to be known to insure popularity; but, though often solicited, he always declined coming before the public, in his own name, as an author. As a proof of Mr Stirrat's admiration for Burns, we may mention that he wrote songs for the Anniversary of the Poet, for the years 1827, 1828, 1829, and 1830, all of which are conceived in excellent taste, and have an originality which many of the productions on similar occasions confessedly want.

Naebody will let the Auld Bachelor a-be.

Let me soop in my house, an riddle the aas,
Let me rub up the chairs, and dust doon the wa's;
Altho' I should scrub till the day that I dee,
Naebody will let the auld bachelor a-be.

When I gang hame at nicht, I dinna sit doon,
An rake up the doin's o' a' folks in toon;
But I kennel the fire, and mask my drap tea;
Yet they winna let the auld bachelor a-be.

Is't because I ha'e na a drab o' a wife
To clash wi' her neebours, an raise meikle strife;

Or nurse greetan weans wi' the tear in my ee?—
O that they wad let the auld bachelor a-be.

I gang to the kirk as ilk Sabbath comes roon,
I meddle wi' nane, yet they say I'm a loon;
That I guid am for naething, an' worthy to dee—
Naebody will let the auld bachelor a-be.

I see there's nae en' to their spite an' their spleen,
It racks me at morn, an' it racks me at e'en;
To stop a' their jibes I'll just marry D. D.,
For she promised to let the auld bachelor a-be.

R. Ramsay, Glasgow, at once the subject and the author of the foregoing lines, after holding out gallantly for a length of time in his bachelorship, has at length been compelled to surrender to a "fair deceiver."

Drucken Jock.

BY JOHN MORE,

Author of "Says I, quo' I," in the First Series.

They ca' me drucken Jock;
That may a' be true—
I neither beg nor steal,
Although I'm sometimes fou.
I'm neither lame nor lazy,
And I pay for what I drink;
There's no sae muckle odds o' fock
As ane wad think.

Ae night no lang sin syne,
I had got a drappie,
When doitin' hame's I might,
Unco fou and happy,
I chanced to meet Mess John,
He blamed me for the drink;
But there's no sae muckle odds o' fock
As ane wad think.

Neist Friday in the toon,
I saw the reverend man
Stoitin' frae an inn,
As fou as he could stan'.
I drew up to his side,
And wi' a cunning wink,
Said, "there's no sae muckle odds o' fock
As ane wad think."

The laird o' Birlieha,
Ane eller o' the kirk,
Says he canna thole ava
This odious drucken wark.
He was drunk yestreen,
And fell into the sink;
Sae there's no sae muckle odds o' folk
As ane wad think.

Hypocrisy I hate,
And slander I detest;
Faut's shou'dna a' be tell't—
And mine amang the rest.
When ane reviles anither,
Judgment haud a blink;
For there's no sae muckle odds o' fock
As ane wad think.

We a' hae our draff pocks—
Some firmly stuffed nae doubt;
Ithers torn and patcht
Wi' mony a steek and clout.

A' are nearly fou,
Lippin' wi' the brink;
Sae there's no sae muckle odds o' fock
As ane wad think.

O Nature Lavished on my Love.

O nature lavished on my love
Each charm and winning grace—
It is a glad thing to sad eyes
To look upon her face:
She's sweeter than the sunny air,
In which the lily springs;
While she looks through her clustering hair,
That o'er her temples hings,
I'd stand and look on my true love
Like one grown to the ground;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her looks are like the May-day dawn
When light comes on the streams;
Her eyes are like the star of love,
With bright and amorous beams.
She walks—the blushing brook-rose seems
Unworthy of her foot;
She sings—the lark that hearkens her
Will ever more be mute,
For from her eyes there streams such light,
And from her lips such sound;
There's none like her in loveliness,
Search all the world around.

Her vestal breast of ivorie,
  Aneath the snowy lawn,
Shows with its twin-born swelling wreaths,
  Too pure to look upon;
While through her skin her sapphire veins
  Seem violets dropt in milk,
And tremble with her honey breath
  Like threads of finest silk;
Her arms are long, her shoulders broad,
  Her middle small and round—
The mould was lost that made my love,
  And never more was found.

Allan Cunningham modernised these verses from the original by Alexander Montgomerie of Hesilheid, author of "The Cherrie and the Slae," of whom we gave some account in the former Series of the *Ballads and Songs*. In the "Flyting" between Hume of Polwart and Montgomerie, allusion is frequently made by the former to Montgomerie's visits to the Highlands, such as—

> "Into Argyle some lair to leir," &c.
>
> * * * * *
>
> "In Argyle, amang gaites he gead within glennes."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "*Erse* slaiker, gleyd glaiker, roome raiker, for releife."

