

## NOTE.

My readers must not expect in the following pages a highly-wrought, spirit-stirring story, but a plain narrative of facts, in so far as these tend to develop the character introduced. Firmly believing that Nature is supreme, I shall endeavour at all times to avoid extravagance, satisfied that sketches faithfully given are better than exaggerated pictures, however highly finished. The practice of producing excitement by ransacking the records of crime is, I think, to be condemned ; and I am persuaded that it will further the cause we ought all to have in view, namely, the promotion of brotherly kindness, and the elevation of moral sentiment, to draw our illustrations of life from Character, not from Crime, and to exhibit the beauties of Virtue, rather than the deformities of Vice.

## CHAPTER I.

Bleak blaws the blast across the muir,  
 Fleet flees the whirling drift,  
 An' pelting hailstones, snell an' dour,  
 Dash frae the choakit lift :

Thick smoooring wreaths o' snaw are cast  
 Upon the stormy lea ;  
 The wanderer bends before the blast,  
 An' lays him down to dee :  
 God shield us a'.

*Old Ballad.*

CARNWATH MUIR, or the "Lang Whang," as that portion of it is called to which we have occasion more particularly to allude, is situated in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire ; and although our Scottish farmers, by dint of hard labour and persevering industry, have succeeded in driving cultivation to the very hill-tops in many parts of our naturally sterile country, and are daily making inroads in every direction on this ancient soil, and a few green crofts, with patches of corn, are to be seen rising here and there, still they form but a small proportion of this extensive morass, the greater part of which has lain undisturbed since the Flood, and, to the eye of a traveller, presents a very dreary and desolate appearance. Immense tracks of brown muirland stretch around you in every direction, adorned, it is true, with bright and beautiful heather, but affording scanty subsistence to the straggling sheep thinly scattered over its surface. Nothing in the shape of a human habitation is to be met with for miles, and with the exception of the hollow sound of the little rill, stealing along through the soft velvet course in the bosom of the black moss under which it is hurried, the solitary cry of a plover on the distant hills, or the husky whirr of a blackcock as he brushes past you on the wing, there is nothing living or moving with which you can claim acquaintance or feel sympathy. Nevertheless this district is not destitute of interest to an enthusiastic

Scotsman. There are here and there to be seen clumps of trees and ruined gables, favouring the idea that at one period some of our feudal families may here have had their abode; a supposition strengthened by the fact, that many of the small farm-houses lying amidst the brown muirs are dignified with high-sounding and characteristic Scotch names. As might be expected in such a secluded region, the people are primitive in their habits, and simple in their manners; the men are robust, bony, and muscular; the women blooming, tall, and graceful. The small farm system is here in full operation; the farmers and their servants, working and eating together, are upon the most familiar and intimate footing; and it is a very common occurrence for the herd to marry his employer's daughter. Whatever effects this free and friendly intercourse between the employer and employed might have in more artificial states of society, certain it is that, in this natural and unsophisticated mode of life, it is productive of the most beneficial results—labour is lightened by such cheering encouragement, and the servant is anxiously alive at all times to the interest of an employer who treats him as if he were his fellow, and whose family regard him as if he were one of themselves. This principle of mutual assistance being usually acted on, operates very beneficially among all the members of this widely-scattered community. They have little intercourse with the world, and shut up among themselves, they get through the most toilsome operations with comparative ease, assisting each other in ploughing, reaping, sowing, and draining, with the greatest readiness; and in the words of one of their own songs, exclaiming—

“What tho' we're few upon the muir,  
We lo'e each other mair;  
And to the weary wandering puir,  
We've comfort aye to spare.”

Novel as the character of the people and scenery may appear to the eye of a traveller, forming, as they both do, a striking contrast to the more refined circles of life, and the better cultivated portions of the country, still the muir is dreary, even in midsummer, and doubly so in the dead of winter, when snow and drift have completely covered the flat face of the country, and the hills lie like giants in their winding-sheets. At such a time did the Gaberlunzie and I once cross it, on our way to a farm-house

occupied by an old friend and acquaintance of my companion's. The air was raw and piercing, chilling everything that it touched in that high district. There had been a heavy fall of snow some days previously, and it lay deep, but crisp and hard, so that we had a comparatively firm footing. We had passed along for some miles without having seen either herd's cot or farmhouse, when we were somewhat alarmed to see the sky assume that gray marled colour, which, as the Gaberlunzie observed, "boded a fresh storm brewing in the lift." Much fatigued in attempting to keep up with his now accelerated pace, and eager to introduce some topic that might excite his attention, and cause him to slacken his speed, I opened a conversation respecting the comforts of our English neighbours, and contrasted their light and sunny clime with our own bleak and sterile country. With regard to the latter, I observed that it had often appeared strange to me how so much heart work had been carried on, and so many love songs sung in a climate fit to freeze the warmest blood that ever flowed in veins. I shall never forget the scornful scowl he gave me. "Gae wa," says he, "ye landlouper, and stay in the land ye lo'e best; the bonny braes o' Scotland, the gray skies, the brown muirs an' the heathery hills, for me—whaur the kindly heart an' the couthie hame gang thegither—whaur the door is ne'er steekit on poortith, nor the ear deaf to the calls of affliction—whaur mirth is lightsome an' glæe harmless—whaur the pure lowe o' luve and freendship blaze brightly thegither—whaur, like the bracing mountain breeze, feeling is ever fresh, and thought is ever new—whaur the burr-thistle that crowns the mountain's brow counts kin wi' the gowden gowans and silver bells that glisten among the bonny green sward o' the glens and dells—whaur the gray-haired rocks heave their heigh pows ower the merry-hearted waters that babble along, night and day, singing themsel's to sleep. What marvel is it that the peasantry of such a country, devout and full of heroism, should send forth from amongst them, at different periods, and under varied circumstances, a Wallace, a Burns, and a Knox. Surely the fountain o' sang can never rin dry here,—the web o' story can ne'er be worn oot,—and until trees winna grow, and water winna row, there shall be, as there has been, a braid and ample field for pictures and songs, wherever there are hearts and heads qualified to conceive or enjoy them; even here, in sic a day as this, I

could sing. Look there," said he, as we passed a rudely enclosed churchyard, which was all covered up and levelled with snow, the few upright head-stones indicating by their curved outlines to his experienced eye their respective localities, "on such a day as this, forty years ago, I saw the following scene." And in a broad and deep-set tone of voice, which rang across the frozen muir with a powerful effect, he recited

## THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin blast  
That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it passed,  
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin drift  
That cam in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift ;  
And winter's wild war wearied baith heart and ee,  
As we warstled richt sair, ower the drear muirland lea,  
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,  
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

