

JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762—1851.

I N the autumn of 1762 a Scotch minister's family made a quiet "fitting" from the parish of Shotts to the neighbouring parish of Bothwell, in Lanarkshire. Besides the minister's books and his lady's work-table, there was a cradle, which had been already thrice filled; and immediately on the family's arrival in the cold quarters of a new home, it was prematurely replenished by a delicate baby girl, whose twin sister died at her birth. That tiny half-blighted bud of a child, named after her uncle, Dr. John Hunter, the great anatomist, developed into an ardent, aspiring, largely endowed Scotchwoman. She was the most sensible of wilful geniuses; the most retiring of

“wise” women; the most maidenly of experienced elderly ladies; the most tenderly attached of daughters and sisters; one of the meekest and most modest of Christians. Joanna Baillie’s was a noble soul. She had a great man’s grand guilelessness, rather than a woman’s minute and subtle powers of sympathy; a man’s shy but unstinted kindness and forbearance rather than a woman’s eager but measured cordiality and softness; a man’s modesty in full combination with a woman’s delicacy; and, as if to prove her sex beyond mistake, she had, after all, more than the usual share of a woman’s tenacity and headstrongness, when the fit was upon her. It is not so much with Joanna Baillie, the well-known author of the “Plays of the Passions,” that we have to do here, as with Joanna Baillie, the singer of “Wooded and Married and a’” and “‘Saw ye Johnnie comin,’ quo she?”—the Joanna Baillie who, quitting Scotland a girl, and not returning till she was a middle-aged woman, grown famous in the interval, came back speaking broader Scotch than when she left.

Another explanation may be needed. Unless destroyed for special reasons, there must exist ample materials for a full and interesting life of one of the first and best of English literary women; but, as these materials have not been given to the world, a sketch of Joanna Baillie is all that can be drawn here. At least this sketch will not be slighter than many of the previous sketches, which have been made from formal narratives and meagre traditions.

Joanna Baillie's father and mother had both good Scotch blood in their veins. He was come of Baillies "sib" to the Baillies of Lamington and Jerviswoode. She was a Hunter of Hunters-ton. He was a learned and laborious man. She was a daughter in an original and clever family, and had herself such an appreciation of what was original in human nature, as to render her a good teller of a story. Both father and mother, too, were rarely high-principled; and, in spite of his warm affections and her latent faculties of humour and pathos, they were alike strongly tinged with the strict, somewhat stern, reserve of the old Scotch character.

Agnes Baillie (Joanna's sister) told Lucy Aikin that, though her father had sucked the poison from a bite which she had received from a dog believed to be mad, he had never kissed her in his life. Joanna herself spoke to the same friend of her unsatisfied yearning for caresses when a child, and of her mother's simply chiding her when she ventured to clasp that mother's knees; "but," Joanna added, with perfect comprehension, "I know she liked it."

And Joanna had playmates, while the austere and hardy life at the manse of Bothwell was suffered to include much out-of-door freedom and active sport. Her sister Agnes's tender but much less powerful fancy, in its early fondness for stories of every description, stimulated Joanna to surmount the first Hill Difficulty of her letters; and her brother Matthew, most upright, skilful, and kindly of physicians, as well as most trusty and faithful of kinsmen, was the comrade of Joanna's youth, before he followed in the steps of his uncles, the great anatomists, and lived to be the fashion-

able and court doctor of the West-end of London.

The village of Bothwell, where Dr. James Baillie's kirk and manse were situated, possessed many advantages. It was where "Clyde's banks are bonnie," in the fruit lands of the middle ward of Lanarkshire, and where there is a strath of waving verdure at all seasons. In May and June it is one great white and pink flush of orchard blossoms. In August and September boughs bend richly under purple plums, scarlet streaked apples, and mottled olive and russet pears. Close by are the fragments of the great castle-keep of the Douglasses, one of the most stately ruins of Scotland. In the kirk of Bothwell, where Joanna's father preached, the grim Earl of Angus's hard-featured, sour-spirited daughter, Marjory Douglas, was wedded on an "ill-day" to poor wild David of Rothesay, already troth-plighted to Elizabeth Dunbar. At a mile's distance from Bothwell village stands Bothwell Brig, where, on another and still more memorable day, Monmouth, Dalzell, and Claverse broke and scattered the Cove-

nanters, who, driven to desperation by the persecutions after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, had made head at Drumclog. All around, among waving trees or out on moors, are Bothwell Haugh, the Cartlane Crag, the Bog of Biggar, Loudon, Tinto.

The Baillies were not likely to take less interest in some of these localities that, through their ancestors of Lamington, they claimed descent from the only daughter of Wallace; while with their ancient kinsmen of Jerviswoode they had been in the thick of the troubles of the Kirk. But other legends, besides those of tolerably well authenticated history, lurked in each drearier spot of that country. Vague tales of the foul fiend himself started up in the desolation of a peat bog, or the horror of a gruesome cavern. The familiar spirit of Michael Scott was said to have come face to face with the frenzied Covenanters, — the warlock cleaving the defile of the Sandy Hill Nick, and throwing down the stones of the Yelpin Craigs. Or more awful still, there were legends of grey “bogles” and sheeted ghosts haunting the

cairns of murdered men, women, and bairns, down among the dark shores of Blantyre, or in the middle of the waste of "the long whang" of Carnwath Muir. These were the common chronicles and fire-side lore of the country people of the day. As a stirring, inquisitive child, Joanna Baillie had a good source from which she could derive such knowledge, and form a familiar acquaintance betimes with many-sided humanity. The kitchen of the country manse was then the free resort and resting-place of privileged beggars, old soldiers and sailors, and humble travellers of every description. The settle in the chimney, and the "bink" in the "hallan," were rarely empty, as backwards and forwards trotted the little maid herself, making believe to dispense the doles of bannocks and cheese, and the cogs of brose and kale. All the while she was gathering scraps of racy conversation into wide-open little pitchers of ears, and photographing still more accurately in clear fresh mirrors of eyes the quaintly-expressive faces and figures.

In remote years Joanna painted a very pleasant picture of her own and her sister's childhood at Bothwell :—

“ Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender hare-bell or the purple heather,
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew ;
And moth, and ladybird, and beetle bright
In shiny gold were each a wondrous sight
Then as we paddled bare-foot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows and spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment ”

All that Joanna learnt directly at Bothwell was in early childhood. She was not more than six years old when her father exchanged the kirk of Bothwell for that of Hamilton, likewise in the fruit lands. But Hamilton was a town of six thousand inhabitants, clustering round the ducal palace and park of the Hamiltons. Here Joanna found herself one of a community which numbered scores of young people

of her own age and degree. So well did she like it, that she was the leader in every romping game and frolic, — an adept at out-of-door sports, whether swinging, skipping, or climbing. She was celebrated for the fearlessness with which she ran along the parapets of bridges and on the tops of walls, and scampered heedlessly on any pony she could find. She had the misfortune to cause the fracture of her brother's arm, by inducing him to ride double with her on another horse than Pegasus. The horse, not approving of a pair of riders, threw the one who had the worse seat. "Look at Miss Jack!" a farmer once commented, lost in admiration of the girl's "noble horsemanship," as she proceeded in advance of the party which she accompanied on a country excursion; "she sits her horse as if it was a bit of herself."

Joanna Baillie was born a leader. She was physically very courageous; a fact which she probably owed in part to her peculiarly healthy training. She knew how priceless were the privileges she had enjoyed in this respect. In advanced life she loved to dwell on her early

unchecked rambles over heaths compared to which Hampstead was a common; on her endless "paidling" in innumerable burns, tributaries of the Clyde; and on the intimate terms on which these habits had put her with great Nature. She was wont to regret wistfully that she could no longer "pad" barefooted on the grass or "plowter" in the water. And she would eagerly recommend to dainty and horrified English matrons the entire wholesomeness and happiness of letting their petted children run barefooted in summer.

Whatever more valuable acquisitions Joanna made in these young days, she was singularly deficient in learning—as the term is generally understood. Little Fanny Burney was erudite compared to Joanna Baillie, notwithstanding that Fanny declined dull printed books, and preferred to read on the animated tables of flesh which were presented to her in the faces of the clever men and women thronging her father's house. "At nine I could not read plainly," Joanna Baillie told

Lucy Aikin. "At nine, Joanna?" her sister Agnes called her back. "You could not read well at eleven."

The worthy minister took the stout little ignoramus in hand along with his breakfast. She spoilt the flavour of his trout and cake and black pudding by crying throughout each lesson. Yet, bookish as Dr. Baillie was, his own tastes did not blind him to Joanna's natural capabilities. Nay, paternal affection might help him to resist prejudice. Did not the natural history of the fruit lands remind him that the choice standard trees were those of slow, gradual growth? Certainly he signalled his penetration by maintaining Joanna's quickness and correctness of observation. "The child is not stupid in other things than books. Joanna will be 'the flower o' the flock' yet." "Honest Mat" got Latin to render into English verses at his school, and found himself unequal to the task. "Joanna will do it," said the father; and Joanna did it, and this was her first triumph in verse. And then her handiness with the needle (hear it all those who must needs believe

an authoress "handless") is said to have been remarkable.

However, it was thought that a change was called for, in order to conquer Joanna's repugnance to sedentary studies, and her passion for open-air pursuits and boyish pranks. At ten years of age she was accordingly sent, along with her elder sister, to Miss Macdonald's boarding-school, in the heart of the city of Glasgow. To be sure, boarding-schools at that time were more schools of manners than of intellectual knowledge. Among the few branches taught in them, the sewing of satin pieces and the art of sitting with straight backs took a prominent place. But there is this to be said. Elaborate embroidery on satin and the keeping of the restless young body under entire control, drew forth the primary elements of attention and application about as well as any other earnest effort.

Joanna learned to read perfectly at the Glasgow boarding-school, as doubtless she also learned more or less serviceable writing and arithmetic, and correct or incorrect notions in geography

and history. If she did not learn much else beyond singing a little to the guitar, and making a few promising attempts at drawing and dancing, still the school did its part.

But the study for which she showed a particular inclination was mathematics—a fact which is not only characteristic of the clear-headed girl, it is also evidence of the liberal possibilities of these decried old schools. Of her own free will and entirely unassisted, she mastered a considerable portion of Euclid. But Joanna was never what might be called a deeply-read woman. The friend of her middle age, Lucy Aikin—a fair classical scholar and an accomplished modern linguist—far exceeded Joanna in these respects. Yet, though Lucy Aikin joined to such acquirements fine penetration, good judgment, and correct taste, she stood as far behind Joanna Baillie in natural ability as Joanna surpassed her in learning, and Lucy Aikin herself would have been the first to admit it.

Pricked on by the demands, and the power of supplying the demands, of a large girl audience

at school, Joanna's hereditary gift of story-telling, by which she could excite laughter or tears, grew and grew until at length she found herself the chief figure in something like private theatricals. In connection with these chamber dramas Joanna was play-writer, playwright, player, stage-dresser, and scene-shifter in one. In this foreshadowing of her future career, she is said to have strongly displayed an eye for effect, which failed her in the great efforts of later life.

Let us conjure up, if we can, the old Glasgow boarding-school, with its small rooms and dim tallow candles. There stand the host of eager girls in their short-waisted, short-sleeved gowns and mittens, absorbed in the common levy of buckles, brooches, necklaces, plaids, scarfs, breast-knots, and the Highland bonnets which are still worn by girls. The acknowledged mistress of the ceremonies and games, and the "first lady" of the troop, is the undersized girl with marked features and grey eyes, who is to become the friend of Scott and Channing. Down on the scene Miss Macdonald and her governess look for a moment,

from the elevation of their huge toupees and barricades of ruffles. They dismiss authoritatively the excited rabble, and retire to their cosy supper, where they admit in confidence to each other the mother-wit of Miss Jack Baillie, who has yet got a bad memory for facts of consequence outside of her "fule" stories, and her "droll swatches" of this man and that woman.

Joanna Baillie returned to Hamilton with the dignity of a finished young lady; but she did not long remain one of the belles of the country town. She was not more than fifteen when her father was appointed to a professorship in Glasgow University. The Baillies removed to the city, and were established within the precincts of the College in the High Street. Glasgow was then in a transition state like other towns. The Virginian merchants, ruined by the American war, had first shown diminished heads and then as a class disappeared. A few of their descendants and a sprinkling of the local gentry still made head against new trades and new-comers, and continued to occupy houses in the Saltmarket and the Briggate, with

armorial bearings above the doors. The grand cathedral alone resisted all influences of time and men, whether dedicated to St. Mungo or to St. Mungo's Master, whether divided into the chancel, the crypt, and the dripping aisle, or into the High Kirk and the Laigh Kirk.

The learned atmosphere of the college had its influence on Joanna in spite of her old quarrels with learning. She was innocently proud to be a denizen of the city. The imposing stretch of civilisation expressed in the Trongate, with the sobering, elevating glory of the cathedral, were not without their effect upon her. It is possible that Miss Mally Campbell was another instrument in shaping Joanna's course. Miss Mally was not only one of the most intellectual women of her day, but she held as powerful sway over old Glasgow College society as Miss Jacky Murray, Lord Mansfield's sister, had previously maintained over the early Edinburgh assemblies. We are told that Joanna was considered a well-bred, clever girl for the period and the position—so much so as to “cast an awe” over her companions. Indeed, it is hard to

conceive Joanna as having ever been boisterous even in her childish escapades. In her simplicity she was one of the most perfect of gentlewomen, and one of the most maidenly of shrewd and honest-spoken women. Already she was fond of argument, and obstinate, if not unreasonable, when unconvinced.

If Joanna cherished dreams of living long years in Glasgow College, of seeing the ships advance higher and higher up the brimming Clyde, and of marrying at last some young professor bold enough to attempt clipping the wings already evincing a tendency to soar, all these fair prospects were suddenly brought to an end. Her father died in middle life, two years after his settlement in the University. She was then in her seventeenth year. In her extreme age, when addressing some lines to an infant James Baillie, she thus recalls his great-grandfather's worth:—

“Thou wear'st his name who, in his stinted span
Of human life, a generous, useful man,
Did well the pastor's honour'd task perform.
The toilsome way, the winter's beating storm,

Ne'er kept him from the peasant's distant cot,
Where want and suffering were the inmate's lot ;
Who look'd for comfort in his friendly face,
As by the sick-bed's side he took his place.
A peace-maker in each divided home,
To him all strife-perplexèd folk would come
In after years, how earnestly he strove
In sacred lore his students to improve ;
As they met round the academic chair,
Each felt a zealous friend address'd him there.
He was thy grandsire's sire, who in his day,
That, many years gone by, hath passed away,
On human gratitude had many claims
Be thou as good a man, my little James "

Save for the widow's slender annuity, Dr. Baillie's family were dependent on Joanna's uncles. According to their arrangement, Mrs. Baillie at once left Glasgow, and went to Dr. William Hunter's small estate and house of Long Calderwood, in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire. There she spent the first portion of her widowhood in great seclusion. Joanna might have gained some city tastes, but she certainly had not lost her country predilections. Recovering from the shock which had shaken the family and altered the tenor

of their life, she fell back on her old delight of long walks and scrambles by the river Calder. But the comparative loneliness of Long Calderwood, felt all the more now that the young people had enjoyed something of a more animated and exciting life, drove Joanna to books as a resource. Though she never became a great reader, she began to know almost by heart, Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope. Poetry, especially dramatic declamatory poetry, captivated her strong mind.

The brothers Hunter exercised a greater power over the fortunes of the Baillies than even rich uncles are in the habit of exercising. Dr. John Hunter was married, and had a family; but Dr. William, the elder brother, was a bachelor, and soon adopted Matthew Baillie as his successor. Dr. William Hunter accordingly sent Matthew to keep his terms at Balliol College, Oxford. The country house in the moors of Lanarkshire was thus rendered quieter and more monotonous still by the absence of the only son. The retirement pressed a little even on the much-enduring women, especially when

their season of mourning wore past. In the year 1783, when Joanna was twenty-one years of age, Mrs. Baillie and her daughters went to Glasgow, and spent the winter there; the young girls renewing their old acquaintanceships and friendships formed at Miss Macdonald's school.

