

THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT AND POETRY OF THE 1715.

King James the Seeventh alace! is dead,
And gone to good Saint Paul;
King James the Seeventh alace! is dead,
These thirty years I want my bread:
Lord, turn King Willie a—e o'er head
And send him to King Saul.

So sang Robert Calder, the reputed author of the “Scottish Presbyterian Eloquence”, after being removed from his meeting house at Aberdeen; and having attempted to establish himself at “Elgin of Murray”, was forbidden under penalty to “preach within twenty myles” of that place. The case of this “very hie cutt man”, as he is described in the contemporary records of the time, was not at all peculiar; for, though Jacobitism as a political creed had not yet assumed that hopeless appearance

which it latterly did, nor had fallen into the mellow sentimentality in which for generations it lived in the hearts of men, hundreds of curates over broad Scotland had to mourn their "want of bread" through the rabblings and ejections which followed the Revolution period.

O, I had a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good grey mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwallin'
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny black gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

Of all the movements which history bears record of having affected the destiny of Scotland, none can compare either in intensity or duration to that which, under the name of Jacobitism, stirred the population be-north the Forth to an activity and self-sacrifice truly marvellous. Whether the political creed of arbitrary and irresponsible government which the Stuarts always endeavoured to establish was worth this devotion, is of no moment in contemplating the movements which sought to re-establish them on the throne—as other considerations than those connected with civil rights swayed and moved the popular mind in their favour. One way or other, an air of sentimental romance has been woven round these struggles for "the auld Stuarts back again", which, in spite of political philosophy, keeps a green spot in the Scottish heart even to-day. All round the north-east of Scotland, particularly in the rural districts, from generation to generation, almost every fireside has recounted its traditional stories of the '15 and '45; and short work was made of the long hours of a "fore-night", when, round the blazing ingle, the youngsters grouped to hear how grandfather fared "when he gaed out wi' the laird for Charlie". In a countryside, where almost every family had one or more of its members involved in the cause,—where song and ballad, satire and pasquil, "a' for our rightfu' King", and against "the cuckold carlie", had their origin and their home,—there could not fail to spring up a spirit of romance which idealised a miserably prosaic chapter of our history. This, along with the clan spirit which lived with us for gene-

rations after it had been broken up elsewhere by trade and commerce, gave Jacobitism a grip of the northern heart altogether different from its contemporary and allied Tory movement in England.

In tracing the rise of these episodes, which, for a time at least, ended with the failure of Mar's rising in 1715, we would mainly endeavour to bring into prominence those incidents to which our local muse has strung its lyre, and through the medium of enduring verse has made memorable for ever one of the "struggles of barbarism with advancing civilisation". The policy which James pursued during his brief reign, though it suited and was exactly of a piece with the feudalism of clan life, was repudiated by the vast majority of his subjects, and was resisted by them so successfully that, with the landing of William of Orange, James made up his mind to quit—and quit he did. This was a signal to the Whig or Presbyterian party to repay the curates in their own coin, and, as we have said, a series of ejections—"rabblings" they were called—soon gave those functionaries cause to cry:—

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
De'il blind them wi' the stoure o't,
And write their names i' His black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.

William, however, though not yet acknowledged in Scotland, issued a proclamation desiring the people to let the curates remain until a Convention, then on the eve of being called, should settle all matters anent the kirk. This Convention met on the 14th March, 1689, and here Jacobitism may be said to have formed a cause and begun its struggle. Claverhouse, lately created Viscount Dundee, entered Edinburgh with a troop of dragoons in hopes of overawing the Convention; but the trusty Whigs from the west, with sword and pistol under their grey plaids, crowded into the city in great force, ready for any emergency that might turn up. After the Tories (as the Jacobites were then called) had attempted, and failed, to hold a counter Convention at Stirling, Dundee left Edinburgh with his dragoons for the north—to go, as he said, "wherever the spirit of Montrose should lead" him. Argyle, the leading Whig of his generation, had been restored to his honours and

