



W. Buchan

THE
PETERHEAD SMUGGLERS

OF THE
LAST CENTURY;

OR,

WILLIAM AND ANNIE.

AN

Original Melo-Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

ALSO,

POEMS AND SONGS,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,

BY PETER BUCHAN,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF
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PROMOTION OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE; AND
OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, &c.

Happy's the love that meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hapless lover.-- *Old Song.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- JOHN GORDON, *Owner of the Crooked Mary, Smuggler.*
WILLIAM GORDON, *(son to John) in love with Annie Forbes.*
WILL WATCH, *Captain of the Crooked Mary.*
TOM RATTLIN, *Mate of the Crooked Mary.*
SANDY SMITH, *Cabin boy of the Crooked Mary.*
ADAM DONALD, *(a wizard) Prophet of Bethelnie.*
SOLOMON ISAAC, *a Dutch Jew, passenger from Holland.*
DUNCAN AYRE, *Captain of the Tiger, Revenue Cutter.*
JACK TAB, *Boatswain of the Cutter.*
THOMAS ARBUTHNOT, *Bailie of Peterhead.*
ANDREW RITCHIE, *Clerk to Bailie Arbuthnot.*
Constables, Countrymen, Witnesses, &c.
ANNIE FORBES, *in love with William Gordon.*
EPPY DAVIDSON, *Landlady of Keith Inch Public House.*
JESSY, *Daughter to Eppy Davidson.*
PEGGY BAWN, *Servant to Bailie Arbuthnot.*

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INTRODUCTORY DEDICATION.

TO

KEITH FORBES, ESQ.

WRITER, PETERHEAD.

DEAR SIR,

To you, who were an eye-witness of the very favourable and flattering reception with which the following MELO-DRAMA was received, on its first appearance on the stage, by an audience capable of judging of its merits, I need say nothing: But, while fashion predominates, it must be complied with, and, I must say something, however trifling, by way of Introduction, as many go no farther. A book, now-a-days, without preface, or introduction, would be looked upon as quite anomalous in book-making—it being thought by some as necessary an appendage as a pioneer in the army, before a battle, when roads are to be levelled, and obstructions cleared away, so as to let the main body pass without trouble. I do not, however, mean to follow the too hackneyed custom of bringing to your recollection the heroic and warlike deeds of your brave ancestors; nor of summoning up from the shades of other years, mistaken notions of airy grandeur; nor of saying how superior you yourself are, to every other person of your acquaintance in intellectual accomplishments; No; for you have more good sense than not to know that such phraseology is often as much looked upon by some, to lampoon, as to panegyryze the patron, which I shall at present forbear. My object, in the meantime, being more to give you an account of the origin and history of the “*Peterhead Smugglers*,” than of yourself, or *forbears*. It was written at the earnest solicitation, and for the benefit of the manager of a decent and respectable company of comedians, at that time performing in Peterhead, and to serve a good

cause, that of relieving the distressed, and it had the desired effect, even beyond my most sanguine expectations, which was certainly very gratifying to me, as it should be to every lover of the human race, thus to see his *labours of love*, crowned with success, for it was written *gratuitously*, and in the short space of *four* days, without any assistance whatever. The man who can stand by callously, or unmoved, at the recital of another's woes, I do not envy. Not that I mean that every one should follow my example, or be actuated by the same spirit of philanthropy as I am, this would be carrying my own opinion too far; but I know I have more pleasure in this enthusiastic love of Christian charity, than many have in hugging their thousands ten, and pity in sincerity all others from my inmost soul. The delights of comforting the broken-hearted, are beyond comparison superior to any thing I ever experienced in this nether world, and sorry am I that so few know them. But, as this is not a place for sermonizing, nor of reading lectures of morality to you, I must to my *Dedication* again. Well, when I wrote the play, to which this is preliminary, I never meant it to appear in any other dress, shape, colour, or claes, than that in which it was first spun from the crude materials of a troubled brain, and embellished a few detached leaves of an old MS. book. It was my first attempt in that line; and, in all probability, it will be my last. Since the fifteenth day of June, in the year of grace, 1831, the day on which it was first made a public spectacle on the boards of a theatre, it has lain huggermugger quietly among other long-forgotten writings of a similar nature, and would have continued so, had it not been for the prying eye of a friendly critic, who dragged it from its araneous bed of dust, and secrecy, in which it had taken shelter in my sanctorum, and insisted on its seeing the light, as others had done before him; and, as I hadna' will to say him nay, for mair reasons than ane, I have complied with his request, but, "hope I don't intrude." If I have done wrong in gratifying the wish of a reverred friend, spare me hauf of the blame, and debit him with the other hauf. I usher it not into the world for lucre's sake, nor for

fame. Although a child of the brain, it is no fondling, and shall be satisfied if it pay the *printer* without the *piper*, and maintain, in an ordinarily degree, my reputation. I am well aware, with many, it will have its legions of faults; with others of a more liberal spirit, it will have few, and with some, none! for books, like faces, do not please every one, nor at all times alike,—“One man’s meat, being another man’s poison.” Some reading for amusement, others for instruction; one spreads a net to catch deformities, another to catch beauties; one loves to season his luxuries with acids, while another loves alkalies. It is, however, an author’s duty, like a skilful cook’s, to study to please the variegated tastes and palates of his customers and guests, although, I confess, it is often very difficult, and easier said than done. The reader’s disappointment in the contemplated pleasures of a new book, often arises more from his own stupidity, whim, and caprice, than any ignorance or defect of the author.

“ ’Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang’rous is th’ offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers ere in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.”

Nevertheless, the author, be he learned or unlearned, wise or foolish, whether he write satire or panegyric, unless his ideas chime with those of his readers, he is loaded with abuse, and must suffer the gibes and contemptuous sneers of those who are too puny and puerile for his serious notice. I know that in this, my *maiden essay*, in the Dramatic way, there is plenty of room for fault-finding customers. But, in the midst of my fears, I have one consolation when I think of Pope, and he was no vulgar boy, for he says,—

“ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.”

This is one proof how little perfection there is, even amongst the best of writers. You now see that I am somewhat at ease on this point, although perfectly conscious that WILLIAM and ANNIE, lovers as they are, have their *sailings*.

“ Love, the most gen’rous passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find :
 The safe director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secured by truth :
 This cordial drop heav’n in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down.”

Surely this will save the vainglorious a great deal of trouble in telling me, what I so well know already, aye, and knew long before themselves. How could I make them incomparable, when you know the limited sphere of society I have walked in of late; the galling chain of life I have dragged for many years, beneath the heat and burden of much turmoil and trouble; and the few opportunities I have had of witnessing what is called by dramatists, *Stage Effect*, when I tell you, and that truly, that during the whole period of my life, I never was present at the performance of *ten* plays. Nature alone, and not art, has been my instructoress, and I have done my best to follow, not her iniquitous, but virtuous injunctions; but with what success, I do not pretend to say, I leave that to the declaration of the candid and unprejudiced reader. A partial friend may say,—others of higher pretensions have their errors, and sins which easily beset them; but will this palliate my plea before the tribunal of a censorious public?—Certainly not! Even although my late worthy and much lamented friend, SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet, when speaking of his *Dramatic* pieces, admits that HE never wrote any thing fit for stage representation, all will not screen me from the lash of those who only fish for faults in troubled waters.

“ But seeing that I did herein proceed
 At his command whom I could not refuse,
 I humbly do beseech all those that read
 Or leisure have, this story to peruse;
 If any faults therein they find to be,
 Or error that committed is by me :
 That they will of their gentleness take pain,
 The rather to correct and mend the same,
 Than rashly to condemn it with disdain,
 For well I wot, it is not without blame;
 For Chaucer, that my master was, and knew
 What did belong to writing verse and prose,
 Ne’er stumbl’d at small faults, nor yet did view
 With scornful eye the works and books of those,

That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt,
At any man, to scare him, or to daunt."

Monk of Bury—1440.

To some beginners, the rod of correction is hurtful, to others necessary; but it must be applied, in all cases, by a skilful hand, or it loses the effect intended. It is not every one who assumes to himself the pre-eminent distinction of Dictator, or *Critic*, that can wield or wear this authority without pain to himself, or his less inspired dependants. For my own part, I do not covet the stripes of any man, although a little castigation now and then may be useful to many, I do not think it would be so to me; but, for improvement's sake, like a little child, as I am, in this species of composition, I willingly bow to the chastisement of those who have my weal at heart, as many have. As yet, I have been favourably dealt with by my superiors and compeers—my former productions having met with a most cordial reception from that class of the enlightened community whom I reverence, fear, and love, and are capable of appreciating the deserts of genius, and would be sorry, sorry indeed, if this little work were the means of my losing the confidence of those who have already, and so often honoured me with their good opinions and praise—love of praise being an infirmity to which the best of men are perhaps the most subject.

Some may say, and not without apparent reason, that the language, in most cases, is more adapted to a different class of beings than that of seafaring men, as their knowledge of Heathen Mythology cannot be such as to justify my introducing it here; but my learned friends, by your leave, you may be wrong, as my acquaintance with many an honest *Tar* has already convinced me. The play, as you know, is founded on a tradition of an historical nature, and partly remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants; and, although I have left you and your gude town, for a short season, my wish is still to contribute my mite to the amusement, and, if possible, the instruction of my native townsmen. I could not then, in justice to many, withhold it from them. To show my gratitude, also, for

the many favours I have received at your friendly hands *singly*, and to convince you thus publicly of my respect for you, I have subscribed to their request, and that of my prying friend, to whom I am under obligations of love. As I am not a bankrupt in world's gear, how should I be one in gratitude? Let me acknowledge the debts of love I owe my friends, and if I am not able to pay them all at once, they will at least have mercy till a more convenient season, and be satisfied with part.

For the gratification of those unconnected with, or unconcerned about, Peterhead, I have done myself the pleasure of adding a few Poetical pieces, written by men of well-known celebrity in their day and generation, and no less yet, with many who are fond of Scottish literature, viz:—The Rev. ALEXANDER GEDDES, L.L.D. translator of a new version of the Bible, and author of the beautiful Jacobite song of “Lewis Gordon.”—The Rev. MR. JOHN SKINNER, author of the “Ewie wi’ the Crooked Horn;”—the facetious Tailor to whom Burns addressed his “Trimming Letter;” and the last, though not least in poetical merit, FORBES STEVEN, author of “Johnny’s Grey Brecks,” and a version of “The carle he came o’er the craft,” &c. None of the Poems that are given, to my knowledge, ever before appeared in print, and I vouch for their authenticity, having copied them *verbatim* from the MSS. in the original hand-writings of their respective authors; so hope they will meet with that kind treatment and candid criticism their merits deserve. I could have added a few from my own feeble pen, but know these, by many, would be preferred, and very justly so—“Far fowls have fair feathers.” I have, therefore, restricted myself to *one* solitary song, exclusive of those connected with the Drama. It was written during a severe fit of bodily pain, and mental anguish, which, for these several months past, have, in no ordinary degree, hung heavily over me; for I have been the prey of, and persecuted to the death, by unprincipled *lawless* lawyers, of the lowest grade, a pest to the public, and a disgrace to the name and profession, who, by every

mean, low, and despicable stratagem that an ignoble soul, or the devil could devise, have, in conjunction with imposters and cheats, tried to rob and plunder me of all my sustenance and living. For out of the seven hundred pounds I have laid out in Aberdeen alone, to-day, I could not command half of it, every thing having been tied up by wretched and *unjust* inhibitions and unnecessary arrestments,—no less than fifty-one of the latter having been served on my tenants in the north, by my banker, all caused by the tyrannical and unjust proceedings of Aberdeen pettifoggers, who wanted to deprive me of my *all* by securing it for their own pockets, as a late decision in my favour can testify;—but more of this afterwards.* Such has been my lot, and all by ———. I came to Aberdeen for the education of my family, not as a permanent residenter, little dreaming that my path would be strewn with thorns, and my honey turned into wormwood and gall. I have been like a wrecked ship tossed on the stormy mountains of the ocean, whose inmates have been swept away, and buried in the great deep, subject to every wave of a devouring element; and plundered of rigging and cargo; but merciless as are the waves of a mighty tempest, hurling its refractory sons to desolation and death, they are more merciful by far than a low, shuffling, pettifogging lawyer.—The former is no more to be compared to the latter than is a *drop* of water to the deluge of Noah, which had for its object, the destruction of the whole human race, Noah and family only excepted.

How then could I sing when so sad, and writhing under such torture, but hang my harp on the willows of despair, and let it whistle in the breeze of unconsciousness, while I am a stranger in a strange land?

* When pain and pettifoggers license me to write, I am preparing for the press, the particulars of the nefarious conduct of those contemptible blood-suckers who were most active and instrumental in trying to hasten my ruin, by filling their own insatiable pockets, which they have never got accomplished. The work will be entitled,—“*A Two Years' Residence in Aberdeen, alias Purgatory.*” &c. &c. &c.

However, in the midst of my distresses, you will see I am not forgetful of those who deserve it; and have, for once, exchanged the masculine for the feminine gender, and, under the mask of a gentle shepherdess, chanted the pastoral ditty, to be found in page 68 of this book, out of respect to one of the best of men living,—one who has long held a place pre-eminant, and reigned triumphant in my heart's core; but I am sorry, truly sorry, that I am so far deficient of doing him that justice to which his well-merited worth and talents entitle him. O for the pen of an immortal Homer, or a Virgil, for a month, to immortalize his name, and to spread his fame to the uttermost corners of the earth, and the harp of old Orpheus, to sing his praise, for he well deserves all.—May heaven spare him an honour, with a long lease of a happy life, as he has already been a blessing to his *Native North!*

I now conclude my long, and, I presume you are thinking, wearisome epistle, by wishing you the joys of another year, a store of that health and peace of mind to which I have been long estranged, and an alien to happiness,—that happiness I once so fondly cherished in the hey-day of youth, health, and prosperity, when I was wont to go hand-in-hand with the *great* and the *good*.

“And yet my dear F——, there are those who can feel,
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd of steel.”

Hygeia, and the servants of Satan, have of late made a sad inroad in my constitution, and turned the channel of my pleasures into a fountain of bitterness; but I have not abandoned myself to despair, I still have hope that I will soon be beyond the reach of their malicious greed, as some *heaven-born* wight will set me free from the devouring fangs of these *hell-spanned* vampires.—Their master's power is limited; why not that of the servant's?

“Then blythely will I rant and sing,
While o'er the sweets I range,
I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
Shamfa' them that wad change.
A kiss of * * * * * and a smile,
Abeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.”

The very thought of an hereafter, has already begun to lessen the burden of my care :—Hope, what a jewel thou art, sweet nurse of future bliss ! That I shall once more enjoy the felicity of domestic quiet, free from the terrors of a *local hell*, kept by the Cerberus of ——— which have haunted me, I dream in waking visions of the day.

“ Vpright to live, I sett my mynd,
 I never loose quhair anes I link ;
 I ruise the foorde as I it fynd,
 I plainlie speik evin as I think.
 I searche noe syer beneath the yce,
 Nor courte wt thoise that mak it nyce.
 For earthlie chance, for joy or paine,
 I naither hoope, nor doe dispaire,
 In sicknesse, healthe, noe loise or gaine,
 My God I praise, and doe not caire,
 Ffor vealthe, for vant, for veill, for voe ;
 I force no frend, nor feare noe foe.
 I seek not quhair I com not spied,
 Att vill I valk, and frie of chaarge,
 No lyff I haite, no deathe I dried,
 I doe not laiike, nor hev to lairge.
 I caire noe speitche quhair I doe live,
 I tak noe vrang, nor naue I giue.
 Quhair I mislyke, I doe not kisse,
 I toyle not for no gried of gaine,
 I send not quhair I favour misse,
 I irke not quhair I doe remaine.
 My vord, my vreit, my hairt, my hande,
 Accordi alwayes in one to stande.
 No beawtie brawe, my mynd can vinne,
 I doe disdaine noe lousesome face ;
 I knooke not quhair I vinne not inne,
 I frendlie loue quhair I imbraice.
 I svey not for noe storme my blow,
 I mounte not hiegh, nor stoupe to low.
 Extraemes ar counted most unsure,
 The meanest mynd is best of all,
 The greatest carie, the greater caire,
 The hiegher vpe, the louer fall.
 Betuist theise two quho lives contente,
 Haith mor nor great king Crescus rente.
 Qlk great contentment I you viss,
 And all your sower translaite in sueit ;
 I would be glaid to heir of this,
 I longe, bot heir no hoope to meitte ;
 Zit frendis ar frendis, thought fortvne mooue,
 Noughte vill dissolue loyall looue !”

Therefore, under all my tribulations and trials, and they have not been few nor far between, I still remember gratefully how much I was, and am, and will have the pleasure to be,—My Dear Sir,

Your very Obliged—

PETER BUCHAN.

Helicon-hill-house, }
Aberdeen, Jan. 1834. }

POSTSCRIPT.

I FIND upon concluding my letter, long as it is, that I must add something still, as a *Tail-piece*; or, as you lawyers would have it,—a *Testing clause*, to say that, although I have spoken my mind pretty freely and honestly, regarding some of the fraternity to which your profession is annexed, I never meant you to suppose that, I had a bad opinion of the whole race—No: far be such a thought from me: for, in addition to your own friendly disposition, I have found even *here*, a few GOOD MEN AND TRUE, who despise the dirty tricks, and low intrigue of their despicable brethern. They have acted, in every instance, as far as I have been concerned, in the most upright manner, and as *gentlemen*—I wish I could say as much of the whole hundred and twenty. You have long known my disposition, *i. e.* to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to give unto every man his due: for I don't like those martyrs and miracles of long suffering patience, &c. which the world so hypocritically applaud.—No; it is all cant and humbug; for they will be avenged, if not openly, by stealth, as I have found by experience. Give me, then, the straight-forward road of honour to walk in, or let me die in the attempt; for I cannot think of sitting down tamely, and behold with impunity, and not retaliate, or avenge the wrongs of an injured name and reputation, or suffer to see with slovenly indifference, and saintly compliance, myself and family *plundered* to the destitution of even the common necessaries of life, by low, dirty pettifoggers. Although I am not, by any

means, naturally of an irritable temper, I have suffered more than enough, within these two years than would have driven a thousand men to desperation, death, and the devil; but I do not at present wish to enter upon these particulars,—they will form of themselves another, and an after concern. I cannot, however, forbear embracing the present opportunity of telling you, how that a few weeks ago, the son of a salmon fisher, who has been lately initiated into the order of the long robe, has begun his pettifogging career in — Street, and as a set off to his brilliant talents, and to ensure himself of *one dirty job* at least, where his learned abilities might appear to most advantage, and to cultivate his client's good opinion, (who, by the bye, is himself only a creature of yesterday's standing—a mere *echo* of insolence and insult—one of those low-bred jockies who wish to show off their consequence, by trampling on the fair fame of their superiors,) sent three — looking wretches, quite facsimilies of their master, the devil, the very scum of the earth, to plunder and spuilzie my house, and carry myself to prison.

“ A Prison! Heavens, I loath the hated name,
 Famine's metropolis, the sink of shame,
 A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
 Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb ;
 By every plague and every ill possess'd,
 Even Purgatory itself to thee's a jest ;
 Emblem of hell, nursery of vice,
 Thou crawling university of lice :
 Where wretches numberless to ease their pains,
 With smoke and ale delude their pensive chains.
 How shall I thee avoid ? or, with what spell
 Dissolve th' enchantment of thy magic cell ?
 Even *Fox* himself can't boast so many martyrs,
 As yearly fall within thy wretched quarters.
 Not scolding wife, nor inquisition's worse,
 Thou'rt every mischief cram'd into one curse.”

This was done at the instance of an old bankrupt, the son, the heir, and the brother of bankrupts, who had kept back from his lawful creditors, the balance of a trifling sum of a running account, payment of which had been repeatedly offered, but refused, for the purpose of being given to a favourite creditor on whom he depended for future favours, to the loss

and fraud of his other claimments ; and it is a fact no less strange than true, that nine-tenths of my trouble has been caused by bankrupts, and bankrupts' sons and accomplices ; but more of this anon. The action was raised when I was confined to a bed of languishing pain and sickness, where I had unhappily lain for the two months previous, and even *without the smallest notice* having been given me.

“ Yet think not that the wretch who finds the flaw,
To *baffle justice* and elude the law,
Unpunish'd lives ; he pays atonement due ;
Each hour his malefactions rise to view,
Vengeance, more fierce than engines, racks, and wheels,
Unseen, unheard, his mangled bosom feels.
What greater curse can earth or heaven devise,
Than his, who, self-condemn'd, in torture lies ?”

If such be the *law* of poor Scotland, of which I am doubtful ; although it appears to be that of Aberdeen ;* and if tolerated by our wise legislature, where is the wonted boast of the *liberty* of a British subject, as all are not *mace-proof*, although, fortunately I was at that time, but know not how long ?

“ Since subjects fellow subjects can destroy
And rob us of our boasted liberty,
Devour'd by want, only to gratify
Senseless revenge, and brutal cruelty.”

* * * * *

* Out of the many cases of Aberdeen law and justice which I have to record, to the honour of *the craft*, this is one, which I think near akin to *Jeddert Justice*, which is first to hang a man, then to try him : but of the goodly number of twenty and one hundred Aberdeen barristers, who practice at the bar of that court, there are only, *be it said* to their honour, FIVE or SIX, of whom I can recollect at present, but more may appear soon, exclusive of this paltry boy, that would have been guilty of such a mean and beggarly action. As these vultures are already well-known by their fruits, it will save me the pain of mentioning their names at the present, as this subject is not meant to pass away with the moment, like a morning cloud, but be marked by other times and places, when their generation, even to the third, shall be resuscitated to show of what stock and lineage they are sprung. — Prepare then your *Briefs*, O ye pettifoggers of low kin, and dirty actions, to-morrow will come, and with it all its dire attendants, — miseries of soul, restless and quacking consciences, with the terrors of hell and it wide open to receive you.

" Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
 But savage man alone does man betray :
 Press'd by necessity, they kill for food ;
 Man undoes man, to do himself no good.
 With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's allowance, to supply their want :
 But man with smiles, embraces, friendship, praise,
 Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays ;
 With voluntary pains works his distress,
 Not through necessity, but wantonness :
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 Till all for fear, to make himself secure ;
 Merely for safety, after fame we thirst ;
 For all men would be cowards if they durst.
 And honesty's against all common sense,
 Men must be knaves, 'tis in their own defence :
 Nor can weak truth your reputation save.
 The knaves will all conspire to call you knave ;
 Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest."

That excellent man, and public philanthropist, Mr.
 Wallace, M.P. for Greenock, has made this part of
 our laws his study for sometime past, and I hope from
 his superior talents, and praise-worthy exertions, that
 great good will be the issue, by securing to his fel-
 low man those blessings of liberty so often denied by
 the tyranny of the present existing laws, and the har-
 pies who put them in execution. Then shall the
 poor, as well as the rich, in the fullness of their hearts
 sing—

" O Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads the wanton train !
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light.
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
 Thee goddess, thee Britannia's pale adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought ;
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought."

* * * * *

" Why should dull law rule nature, who first made
 That law, by which herself is now betray'd ?
 Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble, who was born most free :
 Each of himself was lord, and unconfin'd
 Obey'd the dictates of his godlike mind.

Law was an innovation brought in since,
 When for-Is began to love obed ence,
 And all their slavery, safety, and defence.
 Why should it be a stain then on my blood ——— ?”

* * * * *

“ ’Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
 And we are weeds without it.”

Let me recount to you the many who have been in this place of late, who have wilfully contracted debts to the amount of thousands of pounds, and then basely and fraudulently set their lawful creditors at defiance, and not paid one farthing per pound of what they owed, and have never suffered a tythe of the thousands and one head-aches, heart-aches, and every other ache to which the soul or body of man is subject, as I have done, for a sum not worth the naming by an honest man. And, while monuments and mementos of their fraud and deceit have stood staring around them as silent but expressive witnesses of their guilt, they have been living like the Belshazzers and Diveses of old, revelling in luxury and wantonness, and on the fat and property of others, I have been shut up in obscurity, living in solitude, pining in misery, but enjoying the fruit of a calm and composed conscience, by an honest industry, although taxing my overburthened brain to pay all my just and lawful debts: still, all would not satisfy the craving appetites of the belluine pettifoggers, and their thieft-catching and plundering menial attendants; they must live as well as I, and by the sap of my brain too. Hard fortune, indeed! Think also, for a moment, the state of my mind, when I was silently gazing on the many, very many lamps full of midnight oil that have winged their blue ethereal way in spiral columns to the heavens, in my service; and so oft has the honied cruise been drained dry of its virgin and shining store, when almost all nature save myself was enjoying the sweets of repose, to provide for an honourable family an honourable subsistence—

“ Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independant*.”