At this time Joanna appeared to her companions a capable young woman, with much decision of character, like her mother. She was shy amongst strangers, but sufficiently frank to her friends; and in the midst of her seriousness, she was the merriest soul when the fit took her. She had quietly written some clever Scotch songs, most of them adaptations from old ditties. These were already sung with glee round many a rustic hearth, and at many a homely supper-table. They were such songs as would doubtless have preserved the whisper of the singer's name in the Middle Ward if she had become one of its douce and careful matrons, long after she was taken up with weightier duties, and tempted to disown such trifles.

Joanna was not handsome. In her graceful and kindly lines to her sister Agnes, on her birthday, Joanna reminds her sister of her early superiority in look and manner:—

“Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain ”

Joanna was below the middle height, and had the large, statuesque features which suit better with a stately figure. Years lent these features dignity rather than robbed them of grace. There is no word of her youthful bloom. She wore her hair for many years simply divided and braided across her forehead; but the hair must have grown low on it from the first, and, whether in a crop, or in braids, must have nearly concealed the expansive brow, which thus lent no relief to the dark gauntness of the face. Her grey eyes were good and well opened, but grave, though humour could dance in them. The brows were firmly arched. Her mouth was wide, and expressed benevolence. Her chin was clearly moulded, and slightly projecting.

Joanna's was at this time a pent-up face, like the character of which it was the index.

The year 1784 saw another phase of the Baillies' history. Dr. William Hunter died, and left to his nephew, Matthew Baillie, the estate of Long Calderwood, as well as his house in London. He had added to his London house an anatomical theatre, lecture-room, and museum, but the valuable contents of the latter were to be transferred to Glasgow College at the end of thirty years. By the last bequest he disinherited his brother John, whose marriage had displeased him. Matthew Baillie was then a young man, unknown and untried, just entering on the struggle of his profession. His mother and sisters, to whom he was warmly attached, were not lavishly provided for, though not dependent upon him. He did not hesitate, however, but at once gave up the estate of Long Calderwood to Dr. John Hunter, who had been its presumptive heir, preferring to trust to his own ability and industry. Many men would call such a deed strained and far-fetched in a novel; but Matthew Baillie did it. Not only so.

He and his mother and sisters seem to have regarded it as the simplest act in the world—the only one, in fact, that was left him to do. In place of keeping Long Calderwood, and settling his mother and sisters in it, Matthew Baillie made over the house and property to his surviving uncle, and took his family up to London in that year, 1784, to share with him his fortunes in the middle of the wilderness of stone and lime of Windmill Street.

To these self-contained, gently-born Scotchwomen, accustomed to the fresh air of the country, the change was so great and so trying, as to prove an exile in which they were likely to feel lonelier and more isolated than they had ever felt among the moors of Lanarkshire. They had with them the affectionate son and brother, now risen to be the head of the house; but he was all day abroad, busy in the lecture-rooms, or the hospitals, or at the sickbeds of his first patients. Besides all this, he was unlike his family, tolerant as he might be of their prejudices. He had been in England from boyhood: his very dialect was softened. English

ways were natural to him, and he had formed many associations and ties which were strange to them.

It was a mercy that the house in Windmill Street was a large one, so that Joanna had ample opportunities for space and solitude. When her body was cramped with the confinement and with her avoidance of the crowded, glaring city streets, and when the weary longing for the wild braes of the Calder was upon her, she could retreat to unoccupied halls, as the anatomical theatre and museum might appear to her. She could find relief in promenading past skeletons and mummies, grinning and glowering at her in the twilight, and in gazing idly upon pictures of nature and portraits of great men; or in turning over cases of coins, of curious Indian workmanship, such as must have caught her lively fancy. Another resource for Joanna was that her uncle and name-father, Dr. John Hunter (alienation from whom was prevented by Matthew Baillie's prompt justice) had married a Scotchwoman, a sister of Sir Everard Home. Mrs. John Hunter was an elegant and accom-

plished woman, and was the centre of a polished and brilliant circle, in which the original genius of her husband shone like a rough diamond. She was the author of some lyrics, which were much admired by her own set in that day; and some of them, like the "Indian Chief's Death Song," may well be admired in any day. Her songs were contributed to "Scotch Miscellanies of Music," and one of them in particular was set to music by Haydn. This song, "My mother bids me bind my hair," has such a charm of simplicity,—highly artificial indeed, but the perfection of art personates artlessness,—and is so wedded to its exquisite air, that there is little chance of its being forgotten.

Joanna Baillie, though she far surpassed her aunt in breadth and depth of intellect, had yet a good deal in common with her, and could be improved by Mrs. Hunter's culture. At her house Joanna must have met society calculated to interest her and to excite her dormant powers. By some of the visitors there, Joanna was no doubt looked upon as a stiff, solemn Scotch girl, uncouth and raw-boned in mind, if *petite*

and slight in person, who, only through the good offices of her beautiful and tasteful aunt, was dressed in becoming clothing.

Whether it was the effect of

“The expressive glow of woman’s noon,”

or of the compulsory sedentariness of a city life, in the year 1790, when she was in her twenty-ninth year, Joanna composed and published (with genuine Scotch caution—*anonymously*) a volume of miscellaneous poems. The book made little impression, as might well be the case when it afforded so slight an indication of the genius of its writer. Joanna’s whole history is the very opposite of rank growth. It is rather the slow development and gradual ripening of strong, rich fibre. One generously discriminating critic who praised the faithful descriptions of nature in the book, comforted Joanna a little for the silence and indifference of the mass both of censors and readers. She was saved from the mortifying persuasion that she had utterly miscalculated what she could do.

One broodingly hot summer afternoon of this

year Joanna sat, in phlegmatic mood, sewing beside her mother in the "gloomy" house, apparently thinking of nothing except whether Matthew would come home to drink a cup of the tea which Agnes was infusing, or whether he would go round by the Denmans'—a house that had lately offered a potent attraction to him. But in reality Joanna's mind was dwelling on nothing so purely domestic. She was still smarting under her disappointment, and pondering the cause of her failure.

All at once there flashed upon her the idea that she had made a mistake, and that dramatic composition was the channel into which her genius should flow. Joanna Baillie was at once the least unwavering and the least rash of women. She went to her room that very afternoon, and projected a tragedy called *Arnold*. She worked at it unfalteringly for three months, and finished it; but it never saw the light. It was not till after eight years—those momentous eight years when many governments and many minds were heaving in the great moral and social earthquake—that

she published the first volume of the "Plays of the Passions." Neither within that period nor at any future time did she swerve from the faith which she had reached as at a bound, that her talent was not only dramatic, but that her conception of the drama was the true conception.

In the following year, 1791, the family home in Windmill Street was broken up by the marriage of Matthew Baillie to Sophia Denman, daughter of Dr. Denman and sister of the future Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. The shady house in the dark street was left to the sunshine of young wedded love. Joanna gives an idealised portrait of her sister-in-law in birthday verses, addressed to Mrs. Baillie, in 1813 :—

"A judgment clear, a pensive mind,
With feelings tender and refined ;
A generous heart in kindness glowing,
An open hand, on all bestowing ;
A temper sweet, and calm, and even,
Through petty provocations given
A soul benign, whose cheerful leisure
Considers still of others' pleasure ;
Or in its lonely, graver mood,
Considers still of others' good.

And joined to these, the vision'd eye
And tuneful ear of poesy
Blest wight, in whom these gifts combine,
Our dear Sophia, sister mine.

* * * *

Through years unmarked by woe or pain,
Oft may this day return again ;
Blessed by him whose rough career
Of toil and care thy love doth cheer ;
Whose manly worth by heaven was fated
To be through life thus fitly mated "

It is the likeness of a gentle, delicate-minded lady, who was very happily circumstanced throughout her whole life—in her early nurture, in her husband, in her very sister-in-law, whose nature was so daring in its self-sufficing reticence and fearless firmness. For, though Joanna could be vehement, impatient, hard, and stubborn to characters in full contention with her, there were no limits to her forbearance and generosity in dealing with the pacific and the unpretending, not to say the weak. While she was far too guileless to object to independence of opinion or action, like a man she loved to protect, encourage, and guide; and it ought in fairness to be recorded that, like a man, she could also magnanimously forego her pledged

hostility and forget her registered resentment. Joanna's relations with her sister-in-law were, from first to last, very happy ones. Her affection for her brother's two children, and in the course of years for their children, was remarkable even in a woman who was naturally fond of both children and animals. Indeed, opposed as the description may be to the popular notion of a tragic muse, Joanna was, to abuse a systematically abused English word, always a very "comfortable" daughter, sister, aunt, and grand-aunt.

Mrs. Baillie and her daughters tried various situations before they fixed upon their dwelling-place—the dwelling-place that was to last to the daughter for well-nigh half a century. They removed to Colchester for several years; but the attraction of London was too strong for them. While the family were still flitting here and there, Joanna brought out in 1798, when in her thirty-seventh year, the first volume of her "Plays of the Passions." It contained *Basil*, a tragedy on love; a comedy on the same passion; and *De Mont-*

fort, a tragedy on hatred. Her theory included a high moral aim, the careful and finished delineation of character, and the growth and development of a master-passion with its inner spring and motive power.

She boldly and decidedly stated in her introduction that this theory was the higher utterance of the drama, though the neglected one; and, consistently with this opinion, she dogmatically undervalued circumstance and incident when used as opposing sources of interest.

This volume was also given to the world anonymously. In the life of Joanna Baillie, which is prefixed to the collected edition of her works, it is stated that "the author was sought for with avidity among the most gifted personages of the day." This gives the impression that the plays had created an immediate and unusual sensation. But according to Mary Berry's report very little account of the volume was made by her set the first winter, although she herself showed discrimination in readily appreciating the plays, and in crying them up everywhere. A copy had been sent to her

from the author (possibly at Mrs. John Hunter's suggestion), and Miss Berry could not conjecture who had paid her the compliment. In March, 1799, Mary writes of the author as still undiscovered, and as having "quietly waited a whole twelvemonth for the impression the volume had at last made on an obdurate public," after Sir George Beaumont and Fox were in raptures, and Mrs. Siddons was speaking of the plays with surprise and delight.

Whether the Strawberry-Hill coterie, whose head, Horace Walpole, had closed his long life the previous year, had accorded its favourable award or not, it is certain that so early as the month of September, 1798, Thomas Campbell, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, gave a very favourable review of the plays, attributing them, however, to a man. This review won for them the attention and the admiration of many equally competent judges. A friendship was soon afterwards formed between Campbell and Joanna Baillie, which lasted without interruption to the close of their lives. She formed

several similar friendships in the course of her life.

In the year 1799, a few days after she had written of the plays what has been quoted, Mary Berry announced that one of the tragedies was about to be acted. She refers to a rumour that the unknown author, on being applied to through Cadell, still "refuses to come forward even to receive emolument, and says the piece is before the public, and that the theatre may do what they please with it, only desiring that the simplicity of the plot may not be infringed upon. Neither fame nor a thousand pounds, therefore, have much effect on this said author's mind, whoever he or she may be. I say *she*, because, and only because, no man could or *would* draw such noble and dignified representations of the female mind as Countess Albini and Jane de Montfort. They often make us clever, captivating, heroic, but never *rationaly* superior."

The author's refusing to come forward even to receive emolument, and her saying candidly that the piece was already before the public,

reads very like an act of the Baillies in general, and of Joanna in particular; but her authorised biographer has taken no note of the circumstance. It might have been her first impulse, put aside on further reflection. On the other hand, the writer of the brief summary of Joanna's life alludes to her invariable practice with regard to her literary profits. Unlike Zaccheus the publican in every other respect, she followed his rule with respect to the earnings of her pen—half of her goods she gave to feed the poor. This arrangement was made and adhered to, when the Baillies' income, never a very large one, was at its minimum; and it was not departed from when increased funds brought in their train increased expenditure and a host of additional wants. During the family's stay at Long Calderwood, Mrs. Baillie could not forget that she was a minister's widow, and that this gave her poorer neighbours a claim on her feeling heart, planning head, and helping hand. Swallowed up in the "no man's" crowd of London, the women of the family must have found themselves mazed and baffled in their charitable commission,

which they held both by their own choice and by inheritance. But still they were not women to neglect it, and Matthew Baillie's profession provided an opening for them. Later in life, when they were restored to something like the manageableness of a country district, deeds of charity became one great occupation of their united lives. Joanna describes Agnes as the almoner of the sisters :—

“ Take thy way,
To gain, with hasty steps, some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor ”

By some peculiarities of expression in the plays it oozed out that the author was Scotch; and a few hasty guessers hazarded the name of Mr. Scott, author of *Glenfinlas* and *The Eve of St. John*, in connection with the dramas which were so largely engaging the literary world. The more penetrating critics decided that the author was a woman, and the tide of public opinion had already set in for Mrs. John Hunter, when the dedication of the second volume to Dr. Matthew Baillie pointed to him

and his family as having a peculiar interest in the author. The substitution of Mrs. Hunter for Joanna Baillie, like a gold bodkin for a steel dagger, sounds ludicrous to us ; but the world did not know aunt and niece in their respective position to each other then. Lucy Aikin mentions that while the question was still pending, she met Joanna and Agnes Baillie making a morning call. (It is queer, after all, to hear of Joanna Baillie making a morning call in a pelisse, beaver-hat, and feather.) The call was at the house of Mrs. Barbauld, an excellent woman, who was raised to as unchallenged an eminence in the lettered circles of her own day, as she is in danger of being undervalued in another generation. The plays *par excellence* were, of course, brought into discussion by so fit a company, and the sister author of the "Evenings at Home" praised them with all her heart. But Joanna was not seduced into self-betrayal even by "the sudden delight" which Lucy Aikin believed such praise must have afforded her. Lucy goes on to tell, that "the faithful sister rushed forward, as we

afterwards recollected, to bear the brunt, while the unsuspected author lay snug in her taciturnity." But Joanna stood still more severe ordeals without losing her presence of mind, and that composure which was no more than decorum in her eyes.

Even when the curiosity of the refined Mrs. Grundy was satisfied with regard to the plays, which she had praised "hugely," she was reluctant to give all the credit to a middle-aged, middle-class, matter-of-fact woman, who had mixed little in society, and who knew practically nothing of the battle of life. Mrs. Grundy would still have it that "the introductory discourse," at least, was written by Joanna's exulting brother.

It was not till April, 1800, that the Scotch minister's daughter dared to come before the footlights, and ask an almost national—in some respects a more than national verdict, by having her play of *De Montfort* put on the great London stage of Drury Lane. Everything was done beforehand to ensure success. The scenery and decorations were to be appropriate and in the

best style; the principal characters were to be splendidly represented by John Kemble and Sarah Siddons.

The brother and the sister Kemble, indeed, had taken a fancy to the brother and the sister characters in the play, which are said to have been cast expressly for the Kembles, the author having had the two in her mind. Before the Baillies removed to London, Mrs. Siddons had entered on her triumphs, and had become so much the rage, that, as one of the Misses Elliot of Minto—the witty and winning nieces of Miss Jean Elliot—wrote to her brother Hugh at Copenhagen, people of rank went and dined at the piazzas in Covent Garden at three o'clock, in order to get places, and “all the gentlemen cry, and the ladies are in fits.” Thomas Campbell declared that Joanna Baillie had left “a perfect picture” of Mrs. Siddons in the description of Jane de Montfort:—

Page Madam, there is a lady in your hall,
Who begs to be admitted to your presence
Lady Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page No, far unlike to them; it is a stranger.
Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page So, queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrank at first in awe ; but when she smiled,
For so she did to see me thus abash'd,
Methought I could have compass'd sea and land '
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old ?