estates, and with this, the disaffection of the clans broke out in earnest. Many of the chieftains, who had benefited by his attainder, feeling now that they would have to disgorge their booty, and in many cases pay up arrears in rent and tribute due to him as their superior, openly declared against him. Dundee progressed through the north, calling the clans to arms—his excursion to Deeside evoking much sympathy, and adding materially to his number of fighting men. After a deal of manœuvrings and marchings hither and thither by the royal troops under General Mackay, Dundee, moving southwards, made a rapid raid on Perth, and discomfited a body of the king's troops ere they were aware of his presence. The enthusiasm among the Jacobites was great when they learned, shortly after, that Mackay and his soldiers were passing through Killiecrankie, in hopes of occupying the fine vale that opens into Atholl. The Highlanders dipped their bonnets into the burn, and drank, many of them on their knees, "to King James VIII." In the brilliant victory which followed this unfortunate expedition—an expedition,

Where solemn League and Covenant
 Cam' whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills, then;
 In Willie's name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But her nain-sell wi' mony a knock
 Cried, "Furich, Whigs awa'," man—

the royal forces under Mackay were completely routed; but Dundee had fallen, and with him, for a time at least, the cause of Jacobitism fell also. A story is told by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of how, at the very hour when Dundee was breathing his last in the farm-house at Killiecrankie, his apparition appeared to the Earl of Balcarres, then a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. The spectre drew the curtains of the bed, looked earnestly at Balcarres, moved off towards the fireplace, where he leaned on the mantelpiece for a time, and then, though the Earl called repeatedly on him to stop, walked out of the room. This battle of Killiecrankie has been the subject of many a song, and one, "Prælium Gilliecrankium", a curious dog-latin rhyme, in which most of the men of note who

were in the battle are mentioned with some eulogium, was said by Hogg ("Jacobite Relics") to have been written by a Professor Kennedy of Aberdeen. This, however, is a mistake: the author, Herbert Kennedy, was a professor in Edinburgh University, and a descendant of the Kennedys of Haleaths, in Annandale. The flush of success brought to the "good old cause" by the victory at Killiecrankie was of short duration. Mackay, gathering his forces together, passed to the north, where the Earl of Buchan, now in command of the rebel forces, was keeping the country astir; and at Cromdale, in Strathspey, obtained such a victory over them that the Highland army broke up, every one shifted for himself as best he could, and gradually settled down into the comparative peacefulness of clan life. The affray at Cromdale has been duly chronicled in the following ballad, long a great favourite in the north:—

THE HAUGHS OF CRUMDEL.

As I came in by Auchendoun,
 A little wee bit frae the toun,
 Unto the Highlands I was bound,
 To view the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, tairderadel, &c., &c.

I met a man in tartan trews,
 I spier'd at him what was the news?
 Says he, the Highland army rues
 That ere they came to Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Lord Livingston rode from Inverness
 Our Highland lads for to distress,
 An' has brought us a' into disgrace
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The English General he did say,
 We'll give the Highland lads fair play,
 We'll sound our trumpets and give huzza,
 An' waken them a' at Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

Says Livingston, I hold it best,
 To catch them lurking in their nest,
 The Highland lads we will distress
 And hough them down at Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

So, they were in bed, sir, ev'ry one,
 When the English army on them came,
 And a bloody battle soon began
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

The English horse they were so rude,
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
 Our noble clans most firmly stood
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

But our noble clans they could not stay,
 Out o'er the hills they ran away,
 And sore they do lament the day
 That e'er they came to Crumdel.
 Sing, &c.

This old ballad, copied from a rude chap book of the last century, has eleven verses added, in which the great Montrose with a gathering of the clans is made to fight a second battle against the English at Cromdale, with the result that

Out of twenty thousand Englishmen
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
 The rest of them they were all slain
 Upon the Haughs of Crumdel—

but it is pretty evident that two different events, separated by a long reach of time (Montrose having been executed in 1650), have got mixed up in the traditionary annals of Cromdale.