But the cup has oft been dragged from their lips, and the pitcher broken at the cistern, and all my nightly labours gone to fill the bottomless and hungry abdomens of the all-devouring and all-digestive ostrich maws of a few savage hyænas, while my own worthy offspring lacked of their food.

You now see, My Good Sir, that I am no time serving servitor, nor respector of persons, but where respect is justly due, it is gratefully acknowledged, and will be, while the tide of life flows in my veins. I have always spoken my mind free of restraint, and like an honest man, but an wounded spirit, who can bear? And, although I go single-handed in this, in my next publication, I will give such a display of the conduct of a few of those ravenous wolves that wished to eat me up, and pick the bones of my property, as will astound you, lawyer that you be, yourself. I mean also to draw a line of distinction between the *beggary pettifogger*, and the noble-minded *gentleman-lawyer*, whom I look upon as the bulwark of our freedom, the safeguard of our property, and the boast of our country!* And, as honey is extracted from, and often found in the midst of, poisonous flowers, so have I found *one* to answer the above description, I mean, *a good and humane man*, in the midst of devils incarnate, *i. e.* clothed with flesh and blood in body, as we are, but with spirits demoniac; but I shall not too hastily publish my faith, for fear of being mistaken, for the heart of man above all things is deceitful, and desperately wicked: duplicity being a disease inherent to man; and, as Tobbie Smollett says, "I am old enough to have seen and observed, that we are all play-things of fortune; and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a half-penny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day, struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life."

The nature of the subject on which I have written so lengthy, I trust, will atone for the unfashionable length of the Postscript.

P. B.

* When, to all human appearance, I was likely to be swallowed up, *root and branch*, heaven sent me, in the shape of *Humanity*, a *catholicon* to all my woes—a *Gentleman Lawyer*, to whom I am under the deepest obligations.

TO
THE READERS
OF THE
PETERHEAD SMUGGLERS, &c.

MY ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

FOR such I must designate you, as you have, ere this time, I presume, honoured with a perusal, and some degree of astonishment, the INTRODUCTORY DEDICATION, and no doubt figured in your mind's eye, as did the learned Editor of the "*London Athenæum*," when he reviewed the first volume of the Poetical Works of my late friend, Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. of Abbotsford, and says that I am, "*One of the most singular of mankind.*" There can be no harm in this, for,

“ Were I (who, to my cost, already am
One of those strange prodigious creatures, *man*,)
A spirit free to choose for my own share,
What case of flesh and blood I'd please to wear ;
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear ?
Or any thing but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.”

In the acerbity of temper shewn throughout the Epistle, into which I have unsuspectingly been betrayed, ascribe to my nerveless feelings, now callous to every thing touching law and lawyers in general ; for, although no misanthropist, I have undergone more within these last two years, than would have soured the stomach, and jaundiced the eye, even of that patriarchal pattern of patience, whose example is so often held up to us, poor sickly creatures, as a model of imitation, when the devil was let loose to torment him. He was, I admit, in bad hands, when he was in the power of the Prince of Darkness ; but, had he been in the hands of imposters, cheats, and pettifogging lawyers, as I have been, he would have thought himself highly favoured, for his courage would then have forsook every inch of him.—The master is often more merciful than that of his servants, at least those of his servants *whom* (I should have said *WHICH*,) I

have had the misfortune to be subject. The man who wishes to learn patience from experience, let him go to law with an imposter and cheat, who employs for his agent a low, beggarly pettifogging lawyer, and he will get training, as I have done, with a vengeance! But

“————— I'll print it,
And shame the rogues.”

My rigidly righteous friends, do not think, because I speak my mind thus candidly, that I am an *aram-aranatha*, and an outcast from the society of good men, no; but I hate a hypocrite, who is continually canting about his religion and grace—By such, I have been woefully cheated and imposed upon; but the true meaning of my addressing you at this time, is not so much to speak of the sacrifices that I have made to these cattle, as to get your assistance in solving a few, not mathematical, but law problems, which I mean to propound to you, instead of my law-adviser. I do not want your advice *officially*, but *officiously*; for, if any of you were of the long robe, you might cause me, as I have done, pay too dear for the *whistle*.

* * * * *

My friends, I am much obliged to you all for your attentive perusal; and, I have no doubt, good will towards me. Should any of you belong to the profession of the *law*, I trust you will not take amiss what I have said, perhaps rather caustically, but not without cause, of *pettifoggers*. I respect and venerate many worthy gentlemen who live by the *law*, as the law lives by them, and have found them trust-worthy of my confidence. And, although I have spoken with perfect freedom of a *few*, and they are but a *few*, who deserve my malison, this throws no odium upon the whole mass of the profession; for it cannot be said, nor would any one impute to the twelve apostles, that all of them were hypocrites and murderers, because one of them turned out to be a devil, a hypocrite, and a murderer. But the indignant spirit I have of late cherished and borne towards pettifoggers, for the black deeds I have suffered at their hands, do not blame. Consider what it

is to have a good name and reputation despoiled by them—Horrid, and alarming thought! The poignant feelings of an awakened honour of sensitive consciousness of having done right, have made the cup of my reason run over.

Were you then to ask me what a *Pittifogger* is, I would at once answer you by saying,—*It* is a *creature* detested by honest men; the bane and bitterness of a well-regulated community; the curse of an overruling Providence permitted to try the faith and sincerity of his suffering people; the vicegerent of the devil, and one of the black conclave of Pandemonium.

“Monsters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment.”

Upon reconsidering the subject matter of my law problems, I find it will be better to leave the propounding of them to, (God willing) another and a better opportunity, when, I trust, we shall again meet, but under more propitious circumstances.—Till then, my friends—

“Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well, that is, to understand.”

Good Morning!!!

P. B.

Preparing for Publication.

NORTH COUNTRY

MINSTRELSY;

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

WITH NOTES,

BY PETER BUCHAN,

*Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of
Scotland, &c. &c. &c.*

THE Editor, in having again the honour of calling the attention of the admirers of the Tales of the Olden Times, to this volume of the esteemed ditties of his mother North, thinks it unnecessary to give much from his own pen, particularly after the very flattering manner in which his two last volumes were received by all the learned and respectable of the three kingdoms of Britain and Ireland. He begs only the liberty of being allowed a few extracts from the excellent Works of his late worthy and highly-esteemed friend, SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., and a few of the leading Journals of the day, authenticating the merits of "THE ANCIENT BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND." &c. But, at the same time, would presume to say, that the present forthcoming volume will, in no wise, be inferior to its predecessors; for, the Editor is proud to add, that, at very considerable trouble and expense, he has recovered from the recitation of very old people, the greater part of the Songs, otherwise indubitably lost to the world, given in that list which was communicated to Mr. George Paton, Edinburgh, by the late Mr. Ritson, well known as a song collector, &c. Also, many of those mentioned by Wedderburne in his *Complaynt of Scotland*, printed in 1540, and in the Dissertation by the late learned Editor, Dr. J. Leyden. In many of these Songs, the reader acquainted with this kind of lore, may trace in them the originals of many of the best songs of RAMSAY, FERGUSON, BURNS, and others of more modern date; they have been the basis on which have been built many of the unperishable fabrics of our National Minstrelsy. He has also been fortunate in obtaining several valuable ancient unpublished manuscripts in the hand-writings of their respective authors, among which may be mentioned one volume, upwards of two hundred years old, from Pitfour Castle, and a variety of others, scarce and curious; with several original Jacobite songs. Suffice it, once for all, to say, that the MSS. of the intended volume were perused with a deep interest, by the late *Mighty Minstrel of Abbotsford*, and such was his high opinion of them, that he stated to the Editor one day at dinner, in presence of some English noblemen, that,

on his return from abroad, he would do himself the pleasure of making the selection, and illustrating and enriching the work with original Notes, as I was, at that time, engaged with another laborious work, and could not attend to both. But, alas! that assistance on which I so proudly and so fondly confided, is forever gone. The magic and enchanting sounds of the Harper is heard no more.—The harp which gladdened the hearts of thousands is now mute and unstrung.—He has exchanged an earthly for a heavenly, and gone to that place where sing in joyful concert, the sons of the morning. The sceptre of literature to which nations bowed with wonder and amasement, is broken; and the Prince his last tale has told. Still to me his memory will be ever dear. The fond recollection of our last meeting will never be eradicated from the tablet of my soul, on which it is deeply engraved; and the impressive and patriarchal blessing which he implored from heaven in my behalf at our parting, is too strongly rivetted to my heart, to think it will ever be separated but by the fell destroyer,—death!

THE NORTH COUNTRY MINSTRELSY will be addressed, by way of DEDICATION, to one of the most gentlemanly and best of men, WILLIAM GORDON, Esq. of Fyvie and Maryculter, the Friend and Patron of genius, and will contain Biographical Notices of a few of those eminent authors and senachies who have contributed so largely to the enrichment, and preservation of our National Song.

OPINIONS OF REVIEWERS, &c.

The *Athenæum*, an ably-conducted London Weekly Journal of Literature, &c., in reviewing the first volume of the new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works, makes the following remarks:—"He (Sir Walter Scott,) pauses on his way to examine the merits of various 'ballad books,' published within the last fifty years in Scotland: The one that he seems to admire most, is the collection lately made in the north, *by one of the most singular of mankind*—PETER BUCHAN. Sir Walter loves him for his fidelity, a virtue for which few editors of old rhymes are remarkable: The great Border antiquary was not perhaps aware that his *brother* of Peterhead is himself a rhymer of old standing, and, what is still more suspicious, his powers in verse are just about equal to the perpetration of many of the passages in the rudeness and bold simplicity of which Scott confided.

Sir Walter Scott's Opinion.

From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

"The most extensive and valuable additions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collections of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where Mr. Buchan resides, which, full as it is of

minstral relics, has been but little ransacked by former collectors; so that, while it is a very rare event south of the Tay, to recover any ballad having a claim to antiquity, which has not been examined and republished in some one or other of our collections of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire have been comparatively little attended to. The present Editor was the first to solicit attention to these northern songs, in consequence of a collection of ballads communicated to him by his late respected friend Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Jamieson, in his collection of "Songs and Ballads," being himself a native of Morayshire, was able to push this enquiry much farther, and at the same time, by doing so, to illustrate his theory of the connexion between the ancient Scottish and Danish ballads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan throws much light. It is, indeed, the most complete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.

"Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Buchan's collection, we do not entertain the slightest doubt. Several (we may instance the curious tale of "The Two Magicians,") are translated from the Norse, and Mr. Buchan is probably unacquainted with the originals. Others refer to points of history, with which the Editor does not seem to be familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this laborious and useful antiquary, that we observe his prose composition is rather florid, and forms in this respect, a strong contrast to the extreme simplicity of the ballads, which gives us the most distinct assurance, that he has delivered the latter to the public in the shape in which he found them. Accordingly, we have never seen any collection of Scottish poetry appearing from internal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions; but, in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a proof of their authenticity. Besides, although the exertion of this editorial privilege, of selecting readings, is an advantage to the ballads themselves, we are contented rather to take the whole in their present though imperfect state, than that the least doubts should be thrown upon them by amendments or alterations, which might render their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems, we observe, are few, and of no remote date. That of the 'Bridge of Dee,' is among the oldest, and there are others referring to the times of the Covenanters. Some, indeed, are composed on still more recent events, as the marriage of the mother of the late illustrious Byron, and a catastrophe of still later occurrence, 'The death of Leith-hall.'

"As we wish to interest the admirers of ancient minstrel lore, in this curious collection, we shall only add, that, on occasion of a new edition, we would recommend to Mr. Buchan to leave out a number of songs which he has only inserted because they are varied, sometimes for the worse, from sets which have appeared in other publications. This restriction would make considerable room for such as, old though they be, possess to this age all the grace of novelty."

From the Perthshire Courier.

“ While much has been done to collect and to illustrate the ancient poetry of the south of Scotland, and the songs of the Celtic bards, the popular ballads of the northern and eastern parts of the island have either been altogether neglected, or what is nearly as bad, collected without care, and published without correction. We are glad to observe, that the gathering together of these interesting historical and poetical documents, has fallen into the hands of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, whose name must be familiar to all the readers of Blackwood’s Magazine, (and who does not read it?) as an indefatigable collector and preserver of the literary relics of his country. The manuscripts which he has collected have been submitted to Sir Walter Scott and other eminent literary characters, and have met with their decided approbation; and from what we have seen of it, we do not doubt that his truly *national* work will be worthy of a very high place in Scottish literature. The support Mr. Buchan is receiving, is of the most flattering kind, not merely in the extent of the subscription, but the value of many contributions which have been sent to him from various quarters, where the nature of his undertaking has been made known. We understand that, among others, Mr. Richardson of Pitfour, has given him access to a very curious collection of poems in his possession, written about the year 1630, by a Mrs. Margaret Robertson, a lady of the Lude family, who was married to a Mr. Stewart of Bonskeid. These are the poems referred to by General Stewart of Garth, in his Sketches of the Highlands, as containing proofs of the advanced state of literature in the Highlands in the seventeenth century. The extracts from them to be added to Mr. Buchan’s work, cannot fail to give it additional interest in this quarter. On the whole, his book, from the circumstances now mentioned, seems to us fully entitled to the support it is receiving, and is likely to receive in a still greater degree, the more the object it has in view becomes known.”

Late Earl of Buchan’s Opinion.

“ Mr. Peter Buchan’s Collection of *Ancient Ballads* appears to me to have much merit, and must be exceedingly interesting and amusing to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the Ancient History, Traditions and Family Exploits of our Ancestors, and therefore I take this opportunity of Mr. Buchan’s visit to the South, to recommend it to the Public, as I know they will be much gratified, and pleased with the work.

(Signed) BUCHAN.”

From “ Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern.”

“ Of this ballad I have seen a much more perfect and beautiful version, entitled ‘Young Aiken,’ in an immense MS. collection of Traditionary Ballads, &c. made by Mr. Buchan of Peterhead, which he intends for publication. The contents of that collection are of singular interest and value; and it is much to be desired that Mr. Buchan may meet with encouragement sufficient to induce him to give his work to the public. It is the fruit of many years labour, and to collect it must have cost its enthusiastic Compiler a very serious expense.” — *W. Motherwell*

From the Paisley Magazine.

“ Ere we go farther in our notice of this choice collection of early Scottish Ballads, we deem it right to give our readers some authentic information regarding its enthusiastic and ingenious compiler, Mr. Buchan. We can throw more perfect light over his history and writings than any other organ of public intelligence, and we rejoice to do so, because we have observed with pain, that the Newspaper press, when it failed to review his volumes, deemed itself perfectly competent to write much of an apocryphal and fanciful nature touching the author himself. Anxious to set the world right in this respect, and circumstances having placed in our power the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Buchan to the late venerable Earl of Buchan, in answer to some enquiries made by his Lordship, who had kindly interested himself in Mr. B.’s welfare and manifold undertakings, we gladly present to our readers the whole of this authentic and interesting document. We are sure that in the wide range of present or past literature, there never was a more curious and characteristic autobiographic sketch penned ; or one which afforded a more felicitous and accurate reflex of the writer’s mind, and of its whole moral and intellectual bearings. With sentiments of corresponding interest, it will be perused by every student of mind and manners. They, as we were, will be astonished and gratified to find Mr. Buchan at one time rivalling the Marquis of Worcester in rare, wonderful, and useful inventions ; at another time using with equal dexterity the graver of the artist, the pen of the historian, and the stick of the compositor ; at one time wooing the reluctant muses to his embrace ; at another time, with no less ardour, accommodating himself to the sterner graces of grave philosophy and psychological science ; while last, and most pre-eminently, to our simple apprehension, he stands forth the single-hearted, sincere, indefatigable, and patriotic collector and illnstrator of our national antiquities and traditionary literature. But let the author speak for himself :—”

* * * * *

“ So closes the account of his life and literary labours, which our author has written *propria manu* to an illustrious friend and patron, now gathered to ancestral dust. Cold-blooded must the pitiful rascal be, who can read without emotion, this narrative of the struggles of an ingenious and towering spirit against an unrelenting and untoward destiny. The acerbity of temper into which the writer is occasionally betrayed, may well be excused, when we take into view the one thousand and one provoking circumstances which must attend the path of one devoted to the elucidation of neglected literature. The patience of a saint might be outworn by them. He sees his labours contemned—his industry sneered at—his abilities called into question by every saucy boy who can quote common-places from the dead languages—and last and worst, he beholds a public, whose effeminate and vitiated taste cannot appreciate researches, which referring to earlier and more masculine times, minister nothing to the fleeting vanities and idle puerilities of the present day. For our own share, had he written less teethily, we ought rather

to say less honestly, we would not have liked him half so well. Your miracles of suffering patience, and imperturbable equanimity, under all the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' are mere lumps of snow—creatures without one drop of man's blood in their shrunken veins—their hearts are but indigest masses of dull phlegm, and duller clay—mere boulder stones, not living and louping things, trembling with feeling and swelling high with vigorous and healthful life and action. Such poor dumb creatures, have not had a solitary spark of sterling genius in their whole microcosm. They are of the earth earthy—soil bound slaves—knaves born for no other purpose than to hew wood and draw water—Gibeonites, pluckless Gibeonites.—On the other hand, we find that true genius has ever a gallant insolence about it, that will kick against the pricks to the last, give blow for blow, till it either tramples under foot all opposition to its impetuous career, or is slain outright as a true knight under shield.

“Stiffly as Mr. Buchan has stood the stour, and dearly as we love to see him fighting his way to glory through hosts of senseless critics, yet, for his own sake, and for the sake of our national literature, we fervently hope, that his evil days have departed, and that brighter destinies now await him. His volumes, we observe, are dedicated to his grace the Duke of Buccleugh, a nobleman who cannot be ignorant of the proud distinction which arises from being deemed the friend and patron of learned men, nor so utterly destitute of national feeling, as not to cherish and uphold the spirit of him who has laboured so assiduously and successfully in preserving and illustrating the fast-fading monuments of Scotland's traditionary song—the lays of her chivalrous and romantic ages. Having ranged himself under the banner of the 'Bauld Buccleugh,' we should feel grieved and disappointed indeed, did its star not shine forth the harbinger of good fortune—did it not lead him on to honourable advancement, and well-merited reward.”

* * * * *

“It were easy to multiply examples of the skill and industry with which our author has gathered these old pieces. The field he has made accessible to us is exceedingly rich and varied. The spirit which has animated him throughout, is entitled to our warmest admiration, for we do well know how little substantial remuneration can ever be hoped for by the man, who devotes himself, soul and body, to patriotic labours, such as he has so well executed. It has long been our wish to see a knowledge in these matters widely diffused among our countrymen, and a taste for them created more general and decided than there is in the present day. To minds vitiated by the blandishments of art, it is long before they can be brought to relish the simple beauties of these early strains; and it requires some study ere their value, either as illustrative of history, or national character, can be duly appreciated by the man of letters, the moralist, or metaphysician. But their beauties and value will be discovered in time, and the quickening effect this precipitation will communicate to the mind of the people, must prove as salutary to their moral, as to their literary character. In glan-

cing over what we have written, we observe many things have escaped us, which in justice we should say of these volumes. What we have said, however, may suffice to satisfy all of the esteem in which we hold them. The notes, we may dismiss with stating, that they principally tend to connect the ballads with matters of history, or are of an explanatory nature regarding their subjects. We are not sure that in his positions Mr. Buchan is always correct, or that in his comments he is uniformly happy. This much, however, we can safely vouch for, that they are abundantly curious, and that to many, the volumes without them would be deprived of a great portion of their interest. To conclude, no one bearing an honest affection towards the song of his father-land, should lack for a moment the ‘Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland.’”

From the Oxford Literary Gazette.

“There is a desolate sea-port of North Briton called Peterhead, visited only by storm-tossed whalers, or home-returning voyagers to the Pole. In that desolate sea-port lives Mr. Peter Buchan, the upright and indefatigable collector of northern song, a man worthy of a more genial residence. We have seen Mr. Buchan, and we at once recognised the excellent bookseller* of Peterhead in the *vera ac viva effigies* prefixed to his unexceptionable work. In our metaphysical days we derived much satisfaction from his treatise on the ‘Souls of Horses,’ a subject of speculation, curious at least if not useful, and which we remember he handled with singular tact and felicity. Of late years we have abjured hypothesis, and though still disposed to hear any arguments that may be urged to promote the claims of a useful order of quadrupeds to the distinction of rationality, yet, having lost the cunning of our logical fence, our appetite for disputation is considerably abated. We are therefore obliged to own that we at present prefer Mr. Buchan’s collection of Minstrelsy, to his original lucubrations on this interesting point of animal psychology. In truth, a better collection of its magnitude, take it for all in all, we have never seen, whether estimated by the intrinsic excellence of its accumulated lore, or its freedom from alloy. The correction of the proof sheets was undertaken, we perceived, by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, an antiquary of great discrimination and unblemished orthodoxy.

“Mr. Buchan has enriched his work with notes and a preface, which, though not so instructive as Mr. Motherwell’s introduction, are not a whit inferior in point of originality. The perils of ballad-errantry, and the endowments requisite to form the *beau-ideal* collector, are admirably depicted in the following extract from the preface :

“If Mr. Motherwell’s Historical Introduction and notes, with the choice pieces of his collection, were united to the ‘Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland,’ so good a work of its dimensions would not be numbered in the catalogues of the libraries richest in the treasures preserved as household recollections through the fluctuations of ages.”—*By Wm. Kennedy, Esq. author of “Fifful Fancies,” &c.*

* Mr. B. never was a Bookseller.

From the Aberdeen Citizen.

“ We have long been accustomed to read with pleasure the various productions of Mr. Buchan, but till late, our acquaintance did not extend to a knowledge of his *dramatic* acquirements. It is now, somewhat bordering upon a score of years, since we met with his first production, a little volume of *Juvenile Poems and Songs*, which he modestly called, ‘ *The Recreation of Leisure Hours, being Songs and Verses in the Scottish Dialect.*’ Ever since, we have followed him in his literary wanderings; and, as an author, he has been successfully known to the public as a *Poet*, an *Historian*, (in which capacity he has been honourably mentioned in ‘ *Caambers’ Lives of Illustrious Scotchmen,*’) a *Biographist*, and a *Metaphysician*; and now as a *Dramatist*. As an *Editor*, he also ranks high. In what character he will next appear on the literary stage, we do not pretend to divine, but this much may we say of him, without overstraining our consciences, that he will do it all manner of justice, or we are very much mistaken indeed. His antiquarian researches have been crowned with success; for few, in our day, have had such high compliments paid them by those best able to judge of merit. In the first volume of the ‘ *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,*’ the learned editor, Sir Walter Scott, of whom Mr. B. was long the intimate friend and correspondent, speaks of him in the most praise-worthy manner: And, we believe, in the present day, he is a favoured correspondent with many of the most eminent literary men in England, as well as in Scotland. As a grateful mark of respect for his indefatigable industry in collecting and garnering up the straggling relics of the olden times, he has been honoured with no less than three diplomas;—two from Scotland, and one from England. These are honours which *interest* cannot command nor buy. It is to merit alone they are given, and conferred as a reward of genius.”

From the Scotsman.

“ *Ancient Songs of Scotland.*—We have great pleasure in announcing to our readers, that Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a large collection of unpublished ancient Songs of the North of Scotland. The indefatigable editor has gleaned the whole from the traditional recitations of the peasantry of the north country. The manuscript has been examined by Sir Walter Scott, and several other distinguished literary characters, all of whom speak of the Songs in terms of the highest commendation. We trust that Mr. Buchan’s praiseworthy exertions to preserve these valuable records of the ancient history of the northern portion of his native country, will meet with that public approbation and reward to which they are eminently entitled.”

From the Aberdeen Journal.