Page. Neither, if right I guess ; but she is fair ;
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her
As he too had been awed

Lady The foolish stripling !
She has bewitch'd thee. Is she large in stature ?

Page So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;
But on a near approach I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size

Lady What is her garb ?

Page I cannot well describe the fashion of it
She is not deck'd in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in the usual weeds
Of high habitual state ; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With a soft breeze.

Lady Thine eyes deceive thee, boy ;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Fuberg It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort

One of the treats of the quiet household in
Windmill Street must have been an occasional
play.

The approbation of John Kemble and his sister was no slight flattery and no small promise of success. To add, if possible, to the actors' interest in the drama, a personal introduction was arranged. It seems that she who wove and they who wore the buskin in this instance took to each other heartily and stood by each other loyally. Either Mrs. Siddons had put off "the Catherine manner," as Mary Berry expressed her estimation of the great actress's high and uncertain humour in private company, or the "Catherine" tone had not jarred on Joanna as it did on the favourite of royal courts and salons. Joanna was herself a little formal in manner at first, in the same proportion that she was wonderfully simple and unexact in character. Mrs. Siddons's speech to Joanna Baillie at the close of their first meeting, "Make me more Jane de Montforts," was still more gracious than her final condescension to Mary Berry and her friends, in singing to them in private and after supper.

Joanna, late in life, gave a more direct

expression of her deep admiration of Mrs. Siddons :—

“ The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
 Thy stately form and high, imperial grace ;
 Thine arms impetuous toss'd, thy robe's wide flow,
 And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow,
 What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
 Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne ;
 Remorseful musings sunk to deep dejection,
 The fix'd and yearning looks of strong affection ;
 The active turmoil a wrought bosom rending,
 Where pity, love, and honour are contending ;—
 They, who beheld all this, right well I ween,
 A lovely, grand, and wondrous sight have seen
 * * * * *

Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
 And what thou wast to the lull'd sleeper seems ;
 While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace,
 Within her curtain'd couch thy wondrous face.
 Yea ; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
 In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
 Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
 With all thy potent charm thou actest still ”

The prologue to *De Montfort* was written by the Hon. F. North, and the epilogue by the Duchess of Devonshire ; so that rank and fashion might have some crumb to boast of in the fare.

But there is none to tell us how Joanna felt and looked at this great crisis of her fame. Was the impenetrable mask of her calmness at last rudely disturbed? Had she the courage to be present in a private box, to sit out either the acclamations which should crown her with renown, or the derision which should cover her with something like disgrace? Or did she depute her almost equally interested brother to be present, to see and hear for her? Did she wait the fiat in his house, or did she sit at her own quiet fireside, not caring so very much to hide her trembling there, unless it were that her firmness might compose the agitation of Mrs. Baillie and Agnes? Could Joanna not quite shut out, by absence and closed eyelids, the sea of upturned faces in the pit? Did her precise woman's nose smart at the smell of the sawdust and the orange peel? Did she think of her countryman, James Thomson, and how the scales of fortune were reversed in his case by one unlucky line—

“O! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!”—

caught up by the terrible wags in the galleries, and parodied with the shout:—

“ O! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!”

Did she remember Oliver Goldsmith and his open tremors and quavers? Though we are sure that Joanna's mood bore no resemblance to that of the outrageous little Irishman, we should like to know what she thought at the moment the curtain was drawing up that night on “the large, old-fashioned chamber in Jordan's house,” with “Jerome entering, bearing a light, followed by Manuel and servants carrying luggage.”

Without question, Joanna's faith in her great and good aim of reforming the drama, as well as of exercising her gift, must have supported her. Without doubt, she was not unduly oppressed, any more than unduly elated; but she was a woman, after all, and her spirit must have been up in arms that night.

De Montfort was well received by a large and appreciative audience. But its radical defects as a stage-play prevented it, even in the powerful hands of the Kembles, from

holding its place for more than eleven nights. Thomas Campbell might well say that it abounded in beautiful passages; but all its noble feeling and fine eloquence could not compensate for its author's ignorance of stage effect. The principle which she had acted on, of making the interest to centre in the hearts and not in the circumstances of the *dramatis personæ*, was disastrous so far as the theatre was concerned. The rapid withdrawal of the piece was a disappointment to all concerned. But there were compensations to its author. Her work had met with general regard, and the more distinguished the critics, for the most part, the more weighty their approbation. *De Montfort* had not been written with a direct view to the stage. And if the stage were all wrong and wanted reformation, that desirable end was not to be accomplished by one play, or the bringing out of that play.

By the autumn of 1801, from the date of a note which has been preserved, Joanna and her mother and sister must have established themselves at Hampstead. For six or seven years

they were on Red Lion Hill. One does not need to say that Hampstead with its breezy heath was much more of a rural suburb then than it is now. The district between it and London offered a tempting opportunity for highwaymen. Sir Walter Scott recounted, as a sharp test of his courage, on one occasion, the sudden starting up before him of a very suspicious figure, just when he had become conscious of the misfortune of having lost his way, and of being benighted in the labyrinth of lanes and fields about Hampstead.

To the country-bred women who had been for sixteen years pent up among stone and lime, the settling at Hampstead was like a return to all natural wholesome pleasure. Yet to natives of Clyde's and Calder's banks, who had looked up at Tinto and shivered before "the long whang" of Carnwath Muir, Highgate and the Heath could not but have been decidedly tame. The traditions of Harrow, which Byron had left only recently, and of Finchley with its Dick Turpin heroes in crape masks and boots and tights—unless, indeed, one went as far as Barnet and

the Middle Ages—shrank and paled before the legends of Drumclog Covenanters, and of brownies and bogles and fairies dancing on the Fairy Knowe. But Hampstead had one unapproachable advantage to a thoughtful spirit like Joanna's. She could receive inspiration from looking down on the outlines of the mass of buildings which betokened the presence of the great congregation of London, and from listening to its muffled myriad voices sounding faintly in the air. Joanna's eyes turned always and at all seasons towards London. Her gaze did not fix on the grass, the gorse, and the trees among which she often sauntered and sat, alone or in congenial companionship, for hours at a stretch; but turned continually towards the great city. She herself tells in her verse how her attention wandered away to—

“ Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair
St Paul's high dome amidst the vassal bands
Of neighbouring spires, a regal chieftain stands;
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side,
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her abbey's pride

* * * * *

Viewed thus, a goodly sight ! but when surveyed
 Through denser air, when moistened winds prevail,
 In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
 While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
 She is sublime—she seems a curtain'd doom
 Connecting heaven and earth,—a threatening sign of doom

* * * *

Through drizzly rain,
 Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
 Of furnace smoke black curling volumes rise !
 And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
 O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass
 So shows by day this grand imperial town ;
 And, when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
 The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
 Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
 Cast up from myriads of lamps, that shine
 Along her streets in many a starry line,
 He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
 And thinks the Northern streamers are abroad.
 ' What hollow sound is that ? ' Approaching near,
 The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear ;
 It is the flood of human life in motion !
 It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean.
 With sad but pleasing awe his soul is fill'd,—
 Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is still'd,
 As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind—
 Thoughts mingled, melancholy, undefined,
 Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
 And Time fast wending to Eternity."

At Hampstead the Baillies found themselves

amongst a set of neighbours remarkable, like the Clapham circle, for their worth and benevolence. These neighbours and the Baillies took to each other very kindly. In addition, at Hampstead the Baillies were able to practise something of their old country hospitality to chance or wayfaring guests. Matthew would look in and get a bed for a night, on his way to a country patient, while Matthew's wife and little ones would come out for longer benefit from country quarters.

Joanna, the famous author, was also the energetic purveyor and arranger of family and neighbourly feasts. Stars from the great world were constantly appearing at the Baillies' table, attracted by the fame and the wit of Joanna—it may have been fascinated too by the graceful and curious information of Agnes Baillie, who was a remarkable and very attractive woman, a fit pendant to her sister.

Hampstead saw the beginning and the crowning completion of many peculiarly happy and sympathetic friendships in Joanna Baillie's history. Lucy Aikin came with her mother. After

leaving it for a time, when she was advanced in life she returned with a longing to die and be buried in the locality. Mr. Richardson (Sir Walter's "Johnnie Richardson") journeyed from Edinburgh, and pitched his tent at Hampstead. He soon formed one of the attractions that drew Sir Walter, the kindest and homeliest of great men, from the din and whirl of London to enjoy with his old friend and his new friend—the ex-lawyer and the poetess—their peaceful, Scotch-kept Sundays at Hampstead. Miss Noel (Milbanke), in the serene spring of her girlhood, and throughout the stormy summer of Lady Byron's matronhood, was Joanna Baillie's dear and highly-valued friend.

Before November, 1801, Joanna had made the acquaintance of Mary Berry, and had advanced so far towards intimacy with her, that she wrote the prologue and the epilogue for Mary's amateur play of *Fashionable Friends*. There can hardly be a doubt that Miss Baillie witnessed the private theatricals played by aristocratic performers at Strawberry Hill. It must have

seemed to her very like playing at work. And that fairy palace—half gem, half toy, so much more costly in many respects than another fairy palace which she was yet to inhabit with greater sympathy—wanted its high presiding genius before Joanna crossed its threshold. Probably it did not much matter, so far as she was concerned. To the exquisite critic, Horace Walpole, notwithstanding that he affected her graceful Aunt Hunter, Joanna at this date was likely to be as distasteful as Dr. Johnson had proved repulsive to the Horace Walpole of old.

One cannot help thinking that, with all Mary Berry's patronage and petting, Joanna was a little out of place in connection with such a game of a play. Certainly if she had not recognised the fact, she might have appeared once and again in such society; and, had she chosen to forsake old friends and to adapt herself to new associates, she would have been moulded and fused into the society, as one of the privileged *habituées* of its inner intellectual circle.

In 1802 Joanna Baillie published her second volume of "Plays of the Passions." It contained a comedy on hatred; *Ethwald*, a tragedy on ambition, in two parts; and a comedy on ambition. With mingled consistency and inconsistency, she followed the example of the Stuarts, and would not be taught by experience. In spite of her penetration and her power of painting human nature, she adhered rigidly to her plan of writing both a tragedy and a comedy on the growth of a single passion—with its working in the heart, spreading outwardly, and controlling circumstances, not being controlled by them. She continued to insist that the analysis of a passion in itself and in its results, ought to be the true source of the spectator's terror, pity, or mirth.

In July of the same year Mr. Jeffrey made his well-known attack on the plays in the *Edinburgh Review*. He handled them freely, and exposed their weak points with a criticism not only searching, but galling. He maintained that Joanna Baillie's theory, so far as it was original, was arbitrary and false, because of the

complex nature of man's moral constitution, and the powerful influence exerted upon it by fellow creatures and by contemporary events. He argued that there was no ground for a higher aim in the drama than the entertainment of the audience. For that end fortunes and misfortunes were as effectual as feelings and principles. He scouted the idea of men being induced to crush passion in the germ within their own breasts by watching its rise in the breasts of others. He pointed to the excesses of passion as being frequently the abuse of virtues which, in their germ, should be fostered in place of being crushed. Even if a play on a single passion were legitimate art, he alleged that the limits of one play were too narrow to show its development in a natural and convincing manner. At the same time he admitted Joanna Baillie's grasp of character and her painstaking work; but he accused her of making a raw-head and bloody-bones employment of slaughter, while she professed to despise scenic incident. He charged her, not simply with imitation of Shakspeare, but with direct pla-

giarism from him, and with slavish borrowing and reproducing of his obsolete words and turns of speech.

Few people will endorse the whole of Jeffrey's criticism now. In after days he himself greatly qualified it. Its general justness as well as poignancy is, however, as plain now as then. The great ability of the reviewer, together with the tyrannous supremacy of censorship to which the *Edinburgh Review* had attained, made the hostile verdict formidable. Although Joanna allowed little sign to manifest itself, the criticism cut to the quick of her susceptibility to praise and blame. But Jeffrey's criticism could not conquer her any more than her gallant and obstinate resistance could disarm him.

During the year 1804 Joanna published her volume of "Miscellaneous Plays." Perhaps unconsciously she had been influenced by Jeffrey's critique to the extent of modifying her theory and of allowing the plays a freer construction; but she denied the fact stoutly in her preface. The concession, if such it could be called, was of small moment in softening Jeffrey's hostility.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1805, he had another article on "Miss Baillie's 'Miscellaneous Plays.'" In this article he frankly admitted that "Miss Baillie cannot possibly write a tragedy, nor an act of a tragedy, without showing genius and exemplifying a more dramatic conception and expression than any of her modern competitors." He could not help quoting largely, with extorted commendation, from her beautiful and moving play of *Constantine Palæologus*, which was taking the rest of the world by storm. At the same time Jeffrey's strictures on the defects of the plays were, if possible, more severe than in the previous encounter, and his tone had acquired something of supercilious arrogance and positive animus.

But Joanna was not without a compensation. From the same year, 1804, she dated her meeting with another Scotchman, more purely a man of letters, who viewed her and her plays in a different spirit from that in which Jeffrey regarded them. Sir Walter Scott was up in London, and having a great sympathy with

his countrywoman, and a sincere admiration of her work, he got an introduction to her through their common friend Mr. Sotheby, the translator of "Oberon," whose acquaintance Sir Walter had made many years before, when Mr. Sotheby was an officer in a regiment stationed at Edinburgh. Joanna was fresh from Mr. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and very likely he was fresh from her *Constantine*.

Joanna may have felt a momentary disappointment in seeing a plain, somewhat heavy lawyer's face as the face of her poet; and it might also flash across his mind, that the kind, sensible, very original, but very lean little Scotchwoman who received him was not his ideal of the tragic muse. But their intercourse was thenceforth honourable alike to their heads and hearts, and was brotherly and sisterly.

In 1806, when Joanna was forty-four years of age, she and Agnes had the grief of parting from their mother. Mrs. Baillie had attained a ripe age, and had been for some time declining in health. She had been stone-blind for years, and was latterly paralytic. The sisters watched

her by day and by night. Joanna, who was the great nurse of the household, and had the distinct qualification that she did not suffer from loss of sleep, took the heaviest share of nursing. There was much to soften the blow, but to the clinging household of women it was a blow still. When, more than ten years after, Joanna wrote to Mary Berry the letter in which she condoles with her on the death of her father, there is a lingering remembrance of that parting.

With their mission for the time gone, and the ache of a void at their hearth, the sisters resolved to revisit Scotland, which they had quitted twenty-one years before. They spent some months there in the years 1807—8. They went directly to their native place, to rest among their old friends of the fruit lands and of Glasgow. They scrambled on Clyde's banks, and paced the Trongate once more. To the friends whom they had left behind them, these middle-aged women came back with all the prestige which Joanna had won for them. If she had been found capable of inspiring awe when she was but a girl of fifteen in her father's

old college days, it could hardly be doubted that she would now be an alarming Joanna Baillie to the foolish and frivolous of all ages. It was so to a certain extent, though it was a case of consciences taking guilt to themselves. It is Lucy Aikin's volunteered testimony that Joanna was only too tolerant of impertinence. Old friends were inclined for a moment to protest that the lively, warm-hearted girl on whom years and fame had fallen, reappeared a proud, cold woman. But the protest was only entered when the friends could not make sufficient allowance for certain difficulties of Joanna's position,—for the effects of time and trial, and for the elements of sadness in a first return to the scenes of youth after a long absence. The same friends soon remarked with astonishment that the London Miss Baillies—Joanna quite as much as Agnes—came back speaking broader Scotch and making use of more Scotch phrases than when they went away. Without fail, these jealous friends were not long of comprehending and congratulating themselves on the discovery that, when she was alone with them, Joanna

was the very same unaffected and reliable friend she had ever been ; and that she had a particular delight in reverting to old stories and old adventures.