Some few of our Aberdeenshire gentlemen, adherents of King James, after the Cromdale rout, betook themselves to Fyvie Castle, determined to resist the royal troops while they could retain a stronghold. Being expelled from thence, they went to the house of Fedderat, caused the country people to store it well with provisions, and, as tradition has it, believing in the old legend that Fedderat House would not be taken till the wood of Fyvie came to the siege, they held the royal forces lying before it for four weeks ere they capitulated. As the story goes, the besiegers cut down Fyvie wood to assist them in their assault on Fedderat, and, of course, the old prediction was fully verified. We need scarcely point out to our readers the similarity of this story to that older one of Birnam and Dunsinane. This resistance at Fedderat was the last of the Jacobite struggle begun by Dundee.

With more or less unrest, the spirit of Jacobitism slumbered on till the death of Queen Anne, when it very soon became apparent that another effort was to be made on the Stuarts' behalf ere the crown should permanently pass into the Guelph family. For a long time after Cromdale, Jacobitism exhibited itself mostly in such drunken squabbles as now and then occurred in ale-houses, between lairds like Graham of Inchbrakie, who in his cups would insist on all and sundry drinking King James's health, damn all King William's men as "knaves and rascals," and finish up with a flourish of swords and snapping of pistols. But since the Union had taken place, malcontents, who cared nothing for James, began to hope that his son might bring about a restitution of Scottish nationality as it was before we became "the conquered province". The soreness between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, between Highland ideas and Lowland practices, all added their quota to the general dissatisfaction; and now that rumours were afloat of the Chevalier de St. George being on his way to claim the crown of his fathers, Jacobite hopes beat high once again. The Earl of Mar, a true type of the time-serving courtier, had been, early in Queen Anne's reign, an ardent Whig; when, in 1704, the Tories came into power, he turned Tory; but as the Whigs again came to the front before the Union, he once more turned Whig. Stung to the quick at the failure of all his schemes to obtain office under George I., he hastened to the Highlands, and ere long set the smouldering embers of rebellion once more ablaze. No one took up the cause with more keenness than the Marquis of Huntly, who readily promised to bring out all his father's vassals to the field. Believing that he would be supported by most of the clans, and assured of the strong popular feeling in his favour throughout all the north-eastern counties, Mar unfurled the standard of the Chevalier on the Braes o' Mar, 5th September, 1715. Troops joined him from all directions. The magistrates of Aberdeen, strongly Whiggish, took measures to ensure the safety of the town from probable attack by the insurgents. Nevertheless, on the 20th, the Earl Marischal, with a squadron of horse, and supported by many of the neighbouring lairds, entered the town, proclaimed the Pretender as James VIII. at the Market Cross, caused the

town to be illuminated and the bells rung, while the mob smashed the windows of the leading Hanoverians. During the same week the old magistracy was thrown out, and a Jacobite one put in its place—their chief end evidently being to vote supplies and entertain the bigger rebels as they passed through the town. Mar, with a large army, passed southwards to Perth. Here he remained for some time, but hearing that the royal troops under Argyle had crossed the Forth at Stirling, he marched south to meet them. Their meeting took place on the memorable field of Sheriffmuir, where, though the victory was claimed on both sides, the moral prestige, as well as the substantial advantages of victory, remained with the royal troops, and the cause of the Pretender, for a time, received its quietus.