“ The talent and good taste of Sir Walter Scott have in no respect been so conspicuously displayed than in the elucidation of the ancient manners and customs of his country, to which he has so successfully directed the attention of the public. The ‘ *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*’ revived the interest in our

old ballads and songs, and led the way to various publications of a similar nature. It remained, however, a desideratum, that the legendary poetry of the North of Scotland should be collected and published; and that it should be proved that the 'North Country' has produced both heroic and humorous effusions, equal in beauty and talent to those even of the classic banks of the Tweed or Yarrow. This has now been accomplished by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Buchan of Peterhead, who, after having spent more than ten years in collecting the ballads and songs of his and the neighbouring counties, has produced a couple of volumes which entitle him to the gratitude of every Scotchman, and which deserve a place in every library. Mr. Buchan has had the singular good fortune to receive the advice of Sir Walter Scott in regard to his publication; and to have brought it out under the immediate superintendance of Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharp. This gentleman, so well known for his literary attainments and antiquarian knowledge, in the kindest manner offered to select the contents of these volumes, from a large mass of materials, which, we trust, shall soon see the light, in consequence of the patronage bestowed on the present work.

"The time is nearly gone for recovering these memorials of the customs, feelings, and local history of our ancestors, of which they are such faithful chronicles, and over which they have such influence. What might have been accumulated in a few weeks, fifty or sixty years since, now requires years of perseverance to collect. The rapid change in the habits and feelings of the Lowlanders, in this respect, is analogous to that of the Highlanders in regard to Celtic poetry. We trust, however, that the revived taste for ancient national poetry among the upper classes shall be the means of rescuing what remains from utter oblivion, and of rewarding those who have spent their time in such a laudable pursuit. If Addison, who bestowed so much attention on the works of Milton, did not disdain composing a long critique on the ballad of Chevy Chase, surely a work like that now before the public ought to excite our curiosity, if not rouse in us a feeling of well-founded national pride. It consists of 147 pieces, of which a large proportion has never before been printed. The remainder all differ from any former editions; and many, of which only a few stanzas were known, have been completed by the industry and perseverance of the Editor, from the recitation of obscure persons; so that the compilation has a larger portion of hitherto unpublished matter than is to be found in any work of the kind, since Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

"The subjects, style, and eras, of these poems, are of course so various, that it would require a difficult classification before any satisfactory critique could be offered on them. It may however, be observed, that they contain many curious views of the state of society in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as much beautiful poetry, and not a little humour. We may give as a specimen of true feeling the commencement of that entitled 'Chil Ether,' which is beautiful throughout. The subject of it is the attachment of a twin brother and sister, and the successful attempt of the latter to rescue the former from captivity 'in Paynimie.'"

From the Glasgow Free Press.

“The collector of these ‘Ancient Ballads and Songs,’ is a man almost *sui generis* in literature. Talented, enterprising, and indefatigable, and imbued with a fondness for old minstrel lore, that seems at length to have become the absorbing passion of his life, he has for years wandered over every glen and hill of his native North, pursuing the faint and fast-dying echoes of antiquated song, wherever it lingered by the cot of the peasant, or in the hall of the wealthy; and his travel in this way has been amply repaid by the store of tuneful wealth which he has thus collected, and now given to the public in the two handsomely got up octaves before us.

“To enter into a regular criticism of old ballads, is a task which no judicious critic would ever think of undertaking, because these relics are generally so loose and unequal in their parts, as to defy regular criticism. A general expression of approval or condemnation, is all that can with propriety be indulged in, upon such subjects, the beauties of which, depending as they do so much upon association and national feeling, can be more easily perceived than analyzed.

“Adopting, therefore, this general tone, we have no hesitation in declaring these relics, gleaned by the industrious hand of Mr. Buchan, to be very meritorious. Many of them are fine specimens of poetical beauty; others are interesting mirrors of ancient national manners; and all are distinguished by those traits of simplicity, tenderness, or characteristic humour, with which the old ballad, above all other relic of ancient literature abounds. As remarked by Mr. Buchan:—”

* * * * *

“To the truth of the foregoing remarks, we heartily respond. Mr. Buchan has done a service to Scottish literature by this publication, for which he deserves both honour and gratitude, and we sincerely trust that he is not, like too many enthusiastic spirits in the same romantic pursuits, destined to go without his reward.

“In executing his ‘delightful task,’ he has displayed much general judgment, and correct appreciation of the peculiar beauties of the old Scottish Muse; and the Notes with which he has enriched the collection, are interesting, appropriate, and valuable. His success in this speculation is, we think, certain,—at least we sincerely wish it so, in the hope that he may thereby be induced to prosecute still further his researches, in a field where he has already found so rich a harvest. Our restricted limits, and the great length of some of the best of his ballads, prevent us from enlivening our remarks with general quotations; yet we cannot, in taking leave of the work, deny ourselves the pleasure of copying the following beautiful old relic, the quaintness and sententious point of which, remind us greatly of the manner of Sir John Suckling:”

* * * * *

PETERHEAD SMUGGLERS

OF THE

LAST CENTURY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Den of Boddom, where the lovers meet.*

WILLIAM, *Solus.*

Will. O cruel father, thus to doom my undoing. Surely, did you but know half the pangs that rend my youthful heart in twain, and rob me of my rest, you would take pity on an only son whose greatest crime has been to own the love he bears to a virtuous maiden, and not by your harshness drive him to despair. Must I again say, cruel father? I must! He has sealed my fate, and, I fear, signed my death-warrant, by compelling me to leave my native land, and all that I hold dear on earth, to join a ruthless band of smugglers, who set at defiance the just and equitable laws of their country, by introducing foreign luxuries, for the sake of unjust gain, to pamper the appetites of an intemperate set of men hostile to good government, and to the ruin of the fair trader. O Annie, Annie! innocent cause of my sorrows, how little dost thou know that thou hast been the cause of all my sufferings! For you must I encounter the perils of the ocean,—suffer the scorn of my ignorant companions,—be made the laughing-stock of their mirth, and the butt of their ill-timed jests, when far from love and thee. I will, however, obey my father, and in this also will I honour his commands. He was kind and affectionate to me when a child—he provided for all my wants; and while I hung on my mother's

breast he watched over me with all the fond care and kind sympathy of a dutiful parent. Then shall I go and brave the storms of the ocean, and all its attendant miseries, and show him that in life and in death I am obedient to his will. But it is not from the dangers nor the perils of the ocean, the climate of a foreign land, nor the risk of being found in a lawless enterprise, that makes me shrink from flying to obey his mandate. No! It is from the agonizing throbs that beat in my bosom when I think of parting; yes, parting, perhaps for ever, with my love, my angel, my Annie. It is now the hour (*looking at his watch,*) she promised to meet me here, but how can I sustain the shock? My sinews already shrink at the thought, and my feeble frame begins to give way. To hide my perturbation would be impossible,—then must she share in the agonized feelings I endure, and be a partaker of my woe; but I must, if possible, conceal from her the true cause. She does not come, (*again looking his watch.*) I am happy, and yet I am miserable. How should she be made to divide my grief! Then do I go and meet my wayward fate, while heaven is my guide. [*When leaving the place Annie appears.*]

Enter ANNIE.

Ann. What! my William, flying from me!

Will. O my Annie, thou hast loiter'd long; what has been the cause of your tarrying at this critical juncture? I am now on haste. It is already half-past eight, and my business calls me hence. It demands an early attendance.

Ann. Cruel William, will you thus go and leave me?

Will. I must, obedient to the imperative mandate of an indulgent father. (*Hiding his face.*)

Ann. You seem to falter and shake, my William; every limb seems to quiver like the leaves on yon aspen tree. Are you well!

Will. I am.

Ann. Then do not, O do not, do not, my love, my William, deceive me. Make me your confidant, or I die of despair; my life is in your hands, and never, never shall I leave you till I become a partner of your

sorrow. I know you are innocent, and with you will I live—with you will I die; for, like Ruth of old, I will wander the world with you, where thou lodgest will I lodge, thy pleasure shall be my joy, and thy sorrow my pain.

Will. This is too much for me at this arduous moment, (*turning aside;*) the day has been that I could have heard such protestations made by a woman without any signs of emotion, although I was no misanthropist, but now it drives me to despair. (*Turning to her.*) Charming woman, paragon of all I hold dear on earth, thou hast unmanned me. Thou hast unhinged my inmost soul—unarmed all the powers of my philosophy, which, till now, were proof against the blandishments of sweet woman's tongue, and the syren voice of her bewitching eloquence. I will then reveal unto you the secret, the cause of my uneasiness; but to-night excuse me, I cannot communicate my sufferings, as I go to meet with my father, who by this time will be waiting for me on Keith Inch,* where a party is ready to receive me as their supercargo on a secret mission. To-morrow night, then, at seven o'clock, meet me in the Hows of Buchanan,† where, at that hour, you will find me seated beneath our favourite willow, ready to satisfy all your inquiries, let them be what they will. Till then, my love, my life, adieu. [*Exit.*]

ANNIE, *Solus.*

Ann. Good heavens! what can this mean! a mystery, a dreadful mystery, hangs over all his words. A party ready to receive him on Keith Inch, as their supercargo, on a secret mission—a secret mission, did he say, yes! Then my happiness is for ever fled,—all my early dreams of eternal felicity will soon vanish in air, and my high-born hope sink into a chaos of despair, for evil forebodings say, that when we meet again, it will be in a place where we shall meet to part no more. O William, William, cruel William, thus

* The easternmost point of land in Scotland.

† A solitary glen about a mile and a half from Peterhead.

to betray me. Yet will I believe thou art not the man—no evil can spring from a heart whose love, like thine, is as pure as the ice that binds yon glassy stream in the gloomy month of December. But he has promised to meet me to-morrow night in the Hows of Buchan—sweet spot, would my heart were as light and as free of care as in the days on which he used to take pleasure in hearing me sing its praises. The words are very old, and as they were a great favourite of his, I will once more try to warble out a note by singing them, and soothe my solitary moments, as they may be the last.

ANNIE SINGS.

Gin ye come back to Buchan, to woo,
 Come bonny and braw, come bonny and braw,
 And gin ye get the lassie's consent,
 Get siller an' a', get siller an' a'.
 For I hae been at the Hows o' Buchan,
 And bidden sae lang, and bidden sae lang,
 I've courted a wife that I'm nae worthy o',
 Base dog that I am, base dog that I am.

The Hows o' Buchan are bonny an' braw,
 Winna ye go, love, winna ye go?
 The Hows o' Buchan are bonny an' green,
 They will dazzle your e'en, they will dazzle your e'en.
 But I'll gang nae mair to Buchan, to woo,
 To Buchan, to woo, to Buchan, to woo,
 I'll gang nae mair to Buchan, to woo,
 Since William he leaves his Annie, I trow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A public-house on Keith Inch, kept by EPPY DAVIDSON, the rendezvous of Smugglers, &c.*

JOHN GORDON and WILL WATCH *carousing.*

Own. Now, captain, although I have taken it in my head to punish my disobedient son, and yet he is not disobedient either, by causing him dree a voyage of penance to Holland with you, as supercargo of the *Crooked Mary*,* for the love he bears to Annie

* The name of the vessel, a notorious smuggler.

Forbes, who, although a good girl, and come of respectable parents, is now far below his degree. You know, captain, it is not what we were once, but what we are now, that the world looks upon. Money, and not merit, is the idol of all. I am, therefore, determined to thwart him in his design of marrying her, but you must not use him harshly, nor always set him in the face of danger. I esteem and love him, and in this case only has he ever given me the least cause of pain or complaint, or justified me in calling him undutiful.

Capt. Good sir, you may rely on my particular attention to the son of such a father, and if he does not deserve it, he is not a chip of the ould block. I have now sailed in the Crooked Mary for these last sixteen years, and suffered many hardships and perils. She is a canny ould hulk as any that sails the sea, and has braved the weather of many a dreadful blast. How oft have I been caught on a lee-shore, and becalmed in Colliestown* bay, when unloading a valuable cargo of the exports of Holland. Do you not also remember so often as I have been pursued by that confounded Duncan Ayre, who is a terror to all the smuggling craft on this coast,—whose yacht is continually floating in our way, and so often as he has been outwitted. I wish some sea-monster would swallow it up, or some kind storm dash it against the rock of Sherry,† that we might then get rid of his impertinence.

Enter WILLIAM.

Capt. Come, my brave boy, what cheer? Do not look so demure,—you have nothing to fear,—we will soon return,—we go to a country abounding with bonny lasses, where pleasure is ever plenty, and joys ever new.

Will. I come, obedient to the will of my father, although, I confess, it is much against that of my own.

Own. You will never repent, my son, obedience to

* A fishing town long known as the rendezvous of smugglers.

† An isolated rock in the German ocean near the Buchanness.

a father's commands. You have always been dear to me, and your compliance with my request in this affair, makes you dearer than ever. What I have done at this time, I consider to be part of my duty for your welfare, although it may appear at present somewhat differently to you; I trust my arrangements for your happiness will be crowned with success.

Will. Be it so or not, I yield to your dictates.

Capt. Right, my heroic young man; but previous to our setting sail, I wish some one would go for that ould wizard, Adam Donald, prophet of Bethelnie, to give us a fair wind. It is not more than a day's journey off.

Will. A fair wind! how can yon old, decrepid, and despised of men, change the elements, or work such wonders in your favour. Banish the thought, and be not guilty of harbouring such impiety.

Capt. Impiety, say you; indeed 'tis not impiety to harbour such a thought. He can make the stars whirl round as easily as a child would do his whirly-gig, by a nod of his head or a tramp of his foot, and make the sun and the moon hide their heads in darkness. Boreas is afraid of him, and Neptune, with his trident, does him homage.

Will. Then shall I go on this midnight errand. I long to see a man that can keep the waves of the ocean in awe, and make the wind blow as he listeth. (*Aside.*) Poor deluded mortal, thy superstition is unconquerable, still will I comply with all the rites and ceremonies of the wizard's incantations in this negotiation, as by being a seeming partaker of their absurdities, it will gild a pill I mean the old man to swallow. [Exit.

Own. You now see, captain, with what alacrity my son attends to, not only my commands, but your suggestions. By this time, dark and dreary as is the night, he will be on his way to Bethelnie, where lives that imp of darkness, though clad in human form. Let us then part for the night, and meet to-morrow, just as the sun his wearied rays o'er Mormond hill* repose to rest: [Exeunt.

* A high hill about twelve miles north-west of Peterhead.

SCENE III.—*Hows of Buchan.*WILLIAM, *Solus.*

Will. How short the time have I been a lodger on earth, yet enough to see the frightful ignorance that pervades the minds of the greater part of mankind, when they come in contact with supernatural agency. The fables of witchcraft have taken such a firm hold of their weak intellect, that it is with the greatest difficulty they are rooted out. There are people who are no sooner afflicted with disease or poverty, but they fly to some unearthly looking creature, and there implore their aid—a catholicon for all their woes, believing that neither hail nor snow, thunder nor lightning, rain nor tempestuous winds, come from the heavens but by the command and power of witches and conjurors. But I, for my part, think with Sirach, that the snow falleth, the wind bloweth, and the raging of the ocean cease, only at the command of an over-ruling and a just Providence. I have, however, delivered my message, let the consequences be what they will. I now only long to unburthen my mind, and take leave of the flower of womankind, my Annie; and here she comes, lightly tripping along the mead, like her compeer, the goddess Diana, brushing the silver bells from their flowery bed.

Enter ANNIE.

Ann. I now come, my William, to reap the fruits of my night's travel. You promised to satisfy all my inquiries—then I begin my catechism,—Have you found me faithless? or has any malignant genii tried to tear our loves asunder, and with it all our happiness? or dost thou repent the promises you have so often made to me, on this sequestered spot, beneath this aged thorn?

Will. No, my lovely fair one, thou art as amiable in my eyes as ever, but—(*interrupting him.*)

Ann. But what, my William, speak, and keep me no longer in suspense. The truth must out.

Will. Know then my Annie, my lovely Annie, that my father, as owner of the Crooked Mary, has decreed

that to-morrow night I go on board as supercargo of the Crooked Mary, and directly sail for Amsterdam, in Holland, to bring home a cargo of those contraband goods which have of late so inundated our peaceful country, and drained it of its richest treasures. But again do I promise, under this sacred willow, and in presence of this old castle wall, to be faithful to my ever-charming and ever adored Annie.

Ann. O cruel fate, could nought but our separation glut thy vengeful ire, and satisfy thy ignoble thirst! Why have we thus been made the sport of thy choice, and thy pleasure the bane of our bitterness! Better had I never seen the light, nor reason deigned to bless me with her hallowed fire. My soul, alas! has been inspired with sentiments of a nobler cast, ill-suited indeed to, or becoming my present humble station; for now must I forego all those pleasing prospects of happy bliss, and fly to one of those dreary and now desolate sky-capt turrets that oft have sheltered the houseless wanderer from the impending storm of love and hate. One of those once happy mansions, where dwelt, in days of yore, the boldest barons of fair Scotland's isle.

Will. Thy frenzied looks, my Annie, forbode some ill, but do not give way to despair. The sun has oft been seen to brighten when least expected, and we will yet, I trust, be happy.

Ann. (*Weeping.*) But how can I forget, or banish from my recollection those happy hours so sweetly spent with you, my love, on Ugie's daisied banks? or when roving through those flowery meads where sport in playful merriment the woolly flock that crop its tender herbage? 'Twas then, and there, my willing heart first felt the soft emotion, and revealed in broken sighs the anguish of a youthful passion, while you, my William, nature's lovely masterpiece, stood resplendent as orient sun driving away the darkness of a barren night.

Will. Once happy hours, to memory dear, what dost thou recall! What pleasant raptures, when seated with thee, my Annie, on the moss-grown stone, beneath the withered arms of a once flourishing oak,

ruminating on the loves and joys of its first masters, and the better days they once had seen ; while thou, my love, sweetened life by thy kind and innocent caresses, while thy smiles and thy kisses, above all endearments, were doubly dear to me.

Then cease to weep, this storm will soon decay,
 And the sad clouds of sorrow die away ;
 While thro' the rugged paths of life we go,
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of wo.
 Take then this ring, an emblem of my love,
 And be assur'd that I will constant prove,
 As with this hand I freely give a heart,
 No one shall alter, tho' we present part ;
 And when the fates reverse their stern decree,
 Then I'll return, my love and life, to thee !

Farewell.

Ann. O that word, the grief of thousands, how it pains me. Yet it must be so, (*hanging round his neck,*) Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Interior of EPPY DAVIDSON'S house, where the OWNER and CAPTAIN of the Crooked Mary are in close conversation, and waiting the PROPHET OF BETHELNIE.*

Own. Well, captain, have you got all things ready for the intended voyage ?

Capt. Yes, sir ; the *Mary* is just now stretching off and on the *Buchanness*, and in a tack or two will be in the bay waiting your orders. But Master William and the ould wizard have not yet made their appearance. Surely he would not have raised the ghost of some little elf, and frightened the young man out of his wits, for I saw by his looks when he went away, that he had no great wish to face the diel at such an untimeous time of night.

Own. No, I am convinced that is not the cause of his delay, for he neither regards diel nor warlock ; he looks upon these fears as childish and vain. He has got other fish to fry, I'll warrant thee ; for I presume,

and if I guess aright, he will rather be taking a long and last farewell of his Annie.

Capt. Be it so; for if we meet with and are overpowered by that cursed dog of a fellow, Duncan Ayre, who is constantly on the out look for us, he will put such a bulwark between them, that interest and years alone can only remove. (*A knocking at the door.*) Walk in.

Enter EPPY in a fright.

Own. Well, Eppy, what is the cause of your alarm? you look as if you had seen some frightful beast ready to devour you.

Eppy. Nae wonder! nae wonder! Sir, although I seem frightened, for the very wee dogie, wha is nae a coward, ran yowling in beneath the bed, and the cat flew up the lum wi' sic a bicker as darkened the hale house wi' the soot she dang aff the rattle-tree, an' a' wi' the appearance o' an unearthly and frightsome auld carle, wi' a grey beard as lang an' as ugly as Jock Tamson's white horse tail, wha's just come in seeking the master o' the Crooked Mary. 'Twas lucky, indeed, that my dochter Jessy wasna in, for she wou'd hae gotten sic a fright as prevent a seven year's growth, an' that she couldna well hae spared; besides, she wou'd never hae deen anither well turn a' her days.

Capt. Send him in, Eppy; do ye think we can bide a look of him?

Eppy. Indeed I dinna ken, but it is mair than I can dee, an' I wish he were awa; for gin he bide here lang a my customers will forvow my house, an' that, ye ken, wou'd be the upshot o' me fairly, for nae ane wou'd like to come in contact wi' a depute-diel, as I tak' him to be, unless he sought his ain ruin.

Capt. Bring him in, bring him in, without more comment, that we may at once behold, and look on the diel-depute, as you call him, face to face.

Enter ADAM DONALD.

Wiz. Peace be here! I come to visit you at the request of a young man, who, I find is absent, but will be here presently, or my knowledge is in vain—you

can, however, explain to me your motives for calling me from my home, on so long and tedious a journey.

Capt. We want your assistance, by procuring for us a fair wind to Holland, to which country we sail to-night, and we will more than pay you for your trouble.

Wiz. But dost thou think, O man, that I keep the wind in the palm of my hand, or can make it blow to any of the cardinal points as you would wish? No! I must, however, make some incantations, and try their power, by invoking one of the lower orders of my attendants, before I can serve you. Then shall you have—if my imps willeth—such a wind; but remember that he needeth a long spoon that suppeth with the Devil. So shall it fare with you in the end; in the meantime, prepare yourself for the trial.

Capt. (*In a fright.*) What is to be done! Already I quake for fear! My hair is all on end! Do not, Master Prophet, proceed farther; we will rather go without it; aye, with an easterly wind blowing us full in the face the whole way. Mr. Gordon, as owner of the vessel, what say you?

Own. As you have now begun, so must you carry it through, come life, come death, come weal, come woe, show yourself a man, for I despise a coward, or one who would flinch from such a character as the Prophet of Bethelnie. But where is William, my son? Call Eppy and see if he be returned, that he also may be present when the conjuration takes place. (*Knocking on the table.*) Eppy! Eppy!

Enter EPPY.

Capt. Why do you not attend better to the calls of your guests?

Eppy. Gaists! gaists, Sir! indeed I was always frightened at gaists o' ilka description, a' my life, after what I ance saw wi' thir twa een when I was a wee bit lassie toddling about the doors o' my father's barn.

Own. But you mistake him, Eppy, he did not mean, when he said guests, that they were ghosts, that is, the spirits of the departed; but your customers, who are alive and well. Is my son William come into your bouse yet?

Eppy. Deed is he, Sir; but I was sae sair frightened to come ben and tell you, that he stands in the kitchen floor waiting your orders. [Exit.

Own. Then let him walk in.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. So you have got here before me, Doctor Donald; I hope you have had a pleasant journey; did you ride on shank's mare, or flie on a broomstick?

Wiz. Ride or flie on a broomstick. No! do you think I am one of those midnight carlins that ride through the air on broomsticks to the great annoyance, consternation, and fear of the poor ignoramuses that start at straws, and loup over windlans. No, no, my department is somewhat different; I never leagued with these infernals, though I have often been charged with the crime. My pleasure is in doing good, theirs in doing evil, here lies the difference; but we must to business.

Capt. Aye, to business, to be sure; by this time the Mary is lying in the bay, and her boat, with a cursed unruly crew, will be sent on shore for Master William there and myself—so proceed.

Wiz. (*Drawing with a magic wand.*) Then do I draw this magic circle on the floor, which no one must approach on pain of death, till I have fairly finished my incantations:—

“ The rivers I can make retire
 Into the mountains whence they flow,
 Whereat the banks themselves admire;
 I can make standing waters go.
 With charms I drive both sea and cloud,
 I make it calm, and blow aloud.
 The viper's jaw, the rocky stone,
 With words and charms I break in twain;
 The force of earth conjeal'd in one,
 I move and shake both woods and plain;
 I make the souls of men arise;
 I pull the moon out of the skies!”

I have now finished my operations, and here is an amulet which I have prepared for you, but be care-

ful of not breaking the seal; for if you do, like the opening of Pandora's box, you will find to your cost, when too late, that it contains all manner of evils. Be not then too fool hardy, but fear. (*Giving the Captain a small phial sealed with wax.*)

Capt. Rely on it, I will preserve it like the apple of my eye. If I do not my name is not Will Watch, a true honest smuggler.

Wiz. Balm, virgin wax, and holy water,
An Agnus Dei I make,
A gift than which none can be greater,
I send the for to take:

From fountain clear, the same hath issued,
In secret sanctified;
'Gainst lightning it hath sovereign virtue,
And roaring winds beside.

