THE

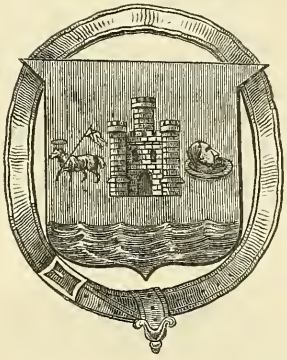
BALLADS AND SONGS

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."



AYR:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY JOHN DICK.

MDCCCXLVI.

AYR:—PRINTED AT THE OBSERVER OFFICE.

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 beautiful 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 tuue 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

* 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 death-blow 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 musicians 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 po-

* Riddel was blind, it is believed, from infancy.
† The Gows were not at that time in repute.

pular. 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.

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.

INDEX.

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," pub-

lished 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 identifiying 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 Der., 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 nuisanee to the eountry. "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 exeeutioune of justice vpoun his eompany 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, Kirkeudbryeht, 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 Latill 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 exeetioune of justice vpoun his eumpany 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 Prive 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

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

the loveliest women of her day—was the "gentle Jean" celebrated in the following "Parody, by Mr W******,"* in Hamilton of Bangour's poems:—

"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 distinguish-

* 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.

ed 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—

"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 $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches in height, $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, $\frac{5}{8}$ths 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.

* 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

* 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.

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

"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 maties. 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 tennants 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 Span-

ish 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

* 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.

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, Wal-

lace 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, William 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.

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 Cove-

nanters 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 sol-

diers "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 ex-

ploits. 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;

---

* 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

* 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."

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.

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 Poncon,
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

* 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.

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 vio-

lence 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.

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 brcists;
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.

* £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 mistie 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

* 18mo., London, 1822.

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.

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 take 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.'

* 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

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

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—

"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

* 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.

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:—

"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.

---

* 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."

* 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 Kirkdominie 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.

* * * * *

---

* 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.