Oh ! a' thing seemed dead—even the skeleton trees  
Were shivering like death in the grasp of the breeze ;  
And the hills that in sunshine towered proudly on high,  
Seemed shrinking in fear frae the wrath-covered sky ;  
Nor birdie, nor beast, could the watery ee scan,  
A' were cowerin in corners, save grief-laden man ;  
Tho' the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared  
To make up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee muirland kirk, whaur the pure Word o' God  
Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road,  
Whaur alang the brown footpaths, when summer blooms green,  
The plaids, gowns, and bonnets like wild-flowers were seen ;  
The sly hillside yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,  
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yaulds,  
Kirk-bell and house rigin, the white drift has squared,  
But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

When the coffin is shut, tho' the mourner may moan,  
The dead winna keep, and we're calm when they're gone ;  
For the colourless cheek, and the lustreless eye,  
Are all fitting trophies of death's victory ;  
We shrink from the sound of the first dirling clod,  
We long till the grave's covered up wi' the sod ;  
But skulls grinning ghastly among the green sward,  
Grin ghastlier still in a Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae elder was known  
 That was likit by a' like my grandfather John ;  
 O drear was that day when we bore him awa,  
 Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his haffits o' snaw ;  
 And the strong and the feeble, the timid and brave,  
 Cam through the black storm to lay him in his grave ;  
     I was then a wee callant, rose cheek't and gowd-hair'd,  
     When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

O weel do I mind, though its lang, lang sinsyne,  
 And the world since has cooled this then warm heart o' mine ;  
 Yet whiles, when I think on these times lang gane by,  
 Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye,  
 I see the auld man, when he clapp'd my wee head,  
 While a sigh heaved his breast for my faither lang dead ;  
     He nursed me, he schooled me ; how can I regard  
     But wi' warm gushing heart tears a Snawy Kirkyard ?

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow  
 And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now ;  
 And tho' I can boast neither station nor power,  
 I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower ;  
 For my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,  
 To dry the moist tear drops frae sorrow's dull ee ;  
     And mony puir bodies my wallet hae shared,  
     'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirkyard.

In his breast there was love, in his soul there was grace,  
 That could aye in frail nature some sma' virtue trace ;  
 In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,  
 His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm on the earth ;  
 And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven  
 To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven ;  
     Oh ! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braid  
     That sprung frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard !



But now the storm which had lain hushed, as if listening to a chant so much akin with itself, burst forth in fearful fury. The snow, which had been gradually softening, now gathered itself into masses, and rushed across the muir with the stifling thickness of a simoom. The ocean of drift thus rapidly whirled around completely shut us up in darkness, and the only method of defence we could adopt was to wedge ourselves firmly together, draw our bonnets over our brows, wrap our plaids firmly around us, and stand stock-still. After having thus sustained many rough and furious shocks from the densely-charged blast, we at length got a partial glimpse of something like gray daylight, although, from the state of the air, it was evident that only a temporary calm could be expected. Keeping as near as we could to the high points which had been swept clean, although at times we were nearly buried to the necks in some of the snow-covered and white-faced hollows, we at last with much exertion reached the farm-house of Kelpie Cleugh, the residence of Thomas Braxholme, a muirland farmer, where we were welcomed with all the kindness for which that worthy was proverbial. The exterior of the house presented a mean appearance, compared with some of the modern edifices of our lowland farmers. The dwelling-house, out-houses, byre, stable, and dairy, were all on one line, and contained only a ground-floor. A huge peat-stack stood at the back, and a pig-sty at the end of the building. Two or three stunted trees, of ancient growth, rose on a circular knoll before the house, and there were the ruins of an old castle on the adjoining eminence, which, together with an old pigeon-house, a few stacks of corn, and a huge rick of meadow hay, completed the exterior picture, so far as it could be seen through the snow, already drifted up to the sills of the small boles dignified with the name of windows. The rustic bridge, too, which crossed the frozen burn, was battered breast deep, and completely bedded in snow. Altogether the scene was so forbidding, and the blast so cold and scowling, that when the hospitable door was opened, and we were welcomed into the snug and comfortable kitchen, it was as if we had escaped from death to life, while the feeling which pervaded the whole interior presented a delightful contrast to the dreary desolation without.

The farmer himself sat in an arm-chair, his limbs encased in strong gray rig-and-fur hoggors, his head covered with a Kil-

marnock cowl. The goodwife was watching the progress of a huge potful of potatoes, which hung suspended by the old-fashioned iron crook, from a beam that crossed the aperture, through which the clear smoke of the Carnwath Muir black peat rose heavily and slowly. One daughter was spinning at the old-fashioned Scotch wheel, and the other busy knitting, whilst the son was poring over a volume of Burns. The farmer, a "muirland man of uplands mak," rose on our entrance, and insisted on my companion taking his own chair.

The goodwife, with a pale silvery face, which must have been at one time singularly beautiful, and a manner which denoted a refined and superior mind, received us with marked kindness. The young farmer, a tall, manly, and powerfully built youth, closed his book, and welcomed his old friend with both mouth and eyes. The two fair-haired blue-eyed girls arose blushing, as if he knew all their thoughts, and evidently longing for a quiet banter with the "Queer Auld Man" who knew everything; even the colley, wagging his tail, and pushing his long nose forward, laid his head on the old man's knee, and sat down sagely and quietly gazing in his face, as if fully comprehending every change of expression.

The whole interior of the apartment was arranged with taste, The shelf-ful of pewter shone like silver; the brass-handled awmrie was polished like a mirror; the press-bed doors, stools, tables, and other furniture, although formed only of common fir, and ridged with marks of age, looked remarkably clean; while the white earthen floor, illumined by the cheerful light of the well heaped fire-place, shone bright and tidy; and altogether it was impossible to conceive a more cheerful ingle-side, or a more delightful circle. We had scarcely exchanged compliments, when another traveller entered, apparently more dead than alive, and bending beneath a large wooden box or pack; he also seemed a welcome guest, and, as usual on all such occasions in Scotland, was saluted by his full name.

"Come awa, Peter Pinglepenny," said the farmer, "come awa; but how hae ye managed to drag your sma' carcass, and that muckle box, through the snaw? 'Od man, your soul maun hae mair in't than your body, or ye ne'er could hae cruppen through the drift wi' sic a lift. You maun hae wormed your road through the snaw like a mole screwing a' the way."