(*Making signs to the skies.*)

Blow, blow, ye breezes blow,
Come swift, and do not tarry!
A westlin wind, and peaceful sea,
To Watch's Crooked Mary.

And when you reach fair Holland's shore,
Where flowers bloom fair to see,
Merrily, merrily, may you land,
And merrily may you be.

Now must I go and leave you; farewell, a long farewell.

Capt. Thanks, thanks, many thanks, and farewell.

(*The Wizard, as he leaves the room, says, in a low tone of voice,*)

“Still though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest tost.” [Exit.

Enter TOM RATTLING and others of the crew.

Tom. Hollo, hollo, captain, here's now a smart breeze just sprung up from the west-north-west, and if you do not bear a hand, it will be all at Holland before us.

Capt. Then we are ready ; where's the Mary.

Tom. She is just now lying off and on the South-head.*

Capt. Call then in the rest of the boat's crew that have come on shore with you, and give them a glass of grog, that they too may make merry. It is a sorry heart that never rejoices. We must also have ould Eppy and her witching daughter to give us their blessings before we go. Let for once all hearts be cheery.

Enter EPPY and her daughter.

Eppy. What are your wills wi' me, gentlemen ? Does your stoup need filling ? or hae ye call'd me in to pay your lawin ?

Capt. Neither of them, my old dame. We have only asked you and your sweet little cherub to help us to toom this stoup between ye twa. (*Holding up the stoup.*)

Eppy. I am muckle obliged to ye, kind gentlemen, but my dochter Jessy canno' drink strong drink, she is quite a temperance lassie, and belongs to that fraternity wha drink naething but water. As for me, I am like most o' my trade, aye willing, by hook or crook, to help awa' wi' as muckle o't as I can, particularly when I hae sic customers as the owner and the master o' the Crooked Mary to pay the skaith.

Tom. What a modest looking maiden is this ? Surely she has not been nursed on the Keith Inch, and is the daughter of old dame Davidson. Come here, my bonny lass, and take a seat, (*pointing to his knees*) ; here is one made by my father and mother ; you need not be ashamed of it, for, although its covering be but somewhat thread-bare, I would not give the supporters alone for a thousand guineas, so much do I value the gift of a revered friend ; and ever since I possessed them, they have been my close companions, through all sorts of weather, and oft have faced, with me, the battle and the breeze.

Jessy. Excuse me, Sir, for I cannot drink ardent spirits, and I hope you will not force me.

* The easternmost head-land in Scotland, Keith Inch.

Tom. By no means, but as we are now making merry, and on the eve of going a far journey, I think we will lay you under an embargo till you give us a song.

Jessy. Indeed, Sir, I am no singer, and beg again to be excused.

Tom. No, no, no more excuses, my bonny bird, you have a sweet mouth, (*kissing her,*) and a singing voice; I will not then let you go till you favour us with a song.

Eppy. Hoot, toot, Jessy, dinna say ye canna sing, nor seek to be excused, for weel can ye sing gin ye like. 'Twas only twa days or sae sin' these lugs o' mine heard you lilting aff, like ony mavis, a sang about some Jacky Tar that ye hae a notion o', my canty wee thing. Dinna, then, think shame, for sailors are nae aye ill to please, but gie them it a' crap an' reet, it will dee the house guid at anither time, for ye shou'd be aye condescending to customers whan they're civil, it helps to sell the ale sometimes whan it's sour.

Jessy. What a dreadful thing it is to be under the control of an old canker'd carlin of a mither; then must I sing, the newest that I hae, or she'll never forgie me.

JESSY sings on TOM's knee.

Come ashore Jacky Tar, and your trowsers on,
 Come ashore Jacky Tar, and your trowsers on,
 Come ashore Jacky Tar, frae on board of man-of-war,
 And kiss a bonny lass wi' your trowsers on.
 I winna hae a biscuit, nor yet will I a dram,
 I winna hae a biscuit, nor yet will I a dram,
 I winna hae a biscuit, nor yet will I a dram,
 But a kiss o' Jacky Tar wi' his trowsers on.

There's Reid's men, and King's men, they're a seek-
 ing me,
 There's Reid's men, and King's men, they're a seek-
 ing me,
 There's Reid's men, and King's men, they're a seek-
 ing me,
 But he's on board o' Duncan Ayre that I'll gang wi',

He's on board o' Duncan Ayre that I'll gang wi',
 He's on board o' Duncan Ayre that I'll gang wi',
 He's a bonny little lad, wi' a blythe blinking e'e,
 And on board o' Duncan Ayre that I'll gang wi'.

Tom. Stop, stop, stop—enough, enough. I find, Jessy, that we have caught the wrong sow by the lug, as your sweetheart is one of Duncan Ayre's crew. Then are we betrayed, and, like Sampson and Wallace, those heroes of old, all by woman's craftiness. Let us flee from hence, as from the city of the plague, and seek shelter on board of the Crooked Mary. Adieu, adieu. (*All rise and depart in confusion.*) [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DUNCAN AYRE and some of his crew coming on shore, while his yacht, the Tiger cutter, is seen at a distance.

Dun. A. Pull away, pull away, my hearties, the outgoing tide is strong, but you are strong also. Never let it be said that you are afraid to encounter an equal number of smugglers.

Jack T. No, no, Captain Ayre, we are not afraid. We all long to meet with the Crooked Mary, laden with gin, tea, and tobacco, and pledge ourselves we will stand by you till our beards grow grey, be it for life, or be it for death.

Dun. A. They are a crew of determined and resolute fellows, and will not hesitate to give life for life. They know the consequences of being caught within the forbidden limits of the British shore, confiscation of their goods and property, and imprisonment or banishment of themselves; so that, rather than be caught, to run these risks, they will die on the spot, considering that

life, with poverty and imprisonment, rather a curse than a blessing.

Jack. I would then propose to catch them by stratagem, and in the first place reconnoitre old dame Davidson's house, which is their rendezvous.

Dun. A. You advise aright, Jack; then do you take charge of the crew on shore, and try the effect of your well laid schemes, and what discoveries you can make ere I return; I only go to pay a friendly visit to Bailie Arbuthnot, and will be back in a trice. [*Exit.*

Jack. I am glad of this; I will now have an opportunity of seeing my Jessy, sweet cherub, who, as she says, sits smiling aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack. What she means by this, hang me if I be learned enough to know. Perhaps she has read it in some sentimental song, and is as ignorant of its meaning as myself. But I shall not call her judgment in question, this is not the time, better for me to remain ignorant as I am all the rest of the days of my mortal life, than run a risk of losing her favour at this critical moment. But here comes her mother.

Enter EPPY DAVIDSON.

Eppy. So, so, Mister Jack, and ye've again returned frae sea. I daresay ye're like the ill weather, ye aften come unsent for.

Jack. I believe you tell the truth by way of jest. But how is your daughter Janet?

Eppy. Quite well, quite well, I thank you, and will be nae waur o' seein' you well. Are ye nae gaen in to rest yoursell?

Jack. I believe I shall. Is Jessy within?

Eppy. If she's nae in she'll be here in a jeffy, aye, before ye cou'd say Willie Robison; for, did she but ken o' your being here, she wou'd rin hersell out o' breath to see you. Mony sleepless night and weary day has she seen sin' she saw you last take your departure frae aff the Peel-mou'.*

Jack. I wonder, then, she's not coming. I am all

* A creek on the east side of Keith Inch, where boats lie.

impatience to see her, as our captain will be here before long; he is only up at Bailie Arbuthnot's.

Eppy. He canno' be wi' a better man. Well do I ken auld Tamas Arbuthnot, I kent his father, aye, an' his father afore him. The Arbuthnots were a' decent folks, an' come o' guid kin; for mony a time hae I heard my auld grannie (*rest her saul,*) telling o'er their genealogy, as some o' our ministers now a-days do their sermons, aff an auld printed paper. I'll warrant ye've heard o' that clever chiel John Arbuthnot o' Lunan, wha was nae only a poet, a wit, a philosopher, an' a physician, but a man possessed o' every accomplishment, as he was coteremporary wi' Addison, Pope, Swift, an' mony mair o' the literati o' his time than I can presently enumerate or mention. But, to make a lang tale short, he was come o' the Peterhead Arbuthnots'; but I see ye're wearying wi' the subject—ye're nae sae muckle interested as some wou'd be, wi' these auld warld stories—but I dinna blame ye, for he that's in love is like nae ither body.

Jack. I am much afraid I will have to go without seeing Jessy; but, in the meantime, can you tell me any thing of Captain Watch, or the Crooked Mary, or when she was last seen on this coast? I understand he honours you with a visit when here.

Eppy. So he does, Sir, an' a welcome visit it is; for he an' his men together, a parcel of jolly dogs, when they come, never think o' rising till they are a' blin' fou, an' then I can charge them what I please, as my bit chalk sometimes has twa points, which I canno' help; but they never grudge, for they hae aye plenty o' siller.

Jack. Well, how long is it since they paid you a visit?

Eppy. (*Putting her hand on her eyes.*) Now lat me see, that I dinna tell a lie—just about sax weeks come the time.

Jack. What time do you mean?

Eppy. Ou, do you no ken what I mean; I'm sure I'm speaking as guid, as plain, and as new-fashioned English as ony an in a Lunan cou'd dee. It is just sax weeks come the time sin' he was here—that's it o'er again to ye.

Jack. To what port was the ship bound, and what was her cargo?

Eppy. For questions ye ding, Mister Jacky, but I will answer them. In the first place, she was bound to New Deer;* in the second place, she was laden wi' Dantzic bees to plenish the heather, as last year there was an awfu' plague brake out amo' them, when, poor sweet things, most o' them died o' that wearifu' trouble, ca'd by some beuk-learn'd men, the colorus morbus.

Jack. You do but jest me now, and take me off; surely you are not serious.

Eppy. Serious! na, troth, I never was serious in a' my days but ance, an' that was when I married Jamie Davidson, worthy soul; but "ale-sellers shou'dna be tale-tellers," or they winna thrive lang in their vocations, as my auld aunty Betty used to tell me, sae ye'll get nae mair frae me on that score; but I'll gang an' see what keeps that daft hawkie that she's nae coming in about yet. [Exit.

JACK TAR, Solus.

Jack. I see nothing can be elicited from this old cunning carlin; I will next try and worm something out of her less suspecting daughter by courtesy or flattery—which is the easiest access to a woman's heart—for I know she loves me. Here she comes, all alive, and as frisky as a March hare, singing some merry song.

Enter JESSY, singing.

Now Jack's alive, and he'll be home,
And I'll be married the morn;
I'll shak my foot wi' right good will,
In spite of all their scorn.

Nae aunty Bess, nor cousin Kate,
Shall now nae langer jeer me—
For I will wed my sailor lad,
As he's the boy to cheer me.

Jack. Ha, singing.

* An inland parish, about eighteen miles from the nearest seaport town.

Jessy. Then you have discovered me. (*Blushing.*)

Jack. Come then, my Jessy, give us the rest of it while you are in a merry mood—your voice is enchanting—how superior to the music of the harp of old Orpheus, which, by its powers, built the Theban wall.

Jessy. I was only chanting a stave of an old song to amuse myself in this light and giddy-headed times; and you know that *old songs*, like old springs, gie nae price.

Jack. Old or new, I admire the sentiment, the music, and, particularly, the pipe which played it.

Jessy. O Jack, Jack, what a honey-mouth'd fellow you are grown; but "old birds will not be caught by chaff."

Jack. What do you mean, my Jessy?

Jessy. I mean that you are a post too late; the hook, for all its gilded bait, is discovered, and you may go hang yourself, Master John.

Jack. I am now like a panel at the bar, tried and found guilty, and only waiting the just sentence of the law passed upon me for my duplicity. (*Aside to himself*) Her mother has "let the cat out of the bag," and I am befooled for all my pains-taking. (*Turning to Jessy.*) Do, my Jessy, forgive me, and all will yet be right. I swear I shall never again intrude upon your secrets; give me a kiss, altho' "some say kissing's a sin," and be reconciled, for I swear I love you; and "here's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile you."

Jessy. I know you love me, just as many do the Church, for the sake of the "loaves and fishes," but pox on all these lovers; and, as this is not the first time I have found what was your aim when pretending love to me—know that, although, but a tapster lass, a lofty mind I bear, O; and that I have placed my affections on one more deserving, and that is—

(*Singing.*)

My sailor laddie who's o'er the sea,
And left his home, his friends, and me;
Yet he'll return wi' mony dainty,
And gi'e me gowd, and kisses plenty.
May he prove true where'er he go,
Stand by his friend to fight his foe;

And when in danger, always ready
To meet with death—my sailor laddie. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Parlour in BAILIE ARBUTHNOT'S house,
DUNCAN AYRE and the BAILIE in close conversation.*

Dun. A. I have just come down from Leith Roads on a trip in pursuit of that notorious smuggler, Captain Watch. I wish he were in our grasp, and his ship well laden with the produce of Holland; for he has infested these seas so long, that a price is set upon his head as a reward to the most active and persevering in the revenue service.

Ba. Well, Captain Ayre, let me tell you, that it is much easier said than done; for, believe me, little as I know of Captain Watch, and less as I know of naval tactics, it would not be children's play to come in contact with him. He is a hardy dog, and a thoroughbred seaman; his nautical skill exceeds every other man of my acquaintance; he knows all the creeks and caves on this coast, from Collieston to Boddom harbour; so that he could be sheltered, when the Tiger cutter and her crew would be dashed to pieces. Be not, then, over sure of your mark, although he were within your reach, for he is generally well armed, and will conquer or die; he is an old veteran, and has dared the face of many a foaming billow, and stood the brunt of many a hard contested battle.

Enter PEGGY, the BAILIE'S maid, followed by two countrymen and a young female.

Peg. Sir, here are two countrymen who wish to speak with you. [*Exit Peggy.*]

Ba. Let them come forward. (*Men enter.*)

Dun. A. Then shall I leave you, Bailie, the case may require a private investigation.

Ba. Not at all, I presume; but if it do so, I will inform you in good time to quit. (*Smiling.*) (*To the men.*) Who is this young woman that you have brought here; or what is her crime?

Men. We know not any crime of which she has been found guilty; we merely found her in Earl Marischal's

woods on the west of the castle, in a forlorn and seemingly desponding condition, as she was threatening to throw herself into the river and put an end to all her miseries, which she said was great. We suspect, therefore, that she is a poor maniac, newly escaped from her keepers, and thought it an act of duty, as well as humanity, to save her life, and bring her before you, to be provided for till she was recognized and claimed by her relations.

Ba. Young woman will you be pleased to tell me your name?

Ann. Most certainly, Sir; my name is Ann Forbes, and I am not mad, as these humane men suppose.

Ba. Ann Forbes, did you say?

Ann. Most certainly, Sir; my name now only remains, all things else of me are changed, sadly changed, from what they once were.

Ba. Who are your parents?

Ann. I have no parents, Sir; they have long since paid the debt of nature. But my father was once a wealthy merchant in Peterhead. I was his only daughter, and heir to all his property, which was considerable; my mother died when I was very young, which made my father unite himself to another wife, who used me harshly. A little time after my father's death, my step-mother married a second husband, who robbed me of all my property, which was by this time converted into bonds, bills, and other securities of debts owing my father, and carried them off. Since then, I have been in the capacity of a humble menial to a neighbouring gentleman, Mr. Gordon, who, on discovering that a mutual attachment existed between his son and me, after sending him abroad as a supercargo of a smuggling vessel, turned me from his service, and having had nowhere since to lay my head, being ashamed to beg, I determined to put a period to my weary existence, for life had now no charms for me.

Ba. Thy tale, young woman is a tale of pity, and a tale of woe. Such has too often been the portion of man, and the lot of thousands, in this vain world. Prosperity is but the child of a day; let no one, then, boast of their accumulated riches, for none can fly from the hand of Providence. This simple and un-

varnished narrative is but one proof of the many we daily meet with in our pilgrimage through life. Did I think, or do my eyes deceive me, that this is the unfortunate orphan, the daughter of my friend! Come, then, my child, and share with me a table plentifully covered for you, and give thanks to the author of your being, for I will be a father and protector to you. Let me then share with you your secrets, and repose in me your confidence. You have nothing to fear. (*Rings.*)

Enter PEGGY.

Here, Pegg, provide every necessary for this young lady, and, if possible, even anticipate her wants. (*Turning to the countrymen.*) To you do I give this trifle for your humanity, and never will I forget the obligation I am under unto you for putting in my power an opportunity of thus serving an orphan, and the child of my friend. [*Two men Exeunt.*]

Dun. A. (Rising.) I beg to congratulate you, Miss Forbes, on your good fortune in being saved from an ignoble and untimely end, and meeting with this good and humane Bailie. [*Annie and Peggy Exeunt.*]

Ba. The happiness of man should consist in doing good and virtuous actions, not in tyranny and oppression, nor in grasping at wealth, to the utter exclusion of every other honourable and generous sentiment. What can be a greater pleasure to the noble-minded than relieving the distressed and comforting the broken hearted? The feelings that arise from wealth are only nominal, a shadow without a substance, when unaccompanied by liberality of heart and soul.

Dun. A. It is true, a magistrate is a very responsible character, not only in the sight of man, but also in the sight of heaven. He should be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to all those that do well; but few do their duty conscientiously, and, like Nathaniel, without guile.

Ba. That is their own faults. (*Rings.*)

Enter PEGGY.

When yon stranger lady is refreshed, and her mind at ease, I will be glad to speak with her.

Peg. Sir, I shall inform her. [*Peggy Exit.*]

Ba. Do, and when ready, bring her in.

Enter PEGGY and ANNIE courtesying.

I am sorry, my good lady, to give you this trouble, but as you spoke of some worthless fellow who had married your step-mother, and clandestinely fled with your property, I wish to know his name, that, while Captain Ayre is here, I may give him a warrant to search for, and, if possible, apprehend him on the sea, while I do my duty to serve you on the shore:

[*Peggy Exit.*]

Ann. Thank you, my worthy friend. His name was Solomon Isaac, a Dutch Jew, from Amsterdam, who said he had renounced Judiasm, and was turned Christian; but young as I was, I believed him not. I always took him for an imposter and cheat, but I was glad to hold my peace upon any terms, for silence I found to be my best friend.

Ba. We will then spread a net for him, and hope he will not escape our vigilance, which shall be exerted to the utmost stretch of our power in your behalf. But why so downcast now? Something else seems to hang heavy on your mind; do unburthen it to me, for I fear that, "Love is the cause of your mourning."

Ann. You guess aright, (*blushing,*) and, as my mind is now somewhat settled, I shall sing you a few verses of a song, which used to compose me while wandering bare-footed through the woods of Inverugie.

ANNIE SINGS.

The love that I have chosen
Is to my heart's content;
The salt sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it shall I never,
Until the day I die;
But the Lowlands of Holland
Hae twin'd my love and me.

My love lives on the salt sea,
And I live on the side,

Enough to break a young thing's heart,
 Wha thought to be a bride;
 Wha thought to be a bonny bride,
 Wi' pleasure in her e'e,
 But the Lowlands of Holland
 Hae twin'd my love and me.

There shall nae mantle cross my back,
 Nor comb come in my hair,
 Neither shall coal nor candle light
 Shine in my bower mair.
 Nor shall I have another love,
 Until the day I die;
 For I never lov'd a love but ane,
 And he is on the sea.

Ba. Then haud your tongue, my Annie,
 Be still and be content,
 There are mair lads in Peterhead,
 Ye needna sae lament.

Ann. But there is nane in Peterhead,
 There's nane at a for me,
 For I never lov'd a lad but ane,
 And he is far at sea.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Crooked Mary on her way from Holland, laden with contraband goods, a fair wind and smooth sea. The CAPTAIN, with the MATE, examining the chart. WILLIAM and the DUTCHMAN in close conversation. The scene opens with a song, and ends in a storm.*

Will. Captain, while you and the mate are examining the chart, that we may find our way over the trackless main, I think, on this fine day, when the porpoises are amusing themselves in the water, we might drive dull care away by humming a song—I never was a singer in my life, but as our only audience are the screaming sea-birds and the porpoises, I am not afraid of the critic's lash, nor the wry face of the sullen old maid.

Capt. Excellent, Master William; now is the time for a song, when we shall give verse about—you begin.

WILLIAM SINGS.

O Holland is a bonny place,
 But in't there grows no grain,
 Nor yet a habitation
 Within't for to remain;
 Where the sugar-canés are plenty,
 And the wine drops from the tree,—
 But the Lowlands of Holland
 Hae twin'd my love and me.

Capt. Bravo, Master William! I am right glad to hear you pipe in such a strain; we shall soon reach our native shore, where you will again meet with your Annie. (*William holding down his head.*) Don't blush, my good fellow, the ould man told me all about it before we left the heath-clad hills of beloved Caledonia. (*Turning to Tom.*) Tom, do you give us your stave next.

TOM SINGS.

The sailor he fears not the roars of the seas,
 But with courage all danger surmounts;
 O'er his biscuit and glass he reposes at ease,
 And with pleasure each action recounts.
 Contented the soldier in dreadful campaign,
 Feels bless'd 'midst the thunders of war;
 Nor envies the sailor, who ploughs the deep main,
 Any prize, but the gain of a scar.

Capt. Good also, Tom. (*Turning to the Jew,*) Now for yours, Master Solomon Isaac.

Jew. Me pe very bad tinger—me cannot ting at all, at all.

Capt. You must, however, try, as amusement, at present, is our only aim to pass the time away.

Jew. Ten me pegin and do my pest.

THE JEW'S SONG.

Upon ma life,
 A vants a vife,

Can you tell as vhere I'll get von?
 Vat knows de rig
 To cheat a prig,
 At a pargains vhen is meet von.

CHORUS.

Tag-rag, gag-mag,
 Black-doll, flag-rag,
 Marine-stores shop the shine, O!
 Blatherum, snatherum,
 Omnium, gatherum,
 Tickle out and rattle in the rhino!

Von vat is quick,
 And sharp as old Nick,
 At arl vat is cunning nice knacks;
 At vonce I'll take,
 To my shop, and make,
 Her de vife of Solomon Isaacs.
 'Tag-rag, &c.

Capt. So I see, every one to his trade. Nearest the heart, aye nearest the mouth. What, then, shall I give you, some old, weather-beaten piece, like myself, I suppose.

(*All of them at once.*) Any thing to make the time pass merrily away.

Capt. Here goes then, (*taking the quid of tobacco from his mouth*); but, by the bye, we must have this young sprout's stanza first. Sir, is your pipe in tune?

Cab. B. O yes, captain; I am always ready and willing in a good cause, and shall give you a few lines of that olden ditty, the model of Tom Campbell's* best song.

CABIN BOY SINGS.

The gentlemen of England,
 Who live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do they know
 The dangers of the seas;

* This seems to be a slip of the Antiquary, but it is a wilful one.

When we receive our orders,
 We are obliged to go
 'Cross the main, for their gain,
 While the stormy winds do blow, blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,

Then let us brave the ocean,
 Amid the glorious war,
 Of winds and waves contending,
 Sweethearts our Polar star.
 Tho' tempests do surround us,
 No fears shall ever know,
 While we plough the ocean thro',
 And the stormy winds do blow, blow.
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Capt. Now, as turn about is said to be fair play, I shall give you mine, as promised.

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

Now we're launch'd on the world,
 With our sails all unfurl'd,
 'Fore the wind, down the tide, proudly posting ;
 May the voyage of life,
 Free from tempest and strife,
 Prove as calm as a smooth water coasting ;
 But should some sudden squall,
 Incidental to all,
 Rouse up reason, to reef every sail,
 May it be yours and my lot,
 To have such a pilot,
 When passion increases the gale.
 For to what point soe'er,
 Of the compass we steer,
 While the helm still obeys her direction,
 'Tis as clear as the light,
 That the sports of the night
 Will not shrink from the morning's reflection.
 And when rest or refreshment
 Succeeds work or play,

Of enjoyment from both to be certain,
 May true friendship's hand
 Draw the cork every day,
 And true love, every night, draw the curtain.

Will. Ha, ha, captain, so you've turned moralizer now in your singing. You are the last man in the world from whom I would have expected such a song,—quite sentimental!

Capt. Indeed, Master William, how so?

Will. Because I thought all seamen set at defiance the rules of decency, decorum, good feeling, and sentiment.

Capt. Then, if you harbour such a thought, throw it overboard immediately, and let it be buried in the great deep. My young friend, there is not a race of men in the world, on the land or on the sea, more devoted to the cause of virtue, 'injured innocence, justice, honour, and honesty, and brave to the extreme—quite nautical knights-errant—than well-bred seamen.