This battle has afforded the champions of both sides an abundance of material for satirizing their opponents. Though the Highlanders spoke confidently of the “ells o’ breeks” their claymores would cut that day—most of them before night saw enough of the incapacity of Mar to make them cry Amen! to Gordon of Glenbucket, who exclaimed, “Oh! for an hour of Dundee”! The well-known ballad, extracts from which follow, gives a particular, and sometimes not very creditable, account of the conduct of leading men on both sides, and was written very shortly after the event, and while every incident was yet fresh in the public memory. Its author was the Rev. Murdoch M’Lenan, a native of Drummond in Ross-shire, who was educated at Marischal College, and who died in 1783, in the 82nd year of his age, after a long pastorate of 35 years as minister at Crathie.

There’s some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a’ man;
 But one thing I’m sure,
 That at Sheriffmuir,
 A battle there was, which I saw, man;
 An’ we ran, an’ they ran,
 An’ they ran, an’ we ran,
 An’ we ran, an’ they ran awa’, man.

* * * * *

Brave, generous Southesk,
 Tilebairn was brisk,

Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which served for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
 An' we ran, &c.

* * * * *
 Then Laurie, the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, and a', man;
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight
 To the right of the army awa', man.
 An' we ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man;
 'Stead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling Bridge and awa', man.
 An' we ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man;
 And there without strife
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man.
 An' we ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man,
 And then in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 And go off the stage with a pa', man.
 An' we ran, &c.

* * * * *

There are many interesting allusions throughout this ballad, not the least interesting of which gobbets the Marquis of Huntly for running away—an incident in that nobleman's career which has afforded his enemies the necessary "hair to mak' a tether". Perhaps he did "play the tinkler" at Sheriffmuir, but the man who brought two thousand adherents to Dunblane was certainly in earnest for the cause he had

espoused. Of course we have heard of the laughter and derision with which his two squadrons of cavalry, named "light horse," were received when they made their appearance among friends or foes. They were described as "stout, bulky Highlandmen, mounted on little horses, each with his petit blue bonnet on his head, a long rusty musket swung athwart his back, and not one possessed of boots or pistols; and who took two hours to dismount when they arrived at Dunblane"—certainly a very comical lot. But the Marquis's exploits on the field have been set forth at large in a very bitter, satirical ballad, a version of which was printed in "Hogg's Jacobite Relics" (vol. 2, song 4), 1821. It is a strong party ballad, evidently written "by some of the Grants or their adherents in obloquy of their more potent neighbours the Gordons". The Grants were Hanoverians; Brigadier Grant was Lord-Lieutenant of Banff, and Grant of Freuchie was the chief who took possession of Gordon Castle after the dispersion of the rebels in 1715. The air of the ballad is given as "The Lasses of Stewarton", or, "There's nae Luck about the Hoose". Maidment, in his "New Book of Old Ballads", 1844, prints a version of this song from the original broadside, supposed to be unique, which belonged to Mr. Haig, of the Advocates' Library. We give this version in preference to Hogg's, which bears marks of having been touched up for the occasion:—

FROM BOGIESIDE, OR THE MARQUIS' RAID.

From Bogie side to Bogie Gight,
 The Gordons all conveen'd, man,
 With all their might, to battle weight,
 Together closs they join'd, man,
 To set their king upon the throne,
 And to protect the church, man;
 But fy for shame! they soon ran hame,
 And left him in the lurch, man.
 Vow, as the Marquis ran,
 Coming from Dumblane, man;
 Strabogie did bes—t itself,
 And Enzie was not clean, man.

Their chieftain was a man of fame,
 And doughty deeds had wrought, man,
 Which future ages still shall name,
 And tell how well he fought, man.

But when the Battle did begin,
 Immediately his Grace, man,
 Put spurs to Florence,* and so ran
 By all, and won the race, man.
 Vow, &c.

The Marquis' horse was first sent forth,
 Glenbucket's foot to back them,
 To give a proof what they were worth,
 If rebels durst attack them.
 With loud huzzas to Huntly's praise,
 They near'd Dumfermling Green, man,
 But fifty horse, and de'il ane mair,
 Turn'd many a Highland clan, man.
 Vow, &c.