"Indeed, gudeman," said the Gaberlunzie, "Peter has been



a screw a' his days, and he'll no rest till he has either screwed himself into a coffin, or some bit biggin o' his ain, whaur he will mak siller, live respected, and dee regretted. Come awa, ye hap o' my thum, ye walking post-bag, ye paidling newspaper, and tell us a' the outgauns, incomings, dounpoorins, and aff-coupins in the parish; what fairs, waddins, and trysts ye hae been at; what sights ye hae seen, what clashes ye hae heard, what bogles, witches, ghaists, and brownies ye hae banished, what kelpies ye hae drowned; out wi' your lang whud, dinna be feared for the auld Gaberlunzie." But Peter, who was evidently dexterous at warding off these side blows, and accustomed to this species of bantering, replied—

"Eh, man, I thought ye wad hae been the first to wish me joy on my escape frae that storm, in whilk mony weary wanderers will meet their death ere mornin. I hae nae experienced onything like it since that nicht in my laddie days when I lost my pack in this same muir, and after wanderin about a' day and nicht in this snawy solitude, I crap doun this very lum, whaur I was treated as if I had been your ain son restored to you. I never can nor will forget that, nor how the Gaberlunzie, sitting in the same chair there, wi' his sparklin ee, and his jinglin wallet, was the first to help me to get a new pack. Since then I hae aye gane on my way rejoicin, ne'er looking ower my shouter, and I would hae likit ill to hae left my bit box, the bairn o' your ain fondling, lying in the snaw; this was what nerved me to warstle wi' the foul-brewed storm, and to bring safe wi' me here for my dawties, the bonny young lassies, Nanny and Mary, the bravest, the newest, and the cheapest ribbons in the kingdom."

"Come noo, Peter, nane o' your whilywhaaing nonsense e'enow," said the goodman; "nae sooner hae ye gotten yersel' planted lownly by the ingle-cheek nor ye begin to pawn yere trash on the bits o' glaikit lassies, wha will tug at my pouch-strings, and wheedle me till they get me to wair on them a' the bits o' jawbees I have left ower after paying our Martinmas rent. Ye hae little need to do onything o' the kind; this winter has set in on us early and snelly, and I'll hae aneugh ado to warstle through, without throwing awa siller on your nick-nack thin feckless happins."

"Hoot, noo," said Peter, "gudeman, ye were ance young yersel', an' likit braws as weel's your neighbours. Mony a day

hae ye gane to Dunsyre Kirk in the deed o' winter, decked out in your yellow waistcoat and your wabs o' ruffles, when ye wantit to catch the ee o' your ain bonny lassie ; an' aiblins had ye no done that, for a' your good looks and your manly mak, ye couldna hae carried hame the sweetest an' the bonniest bride in a' the parish. I'm sure, gudewife, ye winna be against me showing the lassies my transparent gauze napkins, that are baith light an' warm ; they've been smuggled ower frae France. I gat them a dead bargain, an' ye shall hae them at what they cost me."

So saying, he was about to open up his stock for exhibition, but was stopped by a peculiar look from the Gaberlunzie, who commenced chanting—



### PATIE THE PACKMAN.

TUNE—"Ower the water to Charlie."

O' a' the slee bodies that ever I saw,  
 The sleeist was Patie the Packman ;  
 I'll lay ye my lugs, ere he let ye awa,  
 Ye'll hae cause to mind Patie the Packman ;  
 He's a' outs an' ins, he's a' heads an' thraws,  
 He's a sharp-pointed humph on his back man ;  
 While a brass-banded box filled wi' uncas an' braws,  
 Smooths the hummie o' Patie the Packman.

He trots oot an' in, he rins here and there,  
He's been at the moon, an's come back, man ;  
At bridal, at kirkin, at market, or fair,  
Ye'll never miss Patie the Packman.  
He's a' gate, kens a' thing, sae dinna ye think  
Ye'll ever get out o' his track, man ;  
Gin e'er your beglommered wi' love or wi' drink,  
Ye'll be nailed by slee Patie the Packman.

In the bony grey gloamin, adown the green lane,  
Gin ye tak yere ain lassie to walk, man,  
When ye fain wad sit down on the auld mossy stane,  
There sits little Patie the Packman.  
Or gin the moonlight wiles ye out 'mang the braird,  
Or sets ye ayont the haystack, man,  
What's sure to come hoastin across the barnyard,  
But "How are ye?" frae Patie the Packman.

Or whan the auld wives idly girn out their lives,  
An' their noddles are a' on the rack, man,  
Gin ony has seen Jockie crackin wi' Jean,  
They are seen by slee Patie the Packman.  
He is sleek in the tongue, he is gleg in the een,  
He is aye in the way for a crack, man ;  
An' there's never a knot o' true gossipers seen,  
But there chatters Patie the Packman.

Be't braws for the body, or food for the mind,  
Be't gown, ribbon, ballant, or tract, man,  
Ye're sure to get a' ye are wantin to find,  
In the stowed box o' Patie the Packman.  
The lasses gaun glaikit for men or for dress,  
The bairnies a' skirlin for "black man ;"  
E'en wee buffy Jock, an' his daft titty Bess,  
A' yaummer for Patie the Packman.

And he stots aye about, wi' his tongue and his pack,  
Ye ne'er catch him wairin a plack, man,  
Till a braw merchant's shop opens up in a crack,  
And there stands slee Patie the Packman.

Its gude to be pawkie, its brow to be odd,  
 I'll no say slee Patie's a quack, man ;  
 But mony wha fain wad tak up a' the road,  
 Maun mak room for slee Patie the Packman.

The farmer applauded this song with all his might, chuckling and rubbing his hard horny hands together with great glee, and exclaiming, "'Od man, ye hae hit aff Peter till a shavin ; that's nearly as gude as your sang about me, made some score years since. Ah ! I was a wild stark wight then, but gudewife," said he, chucking her under the chin, "ye hae made a douce man and a staid faither o' the wild roving hellicat 'Braxy Tam.' Mony a time do I thank Heaven for the gift, altho' whaur you and your gray-haired faither cam frae is mair than I ever could yet find oot ; ye were ne'er like ony here aboots, for there aye was a something aboot ye that charmed a'budy, and aften it lookit strange that the same year ye cam to the muir, Gaberlunzie cam too, and a thocht has often struck me ye kened something anent her, ye auld pauky loon, although, God help me ! it maun just hae been a dream o' my daft pow, but we'll aiblins ken about it a' by and by ; and to keep us in mind o' auld langsyne, ye'll maybe gie us 'Braxy Tam.'" Whereupon the wandering minstrel, exchanging glances with the goodwife, and nothing loath to escape from the interrogations of the worthy farmer, set off with

#### BAULD BRAXY TAM.

O BAULD Braxy Tam, he lives far in the west,  
 Whaur the dreary Lang Whang heaves its brown heather crest ;  
 He's bauld as a lion, though calm as a lamb—  
 I rede ye nae rouse him, our bauld Braxy Tam.  
 The strang stalwart loon wons upon the hill-tap,  
 In a peat-biggitt shieling wi' thin theekit hap—  
 Yet he ne'er wants a braxy, nor gude reestit ham,  
 And snell is the stamack o' bauld Braxy Tam.