Will. Were I to judge of the whole from the sample just now before me, and the experience I have had since I came on board of the Crooked Mary, I must agree with you in your honest sentiments, and give them that praise to which they are justly entitled. For to be plain and candid with you, I entered your ship under a different impression of feelings towards mariners in general from what I do now. But, as too much truth would only have a tendency to make you vain, I shall forbear making farther remarks on this subject, at least for the present.

Capt. You are right, William, the wisest divines and greatest philosophers are susceptible of flattery,—all have their weak sides. Why, then, should ould, blount Will Watch, be thought wiser or better than those, and that killing poison not find its way to a willing heart? But I must again to my duty, my chart. Philosophizing is not my trade; and, as that noble artist of old said—The shoemaker should not go beyond his last. [*Aside, consulting his chart.*]

WILLIAM and the JEW in close conversation.

Will. Were you ever in Scotland before, Sir?

Jew. O yees, O yees; Scotland pe te fine country; me pe in Scotland 'pout fourteen years te go, and lived in te town of Peterhead, and vas te marchant, called in dat country de pedlar.

Will. Then you will not need to be like your ancestors, hang your harp upon the willows, and not sing the song of Zion, because ye go to a strange land.

Jew. No, no, me no go to strange land, me know all apout it; me collect great deal of te monies tere; me hold ponds and pills to great amount over de houses and de lands in dat quarter.

Will. Indeed! Do you know the names of any of the people over whose property you hold securities?

Jew. Yees. Tere be von John Gordon owes me great sum, five hunder pounds, and me go to prosecute him if he no pay on demand.

Will. (*Aside to himself.*) Alas! alas! my father! How are the mighty fallen, and the great laid low! You, who only a few months ago boasted of your greatness, and considered yourself one of the most independent of men, in a few days must become a prey to the ravening wolves of the law, and fall from your pinnacle of glory by the commands of a detested Dutch Jew, who comes in your own ship to ruin you. However, I will not give way to despair, for, although it will humble my father's vanity, and bring down his lofty pride, it will be most essential to my happiness, as thereby I will obtain my Annie, for her poverty was her only fault in the eyes of my father, and the barrier that obstructed our union, which has caused me shed many silent and bitter tear. Long have I prayed that she might either be raised to the standard of my greatness, such as it is, or I be reduced to the level of her humility. Now, my supplications have not been made in vain, although, I fear, at the expense of my father's happiness, unless some unforeseen power intervene, and support him in the day of

his calamity. How soon has my joy been turned into sorrow?

The life of man is but a life in thrall,
A drop of honey in a draught of gall.

Capt. Here she snores, and divides the watery element like the leviathans of the deep, plowing the crystal fields of Greenland. Mind your helm, Tom, and keep your eye on the compass. Do you know its variation in this latitude?

Tom. Yes, Sir; about a point and a half west.

Capt. Then keep her close to the wind, as close as she will lie, for I fear a change of the weather soon, by yon sun-dog that appeared a little ago. As there is no trusting to the steadiness of the winds nor the weather this season of the year, you will better give orders to get all hands ready and at their posts, that, if a sudden squall should overtake us, we may not be caught in surprise, nor unprepared for the worst. See that all the sheets, haliards, and braces are clear, and of good materials, for I really fear a storm is not far distant.

Tom. Here she yawns like the staggering of a drunken man, (*makes a stagger,*) better get the top-gallant and studding sails taken in, and the fore and maintop-sails close reefed, and all things made snug and tight.

Capt. You lubbers, see and attend quickly to Tom's orders. Helm-a-lee, there, steersman, and let her scud right before the wind, for we cannot be far off Cruden Scares, which is as dangerous a reef of rocks as any on the Scottish coast, and has sent many a brave sailor ere this time to Davy Jones' locker.

Jew. Ten me go down again to te capin, Master Captain, and pundle my papers and my monies on my pack, and say my prayers, for fear me no get time in te middle of te storm, vhen de vild roaring vaves vill pe preaking over our poor heads, smash! smash! O me! O me!

[*Jew Exit.*]

CABIN BOY *jumping merrily about.*

Capt. What do you laugh at so lustily, you young rogue, and you so near the brink of eternity? Do you not know that every moment may be your last?

Cab. B. Yes, yes, my good captain, but pray excuse me ; it is not because I am regardless of the impending dangers that cloud your merriment, nor am I callous of fear, that you see me merry. I am perfectly awake to all the horrors that surround us, and the hollow ocean that threatens to engulf us, and the watery grave to be our bed, but I could not contain myself longer, the laugh burst upon me involuntarily, when I thought what a fine picture, were I a Hogarth, yon ugly Jew Dutchman's big red nose would make in the water, and how it would make it boil when he was drowning, for I think I see the water already in effervescence bubbling around it,—it seems to me to be all fire ; ha, ha, ha !

Capt. You rogue, you are all pluck. I wish I had on board twenty such as you ; but come, now, be serious. What ! a flash of lightning !

Tom. Yes, and thunder too, captain.

Capt. Master William, you will better go below and secure yourself snugly in your berth, as long as you can, from the rain that is falling in such torrents, and the waves that are threatening to devour us. You can be of no service to us upon deck, and you run the risk of being washed overboard, which would leave an unpardonable blank in the catalogue of my crew, when I return to your father, should we be so fortunate as to survive the storm, and escape watery graves.

Will. I wish to remain upon deck with you, captain, and enjoy all the sublimity of the scene. Should the gale still increase, you will lash me to the mainmast, or some other secure place, where I shall remain as a Grecian statue, supported by the club of Hercules, while the furious ocean is venting its rage against us by bleaching our sun-burnt faces.

Capt. O William, William, this is not a time to think of the "sublime and beautiful." Leave that to the immortal Burke, who wrote so learnedly on these subjects ; or, when you are seated by your father's parlour fire, if ever that be your lot, then, and not till then, talk of contemplating the "sublime and beautiful."

Will. What is theory without practice? A non-entity—a thing without a name. I hate it. I have had too much of the one, and too little of the other. Now is the time to enjoy both. These whited billows, curling on the mountain-tops, and these livid lightning's bright incessant flash, O how sublime! If there be a soul alive that cannot enjoy these beauties of airy grandeur, I pity him in all sincerity.

Capt. But you are not aware of the risks you run by exposing yourself thus, for if the gale increase, as in all likelihood it will, we must cut away our masts, and clear the decks of lumber by throwing every thing tangible overboard. Where will you then find a resting place to contemplate the wonders of the mighty deep?

Tom. Don't you see how she rolls, and hear how she cracks. Down these topmasts and topmast rigging, and leave nothing standing but the bare poles, and as much canvass as make her lay too, for I am afraid she will not weather that head-land I see in the distance, and to heave her too without sail would be a dangerous experiment. What, then, captain, is to be done?

Capt. Upon my honour, Tom, I am at a loss to know how to advise. Do you think, if we could get into good anchoring ground, that she would ride out the storm, with the best bower anchor a-head? She heaves again, (*staggering*). Were we not so near a lee-shore I would not mind, but we must do something, at all hazards, to save our lives, come of ship and cargo what will.

Tom. Were Duncan Ayre here just now he would not envy us our station, I'll warrant him.

Capt. That is true, Tom.

Will. By the bye, captain, what is all this bustle about? have you forgot the wizard's amulet. I hope you have not broke the seal.

Capt. I never thought of that till now. I must go below and inquire after it, for I stowed it away amongst the dollars which were to pay our cargo, in one of the safe lockers in the state-room. I must go and see after it immediately.

[*Exit below.*]

Tom. Master William, I think I heard in the breeze and the howling of the waters, the syren song of that dreaded monster, the mermaid, not long ago, so that it will go hard with us if we escape at all with our lives.

Will. Why did you not mention this before?

Tom. Because it would have put the captain into that state of mind and morbid lethargy, from which all the thunders of heaven would not have been able to have aroused him. So much is he afraid of the mermaid, that none of the crew, on sea or on shore, dare even mention her name before him, or, if he do, I can assure you the consequences would be bad.

Will. These creatures, if any such exist, are believed by the learned to be fabulous, and can neither do good nor evil.

Tom. If not, then many a man tells, and has told lies, before you or I was born.

Will. If such creatures then exist, taking it upon your *ipse dixit*, I should like much to see one, let the after consequences be what they might; for this has been asserted a thousand times by the ignorant, and as often refuted by the learned, as no satisfactory evidence has as yet appeared. It would, therefore, be a proof of what has long been a desideratum in natural history, if one could be found.

Tom. For my part, sailor as I am, and superstitious as my companions generally are, I am not truly afraid of mermaid nor merman.

Will. No, you need be afraid of neither; for do you not remember the wizard's prediction at parting? (*Smiling.*)

Tom. I was not present, and well was it for me I was not so, for if I had, I should have been dead long ago of perfect fright. What were his words?

Will. That, "Altho' his bark should not be lost,
Yet it should be tempest tost."

And I think he has been right so far, but whether he will continue so or not, I cannot tell. The same thing was predicted long ago by one of Macbeth's witches.

Tom. Then shall we have hope if we have faith.

Enter CAPTAIN, *in confusion.*

Capt. It is all over with us, my brave fellows. Pre-

pare yourselves for a long journey, for we will soon have to cross another sea, the gulph of Styx, and our pilot and captain, Charon, an old weather-beaten fellow, I assure you.

Will. What is wrong, captain? You seem to be intellectually disordered. Surely you are not afraid to die!

Capt. Surely not! but I would like to die in a more glorious cause; by dying here, no lasting honour is gained. You must, however, be informed, that the charmed phial I received from the prophet of Bethelnie at parting, is gone, literally gone to pieces, seal and altogether.

Will. Let it go; it could not have saved us. These baubles were only invented and still kept up by priests, to keep their ignorant and foolish worshipers in awe. But let us think of something else; up and be doing, for the waves are raving around us, and determined to show us no mercy. How far are we yet from that dangerous and rocky head-land, Rattray-head?*

Capt. I know not at present, as I cannot see the sun so long steady as to take an observation with my quadrant, and our reckoning by the log is not to be depended upon in this weather. We cannot, however, be far from some land, as I think I hear the noise of breakers on the shore.

Tom. There she reels again. Better cut away the masts, which will steady her a bit, and keep her from capsizing altogether.

Capt. Hollo, then, get your axes ready, and lay on heavily and speedily. Masts are but a cumbrance to us at this critical moment. Get, also, that land-lubber of a Dutchman upon deck, so that all hands may be employed in clearing the wreck.

Enter DUTCHMAN, when all is confusion and bustle, the lightnings flashing and the thunders roaring.

END OF ACT II.

* One of the most dangerous reefs of rocks on the east coast of Scotland.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Broad Street, where the DUTCH JEW is seen in pensive mood. An affecting interview between WILLIAM and ANNIE, in Bailie ARBUTHNOT'S parlour.*

DUTCH JEW, Solus.

Jew. Vell, vell, when I look around me every ting is de same as 'twas when I vas here last. As my great namefather, Solomon, said, tere is notting new under de sun; all is de vanity and de vexation of de spirit. De old house vhere I spent de mony happy days vith my Judith, still has de same appearance, and stands vere it did fourteen years de go. No alteration vhat-ever on de outside, vwhatever pe vithin. But I must not ruminare on vat is past, dat is only recalling, to my sorrow, de happy days dat are past, and losing de precious time, which ought to pe employed in devising de best means for my success in de future. I must, in de first place, learn vwhether de lassie pe dead or alive vho is de rightful heir, dat I may go apout my pusiness rightly; and if she pe still here, I must contrive some means to make away vith her, either by murder or carrying her off secretly. In de second place, (*looking at a parcel of papers in his hand,*) I must look out for de pest lawyer in de town, vho vill do my pusiness discreetly and quietly.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. So, Master Solomon, we have met again. How do you feel after de late fright you got from de storm. You seem to look all aghast—what is de matter?

Jew. Much petter, much petter, tank you; indeed I vas almost frightened to de death, when de great big seas vere roaring like vild pulls so around us, and tossing us upon dere tops van from another, as de poys do vith their shuttle cocks. 'Tis all over now; put how am I to get home again to mine own country? Per-

haps de ocean vill turn mad again, and next time swallow me up altogether.

Will. You will then better stay where you are, and not run the risk of losing your precious life, as you deem it, a second time, on the deceitful element.

Jew. That I would, if I could, but I must return to de Holland. Put can you tell me first vho is de pest lawyer in de Peterhead now, it is so long since I left it, and I am all over impatient to get my pusiness done?

Will. (*Aside to himself.*) This is a trial upon me. What answer shall I give him? Now begins my trouble, and the misery of my poor father, who will die grief, thus to be deprived of his all; I must, however, say something. Then, as Bailie Arbuthnot is one of the best men that I know, and the most upright lawyer, I will direct this fellow to him; justice is but justice, let the consequences be what they will. (*Turning to the Dutchman.*) Then I would advise you to call on one Thomas Arbuthnot, Esquire, who is a Notary-Public, and withal chief magistrate of Peterhead. He lives in one of the most conspicuous houses in the Broad Street, with Grecian window blinds, the door painted green, and a small flight of steps up to it. You cannot mistake the way, so adieu for the present; we may meet again, but under, I hope, more auspicious circumstances. [Exit.

DUTCH JEW, *Solus.*

Jew. Now must I play my cards aright, or all is over vith me. I have come de far journey, far over de stormy main, and must succeed. I tink I see de house pefore me de young man described so minutely. Me go nock, nock, nock, at de door, and ask for de master of de house, de lawyer. (*Knocking at the door, when the maid appears and demands his business.*) Me come to see de master of de house, de lawyer; is he vithin?

Peggy. Yes; you shall see him immediately, follow me. [Exit.

(*She takes him to the BAILIE's writing-room, where he is seen writing when the scene shifts.*)

Ba. Well, Sir, your commands with me. I understand you have called to see me on urgent business, have you not?

Jew. Me have, Sir; I want to get payment of some old accounts, that have lain too long over unsettled.

Ba. Then proceed. Have you got any proper documents to show that can substantiate your claims?

Jew. Me have, Sir. Here, (*handing the Bailie a packet of papers,*) Please look at dese.

Ba. (*Looking wistfully first at the papers, next at the Dutchman.*) How became you possessed of these bonds, bills, and securities, as I presume you are a foreigner?

Jew. Yes, Sir, me a Dutchman, and arrived here only yesterday from Amsterdam in Holland.

Ba. Were you never here before?

Jew. O yees, Sir, apout fourteen years ago.

Ba. What occupation or trade did you follow then?

Jew. What I do still, de marchant.

Ba. Then shall I examine these papers by and bye, and shall, as far as in my power, do you ample justice, and all those concerned.

Jew. Tank you, Sir, tank you, I know you vill. Den shall I go and leave you, and call again some days hence. Adieu; goot tay, goot tay. [*Exit.*]

BAILIE, Solus.

Ba. Here, (*looking again at the papers in surprise,*) is food for the contemplative mind. The divine and the moralist are here taught a lesson in the workings of an over-ruling and a just Providence, whose mysteries baffle the skill of the best metaphysician. The very man, of all men I longed to see, and wished to bring to justice. Wonderful heaven! thy deeds are incomprehensible, and thy ways past finding out! The very papers, also, I have searched for since the death of my lamented friend, a lapse of twenty years, without success, thus to be unexpectedly placed in my hands. Let no one, then, say that he can fly from the

hand of divine justice, or elude the eye of a watchful Providence. But surely I rave or dream—can it be so? or was the man mortal who lodged them with me? If he were, I have done wrong in suffering him too easily to escape. He should have been confined in some dungeon as a felon, and his life only expiated for his crime, to the injured laws of a happy country, and the inhumanity of betraying and robbing a helpless orphan, whom it should have been the best part of his duty to have nursed and protected. Every dispensation and decree of heaven is, however, meant for good, if we could take it so. Why, then, should I be the first to complain? It must not be so, for it would be well with many had they the same ordeal to pass through as has had this amiable young woman, Annie Forbes, and, like her, been nursed in the school of adversity, rocked in a cradle of sorrow, and, like the patriarch of old, slept on a pillow of stone. I must, however, be now careful how I communicate unto her the joyful news of her good fortune. An excess of joy is as dangerous, at times, as an excess of grief. (*A knocking at the door.*) Pegg, some one knocks at the door, why do you not admit him?

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. O, Sir, be pleased to excuse me, I have been supporting and throwing cold water on the face of Miss Forbes, for she had nearly fainted. I was just in time to save her from falling.

Ba. Why, what is the matter?

Enter WILLIAM, bowing.

Ba. Be seated, young man, I will speak with you immediately. (*William takes a chair and sits down.*)

Peggy. Indeed, Sir, I cannot exactly tell what was the cause that made Miss Forbes so suddenly nervous; a trembling fit seized her immediately after having seen yon Dutchman that was in calling upon your honour a few minutes ago, and she has not yet recovered all her faculties.

Ba. Aye, how did she become to see the Dutchman?

Peggy. As he was passing through the lobby to the writing-room, she met him full in the face, and her eyes no sooner came in contact with his, than it threw her into a hectic ; and, had I not been beside her, she would have swooned away, for her face turned into all the colours of the rainbow in an instant, and her lips have not yet regained their natural bloom. They seem as if you were looking at them through the big blue bottles that stand in the apothecaries' windows.

Ba. Then you would better lose no time in calling a physician, he might prescribe something useful to her.

Peggy. I have administered myself, Sir, and given her such simple medicines as I think will do her good, taken from Tippermalloch, or the Poor Man's Physician, and she is wonderfully recovered, so that I think there will be no necessity for a doctor at present, unless it be a spiritual one, to comfort a mind diseased, for I think she labours as much now under the malady of the soul, as disease of the body.

Ba. Aye, aye, Peggy, how have you made this discovery ? Did she say so herself, or have you seen any symptoms ? (*Turning to William.*) Excuse me, Sir, I will attend to you in a few minutes ; did you but know my situation, you would not envy me. I have too much business at present on hand, of rather a complicated, I may say unpleasant, and yet it is of a pleasant nature.

Will. This is a paradox, Sir, and seems to be as difficult to solve as one of my namesake Gordon's problems, in his curious Geographical Grammar. I can wait your leisure.

Ba. I believe I was asking you some questions, Miss Peggy, was I not ?

Peggy. Yes, Sir ; and here I stand at your service, ready to answer them. She did not say herself that she was troubled in her mind, but, by her looks and gestures, I think all is not right with her.

Ba. Did the Dutchman observe her as he passed by ?

Peggy. I really know not that, Sir.

Ba. You can try and discover the state of her mind, but be particularly cautious of hurting her feelings, or giving her any cause of complaint. I know she is a

lady of very sensitive parts, and little on this score might make her very unhappy ; although I am anxious to know what impression the sight of the Dutchman made upon her mind, or if it be he who is the cause of her trouble.

Peggy. I shall watch every movement, and give you a daily, if not an hourly, bulletin of the result. [*Exit.*]

Will. As you are now at leisure, Sir, I beg leave to proceed with my little but important business.

Ba. By all means, and you may rely on a patient hearing. I am sorry I have detained you so long already, but you know, if a right knight-errant, every thing must give place to the ladies. (*Smiling.*)

Will. Most assuredly. To them are we indebted for our greatest happiness.

Ba. Aye, and for our greatest miseries, too, young man, if we speak the truth ; but let this flie stick to the wall. I presume you did not come here for my opinion of sweet womankind—'twas on business, better proceed, the lecture on the ladies we will leave till another opportunity.

Will. Thank you, Sir ; and I shall be brief. Perhaps you know part of my errand here already.

Ba. It may be so ; but proceed.

Will. Two days ago I came from Holland in company with a Dutch Jew, who, by some unaccountable means or another, holds a security of five hundred pounds over my father's property, situated in the Longate ; and as he did not know that I was William, the son of John Gordon, the person he wished to prosecute, he asked me who was the best lawyer, and I directed him to you, to make payment of the bond. Now, sir, before taking any rash or legal steps, to incur expenses, will you be kind enough as to examine the validity of the paper, and by what right he is authorised to demand immediate payment. My father is as yet ignorant of the whole matter, and I wished to keep him so, till I consulted you.

Ba. Young man, you are a son of Mr. Gordon's, then, the merchant in the Longate, are you not ?

Will. Yes, Sir.

Ba. Excuse me, then, for I did not know you, young

people grow so fast now-a-days ; what with their oddity in dress, and one thing or another, they are so metamorphosed from the original appearance of their fathers, that it is with difficulty that I can call any of the children of my friends by their proper names. But to the bond. You acted wisely in not making the subject known to your father. It would be wrong to torment him before the time, for the bond is as valid and as binding on him as the day on which it was written. But how the Dutchman became possessed of it, must as yet be as a sealed book unto you, but you will shortly learn, the seal will be broken, the contents made known, and the phial poured forth.

Will. Then, Sir, what is to be done ? can my father be saved ?

Ba. These are questions too hard for me. I know not the state of his affairs nor his finances. That is only known to himself ; but in times like the present, to pay five hundred pounds of principal, with twenty years' interest, at five per cent., is no joke, I assure you.

Will. Well, my good Sir, will you try and indulge him with a little time, if you have it in your power ? I know my father has more property than will satisfy all demands upon him, but he cannot easily convert it into cash, and to hurry it into the market would be perfect ruin.

Ba. It has been the ruin of many an honest and opulent man that his property has been hurried too precipitately into the market, to satisfy the demands of impatient and unreasonable creditors. I will, however, now when the business is fairly in my hands, give him as much indulgence as is consistent with my honour and honest integrity—he need not be afraid, but more of this afterwards ; till then be silent, and I will be his friend, as he was ever mine. And now, since I have recognised, or rather met with his son, you will be pleased to stop and sup with me to-night, for your company will oblige me much ; but as there is a young female friend of mine a lodger, you will be pleased to be silent on what has passed, and let it not be once named between us. You will, perhaps, be better acquainted with her by and bye.

Will. I accept your friendly invitation with thanks, and am proud of the honour. (*Bowing.*)

Ba. Then, Mr. William, walk with me. (*Rising.*)

Will. With pleasure, Sir. (*Bowing respectfully.*)

(*The BAILIE and WILLIAM enter the Drawing-room, where Miss FORBES is sitting reading the Sorrows of Werter.*)

Ba. Miss Forbes, may I have the pleasure of introducing unto your notice Mr. William Gordon, one worthy of the name, and the son of my friend, Mr. John Gordon. (*Turning to him.*) Mr. Gordon, I beg to introduce unto you Miss Ann Forbes, the daughter of my much lamented friend, Mr. Patrick Forbes, long a respectable merchant in Peterhead.

(*WILLIAM and ANNIE rush into each others arms.*)

Ann. My William, O my William, my William, when did you return from afar, for I have heard no tidings of you since you went away? My heart is full; I can no more. (*Hides her face, as if weeping, in his arms.*)

Will. My Annie, my Annie; kind, propitious heaven, how have we met, and in this extraordinary manner! (*Embracing her.*) [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—DUNCAN AYRE *bribing the Dutch Jew.*

DUTCH JEW, *Solus.*

Jew. Tere pe somting strange in te yong lady's looks in te Baiiie's house—I look'd, and look'd, and look'd again at her, as I vas passing in de lobby, and my very heart vent pit-a-pat against my sides like de pendulum of de clock; and I vas sae muckle taken up vi' de sight of her, dat my memory nearly misgave me van I stood pefore de Bailie telling him my errand. De image of de little girl I vronged haunts me much dat I know not vhat to do. I have often heard it said dat Scotland vas de curious place for de second

sight, visions, dreams, ghosts, vitchcraft, and conjuration, and now I pegin to feel it; for I never felt sic twisting and tugging at my conscience vhan I vas in Holland, as I do now. I vish I vere safe back again; but me cannot spend so much money for noting; me must not return to Amsterdam vithout doing something manly. Dey all pe te Christians here, and if me can kill de lassie and escape, all vill pe vell; put I am much afraid. Let me see how I can contrive it. (*Muses with his hand on his face, then starts suddenly as from a reverie.*) I have it, I have it now at my finger-ends. Vell done, Solomon Isaacs! all vill yet pe vell! I vill first go and inform Captain Ayre of de Tiger cutter apout de smugglers. Me paid de passage-money, and must have it all pack again vith usuary: den vill dey pegin and fight, and murder de smugglers, and dey vill never discover dat it vas me vho gave de information; den vill I carry off in de boat, and murder in some of de vild caves apout Collieston, de young lassie vhen no von vill find her out; for, vere I to murder her here, or drown her in de sea, some von would find her pody, which might lead to de discovery, and get me hanged. In de meantime, I vill go and seek after Captain Ayre, and tell him all apout de smugglers, vho vill be landing some of dere tubs of gin in de night. (*Aside.*)

Enter DUNCAN AYRE.