Joanna's temporary residence in Glasgow was marked by a kind, womanly exercise of her leisure, taste, and influence. Hearing that a visit from her would be very welcome, she went and saw Struthers, the shoemaker poet. She looked over and expressed cordial admiration for his MS. poem of the "Poor Man's Sabbath." By her instrumentality and that of Sir Walter Scott, whom she enlisted in his cause, she induced Mr. Constable to publish the poem ; and, though its success was very partial, and the money which it brought its author not above thirty or forty pounds, she did what she could to make public his talents and merits,—an act which was in the end profitable to Struthers. In this manner she certainly gladdened the heart of a gifted and worthy man.

Another publication of this year, in which Joanna had the greatest interest, was Sir Walter's "Marmion." She was imparting her

delight in the perusal of the book by reading it aloud for the first time in a circle of friends, when she was startled by coming to the following passage :—

“ the wild harp that silent hung
By silver Avon’s holy shore
’Till twice an hundred years rolled o’er.
When she the bold enchantress came,
With fearless hand and heart in flame,
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure ;
Till Avon’s swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort’s hate and Basil’s love,
Awakening at the inspirèd strain,
Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again ”

Thrilled to her heart’s heart by this tribute of praise from a source which she prized above all others, the indomitable, great little woman read the passage to the end without pause or faltering, and only displayed a want of self-command when the emotion of a friend who was present (her attached sister Agnes?) became uncontrollable.

Joanna and her sister left Glasgow to make a tour in the West Highlands, which they had

not visited before. Brought face to face with the sublime features of nature which she loved so well, she relaxed her guard on the expression of her feelings, and indulged in greater self-abandonment than she had ever allowed herself to indulge in before. She was so overcome as to shed tears as she gazed on the Falls of Moness. She would not be torn away from the sight and sound for an hour, though she was drenched by the rain, which fell heavily during the entire time that she was in the glen.

In the spring of 1808,—the season of the year when “mine own romantic town” is in the perfection of its picturesque buildings and gardens, and still more picturesque environs,—the sisters took their way to Edinburgh. The intellectual society of the Scotch metropolis was ready with a great demonstration to welcome an illustrious countrywoman who had brought much honour to Scotland. The Baillies found their home under the most choice roof in the city—the roof of Sir Walter—at 39, Castle Street, where they confirmed a close and affectionate intimacy with the master and every

member of the family down even to the dogs. Lord Jeffrey, under the auspices of the Duchess of Gordon, sought to afford to the world the polite spectacle of exchange of courtesies with his foe. Joanna must have burnt with curiosity to know the brilliant reviewer whom Lucy Aikin thought the only amusing man in Edinburgh, who united French *esprit* to English industry, and who, when he got into a scrape with a hot-blooded Irishman, did not decline to fight a duel to clear it up. But, to her woman's sore heart, in conflict with her unflinching spirit, Jeffrey's flag of truce was but the egotism of a hardened offender. She resolutely and rudely—at all events bluntly—résisted his overtures and the entreaties of mediating friends. She absolutely refused an introduction to the king of critics, and defied his thunderbolts in future *Edinburgh Reviews*. She did not hesitate to declare her reason. Mr. Jeffrey's articles had given her much pain, and caused great disadvantage to her works. "*She considered them written with a desire to exalt the fame of the critic and the popularity of the periodical, without*

due regard to justice and propriety of feeling." If Mr. Jeffrey so erred, he was by no means the last critic who deserved to be confronted with such an error. As for Joanna, however little she was accustomed to wear her heart on her sleeve, she could no more dissemble her feelings than the weakest woman. She swept past her antagonist with a simple majesty of innocent wrath, which left him smiling and shrugging his shoulders, but in his not ungenerous heart just a little touched.

In this visit to the North, Joanna Baillie and Mary Berry crossed each other. The latter expresses her wish that there had been some "setting and footing together in the course of the jigging about." In August Mary Berry was with Lady Douglas at Bothwell Castle, and recounted her pilgrimage to Joanna's birthplace. "What a pretty place Millheugh is! I walked all down the rocky bed of the river below the bridge, and crossed over the 'stepping-stones' and back again, merely for the pleasure of doing it, and then went all round the house at Millheugh, and to the

wooden bridge which looks at the little cascade up the green walk by the side of the stream. We saw not a human creature, either to welcome or forbid us their premises, which being all open we committed no trespass. I tried the echoes with some lines of *Basil*; but they were dumb, only muttered in return for your name, something about muslin at Glasgow, a pattern of a handkerchief, and some stories of the poor in the villages. Your heroic muse should have taught them better in such a romantic spot.

“I have been over, too, at my own dear little ravine at Blantyre; and if you go there again, you will see Berina (my name in Arcadia) cut upon one of the largest trees by my own fair hand on the 20th August, 1808.”

Early next spring, that of 1809, the great Drury Lane Theatre, where “the other year” Joanna had staked so many hopes and fears, was burned to the ground.

A little later she had it in her power to return some of Sir Walter’s hospitalities. He was in London then, starting the *Quarterly Review*, and had brought up Mrs. Scott, and their little

daughter Sophia. Mr. and Mrs. Scott stayed with their good old French friends, the Dumergues, the surgeon-dentist's family in Piccadilly; but the ten-years-old little girl was sent out, in order to save her rosy cheeks, to Hampstead, to the kind care of the Misses Baillie. Little Sophia, as she helped Miss Agnes in her garden, or trotted by Miss Joanna's side on the Heath, must have renewed remote and recent associations by her chatter of the knowes and the haughs and the deep Tweed pools; of hunting and fishing with papa and Charlie, and running with little Annie and the dogs, in her happy holidays at Ashiestiel. The divided family party were often reunited. There must have been many a cheerful supper and breakfast out at Hampstead, many a merry rendezvous and lunch with Dr. Matthew Baillie's family, then in Cavendish Square. Dainty, dogmatic Mary Berry was not too dignified to be eager to renew her acquaintance with Mr. Scott. She had already met and held "long conversations" with him at Bothwell Castle and at Minto. On the 1st of June he was at a breakfast party at the Berrys,

in North Audley Street, meeting among other company, Sir George Beaumont and Lady Louisa Stewart. Somebody was to read Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *The Family Legend*, which had a particular interest for Miss Berry, having been founded on an incident in the family history of her friend Mrs. Damer, which had been related by Mrs. Damer to Joanna. As nobody but Mary Berry was sufficiently acquainted with Joanna's handwriting, Mary was the somebody who read the tragedy on the occasion of the breakfast in North Audley Street. Mary Berry and Joanna Baillie interchanged such "courtesies" as the reading of each other's MSS., in which courtesies Miss Berry showed an inclination to be her own reader. According to Mary Berry's journal for this April, Joanna came on another morning to North Audley Street, when Mary read to her friend her notice of Madame Dudevant's life. Mary wrote afterwards in her journal that Joanna was so pleased with the notice of the life, that she could not but feel very much flattered. Miss Berry then went, probably in Joanna Baillie's company, "to

Walter Scott's, where I saw his wife for the first time." This was at the Dumergues', who might also have had something to say worth hearing as to French lives and letters ; but Mary Berry fails to chronicle the remarks of the surgeon-dentist's family.

Sir Walter's letters to Joanna Baillie are from this time frequent, full, and instinct with the man's brotherly heart. He laboured with a will in her service, and accomplished for her the acceptance by Henry Siddons, for the Edinburgh Theatre, of her play, *The Family Legend*; and next, he secured the putting of it upon the stage with more undeniable success than attended the representation of *De Montfort* at Drury Lane.

Five years before, while Joanna was much occupied with her infirm mother, Mrs. Damer told Joanna the story of *The Family Legend*. Joanna wanted a subject for a drama, and wanted, also, some diversion at spare moments. She dramatised the story. Very likely her tour two years afterwards in the West Highlands—although she might not go so far as Mull—was

undertaken with some idea of authenticating the scenery of the legend. It was then remarked that Joanna lost no opportunity of entering Highland huts, and of rendering herself familiar with Highland manners and customs. In the end she had a peculiar fondness for this drama, calling it her Highland play, and exulting in its success.

Sir Walter spared no effort that devotion to the author's interest could suggest. He was in constant consultation with Mr. Siddons on the costumes and machinery of the play. He attended every rehearsal, changed names (to obviate the apprehended spleen of the clan Maclean), smoothed difficulties, wooed and coaxed magnates, and wrote the prologue, while Henry Mackenzie wrote the epilogue. He was prominently responsible in his place all through the trying first night, while Mrs. Scott, recalling her early passion for theatricals, did her duty by heading a box thirty friends strong. Finally he was happy to be able to proclaim to the person most interested, the enthusiastic reception of the piece, and its announcement

for the rest of the week. No wonder that Joanna Baillie loved Sir Walter, and Sir Walter loved Joanna. Such an abandonment of kindness is, as Joanna once quoted, "the cords of a man" to knit friend to friend. In effect, *The Family Legend* was not acted more than fourteen nights in Edinburgh; but it was received there with a favour which none of Joanna Baillie's plays received in London. And it is a suggestive fact, that in Edinburgh, where she had no powerful ally save Scott, but where the audience was select and highly cultivated, Joanna Baillie's work was more fully appreciated than on any London stage.

Later the same year, Sir Walter's holidays were spent among the Hebrides in company with his wife, his elder girl, his dog Wallace, and a few friends. From Ulva House he wrote to his "cummer" Joanna, because he could not resist writing to her in places which she had rendered classic and immortal. He gave her a spirited account of the Ladies' Rock, the scene of the exposure of Helen in the legend of Dunstaffnage

and Staffa. He made a blithe summary of the landing in which Charlotte lost her shoes, and little Sophia her collection of pebbles; and of the boating, in which "all the ladies were sick, especially Hannah Mackenzie," adding triumphantly, "and none of the gentlemen escaped except Staffa and myself." He begged to tell her that he had picked up for her a hallowed green pebble from the shore of St. Columba, — but the piper was sounding to breakfast.

In the meantime Joanna had the pleasure of visiting her brother at the estate which he had bought in Gloucestershire. Well won and well worn were Matthew Baillie's medical honours and gains. He had his uncle's post as a Court physician, and was at this time watching—fruitlessly, in both cases—the lingering decline of Princess Amelia, and the final relapse into madness of "the poor king." Much need had Dr. Baillie of his Gloucestershire retreat, though he could pay but flying visits to it. Joanna made one "very dear friend" in that neighbourhood, Justina Milligan, of Cotswold House,

whose death she commemorates in one of the last of her writings. Justina was a kindly, cheerful woman, dwelling in a sisterly household like Joanna's own, dispensing her larger gifts of fortune, as Joanna and Agnes dispensed their modest income, with much feeling regard to the poor. And Justina shared Agnes Baillie's love of gardening—the true love which does not confine itself to the service of hired hands, nor call every spot of earth common and unclean save the trim garden and the costly greenhouse. Joanna celebrates a pet spot of Justina's:—

“ Nor did such toward spots alone declare
Her pleasing fancy and her skilful care ;
The long-neglected quarry, grim and gray,
Where rubbish in uncouth confusion lay,
Loose stones and sand, with weeds and brush-wood rotten,
And everything or worthless or forgotten,
Seemed to obey her will, as though by duty
Constrained, and soon became a place of beauty
Its fairy floor is mossy green,
And o'er its creviced walls, I ween,
The harebell, foxglove, fern and heather,
Mingle most lovingly together ;
While from the upper screen, as bent to see
What might be hid below, the rowan tree
And drooping birch seem to look curiously ;

A friendly place, where birds for shelter come,
And bees, and flies, and moths raise a soft summer hum.
Justina's quarry ! a name most dear,
Will henceforth sweetly, sadly soothe the ear."*

Either before or after Joanna's visit to Gloucestershire, Elizabeth Hamilton revisited London, and spent some days at Hampstead. There the friendship between her and Joanna Baillie was renewed. Their letters afterwards gradually drop the "Madam," or the friends reproach each other with the use of it. They become more and more cordial and confidential. We have only specimens of the correspondence on Mrs. Hamilton's side ; but it is a pleasant glimpse which we get of an old friendship in old letters. In one letter Mrs. Hamilton describes the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow, and recurs to a lady whom she remembers as a schoolgirl at Miss Macdonald's. In another, she speaks of fancying herself in the little drawing-room at Hampstead, with one sister on the couch by her side, the other in the snug corner opposite to her, while she herself is

* Written after Justina Milligan's death.

deliberately putting her feet on the fender for a social "crack." In a third letter, the author of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie" vows that the next time the author of the "Plays of the Passions" visits Scotland, she will insist on taking her to Aberdeen; quoting an anecdote of an old gentleman who had travelled twice through Europe, and had never seen anything to be compared to Aberdeen but—the bay of Naples. Mrs. Hamilton prophesies that if Walter Scott would open the cry about Aberdeen, as he had done about Loch Katrine scenery, how the world would be deafened by reiterated praises!

Among many weightier reflections, Elizabeth Hamilton congratulates Joanna on the happy effect of Joanna's patches on the sofa-cover. Mrs. Hamilton even playfully suggests that a notary ought to have registered the performance in a national record, and demands, "What would a stocking" (she might have said a sock more appropriately), "darned by the hands of Shakspeare, now bring to the lucky owner?"

By November Sir Walter had his Iona pebble or pebbles cut and set as a brooch, in the form of a Scotch harp, with the inscription in Gaelic, "Buail o'n tend" ("Strike the string"), and he sent the brooch as a keepsake to Joanna, with a "God give you joy to wear it." Much did Joanna prize the characteristic gift, and in the earliest and best portrait we have of her, Sir Walter's brooch is represented as fastening her collar.

In May, 1811, Mary Berry went down to Hampstead to stay from Saturday till Monday, and tried the novelty of dining before four o'clock in her friend's simple little household, and of going out on the Heath after dinner and sitting there for above two hours in a "delicious fine evening." Afterwards she and Joanna read over together one of Mary Berry's longer pieces, and criticised it. Some of her other scraps (that she seems to have carried with her for the purpose) were also read and criticised, Mary Berry stating, with her customary frankness, "which I think Joanna liked less than I expected." On

Sunday the friends sat by the fire the whole day, and Joanna gave the others her drama on Hope to read. It was in two acts only, and Mary soon read it. "Very poetical," she commented in her turn (journalising), "and much fancy, as all her things have; but this did not equal my expectation—how high it was I know not. It is certainly a sufficiently dramatic story, but not dramatically managed."

The letters between Edinburgh and Ashiestiel on the one hand, and Hampstead on the other, during the following year, are full of details with regard to Sir Walter's having become a laird on Tweed-side. His earlier, gleeful projects for Abbotsford, beginning so modestly with the cottage having "two spare bed-rooms with dressing-rooms, each of which will, on a pinch, have a couch bed," are also significantly dwelt upon.

Joanna writes: "If I should ever be happy enough to be at Abbotsford, you must take me to see Ashiestiel too. I have a kind of tenderness for it, as one has for a man's first wife, when you hear he has married a second."

In 1811, ere the volume was before the public and subjected to the critics, Joanna sent to Sir Walter an early copy of her third volume of the "Plays of the Passions." It contains *Orra* and *The Dream*, two tragedies, and *The Siege*, a comedy on Fear, with *The Beacon*, a musical drama on Hope. She declared that it was to be her last publication, and that she was getting her knitting needles in order—meaning to begin her new course of industry with a purse for her friend, in return for his Iona brooch. Sir Walter was enchanted with the last plays. He read *Orra* twice to himself, and had Terry, the actor, to read it to him, in a sympathetic circle, a third time. In January, 1812, Sir Walter sent Joanna an ancient silver mouth-piece, to which she might adapt his purse. He protested that this was a genteel way of tying her down to her promise; and he engaged, on his part, that the purse should not hold bank notes or vulgar bullion, but pretty little medals and nicknackets. He ended a long letter by a very frank reference to his bargains with his publishers and the state of his affairs. In April, when one of the hardest

Border springs on record was signalling itself by mail coaches stopped and shepherds lost in the snow, the arrival of "the elegant and acceptable token of your regard" was duly acknowledged by Sir Walter, and a full and serious letter on the comparative advantages of London and Edinburgh society, on her literary prospects and on his, and on Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," was closed with a list of the contents of the purse as they then stood:—

"1st. Miss Elizabeth Baillie's" (Matthew's daughter) "purse penny" (sent to prevent the purse's travelling empty), "called by the learned a denarius of the Empress Faustina.