See how his straught form, 'midst the storm-flicker'd lift,  
 Stalks athwart the bleak muir, thro' the dark wreaths o' drift ;  
 While the wowff o' the colley or bleat o' the ram,  
 Are beacons o' light to guide bauld Braxy Tam.

When April comes in aye sae sleety and chill,  
And mony young lammie lies dead on the hill,  
Though missed by its owner, and left by its dam,  
It's gude gusty gear to ould bauld Braxy Tam.

Tho' some o' us think he gets mair than enugh,  
That he finds them himsel' whilk he cast in the heugh ;  
The bauldest amang us maun keep our sough calm  
He's a lang luggit deevil, our bauld Braxy Tam.  
He ne'er parts wi' master, nor master wi' him,  
When the headsman looks sulky, the herdsman looks grim ;  
Syne they souther a' up wi' a flyte and a dram,  
For Tam's like the master, the master's like Tam.



Thro' a' our braid muirlands sae stunted and brown,  
There's nane fear'd nor lo'ed like the hellicat loon ;  
Our fair freckled maidens feel mony love dwaum,  
When milking the ewes o' our bauld Braxy Tam.

For the wild-roving rogue has the gled in his ee,  
 Twa three-neukit ee-brees aye louping wi' glee,  
 Wi' a black bushy beard, and a liquory gam,  
 O! wha wad be kittled by bauld Braxy Tam!

At the low'n ingle-cheek in the lang winter night,  
 Tam's welcomed wi' pleasure aye mingled wi' fright;  
 Queer sangs and ghaist stories a' thro' ither cram,  
 In the big roomy noddle o' bauld Braxy Tam.  
 Then the weans coor in neuks frae the fancy-raised ghaist,  
 And ilk lad faulds his arm round his ain lassie's waist;  
 The auld folks gaebed in an ill-natured sham,  
 But the young gape till midnight round bauld Braxy Tam.

They would fain hae him married his courage to cove,  
 For he's fickle's the clouds, though he's het as the lowe;  
 He courts a' the lasses without e'er a qualm,  
 Yet for nane by anither cares bauld Braxy Tam;  
 But a puir auld sheep-farmer cam here to the muir,  
 Wi' a daughter as fair as her faither is puir;  
 She's pure as the dewdrap, an' sweet as the balm,  
 And she's won the stout heart o' our bauld Braxy Tam.

During the singing of this song, "Braxy Tam" had evidently got mounted on his ancient hobby, and the scenes of his youthful years were all dancing in bright array before him. The dreary nights he had spent alone on the hillside, or on the desolate muir; the furious winter blasts he had braved, in guiding the poor sheep and cattle to some shelter from the storm; the merry meetings among the hills between the lads and lasses on sheep-shearing and ewe-milking occasions; together with the fireside circles he had enlivened, all arose as if by magic. Many faces long since faded away, even from the eye of memory, grew bright, and smiled fondly upon him in his waking dream, until he almost imagined that the buoyancy of youth had returned, and that he was as light-hearted and merry as ever. But boisterous mirth and rapturous joy fly away at the approach of age, and the glowing warmth of youthful affection becomes mellowed and softened by time into a less exciting, but perhaps more pleasing emotion. Yet the mind in this state will over and over again recur to those romantic days

which were the forerunners of a long series of happy years ; and under the influence of this feeling, at the termination of the song, the honest and warm-hearted farmer exclaimed,—

“Aye, ye auld saul, now when I think on’t, ye had a hand in makin my wife and me acquaint when she cam here awa ; and she has proved the best bargain I e’er fell in wi’. Heaven bless ye baith !”

“Weel, gudeman,” said the Gaberlunzie, “it’s a gude thing ye whiles gie me your benison, for ye’re as aften bannin as blessing, but them wha ken ye best think the tane’s as gude as the tither.”

“Deed,” said the Packman, “they wad be ungrateful wha mind muckle what the gudeman says when his birse is up. Like a’ honest-hearted folk, his noddle gets up like a tap o’ tow, but his bark’s waur than his bite ; and they wha get the bite should be blithe to tak the buffet alang wi’t.”

“Gae wa’, ye whuppersnapper,” said the farmer, “what for will ye be sticking your ellwand into my ribs, and oiling my lugs wi’ your slippery tongue at that rate? How come ye to place my honoured friend, the Gaberlunzie, on a level wi’ yoursel’ ; he’s neither a beggar o’ awmons, nor a vendor o’ sma’ wares like you? He comes blinkin ben wi’ his blithesome countenance, an’ the hale house is fou o’ light ; he gangs, and he leaves us a’ in darkness ; he reads us mony a lecture that’s no easily forgottin ; he sings us sangs that gaur a’ our bosoms quiver ; and he tells us stories ‘o’ the deeds o’ our forefathers, that gaur our hearts burn within us ; besides a’ this, I’m muckle mair indebted to him than e’er I can repay ; and—

“Hoot, man, Tam,” said the Gaberlunzie, “what need ye be blusterin and routin at that rate ; there’s nae use in a’ the warld kennin what’s between you an’ me ; ye were misca’ing Peter for his slippery mou e’enow, an’ ye’re just as ill yoursel’ ; it doesna become a farmer like you to lower yoursel’ to a pair Gaberlunzie. What would the warld think to see or hear o’t?”

“A fiddlestick for what the warld says or thinks ! wad ye sew up my tongue, like a needle in a pock, when it has sic an itch for waggin an’ canna lie still, mair especially when I see your auld honoured face, ’an think o’ bygone times, ca’d up e’enow by the sang ye sung ; besides, is there no a mystery hingin round ye and my bonny wee dame (for she’s as bonny in my een as ever)? Are ye no baith rowed up in mystery? Weel

do I mind that eerie time when her auld faither dee'd, an' ye took her and our first-born, then a wean, to Edinburgh, and keepit them awa frae me for a hale month. Od, I maistly tint my wits then, and my heart gat sae fou that it loupit and duntit till it burst forth in a sang, the hummin o' whilk eased my mind, and pleased her an' the weans mony a long day after that."

Here was an opportunity for Peter which he could not resist. He knew this was one of the points on which the farmer was most easily flattered. He had seen enough of human nature to know, that nothing will rouse a man's vanity so readily as dignifying him with the name of Poet. He knew well that this was the first and the last of our worthy host's efforts at song-making, and that it was prized all the more on that account. Accordingly he began with—"Ay, that's a sang that does honour to yoursel' an' your country. Rabbie Burns an' Jamie Hogg didna carry awa a' the poetry and sang on their shouthers; they left twa-three stray sprouts growing, and, among the lave, a sturdy burr-thistle in the middle o' Carnwath Muir. Indeed, gudeman, had ye continued as ye began, ye wad hae riven baith their raughens; and I trow I'm only askin what wud delight a' here, and this strange gentleman in particular, when I ask ye to sing that sweet wee sang to your ain tune."