Neither Dr Irving, nor any of the other biographers or commentators on the works of Montgomerie, have assigned any reason for the Poet's sojournings in the Highlands, and we have been led to regard the allusions of Hume as the license of poetic banter. Dr Crawfurd of Lochwinnoch, however, who has devoted much attention to family research, enables us to add a new fact to the scanty materials illustrative of the life of Montgomerie. Amongst the Craigend's papers, he found a contract of marriage betwixt James Craufurd of Auchinames and Elizabeth, "dochter of William, Erle of Glencairn" —dated Sept. 1579—in which reservation is made "to Geillis Conynghame, relict of umql. Johnne Crawfurd of Auchinames, hir lyfrent and hir Terce," &c.; "and sielyke reservand to *Dame Marioun Montgomerie, Lady of the Skippinmage*, hir lyfrent of 27 bolls victuall, togiddir with thrie dussane of capownes and henis quhilk scha hes, in Terce, furth of the saidis 21 merkland of Corsbie," &c. This *Ma-*

rioun Crawfurd, Lady *Skipness*, or *Skippinmage*, was one of the Hesilheid family, and very likely aunt of the poet, with whom he probably passed some of his earlier years. Hume also alludes to his having been in Dumbarton—

> " From Semples dytements of an horse, did die,
> Of Porterfieldes, that dwelt into Dumbartane," &c.

Sempill of Fullwood, Renfrewshire, had some property in Dumbartonshire, and the family lived in the town of Dumbarton for several generations. Montgomerie must have been many times in that town on his way to Skipness, in Cowal.

Tam o' the Down.

Whare Girvan stream, amang its braes,
Rins rowin' to the sea;
Whare mony a stately castle stands,
An' mony a bonny tree,

Young Tammie liv'd: the fire o' youth
Shone in his hazel ee,
An' he has tauld his auld mither
That married he will be.

Be counsell'd weel, my bonny son,
O! counsel take frae me,
An' dinna join in wedlock bands
These twa lang years or three.

For women's hearts, my bonny son,
Are deeper than the sea;
An' darker far than Burchill taps,
That touches the star's e'ebree.

An' though their love is easy won,
'Tis unco ill to keep;
An' ye may yet, my dearest son,
O'er a fause maiden weep.

Let heather bloom on high hill taps,
An' hair sprout on your chin;
Then ye may gang an' try your skill
A maiden's heart to win.

But dinna gang, my bonnie son,
To court Ann o' Drumfairn;
Tho' weel I ken ye like the lass
Aye sin' she was a bairn.

O she has cauldness in her looks
To ane o' your degree;
An' hear what your auld mither says,
She's no a match for thee.

Tam o' the Down, my bonny son,
Be counsell'd weel by me;
An' marry na, gin ye are wise,
These twa lang years or three.

But mither, mither, I gaed yestreen
To see Ann o' Drumfairn;
An' I hae promised to her father,
To marry his bonny bairn.

O did ye ask her ain consent,
An' see love in her ee?
An' did ye plant on her rosy lips
The sweet, sweet kisses three?

I strove to kiss her rosy lips,
She baud me haud awa';
I ask'd the lassie's ain consent,
She gied a loud gaffa'.

Quo' she, I'll marry Tam o' the Down
  When comes the dark blue snaw,
When the sun quats blinking bonnily,
  When stars begin to fa'.

I gript her in my faulded arms;
  She sprang out like the moon,
When sailing through a feathery cloud,
  In a bonny night o' June.

I said, Ye are ower modest, Ann,
  Your father kens fu' weel,
An' baud me gang an' speak to you,
  An' a' my love reveal.

An' for thee, my love, shall na waste,
  While there is earth or air;
O say thou lik'st me, bonny Ann,
  An' ease my mind o' care.

I saw the blood come to her cheek,
  The lightning to her ee;
She left me like a cloud o' mist,
  An' I'm come hame to thee.

Tam o' the Down, my ae dear son,
  Be counsell'd weel by me;
If e'er ye marry Drumfairn Ann,
  Ye'll rue it till ye die.

Gae bid the moon to fauld her light
  Aye in a gloomy cloud,
The wee, wee modest blinking star
  For aye its brightness shroud;

The primrose never mair to bloom,
  The wind nae mair to blow,
An' Girvan's stream, amang its braes,
  Frae this time ne'er to flow.

The lark to leave the morning cloud,
An' sing on the forest tree;
The wee brown moudiewort to soar
Amang the clouds sae hie;

The salmon and the bonny trout,
To leave the stream sae clear,
An' wanton on the sunny hill,
Or sleep 'mang scented brier.

An' sooner will these wonders be
Than I cease loving Ann;
O, mither, it's a heavenly sight,
To see her milk white han'!

Go chain the billows to the deep
An' bid them chafe no more:
Vain were the thought—I'll love my Ann
Till waves shall cease to roar.

O dinna say she likes na me,
For that will burst my heart;
But bless me wi' thy kindly smile,
Ere frae thy care I part.