"2nd. A gold brooch found in a bog in Ireland, which, for aught I know, fastened the mantle of an Irish princess in the days of Cuthullen or Neal of the Nine Hostages.

"3rd. A toadstone—a celebrated amulet, which was never lent to any one, unless upon a bond for a thousand marks for its being safely restored. It was sovereign for protecting new-born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies, and has been

repeatedly borrowed from my mother on account of this virtue.

“4th. A coin of Edward I., found in Dryburgh Abbey.

“5th. A funeral ring, with Dean Swift’s hair.

“So, you see,” Sir Walter winds up the catalogue gallantly, “my nicknackatory is well supplied, though the purse is more valuable than all its contents.”

In that triumphant war year of 1812, when illuminated London, seen from Hampstead, must have stood out often against the sky like a crown of carbuncles, Joanna wished to learn the mind of the *Edinburgh Review*, whether it remained the same towards her, or whether it had changed. She had not to wait long, and the oracle gave no doubtful sound. Sir Walter, to soften the blow—if it could be called so, after what had gone before—had written that he had been told Jeffrey talked very favourably of this latest volume however. Sir Walter added, “I should be glad, for his own sake, that he took some opportunity to retrace the paths of his

criticism ; but after pledging himself so deeply as he has done, I doubt much his giving way even unto conviction." Sir Walter's doubts were fulfilled. In the *Edinburgh Review* for February Mr. Jeffrey out-Heroded Herod, in his effort to crush Joanna Baillie's theory and practice. He prefaced his article by reminding Miss Baillie and the public, with an almost pompous and an entirely autocratic solemnity, that, in spite of his previous admonitions, she had gone on (as he had expected) in her own way, and had become (as he had expected) both less popular and less deserving of popularity in every successive publication. He then entered into a masterly analysis of ancient Greek and modern French dramatic literature, comparing these with the masterpieces of the English stage, and making out to his own satisfaction that Joanna Baillie had managed to combine the faults of all schools. Not content with accusing her of tameness, slowness, and awkwardness in the business of the plays—comparing it to travelling through a dull stage in the central Scottish Highlands—he deliberately de-

nied to her the power of delineating individual character, on which as he alleged, she built, with undue confidence, her claims as a dramatist. He charged her at once with heaviness and poverty of style; he impugned her judgment, her taste, and her musical ear. After he had found so much to condemn, it becomes hard to guess what he could discover to praise; but he did suffer himself to accredit her with moral purity, considerable knowledge of human nature, and good sense. He almost excepted in his strictures the little drama on Hope, which had not taken Mary Berry's fancy, though its merits certainly did not consist in the fable, nor in the delineation of character. Finally he admitted that he had stumbled on fine passages, few and far between in the plays; and he recorded that "Miss Baillie's forte was in the delineation of horror"—though she did it coarsely. From such a verdict, at once cold-blooded and sweeping, there was no appeal. Joanna, like Wordsworth, resigned herself to bear the brunt of a perpetual feud with the *Edinburgh Review* and its formidable staff, thankful

for one small mercy, that she had not consented to waive her honest feelings, and make the acquaintance of Mr. Jeffrey when she was in Edinburgh.

At a small party given by Miss Berry in North Audley Street, in June, 1813, Joanna made one of the ten ladies who, well supported by twenty-six gentlemen, were honoured with invitations to meet Madame de Staël. We do not have Joanna's version of the impression left on her by the swarthy, impassioned, ambitious Corinne. But we find Mary Berry scribbling that Joanna had been less reserved than usual, and was much pleased with Madame de Staël; and again that Madame de Staël did not know what to make of a person whose life was so totally different from her own. In truth, few literary women could have stood—alike in their antecedents and nurture—nearer to the antipodes from each other, than she who was born in the manse of Bothwell and matured in the doctor's house in Windmill Street, and she who grew up amid the philosophic discussions of the salons of Paris, the

tempest of the great French Revolution, and whose career culminated in an attempt to raise a centre of political influence in opposition to that of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Further on in the year, another literary woman, with whom Joanna had more in common, and who became, indeed, her fast friend, came up to town. This was Maria Edgeworth, in company with her father and his fourth wife, her young stepmother.

Maria Edgeworth's winning warmth and vivacity, with its backbone of sound sense, broke down the barrier of Joanna Baillie's caution and shyness. The grave, silent Scotchwoman was fascinated, and her own dry native humour flowed and sparkled. It was "Maria" and "Joanna" between them in a very short time. Sir Walter, too, submitted willingly to the spell exercised by the keen, tiny Irishwoman. He declared that her quaint, fairy-like appearance, reminded him of the "whippit stourie" of nursery tales. It caught his sense of drollery; while her naïvete and ardour delighted him. The easy, unaffected manner in which

she carried her well-deserved fame, secured his respect and admiration. She and Joanna Baillie were thenceforth correspondents not less intimate and regular than were Joanna and Sir Walter.

In 1813, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton writes to Joanna, describing a tour which she and her sister had made in Wales, and a visit they had paid to the two ladies then masquerading as hermits in a nook of the principality. In 1814, while Joanna's friend Sir Walter was voyaging to Orkney, Joanna and her sister followed Mrs. Hamilton's and Mrs. Blake's example, receiving the mock condolence of the former for losing, in the interest of blue mountains and foaming waterfalls, the crush fêtes with which London celebrated the presence of the allied princes, and at which these august men and their womankind occasionally "showed their backs."

In the same letter, Elizabeth Hamilton asks Joanna if she had heard of "Waverley," a novel supposed to be by the pen of Walter Scott. Mrs. Hamilton had only seen the first volume, but

was so charmed with it that she was all impatience for the remainder. She takes it for granted that Joanna had, of course, seen the "Queen's Wake." In a letter from the same good judge next year, she exclaims in exultation, "Let no one say that imagination does not operate on this side of the Tweed! What do you think of 'Discipline?' of 'Waverley?' of 'Guy Mannering?' The two last are portrait pieces of first-rate excellence; the painter, a Gerard Dow,—not a Michael Angelo,—but in his own peculiar department coming near perfection. Though the name of Scott does not grace the title-page, it is seen in every other page of both performances."

This was nearly the last letter which Elizabeth Hamilton wrote to Joanna Baillie. In one other, Mrs. Hamilton touches on some troubles which were harassing her last days. She does not forget to record how much she had been pleased with the description a Professor Y. had given her of Joanna's niece, Matthew's daughter. The two friends had anticipated from this quarter a harvest of happiness, which

one of them lived to reap; and Elizabeth Hamilton, whose own expectations in somewhat similar circumstances appear to have been thwarted and her hopes disappointed, still does not fail to congratulate Joanna on her brighter experience, and to moralise sagely on the satisfactory result that young Miss Baillie's gifts and graces were not spoiled "by the varnish of affectation and conceit."

Yes, Joanna knew "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering," though "Abbotsford and Kaeside," had not taken her formally into his confidence any more than he had taken the immediate members of his own family. She was prepared to feel a sisterly glory in a fame which was to transcend all living literary fame that had gone before it in Great Britain. She had written to him in prospect of his visit to London in March, 1815, in the midst of the excitement produced by the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba. "Thank Heaven you are coming at last. Make up your mind to be stared at only a little less than the Czar of Moscow or old Blucher." The reception accorded to the author of "Marmion" six years before,

was brilliant, but ten times more brilliant was that given to the reputed author of "Waverley." Princes came forward to do him honour. He was presented at the Prince Regent's levee, dined at Carlton House, and received from his future king a gold snuff-box, in token of regard. The snuff-box was set in brilliants, and had a medallion of his Royal Highness's head on the lid.

Sir Walter was accompanied, as before, by Mrs. Scott and his daughter Sophia. He and his wife again stayed with the Dumergues, in Piccadilly; and Sophia, a girl of sixteen, too delicate a blossom for the late hours and the hot rooms of London, was sent out, as formerly, to the maidenly home at Hampstead. She was musically gifted, and was old enough to while their hearts and ears by singing to them and their evening visitors her father's favourite ballads, "Kenmure's on and awa, Willie," and "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," or blithe, unpublished songs—Miss Joanna's own—"Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she?" and "Wooed an' married an' a'."

During his stay in London, Sir Walter met Lord Byron, and became on cordial terms with him. Lady Byron, who was then with her husband, pining in his shadow, had been Joanna's dear young friend, and Lord Byron was her personal acquaintance. She recalled the unhappy couple long afterwards.

“I see her mated with a moody lord,
Whose fame she prized, whose genius she adored
There by his side she stands, pale, grave, and sad,
The brightness of her greeting smile is fled
Like some fair flower ta'en from its genial mould
To deck a garden-border loose and cold,
Its former kindred fences all destroyed,
Shook by the breeze, and by the rake annoy'd,
She seemed, alas ! I looked and looked again,
Tracing the sweet but alter'd face in vain ”

Joanna Baillie's play of *The Family Legend* was acted at the new Drury Lane Theatre in the course of Sir Walter's stay in town. She was persuaded to go with him, Mrs. Scott, and Lord Byron, to witness the representation. Her power of self-control could stand her in good stead, and she was well supported. Elizabeth Hamilton had said, on first coming to Edinburgh, that

she had seen more men and women of genius standing up in one quadrille than could be found throughout the rest of Europe. The same might have been said of one box in Drury Lane, that night. Yet how few of the simple, honest playgoers guessed that to the slightly rigid little figure of the ageing woman in sober-hued silk, and delicate lace, seated in one of the boxes above them, they owed the heroic sentiments and thrilling situations at which they clapped their hands. Mary Berry saw the performance from Lady Hardwicke's box, either on that evening or on another of the same week. The piece was played for Mr. Bentley's benefit. Mary Berry's opinion was that it could not have been worse acted. Yet she regarded the representation as to some extent a success, and recorded that the fine lines, spoilt though they were, certainly were appreciated and applauded by the pit. Such appreciation and applause must have moved Joanna more than the tribute of the great men who sat beside her, for it was her cherished wish—fated to be baffled—that she should help to raise the stage, and with it the

masses who sought from it excitement and entertainment.

Sir Walter did not revisit London, when he hurried to see the battle-field of Waterloo. He sailed from Harwich, and wrote to Joanna, instead of to Paul's kinsfolk, from Paris, giving statistics of the battle, the allied army, and the French capital. But he saw her on his return, when he could speak of nothing but Waterloo.

From 1815 to 1820 were quiet years in Joanna Baillie's life. It really seemed as if she meant to keep her word, and write no more. In 1815 or 1816, while her friends the Berrys were in Paris, she took a trip to France with the rest of the English world who rushed to see the lares and penates of their enemy; but neither Versailles nor Fontainebleau inspired her. She was resting on her laurels, let the *Edinburgh Review* say what it liked, and enjoying her friend's laurels, especially those fresh ones gathered by her great countryman in "Rob Roy," the "Heart of Midlothian," the "Bride of Lammermoor," and "Ivanhoe." Engrossed by work, and half

worshipped as he was, he did not forget her. He sent her a boyishly joyous description of "Joanna's Bower" (it must have reminded her of her Gloucestershire friends with their "Justina's Quarry"), which he had planned out of an old gravel pit in his grounds, and had planted with the pinasters that she had sent him. He wrote expressly to tell her how glad he had been to receive poor Lady Byron, and how much he admired and was touched by the forlorn wife. There was a constant interchange of friendly tokens between Hampstead and Abbotsford, from purses and pinasters to grouse and Glenlivet.

In 1817 the polished, accomplished gentleman whose love had cost him his inheritance, and who is remembered as the father of Mary and Agnes Berry, died at Geneva. Joanna, who had last seen him in Paris, wrote to his daughter Mary a long sympathetic letter, lamenting the friend who had always been kind to Joanna. Within a few years she herself was to need the same sympathy in a more unlooked for, and more trying parting.

In 1828 Sir Walter was up in London receiving his baronetcy, and was in a great hurry to get back to Edinburgh before the month of April was ended. The marriage of his daughter Sophia, grown, as her father loved to call her, "a bonnie lass," and a very gentle one, to John Lockhart, in the promise of his youth, was to be celebrated ere May should bring its evil omen. One Sunday Sir Walter spared to Hampstead, Joanna Baillie, and Johnnie Richardson, carrying out with him his "long cornet," young Walter Scott. And doubtless, among Sir Walter's many lady friends to whom he told with characteristic grace "the old, old story" of his young lovers, there were none who would be more interested than the friends—old ones then, who had taken charge once and again of young Sophia Scott, to note her growth, and speculate on her fortunes. Very likely it was on that April Sunday at Hampstead that Sir Walter got Joanna and Agnes Baillie to fix on going down to Scotland that summer once more, because Joanna, the younger, was already fifty-seven, and age, with its disinclination to move

from the chimney-corner, its timidity, and its helplessness, was looming at no remote distance.

Therefore, in 1820, Joanna and her sister were again in Scotland. They were in the West, where they saw their old friends, without remarking in them the gulf between the past and the present which had struck the Baillies on their former visit. They were in Edinburgh, where Joanna at last consented to be introduced to Jeffrey, and when the author and the reviewer agreed to "let bygones be bygones." The two were older now, and one of them had had time to become more temperate in her earnestness, without making a compromise of principles, or even of theories. When advancing life called a truce between the foes, they were both great enough to sink all personal offences and meet as friends. And very good friends the rigid opponents proved. Jeffrey never visited London latterly without going out to Hampstead to taste the hospitality, and be enlivened by the conversation, of Joanna Baillie.

On this sojourn in Edinburgh, Joanna wit-

nessed a second time a representation of one of her plays. In this instance, there was an overflowing house. Her person was widely known, and her presence roused alike actors and spectators to the height of enthusiasm. The resounding plaudits were a national offering laid at the feet of Joanna. Gratefully, and with noble simplicity, as she received the demonstration, it had this qualification, that it was only after the play had been changed to a melodrama, and with the spur lent to the audience by their knowledge of the author, that her tragedy of *Constantine* could thus inspire an assembly.

Above all, Joanna visited Abbotsford, where Gustavus, Prince Royal of Sweden, and Prince Leopold, had been before her. Sir Walter and Tom Purdie were alike in their glory, and no cloud the size of a man's hand had yet risen on the broad blue horizon. Lockhart and his wife were prolonging their wedding festivities in the Forest. Strangers more or less brilliant and famous, from all circles and regions, including the farther side of the Atlantic, were "turn-

ing" up every day, sending in their cards and letters of introduction, and being liberally entertained by Sir Walter. The old families of Yair, Elibank, and Gala, were making much of their Sheriff's holidays, and hugging him to their heart. The Kelso races and the Jedburgh ball were still "life" and "the world." Sir William Allan, Sir Humphry Davy, old Henry Mackenzie, were to be seen in one group. Sibyl Grey and Maida were among the dumb animals, and the Abbotsford Hunt (a coursing match) and the Abbotsford Kirn were among the entertainments. The scenery was that of the "sillar Tweed," "fair Melrose," and the Eildon hills. In the absence of journal or letters on Joanna's side, or of any incidental notice in Sir Walter's Life, there is no particular record of those swiftly passing days. But surely Joanna was taken not to Ashiestiel alone, but to "lone St. Mary's," to Carterhaugh, with its bloom of blue bells, and to grey Dryburgh; there would be long chats in the library, toasts at the dinner-table, and songs to the harp in the drawing-room, commemorating a period

which was unapproachable to three or four of those present at Abbotsford.