This was a master-stroke of policy. The worthy farmer was over-reached here. No human being can withstand flattery when judiciously applied. The citadel was stormed, the fort taken. The Pedlar might now show his wares without interruption; well did he know this, and much did he profit by it. Our host's first and last song, dedicated to his dear wife, he never was weary of singing. All the house had heard it a hundred times, so had the Pedlar, so had the Gaberlunzie; but I had not, Jot had not, it had not been jotted down. Burns' couplet,

"A chield's amang ye takin notes,  
And faith he'll print it,"

occurred to the farmer's memory, and feeling, as every poet does, a wish to see himself in print, persuaded as he was of the genuine feeling which had welled through his own bosom, and convinced that many of the best country songs were lost for



want of transcribers, he chanted, in a very affectionate and effective manner, the following effusion, the notes and words of which are jotted down exactly as he sung them.



Wife come hame,  
My couthie wee dame ;  
O but ye're far awa,  
Wife come hame.

Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,  
Come wi' the low'n star o' love in thine ee,  
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',  
A' glist' wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.  
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringing thy hair,  
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,  
Come wi' thy wee step, and wife-like air,  
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me.

## THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.

Wifie come hame,  
 My couthie wee dame;  
 O my heart wearies sair,  
 Wifie come hame.

Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,  
 Claspin my neck round, an' clamberin my knee;  
 Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,  
 Gazin on ilka sweet feature o' thee.  
 O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,  
 Lanely and eerie's the life that I drée;  
 O come awa an' I'll dance round about ye,  
 Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

## WIFIE COME HAME.

Wif - ie come hame, my cou - thie wee dame, Oh but ye're far a - wa,

Wif - ie come hame. Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow;

Come wi' the low'n star o' love in thine e'e, Come wi' the red cher - ries

ripe on thy mou, A' glist' wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.

Come wi' the gowd tas - sels fring - ing thy hair; Come wi' thy rose cheeks a'

[dim - pled wi' glee; Come wi' thy wee step and wi f - ie - like air;

Oh quick - ly come, and shed bless - ings on me.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, NETHERBOW

*Put in the heart that winna mak a man;  
And be aw the sairy when thou art aw  
Atk! we'll soon no hae an Auld Town mark aw!*

“Thank ye, thank ye, Tam,” exclaimed the Gaberlunzie. “That sang to your ain kind wifie, made when she was in Edinburgh nursing her dear faither, brings afore me the dear auld city, which, alas, is sadly changed now. Langsyne the low-browed wynds were lined wi’ velvet and sedan chairs, and dignity didna disdain to step doun lang closes, an’ up langer stairs, to couthy and comfortable dwellings. Now, alas! the rage for levellin’ will soon no leave an auld house, a crookit by-lane, or a steep gait, to remind us o’ our auld associations. Time is also working sad havoc in the High Street, the brightest gem in the crown o’ Auld Reekie. Workmen are busy pu’in’ doun the biggins near the ancient dwellin’ o’ the glorious John Knox. Standing there lately, looking at the demolition of these ancient landmarks, and wishin’ mysel’ a stoop strong enough to uphaud them a’, I felt as if every pick struck against the auld wa’s was dug into my ain heart.” And here the old man’s eyes filled with tears, and he recited the following address to

### JOHN KNOX’S HOUSE, NETHERBOW.

All hail! thou ancient, tottering, bruckle biggin,  
 Thou mouldie mass o’ timmer, lime, and stane;  
 Thy in-kneed base, and bent three-neukit riggin,  
 A’ mouldering doun, can scantly stand alane;  
 Wi’ a’ thy time-worn hoary cronies gane,  
 And thou thysel’ just lootin to thy fa’,  
 Foul fa’ the heart that winna mak a mane,  
 And mourn thee sairly when thou art awa;  
 Alack! we’ll soon no hae an Auld Town mark ava.

And thou wert ance auld Scotia’s proudest boast,  
 His hame wha never feared the face o’ man,  
 In days when Freedom scorned to count her cost,  
 But boldly braved Oppression’s bigot ban;  
 What though her tide full-flooded roughly ran,  
 Sweeping o’er landmarks with its foaming crest;  
 Truth’s glories arched the heavens with golden span,  
 Waking to life Mind’s ocean-heaving breast,  
 While young Love’s balmy breath lulled all the storm to rest.

Ah ! wherefore should we scantily mete their praise,  
 Who nobly stemmed Corruption's swelling flood,  
 And tended Freedom in her infant days,  
 Nursing her with their heart's devoted blood ;  
 When Scotia's troubled voice was raised aloud,  
 And with her wailing woe the air was rent ;  
 While Nobles stood aloof, the common crowd,  
 Led by a Hero, with a brow God-brent,  
 To Freedom raised a shrine that clove the firmament.



And now, while feudal buildings moulder round,  
 The seats of mighty Nobles known no more,  
 The spot thou standest on is holy ground,  
 Embalmed for ever in our heart's deep core ;  
 And he who lit Truth's glorious lamp of yore,  
 Tho' humble was his guise and mean his hame,  
 Still stands a beacon on Time's stormy shore,  
 Lighting the world with an immortal flame,  
 Pure in his humble life, great in a deathless fame.

Yes, Knox ! thy name shall be thy country's boast,  
Amid her skies shalt thou with Wallace float ;  
He who maintained her rights, when all but lost,  
By Nobles basely sold, by Prince forgot,  
Even then the Hero made the name of Scot  
Throughout all time a watchword for the free ;  
Though poor his state, and sad his hap, God wot,  
His patriot blood watered the sacred Tree  
That clothes our mountain tops with boughs of Liberty.

Hail, Heavenly Tree ! that with thy flowery sweets  
Hath hallowed Scotia's bleak and sterile clime ;  
Whose beauties blossom where the tempest beats,  
Amid the golden broom and blushing thyme ;  
Even where our rocky mountains tower sublime,  
And native wild flowers kiss the sky-born air ;  
Steadfast throughout the changes of all Time,  
Unmoved by storms that swept Earth's bosom bare,  
The heaven-rapt throne of Freedom stands for ever there.