Ye've seen a low'ring summer morn
Turn out a bonny day,
An' Ann may be a gude gudewife:
" O Tam, I wish she may:

" But my dear, kind, and bonny boy,
Thou art thy mither's bairn,
An' my heart bleeds to think that thou
Hast woman's ways to learn.

" But hear me ance, and this is a'
I'll ever speak to thee;
Ne'er build your hopes on woman's words
But mark her kindly ee.

"An' dinna think a lassie loves
Whene'er you are sincere;
You canna bid the wind to blow,
When nae wind flutters near.

"An' can ye force a maiden fair
To love you—na, na, na;
Drumfairn Ann will ne'er be yours,
Till comes the dark blue snaw.

"An' ye'll look lang, lang to the north
Before that hour arrive;
O never think on Drumfairn Ann,
If e'er ye wish to thrive."

Thus did the kindly mother speak,
While tears did blin' her ee;
An' while she gaz'd upon her son,
They drapt, drapt on her knee.

But love had bound the stripling's heart
Firm in its cruel chain;
For all his mother said, her words
Fell on his ear in vain.

He went to see Drumfairn Ann,
When the moon rose 'yont the hill:
But hooly, hooly came he back
His mither's door until.

His love met but a cauld return,
He got nae love ava;
Whene'er he said he lik'd her weel,
She gied her auld gaffa.

His spirits sank to sad despair,
His form to skin an' bane:
In twa three weeks Tam o' the Down
Could hardly gang his lane.

In twa three mae the gowans grew
Aboon his new made grave;
An' wails for him the music sweet
O' Girvan's murmuring wave.

Baith auld an' frail his mither wags
About the Burchill braes,
An' thinks upon Drumfairn Ann
As the source o' a' her waes.

The lark ye may wile frae the sky,
When sweet's the morning air;
But never frae the heart the grief
That's fixt there by despair.

The ballad of "Tam o' the Down" appeared, with the initials "J. B." attached, in the Dumfries Monthly Magazine for 1826. The places referred to—both Down and Drumfairn—are in the immediate neighbourhood of Girvan. The fate of the too fond lover is probably no fiction; but we are not aware of the circumstances.

The Hills of Galloway.

Farewell, ye Hills of Galloway,
Where I've been wont to stray—
Farewell, ye Hills of Galloway,
My home of childhood's day—
A distant land now claims me,
But thither though I roam,
My throbbing heart will beat with joy,
For thee, my hilly home!

Ye heather Hills of Galloway—
  Ye woods of oak and pine—
Ye little foaming cataracts—
  Ye all are friends of mine!
The eagle haunts your highest peak—
  The swan your lake below;
And herds of stately deer are fed
  Where Fleet's dark waters flow!

Ye cloud-capt Hills of Galloway,
  Where wildest breezes blow,
The mists of heav'n that rest on you
  A weather-beacon show.
The peasant dwelling in the vale.
  Reads in each rock and dell
Aerial lore—vicissitudes
  That coming change foretell.

Ye ancient Hills of Galloway,
  How changed your aspect now,
From what it was in former times—
  When round your rugged brow
One universal forest waved,
  The native moose-deer's home,
And where the hardy wild Scot loved
  In liberty to roam!

Ye ancient Hills of Galloway,
  How proudly now ye rise
Above the rude and lonely graves
  Of former enemies!
How proudly now your bosoms swell
  In freedom's present hour—
Though studded close with remnants still
  Of what *was* Roman power.

Ye sea-girt Hills of Galloway,
  How nobly forth ye stand—

As if defying ev'ry foe
  To gain your ancient strand.
There's liberty in ev'ry breath
  That stirs your forest tree!
There's liberty in ev'ry wave
  That greets you from the sea!

Then farewell! farewell! Galloway,
  My blessing with thee rest;
I go to visit other climes—
  I go to be their *guest*,
For not another spot shall claim
  A dearer name from me,
My only true—my native home,
  Sweet Galloway—is thee.

"THE Hills of Galloway" are by William, eldest son of the poet and antiquary, Joseph Train, author of a "History of the Isle of Man," "The Buchanites," and various other publications.

Song.

To an Irish Air.

O Larghan Clanbrassil, how sweet is thy sound;
To my tender remembrance as Love's sacred ground;
For there Marg'ret Caroline first charm'd my sight,
And fill'd my young heart with a flutt'ring delight.
When I thought her my own, oh! too short seem'd the day
For a jaunt to Downpatrick, or a trip on the sea;
To express what I felt then, all language was vain,
'Twas in truth what the poets have *studied* to feign.

But too late I found, even she could deceive,
And nothing was left but to weep, sigh, and rave;
Distracted I fled from my dear native shore,
Resolv'd to see Larghan Clanbrassil no more.
Yet still, in some moments, enchanted I find
A ray of her fondness beam soft on my mind;
While thus in bless'd fancy my angel I see,
All the world is a Larghan Clanbrassil to me.