As if the sight of her native country had stirred the gift that was in her, Joanna, on her return home, wrote her "Metrical Legends." In them, she went back to the traditions of her youth, and made her far-away ancestor and ancestress, Wallace and Lady Grisel Baillie, her chief hero and chief heroine. This book was brought out in 1821. The same year *De Montfort* was revived at Drury Lane, this time by Edmund Kean, but without any greater success in securing the public ear and voice.

The year 1821, also, brought the death of Joanna's aunt, Mrs. John Hunter, so long a graceful leader of intellectual fashion.

During the dog-days, Sir Walter is found writing to Joanna, that Mackay is going up to London, to play Baillie Nicol Jarvie for a single night at Covent Garden. He begs her and Mrs. Agnes, "of all dear loves," to go and see the character in its inimitable personification, to collect a party of Scotch friends (as he had written Sotheby to do), that they might have the

treat, "and so let it not be said that a dramatic genius of Scotland wanted the countenance and protection of Joanna Baillie."

In a postscript to the letter quoted, Sir Walter entreats Joanna to read, and have Mrs. Agnes read to her (alluding to a practice of the sisters), Galt's "Annals of the Parish," "a most excellent novel, if it can be called so."

In 1822, Joanna's attention was often called to Edinburgh, which was in a state of mad excitement at the proposed visit of George IV. Never king had such a master of the ceremonies, since Rubens' health failed at the last moment, and prevented him from conducting the Cardinal Infant through Antwerp. In the meantime Joanna was busy collecting "Poems, chiefly Manuscript, and from living authors; edited, for the benefit of a Friend, by Joanna Baillie," which were to be printed and sold by subscription. A family, intimate in the sisterly house at Hampstead, had fallen into misfortune, and on their behalf Joanna gathered these crumbs from literary tables. She gave original pieces of her own, of Mrs. Hemans', and of Mrs. John Hunter's.

She begged the same from Sir Walter Scott, and Miss Catherine Fanshaw, whose refined and arch humour made so deep an impression on her contemporaries. Joanna had the great satisfaction, very unusual under the circumstances, of raising by her efforts a sum which secured a small competence for her friends.

About this time the Baillies' neighbour, Mr. Richardson, was down buying an estate on Tweedside. Sir Walter heard all the news of Hampstead from him, and sent back with him a bottle of old whisky, accompanied with the assertion that if Joanna would drink enough of it, she would forgive him all his later offences as a correspondent. Sir Walter's letters began to come more sparely, though they were delightful as ever when they did come. They were still genial and fresh, even after the writer had been caught in the toils, and was struggling manfully in the unequal battle to redeem the fortunes which had once promised so splendidly. Now they were describing his visit to Ireland, and the perfect reception which he had met with from his and Joanna's dear friend, Maria Edgeworth.

Again they dwelt on whatever book or public affair was occupying him at the time. Always they detailed home news—of the “long Cornet’s” marriage, of Sophia’s baby—all the incidents that were happening in the histories of those “honest lads and bonnie lasses, maids, matrons, and bachelors bluff,”—including “little John Hugh, or, as he is popularly styled, Hugh Little John,” in whom his grandfather so delighted,—who, like Sir Walter’s father’s large but short-lived family, were nearly all of them destined to pass away—

“Like snaw-wreaths in thaw,”

long before the elderly woman, Sir Walter’s contemporary, to whom he described their starting in life.

In 1823, Joanna and Agnes Baillie were bereaved indeed by the death of their brother, Matthew. He died before he reached old age, at his seat in Gloucestershire. Joanna, a worn and grey-haired woman, in her sixtieth year, was summoned to his side, and beheld the breaking up of his constitution with the deepest grief. Among his nearest and dearest she waited

on him, as she had waited on her mother, day and night, supporting all around her by her mingled firmness and tenderness. The public sorrow on the occasion of Dr. Baillie's death had a healing balm for his afflicted family. The thought of the tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey, put there by his medical brethren, was more cherished by Joanna than any expectation of monumental honour for herself. She wrote to announce the sad event to Sir Walter Scott. He replied in a reverent, gentle, pitying letter of condolence, recording his friendship for the dead, and pointing to another state of existence as a cure for unavailing sorrow. He reminded her, "You are a family of love; though one breach has been made among you, you will only extend your arms towards each other the more, to hide, though you cannot fill up, the gap which has been made."

Every-day life abounds in pathetic contrasts. This year George Thomson, the friend of Burns, republished his "Melodies of Scotland." He included in the book many of Joanna Baillie's, 'heartsome' fire-side songs, paraphrases of

ditties of the familiar olden time, such as Matthew Baillie might have hummed and whistled when he was a "bauld laddie" at Bothwell or Hamilton schools, and Joanna was a morsel of mischief in hood and "doddy mittens," climbing, not the hill of fame, but outside stairs and garden walls.

Solemnised by the blow which had robbed life of half its ties and joys, Joanna occupied herself soon afterwards with a drama, which was full of her deep religious feeling. This play, *The Martyr*, was not brought out till 1826. Sir Alexander Johnston, Chief Justice of Ceylon, believing that it might have a beneficial effect on the natives under his government, procured its translation into the Cingalese, as well as that of *The Bride*, a companion drama, which he had requested from Joanna for the same purpose. Whether the morals of the natives of Ceylon were improved by the dramas, or whether, indeed, the attempt was brought to completion, is uncertain; but the thought was praiseworthy, and must have been acceptable to Joanna.

In 1826 came the great crash of the house of

Constable, in which Sir Walter was fatally involved. The hopeless decline of Johnnie Lockhart followed; and, in the spring of the same year, Sir Walter's wife, who had been his partner for twenty-nine years, passed away. These were griefs which Joanna Baillie shared, though the ready pen of her friend staggered and stopped short in conveying tidings of the misery of that time to Hampstead. In the autumn of that year, Sir Walter and his daughter Anne were with the Lockharts in Pall Mall. Sir Walter was on his way to France, to authenticate his materials for the Life of Bonaparte. There was a wide difference between this visit and the Author of "Waverley's" gala reception in 1815. Still, Sir Walter continued able for company, and could even enjoy it. In his journal of the 15th of November, he notes with satisfaction: "At dinner we had a little blow-out on Sophia's part. Lord Dudley, Mr. Hay, Under-Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Mistress (as she now calls herself) Joanna Baillie and her sister came in the evening. The whole went off pleasantly."

In 1828, Joanna received, in place of Mary Berry's manuscripts, Mary Berry's books—"The Life of Rachel Lady Russell," and the "Comparative View of Social Life in France and England." Joanna's criticism on the last is very characteristic. After praising highly its clear and scholarly style, its liberality and rectitude, she goes on to say that for her part she would have liked the book better had Mary given the world less of court anecdote and more of illustration of the manners of the middling classes of society. There was another thing of which Joanna disapproved—the account given of Voltaire's mistress, Madame de Charte. She urged also that the mention made of the piece of malice perpetrated by Lady Mary Wortley Montague on the disagreeable adventure of Lady Murray, was an offence to that delicacy which was expected in the writings of a woman. Joanna said she honestly pointed out these blemishes, because they had been felt by others whose judgment and feelings she respected, although the generality of readers might not see them in the same light, because Mary Berry had

desired to hear her sincere opinion, and because the work itself had sufficient merit to afford such exceptions to its praise.

Mary Berry's answer is equally characteristic. She expressed herself flattered by Joanna's praise, and almost as much by her blame. Had she proposed writing a comparative view of *manners* instead of "social life" she would have found, and so would Joanna, that the *manners* of the "middling classes of society" in both countries were always a bad imitation of the upper. As to the charge of "offending the delicacy which is expected in the writings of a woman," Mary Berry had chiefly to say that if women treat of human nature and human life in history and not in fiction (which, perhaps, they had better not do), human nature and human life are often indelicate; and if such passages in them are treated always with the gravity and the reprobation they deserve, it is all a sensible woman can do, and, as she is not writing for children, all that she can think necessary.

Notwithstanding such differences of opinion

between Joanna Baillie and Mary Berry, their friendship wore well, and was renewed personally in the intervals between Miss Berry's foreign tours. According to these very letters—portions of which have been given—Mary Berry had just been to Hampstead and had missed Joanna, to the regret of the latter, who had gone up to town to remain at her sister-in-law's in Cavendish Square during some days, for the better opportunity of meeting Sir Walter and his daughter, again living with the Lockharts in Pall Mall.

Overwork, anxiety, and family affliction were telling plainly on Sir Walter, when Joanna saw him at the London dinner parties on two successive days, which were interludes in her country life. Sir Walter also went out and breakfasted with her at Hampstead. He thus refers to the visit in his diary—"Found that gifted person extremely well and in the possession of all her native character and benevolence. I would give as much to have a capital picture of her as for any portrait in the world."

So far as word painting can go, a charming

portrait of Joanna Baillie, dating from not many years after this period, has been very kindly and courteously granted to this book by one of Joanna's few distinguished contemporaries who survive—one whose name will remain a household word among us, Harriet Martineau. "A sweeter picture of old age was never seen. Her figure was small, light, and active; her countenance, in its expression of serenity, harmonised wonderfully with her gay conversation and her cheerful voice. Her eyes were beautiful, dark, bright, and penetrating, with the full, innocent gaze of childhood. Her face was altogether comely, and her dress did justice to it. She wore her own silvery hair and a mob cap, with its delicate lace border fitting close round her face. She was well-dressed in handsome dark silks, and her lace caps and collars looked always new. No Quaker ever was neater, while she kept up with the times in her dress as in her habit of mind, as far as became her years. In her whole appearance there was always something for even the passing stranger to admire, and never anything for

the most familiar friend to wish otherwise." Add to this graphic description Lucy Aikin's delicate touch—"No one would ever have taken her for a married woman. An innocent and maiden grace still hovered over her to the end of her old age. It was one of her peculiar charms, and often brought to my mind the line addressed to the vowed Isabella in *Measure for Measure*—

‘I hold you for a thing enskied and saintly,’”—

and surely the portrait is complete. It would seem, indeed, that Joanna, though she accuses herself in one of her letters to Mary Berry of gathering thorns to sit upon them, and fears that she is "ower auld to mend," increased in depth of serenity and in brightness of cheerfulness as she advanced in age. It might well be the reward of her truly noble and gentle career, though some heavy losses and baffling disappointments had befallen her. In the process the strong, generous wine of her nature had been mellowed, and every harsh outline in her character had been softened.

Their opportunities of meeting in 1828 were

apparently the last which Joanna had of holding intercourse with her dear friend, Sir Walter Scott. If she saw him again after he was a stricken and dying man, when he had advanced so far as London on his continental journey, no memorandum of the circumstance has been preserved, unless among her own papers.

In the summer of 1828 Joanna was with her sister for some time in Devonshire. A passage in a letter to Mary Berry, written nearly ten years later, gives an idea of how much the Baillies had been pleased with the places they saw and the friends they made there. "I should have liked very much to have seen Mrs. Banister," wrote Joanna, in allusion to a Devonshire friend. "I am pleased that she has anything in her house to put her in mind of me. I cannot recall her neat, pretty house, and all the fair country in her neighbourhood, without having a shade of melancholy pass across my mind."

In 1831, Joanna gave publicity to her religious opinions, which, in one mystery of the Christian faith, coincided with those of Milton. Her

essay was named "A View of the General Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ." Apart from any peculiarity in her religious creed, Joanna had always been a godly woman in the simplest and best sense of the term. Her remarkable integrity and truthfulness, the meekness to which she had subdued a temper naturally vehement and impatient, and her careful fulfilment of all obligations, were the fruits of her principles. If anything was at first wanting of mercy and pity for the shortcomings of weakness and error, the grace vouchsafed to the grateful experience of her long and earnest life, supplied the deficiency. She had "a constant sense of the unseen, a constant looking forward to the realisation of eternal verities." Her religious convictions had not become less binding with years; on the contrary, she considered that years gave her a title to utter her convictions. Her book, with the peculiarity of faith which it contained, awakened some opposition and caused some offence, which she wistfully deprecated in a letter sent to Mary

Berry on the second edition of the essay being published. Her tone is altered since she fought for her dramatic theory with Jeffrey; moderation is lent to it by the sacredness of the subject as well as by the old heart grown

“Subdued and slow.”

“I thank you and Mrs. Somerville for the friendly interest you take in me, which makes you regret my ‘coming forward as a sectarian.’ This expression struck me, for I consider myself as less of a sectarian than almost any one whom I am acquainted with. I have endeavoured to set in array, for the use of common readers, all the texts of the New Testament bearing upon a certain point of faith, leaving every one to judge for himself from the general tenor of the whole. . . . We have very High Church people here, Calvinists and Evangelists also; but I have never heard that any one of them ever *said* one unkind thing regarding me, and I am sure they have never *done* one.”

In 1832, all England—nay, all Europe—lamented the death of Sir Walter Scott, after so rapid an overthrow of bodily and mental

vigour that the death seemed untimely. None lamented him more truly than Joanna Baillie.

In 1836, when Joanna was seventy-four, she was forced to relinquish the last expectation of seeing her plays become well-worked stage property. Accordingly, she published a complete edition of her dramas, including, among others not before published, three additional plays on the passions,—*Romero*, a tragedy; *The Alienated Manor*, a comedy; and *Henriquez*, a tragedy,—with jealousy and remorse for their themes. She had intended that what were new of these later plays should be first published after her death, and then offered for representation to the smaller theatres; but not auguring favourably of the prospects of the stage, she determined to publish these remaining plays, desiring to round off her original design at once. In her preface, she refers pathetically to the reduced ranks of the friends who were left to hail the last of the dramas, the first of which they had welcomed with so much sympathy. But if Death had robbed her of many friends, she had at least lived to disarm

one foe. In the *Edinburgh Review* for 1836, appeared a highly appreciative and laudatory article on the collected edition of the plays, with special reference to those which were new to the public. The writer still condemned the plan of the series, and reckoned several of the plays decidedly below the level of the others; but, contemplating Joanna Baillie's finished work as a whole, with respect to the success attained and the difficulties combated, he fairly and honourably admitted that he had altered his opinion. No longer comparing her to the dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but matching her with her contemporaries, he frankly owned her superiority to Byron and Scott as dramatists.

Then followed a generous and admiring analysis of Joanna Baillie's plays, with ample quotations from scenes and passages of singular power, tenderness, and grace.

After the article in the *Edinburgh Review* was written, but before it was published, a grand effort was made to establish Joanna's plays on the English stage. Two of them, *Henri-*

quez and *The Separation*, were brought out simultaneously at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. One of the Kembles survived to lend his aid to the part of Garcia, and Mr. Vandenhoff supported that of Henriquez; but the verdict of the mass of playgoers was unreversed. The reviewer could only add to his article a note to the effect—"Nothing has led us so completely to despair of the revival of true dramatic taste among us as the announcement we have just noticed in a newspaper, that *Henriquez*, when represented before a London audience, had been treated, like its predecessors, with comparative coldness; and that its announcement for repetition had been received with some tokens of disapprobation."

In a letter to Mary Berry, of May, 1836, Joanna mentions having been in town, where she dined out twice, and went to Drury Lane to see Mrs. Bartley in *Lady Macbeth*. She said these were great exertions for her, as they certainly were, even for a light and active old lady of seventy-five years. She adds, with a pardonable inclination to divide at

least the causes of failure, "I thought, while in town, I might have got some information that might have enabled me to answer your query—'What has become of *Henriquez*?' but I could learn nothing. I dare say there has been some quarrelling in the green-room about it, and that the actors have not liked their parts, though the piece was so favourably received by a very full house. However this may be, I don't expect it to be produced in Drury Lane again." Then she drops the subject, and proceeds to describe Lady Byron's school for boys of the common ranks at Ealing, a pioneer industrial school. Joanna admired the arrangement by which the boys were instructed in trades while they received ordinary education; and prophesied that the boys would be especially qualified for new settlers in the colonies; verifying the prediction by the statement that the carpenters and the gardeners of Acton and Ealing were "mighty glad to have the boys for apprentices."