The second chieftain of that clan,
 For fear that he should die, man,
 To gain the honour of his name,
 Rais'd first the mutinie, man.
 And then he wrote unto his Grace,
 The great Duke of Argyle, man,
 And swore if he would grant him peace
 The Tories he'd beguile, man.
 Vow, &c.

The Master† with the bullie's face,
 And with the coward's heart, man,
 Who never fails, to his disgrace,
 To act a traitor's part, man.
 He join'd Drumboig, the greatest knave
 In all the Shire of Fife, man,
 He was the first the cause did leave,
 By council of his wife, man.
 Vow, &c.

A member of the tricking trade,
 An Ogilvie by name, man;
 Consulter of the Grumbling club,
 To his eternal shame, man.
 Who would have thought, when he came out,
 That ever he would fail, man;
 And like a fool, did eat the cow,
 And worried on the tail, man.
 Vow, &c.

* His horse, a present from the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

† Master of Sinclair.

Meffan Smith,* at Sheriff Muir,
 Gart folk believe he fought, man;
 But well it's known that all he did
 That day it serv'd for nocht, man.
 For towards night, when Mar march'd off,
 Smith was put in the rere, man;
 He curs'd, he swore, he bauld out,
 He would not stay for fear, man.
 Vow, &c.

But at the first he seemed to be
 A man of good renown, man;
 But when the Grumbling work began,
 He prov'd an arrant lown, man.
 Against Mar, and a royal war,
 A letter he did forge, man;
 Against his Prince, he wrote nonsense,
 And swore by Royal† George, man.
 Vow, &c.

At Poineth boat, Mr. Francis Stewart,‡
 A valiant hero stood, man;
 In acting of a royal part,
 Cause of the royal blood, man.
 But when at Sheriff Moor he found
 That bolting would not do it,
 He, brother like, did quit his ground,
 And ne'er came back unto it.
 Vow, &c.

Brunstane said it was not fear
 That made him stay behind, man;
 But that he had resolv'd that day
 To sleep in a whole skin, man.
 The gout, he said, it made him take,
 When battle first began, man;
 But when he heard the Marquis fled,
 He took his heels and ran, man.
 Vow, &c.

Sir James of Park, he left his horse
 In the middle of a wall, man;
 And durst not stay to take him out,
 For fear a knight should fall, man;

* David Smith of Methven died 1735.

† In the broadside, "Royal" is altered to "German".

‡ Brother to Charles, 5th Earl of Moray, afterwards 6th Earl, died 1739, aged 66.

And Maïen he let such a crack,
 And shewed a pantick fear, man;
 And Craigieheads swore he was shot,
 And curs'd the chance of wear, man.
 Vow, &c.

When they march'd on the Sheriff Moor,
 With courage stout and keen, man;
 Who would have thought the Gordons gay,
 That day should quit the green, man?
 Auchleacher and Auchanachie,
 And all the Gordon tribe, man;
 Like their great Marquis, they could not
 The smell of powder bide, man.
 Vow, &c.

Glenbucket cryed, plague on you all,
 For Gordons do no good, man;
 For all that fled this day, it is
 Them of the Seaton blood, man.
 Clashtirim said it was not so,
 And that he'd make appear, man;
 For he a Seaton stood that day,
 When Gordons ran for fear, man.
 Vow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
 They'll fight with heart and hand, man;
 When they met in Strathbogie raws,
 On Thursday afternoon, man;
 But when the Grants came down the brae,
 Their Enzie shook for fear, man;
 And all the lairds rode up themselves,
 With horse and riding gear, man.
 Vow, &c.

Cluny* plays his game of chess,
 As sure as any thing, man;
 And, like the royal Gordon's race,
 Gave check unto the King, man.
 Without a Queen, it's clearly seen,
 This game cannot recover;
 I'd do my best, then in great haste,
 Play up the rook, Hanover.
 Vow, &c.

* Gordon of Cluny, not Cluny Macpherson.