It was interesting to observe the effect of this recitation on the various members of the party assembled. The farmer, not over regular in his religious exercises, swore it was worth a hundred sermons and a thousand homilies. His gentle mate sat silent, her eyes turned up to Heaven, and her whole soul apparently wrapt in devotion. Their manly son had gradually assumed an upright position, with his right foot thrown forward, and his left planted firmly on the ground, as if anxious to emulate those heroic deeds which had kept alive patriotic feeling through so many ages. His sisters gazed on the minstrel with profound veneration, and a long deep-drawn sigh bursting spontaneously from their bosoms, seemed to indicate their regret that the whole world was not inspired with similar sentiments. Even the herd boy, and the little Benjamin of "Braxy's" old age, who had been dozing with their arms round each other's necks in the crib at the far corner of the fire-settle, awoke, and rubbing their eyes, came running forward to receive the old man's blessing, and to peep into his wallet for the pieces of gingerbread which, at this season of the year, he never failed to bring them. The Pedlar alone seemed unconcerned, save

about his own affairs, opening his pack, examining his goods, and now and then, as if by chance, allowing the showy corner of some bright-coloured piece of dress to escape from its confinement, evidently with a view to attract the attention of the gentle maidens.

But now the homely supper, which had been preparing, was set before us. Mashed potatoes and milk, together with oat-cake and rich sweet-milk cheese, for which Kelpie Cleugh was far famed, were heartily and plentifully distributed, and relished in a manner which none but those who have been similarly situated can properly appreciate. There was much merriment flashing around during supper; a running fire of small shot was kept up, with considerable effect, between the old folk, while the young became more familiar and talkative. The occasional howl of the out-door blast, partially heard in fitful gusts rattling against the gable, served but to heighten our cheerfulness, to make us appreciate more highly our comforts, and to unite us all more closely together. Thus seated round the hearth, each with his wooden bicker and "cutty" spoon, we did such deeds as would have astonished some of our delicate friends who cannot sleep after supping, and who therefore seldom sup at all. Let them try the "Lang Whang" in a snow storm, and if they be fortunate enough to get into Kelpie Cleugh after nightfall, they will be able both to share the farmer's good cheer, and ready to exclaim with Fergusson, in his glorious poem of the "Farmer's Ingle,"

"On siccan food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done;  
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed  
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun;  
 'Twas this that braced their gardies, stiff an' strang,  
 That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,  
 Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays:  
 For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise."

"These are capital potatoes o' yours, gudeman," said the Pedlar. "What wad 'the Brown Man o' the Muir' say if he saw the deep watery-bottomed moss, that cost him sae muckle feedin an' keepin up, changed by the pith o' your arm into a

soil dry enough to grow potatoes like these? he wadna believe his ain een, I trow.\*

"Dinna ye be crawling ower crouse about the Brown Man o' the Muir, Patie," said Braxy, "he's maybe no sae far awa as ye imagine; it taks a lang spoon to sup wi' the deil, and a laigh tongue to speak ill o' him, sae ye had better keep a calm sough. Gif the Brown Man was shootin his lang arm in through that bole at your back—ay, ye needna start—I'm o' opinion ye wad gie a' the hair o' your head to get quit o' him."

"Hoot, man," said Peter, "I'm sae fu' o' your gude cheer e'enow, that I could warstle wi' the foul thief himsel' gif he daured to lay his black paws on me; an' as for the 'Brown Man,' he hasna been seen here awa for lang an' mony a year, unless by that puir witless creature, Feckless Phemie, wha says she helps him to water the roots o' the drained moss. It doesna look as he had muckle wit keeping company wi' a daft creature like her."

"Puir Phemie," said Braxy, "what's come ower her in this awfu' night, I wonder? I haena seen her for a week; she'll be awa amang some o' the roofless shielins on the hills; her life looks as gin it were witched, an' oh! her fate has been hard."

\* There was a tradition current some time since among the old country people anent this strange gentleman, which is illustrative of the inventive genius of the past age, the origin of the whole being easily traceable to the circumstance of a petrified body having been found buried in the moss some half century before. The story runs thus:—When the Romans invaded Britain, this part of the country was covered with a thick forest, to which the ancient Caledonians retreated, and from whence they sallied to revenge themselves on the spoilers of their country. The Roman general being enraged at this, caused the wood to be hewn down, and triumphantly swore he had undenned the wild beasts at last. In the midst of his bravado, the genius of the country appeared, and told him, that die when he might, he would not rest in his grave until he saw the descendants of that very people, whose extinction he had attempted, raising rich crops and tall trees on that same spot, and living under a more civilized government than Rome could ever boast. The sturdy old Roman, determined not to be browbeaten, still proceeded in his work of devastation, and having hewed down a tree with his own hands, was killed by its fall. Accordingly, although he had lain here for two thousand years, until he was found as above, it was asserted that he had wandered about at night feeding the moss with water, but that the extensive draining which had been introduced had proved completely successful in beating him off, and he had not been seen nor heard of since. The general belief was, that rather than see the prediction of Caledonia fulfilled, his ghost had fairly fled the country.



I mind weel when she was the brawest and the proudest lass that gaed to kirk or market, and had mony a lover, gude men and true, that would hae dee'd for her; but a fause-hearted loun reaved her o' her wits, and met the fate he weel merited.

“She grew puir, and he grew cauld,  
She was driven frae house an' hauld;  
He grew rich, when she grew puir,  
And scowled the maiden frae his door.

“Phemie comes, and Phemie goes,  
Scaithless 'mid each storm that blows;  
Midnight whispers, ‘Where is he?’  
Creaking swings the gallows tree.

“Mary, let's hear the ballant that Phemie sings. God help us, I wish we had the puir thing snug within doors. She ne'er troubles ye wi' hersel' or her wants, but looks in your face till the tear gathers in your ee, syne shakes her head, gies a moan, and sighs.”

#### FECKLESS PHEMIE.

Feckless Phemie, sae witless an' puir,  
Gangs scaithless at night through the lang dark muir;  
She owns nae wyle, and she spreads nae lure,  
But she wends alane wi' “the Man o' the Muir.”

She rises up when the stars lie down,  
When heaven's hung in black for the dead auld moon;  
And she lights up a lowe for the hameless puir,  
That cheers the cauld heart o' “the Man o' the Muir.”

She ance was the pride o' the lordly ha',  
Had father, an' brothers, an' lovers, an' a';  
But poortith cam in, an' luve flew to the door,  
An' now she's nae friend but “the Man o' the Muir.”

Then, O gie the wanderer a hame for the day,  
When the e'enin gloams she'll be aff an' away;  
An' some snell mornin, when nature is dour,  
She'll be found lying dead wi' “the Man o' the Muir.”

While the hard fate of Phemie interested us all, more particularly after the feeling manner in which the song was sung by Mary, the Pedlar, who had kept nibbling away long after all the others were finished, and who seemed to have been trained in a similar school with the immortal Dugald Dalgetty, showing, like that worthy, a capability of eating quicker and longer than common, broke in, by way of excuse, with, "That's a bit grand kebbock o' yours, gudewife. Folks aften ferlie how your cheese is aye sae rich; and Haurbraux, your next-door neighbour, whase cattle feed in the same meadow, maks naething but dry fuzionless trash, as tough's the woodie, an' as lean's a deal board."