These truly lyrical lines were written by James Boswell of Auchinleck, the biographer of Johnson. They appeared in a thin 8vo, entitled "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," published anonymously in 1803, by his son, the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Bart. The scene of the verses is in Ireland.

Song.

Air—*Altered from one in an Italian Opera.*

Let my lass be young, my wine be old,
My cottage snug, friends never cold,
My life no tedious tale twice told,
  And happy shall I be.
Tempt me not with pageant power,
Give me not the miser's hoard;
May contentment cheer my bower,
  And plenty deck my board.

The selfish wretch in pride may roll,
And viands cull from pole to pole;
My purse shall serve each kindred soul
  And set the hapless free.

Then, when partial fate has given
These, with health to taste the store,
Earth itself becomes a heaven,
And nought to wish for more.

The late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Bart., wrote this song. We copy it, because it is not so well known as his more popular songs —such as "Auld Gudeman ye're a Drucken Carle," "Jenny's Bawbee," &c. It is something in the strain of Pope's "Wish"—composed, it is said, when he was fourteen years of age. Sir Alexander is well known as the author of a number of poetical effusions of no ordinary merit. He was born in 1775, and fell in a duel with James Stuart of Dunearn in 1822.

Rural Liberty.

Air—*Scotland Yet.*

Let grandeur brag o' mansions fine
O' couch and carpet rare,
O' bed o' down, and silks that shine,
Gie me the open air;
The air, the open air, for me,
The air that's unconfined,
Whar mind and body baith are free—
As free's the rust'ling wind;
I'll struggle wi' my latest breath
For air that's unconfin'd.

Wha can enjoy life's cheering sweets
Unless he strolls the fields,

And gazing, gath'ring, gratefu' greets
The flowers his roaming yield;
The fields—the fragrant fields—are mine
Whae'er their owners be;
Let heartless pomp in castles pine,
But gie the fields to me;
I'll love t'range the open fields
Until the day I dee.

The daisy peeps out o' the lawn,
The primrose frae the dell,
Wi' simmer morning's earliest dawn
Up springs the proud blue bell;
The heather, too, expands it's flower
Whene'er the sun looks down;
The stately fox-glove courts the shower,
And smiles at Nature's frown;
I glory to survey them all,
And think I wear a crown.

The burnie trickles down the hill,
And dives frae rock to linn,
It's bright foam bells are never still
And ceaseless is its din.
Wi' wid'ning wave fast through the glen
It steals wi' modest grace,
While far awa it's winding den
Wi' gladsome ee I trace,
Till in the ocean's heaving breast
It meets a fond embrace.

The feather'd warblers swell their throats
On twig and soaring wing,
In social concert join their notes
A mirthful glee to sing.
The bleating flocks and lowing kine
Carrol upon the lee;

The wee, wee fishes sparkling shine,
And skim the fountain free—
I echo the undying theme,
Hurra for liberty!

Hugh Craig, merchant, Kilmarnock, is the author of "Rural Liberty." He has written several clever things for the local prints, and at one time made a considerable figure as a political speaker—ranking on the liberal or rather radical side.

The Laird o' Changue.

There is a preacher in our chapell,
And a' the live lang day teaches he:
When the day is gane, and the night is come,
There's ne'er ae word I mark but three—

The first and second is—Faith and Conscience,
The third—ne'er let a Traitour free;
But, Johnnie—what faith and conscience was thine,
When thou took awa my three kye frae me?

Border Minstrelsy.

In Changue ance dwalt a worthy man,
And a buirdly carl was he;
At kirk or market, far nor near,
His like ye might not see.

And Changue he was a right rich man,
His flocks spread far and wide,
For they cover't a' the hills o' Barr,
And down by the Stinchar side.

Yet free was his honest heart o' pride,
And kindly to a' the poor,
And mony a bennison blest his head
As alms were gien at his door.

And Changue was a pious guidly man,
For aft, at the day's decline,
He raid to the Alti-kirk* to pay
His devoirs at our lady's shrine.

And aye as before the haly cross
He kneel'd sae reverently,
Auld father Grub, the parish monk,
Looket on wi' a greedy e'e.

" What brings ye sae aften," says father Grub,
" To bend the penitent knee,
I fear ye hae done some evil deed
You hae nae confess'd to me.

" And well ye ken that never a sin
Ye may hope to be forgiven,
Till confession be made, and penance done,
And mass prevail with heaven."

" If feedin' an' cleedin' the naked poor,"
Says Changue, " be an evil deed,
And thankin' heaven that gies the power,
My weird will be ill to rede;

" But of nae ither ill, I ween,
Need I confession give,
Nor need they penance wha like me
In pious duty live."

" Ye sin, ye sin," cries father Grub,
" And an heretic near ye be,
Ye squander your gear on the worthless poor,
But it's little ye gie to me.

---

* "*Alti-kirk*"—so called from its elevated position amongst the hills of Carrick. Its ruins stand on the farm of Knockgirran, parish of Barr, by the side of the little romantic glen of Pinwhapple. When in its "pomp and pride of place" before the Reformation, it was, in all probability, a dependency of the neighbouring Abbey of Crossraguel.