After Sheriffmuir, Jacobite prospects began to look gloomy. These, however, were brightened a little by the landing of the Chevalier at Peterhead on the 22nd of December. After a brief reception by some of his leading adherents, who turned out the town's pieces of ordnance on Tolbooth Green as a requisite move for defence, he passed south through Aberdeen to the Earl Marischal's at Fetteresso. The news of his arrival spread like wildfire, and all the bigger Tories hastened to greet him. Peter Buchan has preserved among his "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads" a curious local "strowd", entitled "My Mantle", in which his landing is alluded to.

* * * * *

King James is land't at Peterhead,
My mantle, my mantle,
An honour great to us indeed,
My mantle on the green hay.

The night was wet and let the tide,
My mantle, my mantle,
He couldna into Ugie ride,
My mantle on the green hay.

He slept a' night in our good town,
My mantle, my mantle,
Upon a guid saft bed o' down,
My mantle on the green hay.

In the morning when he raise,
My mantle, my mantle,
The Marischal's bailie brush'd his claiiths,
My mantle on the green hay.

He sought neither horse nor steed,
My mantle, my mantle,
But the auld mare carried John Reid,
My mantle on the green hay.

He's come to set auld Scotland free,
My mantle, my mantle,
From Curs'd Hanover tyrannie,
My mantle on the green hay.

* * * * *

From Fetteresso the Chevalier passed south by Glamis and Dundee and got the length of Auchterarder; but it was pretty

evident that the cause was a failing one, principally through the inactivity of its leaders. The officers were apparently tired of the whole concern, and the men were eager to fight, but had none to lead them on. Open insubordination from this cause became rife; an Aberdeenshire laird remarking that the clans should first rescue the person of their monarch from his evil councillors, and then, if he was willing to lead them on and die like a prince, there were ten thousand gentlemen in Scotland ready to die along with him. But no—the Chevalier was not made of such metal. Gradually the cause dwindled; and it was even said afterwards by that same Sinclair, who “turned tinkler” at Sheriffmuir, that Huntly and Seaforth were so eager to come to terms with the Government that they had resolved to surrender the person of the Chevalier into Argyle’s hands. Step by step the rebels retreated northward, and with what has all the appearance of a cowardly trick James got the army to march on to Aberdeen to meet some of his “troops and ammunition” from France, while he, with Mar, slipped away from Montrose in a boat to a French vessel lying out at sea. They escaped to France, leaving their friends at home to shift as best they might. So ended “Mar’s rising” of 1715.

In spite of all the Marquis of Huntly’s backslidings, his capitulation and so forth, he remained on the whole as staunch a supporter of the Stuart cause as any in the north. The Chevalier’s birthday was never forgotten at Auchindown while he was lord of it; and many a day the “fertile Fiddich side” has echoed the revelry of the 10th of June, while song and sentiment stirred anew the old feeling against

the drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi’ heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o’ clishmaclaver!

In the two songs which follow, distinct reference is made to these birthday festivities at the Marquis’s seat. Both belong to the north, the latter one being verses selected by Hogg from two copies, one of which was sent to him by a friend at Peterhead.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

Of all the days that’s in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,

When our white roses all appear,
 For sake of Jamie the Rover.
 In tartans braw our lads are drest,
 With roses glancing on the breast;
 For amang them a' we love him best,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I cam' in by Auchendown,
 The drums did beat and trumpets soun',
 And aye the burden o' the tune,
 Was "Up wi' Jamie the Rover!"
 There's some wha say he's no the thing,
 An' some wha say he's no our king;
 But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
 "Success to Jamie the Rover!"

In London there's a huge black bull,
 That would devour us at his will;
 We'll twist his horns out o' his skull,
 And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
 And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,
 And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore;
 But we'll repay our auld black score
 When we get Jamie the Rover.