The play of *Romero* met with considerable general criticism, on the ground that its ex-

pression of jealousy was inconsistent with the interest and the dignity of tragedy. Joanna had still sufficient spirit to defend her play from these strictures in *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1836.

If it could be any consolation to Joanna for this comparative failure as a dramatist, her fame was great in America. She (as well as her friend Lucy Aikin) was in frequent correspondence with Dr. Channing. Beyond the Atlantic, she had many other distinguished correspondents, who occasionally sent representatives to knock at her readily-opened door at Hampstead. She even received a diploma, constituting her a member of the Michigan Historical Society, and declared herself proud of the compliment.

In 1837, Joanna wrote to Mary Berry, who was only one year younger—"May God support both you and me, and give us comfort and consolation when it is most wanted. As for myself, I do not wish to be one year younger than I am, and have no desire, were it possible, to begin life again, even under the most honour-

able circumstances. I have great cause for humble thankfulness, and I am thankful."

In 1840, Lord Jeffrey, an ageing, failing man himself, was in England, and recorded of his ancient antagonist:—"I have been twice out to Hampstead and found Joanna Baillie as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse." In 1842 he again wrote of her—"She is marvellous in health and spirits; not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid." And this was when Joanna had reached that term of four-score which, when attained, is so often "but labour and sorrow."

It was about this time that Joanna published her last book. It was of a different order from the others, being a volume of "Fugitive Verses," republished from her early poems of nearly fifty years before, together with some songs published for the first time. These verses were for the most part simple lyrics on domestic anniversaries, and addressed to private friends. She stated in the preface that she had been induced to bring out this last volume, partly in consequence of discovering that some of her scattered pieces

had been extracted and preserved by judges whom she esteemed, and partly in consequence of the warmly-expressed opinion in favour of her early and neglected poems which had been given by her friend, Samuel Rogers. She commented on the period at which most of the verses were written. Miss Seward, Hayley, and Burns (who was hardly known in England) were then the poets spoken of in literary circles as affording models for poetic composition; and she bespoke the world's indulgence for her lyrics rather on the ground of their being a homely, refreshing variety than on any other. She explained, in order to avoid the imputation of forwardness or presumption, that the psalms marked "for the Kirk," were written at the request of an eminent member of the Scotch Church, at a time when a new collection of hymns was contemplated for the use of parochial congregations. She declared that it would have gratified her extremely to have been of the smallest service to the venerable Church of her native land, "which the conscientious zeal of the great majority of an intelligent and virtuous nation had founded;

which their unconquerable courage, endurance of persecution, and unwearied perseverance, had reared into a Church as effective for private virtue and ecclesiastical government as any Protestant establishment in Europe." She was proud to be so occupied; her heart and her duty went along with the occupation; but the General Assembly refused their sanction to the measure. The daughter of the former minister of Bothwell and Hamilton vindicated loyally the decision of the Assembly, which rendered useless what she and "far better poets" had written for the purpose. She urged it as a circumstance at which we ought not to be surprised, "that clergymen who had been accustomed from their youth to hear the noble Psalms of David sung by the mingled voices of a large congregation, swelling often to a sublime volume of sound, elevating the mind and quickening the feelings beyond all studied excitement of art, should regard any additions or changes as presumptuous."

In the lines addressed to her sister, Joanna gives a very graceful and tender picture of the two women in their peaceful home, occupied with the pursuits of their genial old age.

" Let what will engage
 Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds
 In garden-plot thou sow, or noxious weeds
 From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
 In chronicle or legend rare explore,
 Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
 Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
 To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
 On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor,
 Active and ardent to my fancy's eye,
 Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by
 Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
 Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
 To think what now thou art and long to me hast been

* * * *

And now, in later years, with better grace,
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood has made
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.
 With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
 Or gracious or untoward, have their way—
 Silent if dull—O precious privilege !
 I sit by thee ; or if, cull'd from the page
 Of some huge ponderous tome, which, but thyself,
 None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
 Thou read me curious passages, to speed
 The winter night, I take but little heed,
 And thankless say, 'I cannot listen now,'
 'Tis no offence ; albeit much do I owe
 To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
 Drawn from thy ready talent for selection ;
 For still it seemed in thee a natural gift,
 The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endear'd,
Things are of value now that once appear'd
Of no account, and without notice past,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast ;
To hear thy morning step the stairs descending,
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending ;
After each stated nightly absence met,
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream,
Which sends from saucer'd cup its fragrant steam ;
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
For garden work prepared ; in winter's gloom
From thy cold noonday walk to see thee come,
In furry garment lapp'd, with spatter'd feet,
And by the fire resume thy wonted seat ;
Ay, even o'er things like these sooth'd age has thrown
A sober charm they did not always own,
As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day
In magnitude and beauty, which bereaved
Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.
The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we side by side
Our earthly journey held ; and who can say
How near the end of our united way ?
By nature's course not distant : sad and reft
Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou be taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be ?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, and mourn as I shall mourn ?

And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother long and justly loved,
There is no living wight of woman born
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn "

But the young life of kindred descendants, with its gladsome stir, was not absent from the Baillies' house. Joanna's loving, overflowing lines "To an Infant," to "Sophia J. Baillie," to "Two Brothers," to "James B. Baillie," show how closely the thoughts of niece and grand-nephew were entwined round her heart. Of one of them she wrote :—

"Yea, Heaven perhaps thine aged aunt may spare
Some years in these thy childhood's beams to share :
Thy fair beginning may her ending cheer,
But aught beyond will not to her appear.
And when to man's estate thou dost attain
No trace of her will in thy mind remain.
Ay, so it needs must be, and be it so,
Though ne'er for thee will heart more warmly glow."

In 1844, Joanna, acknowledging Mary Berry's promised gift of a new and complete edition of all her *brochures*, reflected a little sadly, "If I were much given to envy, I should envy you for

two things : first, that a clever, knowing-in-the-trade bookseller calls for permission to reprint your works ; and, next, that you can still read with undivided attention, and take an interest in every subject before you. On what spot of the earth lives that bookseller who would now publish at his own risk any part of my works ? And what book could you give me to read of which I should have any distinct recollection three months hence ?”

With regard to the first question, Joanna lived to see another publication of her whole works in a collected form, made seven years afterwards, and only a few weeks before her death. Mary Berry answered the question more rapidly, in a frank and kind protest. “Why, what a goose you are!—(that ever I, M. B., should dare to call Joanna Baillie a goose). But don’t you see that ‘a clever, knowing-in-the-trade bookseller’ reprints trifles made for a drawing-room table and the talk of the day, and not works written for posterity, and to take their place in the small band of real poets who have adorned our country ? *There* you will flourish

ever green, and will rise in importance as you recede from the present generation; *there* Shakspeare will acknowledge that you dared walk on the same plank with him, without copying him, or falling from the height of which he had shown you the example; *there* Byron will own that your expression of passion in *Basyl* exceeds any of his, although calling to his aid sentiment and scenes drawn from that vicious circle to which you disdained having recurrence, and into whose precincts your muse never wandered."

These letters seem to have been the last which passed between the old friends. In the end of her letter Joanna's spirit brightens into something beyond resignation. After remarking that they two still looked forward to months and half-years, as they formerly did to longer periods, willing to remain as long as their Heavenly Father pleased they should, and no longer, she adds, "For me, the walking through our churchyard is no unpleasant thing; it cannot extinguish the lights beaming from the promised house in which are many mansions."

Mary Berry thus closes her share of the correspondence, "And now, my dear Joanna, God bless you! . . . Once more, God bless you!"

Joanna Baillie lived, as has been said, some years longer, leading always a more secluded and peaceful life. At last on Sunday, the 23rd of February, 1851, when she had entered her ninetieth year, not more than twenty-four hours from the time when she had expressed a strong desire to be released from life, she passed away "without suffering, in the full possession of her faculties, with sorrowing relations around her, in the act of devotion." Mary Russel Mitford mentions that in a letter from Joanna Baillie to a friend, written a very few days before her death, she expressed her satisfaction in having received the sacrament along with her sister on the previous Sunday. Mary and Agnes Berry died the following year. Lucy Aikin, Joanna's intimate friend for half a century, died three years after Joanna Baillie, and was buried in the grave next to her whom she had loved and honoured, in the old churchyard at Hampstead. There was space on the

other side for Agnes, the fond and faithful sister, who nearly attained the full round of a century.

Of Joanna Baillie's plays it is not necessary to say anything. The best judges have long ago dissected and analysed them, and agreed as to their amount of merit. If she was tempted to generalise, it was because of a breadth of mind which was very extraordinary in a woman. If the well-balanced character of that mind gave her a preference for well-balanced, somewhat monotonous characters, notwithstanding that her aim was a delineation of the passions, it saved her grasp of comprehension from ever becoming spasmodic. Her female characters and her softer scenes had no want of throbbing sensibility and gentle grace. The independence and touch of wrong-headedness which prevented her from being guided and influenced by more experienced, better informed people, were but the effects (unfortunate, if you will) of her native freshness and determination of mind; and possibly she paid a heavy price for them in the dragging construction, which, as a rule, shut out her plays from the stage.

Joanna Baillie's "Fugitive Verses" were, like her plays, unequal; but they vindicated her excellence in affectionate and playful composition. Her "Kitten," and "A Child to his Sick Grandfather," are very happy instances. Many of Joanna Baillie's songs are simply exquisite in their tripping measure, fine taste, concentrated feeling, and beautiful imagery. Her Scotch songs are much more than happy. They show, on a small scale, the mingled breadth and delicacy of handling seen in her plays. Every element of interest is treated as it deserves. Each is in due subordination, while the treatment is eloquent, racy, full of humour, and of kindly affection. So sunny are these songs, and at the same time so ripe in their colouring, that one ceases to wonder at her statement which at first provoked Sir Walter Scott's laughter, that she could not write her lyrics save on a warm day. One peculiarity remains about them. Although she made love the master-passion in Count Basil, and her severest critics did not accuse her of any incapacity to enter into the subtle re-

cesses and lay bare the wild vagaries of the passion, there is hardly what can be called a love-song among all she wrote. Not one answers to Susanna Blamire's "What ails this heart o' mine?" Perhaps the nearest to a love-song is "The Shepherd's Watch by the Trysting Bush," with its passion of longing; yet even that is slightly and tenderly, but very plainly, made fun of. Another peculiarity to be noticed is, that, while it is now generally granted that the weak point in Joanna Baillie's work was her comedies, indeed that she could not write a good comedy, still, sufficient for the production of very droll songs were "the placid cheerfulness and gay good sense," "the ease and purity of language," which Jeffrey in his first attack allowed that she possessed, but which he pronounced quite inadequate qualities for the demands of a comedy.

Among the entirely waggish songs, are "Tam o' the Lin," "Hooly and Fairly," new words to the "Weary Pund o' Tow," "The Merry Bachelor," "'Twas on a Morn when we were Thrang," and "Fy, let us a' to the Wedding"—

an admirable paraphrase of the clever but gross song of *Semple of Beltrees*.

Among those characterised by a modified waggery, and with a substratum of sentiment, are, "Poverty parts good Company," "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she," "The Lover's Watch," the first new set of "The Weary Pund o' Tow," "Wi' Lang-legged Tam the broose I tried," and "Woo'd and Married and a'."

"Oh! swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat," is the only one of Joanna Baillie's Scotch songs about which humour does not glint and play. This song is often confounded with Lady Nairne's version of "The Boatie Rows."

It is next to impossible to individualise excellencies where they are so abundant. The spirit and graphicness of the following verses speak for themselves:—

"Wi' lang-legg'd Tam the broose I tried,
 Though best o' foot, what wan he O?
 The first kiss o' the blowzy bride,
 But I the heart of Nanny O.

"I'm nearly wild, I'm nearly daft,
 Wad fain be douce, but canna O;
 There's ne'er a laird o' muir or craft,
 Sac blithe as I wi' Nanny O.

“ Her angry mither scaulds sae loud,
 And darkly glooms her granny O ;
 But think they he can e'er be cow'd
 Who loves and lives for Nanny O ?

“ The spae-wife on my loof that blink't
 Is but a leein' ran'y O ;
 For weel kens she my fate is link't
 In spite o' a' to Nanny O.”

The same glee and spirit are seen in “ The Merry Bachelor : ”—

“ The bride forgot her simple groom,
 And every lass her trysted jo ;
 Yet nae man's brow on Will could gloom,
 They liked his rousing blitheness so.

“ The carline left her housewife's wark,
 The bairnies shouted Willie's name,
 The colley too would fidge and bark,
 And wag his tail when Willie came ”

How subtly wise and tender are the remonstrances of the father and the mother in “ Woo'd and Married and a' ! ”

“ Her mither then hastily spak :
 ‘ The lassie is glaikit wi' pride ;
 In my pouch I had never a plack
 The day that I was a bride.

E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the sun;
 The gear that is gifted, it never
 Will last like the gear that is won
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Wi' havins and tocher sae sma' !
 I think ye are very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a' "

" 'Toot, toot !' quo' her grey-headed faither,
 ' She's less o' a bride than a bairn ;
 She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans,
 The chiel maun be patient and steady
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw !
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
 When I think o' her married at a'."

And what a picture of bashful, roguish love, that
 conquers mortified vanity, is in the conduct of
 the bride !

" She tun'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
 And she lookit sae bashfully down ;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown,
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippit her boddice sae blue,
 Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a mawkin she flew.

Woo'd and married and a' !
 Wi' Johnnie to roose her and a' !
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a' ”

A nice distinction, as well as “a full and particular account of the whole matter,” is contained in the repeated and emphatic statements of another song :—

“For a chap at the door in braid daylight
 Is no like a chap that is heard at e'en.”

“An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day
 Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en ”

The wife has reached the last extremity in
 “Hooly and Fairly” :—

“I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
 Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid ;
 The dominie stickit the psalm very nearly.
 O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
 O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly !

And so has the husband with his cry of despair—

“I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead ;

Or she in the mools to dement me nae mairly.
 What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly ?
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
 Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly ! ”

There is a sweet archness in number one of Joanna Baillie's "Weary Pund o' Tow," and it presents a succession of charming rural scenes. The fire of the lass imaged in number two reminds the reader of the "Miss Jack," who, to the admiration of the old Clydeside farmer, sat her pony as if she were a part of the beast.

The conceit, the imperturbability, the irony of "Tam o' the Lin" are inimitable.

In "Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?" quo' she," the spell woven round the speaker, and the double inducements which she offers, combine to give the song a quaint uniqueness :—

“ ‘ Saw ye Johnnie comin' ? ’ quo' she,
 ‘ Saw ye Johnnie comin' ?
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie runnin' ?
 Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,
 I chanced to see him comin',
 Whistling merrily the tune
 That I am a' day hummin', ’ quo' she,
 ‘ *I am a' day hummin'.* ’

" ' Fee him, faither, fee him,' quo' she ;
 ' Fee him, faither, fee him ;
A' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.
A' the wark about the house
 I gang sae lightly through it ;
And though ye pay some merks o' gear,
 Hoot ! ye winna rue it,' quo' she,
 ' *Na ! ye winna rue it.'*

* * * *

" ' Weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
 ' Weel do I lo'e him ;
 The brawest lads about the place
 Are a' but haverels to him.
 O fee him, faither ; laug, I trow,
 We've dull and dowie been ;
He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,
 ' *Crack wi' me at e'en' "*

The Scotch song which has least of Joanna's humour, and least nationality, has a melodiousness which harmonises with its subject, and which has insured it popularity.