"Wha gies to the kirk, to our lady lends,
And lays up a haly store;
But ten merks and acht pecks o' groats,
You never have gien me more."

"Ten merks but an' acht pecks o' groats
Are a' that the kirk may claim,
And weel are ye paid I wat," says Changue,
"If aye ye get that same."

"Ye sin, ye sin," the monk replied,
"And penance sair maun dree,
Sae hearken your doom, ye heretic carl,
The will o' heaven, frae me:

"The morning sun maun see you boun'
For fair Crossraguel's* pile;
And the hour o' noon maun hear you knock
At the haly abbot's stile.

"And ye maun bring the evangels four
Frae aff Saint Mary's shrine,
That I may teach you a' their store
Of truth and light divine.

"And ilka night, as the sun gaes down
O'er Arran's ocean isle,
You'll meet me, at the Alti-kirk,
Whate'er the pain or toil."

---

* Crossraguel Abbey, now in ruins, is in the parish of Kirkoswald. It stands in a plain by the roadside, between the village of Kirkoswald and Maybole, and still presents an imposing and interesting appearance.

This Abbey was founded by Duncan, Earl of Carrick, according to some authorities, in 1144, and to others, in 1240. In 1561, the celebrated Abbot of Crossraguel, "Master Quentin Kennedy" disputed for three days in Maybole with John Knox the Reformer.

Quentin Kennedy, according to Douglass and Crawford, died in 1564. His successor in office, Allan Stewart, was the well known victim roasted in the "Black Vout" at Dunure, by Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis.

Changue sought his hame, and lang ere noon
He stood at the abbot's door;
And fifty merks he had to tell
For the evangels four.

Then hame he came to father Grub,
And a weary man was he;
As roun' the Alti-kirk he crap,
Fu' low on his bended knee.

And ilka night, at the twilight hour,
He thither did repair,
To con his lesson to father Grub,
Wha nightly met him there.

But never a word, or letter, e'er
Could Changue or learn or spell;
For the beuks were written in French right fair,
By the friar o' Machry-Kill.*

But the monk aye read, and better than read,
An' storm'd and read again;
That Changue might learn his wrath to dread,
He grudg'd nor toil nor pain.

"Oh! wae be on your beuks o' lair',"
At length says weary Changue,
"For I'll be dead, e'er I see the end,
Of thir wearyfu' beuks and lang.

"I learn't to read, when I was young,
Of nature's sacred lore;
But of flyting beuks, in a foreign tongue,
I never hae heard before!

---

* "At Machray-Kill, in the parish of Dailly, there was once a small church or chapel, probably dedicated to Saint Macarius," from whom the place derived its present name.

"I ken the starns whilk tell the hours,
As blythely they look down,
And silently speak o' the haly powers
Wha rule and reign aboon.

"There's bless'd St Peter's staff o' strength,
And there's the starns seven,
And our lady's wand an ell o' length,
Whilk metes our deeds in heaven.

"And there's the plough gangs roun' the north,
And tells the time o' night;
And the bonny north-pole that sparkles forth—
The guide of ilk wandering wight.

"And I ken twa moons in ither's arms
Bode aye o' wind and rain;
But weel do I like the braid hairst moon,
For she ripens and fills our grain.

"And there's the spunkie, witch and fay,
And the guid neighbours* dress'd in green;
And then there's the water kelpie sly,
For I ken them ilka ane.

"And have seen, on the sunny summer days,
On Craiganrarie's hight,
The elves float past on the wee white cluds
Of the gossamer web sae light.

---

* There is a statute in the laws of Fairyland which expressly forbids the use of the term Fairy by mortal lips. In the north of Scotland, about twenty years ago, this statute was strictly observed; and I recollect, in my boyish days, that while roaming over the green knowes and valleys in search of flowers, my youthful companions were perfectly acquainted with its provisions. The popular form of the statute ran thus—

"If ye ca's guid neighbours, guid neighbours we will be;
But if ye ca's fairies, we'll fare you o'er the sea."

And, in order to give weight to this mysterious announcement, it was always sagely added that they did, on one occasion, make good their threat. Having

"I can read the corbies's eerie wail—
And the rin of the startit hare—
And the magpie's clamorous counsel tell,
But *thir beuks* I'll ne'er read mair."

"Well even's ye like," says father Grub,
"But hearken to my decree:
A hunner merks ye down maun pay,
For the trouble you've gien to me,

Forbye threescore o' ewes and lambs
To our haly abbot send—
To pay for the shrivin' o' your sin,
And a mass that ye may mend."

"Odsooks! ye greedy monk," says Changue,
"I wonder'd you took sic pain;
But it was nae that my puir saul was wrang,
But the greed o' your heart for gain.