O waes my heart for Nature's change,
 And ane abroad that's forced to range;
 God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
 And send him safely over!
 It's J. and S., I must confess,
 Stands for his name that I lo'e best;
 O may he soon his own possess,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

AT AUCHINDOWN.

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

At Auchindown, the tenth of June,
 Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir.
 Each lad and lass did fill a glass
 And drank a health that day, sir.
 We drank a health, and nae by stealth,
 'Mang kimmers bright and lordly;
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight
 And down wi' cuckold Geordie."

We took a spring and danced a fling,
 And wow but we were vogie!

We didna fear though we lay near
 The Campbells in Stra'bogie ;
 Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons
 At Fochabers a-raising ;
 If they durst come we'll pack them home
 And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
 No word was spoke of dangers ;
 We join'd the dance and kiss'd the lance,
 And swore us foes to strangers,
 To ilka name that dar'd disclaim
 Our Jamie and his Charlie ;
 " King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 And down the cuckold earlie !"

The above song bears evident marks of having long passed from mouth to mouth, receiving in its descent such changes and additions as puzzle one much in trying to fix a date to it. "The Campbells in Stra'bogie" would suggest the time when Argyle's troops were crushing out the last remnants of hostility subsequent to the '15 ; yet the mention of "Charlie" in the last verse throws one some thirty years onward ; while in some versions of the song a story is introduced about the Marquis's sister, Jean Gordon, who was married to the Earl of Perth before "Charlie" was born. These anachronisms, however, are no uncommon thing to find in the traditionary lore of a country, and we need not expect that the ballads and songs of Jacobitism will form an exception to other kinds of unwritten literature. We must, therefore, often be pleased with a proximate date ; hence, we have set this song to the period of the '15.

Some local songs of this period, "when the Jacobites lost power, and gained wit", though apparently dealing with subjects not necessarily associated with the rivalries of Whig and Tory, yet wasp-like, carry a good Jacobite sting in their tail.

MOSSIE AND HIS MARE.

Mossie was a cunning man,
 A little mare did buy,
 For winking, and for jinking,
 There were few could her come nigh.

She was as cunning as a fox,
 As crafty as a hare,
 And I will tell you by and bye
 How Mossie catch'd's Mare.

Mossie on a morning
 Ged out his mare to seek,
 And round about the frosty bank
 Upon his knees did creep;
 At length he found her in a ditch,
 And glad he got her there,
 So put the hilter o'er her neck,
 And Mossie catch'd's Mare.

Now a' ye young lasses
 When e'er you go a wooing,
 Ye may kiss and ye may clap,
 But beware of evil doing,
 For a dip into the honny mug,
 Will lead you in a snare,
 And the deil will get you by the back,
 As Mossie got his Mare.

And a' ye ale wives
 That use there false measure,
 By cheating and dissembling
 For to heap up your treasure.
 Cheating and dissembling
 Will lead you in a snare,
 And the deil will get you by the back,
 As Mossie got his Mare.

And a' ye lousy tailors
 That cabbage all the cloth,
 Ye take a quarter from the yard,
 I'm free to take my oath;
 But if ye dinna mend your ways
 He'll catch you in the snare,
 And the deil will take you by the back,
 As Mossie took his Mare,

And a' ye pettyfoggers
 Who plead your neighbours' cause,
 The poor ye often do oppress
 Against baith right and laws,

But when you least expect it,
 Hell sure will be your share,
 As the deil will get you by the back,
 As Mossie got his Mare.

Likewise ye whigs about the land,
 That deny your lawful king,
 May ye be grippet in the guts
 And hung upon a string.
 Lang be your corns, and short your power,
 And justice get her share,
 And the devil take ye by the back,
 As Mossie took his Mare.