Dun. A. What can I now say when I am called before the honourable the Commissioners of the Customs at Edinburgh, when I return to Leith, for having done so little? Not a single seizure for these six months past; I am sure to be dismissed his Majesty's service, and the Tiger cutter given to another more worthy of the office. I would give a hundred guineas to any one vho would inform me where the Crooked Mary could be captured, and her cargo made a prize. I know she is somewhere on this coast; but that cunning old fellow, Will Watch, is so expert and active in all his movements, that it is next to a mathematical impossibility to catch him by fair means; I must, therefore use bribery and intrigue. I confess such is

wrong—but necessity has no law; and I know that there are many who will swallow the bait, let the after consequences be what they may. There is always some needy and worthless wretch to be found, who will swear away the life and property of a just man, for very little money. (*Turning suddenly round.*) Aye, who comes here? by my sooth, it is the Dutchman; how has he winged his way across the German Ocean? I must hail him—he is just the man for me. Hollo! Mynheer, when from Holland?

Jew. Only apout two days since I landed from de Crooked Mary, smuggler.

Dun. A. I hope you have had a pleasant voyage.

Jew. O no, Sir, O no; quit de reverse; all like to pe trowned, and never to see te ponny Holland any more.

Dun. A. Where did you leave the Crooked Mary?

Jew. In de German Ocean, Sir!

Dun. A. A very good answer, but I understand you. Do you love money?

Jew. O yes—more dan I can get.

Dun. A. Then do I promise I will pay you handsomely if you will tell me correctly where she and her cargo could be seized.

Jew. Give me te monies first, dan vill I tell you all apout it; but Jew no trust Christian.

Dun. A. Then you are a Jew, are you?

Jew. Yees.

Dun. A. Then you are the fitter for my purpose; here is a purse containing fifty guineas, and when I can capture the ship and cargo, I will give you as much more.

Jew. Vat a lucky man I am! I vill do your turn.

Dun. A. As no time is to be lost in this enterprise, direct me as speedily as possible to the spot, or come along yourself and show me where she is lying.

Jew. No, no, Sir, dat no do; me come here to recover de monies,—I must not den appear at all in de fray, as dat might prevent me from getting de payments. Is your name Captain Ayre? as you seem py your naval uniform to pe in te King's service.

Dun. A. Yes, captain of the Tiger, revenue cutter, on this station, on the outlook for smugglers.

Jew. Where pe all your men?

Dun. A. Most of them are on board of the cutter, but will be ashore armed presently, as they are in the hourly expectation of meeting with the crew of the Crooked Mary, which is sometimes on the coast, or I have been wrong informed.

Jew. Vell, she lies just now in Cruden Bay, and is to pe here soon, as it is not apove two hours since her poat landed in de Almanithy,* with a cargo of gin, tea, and tobacco; and her crew vill pe carousing in some of te public houses in de Roanheads.†

Dun. A. Now for it, my lads,—to conquer or die! Away then I go; I shall see you soon again! [*Exit.*]

Jew. Me hope so—te fifty guineas, te fifty guineas must no pe forgot—great sum in Holland. Me also must go upon another vork of destruction; O for de lassie in my grasp dis dark night, before de moon arise, de ruin of de work vould den be complete. I run, I run, “for dey run fast dat the Devil drives.” [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of a public-house, where Captain WATCH and the Smugglers are carousing.*

SINGING, &c.

We are now safe arrived
 From the perils of the ocean,
 Be the weather foul or fair,
 Our bark is still in motion.
 While the vampires of excise
 Do their duty to oppress us,
 We're regardless of their threats,
 While the lasses they caress us.

Then drink away, smoke away,
 And let us still be cheery;
 Each take his glass—let it pass,
 But not forget his deary.

* A small creek where fishing boats land.

† A fishing town adjoining Peterhead.

Capt. My boys, be quick, and get the rest of these ankers stowed away in some careful place. The wolves of the law may be down upon us ere we know where we are. It is a hard matter in these troublesome times to know whom one can trust. Are you all armed, in case of an attack being made upon us, for I know not the day nor the hour when such may take place?

(All of them at once.) We are, Sir.

Capt. So much the better, and I hope you will use your arms rightly. Does any one know what has become of yon Jew Dutchman that came over with us from Amsterdam, I fear he will betray us, for I have no faith in his sect. You will better keep a sharp look-out a-head for him.

Will. I saw him some hours ago walking alone, seemingly in thoughtful attitude, no doubt brooding over the ruin of some poor creature, who may be as unfortunate as to fall into his clutches; for he seems to be a very shark at heart, a devourer of human flesh and substance, as determined and as cruel as his predecessor, Shylock, the Jew of Venice.

A bustle without, when enter DUNCAN AYRE and his men.

Dun. A. Hollo, hollo, there; here is the nest, and the birds are not yet flown. Guard the house, and let none escape.

(The cutter's men rush in armed, when a scuffle ensues, the smugglers are overpowered, but, in the hurry, William escapes to the Dropping Cave of Slains.)

Watch. (Captain of the Smugglers.) So you have caught me napping at last, you contemptible land-lubber fellow. Now have you caught your game, which you have been hunting so long after without success; but I wish you had made the same attempt at sea, where I would have taught you a lesson you would not easily have forgotten.

Dun. A. Silence, impudent babbler; know you are now in my power, and I will treat you as you deserve if you are not silent.

Watch. Silent, you beardless coward ; no ! while a drop of blood continues to flow in the veins of ould Will Watch, he never will be silent !

DUNCAN AYRE *to his men.*

Dun. A. Get this fellow hand-cuffed, and as soon as he is taken on board of the Tiger, put him in irons, for he richly deserves it, and do it speedily, while the rest of us go in search for his ship in Cruden bay, where she is said to be lying.

Watch. O treason ! treason !

Dun. A. What do you mean by treason ? There is no one here who has dared to speak evil of his Majesty, nor of any of the royal family. Why then call out treason ?

Watch. What I have said, I have said ; I have my own meaning for the word, which you have no right to understand. Suffice it only to know, I am betrayed. I knew you were a coward, and would not face me openly with an equal number of men, nor meet me single-handed.

Dun. A. I a coward ! I am no coward, Sir ! and that you shall know to your cost, before long.

Watch. Were you not a coward, you would not have used the means you have done to entrap us ; but we are yet safe. You dare not, Sir, enforce me to go on board of your cutter, nor put me in irons. Right, as is too often the case, may be put down by might, but I have done nothing you have discovered to warrant or justify such proceedings. You have not detected us in any unlawful or unjust act. You have not found us trafficking in any forbidden goods. We have only been found taking a little amusement and recreation after having escaped the perils of an unprecedented storm, where, had you been, Sir, life itself would have shrunk from its task, and the dastard blood of you freezed in your very veins for fear. It is, therefore, hard that we could not enjoy, in our own country, one hour's comfort on shore, after having undergone such fatigue at sea, without being interrupted and pestered with a parcel of good-for-nothing fellows, who are only eating up the fat of the land, at the expense of many an honest man,

as you and these here fellows are doing. But, had there not been, as was in the days of yore, a spy in the camp, you would not have found us here. However, I defy you, with all your unjust snares and wiles.

Dun. A. You are a very impudent fellow, Watch-Jack Tar, haul him away immediately.

Jack. Noble captain, allow me to speak with you for a moment. (*Taking Duncan Ayre aside.*) You are not aware of the orders you are giving, nor the consequences that may follow thereby, if you use him thus harshly, and afterwards he be found innocent. As he very justly remarks himself, he has not yet been found guilty, and, of course, not as yet liable to punishment. You will, then, better consider the matter for a little. I will obey your orders instantly, as is becoming my duty, but you must be the accountable agent.

Dun. A. Jack, I daresay you are right; but it is provoking to be called a coward, and insulted by such a mean fellow, when you know that I do not deserve such an epithet.

Jack. I know, Sir, you deserve a better name, and a higher compliment than what has been paid you by this old fellow; but, as some of our wiley countrymen would say in this case, 'twould be better to "jouk and let the jaws gang o'er you," at least for the present—a day of counting and reckoning will come afterwards.

Dun. A. No bad advice, Jack, and I will take it; however, do not let any of his men nor himself escape, perhaps we will soon meet with the Mary herself—then shall we have vengeance to the mast head! (*Flourishing his sword in great exultation.*)

Jack. Ere then, shall I commit them to safe keeping, and go and get the pinnace ready for a cruise. The Tiger cannot be far off herself, but the small boat will be more convenient for coasting it along the rocks, and taking a peep into the dens and caves as we pass them by.

Dun. A. Then shall we all go together. Come along, Watch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WILLIAM, Solus.

Will. These fellows, (*looking around,*) I find, are now all gone; may they never return. Yet I am wrong in saying so, they are only doing their duty, and why should we find fault with any one for doing his duty uprightly. The executioner is as necessary a part in the drama of justice, as the judge who condemns the criminal for contempt of the laws of his country. If any thing is then wrong, it is not the fault of these poor fellows, it is the fault of those who framed the laws; and yet the laws are not wrong, they are necessary. It is the trade which my father follows, and fosters like a young lamb; I wish he could see its evil tendency as well as I have done, and felt, and likely to feel, its effects; for it is not yet over with me. I am like an outlaw, and an exile banished from my native country; I dare not show my face but with the screech owls and beasts of prey, when the sun has shut his lamp of light, and all nature else gone to repose. I must fly to some den or cavern of the earth, where the sun's cheering rays, and the rain's refreshing drops, never enter, there to remain a prisoner to its own keeper till the storm be blown over, or somewhat abated; a storm even more terrific than the last I suffered, if such could be possible. But O the pangs that I endure for thee, my love, my life, my Annie! All my other troubles are light when put in the balance with thee. How will thy feeble frame sustain the shock, when you make the sad discovery of my being forced to desert thee, and live as a second Cain, a reprobate on the earth. Still, still, it must be so, for a short season. [*Exit.*]

Enter DUTCHMAN, Solus.

Jew. It pe thought and said pe some, dat de devil helps de vicked in contriving de evil plot against de innocent, vhen dere own devices fail. I myself have found it so in dis pusiness, for me nor any other man on de yearth, could have contrived such a scheme to get de lassie in my power, as vhat I have done now. She vill pe here presently, to meet vith her own sweet-

heart, Villiam, when I shall vrap dis pig plaid round apout her, (*rolling it round his arm,*) and carry her off to de White or Dropping Cave of Slains, near Collieston, where she vill never pe found any more ; put gin she cry by te vay, I vill murder her vith dis dagger, (*feeling its point,*) and den trow her in de sea, to sink or to swim, as pleases pest herself.

Enter ANNIE, starting.

Ann. O hated monster, how came you here ?

Jew. To meet vith dee, my love.

Ann. First you robbed me of my property, embittered my life when a child, made me an outcast from the world, and now, I suppose, you have met me here to rob me of my life.

Jew. Thou supposetest aight, young voman, and none now canst save thee.

Ann. O that I had never been born !

Jew. Vell mightest dou say dat—man vas born to trouble, as de sparks fly upwards, and thou verifiest de holy book.

Ann. Then must I die by your hands, already stained with the blood of the innocent ; I am not the only victim that have suffered by your cruelty.

Jew. No, no, me not going to shed ty plood if tou peiest silent, and goot girl.

Ann. What else, then, do you mean by your meeting me here in this unfrequented place ?

Jew. To carry you to de petter quarters.

Ann. Then all is over with me ; I have been basely betrayed. Do as you please—murder me where you will !

(Shrieking, and, as she falls, he wraps his plaid around her, and, while in the swoon, she is carried off.)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Dropping Cave of Slains, where Smugglers are seen landing their cargo, and WILLIAM and the DUTCH JEW meet.*

WILLIAM, Solus.

Will. Such is the reward of all my industry, and

obedience to the commands of a misinformed father. Did he but see his only son lying in this damp and dreary cavern, the cold earth for his bed, and a solitary stone for his pillow,—whose only companions are the seals with which it is tenanted, as the birds nor the light of heaven never enter it,—he would, in future, fly from that hateful traffic of smuggling, as from a deadly pestilence, and live, as other honest men do, rather by the sweat of his brow, than by such detested and unlawful enterprises; enterprises which not only endanger his own safety and peace of mind, but the lives and fortunes of others. When I grope around me, (for to see I cannot,) I think the saints of old had curious ideas of religion, when they choose such gloomy places as this is wherein they builded their chapels, as was done in the seventh century, and dedicated to St. Adamanan, the friend and disciple of St. Columba. But (*listening*) I think I hear the noise of rowers' oars in the water, and they seem to approach nearer and nearer by the increase of sound. I will retire farther back till I see the event. I hope I have not forgot my sword, or some other weapon wherewith I may defend myself, in case of an attack being made from an enemy, when I am discovered. But hush, vain are my fears, it seems only to be a poor solitary mortal like myself, flying, no doubt, from the hands of justice, and to evade the punishment due to his crimes. I wish it were poor Will Watch who had escaped from his enemies, two would make the time pass more agreeably away in this dreary place than one. But (*again listening*) I think I hear the soft sigh of some female in anguish. What can this mean? I will, however, be still as death, for a moment, but keep myself in readiness. (*Draws his sword.*)

Enter DUTCHMAN, *carrying* ANNIE *in a swoon.*

Jew. You have now reached de place of your destination, de haven of your rest, my ponny iass, so I will leave thee.

(*As he goes away, WILLIAM calls aloud.*)

Will. Surely this is the voice of the Dutch Jew

that has followed me here. It can be for no good ; aye, and carrying a female too. Hollo, there !

Jew. My eyes, who pe dere ?

Will. I am here. What female is that you have brought with you ? or why do you seek shelter in this inhospitable mansion, where nought but the gloom of death presides ?

Jew. De lady vill tell you herself,—ask her.

Will. Young woman, what is your errant here ?

(ANNIE recovering from her fit, she raves.)

Ann. O do not, do not give me as food to the fishes of the sea, take me to land and murder me there, that I may find a Christian burial if my body be discovered. But where am I, (*looking wildly around her,*) he has left me alone, and I know not where I am ? Surely I am hid in the bowels of the earth, or, like Jonah, swallow'd up, and in a whale's belly, where I must soon perish for ever ! O my William, my William, were you but here to know my sorrows, and to share with me my last moments,—but my heart is ever yours. Thy will, O heaven, be done !

Will. Surely this is the voice of my Annie, and yon is the Dutchman. He has brought her here to murder her, but he shall not escape the punishment due to his crimes ; for, like proud Hamon, he has prepared for himself a gallows, which he shall adorn before to-morrow's sun gild the eastern waves. Prepare, murderer, for thy end is near.

Ann. What new guardian angel is this that seeks to protect my life, and set me free ? A mortal it cannot be.

Will. Yes, my Annie, it is thy William, whom heaven has kindly sent before to save thy life. (*She goes to embrace him.*) But this is not the time to waste in words nor in caresses, dearly as I love you, first let me rid the world of this base and deceitful wretch, then shall I be at your service. (*Turning to the Dutchman, who is endeavouring to flee from him.*) Draw, you detested of the earth, you scum of felons, for this moment shall be your last.

Jew. O master, master, save my precious life, and

me give you great deal of de monies, as much as you can carry.

Will. No, thou hated wretch above all others, thy money perish with thee, I will have none of it—I want your life. I do you a service, and a service to my country, by ridding you of it, for some day before long it must go, whether by me or not.

Jew. Ten vill me sell it as dear as me can. (*Draws and fights.*)

Enter Captain WATCH and crew.)

Watch. Yo, ho, there, I hear the clashing of swords in the Dropping Cave, thereby. Surely the Philistians have not got there before us.

Cab. B. If they have, they are quarreling among themselves, for all our crew have safely escaped their fangs, I assure you.

Watch. However, as we are all armed, let us go in and see the fray.

Cab. B. With all my heart; I will never flinch from my captain nor my gun.

Watch. Light a torch, then, some of you, that we may not be taken all aback in the squall. Let us go cautiously but resolutely to work. (*The torch is lighted when they enter.*)

Cab. B. My eyes and Betty Martin, captain, but it is Mr. William Gordon and the Dutchman, yard-arm to yard-arm, in single combat, laying on most lustily.

Watch. Avast hauling there, I say. (*When they both stop.*) How have you found your way here, Mr. William? aye, and be so closely engaged with this here lubber fellow of a Dutch Jew. (*Looking around*) Aye, aye, Mr. William, and your sweetheart too. But surely, (*turning suddenly round,*) this is some enchanted or wizard's cave, where the spirits of the dead are raised, and magicians learn the art of their black and diabolical magic. These figures that appear floating before my eyes, (*rubbing them,*) are only the phantoms of a disordered brain, if not worse. Tom, what is your opinion of these appearances; are these not smugglers landing their cargo? They appear as such to me, by the light of that bright moon,

which shines so full in my face, and blazons the watery horizon. Are they natural or supernatural?

Tom. They are all real, Sir.

Watch. What do you mean by *real*, Sir? Do you mean that they are real mortal bodies, or real ghosts, the spirits of the departed?

Will. (*Smiling at the captain's fears.*) Indeed, captain, although I have had no cause to be merry since I came here, still you make me so by your superstitious fear. Here, Sir, feel this hand, (*holding out his hand, while the captain draws back agitated,*) which is *real* flesh and blood, and expected ere now to have sent this rascally Dutchman to old Pluto's den, where he should have been long ere now; and those others you see with so much trepidation, are our brothers, of the same lawless occupation.

Watch. My fears are then fled, and I am glad we have met, although not in the most comfortable of lodgings. But let us all, save this Dutchman, embark as quickly as possible, and go to Peterhead.

Will. But how can we go there? Is not Duncan Ayre and his crew still on the outlook for us?

Watch. O never mind, my boy, that storm is all over now; we are safe; he has not got proofs, as yet, that the Crooked Mary was within the smuggling limits, so all is right.

Will. We must, however, not leave the Dutchman here, he would soon make his escape, when the gibbet would be cheated of its rights. And you know that it is said that the devil should get his due.

Watch. Then, some of you lads there, bind the fellow neck and heel, and bring him along; for although I am very humane in my way, I should like to see this Jew look through the bight of a rope at the yard arm, for I think he would grace such a place, and do honour to it. (*Pulling him along with a struggle.*) [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Opens with the interior of the Court House, examination of witnesses, &c. Bailie ARBUTHNOT in the chair.*

Ba. Well, Captain Watch, Captain Ayre of the

Tiger cutter has made affidavit before the Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Customs, and Board of Admiralty at Leith, against you, and says, that you are by habit and repute a smuggler, in defiance of the just laws of this well-governed realm, and captain or commander of the Crooked Mary brig, just now lying in Port-Henry, *alias*, the North Harbour of Peterhead. Can you answer to the indictment, as I have been appointed by the Supreme Court to examine witnesses, &c. ?

Watch. Yes, Sir. I will neither plead guilty or not guilty. I have only to say in my own exculpation, that assertion is no proof, and without proof she cannot be condemned, nor I found guilty. I, therefore, beg leave to file a bill of indemnity in behalf of myself and crew.

Ba. That is certainly good law, Captain Watch, you will need no counsellor. But Captain Ayre says he has half a dozen of men that are ready to make oath that they saw the Crooked Mary unloading a cargo of contraband goods within the limits specified in the act of Parliament which prohibits smuggling. You can peruse the act at leisure, which you will find in the acts of his late Majesty, King George the Second, of blessed memory, statute 19, chapter 34. Captain Ayre, bring forward your proofs.

Enter FIRST WITNESS.

Dun. A. George, come forward. Here, Bailie, is the first of my witnesses, and hope he will do honour to the cause.

Ba. (*To the witness.*) Did you see the Crooked Mary unloading a cargo of gin, or other goods prohibited by law, within the limits proscribed by act of Parliament ?

Geo. Yes, Sir.

Ba. Will you make oath to it ?

Geo. Yes. (*Somewhat uneasy.*)*

Ba. Where were the Mary and crew unloading her cargo when you saw her ?

* Prudence bids one draw a veil over the rest of this mysterious, and now nearly forgotten circumstance.

Geo. In Collieston Bay.

Ba. And where were you when you saw her ?

Geo. In my own house ; I saw her through a back window.

Ba. Where is your own house ?

Geo. In the parish of Deer.

Ba. Did you see her from no other place ?

Geo. No.

Ba. Very well ; enough, enough. You may go. [*Exit.* A very formidable witness, indeed—such need no comment. I shall have nothing more to do with them, Captain Ayre, you must send all the other of your witnesses to Edinburgh for examination, for I will have nothing more to do with them. I wash my hands of the concern, their sins be upon their own heads, if all of the others be like this one. Be seated, gentlemen, be seated, (*addressing Captain Ayre and Captain Watch.*) This will be a hurried day with me, I fear, for I have much business yet to go through.

Dun. A. Then may I retire and not encumber the court.

Watch. And I also, Bailie.

Ba. No, no, Captain Ayre, you need not, unless you please, for this is an open court, as all courts ought to be ; there is no hole-and-corner work goes on here, nor is allowed when I am present. As for you, Captain Watch, I will perhaps require your evidence in a serious matter before long. An intricate case, indeed.

Watch. But, Bailie, how can I be an evidence, when I know nothing of law. I know nothing of client, pursuer, nor defendant.

Ba. So much the better ; I do not wish you to deliver lectures on law.

Watch. No, nor divinity either, I suppose.

Ba. Neither, my friend—both are unnecessary at the present juncture. (*To a constable.*) Call in the Dutch Jew.

Enter DUTCH JEW.

Ba. Sir, I have perused with particular care and attention, the papers you left with me sometime ago for that purpose. I must now communicate unto you

the results. (*Again to the constable.*) Call in Miss Ann Forbes and Mr. William Gordon.

Enter WILLIAM and ANNIE.

(*Turning to the Dutchman.*) Now, Sir, I must inform you of what you already know, that is, that you have come wrongously and clandestinely by these papers, (*in his hand,*) and are therefore liable to the highest penalty of the law. You must, therefore be remanded to prison, as you are charged with another crime still more heinous in the sight of heaven, and that is, carrying off this young lady with an intent to murder her. What answer do you give—guilty or not guilty?

Jew. Me plead guilty to all de charges, and hope for de pardon.

Ba. That must be obtained through another channel, for I am not the fountain of mercy. My prerogitive, great as it is, does not yet extend so far. I can no more take away life than I can restore it. You have done well, however, in pleading guilty, as it will save the court a great deal of unpleasant trouble. (*Turning to the clerk.*) Mr. Ritchie, see you be recording the proceedings of the court correctly.

Clerk. I am, Sir.

Ba. Miss Ann Forbes, you say you are the lawful and only surviving daughter of the late Patrick Forbes, merchant in Peterhead—answer me.

Ann. Yes, Sir, I am.

Ba. But, according to long usage, and the forms of the law of Scotland, which, by the bye, are somewhat intricate, you must produce some witnesses who can identify your person as such. Have you any at hand?

Ann. I have, Sir. Old Elspet Davidson on Keith Inch.

Ba. Then call her into court, constable.

Enter EPPY.

Ba. Well, Elspet, do you know this young woman?

Eppy. (*Looking and smiling.*) Troth do I, Sir. What gars ye speer sic queer kind o' questions as that? Ye ken well eneuch I ken a' body in this town, it's nae

sae muckle ; and what is mair, I kent a' their fathers and mithers afore them, for the twa last generations.

Ba. Then what was her father's name? where did he stay? and what was his occupation or trade?

Eppy. Hoot, toot, Master Bailie, ye're surely jocking wi' me now, or lost yere wits a' the gither. Ye ken a' these things well eneuch ye'resell; ye are no needing to tease me telling ye things that ye kent sae lang syne; forbye a' that, he was your very companion an' crony at a' merry makings, which war rifer than they are now, an' used every day to gang wi' you to the links ilka morning at five o'clock to a round o' the goff. But ye're nae sae vertie now-a-days, Bailie, as ye was whan I first kent you. Ye're like mysell, now, failing fast, but may we a' meet our hinder end wi' a guid commend.

Ba. O Elspet, Elspet, ye're wading sair from the subject in hand. Could ye not tell us who was this young lady's father?