"A hunner merks ye sall never get,
And the abbot for me ye'll tell;
If a dinner of braxy please his pate,
He maun come for't himsell."

"Swyth out o' my sight," says father Grub,
"With the foul thief ye hae been;
See, see he's whisperin' in your lug,
And glowrin' frae your e'en!

"You've been with that apostate Knox,
While preachin' at the Bar;*

---

been detected using the misnomer, a person was actually fared o'er the sea; and what was still more terrible to youthful imagination to contemplate, the vessel in which he was conveyed was no other than an egg shell.

At the time and place I allude to, both old and young had as much faith in the existence of fairies as they had in their own. No man, for instance, would put clean straw in his shoes at night, because the fairies would then undoubtedly come and dance in them the whole night; nor would any spinster be so hardy as to leave the band on her wheel, because the fairies would then most assuredly come and spin till daybreak.

[*] The Bar Castle at Galston, Ayrshire, was one of Wishart's preaching stations in the year 1545 and of Knox in 1562. In that year, the name of John Lock-

But soon I'll scatter your bonny flocks,
An' boil your bouk in tar!"

The monk has gather'd the countryside
To the Alti-kirk by night;
And there he has cursed* the laird of Changue,
By bell, book, and candle light.

And curs'd ilk ane soud wi' him speak,
Or wi' him soud buy or sell;
Or in his face soud dare to keek,
Or tread on the samin hill.

And he has hired a gipsy band,
That fen'd in Pinwhapple glen,
To spulye his sheep, and herry his land,
And vex him might and main.

Ane Riever Rab o' this band was chief,
And he was a desperate loon,
For he raised black mail o' mutton and beef
O'er a' the country roun'.

And fast by the side of Pinwhapple burn,
'Neath the Dow Craig's rugged steep,

---

hart of Bar appears as one of the seventy-eight "barons and gentlemen of Kyle, Cunninghame, and Carrick, professing the true evangel," who assembled at Ayr and subscribed a bond "to maintain and assist the preaching of the holy evangel, and the ministers of the same, against all persons, power, and authority, that will oppose the self to the doctrine proponed and by us received," &c.

It appears strange, in our day, that Changue should have been accused of being with Knox, when there is such a distance between the places mentioned; but it must be remembered that, in those days, when the light of truth was only beginning to break in upon the mind-enslaved peasantry, it was no uncommon matter for the people to travel ten, twenty, or even thirty miles, to hear a preacher of the true evangel.

* Rome has been more sparing in her maledictions than she was at the date of the circumstance mentioned in the text. The last instance on record is as late, however, as the year 1844, when Priest Walsh, in the glens of Antrim in Ireland, pronounced the greater excommunication against one of his congregation, because he had been caught reading the Bible in Irish to some of his ignorant neighbours. This victim of priestly tyranny was a miller, and the priest declared that "he would make his mill as dry as the road;" but the times are sadly altered. Priest Walsh was cited before a court of justice, and fined in £70 damages and costs.

O'erhung by the mountain ash and arn
His houf was houket deep.

And aye as the evening shadows crept,
Far up the woody glen,
On the green spy knowe a watch was kept,
To guard him and his men.

Now whan the laird afield did gang,
Sic thuds he had to dree
Frae stanes and clods, wi' mony a bang,
Yet fient ane could he see.

And round and round the house at night,
Sic awsome sounds were heard,
As if ilk corpse had risen in fright
And left Kirkdamdie yard.

The bauldest in the earldom,
Were like to swarf wi' fear;
For they thought the "roarin' deil" was come,
To carry them to his lair.

Changue heard with awe the gathering host,
Yet whiles he'd bauldly say—
Were they men, instead of deils and ghosts,
He soon would end the fray.

For he had been a warrior brave—
Had led a stalwart band;
And fear'd nae danger in the field,
Nor strength of mortal hand.

At length he of the siege grew tired,
And vow'd to end the plight;
And wi' a draught o' *Hollands* fired
His courage for the fight.

Then down he taks his auld claymore,
Steel-bonnet, spear, and mail,

That aft had stood his stead before,
When many a mortal fell.

But, as in this dread fight of *feinds*
His harness was untried,
The four evangels, too, he finds,
Then out the hero hied.

Dark was the night, and round poor Changue
Loud rose a horrid yell;
And stanes upon his corslet rang,
And pelted him pell-mell!

"In name of the evangels four,
Ye ghaists and devils hear me:
I've sworn to gie your heads a clour,
If ye should daur to steer me.

"Ye maun be cowards, whan ye hap
By dykebacks, sheughs, and ditches;
But come to Craiganrarie's tap,
Be ye deils, ghaists, or witches.

"And if there's in ye ony bluid,
I rede ye hae a care o't;
Be't black, or white, or green, or red,
I vow I'll hae a share o't."

Then rose an eldrich hollow laugh,
Like echo from a cavern,
But nae ane spak, which mair than half
Set Changue's resolve a-waverin'.