Among the fugitive verses of this period, which, though indirectly linked with our subject, was long a great favourite with the people, the song "Nae Dominies for Me, Laddie" deserves a leading place. Maidment mentions a broadside and a manuscript copy of a song entitled "No Dominies for me, Lady", of date not later than 1700. The song, however, as given by him, has no resemblance to that given below. A dislocated and abridged version appeared in Johnson's "Musical Museum", said to be taken from Yair's "Charmer", Edin. 1751: it was also printed by Ritson. It has been attributed to the Rev. Nathaniel Mackie, minister of Cross-Michael, who died in 1781, aged 66; but, according to Peter Buchan, it was written in youth by, that afterwards firm Presbyterian, John Forbes, minister at Deer from 1717 to 1769. He was born at Pitnacalder, near Fraserburgh, in 1688, and was popularly known, through his long ministerial career, as "Pitney". He was the "sullen Whig minister", satirised by Skinner in his song "By the Side of a Country Kirk Wall"; and was also the author of a collection of spiritual songs, &c., published in 1757:—

NAE DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

As I went forth to take the air,
 Into an evening clear, laddie,
 I met a brisk young handsome spark,
 A new-made pulpiteer, laddie:
 An airy blade so brisk and bra,
 Mine eyes did never see, laddie;
 A long cravat at him did wag,
 His hose girt 'boon the knee, laddie.

By and out o'er this young man had
 A gallant douse black gown, laddie,
 With cock'd up hat and powder'd wig,
 Black coat, and muffs fu' clean, laddie.
 At length he did approach me nigh,
 And bowing down full low, laddie,
 He grasped me as I did pass by,
 And would not let me go, laddie.

Said I, pray, friend, what do you mean?
 Canst thou not let me be, laddie?

Says he, my heart, by Cupid's dart
 Is captive unto thee, lassie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death:
 So cease and let me be, laddie.

For what? said he. Good truth, said she,
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie ;
 When books and gowns are all cry'd down,
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie ;
 If I be spar'd, I'll be a laird,
 And thou be Madam call'd, lassie.

But what if ye should chance to die,
 Leave bairns ane or twa, laddie?
 Naething would be reserv'd for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.
 At this he angry was, I wat,
 He gloom'd and look'd fu' hie, laddie,
 When I perceived this, in haste
 I left my dominie, laddie.

Then I went hame to my step-dame,
 By this time it was late, laddie ;
 But she before had barr'd the door,
 I blush'd and look'd fu' blate, laddie.
 Thinks I, I must ly in the street,
 Is there no room for me, laddie ;
 And is there neither plaid nor sheet
 With my young dominie, laddie.

Then with a humble voice I cry'd,
 Pray open the door to me, laddie ;
 But he reply'd I'm gone to bed,
 So cease, and let me be, lassie.

The sooner that ye let me in,
 You'll be the more at ease, laddie;
 And on the morrow I'll be gone,
 Then marry whom ye please, laddie.

And what if I should chance to die,
 Leave lairns ane or twa, lassie,
 Naething would be reserv'd for them,
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, lassie.
 Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, lassie;
 When books and gowns are a' cry'd down,
 Nae dominies for me, lassie.

So fare you well, my charming maid,
 This lesson learn of me, lassie,
 At the next offer hold him fast,
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.
 Then did I curse my doleful fate,
 Gin this had been my lot, laddie,
 For to have match'd with such as you,
 A good-for-nothing sot, laddie.

Then I returned hame again,
 And coming down the town, laddie,
 By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie.
 And he took me by baith the hands,
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie,
 Fools on ceremonies stand,
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house
 Where we exchange'd a word, laddie;
 We had nae use for black-gowns there—
 We married o'er the sword, laddie.
 Martial drums is music fine
 Compared wi' tinkling bells, laddie:
 Gold, red, and blue, is more divine
 Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes crave the aid,
 Of the brave, stout dragoons, laddie;
 While dominies are much employ'd
 'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, laddie.
 Awa' then wi' these whining lowns,
 They look like let-me-be, laddie;
 I've mair delight in roaring guns—
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.