Eppy. Indeed, Bailie, I'll dee nae sic thing—ye ken, an' she kens hersell, already.

Ba. But, Elspet, a great deal of her future fortune depends upon your answering these questions. I beg you will do it, and that right early.

Eppy. Troth, Bailie, ye gar me laugh, and wha wou'dna laugh gin they heard that answering twa or three silly questions, that a' body here kens already, ware to make a young lady's fortune. Ha, ha, ha!

Ba. I am really in earnest, Elspet, and beg you will answer them quickly.

Eppy. Now, I see ye're beginning to look douce, which is some sign of your being in earnest; but how to comprehend or fathom your meaning, I cannot; but I've often heard it said that lawyers ware a quere an' a puzzling set o' quirky an' cunning chaps, an' often began, like the Jew's Bible, wi' the wrang end o' their story formost.

Ba. O Elspet, Elspet, I wish you would be more explicit, and not detain the court so long with your dissertation on lawyers, we will hear you upon these topics some more convenient season. Do you not see that we are all waiting your answers.

Eppy. Well, surely this is funny, that a hale house fou o' sic braw folks wou'd be waiting my poor answers. I am sure there are mony ane here cou'd answer the same questions as well as me, aye, an' muckle better.

Ba. But we want yours first, Elspet, and then, if necessary, we will question some of them afterwards.

Eppy. Well, well, Sir, to make a lang tale short, Mr. Patrick Forbes was the lady's father, (so said her mither.) he lived in Flying-Gig's Wynd,* and sold tea and tobacco, claiths o' a' kinds and colours, and mony mair things than a' that, or I cou'd name. His name surely was *Patrick*, but I aye ca'd him *Peter*, as being mair Christian like, for I hate newfangled and outlandish names. I'm a real an' a true Episcopalian, and hate innovation in church or state.

Ba. But, Elspet, this is no innovation, nor an outlandish name. It is Scotch.

Eppy. It's nae sic thing, Sir, it's nae sic thing, begging your honour an' your bailieship's pardon, it's purely Irish, brought frae that country by some proud Highlandman, wha wished to claim kindred wi' their Saint.

Ba. Elspet, ye seem to be well acquainted wi' Buchanan, the auld laird o' Auchmar, on the etymology of names, and stored no little portion of his wisdom in your cranium, when you can argue so. Do you know any thing next of the origin or history of the surname of Forbes?

Eppy. Deed do I, Sir; I could tell you a long story about the *Forbeses*, aye, as lang as my twa arms putten the gither, and a' the ups an' downs o' them sin' they got the name o' Forbes for reding their native county of Aberdeen o' a wild boar, that did muckle mischief in't, mony hunder year ago. Mony guid ane sin' that time has been o' the race, an' mony a ane nae worth the speaking about. It's nae aye pearls that are taen out o' pearl mussels, nor a gow'd that glitters.

Ba. I daresay you could carry the origin of the name as far back as Noah, or the Urquharts of Cromarty, could you not, Elspet?

* A lane leading to the north shore, now little frequented.

Eppy. Aye cou'd I, Sir, an' a great deal farer—Noah, Noah, did ye say, Sir?

Ba. Yes, Elspit.

Eppy. Then I am a' clean wrang—I thought you said I cou'd carry the Forbeses as far back as *Noth*, that is the muckle hill beside Benachie; now I kent some o' them that lived a great deal farer back than that hill, aye, as far back as Loch-na-gar on Dee-side. But I see now wha ye meant, it was that ventursome chiel, called in the bible by the name o' Noah, the first sailor wha sailed round the globe in a muckle cork tub, wi' a sample o' a' the birds an' beasts an' creeping things that were generated at the beginning o' the world.

Ba. (*Addressing Annie.*) We need not seek for more proofs in your favour, Miss Forbes, Elspit has said enough to satisfy all of us here, and also your sceptical enemies, if you have any, that you are the rightful heir of these papers, and the property contained therein. Take them then, and I wish you great joy of the same, (*gives her a parcel*) and, should you require my assistance afterwards, I will be ready to serve you. To you now, Master William Gordon, (*turning to him*) from what I have heard and seen of your conduct and character, I, in absence of her departed father, give, with her full consent, her hand unto you, as I know you have her heart already—then shall the bond be cancelled. Now, soon may I have the pleasure of calling her Mistress Gordon, a name that will ever be dear to me—a name that I revere above all others, as to this name am I indebted for much of my present comforts.* My great-grandmother's name was Beatrix Gordon, as you will find on examining one of the tombstones in the North-west corner of the walls of that sacred and solitary sanctuary of the dead, the Church-yard of St. Fergus.—Take her then with my blessing, and may she be unto thee as the fruitful vine, ever flourishing!

* The author is proud to acknowledge that such are *his* feelings and sentiments.—To WILLIAM GORDON, Esq. of Fyvie, &c., a Gentleman of worth and talents, will he ever be grateful for the many favours he has heaped upon him.

EPILOGUE.

(As spoken by Mr. ———, Manager.)

IN this short tale we have before you laid,
 (Virtue and vice in their true lights pourtray'd,)
 You'll find a lesson, if you wish to learn,
 That virtuous deeds have the most powerful charm ;
 That vice dismantl'd of its tinsel show,
 Will prove at last the bitter bane of woe.
 May blessings then on virtuous deeds attend,
 And always prove the sure and lasting friend,
 While vice is punish'd with the scourge of power,
 A lasting tribute in the trying hour,
 That trying hour, when death shall change the scene,
 And life forget its pleasure and its pain.
 May ye then, like your countrymen of old,
 Deserve such praise ; and be your names enroll'd
 On some bright page, which shall in future shine
 Thro' every *Act* ; thro' every *Scene*, and line ;
 As WILLIAM and ANN have found their true deserts.
 We now take leave with thanks, and grateful hearts ;
 And should we e'er to *Peterhead* return,
 Our hearts to serve you, shall with transport burn.
 Till then adieu, and may you ever nourish,
 The sons of *genius*, while your trade does flourish,
 Emblem of wealth, of wisdom, and of gain,
 While we, your humble servants, still remain.

[*Exeunt, bowing.*

DEATH OF WILL WATCH.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
 While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main ;
 A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely,
 Took helm, then to sea boldly steer'd out again.
 Will had promis'd his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,
 Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor ashore ;
 When his pockets were lin'd, why his life should be mended,
 The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
 Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried—
 This night, (if I've luck,) furls the sails of my trading,
 In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
 Will lay too till the night came on darksome and dreary,
 To crowd every sail then he pip'd up each hand,
 But a signal soon spied, ('twas a prospect uncheery,)
 A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cried Will, we'll take no heed on't,
 Attack'd, whose the man that will flinch from his gun ?
 Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
 We'll fight when we can, when we can't boys, we'll run.
 Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,
 Oh! no, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down ;
 Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
 One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you my mates left behind me,
 Regard my last words, see them kindly obey'd ;
 Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends do you mind me,
 Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid.
 Poor Will's yarn was spun out,—for a bullet next minute,
 Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more ;
 His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd in it,
 Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night, his last wish was complied with,
 To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
 He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,—
 He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
 Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
 You ash struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,
 Where Will Watch, *the bold smuggler*, that fam'd lawless
 fellow,
 Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead !

POEMS AND SONGS.

PASTORAL SONG.

To WILLIAM GORDON, Esq. of Fyvie and Maryculter,
at London, October, 1833.

“ To virgin flowers, to sunburnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.”—*Drummond.*

To its own Tune.

O YTHAN braes bloom fair to see,
And FYVIE woods are green,
Where mony warbling songsters' sung,
And I've sae happy been, been,
And I've sae happy been.

But now deserted by their LORD,
The streams meand'ring flow
Through meadows fair, and beauty rare,
To tell their tale of woe, woe,
To tell their tale of woe.

For far frae hame is my true love,
And I sae fou o' care ;
Sad is my sang,—he tarries lang,
And will be evermair, mair,
And will be evermair.

Light loup'd my heart when he but smiled,
But now a' day I mourn,
For the blythest birds 'mang Fyvie's trees,
Will weep ere he return, turn,
Will weep ere he return.

My crook and plaid ly heedless by,
 My sheep bleat on the hill,
 My sportive colly stands amazed,
 All nature sighs her fill, fill,
 All nature sighs her fill,

Then haste ye back, my kindest love,
 To thy ain ha's and bowers,
 Where mony ane will welcome thee
 To *Fyvie's* lofty towers, towers,
 To *Fyvie's* lofty towers.

Thy presence gladdens every heart,
 And every eye beams bright ;
 Thy smile is like a summer shower,—
 It gies to a' delight, light.
 It gies to a' delight.

When ye return the woods shall ring,
 And music fill ilk' grove,
 For then the little birds will sing
 Their sweetest sangs of love, love,
 Their sweetest sangs of love.

Thy wide domains, and pleasant plains,
 Where I was wont to stray,
 Among the broom of rich perfume,
 Shall join in melody, dy,
 Thall join in melody.

The flowers will deck the mountain side,
 And every thing be gay,
 When hill and dale in mantl'd pride,
 Shall hail that happy day, day,
 Shall hail that happy day !

WHIRRY WHIGS AWA', MAN.

THIS curious Jacobite Song was written by Mr. GEORGE HACKET, a schoolmaster in the parish of Rathan, Aberdeenshire. In one of my former publi-

cations, "Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads," &c. I have said all of him that could be collected from among the aged of the north, so it is unnecessary to repeat it again here.

The copy of the song which now lies before me, and of which the following is an exact transcript, was for the first time, printed on the 20th July, 1744, under the immediate eye and superintendance of the author. Out of the many versions that have appeared in almost every Jacobite Collection, this is the only *correct* and *complete* one. It cost me no little trouble and expense ferreting it out of its antiquated nest; but, as an antiquary, I am proud of my labour, and consider my money well *warded*. Will my readers believe that this is the *obnoxious* ballad sung at Laurence fair in the year 1745, which gave rise to, and was the cause of that curious metrical pamphlet being written, called "Scotland's Glory and her Shame; being a brief Historical Account of her Glory in Presbytery?" &c. It was—and the indentical edition too. Hear what the offended Poet in his postscript says.—"The author of the foregoing sheets ("Scotland's Glory," &c.) being in Laurence fair, on Muir of Halkerton, in the year 1745, where he had occasion to hear an impious wretch sing that abominable song, viz.—'Whirry Whigs Awa', Man,' and seeing the profane rabble giving such attention, it grieved his spirit exceedingly. But seeing, according to his station, he could do nothing as to the suppressing of such trash, he at first opportunity set about composing the foregoing sheets, which he thought fit to do with some clink of the forenamed spurious rhyme, though of quite different strain, in order to overturn the former, and also to clear up the truth and true case of those that are now nicknamed Whigs. This being drawn in dark characters, was very useful to some, when read to them at length in 1752. It was drawn out with amendments, and having made some additions in this, he sends it abroad as an orphan to seek its quarters. "If any be pleased to take it by approbation, they may; if not, I hope they will be so civil as to let it go about without abusing it by words or blows."

Pinkerton seems to be somewhat of the same mind as this writer, for he says, "The unhappy attachment to the family of Stuart, has wasted the finest estates, and shed some of the best blood in Scotland;" but it is all over now—The cause is removed, and we can sit quietly, and in peace, beneath the wings of another monarch, and none make us afraid.

"Treason doth never prosper,—what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Died at Rome, at half-past nine o'clock, on the 31st day of January, 1788, Prince Charles Edward Lewis Casimir Stuart, aged on the day of his death, sixty-seven years and one month, having been born on the 31st of December, 1720. He was the son of James Francis Stuart, Prince of Wales, son to James II. The son of James II. was recognised by many courts of Europe, as King of England, immediately after the death of his father, and as such received kingly honours; had his palace and his guards, and enjoyed the privileges allowed by the Pope to Catholic kings, that of bestowing Cardinal's hats. But his son, Prince Charles, did not enjoy these honours; he was indeed called Prince of Wales during the life of his father, but after that event, he would no longer bear that title, and the Catholic courts would not style him king, so that his situation was more agreeable before his father's death than it was ever after. His mother had one of the greatest fortunes in Europe. She was the Princess Clemintina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland, who beat the Turks near Vienna, and made them raise the siege of that capital, and thus saved Christendom from destruction. She had a million sterling to her fortune. She had two sons by her husband; Charles, who lately died, and Henry Benedict, who by his father was created Duke of York, and who having been promoted to the purple, has been generally known by the name of Cardinal York. The elder son married a princess of Stolberg, in Germany; but by her had no issue. He left, however, a natural daughter, whom he created Dutchess of Albany. She was much respected for her

good nature, piety, and politeness. To his brother, the Cardinal, he left his claim to the Crown of England. The remains of Prince Charles were carried to Frascati to be interred. When the corps had arrived there, the coffin wherein the body had been privately deposited at Rome, was opened, and found to contain royal robes, with the sceptre, crown, and sword; together with all the insignia distinguishing the royal house of Stuart. The body was placed in a coffin of cyprus wood, enclosed in one of lead, bearing inscriptions and devices analogous to the rank of the deceased. In the morning of the third of February, the funeral obsequies were celebrated in the Catholic church at Frascati, of which See the Cardinal Duke of York, his brother, was bishop. The church was hung with black cloth, the seams covered with gold lace drawn up between the pillars in the form of festoons, intermixed with gold and silver tissue, which had a very magnificent and solemn effect, especially as a profusion of wax tapers were continually burning the whole time of the ceremony, in every part of the church, over the great door, and the four principal side altars. There were written in the festoons, in large characters, the following texts of Scripture, which were chosen by the Cardinal, in allusion of the situation and fortunes of the deceased: Ecclesiastes 47, 17; Job 25, 5; Tobit 2, 18; Proverbs 5, 27, 22; Macabees 6, 31. The large catasque was erected on a platform, raised three steps from the floor, in the nave of the church, on which the coffin, containing the body, was placed, covered with a superb pall, on which were embroidered in several places, the royal arms of England. On each side stood three gentlemen, servants of the deceased, in mourning cloaks, each holding a royal banner, and about it were placed a very considerable number of large wax tapers, in the form of a square, guarded by the militia of Frascati. About ten in the forenoon the Cardinal was brought into the church in a sedan chair, covered with black cloth, attended by a suite of his officers and servants in deep mourning. He seated himself on his throne, on the right-hand side of the great altar, and began to sing the office appointed by the church for the dead, assisted by the choir, which

is numerous, and some of the best voices from Rome. The first verse was scarcely finished, when it was observed that his voice faltered, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, so that it was feared he would not have been able to proceed. However, he soon recollected himself, and went through the function in a very affecting manner, which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity, were very solemnly ended. The magistrates of Frescati, and a numerous concourse of the neighbouring people, attended on this occasion, who were attracted not so much by their curiosity, or the purpose of assisting the masses which were celebrating at every altar in the church, as a desire of testifying their great respect for their bishop, who constantly resided amongst them, and daily bestowed upon them temporal, as well as spiritual blessings, with a very liberal hand. By his will, Prince Charles made the Countess of Albany, his daughter, sole heiress; to the Cardinal York, his brother, he gave two thousand ounces of silver; to the Chevalier Stuart, his confidential secretary, one hundred ducats, with directions to his heirs to continue the respective apartments to his servants, in recompence for their faithful services, and to give them annuities for their lives of the value of their wages. To this will is annexed the formal protest of the Cardinal, by which he lays claim to the undivided right of the throne of England.

On the 28th of March, 1724, when the report was prevalent that the above illustrious personage had died on the 23d of January preceding, the following character of him appeared in the *Calderonian Mercury*, which it is said the Prince himself afterwards read and approved of:—“The Count of Albany, as he has been called for some time past, was born on the 31st of December, 1720, N. S., a person who will be always memorable in the annals of Britain on account of the bold attempt he made in the year 1745. Care had been taken very early to instil just and noble sentiments into his mind, and in his youth he had been inured to bear fatigue, and such other inconveniencies as are met with in a military life. His person and manners were so gracefully and engaging, that he was warmly beloved by his friends,

and esteemed even by his enemies ; and when he made his appearance in Scotland, he drew on himself the attention of all Europe. He is said to have always acted with remarkable humanity and greatness of soul ; and his success was greater than what could have been expected from his circumstances. After his defeat at Culloden, he bore his misfortunes, and passed through dangers with equanimity, as still to appear respectable and great. Since the peace of Aix-la-chapelle, when he was obliged to depart out of France, he has had little opportunity of showing to the world what he really was. He married the Princess Lousia Maximiliana de Stolberg Guederan on the 17th of April, 1772, but they have had no issue, so that the male line of the royal family of Stuart is now reduced to the Cardinal alone, after it had given kings to Scotland for three or four hundred years, and by the Princesses of it, Sovereigns to almost all Europe."

WHERE are the days that we have seen,
 When *Phœbus* shone fu' bright, man,
 Days when fu' merry we have been,
 When every one had right man ;
 Now gloomy clouds do overshadow,
 And spread wide over a', man,
 Ill boding comets blaze o'er head,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Now ill appears with face fu' bare,
 'Mong high and low degree, man,
 And great confusion every where,
 Which every day we see, man ;
 A blind man's chosen for a guide,
 If they get not a fa' man,
 There's none needs wonder if they slide,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

We are divided as you see,
 A sad and dreadful thing, man,
 'Twixt malice, pride, and presbytery,
 And Satan leads the ring, man :

Our nation's under misery,
 And slavery with a' man,
 Yet deaf'd with din of liberty,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Our decent gowns are all put down,
 Dare scarcely now be seen, man,
 Geneva frocks take up their room,
 Entitled to the tiends, man;
 Who cant and speak the most discreet,
 And say they love the law, man,
 Yet are a pack of hypocrites,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Of primitive simplicity,
 Which in our church was left, man,
 Of truth and peace with prelacy,
 Alas! we are bereft, man;
 Instead of true humility,
 And unity with a' man,
 Confusion's mither presbytery,
 Now spawns her brats thro' a' man.

The Lord's prayer and the creed,
 With glore to trinity, man,
 New start-ups all these things exclude
 And call them popery, man,
 Rebellion's horn they loudly tout,
 With whinning tone and bla, man,
 And leave the means of grace without;
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Yet creed and Lord's prayer too,
 The true blue folks of old, man,
 Ye know believed to be true,
 And promised to hold, man.
 But having proved false to God,
 Traitors to kings with a', man,
 They never by their word abode;
O whirry whigs awa', man.

To speak a little of our kings
 In middle of our song, man,
 You may consider several things,
 And point where I am wrong man ;
 To tell the truth and verity,
 Of none I stand in awe, man,
 What others have declar'd to me ;
O whirry whigs awa', man.

By cunning rebels groundless strife,
 Stark malice and envy, man,
 King *Charles* the first he lost his life,
 For this thank presbytery, man ;
 His wife and bairns banished.
 Condemned by their own law, man,
 To foreign lands to beg their bread,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Then having martyr'd that good king,
 They wisely did agree, man,
 That *Cromwel* in his stead should reign,
 And Whigs anointed be, man ;
 That mushroom like to presbytery,
 Establish d it o'er a', man,
 And overturned prelacy ;
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Then peace and plenty we had none,
 But endless jars and strife, man,
 Before that monster's race was run,
 Great numbers lost the life, man.
 For all his strength, attack'd by death,
 At length he trump'd his wa', man,
 He threw him down and stopt his breath ;
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Montrose conven'd the gallant *Graham*,
 For the royal right arose, man,
 Againt the covenanted lambs,
 And did the same oppose, man ;

At *Alford, Oldearn* and *Kilsyth*,
 Their backs did soundly cla, man,
 The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
 The rebel Whigs awa, man.
 With few but royal to his praise,
 To thousands chase he gave, man,
 His like was not since *Wallace* days,
 For conduct, courage, brave, man.

Wherever he heard of rebels horse,
 On them with speed did fa', man,
 He thought himself a happy corse,
 Who could get first awa', man.
 But *Huntly* with the *Gordons* proud,
 Deserted him in's need, man,
 The ruling pow'r cause not allow'd,
 And much mischief did breed, man.

At *Philip Haugh* he was defeat,
 His men in field did fa', man,
 Yet made a glorious retreat,
 Till better days he saw, man.
 The Assine laird, that treacherous loon,
 Beguil'd him by a wile man,
 And carried him to *Edinburgh* town,
 Where quarter'd was *Argyle*, man,

And being tried by lawless crew,
 Sentenced was to die, man,
 His head set on the *Nether Bow*,
 Proclaim'd Whigs loyalty, man,
 Our prince in peace restor'd again,
 To these our mourning isles, man,
Montrose head from the port took down,
 And set up gly'd *Argyle's*, man.

Sent thro' the land his quarter'd corpse,
 To rebels dead that saw, man.
 Example for all bloody rogues,
 O whirry whigs awa', man.

For after *Oliver* was dead,
 And we from bondage free, man,

King *Charles* the second, this right claim'd,
 And rul'd the nations three, man,
 Like a true *Stuart* rul'd the roast,
 And kept the Whigs in awe, man
 Made rebel subject to their cost,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

The nine-and-twenty day of *May*
 He came to *Yarmouth* shore, man,
 To see our church in such decay,
 His heart was never so sore, man.
 Abolish'd the curst covenant,
 He lov'd it not at a', man,
 Restor'd our ancient government,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Then we had plenty, truth and peace,
 Our days in mirth we spent, man,
 Rebellious contests then did cease,
 Yet Whigs were never content, man,
 But treason and conspiracy,
 Contriv'd, and stood no awe, man,
 Of God, and his royal majesty,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

These restless Whigs with their intrigues,
 Themselves they did conveen, man,
 At *Pentland* hills and *Bothwell* bridges,
 To fight against the king, man.
 Till brave *Dalzeal* came on a call,
 True loyalists with a', man,
 To try a match 'twixt powder and ball,
 And saints turn'd windle straws, man.

This brave *Dalzeal* stood in the field,
 And fought for king and crown, man,
 Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,
 Rejoic'd to ding them down, man.
 For twa fac'd Whigs they ran and fled,
 And some in field did fa', man,
 And others unto death were laid,
 Condemn'd by their own law, man.

But soon a sad and doleful cry
 Was heard in every place, man,
 Our sovereign king did from us die,
 Sair may we rue the race, man,
 For since we lost that matchless prince,
 These rebels and their law, man,
 Might make us wise by experience,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

King *Charles* being dead and gone,
 Which sadly I declare, man,
 His brother *James* did mount the throne,
 He was the nearest heir, man.
 But he did reign but three years bare,
 Till beaten from his throne, man,
 And then rejoic'd that wicked race
 Of Whigs that he was gone, man.

An *Orange* next from *Holland* came,
 That played with parties baith man,
 Whigs set up him, he set up them,
 Did us a world of skaith man.
 When he came o'er our king to be,
 His own father-in-law, man,
 By his *Dutch* guards he drove to sea,
 Then swore he ran awa', man.

With Whigs he was so much at one,
 To them he proved right kind, man,
 His great-grandfather's martyrdom,
 Came never in his mind, man.
 All that loved the royal race,
 He favoured not at a', man,
 But stript them both of power and place,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Our worthy bishops he dang down,
 Opprest our church and state, man,
 And set up start-ups of their own,
 By *Dutchcraft* and deceit, man.
 The thirteen years that he did reign,
 We had no peace nor law, man,

But Whigs as *Willie* played to sing,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

A famine seven years prevail'd,
 The people pale-faced grew, man,
 By dearth and death they were assail'd,
 Which thousands overthrew, man.
 The victual was sae dear and scant,
 We found no help at a', man,
 Both young and old fell down for want,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

But *Willie's* latter end did come,
 He broke his collar bone, man,
 We cho'se a better, royal *Anne*,
 And set her on the throne, man.
 And then we had both seed and bread,
 And plenty over a', man,
 We had no scarcity of food,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Now wicked *England* did invent,
 To make an unity, man,
 To which the Whigs did soon consent,
 When promis'd presbytery, man.
 I wish they had been in their graves,
 Who did the letters draw, man,
 These whinning knaves have made us slaves,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Next came the abjuration oath,
 To swear and then subscribe, man,
 The Whigs heard word and were not leath,
 Assembled their belyve, man.
 Their plural number did appear,
 None did himself withdraw, man,
 They scrupled not at once to swear
 Twenty cross oaths and twa, man.

Our royal *Queen* being dead and gone,
 Increased was our woe, man,
 Our mourning days cannot be done,
 We'er now brought very low, man.