But grasping firm his Carrick spear,
He kiss'd the four evangels,
Then vow'd the deil he dochtna fear,
Nor his maist gruesome angels!

Then up the brae he nimbly scour'd,
And now and then he rested,
And warily around him glower'd
Lest, unawares, molested.

On Craiganrarie's tap at last
His feet he firmly planted,
Within twa rings* he fenced him fast,
Then showed a front undaunted.

Whiles in the dark he glower'd aroun'—
Whiles to the left he glinted—
Whiles watch'd their rising through the grun',
Till patience maist he tint it.

At length a rustlin' din he hears
Behind and eke before him—
A closing ring of white appears,
Like ghaists wi' grave-claes o'er them.

Then, wi' a wild unearthly yell,
They closely gather'd near him;
But, ere they wist, the foremost fell—
Changue mortally had spear'd him!

The trusty spear, an ell or sae,
Gaed through his body gorin';
An' heels-o'er-head quick doon the brae,
He row'd and tumbl'd roarin'.

---

* On the conical top of the green hill of Craganrarie, where the indomitable Changue took up his position, are two foot-prints, which tradition asserts to be his, indented deeply in the surface, and around which, at about a sword's length from the centre, are the "two rings" or circles which he drew around him, also strongly marked in the sward. Neither on them, nor on the foot-prints, does the grass ever grow, although it thrives luxuriantly around the very edges of the mysterious markings.

In bygone times, when it was no uncommon thing to traffic in Satanic influence, it was the universal practice to draw a circle of protection around the person of the conjuror, before summoning his sable majesty to appear, round and round which he still kept running so long as he was visible to mortal eyes.

Then Changue his twa-han'd falchion wheels—
Around the ring he kept them,
Till heads frae half a score o' deils
Sae manfully he swept them.

But one remain'd, a gruesome fiend,
And hot and hard he press'd him;
But though the outmost ring he gain'd,*
Changue soon and snodly dressed him.

For closing fast, at arms-length,
Wi' steeket gauntlet Changue drew
Ae stroke wi' sic prodigious strength
The deil's harns frae the pan flew!

Thus Changue was master of the field,
Till dawn'd the morning light,
And then his wond'ring eyes beheld
A sad and woful sight:

There Riever Rab and a' his men
Lay reft o' heads and breath;
And the spear stuck fast in Father Grub,
Wha's eyes were seal'd in death!

THE foregoing excellent ballad is by Mr Harrison, bookseller, Edinburgh, who lived for some years in Ayrshire. It was written in illustration of the tradition of the Laird of Changue's encounter with the enemy of mankind, of which some notice is taken in the notes on h *Kirkdamdie Fair* in the First Series. It would seem that there were two Lairds of Changue distinguished for their personal prowess—the one at a much earlier period than the other. The circular appearances on the spot, where the alleged conflict took place, are by no means modern remains.

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[*] Tradition affirms that the "great enemy" did break through the largest or outside ring, and a corresponding break in the circle is shown—but, before he could break the inner one, victory had declared for Changue!

What Bird in Beauty, Flight, or Song.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
  Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
  As ever child of air!

His plume, his note, his form could Burns,
  For whim or pleasure, change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
  With transmigration strange:—

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
  When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
  Capriciously at play:—

The humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
  Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven in the tempest's gloom;
  The halcyon in the calm:—

In "auld kirk Alloway," the owl,
  At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
  That carolled to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
  When in his homely vein;
At Bannock-burn, the bird of Jove,
  With thunder in his train:—

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
  The goldfinch in his mirth;

The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
  Enrapturing heaven and earth.

The swan, in majesty and grace,
  Contemplative and still;
But roused—no falcon in the chase
  Could, like his satire, kill:—

The linnet in simplicity;
  In tenderness the dove;
But, more than all beside, was he
  The nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
  Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
  That bird of Paradise?

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
  Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
  The Phœnix of them all!

THESE much admired verses, "On the Anniversary of the Birth of Burns," are the production of the well known "Christian Poet," JAMES MONTGOMERY, a Scotsman by descent as well as birth. He was born in Irvine, where his parents resided for some time. Several years ago, the venerable author visited Scotland, after an absence of more than half a century. He was publicly entertained at Glasgow and the principal towns—including his native burgh—by large assemblies. At one of these meetings, he gave an account of his birth:—