"Mair butter, mair butter still, Peter," whispered the Gaberlunzie.

"What!" said Braxy, highly pleased with the compliment. "Peter, does a bodie like you, that kens a' thing, no ken that our gudewife *sells nae butter?* and, as the Gaberlunzie remarked ae night at Haurbraux, when they gae him butter to fatten their lean cheese, 'Foul fa' them wha sindered ye,' said he 'they hae little heart wad cast dryness between sic twin brethren, an' rob the tane to mak up the tither.' Tam! tak Jock wi' ye there, and look after the suppering o' the kye; we maunna forget the bread winners; it's ower stormy for the lasses venturing out ower the door; just waughle your way to the byre the best way ye can, and gie the poor brutes something to keep them nibblin till mornin'."

"Ah!" said Peter, "that accounts for your kye being a' gude milkers.

"Hawkie mumps, an' Hawkie gies  
Milk an' butter, whey, and cheese;  
But gin ye fill nae Hawkie's mou,  
Wha can blame the milkless cow?"

"Mair butter still, Peter; mair butter still," whispered the Gaberlunzie.

While this conversation was being carried on between the farmer and pedlar, the young folks had gathered round the Gaberlunzie, who seemed to be a sort of mentor to them, handing them each some new book from his wallet, which they instantly began to peruse with avidity. The love of reading and thirst for knowledge are prevalent throughout all

Scotland, even among the inhabitants of her most secluded and thinly-peopled regions. The parochial system has done much to foster this laudable feeling; and nowhere are the effects of education more apparent, or its blessings more highly appreciated, than in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. Here, so anxious are parents to have their children educated, that they send them at a very early age many miles to school; and it is perhaps the most pleasing episode to be met with in the course of a summer day's ramble among these muirs, to come upon a party of fair-haired, chubby-cheeked, bright-eyed little creatures, with their small bundles of home-baked "bannocks" and milk, galloping over the lee like untamed colts, shaking the air with laughter, peal after peal echoing across the waste. In this way, and by the aid of excellent moral training at home, they receive, at a very early age, the vital principles of a useful and practical education, and acquire the healthy habit of thinking, as well as of working vigorously. The literature of the day is also, by the aid of recently-established village libraries, very generally distributed amongst them. Scott now divides the palm with Burns, and the chief scenes depicted in "Old Mortality" being in the neighbourhood, that novel is now an especial favourite, although some of the old folks shake their heads and affect to look grave at the sayings and doings of the worthy Mause Headrigg and Gabriel Kettle-drummle. The delicacy of Scott's feminine creations has also had a softening and genial effect on the female character; and nothing can be more delightful than to listen to a glowing encomium on the character of Jeanie Deans by one of her living prototypes, or to hear by the evening hearth the musical and native elocution of the maiden whom, at the early dawn of morn, you had met with her milk leggin on her head, loosely robed in a homely short gown and a pink "chraisy,"\* tripping lightly along, her snowy feet twinkling like sunbeams across the grass. With such a feeling of delight did we now listen to the following ballad, which, at the Gaberlunzie's request, the youngest of the sisters recited, imparting to it, by her modest bashfulness, and the doric simplicity with which even English

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\* Chraisy, a very pretty cap or bonnet, which covers the head and back part of the neck.

ballads are recited in this district, an interest which we are at a loss to account for, unless it be traced to

THE POWER OF



“ Since honour now may not be won,  
    ‘Mid battles’ purple tide,  
Where shall I send my only son,  
    Our House’s prop and pride?  
In peace or war his rising fame  
Must grace our high and noble name.”

“ Lo, send him to Edina’s halls,  
    The home of classic lore,  
Where the old city’s massy walls  
    Are built with deeds of yore ;  
And where ‘ the mountain and the flood ’  
Will fire his ancient Norman blood.”

Now gallant steeds, with spur and rein,  
    All snort the northern gale,  
And bear the youthful Harry Vane,  
    The heir of Normandale,  
At learning’s court to bow the knee,  
Ennobling proud nobility.

He sojourns with an ancient sage  
    Of European fame,  
No man of all that classic age  
    Could boast a brighter name ;  
And who so fit to raise a fane  
Of glory to young Harry Vane.

So Harry’s mother hoped and wish’d,  
    And Harry hoped so too ;  
No child was he that would have blush’d  
    At what he felt his due ;

*THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.*

With a head to think, and a heart to feel,  
He had nought to fear, and nought to conceal.

And away on learning's road he rush'd,  
With furious fearless speed ;  
His compeers shook their heads, all hush'd,  
And thought of Faust's " Black Steed,"  
For musty parchment, and mouldy tome,  
He knew as well as his own dear home.

In sooth he was a gallant youth,  
High-blooded, frank, and gay,  
His eye all light, his heart all truth,  
His soul as clear as day ;  
Genius sat throned upon his brow,  
He learn'd, and learners marvell'd how.

And matrimony spread her net,  
In that old gossiping town,  
And arch-eyed beauty's bow was set  
To bring the proud bird down ;  
And the love-shod shafts flew fleet as light,  
But reach'd him not in his strong wing'd flight.

For his heart had flown far, far away,  
From the routs and festivals,  
And the heaving breasts of the fair and gay  
Who graced the joyous halls ;  
All gave him up with a sigh and a moan,  
All vowing his heart was hard as stone.

And so it was to the spangled charms  
Of a ball or concert room ;  
But ah ! his spirit was all in arms,  
For a creature of dazzling bloom ;  
The sun, the sky, and the pure blue ether,  
Were in her brightness all mingled together.

Oh, she was all too perfect and fair  
To be sung in vulgar song ;  
Should I sing of her eyes, her cheeks, or her hair,  
Her lips would prate of the wrong ;  
Nature her utmost here had done,  
And centred all her charms in one.

Where was this radiant floweret hid,  
But where all beauty lies,  
Where the blushing blue-bell's twinkling lid  
Opes far from vulgar eyes ;  
While on its little velvet throne  
It courts the wanderer's gaze alone.

So she courted the gaze of her lover's eye,  
She basked in its blessed light ;  
Nor the stars that jewell'd the midnight sky  
To her seem'd half so bright ;  
And they wander'd late, and they wander'd soon,  
In the blush of the morn or the light of the moon.

And who is she that the proud youth's breast  
To holy love can win,  
But the serving-maid, all meanly drest,  
Of the poor Professor's kin ?  
The Priest the holy knot hath tied,  
Which death alone can e'er divide.

To wait the table the damsel came,  
As she was wont before,  
But Harry's proud heart burst all a-flame,  
For he loved her more and more ;  
And he said, as he set her by his side,  
This lady is my wedded bride.