And left in grief without relief,
 And little hopes at a', man,
 Old *Albion* suffers much mischief,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

We then sought out a *German* thing,
 Call'd to grace the throne, man,
 Then for the beggars he did bring,
 Sore taxes were laid on, man,
 Even heavy burdens on our malt,
 And ale by shift call'd law, man,
 On leather, candles, soap, and salt,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Some nobles grieved with this yoke,
 Rais'd an intestine war, man,
 And having their late oaths forsook,
 Flock'd to the Earl of *Mar*, man,
 For one call'd the *Pretender* stood,
 And forces both did draw, man,
 But long those brave men have not stood,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

They were defeat at *Sheriff Muir*,
 And *Preston* in one day, man,
Argyle pursu'd them in the rear,
 They fled without delay, man.
 With prisoners the gaols were throug'd,
 They could not win awa', man,
 Depriv'd of all that them belong'd,
O whirry Whigs awa', man.

When *George* the first went God knows where,
 His son comes now the last, man,
 And wholly moves the *British* sphere,
 Sae our best days are past, man.
 Whose fault it is I cannot tell,
 Our liberty's awa', man,
 Our ancient rights for gold they sell,
O whirry whigs awa', man.

Our honour's gone, our trade is sunk,
 By knaves at court so false, man,

Our gold pack'd up in *Walpole's* trunk,
 Which melted down his halse, man.
 O may it be, and his memory,
 And of his hirelings a', man,
 Be curst to a' posterity,
 O *whirry whigs awa', man.*

But cripple tho' I'll see the day,
 I hope to Whigs disgrace, man,
 That *Spain* shall yield of sea the sway,
 And humbly beg for peace, man.
 All evil banish'd from the throne,
 Our church restor'd with a', man,
 Then blythly shall we sing, they're gone,
 All *whirry whigs awa', man.*

REV. MR. JOHN SKINNER.

[The following Poem, (a Soliloquy by the Earl of
 ———, the night prior to his suffering decapitation
 for rebellion in 1745,) was written by Mr. Skinner.]

THIS worthy Divine and Poet, was for nearly sixty-five years Episcopal minister at Longside, a parish in the north of Aberdeenshire. He is well-known to the readers of Burns, as one of his favourite correspondents, and author of several of the best songs that have been sung in Scotland for many years. To enumerate them all would be impossible, even by his best friends, for many of them were written on the spur of the moment, on casual occasions, and given away in M.S. no more to be heard of. A collection of unpublished Jacobite Poems and Songs by him, in the original handwriting, still remains strangers to the public. Pity such should be hid under a bushel. The piece which adorns part of this little volume was copied, with several others, from this M.S. collection, *penes* John Elrick, Esq. Perth. Most of my readers will allow that it is indicative of a good mind, susceptible of fine impressions, but attached to a cause that has involved too many of our hapless countrymen.

The Poetical works of Mr. Skinner, Latin and Scotch, were collected and published in Edinburgh, shortly after his death, which took place in the arms of his son, The Right Rev. Bishop John Skinner, at Aberdeen, on the 16th of June, 1807, aged 86.

In the eightieth year of his age, when vital life begins to shrink from the services of the world, and becomes more a burden than a pleasure to its possessor, he retained all his youthful vivacity, characteristic of a well-regulated deportment, and sober habits. He was abstemious in his diet, and, although at times he could enjoy in the company of friends, a flowing bowl, he studied more the feast of the mind than that of the body. To him, the delicacies of life had no charm, and consequently no temptation. As proof positive of this, the late Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, with whom he was a great favourite, at this period of life, wished to render him a service, by adding to his domestic comforts every thing of which he stood in need, but Mr. Skinner declined his friendly offer. I shall give it in his own words :

“ Lodg’d in a canty cell of nine feet square,
 Bear bread, and sowans and milk my belly’s fare ;
 Shoes for my feet, soft clothing for my back,
 If warm, no matter whether blue or black :
 In such a sober, low, contented state,
 What comfort now need I from rich or great ?

Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
 My race through poverty and labour run ;
 Wishing to be by all my flock belov’d,
 And for long service, by my Judge approv’d :
 Death at my door, and heaven in my eye,
 From rich or great, what comfort now need I ?

Let but our sacred edifice* go on
 With cheerfulness, till all the work be done ;
 Let but my flock be faithfully supplied,
 My friends all with their lot well satisfied :
 Then O ! with joy, and comfort from on high,
 Let me in Christian quiet calmly die,

* His chapel which was then building at Linshart.

And lay my ashes in my Grizel's grave,
 'Tis all I want, or wish on earth to have :
 Thus lifted up above all vain desire,
 And quench each foolish spark of passion's fire,
 Deprived of her I held so justly dear,
 Nor plagued with idle hope or idle fear :
 The smiles or frowns of fortune I defy,
 From rich or great what comfort now need I ?

It would be but a wasting of time and paper to say how much this worthy man was respected by his little flock ; suffice it to say, that, as soon as buried, they erected in the Church-yard of Longside, a marble monument to his memory, bearing a suitable inscription.

SOLILOQUY.

AND must it be, to death then must I go?
 Must Justice and Lee, and Bedford have it so.
 Not glutted yet with gore, dost Cumbrio thirst
 For Highland blood, as keen as at the first?
 Still does his butchering soul delight to see
 A wretched rebel mount the fatal tree.
 And is there then no pity to be shown,
 No gracious sound of mercy from the throne.
 Mercy, where art thou? To what desert fled!
 Where dost thou wander, a neglected shade.
 Thou once the glory of the British reign,
 Long have I call'd on thee, but call'd in vain.
 For me no mercy,—no reprieve to come,
 No hopes of pardon to reverse my doom ;
 My enemies, I'm told, do loud for vengeance call,
 And injured law requires that I should fall.
 Is't then a crime in us to assert our right,
 More now than what it was in eighty-eight?
 Must what was glorious sixty years ago,
 Because successful, be rebellious now?
 What powers our fathers had, we sure may claim }
 Our fundamental charter is the same, }
 And we but use the rights deriv'd from them. }

Sure we may still rise up in just defence,
 Of Britain's subject, and of Britain's Prince;
 And if our fathers forc'd him out 'tis plain,
 We when we pleased, may bring him in again.
 But now the times are chang'd; victorious might
 Enacts oppression, and destroys our right;
 Now we are rebels if this law be just,
 'Tis this decrees my fate, and die I must.
 Then welcome death in all thy dread array,
 Be quick, nor let me breathe another day;
 Thy bloody weapons I already see,
 And all thy barbarous pomp prepar'd for me.
 Around the smoking pile the lictors wait
 To end my days, and see me die in state.
 But why such respite does the law allow?
 Why dont I fall to-morrow; Why not now?
 Already I've made up my peace with heaven,
 My sins already are, I hope, forgiven.
 What soft compassion, and that tender love,
 Which earth denies, I've purchas'd from above;
 He who the injur'd sufferer always hears,
 Has seen my sorrows, and has heard my prayers,
 Then Justice do thy worst, thy vengeance stretch
 As far as law in all its forms can reach:
 On this frail carcass exercise thy power,
 Hang, draw and quarter; thou canst do no more.
 Rip up my bowels, and let the thoughtless crowd
 Surfeit their malice with a traitor's blood;
 My head on loftiest pinnacle be shown,
 For wanton boys and girls to gaze upon.
 My sever'd limbs to distant quarters sent,
 To fright the nation out of discontent;
 Is this enough my crime to expiate,
 And satisfy the inhuman Cumbrio's hate?
 Or must I further satisfaction give;
 Ah! me, no more, even I but cease to live!
 Even this too much, if mercy would have place,
 If suppliant matrons would have met with grace;
 Then I perhaps have lived a life of woe,
 Debarr'd from all the joys I once did know }
 But that's denied, and I must undergo. }
 Art thou then sad, poor trembling heart,

At death and dissolution dost thou start ?
 Dost thou at heaven's all-ruling will repine,
 And fondly think no fate so hard as thine ?
 No ; far from me, be such unworthy thought,
 Soon will thy storm be o'er, the fight soon fought.
 The lictor's hand soon give my soul relief,
 And one hour's pain for ever end my grief.
 But O thou lovely sufferer in my fate,
 Thou dear companion of my various state ;
 Expos'd to every frown, from every foe.
 Upbraidings rude thou'lt have to undergo.
 In all the adverse scenes of life to roam,
 Abroad neglected, and disgraced at home,
 Thy helpless orphans, all our mutual care,
 Hard burden now for thee alone to bear.
 In mournful posture cling around thy knee,
 And weep for bread, and some times weep for me.
 Then gracious heaven to thee her care I trust,
 To thee at once both merciful and just.
 In thee the widow's and the orphan's hope,
 The orphan's parent, and the widow's prop ;
 And now propitious hear my earnest cry,
 Since die I must, then teach me how to die.
 Relieve each anxious fear, and doubt remove,
 And fill my parting soul with heavenly love ;
 My spirit calm with thy almighty power, }
 Till this last agony of death is o'er, }
 Then take me to thyself, to die no more. }

ALEXANDER GEDDES, L.L D.

THE author of the Two following pieces, which never before appeared in print, was Alexander Geddes, a Roman Catholic Priest in the Enzie, and translator of a new version of the Bible, which was but indifferently received, even by people of his own persuasion. He was born in Ruthven parish, county of Banff, in 1737, and educated, gratuitously by the laird of Aradowl with two of his sons, after which he went to Paris, and studied at the Scottish College. In 1764, he returned to Scotland, and fixed his residence at

Dundee, as officiating priest in the district of Angus. After having gone through a variety of scenes, he took charge of a congregation at Auchinhalrig, in his native county, and became at the same time farmer, but with bad success. He went afterwards to London, and commenced translating the first five books of Moses, under the patronage of Lord Petre. He was author of several pieces both in prose and verse, among the latter are several epistles to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, in Scottish verse, which show a great knowledge of the language, and power of versification. He was at that time elected by this learned body, a Corresponding Member. He was also honoured by Marischal College with the degree of L.L.D. as he was intimate with almost all the professors in that University. He is said to be the author of the Jacobite Song of "Lewis Gordon," but with what certainty, I do not pretend to say. That curious and highly humorous song of the "Wee Wifekie," has been ascribed to him by many of our modern editors of Scottish songs, but without foundation. What first gave rise to this supposition, was Mr. Skinner's saying to Burns he *presumed* it was written by Dr. G. but it turned out to be like Byrom's "Three Black Crows,"—every body knows their history,—one neighbour went and told another that such-a-one had thrown up some stuff as black as a crow, a second told it was a crow, a third affirmed there were two, and so on it went, like a snowball, still gathering and growing in bulk, as it rolled along, till there were at last three of them. If my readers will take my honest word, as sacred as afore the priest, I would assure them, Dr. Geddes never wrote one single line of the "Wee Wifekie." The rightful heir will get his own soon. The original M.S. of this truly graphic song, lies at present before me, with many others in the handwriting of the author, which will be published with some account of this eccentric Poet, who died about two years ago, aged eighty-seven. But I am wandering from my subject. Dr. Geddes was a man much beloved by his flock at Auchinhalrig, who, to testify their respect for him, and to preserve a relic, a memorial of his services while there, when he

sold off his household furniture by public roup, the articles brought unprecedented prices, every one vieing with another for the honour of even a fragment of a broken cup or saucer. He died in London, on the 26th of February, 1802, aged sixty-five, and was buried in the church-yard of Paddington, where a marble monument, erected to his memory, by Lord Petre, points the place.—

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

The Petition of Miss Kelly Innes, sheweth,
That—

Your humble petitioner lives in a place,
Annex'd to a farm that belongs to your Grace,
And there, for a number of years she has spent
Her days and her nights to her utmost content.
A snug little house, at a distance from din,
We'll pointed without, and well plaster'd within ;
A cleanly cantour and a small bit of green,
Had made her as happy as Charlotte the Queen ;
But of late, and since that unfortunate time,
She lucklessly shar'd in poor Probus's crime ;
Hard Heaven to afflict her incessantly pours
Misfortunes and hardships by tens and by scores ;
Her neighbours who erst were uncommonly civil,
Endcavour to work her all manner of evil.
There's lang Sandy Smith, if he be not the diel,
Who, to cover his malice, resembles the chiel :
Does all sorts of mischief that lies in his power,
He p——s her wall, and —— at her door ;
And if she reproves him, he soon rings her dumb,
By showing his base unaccountable b—m.
With that not contented, she tells it with shame,
He's train'd up his wife, and dog, to the same ;
He's taught them anither vile trick, to distress her,
When the Priest, as frequently comes, to confess her,
'They hearken at her windows, and hear every word,
She secretly tells to the man of the Lord.
Besides, lack-a-day, her bit green he has till'd ;
Her drain he has stopp'd, and her ditch he has fill'd ;
And he hems her so closely, 'tis past any doubt,
He means by degrees, to raze her quite out.

Vouchsafe then your Grace, who can do what you list,
 To order this same sandy Smith to desist :
 To leave her unplow'd, unpolluted her green,
 And cease to molest her at morning or e'en :
 To bind himself down, for the carle has pelf,
 Stand good for his wife, his dog, and himself.
 That all your improvements continue to thrive,
 Your cows and your cattle be kept all alive,
 And every thing round you look happy and gay,
 As bound, your Petitioner ever shall pray !

THE PRESBYTERIAN CONFESSION.

Popish confession oft has been
 The butt of Presbyterian spleen,
 And many a pretty little jeer,
 Of Priest and Penitent we hear.
 Nor was it dreaded till of late,
 That Papists could retaliate.
 For who had ever heard before
 Of Presbyterian Confessor ?
 And yet the story I'm to tell,
 Was not like theirs,—contriv'd in hell,
 But done at —— I will not name
 The place, to hide the person's shame ;
 But as to every other part,
 The country knows it well by heart.
 David was sick, and like to die,
 So, when he thought his end drew nigh,
 He sent for Jonathan his friend
 To help him to a happy end ;
 For Jonathan, though half a Turk
 Is a great column of the Kirk ;
 And when the minister's away
 Will sometimes preach and sometimes pray ;
 And folks are ready to take oath
 That he right cleverly does both.
 Well, Jonathan sent for, as said,
 Soon came, and cleverly he pray'd,
 So cleverly that David felt
 His harden'd soul begin to melt.

He wept, and thus himself address
 To Jonathan, as to the Priest :—
 “ Ah ! Jonathan, thy words have stole
 To the black bottom of my soul.
 And there have rais'd a greater storm
 Than e'er was rais'd in ale or barm.*
 My sins that hitherto have lain
 Like lifeless pigmies on the plain,
 Start up anew before mine eyes,
 And each appears of giant size.
 From such a formidable host,
 Preserve me, friend, or I am lost.”

John.—What shall I dee ?

David.—First, father, bless me,
 And then for heaven's sake confess me.
 Confess me, good and holy man,
 And then absolve me as you can.

John.—Begin my child and let me hear.

David.—I've sometimes sold my wood too dear.†
 I cry for mercy.

John.—Whist, thou elf,
 I have done twice as much myself.

David.—I've often drank without being dry.

John.—Why, truly, David, so have I.

David.—I've curst, God help me, many a time,

John.—Why, that, indeed's a sort of crime ;

Yet when I'm angry, faith it's true,

I'll curse and swear as well as you.

David.—I've fail'd to pay my lawful debt.

John.—Proceed, there's nothing mortal yet.

David.—But hitherto, (my conscience will ex-
 tort it,)

I've often, very often sported
 With your sweet spouse, and hence I gather
 Those little things that call you father
 Are none of yours—I've done.—Absolve me.

John.—Ah ! hell confound and death dissolve thee,
 And may you be for such an evil
 Absolved only by the devil !

* Jonathan kept an Inn.

† He dealt in wood.

THOMAS MATHEW.

THE author of the following Poem, was a Tailor, born in Fraserburgh, where he wrought at his business for many years, and afterwards went to Edinburgh, when he was introduced to the Ayrshire Bard, about the time he was preparing to leave his native hills of Caledonia, and try his fortune on a foreign shore. Thomas was, at that time, full of vivacity and fun, and of course, a fit companion for Burns, especially as he had an itch for rhyming. The poetical epistle which he addressed to Burns, is to be found in some of the early editions of this celebrated Bard's Poems, and is, by no means, contemptible. Whether Burns wrote his answer in jest, or as a severe satire upon his trade and profession, it is of little consequence to know. The Phillippic, however, was caustic, and corroding, when he says,

“ What ails ye now, ye lousy bitch,
 To thrash my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your Bobkin's bauld,
 I didna suffer half sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld,” &c.

He returned to Fraserburgh, where he married, and lived a most unhappy life, for he had for a partner, one in no ways suited to his cheerful disposition, or to make him happy. Her brows were for ever clouded. To get rid of her teasing and perplexing impertinence, he went on board of a man-of-war, where he remained seven years, and had been in many severe fights. He was present at the battle of the Nile, and several other engagements, along with Lord Nelson, where he kept a journal, which was very curious, as I have read it.—It was never in print. I recollect of him telling me rather a witty way of getting his liberty.—In a poetical petition addressed to the Admiral, he there sets forth his anxiety to return to his *small* family. The Admiral mistaking his meaning, or rather taking it in the common acceptation of the phrase—a number of

young and helpless children, gave him his discharge ; whereas, Thomas had so small a family, that he had *none* at all, save his unruly wife. He latterly settled as a tailor in Peterhead, but on the death of his wife, he removed to Aberdeen, where he died, about six years ago, and was carried to Peterhead, where he had some property, and was buried. He was aged about seventy, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Skinner, and several other literary characters of distinguished merit of his time.

TO W—— W—— WHO HAD SEIZED A
SMALL JAR OF WHISKY.

O thou who art of wicked fame,
For taking whisky art to blame,
Vow, man, look back wi' muckle shame,
 On sic a plisky,
The curse o' God will blast your name,
 For taking whisky.

Were it a cag or yet an anker,
For which your dev'lish greed does hanker,
I wadna grudge, nor yet wad canker,
 At things sae big ;
But curse upon you for to anter,
 On poor wife's pig.

A tradesman* too, O d— n your credit,
For taking whisky wha can bide it ?
The deil blast you on ilka side it,
 Which will be worse,
To hell ye surely will be guidit,
 Wi' heavy curse.

And then ye will lift up your e'en,
And wish ye ne'er had whisky seen ;
Ye will repent what ye hae deen,
 At being sae frisky,
Your conscience then will rack you keen,
 For taking whisky.

* He was a shoemaker, in the preventitive service.

O never hurt ane that is poor,
 An' keep that curse out frae the door,
 Or else ye'll rue the latest hour
 Ye hae to live,
 For they're his creatures, who have power
 This curse to give.

Mind ye the poor, an' gain a blessing,
 Or else ye'll get a hearty dressing,
 For sure in hell ye will be hissing,
 Like brandert herring,
 Or else the devil's —— a kissing
 For your last fareing.

FORBES STEPHEN.

THE author of the following Poem, was a native of Strichen, (where some of his relations still reside,) and an intelligent paper-maker at Peterculter, on Deeside, where Mr. Forbes wrote that highly graphic poem, "The Dominie Depos'd" In 1781 he published, at Aberdeen, a little volume of his poetical effusions, entitled, "Rural Amusement; or, a new Miscellany of Epistles, Poems, Songs, &c, written in the Scottish Dialect." Many of the pieces are above mediocrity, particularly the songs. How few of the modern compositions are superior to, or even can rank with "Johnny's Grey Brecks;" "The Carle he came o'er the craft;" and, "The Lass of the Mill.

 " In the town of Aberdeen,
 Where the ladies may be seen,
 Wi' their fashions done off wi' great skill, O:
 Bat between Dee and Don,
 I'll avow there are none,
 Can surpass the fair maid o' the mill, O."

He concludes his little publication thus:—

 " Reader, I mean nae verses to conclude,
 An' though they look some vulgar-like and rude,
 To tell you this, I think it is nae crime,
 Gin they're nae sense, I'm maistly sure they're rhyme;

An' for this reason I do seek no praise,
 For ony thing amo' my rural lays.
 Fowk that's ill-natur'd mony a fault will spy
 On them an' me, bat d—I a plack care I.
 Bat lat them aye consider as they read,
 Wi' ither bus'ness I tak up my head ;
 It's only at spare times fan I'm nae thrang,
 That I can write a poem or a sang.
 Bat I o' rhyme or prose hae little knowledge,
 Nor was't my lot to be bred at the college." &c.

BEAUTY.

Of all the snares by which unwary youth
 Is led aside from innocence and truth,
 That sly enchantress *Beauty*, leads the van,
 And captivates the foolish heart of man.
 'Twas thus I mus'd ; when lo, a hoary sage
 By time's hand silver'd ; bowed down with age ;
 Advanced slowly ; fetch'd a sigh ; and then
 Thus spoke to thoughtless maids, and rash young men.

“ O heedless fools, why are you thus inspir'd ?
 Why are your dancing hearts with rapture fir'd ?
 Why are your souls thus rack'd with pleasing pain,
 Why beats the triumph thro' each throbbing vein ?
 While you behold bright beauty, shun, O shun,
 The transient joy which ends ere well begun ;
 Avoid the short, soft, sweet, enticing scene,
 Attend and see that fleeting beauty's vain.
 When poverty and want approach you nigh,
 And from your empty table false friends fly ;
 Will beauty clothe you ? or, will beauty feed ?
 Will she supply you in your greatest need ?
 When racking pain, or ling'ring slow disease,
 Like gnawing vultures on your vitals seize ;
 When burning fevers through your parch'd veins rage,
 Can beauty these tumultuous woes assuage ?
 When gnawing envy in your bosom burns,
 And all your pleasure into torment turns ;
 Can beauty banish that accursed guest,

And lull the raging, hideous fiend to rest ?
 When guilt, that dreadful spectre, shakes the soul,
 And in the mind dark, gloomy terrors roll ;
 When fear, remorse, and horror, (awful train,)
 Alarm the heart with thoughts of endless pain,
 Can beauty then ward off sad black despair,
 Or from the troubled breast dismiss all care ?
 When you have travell'd o'er life's weary stage,
 And met pale, wither'd, feeble, drooping age :
 When sleepless night, and languid cheerless days,
 Give you to know that all your power decays ;
 And unremitting woes prompt you to crave,
 To be transmitted to the peaceful grave.
 When on your last uneasy bed you're laid,
 And friends stand by you, trembling and afraid ;
 When from your face the cold dew is distill'd,
 And your parch'd throat with rattling phlegm is fill'd ;
 Your heaving breast emits uneasy sighs,
 And all seems darkness to your rolling eyes :
 When death, dread tyrant, shakes his fatal dart,
 And points it at your tortur'd, breaking heart ;
 When every striking clock your ear doth wound,
 Because you fear eternity's the sound !
 Can beauty then, with her enchanting power
 Afford relief in that tremendous hour ?
 Can she with all her bright, gay, smiling train,
 Support the soul in that sad, sure, last scene ?
 Ah no !—her joys are gone ; she charms no more,
 For then her fleeting, transient dream is o'er.
 'Tis thus, my gay young friends ye ought to view
 The darling objects which ye now pursue ;
 'Tis thus ye ought to soar above these toys,
 Love, beauty, pleasure, trifling, empty joys !
 Remember this, that all this flow'ry train
 However they impose on thoughtless men,
 Are but short-lived ; soon, soon, their time is done,
 Pass some few days, and lo ! their glass is run.
 But virtue is a joy for ever new ;
 May she inspire you still. Adieu, Adieu !"

Thus spoke the sage ; and thus methinks I hear
 His awful words yet thunder in mine ear.
 His words so full of energy and truth,

May teach this lesson to unthinking youth :
 That though for beauty their fond hearts may bleed,
 She nought avails them in their greatest need ;
 Though for a while she glitters in their sight,
 Soon, soon, she'll fade, and set in endless night.
 That her alurements oft, too oft, entice
 Unthinking youth into the paths of vice ;
 That she to sure, and swift destruction runs,
 When e'er she treads the paths which virtue shuns !

TO MR. ———, ABERDEEN.

By the Author of "The Wee Wifekie."

Dear Sir,—I acknowledge, I'm really a fash,
 But that waefu' taxation makes folk short o' cash,
 But I'm thankful that money with you's to be found,
 I therefore must borrow the sum of ten pound.
 If you freely will lend me, as you were my brother,
 I'll certainly pay you sometime or other :
 No time I can fix, if I mean to say true,
 Meantime I'm your servant, sincerely,—

A. W.

FINIS.