He was born in the town of Irvine, where his parents had for some years resided in connection with the Church of the United Brethren. When he was about four years and a half old, his parents left Irvine and went to reside in the north of Ireland. His parents had been born in Ireland, but every drop of their blood was Scotch. They had not corrupted the blood, and surely he might be allowed to say that he was not aware that any thing tending to corrupt it had been done by him during his residence in Ireland or in England. When he was about six years old, he was taken to England and placed at the seminary of the United Brethren, where he attended for ten years. During that period, his parents had received a call from God to go and preach the gospel to the degraded slaves in the West Indies. Both of his parents had laid down their lives in the service of God, the one in the island of Tobago, and the other in Barbadoes. When he was about twenty-two years of age, through certain circumstances, he became the proprietor of a newspaper, at a time when the evil and good powers of men were warring with each other; the good striving to overcome the evil, which the revolutionary war had brought so prominently abroad in this country. For thirty years he had continued in that situation, as conductor of the newspaper; and, so far as his public life was concerned, he was not conscious that, during that whole period, he had ever written or spoken against the peace and quiet of the country, or of the town in which he resided. On his retirement, every class in the town of Sheffield united in giving him a public dinner, as a testimony that, however much they might have differed from him in opinion, there was amongst all of them but one feeling of good will towards him, and but one opinion as to the integrity with which he had endeavoured to discharge his arduous duties as an editor. Some of his more religious friends, who were absent from the dinner, and many of the better sex who could not attend, afterwards presented him with a sum of 200 guineas, to be applied to the revival of a mission which his father had begun in Tobago, but which had been suspended for about thirty years. This mission it was the wish of the Brethren to renew. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated, was also desirous for its success, and had invited his father to establish it; and, in his will, he bequeathed £1000, contingent on the renewal of the mission. This gentleman, whose name showed him to be a Scotchman, was anxious that his people should have the benefit of religious instruction. The 200 guineas given him were to be added to the sum left by Mr Hamilton; and the gift was accompanied by the delicate request, that the renewed mission should be distinguished by the name of his father, the labourer who had first broken the ground; and therefore Montgomery would be the name, he hoped, to the end of the world.

APPENDIX.

JOHN PATERSON'S MARE.

In the former Series of the Ballads and Songs, we gave, from oral recitation, a few couplets of this curious ditty, with a tradition that they were composed on an ancestor of the Patersons of Ballaird, in Colmonell parish, when proceeding through Ayr, at the head of the Carrick Covenanters, to the battle of Bothwell Brig. We had not access, at the time, to Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," published in 1821, where, in the notes to the "Battle of Sheriffmuir," the Editor remarks, in reference to a parody on *My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing*, that "the tune is very old." It was played at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called, 'She's yours, she's yours, she's nae mair ours.' Long after the existence of this name to it, but still long previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir, it got the name of *John Paterson's Mare*, from a song that was made on a wedding bruise, or horse race for the bride's napkin. Some of the old people, in my parent's days, always called it by its primitive name; but, even with the name of *John Paterson's Mare*, it was always played at the taking away of a bride even in my own time. The ballad has a great deal of merit for a composition of that day."

Some misunderstanding having occurred as to the proper set of the tune, Hogg, in proof of the accuracy of his opinion on the subject, subjoins a part of one of the old songs, though not the original one:—

John Paterson's mare
She canna be here,
We nouther hae stable nor hay for her;
Whip her in, whip her out,
Sax shillings in a clout;
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her,
Fy whip her in, &c.

The black an' the brown
Ran nearest the toun,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;
The dun an' the gray
Kept farrest away,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.
Fy whip her in, whip her out,
Sax shillings in a clout,
Owre the kirk stile an' away wi' her,
Fy whip her in, &c.

The bay an' the yellow,
They skimmed like a swallow,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost;
The white an' the blue
They funkit an' flew,
But Paterson's mare she came foremost.
Fy whip her in, &c.

We gave the tradition alluded to in the First Series, on the authority of a descendant of the Patersons of Ballaird, and see nothing in Hogg's note to disprove it. The "part of the old song" he adduces is "not the original one," the tune, as he tells us, having been played under a different name at weddings, "long previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir." The Ballaird tradition assigns the origin of "Paterson's Mare" to the *rising* at Bothwell Brig, in 1679, and being composed to the same tune, may, with verbal alterations and additions, have superseded the old words, "She's yours," &c. It is to be regretted that Hogg did not give the whole of the song. Probably it was not in his power.

"SCOFFING BALLAD."

In putting our remarks upon this ballad (p. 54) to press, we overlooked one or two facts of some interest. The lines—

"And Orangefield, Dalrymple call'd,
Frae Finlayson, or some sic fauld"—

were evidently in allusion to the fact, that the Earl of Glencairn and Hew Dalrymple of Orangefield were married to two sisters, daughters of Hew M'Quyre of Drumdow, in Stair or Ochiltree parish.* They were of humble birth—their grandfather, and probably their father also, in his earlier years, having been violin players in Ayr. They owe their rise in the world to the gratitude of one *James Macrae*, who, when a poor orphan, was taken notice of by the elder M'Quyre, and kept for some time at the school. Macrae went to sea, and gradually rose in the world, till he attained the high position of Governor of Madras. On his return to Scotland, with immense wealth, he sought out the family of his benefactor, and, not being married himself, left them the whole of his fortune. Finlaystoun, in Renfrewshire, was the seat of the Earl of Glencairn.

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* There is a property in each of these parishes called *Drumdow*.

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