The old Professor trembled through,  
Deep sorrow shook his frame,  
For the world, and the bridegroom's kin, he knew  
On him would cast the blame ;  
And the deed would bring down scorn and shame  
On his erewhile pure and spotless name.

And he hath written a letter wide,  
And sign'd it with his seal,  
And a nimble youth must post and ride,  
Nor spare nor whip nor steel,  
Till the haughty Lady of Normandale  
Hath learn'd the strange and humble tale.

*THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.*

The proud Dame towers erect and tall,  
 Her bosom in burning fire,  
 No one in all that princely hall  
 Dare strive to soothe her ire ;  
 But saddle and bridle, up and away,  
 We cross the mountains of Scotland to-day.

And Harry his mother had handed down,  
 But she sprung from her charger's back :  
 "Approach me not, thou craven loon,  
 To thy house a traitor black ;  
 But away and lean on thy beggar bride,  
 With her dower of poverty and pride."

His haughty soul was rising high,  
 Though he bowed to a parent's power ;  
 But he knew full well the victory  
 To be gained by his lowly flower ;  
 And he inly felt that he soon should see  
 Proud rank to beauty bend the knee.

The hoary Sage the Dame receives  
 At the threshold of his door,  
 And mutters low how much he grieves  
 That his dwelling is so poor ;  
 But still the fire flash'd from her eyes,  
 "Thy kin is poorer still," she cries.

A small door openeth in the north,  
 Of an old house dull as night,  
 And a lovely vision bursteth forth,  
 Like a rosebud seeking light ;  
 And lo ! in dazzled wonderment,  
 Each eye is lit, and each knee is bent.

And as each charm still deeper blush'd,  
 And her gold locks flew asunder,  
 The Noble Matron forward rush'd,  
 With a look of love and wonder ;  
 Then kissing her cheek 'mid a tearful shower,  
 Sigh'd, "This indeed is Beauty's Power."

It is edifying to observe the effect of his own productions on an author when they are recited by another; how sedulous he is that the points should be well given; how rapidly he detects a misnamed word; how admirably he plays the part of prompter. To see this in perfection, it is necessary that the author should be a song writer, listening to one of his favourite ditties chanted by a good singer. When the song is commenced the author appears dreadfully agitated, his colour is pale as death, a cold sweat breaks over him, his heart beats thick, his eyes are dead-set on the ground, while the muscles of his face contract and relax with great rapidity. Anon a change comes over his spirit; as the song advances his cheeks kindle into a flame; he darts one of his kindest looks at the singer; then, raising his eyes aloft, he fixes them on the ceiling, where, along with those of the melodious warbler, they remain spell-bound, his whole soul wrapt up in its greatness, and swelling in admiration of his own immortal emanation. The song is finished; a whisper goes round, that this delightful lyric is the newest piece of the most promising and rising lyrical poet of the age, Timothy Tinglelyre. From all quarters congratulations pour thick upon the minstrel, who receives the homage with much grace and apparent modesty; owns the soft impeachment; but declares, with a patronizing air, that, but for the musical skill, rich voice, and exquisite taste of his young friend, that very song which the company are pleased to talk of so highly, might have been lost to the world for ever. This modest acknowledgment serves two purposes; it gratifies the vanity of the singer, who thus spreads the poet's fame in every company where the great man is present; and it leads the listeners to believe, that the author has many in store of equal merit, could he only *sing them himself*. The compliment which the poor singer receives in this case, be it observed, is very equivocal; the general feeling being that song, singer, and music have been called into existence by the creative power of the great Timothy Tinglelyre. Living small poets have the advantage here over the illustrious dead: when the world listens to "Scots wha hae" by Braham, they talk of the singer, not of Burns.

The Gaberlunzie, with all his experience and cool-headed sagacity, was not altogether free from the vanity above alluded to, as almost inseparable from his class. During the recital of



the Power of Beauty, while his falcon eye glanced around to ascertain its effect on the listeners, he was ready to check, in a whisper, any little mistake on the part of the eloquent reader, taking care not to awaken a blush on her cheek until she had concluded her task. Then she shrunk away into a corner, her face brightening to crimson as the Gaberlunzie expressed his delight with the exquisite feeling she had imparted to the ballad, and remarked that she had so identified herself with the heroine, that she would ever remain associated in his mind with the rosebud of beauty, who still continued to shed the fresh fragrance of nature around her, and to grace the high circle to which the choice of her noble husband had called her.

"Aye, and a noble fellow he was," said Patie; "an' a proud triumph it was for him to see his simple Scottish lassie subdue his mother's pride wi' ae sweet look."

"Ay, Peter, sic triumphs are no for your kind o' folk; ye may weel look and admire, but ye canna enjoy. Ye are sæ greedy that ye wadna marry 'the bonniest lass in a' the warld, unless she had siller.' Though nae spaewife, I ken whaur you will light; it will just be on our auld friend

#### "LANGSIDE NANNY.

TUNE—"My mither's aye glourin' ower me."

"Auld Nanny o' Langside,  
Has a right side an' a wrang side;  
Wi' a smirk on her mou,  
An' a nick on her brow,  
A slee ane is Nanny o' Langside.

"She's a kind word an' a dort ane,  
She's a lang leg an' a short ane;  
She has massy silk braws,  
She has laces and gauze,  
An' a gowd-headed staff she can sport ane.

"Round her neck a gowd necklace is hingin';  
Round her waist keys o' siller are swingin';  
While her hands shine like light,  
Wi' gowd rings sparklin' bright,  
An' her pouches wi' guineas are ringin'.

“She gets aye the tither name-daughter,  
Ilka puir couple thinks they hae caught her;  
While baith far and near,  
For the auld bodie's gear,  
E'en gentles to parties hae sought her.

“But Nanny, sae frugal an' canny,  
Lang has pantit an' sighed for a manie;  
An' she'll gie her ringed han'  
To some pawky wee man,  
She was made for slee Pate Pinglepenny.”

“We'll surely get ribbons and gloves on that occasion, Peter,” said the girls. “Ye'll be a braw man then, when ye get baith a rich wife an' a fu' pack. What will be your livery?”

“Blue, my dawties,” answered Peter, “true blue never stains; an' a true ship ne'er hoists false colours.”

“Atweel, Peter,” said Braxy, “auld Nanny will need something showy to set her aff. Like a' the lave o' her kind, she'll try to look young, but a bonny happie-ti-kick ye'll mak o't atween ye. You an' her gaun to the kirk wad need to get some auld sodger to pit ye thro' your facings afore ye can form a line, or keep the step thegither.”

Peter was about to answer, but was stopped by a violent knocking at the door, and a loud cry for help and admission.