" O swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
 Just paited from the shore,
 And to the fisher's chorus note
 Soft moves the dipping oar.

* * * *

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,
 Our nets are floating wide ;
 Our bonnie boat, with lurching sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide.

* * * *

“ The mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The witch may weave her charm,
 Nor water-sprite nor elritch thing
 The bonnie boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Through many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.”

WI' LANG-LEGG'D TAM.

Wi' lang-legg'd Tam the broose I tried,
 Though best o' foot, what wan he O ?
 The first kiss o' the blowzy bride,
 But I the heart of Nanny O.

Like swallow wheeling round her tower,
 Like rock-bird round her cranny O,
 Sinsyne I hover near her bower,
 And list and look for Nanny O.

I'm nearly wild, I'm nearly daft,
 Wad fain be douce, but canna O ;
 There's ne'er a laird o' muir or craft
 Sae blithe as I wi' Nanny O.

She's sweet, she's young, she's fair, she's good,
The brightest maid of many O.
Though a' the world our love withstood,
I'd woo and win my Nanny O.

Her angry mither scaulds sae loud,
And darkly glooms her granny O ;
But think they he can e'er be cow'd
Who loves and lives for Nanny O ?

The spae-wife on my loof that blink't
Is but a leein' ran'y O,
For weel kens she my fate is link't
In spite o' a' to Nanny O.

THE MERRY BACHELOR.

Willie was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw,
Of field and floor he was the brag,
And carried a' the gree awa'.

And wasna Willie stark and keen
When he gaed to the wappen-schaw ?
He won the prizes on the green,
And cheer'd the feasters in the ha'.

His head was wise, his heart was leal,
His truth was fair without a flaw,
And aye by every honest chiel
His word was holden as a law.

And wasna Willie still our pride,
When in his gallant gear arrayed,
He wan the broose and kissed the bride,
While pipes the wedding-welcome played ?

And aye he led the foremost dance
Wi' winsome maidens buskit braw,
And gave to each a merry glance,
That stole awhile her heart awa'.

The bride forgot her simple groom,
And every lass her trysted jo ;
Yet nae man's brow on Will could gloom,
They liked his rousing blitheness so.

Our good Mess John laughed wi' the lave ;
The dominie, for a' his lere,
Could scarcely like himself behave,
While a' was glee and revel there.

A joyous sight was Willie's face,
Baith far and near in ilka spot ;
In ha' received wi' kindly grace,
And welcomed to the lowly cot.

The carline left her housewife's wark,
 The bairnies shouted Willie's name ;
 The colley too would fidge and bark,
 And wag his tail when Willie came.

But Willie now has crossed the main,
 And he has been sae lang awa' !
 Oh ! would he were returned again,
 To drive the dowfness frae us a'.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride she is winsome and bonny,
 Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
 And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
 New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
 New pearlins and plenishing too ;
 The bride that has a' to borrow
 Has e'en right mickle ado.
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Isna she very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a' ?

Her mither then hastily spak :
 "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride ;
 In my pouch I had never a plack
 The day that I was a bride.

E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the sun ;
 The gear that is gifted, it never
 Will last like the gear that is won.
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Wi' havins and tocher sae sma' !
 I think ye are very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a' !”

“Toot ! toot !” quo' her grey-headed faither,
 “She's less o' a bride than a bairn ;
 She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans,
 The chiel maun be patient and steady
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw !
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet
 When I think o' her married at a' !”

Then out spak the wily bridegroom ;
 Weel waled were his wordies I ween :
 “I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue e'en.
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles and ribbons be few,

Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins enou'.
 Dear and dearest of ony !
 Ye're woo'd and buiket and a' !
 And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
 And grieve to be married at a' ?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
 And she lookit sae bashfully down ;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown,
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippit her boddice sae blue,
 Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a mawkin she flew.
 Woo'd and married and a' !
 Wi' Johnny to roose her and a' !
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff
 To be woo'd and married and a' !

IT FELL ON A MORN WHEN WE WERE
 THRANG.

It fell on a morn when we were thrang ;
 The kirk it crooned, the cheese was making,
 And bannocks on the gridle baking,
 When ane at the door chapt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae tight,
Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I ween,
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap that is heard at e'en.

But the clocksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and came crouselly ben.
His coat was new, and his o'erlay was white ;
His mittens and hose were cozie and bien ;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly he straitit,
And lookit about like a body half glaikit
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.
"Ah, laird !" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way ?
Fye, letna sic fancies bewilder you clean ;
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife ; "I trow
You'll no fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeich as a muirland filly ;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hemm'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his mouth,
And he squeezed the blue bonnet his twa hands
between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south
Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

“Black Madge is sae careful——” “What's that to me?”
“She's sober and eident, has sense in her noddle ;
She's douce and respeckit.” “I carena a bodle ;
Love winna be guided, and my fancy's free ”
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green ;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then awa' flung the laird, and loud muttered he :
“A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and
Tweed O !
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me !”
But the auld gudewife, and her Mays sae tight,
Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween ;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

FY, LET US A' TO THE WEDDING.

Fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be liting there ;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair

And there will be gibing and jeering,
And glancing of bonny dark e'en ;
Loud laughing and smooth-gabbit speering
O' questions baith pawky and keen.

And there will be Bessy the beauty,
Wha raises her cockup sae hie,
And giggles at preachings and duty ;
Gude grant that she gang not agee !

And there will be auld Geordie Tanner,
Wha coft a young wife wi' his gowd ;
She'll flaunt wi' a silk gown upon her,
But now he looks dowie and cow'd !

And brown Tibby Fowler, the heiress,
Will poke at the tap o' the ha',
Encircled wi' suitors, wha's care is
To catch up her gloves when they fa',

Repeat a' her jokes as they're cleckit,
And haver and glower in her face,

When tocherless Mays are negleckit—
A' crying, a scandalous case.

And Mysie, wha's clavering aunty
Wad match her wi' Laurie the Laird,
And learn the young fule to be vaunty,
But neither to spin nor to card.

And Andrew, wha's granny is yearning
To see him a clerical blade,
Was sent to the college for learning,
And came back a coof as he gaed.

And there will be auld Widow Martin,
That ca's hersel thritty and twa !
And thrawn-gabbit Madge, wha for certain
Has jilted Hal o' the Shaw.

And Elspy, the swoster sae genty,
A pattern of havins and sense,
Will straik on her mittens sae dainty,
And crack wi' Mass John in the spence.

And Angus, the seer o' ferlies,
That sits on the stane at his door,
And tells about bogles, and mair lees
Than tongue ever uttered before.

And there will be Bauldy the boaster,
Sae ready wi' hands and wi' tongue ;

Proud Paty and silly Sam Foster,
Wha quarrel wi' auld and wi' young.

And Hugh, the town-writer, I'm thinking,
That trades in his lawerly skill,
Will egg on the fighting and drinking,
To bring after-grist to his mill.

And Maggy—na, na, we'll be civil,
And let the wee bridie a-be ;
A vilipend tongue is the devil,
And ne'er was encouraged by me.

Then fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be liting there,
Frae mony a far-distant haudin',
The fun and the feasting to share.

For they will get sheep's-head and haggis,
And browst o' the barley-mow ;
E'en he that comes latest and lag is,
May feast upon dainties enow.

Veal florentins in the o'en bakin',
Weel plenished wi' raisins and fat ;
Beef, mutton, and chuckies all taken
Het reekin' frae spit and frae pat.

And glasses (I trow 'tis na' said ill),
To drink the young couple good luck,

Weel filled wi' a braw bucken ladle,
Frae punch-bowl as big as Dumbuck.

And then will come dancing and daffing,
And reeling and crossing o' han's,
Till even auld Lucky is laughing,
As back by the aumry she stan's.

Sic bobbing, and flinging, and whirling,
While fiddlers are making their din ;
And pipers are droning and skirling
As loud as the roar o' the lin.

Then fy, let us a' to the wedding,
For they will be lirting there ;
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

Oh, neighbours ! what had I ado for to marry ?
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, thrawn-gabbit cairly.
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,
Aye bowsing and smirking and wiping her mou',
While I sit aside and am helpit but sparely.
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly !

To fairs and to bridals, and preachings and a',
She gangs sae light-hearted and buskit sae braw,
In ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely !
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly !

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid !
The dominie stickit the psalm very nearly.
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly !

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en ;
And if ye gainsay her, her e'en glour sae keen ;
Then tongue, nieve, and cudgel she'll lay on ye sairly !
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly !

When tired wi' her cantrips she lies in her bed,
The wark a' negleckit, the chaumer unred,
While a' our gude neighbours are stirring sae early.

O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly !

Timely and fairly, timely and fairly ;

O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly !

A word o' gude counsel or grace she'll hear none,
She bardies the elders and mocks at Mess John,
While back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely.

O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly !

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;

O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly !

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,
Or she in the mools to dement me nae mairly !
What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly ?

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly ;

Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly !

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

A young gudewife is in my house,
And thrifty means to be ;
But aye she's runnin' to the town
Some ferlie there to see.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow,
I soothly think ere it be spun
I'll wear a lyart pow.

And when she sets her to the wheel,
To draw the threads wi' care,
In comes the chapman wi' his gear,
And she can spin nae mair.
The weary pund, &c.

And she, like mony merry May,
At fairs maun still be seen ;
At kirkyard preachings near the tent,
At dances on the green.
The weary pund, &c.

Her dainty ear a fiddle charms,
A bagpipe's her delight ;
But for the croonings o' her wheel
She disna care a mite.
The weary pund, &c.

You spak, my Kate, of snow-white webs,
Made o' your linkum-twine,
But ah ! I fear our bonny burn
Will ne'er lave web o' thine.
The weary pund, &c.

Nay, smile again, my winsome Kate !
Sic jibings mean nae ill ;
Should I gae sarkless to my grave,
I'll lo'e and bless thee still.
The weary pund, &c

TAM O' THE LIN.

Tam o' the Lin was fu' o' pride,
And his weapon he girt to his valorous side,
A scabbard o' leather wi' de'il-hair't within.
"Attack me wha daur !" quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he bought a mear ;
She cost him five shillings, she wasna dear.
Her back stuck up, and her sides fell in.
"A fiery yaud," quo' Tam o' the Lin

Tam o' the Lin he courted a May ;
She stared at him sourly, and said him nay ;
But he stroked down his jerkin and cocked up his chin.
"She aims at a laird, then," quo' Tam o' the Lin

Tam o' the Lin he gaed to the fair,
Yet he looked wi' disdain on the chapman's ware ;
Then chucked out a sixpence, the sixpence was tin
"There's coin for the fiddlers," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin wad show his lear,
And he scanned o'er the book wi' wise-like stare.
He muttered confusedly, but didna begin.
"This is Dominie's business," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin had a cow wi' ae horn,
That likit to feed on his neighbour's corn.
The stanes he threw at her fell short o' the skin ;
"She's a lucky auld reiver," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he married a wife,
And she was the torment, the plague o' his life ;
She lays sae about her, and maks sic a din,
"She frightens the baby," quo' Tam o' the Lin

Tam o' the Lin grew dowie and douce,
And he sat on a stane at the end o' his house.
"What ails, auld chield?" He looked haggard and thin.
"I'm no very cheery," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin lay down to die,
And his friends whispered softly and woefully—
"We'll buy you some masses to scour away sin."
"And drink at my lyke-wake," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

THE WEE PICKLE TOW

A lively young lass had a wee pickle tow,
And she thought to try the spinning o't ;
She sat by the fire, and the rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o't
Loud and shrill was the cry that she uttered, I ween :
The sudden mischanter brought tears to her e'en ;
Her face it was fair, but her temper was keen
O dule for the ill beginning o't !

She stamp'd on the floor, and her twa hands she wrung ;
Her bonny sweet mou' she crookit O !
And fell was the outbreak o' words frae her tongue,
Like ane sair demented she lookit O !
" Foul fa' the inventor o' rock and o' reel !
I hope, Gude forgie me, he's now wi' the deil ;
He brought us mair trouble than help wot I weel.
O dule for the ill beginning o't !

" And noo they are spinning and hemping awa',
They'll talk o' my rock and the burning o't ;
While Tibbie, and Mysie, and Maggie and a',
Into some silly joke will be turning it.
They'll say I was doited, they'll say I was fou ;
They'll say I was dowie and Robin untrue ;
They'll say in the fire some love pouter I threw,
And that made the ill beginning o't !

“ Oh, curst be the day, and unchancy the hour,
When I sat me a-down to the spinning o't !
Then some evil spirit or warlock had power,
And made sic an ill beginning o't.
May spunkie my feet to the boggie betray,
The lunzie folk steal my new kirtle away,
And Robin forsake me for douce Effie Gray,
The next time I try the spinning o't.”

THE LOVER'S WATCH.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The laverock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
While time is passing by.
Oh no ! sad and slow !
I hear nae welcome sound ;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears so slowly round !

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near ;
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack ! I canna hear.
Oh no ! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in

Oh no ! sad and slow !

These are nae sounds for me ;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearily !

I coft yestreen, frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue,
And promised, when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.

Oh no ! sad and slow !

The mark it winna pass ;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

O now I see her on the way ;
She's past the witches' knowe ;
She's climbing up the browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe !

Oh no ! 'tis not so !

'Tis glaumerie I have seen ;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill :

When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
 And find her on the hill
 Oh no ! sad and slow,
 The time will ne'er be gane ;
 The shadow of the trysting bush
 Is fixed like ony stane.

POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.

When my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the lin,
 And siller was chinkin' my pouches within,
 When my lambkins were bleatin' on meadow and brae,
 As I went to my love in new cleathing sae gay,
 Kind was she, and my friends were free,
 But poverty parts gude company

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight !
 The piper played cheerie, the crusie burn'd bright,
 And linked in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
 As she footed the floor in her holiday gear !
 Woe's me ! and can it then be
 That poverty parts sic company ?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk ;
 We met in the sunshine, we met in the mirk ;
 And the sound o' her voice and the blinks o' her e'en,
 The cheerin' and life of my bosom hae been.

Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride,
The broose I hae won and a kiss o' the bride ;
And loud was the laughter good fellows among,
As I uttered my banter or chorus'd my song
 Dowie to dree are jestin' and glee,
 When poverty spoils gude company.

Wherever I gaed, kindly lasses looked sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet ;
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board ;
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
 Sae let it be, for the worldly and slee
 Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope o' my love is a cure for its smart,
And the spae-wife has tauld me to keep up my heart ;
For wi' my last saxpence her loof I hae crost,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost,
 Tho' cruelly we may ilka day see
 How poverty parts dear company.

"SAW YE JOHNNY COMIN'?"

"Saw ye Johnny comin'?" quo' she.

"Saw ye Johnny comin'?"

Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,

And his doggie runnin'?

Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,

I chanced tō see him comin',

Whistling merrily the tune

That I am a' day hummin'," quo' she,

"I am a' day hummin'."

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she ;

"Fee him, faither, fee him ;

A' the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I see him.

A' the wark about the house

I gang sae lightly through it ;

And though ye pay some merks o' gear—

Hoot ! ye winna rue it," quo' she—

"Na, ye winna rue it."

"What wad I dae wi' him, Meggy?—

What wad I dae him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I hae nane to gie him."

“ I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o’ them I’ll gie him,
And for a merk o’ mair fee
O, dinna stand wi’ him,” quo’ she—
“ Dinna stand wi’ him.

“ Weel do I lo’e him,” quo’ she ;
“ Weel do I lo’e him.
The brawest lads about the place
Are a’ but haverels to him.
O fee him, faither ; lang, I trow,
We’ve dull and dowie been ;
He’ll haud the plough, thrash i’ the barn,
And crack wi’ me at e’en,” quo’ she—
“ Crack wi’ me at e’en.”

THE END.